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# FREUD

## AND HIS TIME

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# CHAPTER I

## GOETHE AND FREUD

Sigmund Freud was a physician who for more than forty years treated nervous patients who flocked to him from far and near. His fame as a physician is known the world over; he has instituted a new method with which hundreds of his avowed disciples and thousands not recognized as such are treating patients and disorders inaccessible, before Freud's advent, to any systematic therapy. The world regards him, therefore, not merely as a physician but as a great physician; and it would create no astonishment were there erected a memorial of stone in Vienna or elsewhere to this master in the art of healing. But Freud himself sets little store by his medical activity. We read in a publication of 1927:

"After forty-one years of medical practice I must acknowledge that I have not really been a regular physician. I became a physician because I was diverted from my original intention [the original intention was the study of natural science and the diversion was caused by the necessity of earning his living] and the triumph of my life consists in the fact that by a long circuitous route [that is, the treatment of nervous diseases] I have found again the road which I took at the beginning. . . . In the years of my youth the urgent necessity to understand something of the riddles of this world and perhaps to contribute something myself to their solution was overpowering. Matriculation in the faculty of medicine seemed the best way to this, but then I experimented unsuccessfully with zoölogy and chemistry until under the influence of Brücke, the greatest authority who ever affected me, I

confined myself to physiology, which, to be sure, was then too much restricted to histology. I had already passed all my medical examinations without interesting myself in anything medical until a word of warning from my esteemed teacher told me that in my indigent material situation I should have to avoid a theoretical course. I passed, therefore, from the histology of the nervous system to neuropathology and later on studied the neuroses. I trust, however, that my lack of the true medical disposition has not done my patients too great harm. For the patient derives but little benefit if the therapeutic interest of his physician is affectively overstrong.* It is best for him if the physician goes coolly and as correctly as possible about his work."

This cold repudiation of medicine, somewhat softened at the end of his statement, did not arise in Freud's latter years; it was always present and always the same, in whatever form expressed. Looking back upon the time before he decided to study medicine we hear him say: "Although we were living in very straitened circumstances, my father wanted me to follow solely my own inclinations in choosing my profession. I have never detected in those youthful years any special preference for the position and activity of the physician, nor even later. I was moved rather by a sort of craving for knowledge which was concerned more with human relations than natural objects and which had not yet recognized the value of observation as a principal means for its satisfaction. Meanwhile, the theory of Darwin in its beginning at that time attracted me mightily because it promised to advance tremendously a knowledge of the world, and I know that the rendering of Goethe's beautiful

* Notice the grim humor hidden in these two sentences. Freud's subtle expressions of this sort are usually lost in translation. He trusts that he has not done his patients "too great harm." Mark Twain could not have put it better. The seriousness of the words lies in Freud's virile scorn of all suggestion. He does not employ this instrument, otherwise so extensively used by physicians.

essay *Die Natur* at a popular lecture led me to decide shortly before graduation to matriculate in medicine."

If one should read this and other material like it which Freud has published regarding his attitude toward medicine and his medical colleagues, without knowledge as to his supreme medical achievements, it would be difficult to conceive that the man who writes here is regarded as one of the most successful medical men of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Freud lays so greatly the principal emphasis upon his achievement in psychology that the light which streams from his medical accomplishments disturbs him. The future will determine whether psychoanalysis, in its twofold significance as a curative method and as psychology, belongs more to the medical practitioner or to the theoretical investigator of mental conditions. Freud's position reminds one of the polarity of so many great men who decline approbation just where it is willingly and richly given—in Freud's case by all who actually know his therapeutic method and practise it correctly and by the sufferers whom the method helps—and ardently strive for it where the times are not ready for them. Leonardo da Vinci wanted to immortalize himself as an aviator and Goethe considered his bulky and rather unfortunate *Farbenlehre* (Theory of color) as his best work.

* * *

If we ask why, then, did Freud with so cordial and lasting an aversion toward medicine take up the study of it, we get a surprising answer. An essay by Goethe produced the miracle. We will read this essay further on (p. 31). We are certain, however, that the magic power is to be found not so much in its content as in the person of Goethe, toward whom Freud from early youth stood in a special relationship. People do not to-day look upon the great men of the nation with that par-

ticipating reverence of the middle nineteenth century and somewhat later. Even at that time it was Schiller rather who was the nation's idol, so far as the compact mass was concerned. Goethe had likewise, it is true, a monument in every city of Germany, but he was not popular. Some of his theatrical pieces were known and produced, many of his poems were loved and set to music; his later works were but little read. Goethe's unique personality was completely unknown to the multitude and has remained so to this day. His personality and his work admitted of no entrance to the commonplace man but revealed instead so many repellent aspects incomprehensible to the philistine. Only because he has been taught that Goethe is the greatest German poet does the Main Street man try to overlook in silence so much that is strange in Goethe's life and work.

### *Goethe, Freud and the All-too-many*

Goethe's world fame began early. He was a young man of twenty-three when in 1772 he published the novel *The Sorrows of Werther*. This love story, written in the sentimental and romantic style of Rousseau, is vital and moving even to-day. Goethe never again attained such success; he certainly never surpassed it, not even with the *Faust* of 1808. For *Faust*, a lofty work and "bright with splendor of Creation's day," can be comprehended in its unfathomable beauty only by educated people; *The Sorrows of Werther* produces an immediate effect upon every youthful soul. Goethe received glass paintings from China which represented Werther and Charlotte. When Napoleon saw Goethe in Erfurt, in 1808, the one great man told the other that he had read *Werther* seven times and had taken it along with him during the Egyptian campaign. At the time of the Erfurt Diet Goethe was fifty-nine years old. He had brought to a temporary conclusion in *Faust* the most profound

problem of his life, salvation of the eternally striving spirit. The problem was in the deepest sense Protestant. Twenty years later Goethe introduced in the second part of *Faust* the Catholic heaven as the solution of the problem. He remained Protestant in the verses:

"The noble Spirit now is free
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming."

Catholic is the spirit in which he proceeds:

"And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on High is given
The Blessed Hosts, that wait above
Shall welcome him to Heaven!"

These were the thoughts with which Goethe was occupied when Napoleon congratulated him upon his youthful work, *Werther*. He was also deeply involved in research in the field of natural science, which ranged from physics by way of geology to botany and comparative anatomy. When he began to write, the German language was a rough instrument. The language, as he found it, was not suited to the expression of the gentler and finer feelings. The first creator of modern German was Martin Luther, who formed it for his translation of the Bible in the Gothic Wartburg (1522). To-day the educated German speaks and reads the language of Goethe. He transformed it. One can readily estimate what Goethe accomplished when reading the involved writings of Immanuel Kant, the over-subtilized and bizarre phraseology of this greatest of German thinkers, and comparing him with German philosophers who wrote after Goethe, for example, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

Napoleon knew nothing of all this and the Chinese, of course,

knew even less about it. But think with what mixed feelings a great man in the seventh decade of his life would receive recognition and esteem based upon a youthful production with which he had long been out of touch. Do what he would, perform such tasks of Herculean proportions as he might, he always remained the author of *Werther*. Being wise, he well knew that this was the way of the world. It provides its idols with a label and does not permit them to change their label. Usually a century must pass before posterity surveys actual development and recognizes true greatness. As long as he lives the giant beholds his admirers at his feet; but they do not see the head which towers among the clouds.

In contrast to Goethe and most men of genius, Freud did not enter until late upon his great achievements. He was almost forty when together with Breuer he published his *Studies in Hysteria*, in which nervous symptoms were attributed to forgotten shocking experiences; and he was nearly fifty when he published systematically for the first time his theory of sex. Public opinion remains fixed upon these first statements and—here also in contrast to Goethe—after at the beginning passing him by without notice, the great Chinese multitude to this day praise him or blame him as a pansexualist; as a man who like Socrates corrupts the young; at best as the scientist who attributes nervousness to infantile sexual experiences. What Freud has elaborated in over thirty years of intuitive and patient scientific labor, how greatly his ideas about sexuality and the instinctive life have been deepened, the "all-too-many" are unwilling to discover. Freud might well say in the words of Confucius: "In the beginning they knew me not nor did they talk of me. Now they talk of me, but they know me not."

How could it be otherwise? There are moments in the lives of great men in which their work strikes the interest of the time and of the readers of the newspapers. Such moments are

held fast by general opinion, and when the comet has long since left the point of intersection with the ecliptic, the event continues to be talked about—be it with recognition or disapproval. Great men owe their popularity—in so far as they attain it—to a chance impact, brief pyrotechnics, and Nietzsche's word pertains to them all: "If a truth has triumphed in the market place you might always ask: Through what error has it triumphed?" Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* may to a certain degree have interested the general public. What came later, the long series of discoveries from the depths of the psychic life, is not accessible to the multitude. Freud may with equal right say what Goethe did (to Eckermann, 1828): "My things can never become popular; any one who believes they can and exerts himself to that end makes a mistake. They were not written for the mass, but for particular persons who desire and seek something similar and who are traveling in the same direction."

### *National and International*

Freud likes to employ for his organizations the word "international" (*International Psychoanalytic Association, International Journal of Psychoanalysis*). The word can easily be misunderstood, particularly since it has been monopolized by the disciples of Karl Marx. Freud uses the term in Goethe's sense. Like Goethe he sets himself in opposition to the main currents of his time.

The nineteenth century was the era of national consciousness. Nations great and small became aware of their nationality, attained freedom and unity. An essential constituent of this vociferous nationalism was always hatred and scorn of other nations. They exalted themselves and despised all others. This was sometimes manifested in songs of hate like those of the

Bulgarians and Greeks against the Turks. In a nation so adjusted to theory and so susceptible to philosophic influence as Germany, national enthusiasm could be awakened through "proof" that the German language was the most profound, the German political form the best, German morality the most reliable; which merely meant that as a German one had the right to look down with contempt upon other peoples, like the French beyond, and the Jews within, the borders of Germany. When the Prussian government was preparing for the conflict with Napoleon, which was called at that time "a struggle for freedom"—although the result for the people was quite the opposite of freedom—it summoned to the newly founded University of Berlin the philosopher Fichte, hitherto regarded as a menace to the state. And it was there that Fichte delivered his famous talks to the German nation (1808). He said that the German language was not only better, more profound, more soulful, than the French, the English or the Italian but in every way incomparable. The German tongue lives as a primeval language with its own roots, while those tongues and others employ dead, borrowed elements. As the dead cannot be compared with the living, so the German language cannot be compared with the French. With these and similar words did Fichte raise the sunken national pride. Sermons in the churches did the rest, and men went from the confessional and the lecture halls to the battlefield. Inspiration came from a theoretical treatise upon the German nature, and apparently, from the difference in the linguistic roots, there followed the necessity of mutual slaughter.

Such treatises in themselves set a dangerous example, as idealism in the turn of a hand may overleap all the facts of observation. It is true that Homer and Sophocles sang in Greek, the language so highly esteemed by philologists. But Shakespeare and Isaiah are not inferior to the ancient Hellenes, although they employed two languages which the philologists

regard with disfavor. True philologists are hardly thrown into confusion by such facts. They admit that the Hebrew prophets and the English poet are great. But how great would they have become if they had had for their use the German or the Greek language with its marvelous inflections!

It is difficult for the heralds of nationalism to dispose of the question: what did Goethe contribute to the national idea in the war for freedom against Napoleon? It is well known that he maintained a wholly passive attitude. For Napoleon he cherished the reverence of the man who recognizes genius; nor was he able to compose songs of hatred toward the French. "How could I have written songs of hate without hatred? And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, however much I thanked God when we were rid of them. Furthermore, how could I, to whom the only things which have meaning are culture and barbarism, have hated a nation which belongs among the most cultivated of the earth and to which I owe so large a part of my own culture!

"Altogether," continued Goethe, "national hatred is a singular thing. You will always find it strongest and most violent at the lowest levels of civilization. There is, however, one level at which it disappears entirely and at which, as it were, one stands *above* the nations and where one feels a joy or a sorrow of a neighboring people as if it were one's own. This cultural level was mine by nature and I had been long established therein before I had reached my sixtieth year."

A hard nut for nationalists, a problem also for the psychologist. The man who created the modern German language, the greatest poet which the nation has brought forth, felt himself, as a citizen of the world, wholly supernational. Many people, east and west, have learned the German language chiefly to win Goethe, this untranslatable master, for themselves. Kings have said in unjustifiable self-conceit, *l'état c'est moi.* It would mean,

however, an exaltation of the German nation to the highest position of honor to say: Goethe is the German nationality. And this man was a bad German in the sense of conscious nationalism! Psychoanalysis can bring light here. The truly national is a *qualitas occulta*, springing from the depths of the id, and has practically nothing to do with the elaborate tirades of national politicians. The great national achievements of all peoples have fallen historically in periods which were in no wise aware of the national ideas and nature. Thus German groups since the Middle Ages have been dispersed into Russia, Poland, Rumania, and elsewhere. They form islands of German speech of a few thousand persons among millions who speak another tongue. For centuries they have steadfastly preserved their German speech and manner against the seething population about them. They see nothing particularly meritorious in this, being altogether unaware that they display an unequaled example of national force. Actual effectiveness and consciousness of the effect are different things and often enough even opposed to each other. Is it not a great national achievement that America in an incredibly short time has amalgamated hundreds of thousands of immigrants from all lands to a single group, having one language and one custom? Moreover, almost nothing has been said about it. No one has taken the credit for this; it was a beautiful natural event. The clamor about racial superiority and racial purity always appears when a nation declines in its historical development. It is an ignominy and a great damage to the German name that the world judges it according to the Germany of Bismarck and Wilhelm II and not according to Goethe. One may go back still further and speak of the Protestant spirit as the achievement of German genius, which even at that time, when it was strong enough to produce a new spiritual world order, did not know that it was specifically German.

To-day one finds emphatic nationalists in all countries. Psychoanalysis might regard their hollow tirades, founded neither in science nor in humanity, as products similar to the hyper-excited and endless speech of schizophrenics, their so-called word salad. The schizophrenic has lost connection with the sources of speech in the unconscious depths of the id. The word image has become separated from the image of the thing, its vital root; and alarmingly severed from its rightful sense, speech runs on like clockwork without a check; it cannot stop its clatter for it seeks through its tirelessness and noise to drown out what is wrong. Political nationalism with its sequelæ of race hatred, arrogance, pogroms, and war is an act of despair on the part of those who no longer feel the calm and assured possession of national good. No one has ever heard the Chinese make a great boast of their nationality. And yet they have existed from the most ancient times; they endured every climate from the tropics to the Arctic; and have developed the strongest national culture that we know of.

### *German Idealism*

It is necessary to understand the contrast between false nationalism which fulminates in words and genuine national achievement which is hardly conscious of itself in order to have a clear idea of the Vienna of the seventies in which the young Freud grew up. The Austrian monarchy which was destroyed in the World War was a feudal state. Many peoples of diverse tongues dwelt together under a dynasty and its officials. What the flag has signified in America, the common race in national states, and for the theocratic states of former times the common worship of God, this was supplied in Austria by the house of the Hapsburgs. A sort of Byzantium was here maintained, modified naturally through the spirit of the modern, but always

mediæval and a foreign body in European development. This empire had to fall, but it preserved itself for an astonishingly long time against the historically inevitable.

The Hapsburgs and their counselors knew well where their foes were to be sought. Their chief enemy in the nineteenth century was the national propaganda among the various peoples of the Hapsburg realm. Metternich and Radetzky permitted their white-coated soldiers to march into Italy, wherever national aspirations were astir. The German national movement was forcibly suppressed when after Napoleon's downfall it was no longer needed. Against the national uprising of Hungary in the tumultuous year 1848, the Hapsburgs summoned to their aid even the Russian army, to reward these only too willing aids but a few years later with black ingratitude because Russia encouraged the Slavic-national agitation in Austria. Vienna, the capital of the realm, the residence of the emperor, had been for a thousand years a city German to the core. The Hapsburgs could not change that, although they themselves were of Spanish origin and wholly Spanish, that is, Jesuitical in spirit. Yet they did what they could that this ancient Bavarian settlement at least should not become aware of its nature. In the seventeenth century they suppressed Protestantism in Vienna with brutal force; in the eighteenth century they gave the city that peculiar half-Spanish character of the Viennese baroque which is so beautifully preserved in the buildings of that period and their later imitations. In the nineteenth century, even somewhat earlier, the Hapsburgs presented the Viennese and the German nation with the Burgtheater. Naturally the Hapsburgs did not know what it was they were doing. All princes of the baroque period had their court theater, and thus there was one also in Vienna attached to the imperial palace. But the Viennese —to whom it was forbidden so much as to cast a glance across the border where the other German stocks lived close together

in thirty, later in twenty-five, small states, and without being aware of what they were doing, made of the Burgtheater a high citadel of the German spirit and of German idealism. It is sheer impossibility to describe to the present generation what the Burgtheater meant to the educated and even the uneducated inhabitants of Vienna from 1870 to 1890 and still later. In the daily paper, in the half-feudal parliament, no one dared acknowledge himself a German. In his "incognito loge," however, in the Burgtheater the emperor himself came and saw and heard how Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and also Shakespeare and Calderón, were played by the best actors of all Germany. The classical spirit had long faded in Weimar and other German cities when it began to flourish in Vienna. The Burgtheater was the last offering of German idealism and has passed away with the passing of German idealism. As long as we in Vienna had the old Burgtheater, we possessed the highest prize of German art. Since this possession has been exchanged for the evil vociferators of national hatred, which is the exchange of fetid flesh for the Logos, there is no longer place for the hidden values of the id. One of the most prominent actors of the old Burgtheater, repeatedly its director, was Adolf Sonnenthal, a Hungarian by birth and furthermore a Jew. When the Germans were not yet hated by the world, Jews might frequently contribute to the renown of the German idea. No one more worthily represented this idea, which naturally was centered around the greatest German, Goethe, than Sonnenthal, the noblest Faust of the German stage. There was also Josef Levinsky, a child of Vienna, but as his name shows, of Slavic origin, who joined to this Faust a diabolic Mephisto, the prince of hell every inch of him. When Levinsky in 1883 played Mephisto for the first time it was an event for the German world with which not even a boxing match of to-day or a transoceanic flight could be compared. Spectators came from every land to see

Levinsky. For months society talked of nothing else. The literary historian Erich Schmidt wrote twenty years later in a commentary upon Goethe's *Faust:* "He who has had the good fortune to see Josef Levinsky as Mephisto will understand. . . ."

Besides, the Burgtheater was by no means accessible only to the well-to-do. The impecunious youth for a few kreutzer as entrance fee could also enjoy the performances from the top gallery, where he stood under the roof. The space was crowded, people pressed together head to head, and in order to secure a place, one had to stand for hours before the closed doors of the theater. Many times one had to come the evening before and stand the whole night through in inclement weather, the entire twenty-four hours, until a half hour before the beginning of the performance the doors were opened and a wild rush was made for the better places, which not infrequently resulted in injury. But all this was endured that one might see and hear the actors, the demigods. Madame Wolter as Iphigenia, Baumeister as Götz, Robert as Œdipus, Sonnenthal as Hamlet and Faust, Levinsky as Richard III or Mephistopheles. Thus one came into a relationship with Goethe—both religious veneration and direct association—as with one's nearest kin or closest friend. Let us remember that Freud does not say that he *read* Goethe's essay on nature. He heard it at a lecture, and it is not unlikely that this lecture was given by one of the great ones of the Burgtheater. For they also appeared frequently before the public in the concert hall, where with royal mien they proceeded to the speaker's desk and took their place with a dignity which is no longer in accord with our present so-called democratic era.

What I wish to make clear is that the German spirit was particularly alive in that Vienna of the past, although, and probably because, it was not permitted to express itself politically. It was found in the Burgtheater and through this theater

also in the works of the great German writers. Thus we come to understand how Goethe's words, heard by the young student Freud, could exercise such decisive influence upon him and drove him—as he later asserted, against his inclinations and mistakenly—into the arms of medicine. Goethe did far more for Freud than this. Freud's style is modeled after Goethe; he has become a great writer, aside from his signifiance as a scholar, and for his readers who are not professionally interested, often what he says is not so important as the fascinating manner in which he says it. The translations of his writings cannot reproduce the thoroughly German spirit which Freud's works breathe forth. The magic of the language cannot be carried over. If one wishes actually to comprehend Freud's psychoanalysis from the bottom up, one must read his books in their own language. It is no mere incident that even in America and England Freud's most prominent followers have been able to read the master in the original. It may not perhaps be necessary to study Newton in English or Spinoza in Latin; but Freud is an artist and all art flows from the fountainheads of the nation.

It may be objected that Freud is a Jew and as such not acknowledged by a goodly number of his German countrymen as a thorough German. It is true he does not belong to Bismarck's Germany; but he does belong to that of Goethe, who did not concern himself as to whether he was called a good German or not. Goethe corresponded with Walter Scott and Carlyle, with Geoffroy de St. Hilaire and other Frenchmen. In his Weimar the noblest spirits of all nations came together to see him and to speak with him. In this sense he was international. Yet this cosmopolitan classic became the creator of the new Germanism. We cherish the conviction that the idea of Germanism is in no way determined through the Wilhelm and post-Wilhelm epochs.

### *Goethe's Scientific Method*

Goethe represents in science a tendency which cannot be taught and which in the hands of investigators who have not the necessary artistic, intuitive, and objective talents and the happy combination of these may be extremely dangerous. Goethe himself, who succeeded with his very characteristic method in making a number of important discoveries, was repeatedly guilty of grotesque errors by means of it.

The primary thing with Goethe was always the idea. He did not, however, call it his idea but his view (*Anschauung*). Goethe visualized his ideas. That sounds obscure to every one and inacceptable to the philosophers. Plato taught that we perceive merely the objects of the world of appearances (the eternal becoming and passing away) and that, on the other hand, we can have only the idea of that which is concealed behind these objects, the enduring, actually existing. One cannot see the ideas of things. Scholastics have made out of this Platonic idea an object of observation by reasoning: there are so many different animals or plants; there had to be constructed an ideal or primeval animal which united all the charactertistics of the individual species. This construction of an animal contained the idea of the elephant as well as of the salamander or of the louse and in this form the idea of the animal had to be made visible. Goethe was far removed from such revolting speculations. He "visualized" a plant grow from the ground, unfolding roots, leaves, stem, blossoms, pistil, and stamens, and he saw that all these constitutent parts of the plant were different forms of appearance—different developmental forms of the leaf. Everything developed through transformation, through metamorphosis, of the leaf. This metamorphosis Goethe saw first in his fantasy; it was his idea or, as he himself said, his view. When at his first meeting with Schiller, his philosophically trained friend, he

explained the metamorphosis of the plant and called it his view, Schiller retorted: "That is no view, that is an idea." Whereupon Goethe somewhat indignantly answered that it made no difference to him; it suited him perfectly if he saw his ideas so plainly that he could regard them as visions.

We find ourselves here at the boundary where observation, that is, apperception, passes over into thought (idea). Sense apperception receives its stimulus from without. Without is the plant, which I see. But within is my thought, with which I can make of the perception, and to a certain degree independently of it, what I will. Schiller, the philosopher, considered it necessary to separate thinking in ideas from the simple viewing of objects; Goethe, the artist, did not feel this necessity. One sees clearly that Schiller was right from the scientific standpoint, Goethe from the artistic standpoint.

At another time Goethe perceived in his mind that the skull of a vertebrate consisted actually of one or more transformed vertebræ. The cranial bones so unlike the vertebræ have arisen, nevertheless, through metamorphosis of the lateral and central portions of the vertebræ. Again Goethe saw in his mind that man too has an intermediary jawbone (*os intermaxillare*). The upper incisors develop in most mammals from a portion of bone situated between the two upper jaws (the intermaxillary bone). In the human skull neither sutures nor other signs of an intermaxillary bone were recognized. But Goethe assumed it and discovered it also, and succeeded in obtaining recognition of his discovery in the face of rather violent opposition from contemporary anatomists.

Thus we have three achievements of Goethe in natural science: discovery of the metamorphosis of plants, of the vertebrate cranium, and of the human intermaxillary. In all three cases the idea was present first, called by Goethe his view (*Anschauung*). Experience followed regularly upon the vision. In

1790 Goethe saw in the sand of the Lido at Venice a split sheep's skull. He picked it up, gazed at it for a long time, and found, to be sure, that the skull bones were greatly altered vertebræ. "At first sight," says Helmholtz, "nothing can be more dissimilar than the broad, cranial cavities of mammals bounded by flat bones and the narrow cylindrical tube of the vertebral column, composed of short, compact, and irregularly notched bones. It requires a keen vision to recognize in the skull of vertebrates the enlarged and transformed vertebral ring, while in amphibians and fish the resemblance is more striking." Instead of "keen vision" we prefer to say: It requires an idea or, what might sound somewhat disreputable to many scientists, a preconceived opinion. This is just what happened with Goethe in regard to the metamorphosis of plants. He already bore the idea within him when in Padua he saw a fan palm which seemed to him to show clearly the transition from the first very simple radical leaflets to the complex pinnules. He was led to the discovery of the intermaxillary bone by observing a human skull which revealed faint traces of sutures, such as in animals connect the superior maxillary and the intermaxillary bone. In order to see these faint traces it was first necessary to have the idea that they were there. Besides the primary origin in the idea, besides the successful birth of the idea through the single experience of a lucky day, follows the control by means of a very large number of careful observations in nature. Goethe examined hundreds of skulls and refrained for years from publication of his discovery, so long, indeed, that others later disputed with him the priority. His method of work was, however, threefold: the visual idea came first and in it was already present the unshakable conviction of the correctness of his opinion. This idea need not—as psychoanalysis very well knows—always be clearly in consciousness. It becomes conscious on that day when it can be objectified through a single observation. By virtue of

the inherent idea the observation is at once generalized, but it is not imparted to the world until the generalization has been verified through observation or experiment. All these partial elements are as naught in isolation, or they are even dangerous. Fantastic ideas to which nothing in the external world corresponds are worthless. Generalization from single observations is not permitted in science. But, on the other hand, uninspired and endless experiments and long series of observations which have at bottom neither a vigorous idea nor an experience of birth (*Geburtserlebnis*) lead to tedious and pedantic statistics, which are usually false as well. The central feature of Goethe's method of procedure lies in the fortunate experience, of which we know well to-day, from what psychoanalysis has taught us, that it was bound to come because the idea compelled it. Goethe himself gave to such or very similar experiences the name of the "primary phenomenon" (*Urphänomen*).

One may ask, what sort of discoveries are these curious and apparently disconnected ones in the field of osteology and of the physiology of plants? What drove a brilliant poet to such particular observations? This question receives a startling and highly satisfactory answer. The three previously mentioned discoveries of Goethe and their ideas originate in one common underlying idea, which later became famous through Darwin but had been already clearly formulated by Goethe. It is plain that we mean the theory of evolution. Simultaneously with Lamarck in France and independently of him, Goethe came to the scientific conviction that forms evolve from one another and are metamorphosed, each according to its different purpose. The anterior extremity of the vertebrate evolves in man and monkey into the hand, in other animals into the paw with claws or into the forefoot with its hoof, in the swimming animal into the fin, in the flying one into the wing. The anatomical division, position, and connection with the trunk remain always the same.

Darwin gave as the causes of this varying "Origin of the Species," natural selection, survival of the fittest, and extinction of the ill-adapted. It has been said since then that the severe struggle for existence in nature leads regularly to a dwarfing of the species and never to a development upwards as Darwin maintained. Lamarck and Goethe more than fifty years before Darwin, mentioned another evolutionary principle, which as neo-Lamarckianism recently seems to have triumphed over the theory of selection: the species and their divisions develop each according to their purpose. The mole becomes blind because in the darkness of the earth it has little need of eyes. It develops shovels from its anterior limbs because it uses them for digging and not for running. This vision of final development seems to me much more vital than that of Darwin with its lifeless causality, which needs hundreds of thousands of years for its operation.

The evolutionary idea was rejected at that time and even in 1830 in a famous discussion between the great Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire in Paris. The success or failure of a hypothesis depends indeed to a great extent upon the current and the style of the time. The sweeping triumph of science which was associated with Darwin's name and his great work published in 1859 could not have been possible in 1830 and even less in 1790. This delay is in part due to the small amount of factual material which was available to students of nature around 1800. They had the correct theoretical insight, but an intermaxillary bone, the metamorphosis of plants and of the vertebra, and the little which was added to this did not constitute sufficient empirical evidence. It was an easy thing for Cuvier even in 1830, with the mass of material of the old school bearing upon the immutability of living species, the simultaneous creation of all the various forms, to defeat his adversary Geoffroy St. Hilaire. And yet Darwin was alive at that time

and was collecting his material which, with the aid of the cell theory, led to victory in the second half of the nineteenth century.

Behind the material, however, always stands the idea. The age of enlightenment in the eighteenth century was followed by a romantic epoch which was not favorable to the opening up of the world through science; that is, through observation. The supreme idealists, Kant and Fichte, were succeeded by the so-called nature philosophers, who should more aptly be designated anti-nature philosophers. They scorned observation and instead rendered homage to the view that a knowledge of nature could be evolved from one's own ego, from one's own reflection. To these philosophers belonged Hegel and Schelling, great men in other fields but an intolerable drag to the investigator of nature who patiently pursues his way, assembles his data, compares, weighs, experiments, and cautiously proceeds from the particular observation to the universal. About the middle of the nineteenth century the investigator freed himself in a revolutionary manner from nature philosophy. It is, we may be sure, no accident that political revolutions were sweeping through Europe at practically the same time. We live in great time waves which all at once seize upon our whole existence: political, scientific, social modes merge one into another. Science as Goethe pursued it at the time he was engaged in it was not "modern." He remained almost alone; it was inevitable that in his solitude he erred frequently—and, what was worst of all—became embittered and unjust.

Goethe's idea of evolution was right and has long since conquered the globe. But the details to which his basic idea led him were not always systematically correct. It was proved later that only the occipital bone of the mammal skull is a transformed vertebra; the other cranial bones are not. The metamorphosis of the plant (and the animal) does exist; the pri-

mary form is not, however, the leaf but the cell, which Goethe could not discover by reason of the slight microscopic knowledge of his time. It is also questionable whether Goethe was the man to gaze intently into the microscope. He was opposed to "lever and screw," liked best to approach nature directly and with naked hands. It is Goethe's theory of color that contains the greatest number of errors. He also introduced the evolutionary idea into this physical material. Matter showed itself too brittle; it crumbled under Goethe's forming hands. Goethe was so permeated with the accuracy of his fundamental idea, which belonged to his innermost experience (*Erlebnis*), that he could not bear any opposition to his theory of color. Artists are in love with their work and feel criticism as an attack upon the beloved. They can therefore pursue science only with pain and should perhaps not engage in it. But what would become of science if true artists did not from time to time espouse it? Between scientist and artist God has erected a barrier which must ever and again be broken down. They are like two peoples that dwell within the same territory, are at war with each other, and yet cannot exist without each other.

The essential thing in Goethe's method of work was that he never departed from sense apperception. The harmony, the metaphysical meaning, which he saw in nature, seemed to him disturbed as soon as one left the ground of apperception and tried to explain the phenomena mathematically, symbolically, theoretically. The idea itself was not visual enough to him if he could not bring it into connection with the senses. We saw in his conversation with Schiller that he called his ideas visions. Moreover, he hated the dull experiment which dissected the living, the "imprinted form" of nature, as he called it, into separate, lifeless parts. He spoke derisively of Newton who "teased" the light through narrow slides and prisms, and praised the tests

which could be undertaken in the bright sunshine under the open sky: Poet in opposition to the industrious physicist.

Modern science, even modern psychology, cannot get along without the experiment. It is necessary to divide into parts and again into further parts. Goethe could not participate in this. He has his Mephisto say:

> "The parts in his hand he may hold and class.
> But the spiritual link is lost, alas!"

Newton's statement that the white sunlight is composed of the further irreducible colors of the rainbow Goethe considered insufferable. "White is plain white," he said. "I see and feel that; it is a primary phenomenon and the colors of the rainbow, which appear quite different from white, can never become white." This stubborn assertion sounded so absurd even to Goethe's contemporaries after Newton's irrefutable practical demonstrations that some explanation must be sought for the manifest stupidity of a great man. Psychoanalysis knows, broadly speaking, that every one is as clever or as stupid as he wishes to be. When our emotions speak, intelligence often maintains a blind spot. Nature to Goethe was a work of art, a harmonious beloved being, which might, it is true, be affectionately observed and described but not taken apart like the works of a clock. One sees that psychoanalysis would have been in danger before Goethe's eyes. It resolves the love energy into its partial impulses, which taken together constitute the normal love life. Such dissection would have been as inacceptable to Goethe as Newton's prism. But psychoanalysis, on the other hand, is forever striking upon the vital pleasure principle which irradiates all psychic events; and this granting of a meaning to what is only apparently meaningless, *Eros sive Natura,* must delight every artist.

### *Freedom and Compulsion in Science*

Science is based upon observation. But there is no observation without an antecedent idea. In the idea is freedom; in the observation, compulsion. If some one shows me a table, I am compelled to admit that it is a table. So long as I am in my right mind, all my intellectual powers will not suffice to deny that the table is a table or to explain it as, say, an apple tree. The idea, however, might arise in an observer from an unapparent source that this table is a quite special table upon which Napoleon signed the Peace of Paris. There is a compulsion for the discoverer too in this idea. But his idea has no compulsion at all for me. I dispute his idea; I do not see any sense to it; I try to persuade the conceiver of the idea to give it up for lack of proof. I say: This table is one of a million tables. It probably comes from a later period. How unlikely that just this table should be Napoleon's! If the discoverer cannot support his idea with sufficient material for proof I will force him to desist from it. But if he proves it with documents, testimony, connections of all sorts, then I, on my part, am compelled to believe him; for observation forces me to do so.

If, on the other hand, one says that the idea is free, one will meet with contradiction from all the adherents of the principle of determination; that is, of the absence of freedom of the will. But we have the feeling as though the idea arises freely and independently from within us; and great investigators have repeatedly stated that the idea suddenly, when they least expected it, flashed up in them. Robert Mayer is the originator of the concept of conservation of energy. Energy cannot be lost, it can only be transformed. From effort comes heat, from heat electricity, and conversely; but the total amount is always the same. Mayer informs us that this momentous and, as later demonstrated, irrefutably correct thought, arose in him suddenly

and without previous reflection while he was walking on deck; he was at that time a ship's doctor. When he was again at home he met with skepticism among the physicists. One of them said: "If effort can be transformed into heat, water shaken in a bottle would have to become warmer and warmer." Mayer went anxiously home, poured water into a bottle, determined the temperature of the water, shook it for a long time, and tested it again with the thermometer. Overcome by the result he ran with the bottle to his friend crying in the street: "It is, it is!" To-day every school child knows that 1/425 is the mechanical heat equivalent.—Kekulé discovered his benzol ring while sitting in the evening by his fire blowing smoke rings into the air. He found himself in a twilight state between sleeping and waking, when the thought came to him that the complicated molecule of the benzol body could perhaps be conceived chemically if the radical should be applied in the form of a ring. —Henri Poincaré, probably the greatest mathematician of our time, tells us that he found the solution to some of his most difficult problems when least expecting it, for example, when he was boarding an autobus in the midst of traffic. The solution came quite independently of any conscious effort but would not reveal itself at all when he wanted it and gave it his utmost thought.

If there is compulsion likewise in such freely arising ideas, it is another kind of compulsion than that derived from observation; it comes not from without but from within; and since it is free from external compulsion, we call it the free play of the idea. Innumerable ideas of this sort arise in us, most of which are again rejected by us because they are in contradiction to what we observe. Other ideas which seem to us to be in harmony with what we perceive are nevertheless rejected by our critics; moreover, most of the few ideas which remain are of little value. Only rarely does a great thought coincide with a

great observed fact, at which time there arises the law through which we grasp and control nature. Our knowledge is always composed of inner and outer compulsion. Since we are not aware of the inner compulsion as such, it may be called freedom.

Free ideas are of such ill repute with many scientists that they are ashamed of them. These investigators will not admit to others, not even to themselves, that the root of their knowledge is Gnosis, quite like the knowledge of the religious believer. They are afraid to be placed in the category of apostles and for this reason they like to assert that they have come upon their ideas through a series of observations, experiments, clear reflection upon the basis of solidly demonstrated premises. The converse is, however, always and inevitably the case. Take a physician who daily makes the rounds of the hospital wards, feels his patients' pulses, and registers all their symptoms. One day he sees a clinical picture which he has never seen before. He searches through medical literature and finds nothing similar recorded. He therefore describes what he has observed as a new disease, which, as a rule, has always existed but has not fallen to the notice of others. No one else has noticed it because no one else has possessed the idea essential to every discovery. Those are classical periods for natural science whenever idea and observation work in beautiful harmony. If the idea is of luxuriant growth we arrive at the fantastic conception of mediæval scholasticism; in medicine, faith cures, animal magnetism, and all sorts of hocus-pocus. When observation is desirous of casting off the idea we fall into the wilderness of statistics. Then follows a revolution whereby the one extreme is carried over to the other. When the idea has been overdone for decades, or for centuries, as is often the case, then come clear-visioned observers who cry: "Ah, but all this is not true; it is undoubtedly quite otherwise!" And the dusty rubbish of superstition is cleared away. But then the facts are massed and filed, the

laboratories with glasses and pumps and mills which grind the hollow straw become no longer tolerable and the rebels come from the other side and smash the retorts.

It is my opinion that idea, individual observation, and control of the decisive observation by as much control work as possible cannot be separated from one another. Since one has ideas without knowing it and since one also observes a good deal unconsciously, the connection of the three factors is wholly impenetrable. Where an investigator says: "I saw and the thought came to me . . . ," the truth may be that he had long carried the thought about within him and for that reason he saw. If he says: "One day I saw . . . ," he may have often seen the very thing and unconsciously elaborated it until, occasioned by the *n*th observation, for the first time the fact sprang into consciousness. Only thus may isolated observations be explained which otherwise would have too slight a foundation for the magnificent consequences which they inevitably bring forth. Seldom are scientists so upright as Robert Mayer or Kekulé. An investigator who is ambitious to be praised by pedants will not readily rely upon one single observation which he has generalized, as Goethe and Freud too have frequently done.

### *Nature's Inner Core*

Scientists have long known that they cannot penetrate the essence of things. Their instruments are inadequate. They content themselves with the perceivable form and refrain from metaphysical questions concerning the essence of things. Only when the scientists have attained to such humility have they become great in their chosen field. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived in Switzerland the physician Albrecht von Haller, a significant scientist and poet. His humble

attitude toward nature was expressed in a poem in 1730 which was for a long time much quoted:

"In Nature's inner core
No human mind can dwell.
Happy, who know no more
Than of the outer shell."

This strophe occasioned in Goethe an angry outbreak, an olympic defense, which expressed in a few verses denote Goethe's own quite different attiture toward nature and science. Here are the noble words—from the standpoint of the honest experimenter, ah, so false:

" 'In Nature's inner core—'
O thou Philistine!
'No human mind can dwell.'
Let us not listen,
My brethren, to the phrase
Of such a sinner;
We think this: Place for place
Are we in the inner.
'Happy, who know no more
Than of the outer shell!'
*That* sixty years I've heard reiterated,
In secret I have reprobated;
Have said full many and many a time:
Glad, bounteous, as she is and was,
Nature no kernel has nor shell.
She is with all things at one time:
Examine thou thyself, to tell
If thou a kernel art or shell."

When Goethe wrote this poem he was over seventy. He was thirty-three when, under the influence of the English philosopher the Earl of Shaftesbury, he published the "incomparably

beautiful" *Fragment upon Nature* (*Fragment über die Natur*), which about one hundred years later moved the youthful Freud, according to his own words, to enter upon the study of the natural sciences. Goethe's point of view did not change later in life. Freud condemned the enthusiasm with which he was inspired in his inmost nature to the asceticism of the scientist—who directs his gaze upon the most minute detail and only rarely lifts his eyes to behold the beauty of nature.

### *Fragment upon Nature*

"Nature! We are surrounded by her, embraced by her—impossible to release ourselves from her and impossible to enter more deeply into her. Without our asking and without warning she drags us into the circle of her dance and carries us along until exhausted we drop from her arm.

"She creates ever new forms; what exists has never existed before; what has existed returns not again—everything is new and yet always old.

"We live in her midst, and yet we are strangers to her. She speaks constantly with us, but betrays not her secret to us. We are continually at work upon her, yet have no power over her.

"She seems to have set all store upon individuality, but she cares nothing for individuals. She is forever building, forever demolishing, and her workshop is not to be found.

"She dwells in none but children; and the mother, where is she?—She is the sole artist: from the simplest stuff to the greatest contrasts; without apparent effort, to the greatest perfection—to the most minute precision, always with some soft covering spread over her. Each one of her works has its own character, each phenomenon in which she appears its isolated form, and yet it all constitutes one whole.

"She enacts a drama; whether she herself beholds it we know not, but she performs it for us who stand in the corner. There is an eternal life, a coming into being, and a movement in her; and

yet she goes not forward. She is always changing and there is never a moment when she is at rest. Of staying she has no notion and upon inaction she has laid her curse. She is firm. Her tread is measured; her exceptions are rare; her laws immutable. She has a purpose and broods continuously; not, however, like man, but like nature. She reserves to herself an all-embracing intention, which no one discovers.

"All mankind is in her and she in all. She plays a friendly game with all and is rejoiced the more one wins from her. She plays it so secretly with many that she plays it to the end before they notice it.

"The most unnatural too is nature. Who beholds her not on every hand beholds her not rightly anywhere.

"She loves herself and through eyes and hearts without number she clings to herself. She has analyzed herself in order to enjoy herself. She is always permitting new recipients to arise, insatiable to impart herself.

"She delights in illusion. Whoever destroys this in himself or in others, him she punishes like the harshest tyrant. Him who follows trustingly she folds like a child to her heart.

"Her children are innumerable. To no one is she niggardly, but she has favorites upon whom she lavishes much and to whom she shows great devotion. She has surrounded with her protection what is great.

"She casts forth her creatures out of the void and tells them nothing as to where they come or whither they go. They are only to run. The way she alone knows. She has few driving motives, but they are never commonplace; they are always effective, always manifold.

"Her spectacle is ever new because she is always creating fresh spectators. Life is her most beautiful invention, and death is her device for having much life.

"She veils mankind in darkness and forever spurs him toward the light. She makes him dependent upon the earth, sluggish and heavy, and is forever rousing him.

"She gives wants because she loves movement. The wonder is that she obtains all this movement with so little expenditure. Every need is a beneficent deed. Quickly satisfied, quickly arising again. If she ever grants more, it is a fresh source of desire; but the desire is soon satisfied.

"She is every moment setting out upon a long, long course and every moment at her goal.

"She is frivolity itself; but not for us, to whom she has made herself of the greatest importance.

"She allows every child to elaborate upon her, every fool to pass judgment upon her, thousands to go callously over her seeing nothing; but she has her friends among them all and obtains her reward from them all.

"One obeys her laws even if one resists them; one works with her even if one wants to work against her.

"She makes all that she gives a benefit, for she first makes it indispensable. She loiters, so that she shall be desired; she hastens, so that no one shall be sated with her.

"She has no speech, no language; but she creates tongues and hearts through which she speaks and feels.

"Her crown is love. Only through it does one draw near her. She creates abysses between all beings and everything will swallow itself up. She has isolated everything in order to draw all together. With a draft or two from love's beaker she compensates for a life of toil and trouble.

"She is everything. She herself rewards and punishes, she herself gladdens and torments. She is harsh and gentle, lovely and fearful, weak and all-powerful. All is forever present in her. Past and future she knows not. The present is, for her, eternity. She is kind. I praise her for all her works. She is wise and calm. One wrests from her no explanation, one wrings from her no gift, which she does not bestow of her own free will. She is wily but to a good purpose and it is best not to notice her wiles.

"She is entire and yet forever incomplete. That which she does, she can do forever.

"She appears to each one in individual form. She hides herself under a thousand names and terms but is ever the same.

"She has set me within. She will also lead me without. I commit myself to her. She may command me. She will not hate her work. I have not spoken of her. No, what is true and what is false, it is she who has spoken it. Hers is all the blame; hers is all the praise."

If Freud, whose original inclination was toward mental science, actually succumbed to the allurement of this dithyramb, and it is pleasant to believe that he did, then it was to the meaning and the beauty which Goethe injected into nature to which he yielded; and it is precisely from the power of this that the scientist must withdraw if he will make genuine progress. One cannot approach nature in a proper scientific spirit, except it be in Goethe's sense, if one surrenders himself to an enthusiasm for her beauty. Freud did indeed with self-denial later renounce all enthusiasm and he is antipathetic to it in his followers. He could not, however, persistently deny that he is well aware of what is beautiful and is sensitive to it. Beautiful is his style and beautiful the consistency of his life work. It is not mere chance that Freud's libido theory reverts to Plato. Shaftesbury brought to the eighteenth century the philosophy of Plato, which conceives of nature as animate. We see indeed that Goethe in his *Fragment* honors nature as the nourishing mother, for whom even his Faust yearns:

"Where shall I grasp thee, boundless nature?
Ye breasts, from which all life doth flow . . .
Earth and heavens ye sustain,
Ye flow, ye nourish—must I long in vain?"

The mother (mamma) is the starting point and the goal in Goethe's scientific meditations. This may give us a hint regard-

ing the essence of all creative knowledge. It is mystical and has its origin in the maternal element, Goethe's "eternal feminine."

### *The Meaning in Nature*

Discoveries like the human intermaxillary bone and the cranial vertebra stand in the light of science partly in defiance of, partly in submission to the relentless criticism directed against them. Over and above these discoveries is the idea that forms change according to their purposes and that they arise from a common primary form. One reaches such an idea if, like Shaftesbury and Goethe, one conceives of nature as a work of art, as "imprinted form, that develops like a living creature." Scientists, particularly in the nineteenth century, have most vehemently contradicted this opinion. Nature is not to be regarded as purposeful, that is, teleological, like the work of art or the human spirit which creates works of art. Goethe's example shows that one can pursue the science of nature upon this pathway also and obtain lasting results.

Freud started out from a related principle. When he began his investigations it was not permitted to seek meaning and purpose in nature. Nothing should be found but inanimate mechanisms. As the lifeless stone does not endeavor to reach the center of the earth because of its wishes, impulses or cravings, but simply obeys the fixed law of gravity, so in psychology too there was no freedom at all, no meaning, no setting of a goal; but the attempt was made—experimental psychology persists in this even to-day—to explain our mental life as purposeless mechanism. It was analyzed into its component parts and the investigators were firmly convinced that they were on the right road if the complicated psychic processes were dissected into simple and ever simpler parts, separating the sensations from one another. Descartes had taught that a difficult scientific problem

should be divided into its parts and each one grasped singly.

To-day we know—and Freud has taught it to us—that psychic forms and processes are indivisible and must be understood as a whole and in their total complexity, in their "imprinted form" (Goethe). The word and the idea of "complex" in the psychoanalytic sense very quickly became popular. The division into psychic atoms is an arbitrary and deadening abstraction. Because of its dogmatism it inevitably leads to false results. Formerly, it was actually believed that one could scientifically approach the idea and the meaning of—let us say—a cherry when one considered the detached sensory qualities: red, smooth, juicy, fragrant.

Freud turned his back upon this sort of psychology. He was the first investigator who ventured to inquire everywhere in the psychical field for the meaning and the hidden secrets. He sought the meaning especially where apparently it could never be expected. Freud performed his great deed in his study of the hysterical symptom, the absurd obsession, the foolish dream, blunders of all sorts, by opening the gate through which to-day all modern psychologists enter the garden of which until then they had no knowledge. Whether they call themselves individual psychologists or Gestalt (configuration) psychologists, students of personality or characterologists—not one of them could exist and have significance were it not for Freud's pioneer labors.

Freud's work gives evidence of actual connection with Goethe's *Fragment upon Nature.* The essay will seem rather extravagant in style. This must be laid to the influence of Rousseau, which dominated that era. The imperishable value of the essay rests, however, in the recognition that nature has meaning. This thought inspired the youthful Freud and illuminated his investigations. To it he owes his discoveries, which since 1895 have astonished the world far beyond his own professional

circle: in 1895, with Josef Breuer the discovery that the hysterical symptom has a meaning; in 1900, that the dream can be interpreted; in 1904, that the blunders of every day are not blunders when more sharply investigated; in 1905, the meaning and the true significance of sexuality; in 1909, the meaning of anxiety states of the little Hans; in 1912, the significance of totem and taboo; in 1913, the meaning in dementia. And thus he has gone on until the present time, although in less breath-taking tempo, an Edison in psychology. Madame de Staël said of Schelling: "His lectures give one the means whereby to be ingenious for the rest of one's life." The same is true of Freud. The key with which he unlocks mental life grants to him and his pupils the possibility of being always interesting. The key is a double one. Every psychic event is governed by the pleasure principle (and the death principle). The other key is the introduction of the unconscious, called since 1923 the id. The id is a dynamic factor which has created for itself an organ of apperception and of execution: consciousness. The goal of the id is the attainment of pleasure—perhaps death also is striven after by forces deeply hidden within us. "For all that's born, deserves to be destroyed . . ."

## *A Child at Play*

Goethe approached nature equipped with the idea of evolution; Freud with the pleasure principle. Everything psychic strives—so far as this principle extends—for pleasure. His idea acts as a lamp to the investigator; again and again it throws light upon mysteries which without such illumination would remain unsolved.

One day Freud came upon a child at play. Many have observed the play of children, of hundreds and thousands of children. This inductive method is not that of Freud's psycho-

analysis, at least not the method by which he makes his discoveries. Inasmuch as he analyzes a single case for months and years, he cannot possibly at the same time make a display of great numbers. Fortunately, with Freud's genius this is not necessary. He makes up for breadth by the profundity of his vision.

He had an opportunity to observe for some weeks a boy a year and a half old.

". . . before the meaning of his puzzling and continually repeated performance became clear to me.

". . . he never cried when his mother went out and left him alone for hours together, although the tie to his mother was a very close one: she had not only nourished him herself, but had cared for him and brought him up without any outside help. Occasionally, however, this well-behaved child evinced the troublesome habit of flinging into the corner of the room or under the bed all the little things he could lay his hands on, so that to gather up his toys was often no light task. He accompanied this by an expression of interest and gratification, emitting a loud long-drawn-out 'o-o-o-oh' which in the judgment of the mother (one that coincided with my own) was not an interjection but meant 'go away' (*fort*). I saw at last that this was a game, and that the child used all his toys only to play 'being gone' (*fortsein*) with them. One day I made an observation [here the observation, which in fact could not have failed to appear because Freud from the beginning unconsciously had the idea of the "meaning of his puzzling . . . performance"] that confirmed my view. The child had a wooden reel with a piece of string wound round it. It never occurred to him, for example, to drag this after him on the floor and so play horse and cart with it, but he kept throwing it with considerable skill, held by the string, over the side of his little draped cot, so that the reel disappeared into it, then said his significant 'o-o-o-oh' and drew the reel by the string out of the cot again, greeting its reappearance with a joyful '*Da*' (there).

This was therefore the complete game, disappearance and return, the first act being the only one generally observed by the onlookers, and the one untiringly repeated by the child as a game for its own sake, although the greater pleasure unquestionably attached to the second act.*

"The meaning of the game was then not far to seek. It was connected with the child's remarkable cultural achievement—the foregoing of the satisfaction of an instinct—as the result of which he could let his mother go away without making any fuss. He made it right with himself, so to speak, by dramatizing the same disappearance and return with the objects he had at hand.

"The analysis of a single case of this kind yields no sure conclusion: on impartial consideration one gains the impression that it is from another motive that the child has turned the experience into a game. *He was in the first place passive, was overtaken by the experience, but now brings himself in as playing an active part,* by repeating the experience as a game in spite of its unpleasing nature. This effort might be ascribed to the impulse to obtain the mastery of a situation (the 'power' instinct), which remains independent of any question of whether the recollection was a pleasant one or not. But another interpretation may be attempted. The flinging away of the object so that it is gone might be the gratification of an impulse of revenge suppressed in real life but directed against the mother for going away, and would then have the defiant meaning: 'Yes, you can go, I don't want you, I am sending you away myself.'

"We see that children repeat in their play everything that has made a great impression on them in actual life, that they thereby abreact the strength of the impression and so to speak make themselves masters of the situation. But on the other hand it is clear

* This interpretation was fully established by a further observation. One day when the mother had been out for some hours she was greeted on her return by the information "Baby o-o-o-o" which at first remained unintelligible. It soon proved that during his long lonely hours he had found a method of bringing about his own disappearance. He had discovered his reflection in the long mirror which nearly reached to the ground and had then crouched down in front of it, so that the reflection was "fort" (away).

enough that all their play is influenced by the dominant wish of their time of life: viz. to be grown-up and to be able to do what grown-up people do. It is also observable that the unpleasing character of the experience does not always prevent its being utilized as a game. If a doctor examines a child's throat, or performs a small operation on him, the alarming experience will quite certainly be made the subject of the next game, but in this the pleasure gain from another source is not to be overlooked. *In passing from the passivity of experience to the activity of play* the child applies to his playfellow the unpleasant occurrence that befell himself and so avenges himself on the person of this proxy."

### *Freud and Goethe Think "in Substance"*

Here we have a single observation like Goethe's palm in Padua or his sheep's skull in Venice. Freud discovers that children play, aside from other biological and psychological motives, in order to be active instead of enduring helplessly and passively the troubles and dangers of this world. Through his play the child changes himself from the anvil to the hammer. The principle had been previously recognized by Freud. It is also present in the mechanism of the neurosis; there it often causes the outbreak. Armed with the idea of the pleasure principle, Freud finds pleasure even in apparent displeasure. Pleasure arises *first* from activity, which satisfies the will to power; the child who plays the doctor has incorporated the latter's power. In the *second place,* the play affords symbolic gratification of cruelty and revenge. In the *third place,* the child at play enjoys his security.

Freud discovered from the play of the year-and-a-half-old child something further and of greater significance. He sees in the endless repetition of the same procedure a principle that he regards as of equal validity with the pleasure principle: the repetition compulsion to which every psychical object, every

living object, submits. To obey this principle, to represent it in action, means satisfaction. Even an unpleasant experience becomes pleasant when rhythmically repeated in play. The pleasure in rhythm is stronger than the displeasure of the painful experience. We will later on (p. 90) take up more fully the principle of the "eternal recurrence of the similar."

Child psychologists have opposed this method, reminiscent of Goethe, of drawing such far-reaching conclusions from a single observation. One sees, they have said, where it leads if a person, through want of experience, is ignorant of the fact that almost all children love the game of hide and seek, that is, of disappearing and reappearing, and that there is an element of ceaseless repetition in the child's play. The content of the play of a little child, heaven knows, makes little difference; he changes it as the wind blows; and the pleasure of the playing child called by Karl Bühler, the able Viennese psychologist, whose argument I give in this paragraph, "pleasure in functioning" stands in contrast to the other pleasure—assumed by Freud—which presupposes tension and release of tension. Freud, says Bühler, does not think in forms, he thinks in substance. He neglects the form of event and gives too much attention to its content. Yet one finds the same content of "disappearance and return" in the play of almost all children, even in those whose mothers do not regularly stay away for hours at a time.

I think it is correct to say that Freud, like Goethe, is a thinker in substance. For this reason he is always alive. Kant is a thinker in form; Nietzsche has therefore called him Goethe's antipode. One may perhaps say that thinking in substance is specifically German. In the plastic arts this is frequently enough brought up by the French as a reproach against the Germans. The Latin peoples are more gifted in form than the Germans; civilization presses toward perfection of form. But the essence adheres to the substance. Through its medium one penetrates the depths.

"Examine thou thyself, to tell
If thou a kernel art or shell."

It is possible that Freud has not particularly well chosen his example. Goethe also bothered himself with the skull of a mammal which he found in the sand, although his idea comes much more clearly to light in the skull of amphibians or fishes. Freud's examples are not always very conclusive. Later he himself and his followers have almost regularly brought far more convincing instances of his dream interpretation, his theory of forgetting, and also of the child's play. But even if the first examples which Freud uses to present his idea are not always striking, yet it is the idea itself which brings further illumination. All children play the game of Freud's little boy, because all have to endure the same thing. Children are again and again left alone and they must find out how to get on in life without their guardian spirits. They meet with no earlier, no greater experience than this indifference on the part of those who care for them (loss of support!), and this is the first blow they sustain in changing from the passive into the active. The separation from the mother, birth, weaning, the coming of younger brothers and sisters are the first occasions for appeal from the painful experience to the pleasure of rhythm, yielding to the repetition compulsion as a somewhat masochistic pleasure. The difference between Bühler's functional pleasure and the pleasure of repetition may perhaps not be so great. Only that the eternal recurrence of the similar is by far the more profound principle, perhaps even that which governs life and death.

### *On Beauty*

Freud's idea of beauty seems to me to be likewise formed upon Goethe's. We have little appreciation at the present time for the

cold and superb beauty of the Renaissance. We do not quite understand how Goethe could grow enthusiastic over the to us rather tiresome arrangement of the columns of Palladio and reject in its favor his earlier preference for the Gothic. There must be something hidden in all these sublime works of art for which we have lost the sense. The seventies and eighties of the nineteenth century apparently were still in the possession of this sense. There was at that time great indignation that the younger painters chose as the model for their pictures something other than the classic beauty; and in the guidebooks which were written at that time—they are even yet in the hands of tourists—the pure Renaissance artists were exalted to heaven, doubly starred, while Michelangelo, so far as he extended into the next epoch, that of the baroque, was dismissed with a certain degree of amazed regard; the mighty Tintoretto, however, and the other artists of the baroque, with actual disdain as decadent phenomena.

It is interesting that the physiologist Ernest Brücke, with whom Freud studied and whose assistant ("demonstrator") Freud was as a young man, and of whom he says that no one had ever had so much influence upon him, wrote shortly before his death as his legacy a short essay: *Beauty and Imperfection of the Human Form.* Brücke resembled many steadfast souls who to-day write books about the "perfect marriage and how it can be achieved," entertaining the hope that by presenting their own ideal they may stay the "dissolution of marriage"; in the same way Brücke hoped by picturing the norm to turn what he considered an erring generation back to beauty. For beauty—thus thought Brücke and his age—can be measured with the rule and compass. "I call that form beautiful," Brücke says, which allows itself to be employed to advantage in all situations and in all aspects, so far as these pertain in any way to ideal art.

"I assume in saying this," Brücke continues, "a purely artistic standpoint, for I make beauty depend not upon a subjective

pleasure in what is beheld at any one moment but upon a much more definite factor, upon the universal applicability of beauty in ideal art. Much has been said of sensuous beauty and of beautiful sensuousness, but where sensuousness as such has come into consideration it has been more detrimental than beneficial. It was this that in Italian art at the beginning of the decadence of art [he means the baroque, so highly prized by us at the present time] substituted for the high ideal of feminine beauty a lower one; and it is this which still to-day permits painters and sculptors to overlook the defects of their female models. . . . It is a grave reproach which must be brought against modern art in contrast with the art of antiquity and that of the Renaissance that the feeling for beauty of line has of late so receded into the background, indeed, I might say, is found only in isolated instances."

Contrary to the opinion of the venerable Brücke, no one to-day can any longer look without a shudder at the classicistic figures of the nineteenth century as they stare at us in their tedious and uninspired beauty, stretching their arms right and left. They are still to be seen everywhere upon the curtains of the former court theaters.

Freud once said in a lecture that Leonardo and Rembrandt are the painters who interest him most. He very likely meant the smile of Mona Lisa and the inscrutable portraits of Rembrandt. So Freud shows plainly enough that beauty for him does not lie in the "golden section" nor in other compass work. Nevertheless, he was a child of his time. He could not on his many journeys to Italy avoid coming in contact with the Renaissance and finding it first of all worthy of admiration. He himself mentions at one time the Cathedral of Orvieto with its "magnificent frescoes by Signorelli." He has devoted rather important works to Leonardo and Michelangelo. Classic perfection is his ideal of beauty; in this too he follows the teaching and example

of Goethe. Such an education explains why Freud has little interest left for the beauty of the baroque, the romantic, the mystical, religion, the "Oceanic," metaphysics. He could not find them in Orvieto and in the Rome of Pope Julius; he fought shy of romanticists. Later he collected Egyptian antiques, of which everything can be said except that they are beautiful. He is enticed by what is strange; by mystery (Mona Lisa) and by chiaroscuro.

He has in accordance with his upbringing a specially pronounced feeling for everything great, the noble in the classical sense and the perfect. This distinguishes him from our era, which, nevertheless, he has helped to form. He said once of beauty, that is, of feminine beauty, that it was the only force in our times which aside from the power of money has held its ground. Concerning the nature of beauty we find in Freud the following: "It seems to me to admit of no doubt that the idea of the 'beautiful' has its roots in sexual excitement and originally means the sexually attractive ('the attraction'). Connected with this is the fact that the genitals themselves, the sight of which calls forth the strongest sexual excitement, can never be actually considered 'beautiful'."

Freud repeats in another place the second part of this remark, where he states that the genitals have not evolved with the rest of man toward beauty. Man conceals his "shame" with an æsthetic fig leaf. Is not this great man here bound to the past and has he not allowed moral opinions which have changed very much since 1870 to creep into his analysis? Why should we not find the genitalia beautiful? I believe that nature is beautiful everywhere, wherever one observes her "in the light of the sun." It is precisely from Freud that we have learned that we may thus regard her; from Freud, from Nietzsche, and from poets who have told us: "Not in darkness shouldst thou love, but in light" (Frank Wedekind).

The first part of this remark concerning the roots of beauty is, on the other hand, a key to the understanding and well worth being made the basis of a modern æsthetics. Let us compare with his clarity what Dostoievski makes his Karamazov say of beauty: "Beauty is a fearful and terrible thing! Fearful because it is indeterminable and one cannot define it, for God has given us a riddle. Here the shores converge—here all contradictions meet." The two shores which Dostoievski means are the demoniac and the divine. Much that Dostoievski considered puzzling and indefinable has now been brought to light through Freud's life work. I should like to find in Freud's works more concerning beauty. He has confronted the problem of the artist too with remarkable trepidation: "Whence comes the artist's ability to create, is not the question of psychology."—"Unfortunately analysis must lay down its arms before the problem of the poet." —Why? It would be interesting to learn more of the reason for abandoning the task on the part of the great disillusionist, who here all at once becomes laconic and apodeictic.

## CHAPTER II

### FREUD, THE ANTIPHILOSOPHER

Freud admits that Goethe exercised a decisive influence upon his youth, yet he is not so clearly aware how much the philosophy of his time, which was not at all that of Goethe, also dominated his scientific development from the beginning to the present day. The distinguishing mark of the seventies of the preceding century was the scorn of all speculative philosophy and the displacement of it through "metaphysical self-sufficiency," which is not even materialism. For materialism is always a philosophical tendency which acknowledges that beyond that which can be grasped by our senses there exists another world not apprehensible by our senses but which may be of great value. But the philosophical teachers of that period, through the "insulting" theory of Darwin that man was a somewhat more intelligent monkey, had got so out of bounds that they totally denied the autonomy, yes, even the existence, of a spiritual world. The brain was a gland like the liver and our thought and endeavor were—exceedingly simple, almost as a matter of course—the secretion of this gland, like bile. Questions about the irrational side of life, concerning the meaning of the inaccessible portions of our being, were either prohibited as unscientific or the inquirer was admonished to be patient. Man is a machine, the individual parts of which, it is true, have not yet been completely studied; but there is no doubt that they will be. We already have railways and electric light; soon the scientists with their microscopes will know and teach the spirit as well. The Christian religion, in the confines of which powerful minds have through more than a thou-

sand years performed their cultural labors, was dismissed by Ernst Haeckel in a wretched witticism: "God according to Christian teaching is a gaseous vertebrate and there is no such beast." The true principle that science must rigorously separate itself from all mysticism and speculative philosophy led to the false assumption that outside the sphere of science nothing at all existed which could seriously interest man—or ought to interest him.

The ideal of that period was the famous Laplace man. Laplace conceived of a man whose stock of knowledge should be so great that he would know at any given moment the position and the movement of all the atoms in the universe. This person would then necessarily be in the position to deduce from his knowledge the whole of the future and of the past according to the rules of mechanics; that is, of physics. As the astronomer foretells the day upon which after years a comet shall reappear in the heavens, so this man would read from his mathematical equations the day upon which England will consume its last coal; he would know at which spot in the arctic region Amundsen perished. Plato had already given utterance to a similar idea. He develops his law of the constant recurrence of the same thing. Since the number of atoms is exceedingly great but not infinite, while time, however, proceeds endlessly, the possible combinations of the atoms are also not infinite and must necessarily constantly repeat themselves in the borders of infinite time. The Laplace man of the future is equipped with an intelligence which enables him to recognize all these recurrences in past, present, and future.

Laplace was a mathematician and the vision of his superman of the future is a mathematical one. It does not explain the nature of consciousness, our capacity to be happy or unhappy. It overlooks the fact that thought, memory, instinct lie in another plane where mathematics cannot enter. Just as little can mathematics, brain anatomy, physiology, and pathology help to explain

mind. To-day every earnest thinker admits this, and even in the sterile epoch of which I am speaking there were voices enough crying in the wilderness which were not in accord with the triumphal song of the Darwinists gone mad. Yet general opinion ran thus: what science does not understand, no one can understand. The philosophers sing beautiful songs but not so beautiful as do the poets themselves. Satisfactory enlightenment concerning the nature of things cannot be obtained from them. They speak of things which are not understood; they offer on occasion religion and sometimes art, but never science. Therefore a true scientist will do well to read no philosophy and carefully bar the door that leads from his laboratory into the realm of philosophy.

The nature of man, however, does not permit the door to remain barred. The positivists may declare that they have not wanted to trouble themselves with anything except matters capable of investigation. The agnostics may practise the renunciation of ultimate knowledge, already postulated by Kant, which, because of man's limited capacity, is forever inaccessible to human understanding. Religiousness may have entered as an infantile disease into the development of the human race. But then man evolves a religious faith in his own work, progress, in transmissable culture. He torments himself his life long with the study of details and develops a noble frenzy against which there could be no objection if the investigator only knew that his motive impulse lay in religion. This is what Goethe means when he says: "He who is in possession of science and art has religion. He who is not in possession of these two needs religion."

All epochs of enlightenment which reveal in the realm of natural science concentrated progress owe this progress to a religious devotion to science on the part of its investigators. If the churches are closed, the best representatives of the period set the universities in their places. That would be spoken quite

in the sense of positivism if there were not an inevitable reaction which each time does injury to science. The wide public knows better than the educated men themselves that the investigator is a priest of science and is profoundly religious in sentiment. It would be a good thing also in the scientific sense if the scientists themselves knew this, for it seems as if man by nature could not get on without the music of the spheres. To be sure, the rigid dogmas of an ancient religion embitter our reason. But the dogmas of reason also become fixed. Then they too offend our feelings. High priests of science become unteachable bigots and pharisees; and in these troubled waters fish those objectionable figures who drivel of the bankruptcy of science. Philosophy, however, seems to be indispensable as a mediator between mind and sense, between intimation and knowledge.

The seventies did not need this sort of mediation. The young Freud either read philosophers not at all or with but little esteem. He says in 1925: "Even where I refrained from observation, I carefully avoided approach to actual philosophy. Constitutional incapacity rendered such self-restraint easy for me. . . ." A year later he wrote: "I am not at all interested in the fabrication of *Weltanschauungen*. One may leave such to the philosophers, who admittedly find the journey through life impossible without such a Baedeker which gives information about everything. Let us humbly accept the contumely with which the philosophers look down upon us from the standpoint of their higher necessity. Since we too cannot deny our narcissistic pride, we will seek consolation in the venture that all of these 'guides through life' grow old quickly, that it is precisely our shortsighted, limited, insignificant work which makes their new editions necessary, and that even the most modern of these Baedekers are efforts to displace the old catechism, so convenient and so complete. We know accurately how little light science thus far has been able to shed over the riddles of this

world; not all the clangor of the philosophers can alter anything here, only a patient carrying on of the work which subordinates everything to one demand for certainty can slowly bring about a change. If the wanderer in the darkness sings he disavows his fear, but he does not on this account see any more clearly."

These words may be disputed in several respects. A *Weltanschauung* is not "fabricated"; but it arises evidently unaided by conscious deliberation (which is added only secondarily) out of the depths which no one has submitted to greater investigation than Freud himself. The genuine *Weltanschauung* is—as Robert Wälder says—not something for Sunday *dopo lavoro* [after toil] which one can put on at will like a suit of clothes, but one has it, has grown up with it, is surrounded and permeated by it in every moment of existence. Even the shoe which the shoemaker "fabricates" contains the *Weltanschauung* of the shoemaker, of which, to be sure, he often is not aware, and of the age which has produced him. Since we cannot therefore escape philosophy, it is so much the more scientific to try to understand consciously both ourselves and our philosophy.

This of course is not the affair of every one, and Freud himself because of his innate *Weltanschauung* had something better to do than formally to apply himself to this subject and to the theory of knowledge. He is perfectly correct so far as he speaks of fabrication. A fabricated philosophy is none at all. But he is unfair to the singer in the wood. It actually becomes brighter if he sings, and what I mean by this cannot be more beautifully illustrated than through a childish anecdote which I take from Freud: "I owe the explanation of the origin of infantile fear to a three-year-old boy whom I once heard begging from a dark room: 'Auntie, speak to me; I am afraid because it's so dark.' The aunt called to him: 'How will that help? You cannot see me anyhow.' 'That doesn't matter,' the child replied, 'if some one speaks it becomes light.' Hence we can see that he was not

afraid of the darkness but because he missed a beloved person and he could promise to be quiet as soon as he had received proof of her presence."

This anecdote is a fresh example of the form in which far-reaching ideas "come to birth" with Freud. He knows that speech or song are love, and drive away fear. He knows furthermore that all human knowledge arises from love. Philosophy is one of the most creditable forms in which love is made logical, rationalized, to use a psychoanalytic expression.

Freud is too profound a person not to grasp the need of a *Weltanschauung*. But he grew up in a dreary epoch of philosophy, in the midst of the roar and storm of battle, a veritable intoxication of science by facts. While Liebig, Dubois Reymond, Helmholtz, Virchow, still dealt with philosophy, perhaps the best that Freud could do was to keep strictly to observation and as long as possible dispense with philosophical principles. It was already enough, and one of the first titles to fame which Freud acquired, that he dared to seek out psychic connections apart from brain anatomy and physiology and also independently of experimental psychology, which even at that time had taken over the legacy of the older psychology. He was the first to find a hidden significance in neglected psychic formations, and he was able to show that even physical symptoms betray meaning in symbolic form and speak a sign language. It needed a very independent mind to venture upon anything like this at that time. The psychologist, E. Spranger, said in 1922: "I demand that the word psychology be restored to the science of the comprehensible life." It was not dangerous to say this in 1922. But in 1890 one had to be a courageous pioneer to travel such a road. It was taught at that time that it was totally unscientific to attribute meaning and purpose to life. Nature has neither meaning nor goal; this is what divides it from human performance. Human psychical life is obviously a portion of nature and should

according to this be understood in a purely causal manner. He who did not accept this was called a philosopher—was derided and driven from the halls of science. Psychical factors were not permitted to play a rôle in the realm of the causal. Psychogenic disorders were simply not acknowledged in that period. The conception which Freud brought from Paris to Vienna that the causes of the neuroses lay in psychical experiences sounded to the physicians of Vienna like a reversion to the Middle Ages. Was one to return to the belief that the patients were possessed of the devil? And that in the age of Darwin, Lord Lister, and of bacteriology? Freud's loneliness began. He could not very well be burned at the stake, but it was evident enough that he was a heretic. The wisdom of William James was not yet recognized, that one should give every idea "a chance," that it might be true even if it was contrary to the prevailing tenets of belief. Ah, well, Freud is a philosopher, said the physicians with a shrug of the shoulders. And yet Freud according to his own opinion knew nothing of philosophy nor did he want to know anything of it. He regarded himself as an observer, like any other scientist. It had not been difficult for him subjectively to keep his psychoanalysis from philosophy for he grew up in a disdain of philosophy. But he saw on the other hand that psychical phenomena, although always associated with brain processes, are nevertheless independent of anatomy and must be studied according to their own laws. Freud had a long fight over this separation of psychoanalysis from physiology and also from biology. Even to-day at least among physicians, it is only reluctantly admitted.

### *The Philosophical Pendulum*

The philosophers have now well regained their position after the subordinate rôle which they had to play when Freud was a

young man, and they are beginning to cherish a real pride. It can do no harm to put before them the register of their sins and write not so much a history of philosophy as a history of their presumption, which lies chiefly in the fact that every philosophical school considered itself the only orthodox one, the only possible one, and its teachings the ultimate, immutable end of all philosophy. Even artists, who are always enamored of their productions and therefore tend to overestimate them, do acknowledge, however, that there are other equally valuable works. But philosophers—so Schopenhauer says—are ravenous beasts. One devours the other. We have at present in Germany the so-called existence philosophy which has its home in Heidelberg and Freiburg. Talk with one of these young men about the Neo-Kantians, who had their center in Marburg and of whom many a notable representative is still alive, and he will tell you that Neo-Kantianism is dead and will absolutely never rise again. And yet the watchword "Back to Kant" was but a few decades ago a battle cry which mightily shook the sterile epoch of which we are speaking. This will be admitted even by those who derive our present era from Nietzsche, who is revered in Germany as a god, while the Kantian Hermann Cohen dismissed him in 1914 with the following words: "The case of Nietzsche will stand as a disagreeable sign of the position assumed by philosophy toward our times and of the conscience it makes for itself out of it. Precisely this case makes it clear to the gentlest eye what confronts philosophy when historical ignorance adopts the mien of the original thinker, and when supported by the possession of genuine poetic talent and with aphoristic journalism it breaks into the leisure still left to the modern reader of journals. Such conditions would become the regular thing if philosophy were directed to the interesting exclusivism which has always constituted the style of sophistry; if it were separated and divorced from earnest, relentless demand

for exact connection with the history of philosophy. . . ."

To-day—if I may believe the young men—Cohen himself is set aside and Nietzsche's star is at the zenith. I know, however, that what I have cited from Cohen was still the general opinion around 1900 and one can still find it among certain obdurate old men. They will not change the views prevalent at the time when they were young; and inasmuch as they do not understand the philosophy of the youth of the present day, they are resentful toward those who have adopted it.

Philosophy always stands, indeed, in closest relationship with the historical style of an epoch, of which it is the intellectual expression. To-day one has a rich experience. Those who dwell in the country wander to the cities because there they can have experience and adventure. In America the automobile and the radio have contributed a good deal to lessen the flight from the land. Country people can go to the city in the automobile for their amusement. The radio brings it in sound, and in the near future will bring it even in sight, to them in their homes. The World War has shown how near destruction lies. The *poilu* felt a wild joy in life when after a bayonet assault he came back alive from the trenches. Thus perhaps the entire generation that survived the war acquired an affective overvaluation of life. Added to these two factors, technical devices and the World War, is that share of sexual freedom which has been won especially for the woman and retroactively for both sexes. We do not live in an era of thought and contemplation; the tempo is given by America; and the contentment of modern philosophy, which regards the experienced primary phenomenon as final, no further to be analyzed by means of the thinking apparatus, seems to me to be just as much bound to the time and as modern as all other philosophical doctrines before it and—after it.

I do not wish to offend the noble men who find the happiness of experience (*Erlebnis*) not in external satisfaction but pre-

cisely in avoiding the terrible driving wheel of American life. Our era wants to live; the jazz age here, one's own heart's experience there. Epicurus also taught withdrawal from outer pleasures as the basis of happiness. Yet his name has stood through the ages as the symbol of gratification of the senses. I should not be surprised if the philosophers who have their origin in Bergson, sometime in the future, when their teaching has become historical, should fall victims to a similar error of right and wrong. The dividing line in the philosophical theories lies not between inner and outer experience but between experience and reflection.

We may look back in the history of philosophy as far as we will, even into hoary antiquity; we shall always find the pendulum swinging from objectivity to subjectivity, from skepticism to belief, from the classic spirit to romanticism. To be sure, at any time both tendencies have had their exponents, but always one or the other was representative of that particular period. There were even in the Middle Ages good scientists and enlightened minds. And yet this period is regarded as mystic, withdrawn from the observation of nature, and, as perhaps we only imagine, subject to gloomy outbreaks of group hysteria. The Hohenstaufen Frederick II, who is said to have made the statement in the thirteenth century that Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed were the three greatest buffoons of the world's history, falls, as a forerunner of Voltaire, quite outside the picture of his times. Dante is the representative poet of that age. Tirades of the period of the Enlightenment do not apply to the Gothic cathedrals, whose towers point like fingers toward heaven. Scholars of that period read Aristotle instead of enlarging and correcting his observation of nature by their own. The spirit, the yearning of one's ego, were everything. Man immersed himself in the supersensuous mysteries until the initial impulses of the heart were congealed to scholasticism and Talmudism; these

empty forms became unendurable and the pendulum swung once more in the opposite direction.

This tendency, as we know, awakened classical antiquity to new life; it stands there in the history of the world as the Renaissance, with sounding trumpets, in all its glory; and Goethe indeed felt across the span of centuries that he belonged to this epoch. The names of Galileo and Copernicus, Raphael and Shakespeare shed light upon this era. It is, to be sure, more difficult to mention a great philosopher who has completely set his stamp upon the period of the Renaissance. Men were content with Cicero and Plato, yet not that Plato whom to-day we know and love, but a constructed classical thinker, a plaster figure from whose heart everything romantic had been torn away. To-day the spirit of the Renaissance seems to us remarkably empty and we stand even before Raphael's *Stanze* with the feeling that notwithstanding all their technical perfection they lack something, namely, precisely that which we regard as the most important: the striving of the burdened soul for release, for a meaning to existence. It seems to us as if the Renaissance offers uninteresting beauty. We cannot grow enthusiastic over the figures of Palma Vecchio nor even over those of Titian. It is known that the Reformation and Counter Reformation prepared the way for the end of the Renaissance. Protestant and Jesuit mysticism entered upon their heritage. The pendulum continues to swing back and forth, back and forth. The English and the French Enlightenment are the next stopping places in history; then romanticism and its yearning for the innermost core of feeling, which again is swallowed up in a wave of gross materialism in natural science. Finally, we live at the present time, unless all signs are deceptive, in an ever-growing reaction against the fine-spun subtilities of reason; Santayana opposes to the three R's: Renaissance, Reformation and Revolution, a fourth one: Romance.

## *The Ego*

The vacillations of philosophy are most evident in the valuation of one's own ego. Descartes stands at the entrance into the newer philosophy with the weapon of doubt—reintroduced, for the pendulum had been before, at the time of the Greek skeptics, at the extreme end of this phase. One's ego alone, says Descartes, admits of no doubt: *cogito, ergo sum:* I think, therefore I am. We are able to-day, since the discoveries and interpretations of psychoanalysis, to give a better translation to Descartes' Latin dictum: I can love, can charge with libido, can become passionately interested—therefore I exist. But we will not forget that Freud has forbidden his followers to fabricate a *Weltanschauung* or, manifestly, to bring back ancient ones. Therefore a philosopher by profession, unjustly decried as a materialist, namely Ludwig Feuerbach, shall speak for us: "Love is the genuine . . . proof of the existence of an object outside our own brains—and there is no other proof of existence than love, feeling in general. That object, the *existence* of which giveth thee joy, the *nonexistence* of which, *pain*, that alone is." These beautiful words contain a splendid extension of the egocentric *cogito, ergo sum.* Now it reads: "I think of thee, I draw thee into myself, and therefore I am also thou." I believe that psychonalysis can subscribe to this.

It was discovered later in Descartes' homeland that this great man solely out of fear of the power of the church granted the ego a privileged position in the universe. The system of Descartes carried to its logical conclusion asserted that man is a machine and nothing else. Descartes himself had declared the soul of the animal to be a lifeless machine. Why should man differ from the animal in this respect? The pendulum swung wholly to the left; the French physician Julien La Mettrie saw

no necessity for assuming or for admitting the existence of a self which stands at the center of all things. The great men of the French Enlightenment of the eighteenth century did not go so far as La Mettrie, but La Mettrie is the most consistent of them. The epoch of enlightenment had a particularly strong conviction of its mission; it not only proclaimed what it considered the absolutely final word of philosophy but plunged its century through the person of Voltaire into roars of laughter directed against all who, bound in superstition, did not acknowledge the new truth.

And yet scarcely thirty years after Voltaire, the German philosopher Fichte was teaching anew that there was nothing outside the ego and that all phenomena external to the self were nothing but a creation of the self. This metaphysical attitude is not like that of the primitive, of the savage, who as we know extends his ego over all objects and establishes magic connections between his person and all objects. Both Fichte and Schopenhauer mean it literally when they say: the world is [only] my idea. The pendulum had swung to the right. It was said of the Enlightenment, while it had abolished forever the rack, serfdom, and the *ancien régime*, that it was of an intolerable shallowness, devoid of all human dignity and worth. Hegel and Schelling drew their conclusions from the teaching of Fichte. If the objective world was a creation of the ego, then it was hardly good economy to study the objects outside the ego. The connection of all things could be more directly made manifest through mere reflection, through dialectics, than through the laborious observation of manifold details. The ego and the objects were identical with each other (philosophy of identity); logic was necessary to lead to the knowledge of objects. The Holy Ghost had triumphed completely over natural science. If one wished to know what electricity was one did not go to an

electro-technical institute, which naturally did not exist at that time, but one attended the lectures of Professor Schelling.

It is scarcely possible for us to-day to grasp and to admit the greatness of this "nature philosophy," or philosophy of identity, although the most recent times have returned in many points to this concept, and at least Hegel's method in the form of Marxism has attained great practical significance. Science did not long submit itself to this guardianship, but shook itself free and so thoroughly that it threw out the good with the bad and for decades would have nothing more to do with philosophy. And here we return once more to Freud's youthful years. The pendulum was again at the left; there was no longer any ego; there was no concern about it, but the philosophy of Ernst Mach, and also of Nietzsche proved that the assumption of an ego was untenable. Psyche, declared Wundt, was a collective idea of all the psychic qualities which we describe individually. The ego was only a bundle of sensations, Mach taught; and Nietzsche said that the ego was a corruption of grammar. One sees clearly that Nietzsche was a philologist, Mach a physicist, and Wundt a thinker in forms (see p. 41, Chap. I).

We live to-day in the era of phenomenology. How can one—they say now—have any doubt of the ego? Do we not feel it; do we not experience it at every moment of our lives? Is there any fact of which we are more fully convinced than that of the existence of the self? It is of no use to try to deny the ego by fine-spun sophistries. We will not let any one in the world argue away our ego. It is the phenomenon of all phenomena. The eternal pendulum—we see it already—is again at the right. No one but the holder of a fanatical belief can deny that within a conceivable space of time the pendulum will swing again to the other extreme.

I will later discuss in its proper place the contribution of psychoanalysis to the nature of the ego. We have first to con-

sider some other questions. It may well be that a law is operative behind the oscillations of the pendulum. This same law works in the life of every great man, who indeed never belongs entirely to his own epoch; otherwise he would not be a great man. Goethe was called a classical poet. He was, however, a romanticist in the storm and stress of his early career and in the "Faust problem." Freud has his origin in the late classical epoch. But who does not see the great magician's cap upon his head? Psychoanalysis will perhaps put us in a position to discover the law of our pendulum.

### *The Law of the Pendulum*

Let us compare religious mysticism, Gothicism, baroque, romanticism, and the modern existence philosophy in order to find their supposed common ground. We will try to do the same with the ordinary conception of classical antiquity, with the Renaissance, the Enlightenment, and the Darwinian era of natural science. One sees immediately that this second group submitted willingly, yes, even enthusiastically, to the pressure of observation and facts. One allowed oneself to be impressed only by the objects to be perceived. What the sense organs afforded was the principal theme of the times. Attention was toward the external. The insistence of inner products created by inner perception was repressed or the organ of introspection was so blunted that nothing more was noticed in this direction. The reverse was true of the romantic epoch. There was a remarkable degree of freedom from the pressure of the external world, a sense of freedom in fantasy, yearning of the spirit and fulfillment through inner experience. The two contrasting periods again and again replacing each other might be called lyric and dramatic periods.

Buddhism is the conversion, Christianity the most beautiful

and clearest symbolization, of the lyric mood. The Greek in comparison with the Asiatic temperament was dramatic and disposed toward science. In comparison with the Romans with their tendency to conquest, the constraint of Roman law, the lack of imagination of this people, the Greeks were highly lyrical or (as Nietzsche calls it) Dionysian, in contrast to the Apollonian Romans. We already recognized, when we spoke in the first chapter of this book of the ideas which proceed from within and of the visual experience which gives birth to the idea, that the products of the inner compulsion and those of the outer belong together, appearing in different combinations but never wholly isolated. It is with these two component parts as it is with the radicals in organic chemistry. They can be separated from each other only in our written formulas. In reality they can never exist alone but must enter into combination.

Thus the inner complsion, which for practical reasons we have called freedom, and the pressure of the objects surrounding us, which we acknowledge, constitute through their specific combination the age and also the individual who lives in the age. The individual is in part forced to adopt the manner of his time, in part he rebels against it; for we are indeed free to rebel if we will, that is, if we are compelled from within. This sounds perhaps rather confused. Alas, the situation is still more confused. We are not aware of the inner compulsion as a compulsion. We are fond of explaining it by compelling motives which may be found somewhere without. We project the song of our psyches into whatever forces of the external world we can draw to our service and we are then highly satisfied because we can now at least clearly see our motives. The projection mechanism has been studied by psychoanalysis in paranoia. Yet none of us could live without it. I cannot, for example, bear a certain person. I detest him from the bottom of my soul, as we say quite rightly. I hardly dare, however, to give expression to my feeling, so long

as I have no rational grounds for it. So then I find him tactless, egotistical, unreliable. All this may be actually true, but these are not the reasons why I hate him. There are plenty of people just as tactless and just as egotistic, whom I like very much. The same thing may be said of love. I love some one and therefore this person must possess every excellent quality. Otherwise I could not properly justify the fact of my love.

There are times and persons which have great need of the support of the senses. The compulsion from within is to them uncanny, unworthy, in any case unsatisfactory. They submit themselves unhesitatingly to visible constraint. There are other eras which behold in Beelzebub and the Antichrist the power of the senses. In fact, the devil is always described as a clever logician and a subtle scoffer. One can in the end prove anything with the arguments of sophistry, by means of complicated experiments. Reason as we know annuls itself through the skepticism which lies in it. Distrust the senses, distrust reason, and put no physical obstacles in the way of the Holy Ghost! The eras of natural science occupy themselves with the interrelations of phenomena. Romantic epochs have felt the breath of the absolute, which one can never grasp with the senses. But in the inner recesses of the heart is an instrument with which to apprehend the divine. The myth affords us an intimation of what sort of an instrument this is. "The myth," says Schelling, "is in all civilizations the way by which the human spirit mounts to the absolute." Freud, when the similarity between the dream of the individual and the myths of peoples had become clear to him, used a different and yet not wholly dissimilar figure of speech: "Myths are the secular dreams of mankind."

We read in the neoromantic Ernst Bertram, who has written about Nietzsche: "A myth is concealed even in science. It takes the form of the imperative conviction of the validity and worth of science, of the cultural significance of knowledge."

Here the tables are turned and the scientific age is attacked with its own weapon, the weapon of the theory of science. No one will deny, probably not even he himself, that Freud is a man of marvelous intuition. It requires a certain courageous yielding of oneself to intuition for one to give expression to it or even to become conscious of it. Freud possesses this courage only when he can find clear basis for his intuitive ideas through a series of observations; sometimes a single one suffices. His opponents say that his observations are objectionable from the point of view of science. Little by little, however, the number of his opponents have been silenced. For the observations and the number of observers have increased and have proved Freud right. Freud, in my opinion, was already convinced of the correctness of his findings before they had received this manifold confirmation, for he had access to a source which scarcely needs the testimony of observation and experiment. But I could conceive that Freud—the scientific investigator—would vehemently reject my view and say like Goethe: "Have I left any stone unturned?"

The romanticist is more courageous. In union with his God he needs no natural support. He uses the objects of the external world, language included, only in order to impart to his less-favored fellow men the ecstatic knowledge to which he has attained. He feels, however, that he cannot properly communicate fully except to souls similarly attuned. G. T. Fechner teaches that the earth is to be compared to an angel. It has a soul, a consciousness like ours, and uses our sense organs with which to perceive. "He is crazy," says the scientist, shrugs his shoulders, and turns away. The scientist is fully convinced that poor Fechner has strayed into absurd paths. But a Fechner, who himself devoted the greatest part of his life to exact science, has on his part nothing left for the skeptic but an evangelical smile. His faith is stronger than his knowledge. Look the master of science and of atheism in the face. A virile beauty streams from him, the

absolute conviction of his own integrity and the bold consciousness of being upon the right way. Those who stand on the other side display a gentle beauty, a benign angelic expression of contentment, in which the imperturbability of their mystical certainty is no less strong. The two groups cannot meet, at least not in a verbal discussion.

### *The Superego*

A priest and a rabbi came together once in order to adjust the differences in their religions. "One can believe," began the rabbi, "that Jesus was crucified; there have been other rebels who have been crucified. One can also believe that he rose from the dead. There are those who appear to be dead who awaken again. But that he ascended into heaven one cannot believe." "But look," answered the priest, "the prophet Elijah appears in your religion who went up to heaven in a heavy iron chariot!" "That is quite another thing," cried the rabbi, "because that is true."

Whence come convictions? The psychology of all convictions, which stand so close to pathology, that is, again, to paranoia—already mentioned in connection with the projection mechanism—is studied in psychoanalysis by the aid of the concept of the *superego*. The priest and the rabbi both believe what their fathers and mothers have taught them. At the time when they were taught their reasoning powers were still undeveloped. They accepted the teaching in reliance upon the authority of their instructors. They loved their parents and therefore had confidence in them. They did not know the parents and teachers of others and so they did not believe what others said. Reason plays but a small part in this, and later also when it is fully developed it is used, one might say misused, chiefly to give foundation to preconceived convictions. The actual primary authority

lies deep in the unconscious roots of the personality. The authority once absorbed in early childhood is only to a limited degree accessible to purely objective criticism—objective criticism being an ideal construction which never exists in actuality. Freud called this irrational power the superego because it dominates the ego and reason. The unconscious superego entangled in discarded primitive forms of thought of all sorts goes back to the earliest years of childhood, in which our mental life passed for the most part reflecting the beloved and feared authorities in whose care we were at that time.

The superego consists of a masculine and a feminine part, for we have both father and mother. The law of bisexuality long familiar to the biologist also permeates psychology. Not only does every living cell contain the offspring of male and female germ plasm, but our thinking and feeling are also carried on "as male and female." Two different principles unite to produce a third. The third inherits both principles and must give heed what the outcome of this antinomy will be. In order to make this antinomy (the twofold law whose parts stand in contradiction, in opposition to each other) quite clear let us start from father and mother, whom each one knows, of whom each remembers what they were like or at least how they were supposed to be. The father says: "You must! If you do not do what I tell you, I will make you do it. I am much stronger than you; it is useless to resist and if you do not yield I will destroy you." "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." The concluding statement sounds so apocryphal. He is a chastening God; love is motherly and does not conform to His image. Thus in the army one is very readily punished, but one is not praised. It is enough indeed if one is not punished.

The mother, on the other hand, not the actual mother, but the presumable one, as she is described in legend, says: "You may! You can never lose my love whatever you do. And if you have my love, what more do you need? Nothing can happen to you so long as your mother lives and watches over you. I gave you your life; now live untroubled. The more carefree your life, the more will my heart rejoice."

Thus the father is the principle and the primary source of compulsion, the mother the principle of freedom. The mother (one should say rather, the idea of the mother) smiles when we are disobedient; the father is angry. Since in actuality all synthesis arises from thesis and antithesis, freedom and compulsion meet and produce in their amalgamation the regulation which is considered proper by a certain era. There is no order possible without force and hence no freedom without coercion.

It seems to me essential for the understanding of the various types of mankind and also the different epochs to discuss bisexuality. We shall have to inquire whether the paternal principle of compulsion or the maternal principle of freedom is the dominant one, and thus we shall understand the profound conviction which each epoch had of the correctness of its mode of life. Shall the child then not rely upon its parents? Philosophers are all at least slightly childish, with their systems and convictions. We were when infants convinced of the omnipotence and omniscience of our parents. This faith is later withdrawn from the parents but it is not lost. Conviction is a force which has its source in the animal nature. What can be more certain of itself than an animal which follows its instincts: a cow peacefully grazing or a poisonous serpent as it strikes? The capacity for being convinced arises there and comes to light in man in his earliest experience: father and mother. The superego is always sure it is right, whether its rightness is that of the father or of the mother.

It has been said that the female principle is creative, the male

destructive. It is easy to be misled by this idea, for men are observed moving over the earth robbing and murdering as they go, while women bear and rear children. Yet it may not be overlooked that women only bear when they have been impregnated and that biology has demonstrated in the most recent times that bisexuality prevails without exception throughout the entire realm of life. The idea of asexual reproduction (parthenogenesis) belongs to the past. The destructive principle is, to be sure, associated with stronger muscles. Besides, sexual aggression in the higher animals is the prerogative of the male.

I believe that for our purposes the problem should be studied independently of biology, as a purely psychological one; that is, from the human-psychological standpoint. It is not a matter of the female and the male principle, whatever these may mean biologically, but of the paternal and maternal in the psychological and also in the historical sense. There have always been mothers. The young brood knew its mother; and one of the most important psychoanalytic revelations is that human psychology in contradistinction to animal psychology is based on the exceedingly long helplessness of the human baby, its almost complete dependence upon maternal care. There have not always been fathers. Some investigators say that there are savage tribes even to-day who do not know that the sexual act is the necessary preliminary to the birth of a child. Our own children do not know it, and when they put their first questions they are satisfied with the answer that they come from their mother's body. They see the hens laying eggs, the cows bearing their calves, and the connection with the mother becomes clear to them. The question, How did I get into my mother's body? comes so much later that it has been easy for psychoanalysis to demonstrate that this question is inhibited in otherwise intelligent children by a secret anxiety. The connection with the father is not so obvious and is attended with fear.

The father at some time, prehistorical or otherwise, was thrust into the family, which previously had been matriarchal; an intruder from the start, whom the deepest unconscious layers of our mind do not understand and whose appearance, as we must later show more fully, has brought to civilized man countless forms of neuroses. Freud stresses the fact that hysteria and compulsion neuroses are privileges of mankind. Perhaps they are privileges of mankind in a patriarchal society. Man has attained to a position of authority in the family as robber, warrior, protector; an endless series of compulsive systems, to which belong holding private property, monogamy, monotheism, and in the mental life the relentlessness of logic, follow in his wake.

If such historical and prehistorical speculations seem questionable, direct observation will lead to the same result. What are the representative and ideal figures of the various ages like? The Romans were compulsive neurotics, the Athenians hysterical. Cato was strictly monogamous. Socrates speaks of homosexual love as though there were no other. The romanticists, like Shelley or Novalis, displayed feminine features unless they preferred to hide their faces behind beards. The fortunes of stern men flourish in compulsive periods; in others, those of gentler natures who dare to follow the maternal voice. I am not quite sure whether I am here saying something paradoxical or that which is self-evident. The matter is complicated only because the two radicals never appear wholly separated:

> "From my father have I stature,
> All that makes life stern and grave;
> While my mother's happy nature
> All my joy in fancy gave." (Goethe)

First the compulsive factor and then the one from the mother may be effective in one and the same individual. This is true particularly of extremists, who have done too much in the one

direction of what is good and have repressed too strongly the other side of our double nature. Thus it happens that one observes physicists, astronomers, and rationalistic writers, usually toward the end of their lives, when they have ceased functioning in their own profession, passing over to the camp of the spiritualists: an Oliver Lodge, a Camille Flammarion, or a Conan Doyle. I knew a man who was first a Marxist and Bolshevik people's commissar. Suddenly—it is very characteristic of the nature of extremists that such change of convictions does not come about gradually but appears suddenly—he had an "experience of evangelization"; in our language, he ran from father to mother. From this time on he was strictly Catholic in his belief, worshiped a new God and the sole reason he did not curse the old one was because his new philosophy did not permit cursing. Previously—in a strictly materialistic fashion—he had found all evil in the laws of capitalistic mercantilism; now he found it in the godlessness of our times and in the rejection of the teachings of Thomas Aquinas. This man then altered even his facial expression. Before, he looked like a rebel, but now he displayed a sort of inner smile such as one often observes in a highly spiritual priest. The change from defiance of the father to love of the mother could be read in his countenance.

The figure of a compulsive person set in a maternal era cannot attain its full development. The lyric poet presents a poor appearance in a dramatic period. It will depend upon the force of the personality whether a person makes himself felt in opposition to his time, comes to a tragic end, or fades away without a struggle. Toward the close of an epoch the personalities that swing with the pendulum in the opposite direction begin to multiply. Only the greatest of all, like Goethe, Leonardo, Michelangelo, belong to both epochs, for they carry the world itself within them. Yet they too were either understood or misunderstood by their contemporaries, either idolized or looked upon

coldly, in so far as they produced in or against the spirit of their times. Those of mediocre talent are most fortunate originating in their own period, living and dying with it. They are the time-servers one finds active in every profession.

Freud is a preëminently masculine phenomenon. He had his origin in the heroic period of natural science and he comprehended it. This period did not understand him so well, for he did not belong wholly to it. There is an element of freedom in him which his teachers, the dry physiologist Brücke and the brain anatomist Meynert, either did not possess or perhaps had suppressed. Freud dreamed once of Brücke's terrible blue eyes. He, in fact, had his own seer's gift under rigorous discipline all his life—not rigorous enough from the standpoint of his former colleagues in Brücke's microscopic laboratory. He saw at an early period, as he himself says, that "he had a destiny to fulfill"—a prophet who condemned himself to the most patient detailed labor. He does not like to see his students try to escape from it. He does not approve of their working in large dimensions and constructing bold theories. He wants to train his students to be investigators of nature who will devote themselves patiently to meticulous work and leave theorizing to others. Psychology, however, tempts one to theory as soon as one leaves the tedious field of experiment and passes over into psychology of understanding. One cannot dispense with interpretation and the putting of oneself into the other person's place. Freud himself has finally attained to quite extraordinary dimensions. Would he have reached these if they had not been his from the beginning? Freud says of Charcot: "He was not much given to cogitation, was not of the reflective type, but he had an artistically gifted temperament—as he said himself, he was a *'visuel,'* a seer. He himself told us the following about his method of working: he was accustomed to look again and again at things that were incomprehensible to him, to deepen his im-

pression of them day by day, until suddenly understanding of them dawned upon him. Before his mind's eye, order then came into the chaos apparently presented by the constant repetition of the same symptoms; the new clinical pictures which were characterized by the constant combination of certain syndromes took shape; the complete and extreme cases, the 'types,' were then distinguishable with the aid of a specific kind of schematic arrangement, and with these as a starting-point the eye could follow. . . . He was heard to say that the greatest satisfaction man can experience is to see something new, that is, to recognize it as new. . . ."

### *Artistic Science*

We know to-day that Charcot, while he saw and described much that was true, was in error frequently in his classification and representations of hysteria and of hypnosis. And yet "he was not much given to cogitation, was not of the reflective type," but limited himself to saying what he believed he had seen with his own eyes and with little interpretation. In contradistinction to this, Freud's world is a form of psychology, in which manipulations, reflex hammers, and electrodes count for nothing.

In recent years a dispute has arisen as to whether psychoanalysis is a natural science or a mental science. While Freud was misunderstood by his contemporaries in his youth, it seems to-day as if Freud is unwilling to acknowledge the change of time and the importance of the problem: world of descriptive science on the one hand and world of mental values on the other. I myself have always maintained that the most valuable and lasting part of psychoanalysis is the discovery of the mechanism of the psychical life. We have not yet forgotten that Freud—an Edison of psychology—has amazed the world through ever new discov-

eries and scientific theories. He has conquered for science a field which previously belonged to mysticism. He has rationalized the apparently irrational. I do not, however, venture to dispute that beyond this he has been at all times a great magician. The conflict of the maternal: "Only take courage, for you are a chosen one!" with the paternal: "You especially should move cautiously that you do not stumble!" rages furiously in Freud's nature. The question has occurred to me, whether the rigorous distinction between natural and mental science properly exists at all in the realm of psychology. When one sees how little brain anatomy and experimental psychology —these purely scientific endeavors—have contributed to that which to-day constitutes our new knowledge of man, in part gratifying, in part terrifying, then one bows before the wisdom of language which has created the word "seer," in which are united the beholding of outward objects and the inward vision. There must be also an *artistic science*, and without that association in the depths of idea and observation which we call intimation or inspiration there would never be a great psychologist, there never has been one up to the present time. The qualities of an apple can be described scientifically apart from its worth to us in its beauty, its flavor, and its nutritive value. And it is questionable even in the case of an apple whether the abandon with which the botanist or the plant physiologist describes it does not arise from an enthusiasm which influences the description. Controlled enthusiasm, admiration restrained and "inhibited as to goal" constitute the investigator of nature. The mother loves her child; the father strictly judges its qualities. Helmholtz demanded of the historian, philologist, jurist "a fine and richly developed perception of the psychic impulses of mankind." But what does one see if one perceives psychic impulses? And with what kind of an instrument does one perceive them? Formerly psychology was left to the poets. Then

came Nietzsche, who was called the poet-philosopher. Later Freud appeared, a man who had spent many years in the laboratory and had imposed upon himself the demands of science. The physicians and academic psychologists of his time looked upon him somewhat bewildered. He, however, protested again and again that he, just as they did, found everything to arise from an antecedent factor in strictly causal manner; that they were all invited to test his theory and his discoveries. So he stands with his conscience on the side of those who demand his entrance into natural science. But he has never expressly pledged himself to this. He pursues—as I believe—an artistic natural science in Goethe's sense. He has succeeded in his classical works in uniting the creative forces of the father and the mother. He has brought us much comfort. In his last philosophical works he has become very stern: "My courage fails me, therefore, to arise before my fellowmen as a prophet, and I bow to their reproach that I offer them no consolation, for which all in their innermost beings secretly long, the wildest rebels not less passionately than the most pious believers." So Freud is not willing to see—what he himself has previously shown us—that we have within us not only a father but also a mother. No longer does the closing harmony of Goethe's *Fragment* echo for him: "She has set me within. She will also lead me without. I commit myself to her. She may command me. She will not hate her work. . . ."

In his autobiography, *Selbstdarstellung*, Freud states: "I was ever accessible to the ideas of G. Th. Fechner, and leaned on this thinker for support on important points." Time and again comparison has been made between Freud and Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, even Plato. Yet it is noteworthy that Freud's own reference to Fechner has remained practically unnoticed, although the spiritual development of this man, who lived to

the great age of eight-six years (1801-1887), was one of the most remarkable things of his time.

Gustav Theodor Fechner was born the son of a village clergyman in the county of Lausitz, Prussia. His grandfather was also a clergyman. In 1817, Fechner went to Leipsic as a young student, where he took a degree in medicine but forsook this practical profession to become a theoretical scientist. He became a professor of physics as early as 1824 in Leipsic, where he lived for seventy years until he died. There is nothing much of interest to relate regarding his personal life, except that during the middle of his career he was tormented with a mysterious eye disease, which, however, vanished after a number of years without leaving a trace. After his sixtieth year he took annual short trips with his wife, and in 1874 made a trip to Rome. His nephew and biographer, Kuntze, says of him: "His work was his life; little else existed for him, hence I have not much to relate."

This can also be said of Freud. There must of necessity be a paucity of biographical material regarding Freud's personal life, because, like Fechner, "his work is his life; little else exists for him." Freud also studied medicine, but his deeper interests lay elsewhere. He wanted to become a physiologist, but, in contrast to the more fortunate Fechner, he did not succeed in obtaining a professorship. He was forced to return to the medical profession and against his own wishes practised medicine for some time. Freud was four years old when he first came to Vienna, and there he is still, dwelling in the same house for almost forty years; and there is every reason to believe that he still sits and works at the same desk at which he first began his labors.

Unlike Fechner, however, Freud manifests keen interest in universal history, particularly that of Rome, to which city he often journeys. Rome, to Freud, means immeasurably more than

it did to Fechner, of whom his friend Haitel used to say that he took his walk on the *Forum Romanum* just as though it were the *Täubchenweg* in Leipsic, where he walked daily deep in thought. I have never encountered Freud walking alone in anything but deep thought.

Fechner survives in science and literature in three rather unrelated ways. As an exact mathematician or mathematical physicist, he became the initiator of psychophysics. His name is correlated particularly with Fechner's law, also known as the Fechner-Weber law: "The sensation is proportional to the logarithm of the stimulus." To wit, if the stimulus grows in a geometrical ratio, the sensation grows in an arithmetical ratio; or, in other words, whereas the stimuli grow larger by multiplication, the sensations increase by addition of the units of the sensation. That is sufficiently mathematical and exact. He also contributed salient features to the then new science of electricity.

Being of a fertile and versatile trend of mind, Fechner early displayed an irresistible predilection for writing. He wrote prolifically, poems, fiction, tales of humor, but such a tendency not being congruous with a physicist and university professor, he published his writings under the pseudonym of Dr. Mises. In these altogether meritorious works he poked fun at contemporary medicine, which at that time was influenced by nature philosophy (see page 23). Doctors did not observe, they speculated. It was this very state of medicine which caused the young Fechner to leave the profession. One may here observe the change of mode. In 1825 a brain gifted with exactness separates from the school of medicine, because of its deep entanglement with fantastic premises. In 1890 Freud separated from the school of medicine because it persistently denied recognition of any facts extraneous to measurable and visible matter and regarded psychic causes of disease as fantastic premises. But Fech-

ner was a son of his epoch as is Freud. The *Weltanschauung* of about 1875 holds Freud, the great revolutionary and preparer of the future, in its fangs, and so in the order of things the *Weltanschauung* of 1820 did not release Fechner from the network of its concepts. It was at that time that Fechner read the textbook of natural philosophy by Oken. Oken followed in the footsteps of Schelling. His method consisted in the statement of general laws by daring generalization of observations of an individual character. Uncontrolled thinking is what it would be called to-day. Out of such a method there might arise ideas of intrinsic worth, but it is a dangerous system, which has since been abandoned by science. It seduced Fechner, the exact mathematician and physicist to produce an illusory theory, the theory that our planet is an angel, that there is a consciousness in all lifeless as in all living things, and that a personal hereafter is sure and certain beyond all doubt. It is of course not this Fechner whose support Freud acknowledges so gratefully. Strangely enough, many admirers of Fechner are unaware that his *Zendavesta* and other mystical conceptions meant much more to him than his well-recognized exact scientific work. He could not rid himself of his first impressions gathered in his father's, the minister's, home nor could be lose sight of the ideas of Oken. Many an exact investigator has turned to metaphysics toward the end of his life and career and remained in this realm. It was unique with Fechner that he found his way back to exact individual investigation without renouncing his metaphysical sacraments. Fechner's scientific work meant an almost limitless sequence of patient observation of details. He did not derive his physical and psychophysical norms through mysticism. This enthusiastic prophet of Christianity and the cosmic soul terminated his great religious confession in 1851 in a prodigious work of two volumes, *Zendavesta* aforementioned, and at once proceeded to count the steps of the pedestrians in

order to develop a law about the length of male and female footsteps by means of long tables of figures (*Centralblatt für Naturwissenschaft und Anthropologie*, 1853).

Such was the man whose ideas inspired Freud. We find in Fechner, Freud's pleasure principle, the law of tension and relaxation, the formulation regarding the principles in mental functioning (pleasure principle and principle of reality), and the concept of a threshold between conscious and unconscious perception. But Freud confined himself exclusively within the strict bounds of science. He repeatedly denounced mysticism and fantasy as dangerous and valueless. Is it insignificant that Fechner, whose scientific ideas stimulated Freud, became the author of such a work as *Zendavesta*? If it can be considered worthy of note, then it is the second incident of this kind in Freud's life, for Freud was also inspired by Goethe, who was great as a scientist but infinitely greater as a poet.

Fechner himself possessed little faith in the future of psychophysics, the term and basis of which science, later the very kernel of experimental psychology, he alone had created. When Wilhelm Wundt in Leipsic founded the first institute for experimental psychology in 1879, Fechner said to him, half-jestingly, "If you start this thing on so large a scale, you will be through with psychophysics within a couple of years." Yet what Wundt attempted at that time was but the embryo of a tremendous undertaking. To-day there are thousands of laboratories of psychophysics, all of which regard Fechner as the founder of their science; and curiously enough, Freud hails this same man as a forerunner of psychoanalysis, the science so bitterly fought against by experimental psychologists. Also with good reason is Fechner hailed by theosophists and occultists as being one of their own. He was firmly convinced of an interference of the world beyond with the life on earth. This belief he considered of greater purport than his ideas in psycho-

physics, for which science he predicted a short life. We psychoanalysts are of the opinion that Fechner's prophecy regarding the future of experimental psychology has come to pass, despite the great to-do with which psychophysical laboratories, well-endowed with funds, surround their trifling ideas.

Great personalities, who astonish the world by their achievements, are frequently obliged to suppress a part of their natural proclivities. So their achievement gains in uniformity and impetus. Freud rigidly ignores his own poetical and philosophical qualities. He scoffs at them and scornfully talks about his constitutional inability to comprehend philosophy. With a totally misplaced humility, he maintains that men of his disposition, in contradistinction to poets who call forth profundity of insight without toil, "have to trace their path through tormenting uncertainty and ceaseless probing." Why not admit that Freud is also a great poet and that he could have been a great philosopher? Such a statement does not of necessity diminish his scientific importance, and most certainly will not for centuries to come, he having emerged unscathed from the smirks and derisive attacks of narrow-minded contemporaries who are unaware that art and science are inseparable. Did it harm the philosopher Nietzsche that he was also a poet? Did it harm Leonardo that he was a scientist, Fechner that he was a mystic? Our consciousness, it is true, is limited, and we prefer to forget about Leonardo's merits in anatomy and aviation. Experimental psychologists do not know and have no desire to know that the indefatigable worker on details, Fechner, the initiator of their science, attempted to solve the mysteries of the transcendental by mystical means. I think that Freud, the fearless man who released the hell-hound out of Hades, is afraid of the song in his own heart. I wrote about Freud in 1923, thus: "All great spirits are animated by the longing to look, once at least, into the eyes of Plato's *οὐσία*, the inner essence of things, instead

of forever being content with the study of appearance. In Freud's mentality the mystical gift of the seer is continually at war with the need for mechanical description. 'Freudian mechanisms' would be a barren term for a barren thing, unless behind them there was something other than mechanisms, something alive; something which Freud has again and again suppressed, until, as if in spite of himself, and amid reiterated excuses, it forces itself into his latest utterances. (These words were printed five and seven years before the publication of Freud's *Future of an Illusion* and *Civilization and Its Discontents.*) Herein lies the explanation of Freud's acerbity, which has grown with the passing of the years. He is afraid of his own supreme talents, and throughout all his life as an investigator he has been imposing a curb upon himself. One who by temperament is a seer has been ardently devoting himself to the study of exact science by the ordinary methods of scientific investigation. That was why he heroically determined to study medicine, though his natural bent was toward the abstract sciences.

"Great men often suppress their natural inclinations, and devote themselves with ardor to some alien occupation. (Fechner first wrote under his pseudonym, Dr. Mises, in humorous manner, that the earth was an angel and how, according to him, this angel appeared. Later he sponsored the same idea seriously with his own famous name.) Perhaps the mystery of genius is, in part, to be explained in terms of bipolar tension, the persistent struggle between two poles, which are ever trying to break away from one another, and yet are eternally bound together, neither being conceivable without the other. Herein, it may be, lies the secret of success. All the splendor and all the activity of such great ones are dependent upon this fascinating cleavage of the individuality, which every one feels, to which every one of us is subject. . . ."

# CHAPTER III

## MYTH AND PARANOIA

Freud ascribes the origin of his theory to the celebrated case of Breuer. The case became famous through Freud, who always gave more than due credit to Breuer. A hysterical girl revealed in hypnosis definite experiences as the cause of her symptoms: countless minute experiences of everyday life, which the conscientious Breuer in almost as many hypnotic sessions rescued from the darkness of oblivion. When the patient had disentangled the threads back to their origin the symptoms vanished. Almost all the disturbances had their starting point in the girl's father. Examples:

(a) Not hearing when some one entered, because of absent-mindedness; 108 separate detailed instances of this, giving persons and circumstances, often with the date; the first instance given was that she did not hear her father enter the room.

(b) Failure to understand when she was directly addressed, 50 instances, the first time being when her father had asked her in vain to fetch the wine, etc.

This did not at that time strike Freud's attention. His own father was still living, and the time of his insight, which began directly after his father's death (1896), had not yet arrived. Furthermore, he knew nothing at this time of the phenomenon of the *transference,* which he described later in 1905; namely, that the hysterical girl had transferred her love for her father to her physician, Breuer, and experienced her treatment as pleasure. The secretly beloved one came every day and hypnotized her by means of gentle stroking. She herself compelled him

to this sort of caress, a kind of mutual submission, which the physician himself did not recognize. How does one submit to a skilled physician? In letting oneself be cured by him. She gave him her symptoms. The great number of memories warranted just so many visits from the physician. One day she had even completely forgotten her mother tongue and spoke only English. There was no one about her except Breuer who had a knowledge of this language. Thus she was alone with her beloved, had isolated herself in a world which held for her nothing but her loved one. Now we have long known in psychoanalysis that the inhibited libidinal strivings between physician and patient play an indispensable rôle in the healing process of the neurotic. The analyst listens to his patient for an hour almost every day. In this form he brings to the patient a considerable portion of libido, which may be translated equally well as interest or love. Who else manifests such love to the sufferer as he who listens to him by the hour? In return the neurotic gives that which is most precious to him; that which distinguishes him from every one else, his pain, his anxiety states, obsessions—whatever it may be. One may hear occasionally, in periods of *negative transference,* when the patient is displeased with his physician, surprisingly revealing statements: "Why should I get well to please you? What will you give me as compensation?" These patients are sick in defiance of some one; only to please another person can they renounce that which Freud has called the sick reward. A chief task of the psychoanalytic treatment consists in making clear to the patient this reversed situation. The neurotic has in spite of his illness and through its aid brought himself into a state of psychic equilibrium from which the physician must rouse him. The physician is his enemy if he does not provide him with a compensation. . . .

Neither Breuer nor Freud knew anything of all this as yet, although physicians of every age have had a suspicion of it and

have acted accordingly without knowing it. Breuer and Freud regarded terrifying unassimilable events—the psychic trauma—as causes of the neuroses, and the fact that such experiences had been thrust upon the patients they considered an undeserved misfortune. Seduction in early childhood, shock to the childish nature through all sorts of dreadful incidents, which more fortunate ones were spared, were determined by both founders of the "cathartic method of treatment" as the cause of hysteria. They knew well that experiences of the same sort came to others also without making them ill. They found that the difference lay in the *repression.* If the occurrences were repressed from consciousness they remained active in the unconscious and were able to produce neurotic symptoms. They were repressed because one did not have the force or the courage consciously to give vent to such experiences.

Later Freud gave up hypnosis, explained his theory to his patients and asked them to recall the past. Freud promised them that by means of their willingness to remember they would get well. Only in the darkness of the unconscious could the disturbing experiences of long ago develop their pathogenic power. In the light of consciousness, of mature reason, they would dissolve in thin air. This vanishing of the disturbing material, called by the two physicians *abreaction,* has been compared with the passing away of the man in the legend who had slept for a hundred years in a cave but who turned to ashes the moment the sunlight fell upon him.

The patients tried to remember. When they could not do so, Freud laid his hand on their foreheads and urged them, authoritatively, sternly, like a father, like a mother, gently, until the mists of forgetfulness lifted. He obtained at that time striking therapeutic results, more significant and at any rate more rapid results than later when he had acquired greater knowledge. But soon he reached a crisis which seemed to him at first to be

the refutation and the end of his theory, but which later led to the disclosure of the fundamental principle of psychoanalysis: the patients lied to him. They lied to please him or in defiance of him and they improved many times after this form of abreaction. Yet how could a shock which had never occurred but was mere fabrication be the cause of a nervous disease? Freud was at that time almost at the point of disavowing his entire theory. He was in a peculiarly disagreeable situation. It was no new discovery that hysterical patients deceive. Prevarication belongs to the syndrome and precisely for this reason neurologists of the old school never paid attention to what hysterics said. It was not so in ancient times and the Middle Ages. Then it was thought that a spirit of another realm, a demon, a divinity, spoke through them. They were regarded as possessed and their utterances were not called lies but inspirations. Accordingly they were worshipped or burned at the stake. Neither should have been done. But they were better understood than in the rational era to which Freud too adhered when at first he realized in despair that they spoke what was false.

Freud's genius, however, told him all too plainly that he was on the right road; it was not for him to destroy his work with his own hand. A young woman whose father Freud knew to be an irreproachable man of honor told him that she thought she had been misused by her own father at the age of six. It could not be true. Was it therefore necessarily a falsehood? It was a fantasy, a fearful daydream, a pathological structure which Freud as a psychiatrist was in duty bound to observe. He came to the conclusion that not only actual shocking psychic experiences which had been repressed but fantasies also could cause mental illness. The doctrine of pathogenic trauma was extended through the theory of the pathogenic fantasy. It read at that time: the fantasy is equal to the experience in pathogenic force.

This discovery changed the psychoanalytic technique. A per-

son can have only a limited number of pathological experiences. Certain experiences, chiefly of a sexual nature, were constantly recurring. But fantasy knows no bounds. It could not be expected that a great mass of fantasies could be revealed merely through questioning. A person can hardly be told to recall his imaginings. One does not remember them; they arise. So Freud sat down behind his patients; he no longer touched them; he merely requested that they tell everything that occurred to them just as it came, whether it seemed important or unimportant, true or imagined, pleasant or painful. They should let it all flow forth, without criticism, without valuation, without fear. In social life we consider what we say; we suppress one thing and emphasize another in accordance with its meaning. But here was something new, fantasying or automatic speaking and thinking. We are not accustomed to anything like this and to be asked for it is cause for astonishment. Even the artist restrains his fantasy through the rules of his art. The presence of the listening physician is the crucial point in the method. Often enough the thought comes to our patients: "He is a fraud." According to the "fundamental rule of psychoanalysis," however, which we instill in them, that is, to say without delay or reflection everything that occurs to them, they must also give utterance to such thoughts. Confessions of deeds or wishes of socially negative value naturally also meet with resistance. Perhaps the hardest thing for the analysand is to say that he is fond of the physician if such be actually the case. For the latter sits behind the patient, who lies on the sofa, and according to Freud's "classical technique" makes no response to the patient's communications. The patient unrolls the enormous tapestry of his life and no opinion is passed upon the fabric until later. The physician must exclude his own personality from the beginning to the end of the treatment.

Yet no matter how much the analyst tries to exclude his own

personality, to leave the patient to work by himself within the frame of the fundamental rule of psychoanalysis, he cannot prevent the patient from having a lively interest in the person of the physician who belongs to him for an hour daily. The physician can, albeit with difficulty, preserve his incognito so that the analysand does not know whether he is married or single, rich or poor, amorously inclined or otherwise. The patient supplies his lack of knowledge by means of fantasies which he spins about the person of the physician. He transfers upon the physician what is not objectively present in him. The physician is neither so attractive nor so repellent, neither so noble nor so vulgar, neither such a genius nor such a simpleton, as his patients affirm him to be. Hysterics make a violent transference; compulsive persons, a hesitating and reserved one; moody people, those withdrawn into themselves, make no transference. Many begin at once with a fondly exaggerated regard for their doctor; others are hostile from the start. If no relation between physician and patient becomes established despite continued work together, the analysis had better be broken off. It will not go well; where human emotions are absent, no work for humanity can succeed.

We understand by transference the experiencing afresh of all that has occurred to us in social intercourse with our fellow men. We remember not only in the form of words but also in the form of revival of experience and that unconsciously, without our will, frequently against the will. It keeps rising within us (the eternal recurrence of the similar) and only through penetrating analysis do we attain to a conscious knowledge of these waves, which may also be called our myth.

As an example: Many years ago a woman came a long distance to Vienna to visit Professor Freud. She had written him six months previously and had received the reply that she might make inquiry again early the next year. Accordingly she wrote

to him at that time, but on receiving no response, journeyed to Vienna to see Freud personally. Freud could not take her because he was too busy and recommended that she go to a pupil of his, which she did. When Freud's pupil inquired of him over the telephone concerning this patient, Freud, however, disclaimed all knowledge of her, saying he could not remember ever having heard her name. This "unaccountable" attitude of Freud so enraged the woman that she refused to have anything to do with Freud or his blameless pupil. She came to me with face flushed and eyes flashing, declaring that she had always heard how courteous Freud was, but now she was convinced to the contrary. I replied that there must be some misunderstanding, that such discourtesy was not at all a part of the master's character, and offered to obtain from Freud an explanation of the affair. She told me, however, in great fury, that she would not permit me to do anything of the kind; she did not want her name ever to be mentioned in Freud's presence.

If we regard this unimportant occurrence as it appeared we cannot deny that the patient was justly indignant over what had happened. But the matter was later fully cleared up and was actually nothing but an error. The striking thing about the situation was merely the excessive excitement of the lady when she rejected with exaggerated affect my offer to obtain an explanation. I had to accept the whole situation as transference and concluded from this affect alone the presence of a violent father complex. I therefore obtained through the material involuntarily offered me an important goal idea, which later received repeated confirmation and disclosed itself as the basis of the neurosis.

In the further course of the analysis, still in the first days, I had a slight clash with my patient. It is never a pleasant thing to take over patients who have really wanted to go to another

analyst and have come to you *par dépit*, as it were. If the other analyst is Freud himself, the dimensional differences—quite apart from the qualitative ones—are almost impossible to bridge. My patient was therefore ill disposed toward me; she dreamed of a physician who was, it is true, a quite respectable person but who did not know much about his business, and she was offended with me as often as possible. She was annoyed if I was called to the telephone, if I made any notes or gave her an explanation, which she characterized, whenever she could, as far-fetched. She told me of her brother who was much younger than she and had fallen in the war. She had lived in enmity with him. He had written her from the field and she had never replied. I came out of my reserve and thought I might venture the human remark: "You evidently reproach yourself that you treated him so badly." The patient became furious and said that it was an unheard-of thing that I should express an opinion before I had become fully acquainted with the situation. I could not know whether she had been right or wrong in her relation toward her brother. I was unjust and premature and she hated people who were unfair. This experience was likewise to be valued as transference, in part as general resistance against my person, with which she had to be satisfied, and in part as the transference of her relation toward her brother, relived in her situation toward me. Is it not strange when a person whom three days before one has not known at all flings her hatred into one's face? There must be a vibrating resonator which the patient brings with her to the session and which has been in her for a long time. She transfers upon the physician. I secured in this way a second goal idea: this patient has again been done an injustice—it is the rhythm of her life. It makes no difference from the analytical standpoint whether she has actually suffered injustice or whether she only imagines it. She may be wholly in her right in the light of reality; always

for the analyst that which she brings is always simply material and nothing else.

Analysts have been charged with asserting that every patient must fall in love with them or the patient cannot be cured. The analyst becomes through this imputation a ridiculous figure and the patients are frightened away. One might almost say that the opposite is true and that what the patient feels toward the analyst is never a genuine emotion but always the transference of an emotion which originally was bestowed upon another individual. The lady transferred upon me the feelings which had belonged to her brother and upon Freud those which had their origin with her father. The transference is no unusual thing and it is no juggling peculiar to psychoanalysis alone. It plays the widest rôle in all relationships of persons to one another and especially in the relations between physician and patient. The physician obtains his living from the fact that the patient has confidence in him, and the physician does what he can to keep and strengthen this confidence. His dignified bearing, his long beard are fitted to give forth the impression of an authoritative person; and in order to make it so much easier to play the father he throws a soothing note into his voice such as is used in the nursery. He calms his patient by making him a child. One of the chief features of psychoanalysis lies, however, in the fact that the analyst brings to light the transference, from which every other physician and every other psychotherapist profits, and wherever possible leads it back to the earlier situation from which it arose. As analyst I had to say to my patient that I was not her brother and Freud not her father. In this manner we learned that the exaggerated hurt which she apparently had suffered at Freud's hands actually went back to another humiliation which had its origin in the father and which had poisoned her childhood. She considered herself her father's favorite and did not get along with her

mother. When the father died a will was found in which the mother was mentioned as sole heir. My patient was not named in the will, and this so embittered her that she became intolerable at home. She finally reproached her mother with having poisoned her father. That was more than the son, who later died on the battlefield, could bear to hear. He turned the sister out of their common dwelling. These were the experiences which later repeated themselves in the form of transference upon Freud as father and me as brother.

### *The Rhythm of Life*

The question whether the patient speaks the truth or not plays a minor rôle in the analysis; it seldom comes into serious consideration in the analytic situation. While Freud at first believed in actual experiences as the cause of the illness and afterward in the fantasy as cause, he finally concluded that the personality of the patient created fantasies and experiences corresponding to the patient's particular type of character. Each one experiences only that which he can and wants to experience; we absorb pleasant or unpleasant events in accordance with our personalities. For this reason chance has far less control of our destiny than we like to believe. We follow an established, ever-recurring rhythm for which we ourselves are responsible.

Look into a person's experiences and you are thereby studying his wishes and limitations just as surely as when you analyze his fantasies. Especially if you turn your attention upon the constant recurrence of the same thing, manifesting the rhythm of his life. In this sense it makes no difference whether the patient reports facts or fantasies. The experiences are fantasies objectified as facts, and the specific fantasies are psychic pictures which crave to become facts and often do achieve realization. Behind the facts, and determining them, lies the principle.

Psychoanalysis has made especially valuable discoveries in regard to this, particularly in the matter of the father principle and the family in general (Œdipus), bisexuality (castration), the active and passive destructive instinct (sadism and masochism), being in love with oneself (which we call narcissism). The study of our economic social conditioning, designated by Marx our "social being," has not been undertaken by psychoanalysis until recently. Our dependence upon a higher principle *outside* ourselves is neglected by Freud. Freud sees no necessity to acknowledge such higher principles. He finds himself therefore in opposition to notable representatives of his own school. He speaks firmly and clearly:

". . . Many of us will also find it hard to abandon our belief that in man, himself, there dwells an impulse towards perfection which has brought him to his present heights of intellectual prowess and ethical sublimation, and from which it might be expected that his development into superman will be ensured. But I do not believe in the existence of such an inner impulse, and I see no way of preserving this pleasing illusion. The development of man up to now does not seem to me to need any explanation differing from that of animal development, and the restless striving towards further perfection which may be observed in a minority of human beings is easily explicable as the result of that repression of instinct upon which what is most valuable in human culture is built. The repressed instinct never ceases to strive after its complete satisfaction which would consist in the repetition of a primary experience of satisfaction: all substitution—or reaction—formations and sublimations avail nothing towards relaxing the continual tension; and out of the excess of the satisfaction demanded over that found is born the driving momentum which allows of no abiding in any situation presented to it, but in the poet's words 'urges ever forward, ever unsubdued' (Mephisto in 'Faust,' Act I. Faust's study.) The path in the other direction, back to complete satisfaction, is as a rule barred by the resistances that maintain the

repressions, and thus there remains nothing for it but to proceed in the other, still unobstructed direction, that of development, without, however, any prospect of being able to bring the process to a conclusion or to attain the goal. What occurs in the development of a neurotic phobia, which is really nothing but an attempt at flight from the satisfaction of an instinct, gives us the prototype for the origin of this ostensible 'impulse towards perfection,' which, however, we cannot possibly ascribe to all human beings. The dynamic conditions are, it is true, quite generally present, but the economic relations seem only in rare cases to favor the phenomenon."

However, this passage is followed directly by the following words, which, it seems to me, modify considerably what has been said: *

"I wish to point out briefly that the tendency of Eros to gather together organic substances in greater and ever greater units achieves a substitution for the non-acknowledgable 'instinct of perfection.' Together with the results of repression, it might explain the phenomena which usually are ascribed to the 'instinct of perfection.' "

### *The Interpretation of Dreams*

Freud by granting his patients permission, or better, enjoining them, to say everything that freely arose, released in them their myth. This manifested itself very soon: his patients began to relate their dreams. The first fruit of Freud's new method of work was the discovery that dreams are not meaningless, as his age believed, but a quite special and not easily intelligible

* Freud has two different ways of writing. If we notice on p. 4 the humor concealed between the lines, we see in the citation given here a somber earnestness, as well as an ascetic brevity of expression, which considerably increases the difficulty of understanding him for any one not close to him. It is by no means a catching, journalistic style. The practising psychoanalyst alone knows that nevertheless behind these apparently so abstract lines is hidden the vital experience, the experience with the patient.

expression of the dreamer's personality. Freud called the fundamental book which he published some years later (1900) *The Interpretation of Dreams.* He presented far more than a mere interpretation of dreams. He showed that myth formation by no means belongs to a remote past but lives on in each one of us and touches us in our most profound nature. First, however, Freud described the natural-scientific part of his discovery, that is, the grammar of the dream language. He revealed the cryptographic key by which to decipher the mechanism of the dream. The deeper knowledge of the driving forces is to be found only here and there scattered through his work of 1900. Freud was well aware that he was in the land of the myth. Here for the first time he came upon Œdipus, king of Thebes, who slew his father and married his mother. The dreams of his patients gave him the courage to take this myth literally and recognize it as the basis of the neuroses of civilized mankind.

Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* was followed by a period of psychoanalysis lasting perhaps two decades in which everything received an interpretation. Symptoms were explained as well as dreams. Inadvertent blunders carried out a secret purpose and interpretations were made not only to the indignation of the public, to whom the new knowledge was distasteful, but Freud's great vision was reduced to triviality—sufficient to drive away even braver spirits. Every elongated object denoted a penis, all hollow, shell-shaped ones, the vulva. Churches were the mother, emperors and mayors the father; vermin were the brothers and sisters.* Lions and other beasts of prey symbolized our instincts; policemen, compulsion; sinister persons, death. That was all very interesting as long as it was new. One had

*I recall a legal process in London to which a psycholanalyst was summoned as expert. The attorney for the defense informed the judge that this expert held the opinion that houses in dreams signified a man if there was no projection in front and a woman if balconies were present. The judge asked the psychoanalyst if this were true. He answered that it was, whereupon the judge said he had no further questions to put to him.

only fragments in the hand, it is true, but they were striking and perturbing fragments of knowledge. They had nevertheless to be fought for, because the academic psychologists would not acknowledge them. After some time, however, one was smothered in one's own symbolism. The interpreter of dreams found the penis everywhere, the pathographists explained all poets and artists by their Œdipus complex, and the profound experience of psychoanalysis was lost. The startled public had time to calm down when it found that even if burdened with the symbolism of dream interpretation one could go on living just the same.

What harm could it do if a girl dreamed of a pillar and this pillar disclosed itself as a symbol of the male sex organ? Thus Karl Jaspers, professor of philosophy at Heidelberg and an opponent of Freud, was able to write about 1920: "All in all, there seems to be something true in the principles of dream interpretation. My objection concerns not so much the correctness (although the fantasies and trifling with imagination in this field were endless) but the importance. When one had come to know the principles and a certain number of cases, there was hardly anything else to learn. It is a wonderful phenomenon, the dream, but after the first enthusiasm over its investigation one has soon to admit one's disillusionment: the amount of knowledge obtained of the mental life remains very slight."

Thus one of the most revolutionary discoveries of artistic science had all at once become irksome. The reason for this was that psychoanalysis was stripped of its relation to life, was taught in the form of lectures and books instead of being tested upon living persons, from which the whole idea was taken. Freud proceeded a step further and demanded of every one who wished to take active part in psychoanalysis that he have personal experience in psychoanalysis. Since that time every pupil submits himself to analysis, which is called by the teaching

institutions of the Psychoanalytic Association "didactic analysis" in distinction to therapeutic analysis of patients. It has also been called character analysis but should rather be designated the analysis of experience (*Erlebnis-analyse*), for it has to do with acquaintance with one's own myth.

Today, psychoanalysis lays less stress upon the interpretation, important as it is. It regards as the essential part of its function the elucidation of the transference (rhythm of life) and of the perplexing resistance which persons oppose to their own enlightenment. A wall is erected between the conscious and the unconscious. To make a break in this wall is the task of the *analysis of the resistance.* Interpretation of the language of symbols is one of its instruments. Interpretation as an end in itself is a social game in poor taste. Interpretation of one's own dreams becomes self-analysis. Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* of 1900 is Freud's self-analysis. For this reason there are in this chief work of Freud inadequacies which will naturally be found in all self-analyses.

## *Example of a Dream*

As I was occupied with the preliminary work upon this book, I was talking with Mr. G., an educated man, to whom I set forth my plan. G. is one hundred per cent a man of science—in contrast to me—and untroubled by *belles-lettres.* Perhaps I envy him a little this singleness of personality. I said that I could not follow Freud's teachers back into hoary antiquity, but at all events would begin with Goethe. I was filled with trepidation at the thought of undertaking to show Goethe's influence upon Freud. G. comforted me by saying that he was certain that I would make a success of it. In the night following the conversation I had this dream:

"I am going into a large building that looks like an official

building. Corridor system. I really want to go to some one else, but I see that I can pass through a door to Goethe. I enter. He sits there in the midst of books, which cover the tables, walls, floor; elegant, a man of the world, with wavy, black hair streaked with gray, large eyes, which remind me of Frederick the Great and which are already somewhat surrounded with wrinkles.

"I am embarrassed and speak English to him. Then it occurs to me that he is the great German and I continue in German. He—probably thinking that I am an American—makes a courteous movement with his hand meaning that he understands English also, and I can continue to speak in my own language. But I speak in German because it seems foolish to speak to Goethe in English.

"Then apparently he has to keep a previously made appointment and goes out. I go with him. We are sitting in a coach. Goethe drives on without trouble. By his side sits his servant, who observes a discreet attitude, as toward a monarch. I sit two seats behind him, also with a friend. We drive through a beautiful region. He turns toward me, always with the same magnificence, and we talk together. Perhaps he is explaining the region. Altogether I am unable, because of the situation and in order not to be a burden to him, to tell him what actually lies on my heart."

Every dream, according to Freud's theory of dreams, takes its material from the remnants of the previous day or days and uses these to express the wishes, which in part are those of yesterday and to-day, and in part arise from childhood. The very early wishes are generally forgotten. Those of quite recent origin are partly in consciousness, partly woven in the antechamber of consciousness where reason formulates, the *preconscious*.

The continuation of the day thoughts into the dream is very plain in the dream before us. I am actually going to write about

Freud, but I go as far back as Goethe and that brings me into embarrassment. The dream represents this idea in a symbolic form: I go into a large building (I enter upon a great undertaking) . . . really want to go to some one else (to Freud) . . . but I go through a door (deliberation) to Goethe. . . . I am embarrassed, must go away again—in the dream inverted: he must go away (motive of inversion in dreams).

We interpret dreams, as we know, by asking the dreamer to relate his associations with the various parts of the dream. To this end, we pick out the striking points. It is striking that I speak English with Goethe. It occurs to me here that not long before I was in the revenue office (the official building) in New York and spoke English with the official. I was a little ashamed, although gratified, when he answered me in German. I recall likewise a certain trepidation. One is timid with the revenue officer. Perhaps one is not quite truthful. Aha, one deceives. I am not truthful when I speak English with Goethe.

Now I recall clearly that I stammered in the dream. When we work upon a dream, details of the dream come back which at first were forgotten. Many a person would stammer in Goethe's presence. Psychoanalysis sees in stammering the result of a defense. One does not say what one really wants to say. What is said interferes with what is unsaid and the ambivalence finds expression in the form of stuttering. My dream reveals such ambivalence in several places: through stammering; through two different languages, English and German; through the remark that I really want to go to some one else; through the closing statement that I cannot utter what lies upon my heart. Such repetition of a motive is very familiar in dream interpretation. It means that it has to do with something important to the dreamer. Important motives are repeated. But what lies upon my heart? The dream does not tell us; apparently my pride is not willing to know anything about it.

I think that in a deeper sense I am lying or at least wavering between two decisions. Freud is a professor, Goethe a poet. I myself have always been more inclined to writing while through outer compulsion I have become a scientist. Now I come to the poet who speaks my language, but I enter his domain as a weighing, critically appraising scholar. I want to write a scientific book about Freud's time. That perhaps is a foreign language for me. Goethe reassures me. He too has been a scientist. He understands both languages—one can be scientist and artist at the same time. Finally he takes me with him for a drive. I recall Goethe's excursion with Eckermann to Ilmenau, how the kingly old man drank from a golden goblet which he had taken with him in a leather case. He explains the region to me. The atmosphere is care-free and merrily sublime. What is science, what is art? Nature is everything. Goethe interprets nature to me.

Therewith I have reached the essay which led Freud to study medicine. My dream unfolds an idea of grandeur: it is happening to me as to Freud; I am his equal. But there is more in the dream. As I see Goethe sitting in the room among his books I notice a similarity to my own room. I too have every available place covered with books which I need for my work.

The eyes of Frederick the Great: here the dream delves into my past life; a childhood which announces itself. My name is really not Fritz but Siegfried. But I was always called Fritz at home, and since I did not like the name of Siegfried I have always kept the name Fritz. To be sure, Fritz also did not suit me. It always sounded to me rather absurd for a written name. Yet I could not write my name Friedrich because I was Siegfried. Such reflections no longer play any part with me. They persisted, however, for many years. I should have liked to have been named Friedrich, like the great Fritz with the large eyes. I have scarcely any more doubt; in the dream I am not only as great as Freud but am also identified with Goethe. I now recall

that for many years a friend congratulated me on the twenty-eighth of August, Goethe's birthday. Why should we not experience ideas of grandeur in the dream? It is enough to be modest in waking life.

A dream of Goethe appears, moreover, in Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud informs us that he dreamed it. In it Goethe writes a destructive criticism of a work by a friend of Freud's. I have always been of the opinion that Freud has not correctly interpreted this dream or at least has not given the whole interpretation. I know better than Freud himself that in this dream which he mentions he identifies himself with Goethe. A secret triumph over Freud: I interpret dreams better than he does. Not to be wondered at, if one is Goethe and Freud in one person. And where is now the learned man with whom I spoke on the previous day? I have a high opinion of him, but what is he now compared with me? Megalomania everywhere!

I will break off the dream interpretation here because one cannot properly present in one's own dreams the more primitive instinctive impulses. Freud says regarding this in his *Interpretation of Dreams:* "One has a readily understood aversion to exposing so many intimate things from one's own psychic life and one does not feel safe from the misinterpretation of strangers. But one must be able to put oneself beyond this. *'Tout psychologiste,'* writes Delbœuf, *'est obligé de faire l'aveu même de ses faiblesses s'il croit par là jeter du jour sur quelque problème obscur.'* And I may assume that in the case of the reader, the immediate interest in the indiscretions which I must commit will very soon give way to exclusive engrossment in the psychological problems which are illuminated by them."

In 1930 Freud added to this: "At any rate I would like to state—and this restricts what I said above—that I almost never made public the complete meaning of any dream of mine

although it was known to me. I was probably right not to put too much confidence in the discretion of my readers."

### *Another Example of a Dream*

One recognizes in my dream of Goethe and the interpretation which I have given it that dreams may be understood without employing the language of symbols and without seeking for the play on words which is generally concealed in them. Dreams as they are later recalled in the waking state are frequently senseless, forming a confused medley. My dream is orderly and without any gaps in its meaning. It is strongly masked by *secondary elaboration.* By this I mean that the actual dream thoughts are concealed in it and not readily discernible. The driving wishes, fears, hopes could not be discovered by a stranger who knows nothing of that which for the purpose of understanding I have confessed to myself and to my reader. They are the more concealed in that the dream without them tells a reasonable story. So the rationalizing of the dream, the secondary elaboration of the latent dream thoughts, belongs likewise to the dream distortion. It is one of the greatest discoveries that an intelligible dream is so much the more disguised, the more intelligible it is. The folk myths, which have changed in the course of the centuries, have undergone a similar process. Who would so readily see in the Lohengrin saga that the swan knight originally slays the evil father and marries the mother? As soon, however, as she learns who he is, he must depart, back to the good father, Parsifal. Laios, the father of King Œdipus, is here split into two figures: the good Parsifal and the wicked Telramund. The mother is split into the gentle Elsa and the evil Ortrud (see more fully in Otto Rank: *Die Lohengrin-Sage,* 1911). Naturally the Lohengrin saga has a meaning and value in itself, like my dream of Goethe. In my

trepidation at the beginning of a rather large work the genius appears to me and encourages me.

Freud, whom the dream really concerns—as I believe I have shown—does not appear in the manifest dream. We see in this what psychoanalysis means by *dream displacement.* Goethe, Freud, Wittels are merged into one concept; psychoanalysis calls that the *dream condensation.* The ordinary dream symbolism cannot be so well studied in my dream; but so much better can the higher symbolism, that which is like the myth. The *wish fulfillments* are: I shall be recognized in my own way as the artist-scientist. I am greater than all others. I am Freud's equal. Goethe is a father figure and I stand as a boy before him. Is my myth singing to me, the fifty-year-old man, the song of the father? Do I still long for a father, to be in submission to a loving authority, my own father who departed from this world twenty years ago? The interpretation of my dream speaks in warning: Beware that you do not come to grief. You are too ready to transfer your filial emotions to strangers who naturally are indifferent to you. Do not be forever the son and banner bearer. Be rather what you are: a father yourself!

It is unnecessary to state that the wish fulfillments of the dream do not avail for the reality of life. The interpretation which I reached contains rather a number of warnings for life: be less conceited, less narcissistic. Decide whether you will devote yourself to science or to fiction. Test your wishes as to whether they are not childish and a resultant disturbance to your work. Rid yourself of unattainable desires. In a word, *Gnothi seauton*: know thyself.

If some one should come and say: "Your dream interpretation is entertaining but I do not believe a word of it; you have apparently decked out the dream text prettily in telling it. Who knows what you dreamed in the first place? For you have put into its interpretation what suited you to bore us with your

fantasies." I would reply to such a critic: "You say that because you have not had the experience of psychoanalysis. If you knew what relief my own explanations have given me you would not speak thus. Jaspers says that he does not dispute the correctness but the importance of the interpretations. I reverse the lance. The truth disclosed by psychoanalysis is of the greatest importance. The treasury of the depths are brought to light. I care little about the 'correctness,' but the psychical truth for the mind thus revealed stands high above the lauded mathematically obtained facts. Even if my interpretation brings light to no other human soul, yet there are two people who receive convincing illumination: myself and the analyst. In the case before us these two are united in my person."

To-day those interested in psychoanalysis know that it discloses in every dream a sexual component. In the text of my dream no trace of sexual activity or sexual design is visible. No women appear; there is a bare indication of homosexuality: a man (Eckermann?) * sits by Goethe in the carriage and almost tenderly watches over him. The dream is didactically unfavorable to the manifestation of the sexual component. I will later present clinical histories from which it will be plainly seen how the concealed sexual motives become ever clearer in the course of analysis until one can no longer doubt their existence and their ever-present activity. Once these sex desires have been brought to light, one finds by looking backward that they were present where at first they were not manifest. The last dreams in the psychoanalytic treatment reveal the meaning of the first.

Every dream has its counterpart in folklore. My Goethe dream reminds one remotely of the return of the prodigal son, but only remotely. I will relate another dream which I had

* Eckermann saw Goethe regularly in the last years of Goethe's life and published his conversations with him. He was Goethe's Boswell.

while I was writing the present chapter. It will show somewhat more clearly the connection with the myth. A very close relative and only a little older than myself had died. The second night after his burial I dreamed the following:

"I am going with my friend V., as usual, through a certain street of the city. By the Votivkirche, not far from the high school where I spent eight years of my youth, is an open manhole leading to a sewer [*Schacht*]. V. says, 'To-morrow I will jump in there.' This is not at all like him. The next day we are walking along and are almost past the manhole when V. turns around and with a shriek leaps into the hole. He disappears with a crash. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht of the national bank in Berlin plays some kind of a rôle. We did not know which way to turn. The man is no longer to be seen and he makes no sound. Shall we call the ambulance? Or the fire department? We wait, but in the meantime he may suffocate. Dr. Pius Wittels (also a physician in Vienna, of the same name as mine, but with whom I am not related) approaches. He has grown stout and wears glasses, whereas he had never worn them before and was always slenderly built and elegantly attired. He peers into the hole and says: 'If he has reached the *loess* * it will take many hours before we can get to him.' I suggest that the fire alarm should be given. Pius Wittels makes some objection to this. Frau V. says that her husband had rehearsed this act the day before, but not completely."

I was at the funeral of my relative the very day before this dream. The open grave and the open manhole are identical. The idea readily comes to mind in such moments: it will soon be your turn. The thoughts and fears regarding one's own death are discharged through the sacrifice of a friend. This is the motive of countless myths, for example, of that of Marcus Curtius, who upon the Forum of Rome flung himself into a

* *Loess*, a pale yellowish clay or loam, forming geological deposits.

dangerous cleft in order to save his native city. It is, however, also a projection mechanism which one frequently finds in the delirium of the dying. A young woman said upon her deathbed to her physician: "Just think, my sister has to die. She does not know it yet, but it is inevitable. I feel so unhappy over it."

I had an imaginative comrade when I was a small boy who told me that he had forty-eight subterranean rooms. I kept on demanding that he show them to me until he led me to a small door in the tower of the Votivkirche (near which my dream hole opened) and tried to make me believe that here was the secret entrance to his mysterious rooms. A second motive therefore that leads to the subterranean regions and into the far-away period of childhood. Several sexual recollections of that time now come to my mind, which I shall not go into here.

The appearance of Dr. Schacht, who otherwise has nothing to do with the dream, shows how the dream depends upon assonances (*Schacht* = shaft). The sewer, the crashing and other things in the dream are analagous. "He is no longer to be seen and also makes no sound" means in the language of the dream: he is dead.

My friend V. is supposed to resemble me and we are frequently mistaken for each other. Then once more the motive of the double in the dream as Pius Wittels appears. Pius the holy, sanctimonious Catholic, is now obese and is wearing eyeglasses, for which he had no previous need; as is also, unfortunately, the case with me. I myself am an honorable man and want to rescue my friend. But the fat double is quite calm, finds that nothing further is necessary. I discharge upon the one double the necessity of dying, while the other one bears the responsibility for this murder. So far does one descend ethically in the protective unreality of the dream.

And now an occurrence is added which no one can find in this dream unless I, the dreamer, tell it to him, the image and

dream producing energy which, however, will at once be manifest. My deceased relative had been an ardent Catholic and on the morning after the dream mass for his soul was to have been read in a church. I had not for a long time been present at a Catholic mass for the dead, nor had either of my sisters or my wife; and the women were particularly anxious lest as chief mourners in the nave of the church they would not conduct themselves correctly. I stated that I would simply fulfill my duty as a relative; everything else was quite indifferent to me. But as the women did not cease to dread what was coming I advised them to go to the sexton and ask him when one should kneel and when make the sign of the cross. They did this and came home from their rehearsal somewhat reassured. Compare with this the close of the dream: V. passed through a rehearsal yesterday. "To leap in" has also the figurative significance of exposing oneself to unknown danger. Furthermore, the word *loess* leads by the association *Er-lös-ung* (salvation, rescue) to the mass for the dead. Add to this that the entire dream takes place near a church and one will marvel at the dream distortion which never mentions anything of the pending mass for the dead. I make my friend V. "leap into the void." My wife had declared that she would not attend the mass. I was firmly resolved to play my part to the end. But in the dream I despatch some one else.

Furthermore, in the deeper layers I seem to be not quite so free from religious fears as consciously I know I am. The church stands near the high school which I attended in my teens, the period when religious conflicts had still to be fought out in the ego. (*Schacht*)—grave—Hades—hell; church—mass—death—salvation. . . .

Shall we after all this, like Jaspers, still doubt the importance of dream analysis?

*The Schreber Case*

Freud had long worked upon the myth in normal and in neurotic persons and probably already knew more than he was willing publicly to admit, when the psychiatrists from Zurich pounced upon him and pointed out that the mentally diseased manifested not only the same connections, symbolism and instinctual forces which Freud had set forth but did so even more plainly than normal and neurotic persons, that is, people who were not very different from normal people. There is noticeable in my dreams and in all dreams of normal people, likewise in their nervous symptoms, a secrecy, a tendency to "conceal" which veils everything in an almost impenetrable fog. Popper-Lynkeus, a Viennese philosopher, whom Freud because of certain passages which I cite designates as his predecessor, says regarding this: "It seems as if something lay hidden in your dreams, something peculiarly unchaste, a certain mystery in your nature which it is difficult to explain; and therefore your dreams appear so often without meaning, even absurd. But in a deeper sense it is not so at all; indeed, it cannot be so, for you are always the same person whether you are awake or dreaming."

It is otherwise with the mentally disordered. They dare to give rein to their grandiose ideas in the light of day. They kill persons as substitutes in order to propitiate evil spirits. They make use of a picture and symbol language, like Indians and other savages, a language which has been abandoned by civilized man. They do not shrink from contradictions, from loving and hating at the same time; reason and its bounds are left behind. In a classical manner Freud was able to penetrate the nature of myth and of cosmogony when fate put into his hands the book of a paranoiac which appeared in 1903, *Memoirs of a*

*Neurotic,* from the pen of a man, formerly president of the Saxon senate, Daniel Paul Schreber. This distinguished man had placed his book at the disposal of science and Freud did not have—as otherwise—to fear the reproach of indiscretion in elaborating these memoirs according to his method.

To anticipate: Schreber describes ideas of grandeur, delusions of persecution and reference, homosexual tendencies of a passive (feminine) character and religious mania. In regard to the last, the demarcation from normal religiousness is as we know difficult. Schreber, nevertheless, deviates so far from the teachings of his state church that there can be no doubt of his religious "derangement." Paranoia is indeed the true derangement. The patient is not wholly confused as in severe dementia, but he brings his delusional ideas into a system as others also do with ideas. But the premises upon which he builds are not established upon the platform common to us all, he has "deranged" (*verrückt*) them. He is rational up to the point of this one system, which appears deranged to us but not to him. He knows that we consider him crazy and for that reason keeps his system secret as long as he can. It is too precious to expose to the profane gaze. He does not want to discuss it. He knows, moreover, that we do not understand him. Yet it is more likely that we might become infected with his madness, rather than that he could be persuaded into giving up his elaborately constructed system. In other words, we are more accessible to his deranged ideas than he to our logic. All conquerors, all initiators, are a bit mad and draw from this madness their strength to prevail. Systematic philosophers and founders of religions are also close to paranoia. The difference often enough lies exclusively in success. It is very doubtful whether success can ever be achieved in this world without a dash of madness.

Schreber's illness began in 1893 with sensory hallucinations, hypochrondriac ideas, suicidal attempts, and delirium. After

two years these violent symptoms had abated. The patient had solaced himself with an ingenious delusional structure which he would not allow to be submitted to his own rational judgment or that of any one else. He was otherwise discreet and tactful, obtained after long struggle his release from the asylum and in 1902 even the rescinding of the declaration of his insanity. In the following year his *Memoirs* were issued. The content of his delusional system is in a word this: "He regards himself as appointed to redeem the world and to restore to it its lost state of happiness. This, however, he could only bring about if he were first transformed from a man into a woman."

The first part of this delusion is familiar enough to alienists. All asylums contain inmates who think they are Jesus Christ; and what the insane openly affirm is very frequently discovered by analysis to be that material which is in others repressed into the unconscious, a Christ neurosis (according to Stekel). But it is unusual to demand that for the purpose of redeeming the world a man should be transformed into a woman.

"The most essential feature of his mission of redemption is that it must be preceded by his *transformation into a woman.* It is not to be supposed that he *wishes* to be transformed into a woman; it is rather a question of a 'must' based upon the order of things, which there is no possibility of his evading, much as he would personally prefer to remain in his own honorable and masculine station in life. But neither he nor the rest of mankind can win back their immortality except by his being transformed into a woman (a process which may occupy many years or even decades) by means of divine miracles. He himself, of this he is convinced, is the only object upon which divine miracles are worked, and he is thus the most remarkable man who has ever lived upon earth. Every hour and every minute for years he has experienced these miracles in his body, and he has

had them confirmed by the voices that have conversed with him."

So far the words of Dr. Weber, Schreber's physician. Freud plunges into the *Memoirs* of the patient and comes to the following construction. Views of God and eternal bliss are joined to Schreber's emasculation fantasy and give it further elaboration. Schreber expects after the anticipated change into a woman to be impregnated by God. A long period of suffering has had to precede this glorious destiny. A conspiracy had been formed against him; his body was to be castrated and to be given over to his physician, Flechsig, for sexual abuse (delusion of persecution). He was to be degraded to a female prostitute. All this was ordained by God for purposes contrary to the cosmic order. He, Schreber, had struggled against this and despite the so unequal conflict between a single weak human being and God Himself he had been victor because the cosmic order was on his side. He had now transformed his fate into one in accordance with this cosmic order. It is true that he had first to become a woman, but only for this glorious purpose which was to redeem mankind, the being impregnated by God. The degradation is transformed into the most supreme honor (delusion of greatness).

One can see in this systematized delusion that the patient struggles against homosexual tendencies of a feminine nature which oppress him. Sometimes he stands before the mirror decked out with feminine trinkets, ribbons and necklaces, with the upper part of his body half naked. The rays streaming from God, address him thus: "Miss Schreber! I have in full consciousness inscribed upon my banner the promotion of womanhood." In times of health President Schreber was a strictly moral man, from whom nothing seemed further than homosexual tendencies.

"Few people can have been brought up upon such strict moral principles as I was, and few people, all through their

lives, can have exercised (especially in sexual matters) a self-restraint conforming so closely to those principles as I may say of myself that I have done." What has so altered him?

Orthodox psychiatry has an answer to this question, as simple as it is unsatisfactory. The poor man has merely become insane. It was considered absurd or, in any case, unscientific, before Freud appeared, to establish a connection between the earlier personality of the sick person and his delusional system. Just as in our first chapter we found the child psychologists shaking their heads and looking down upon Freud as a "thinker in substance" instead of being like them a "thinker in form," so for a long time were the psychiatrists puzzled as to what to do with Freud's unwelcome discovery that the content also of the "psychoses" was worthy of consideration, that this content could be explained or inferred if its development was followed genetically from the previous state of health. Thus there was obtained not only a surprising understanding of the delusion but a disturbing discovery and confirmation of the fact that we are all a bit mad, that the mentally diseased person dares to assert on an enlarged scale what the healthy individual produces only in the dream of sleep and even then in veiled, wavering, and admonitory forms.

Schreber had suffered nine years before his chronic delusion an attack of severe hypochondria, from which he completely recovered after a year's time. He was fifty-one years old when the paranoia broke out. This age is not only a dangerous period for the woman but also something like a climacterium for the man. Shortly before this he had had toward morning, between sleeping and waking, "the idea that it must be actually very delightful to be a woman submitting to the act of coitus." He would have rejected this idea with indignation if fully conscious. We see the homosexuality from the carnal depths knocking at the door of consciousness like the beats of the fate motif in a

Beethoven symphony. We behold the worthy man struggling against his fate, suffering, defeated, near to suicide; and we see him, with the aid of the grandiose delusion that he is God's beloved, finally triumphant. A victory purchased at what a price! The world in which it was his wretched lot to become a woman had lost its value for the proud president of the senate. He or the world must perish. In his "unequal conflict with God Himself" he remains conqueror by destroying his own world, ours, the world visible to normal eyes—and putting in its place another which we do not acknowledge and the author of which we declare insane. When the first Christian saints came to the heathen, they overturned their altars and hewed down the sacred trees. They set up in their place the new faith, asserting that it was the right one. As we see, they had the power to assert themselves; the heathen were converted. It is a sheer impossibility to discover any other dividing line between a paranoiac delusional structure and any other belief than the latter's success. It is not only founders of a religion like President Schreber and Mohammed that are distinguished chiefly through the different results of their doctrine. Those scientific theorists who regularly advance fresh theories also reveal a certain amount of paranoia, at least so long as they must fight for their new principles.

Here we come back to what was said in the first chapter: idea, experience, control of experience by means of a great number of observations. But the idea stands at the beginning and creates the theory. Why are not Goethe, Robert Mayer—pardon me, *von* Mayer, for he was given a title for his discovery—Kekulé, von Stradonitz, and so many others characterized as paranoiacs like President Schreber, who experienced such wonderful things and was God's beloved? Goethe almost went astray with his theory of color. This question is answered only in part by saying that they employed more scientific, that is to

say, more correct, methods. For the method, as we have seen, does not come until later. We will speak quite modestly albeit not very satisfactorily: luck decides. The Viennese psychiatrist Wagner-Jauregg has for almost twenty years held stubbornly to the notion that general paresis can be cured by means of tuberculin or malaria. He experimented steadfastly, undeterred by failures, clinging obstinately like a paranoiac to his idea—and triumphed. He himself has said: "One can easily drain away one's life's blood with such an idea. But I had good luck."

President Schreber created a cosmogony. But he did not carry it through. No state adopted the new theory among the "officially recognized religions." Nowhere was Schreber worshipped as God's beloved and as Savior. God, according to Schreber, is only nerve without body. His nerves possess all attributes of the human nerves in an enormously heightened degree. In their ability to create, that is, to transform themselves into everything possible of the created world, they are called rays. An inner relationship exists between God and the celestial bodies.

Obviously this is mere nonsense, especially because of the fact that it failed to gain a footing. I will repeat Freud's own opinion of Schreber's delusional system, for which I presuppose some familiarity with the libido theory:

> "Since I neither fear the criticism of others nor shrink from criticizing myself, I have no motive for avoiding the mention of a similarity which may possibly damage our libido theory in the estimation of many of my readers. Schreber's 'rays of God,' which are made up of a condensation of the sun's rays, of nerve-fibres, and of spermatozoa, are in reality nothing else than a concrete representation and external projection of libidinal cathexes; and they thus lend his delusions a striking similarity with our theory. His belief that the world must come to an end because his ego was attracting all the rays to itself, his anxious concern at a later period, during the process of reconstruction, lest God should sever

his ray-connection with him—these and many other details of Schreber's delusional formation sound almost like endopsychic perceptions of the processes whose existence I have assumed in these pages as the basis of our explanation of paranoia. . . . It remains for the future to decide whether there is more delusion in my theory than I should like to admit, or whether there is more truth in Schreber's delusion than other people are as yet prepared to believe."

### *Paranoia and Homosexuality*

Freud's genetic interpretation of the case of Schreber reads as follows:

"We shall raise no further objections to the hypothesis that the exciting cause of the illness was the appearance in him of a feminine (that is, a passive homosexual) wish-fantasy, which took as its object the figure of his physician. An intense resistance to this fantasy arose on the part of Schreber's personality, and the ensuing defensive struggle, which might perhaps just as well have assumed some other shape, took on, for reasons unknown to us, that of a delusion of persecution. The person he longed for now became his persecutor, and the content of his wish-fantasy became the content of his persecution. It is to be presumed that the same schematic outline may turn out to be applicable to other cases of delusions of persecution. What distinguishes Schreber's case from others, however, is its further development and the transformation it underwent in the course of it.

"One such change was the replacement of Flechsig by the superior figure of God. This seems at first as though it were a sign of aggravation of the conflict, an intensification of the unbearable persecution, but it soon becomes evident that it was preparing the way for the second change and, with it, the solution of the conflict. It was impossible for Schreber to become reconciled to playing the part of a female prostitute towards his physician; but the task of providing God himself with the voluptuous sensa-

tions that he required called up no such resistance on the part of his ego. Emasculation was now no longer a disgrace; it became 'consonant with the order of things,' it took its place in a great cosmic chain of events, and was instrumental in the re-creation of humanity after its extinction. 'A new race of men, born from the spirit of Schreber, would, so he thought, revere as their ancestor this man who believed himself the victim of persecution. By this means an outlet was provided which would satisfy both of the contending forces. His ego found compensation in his megalomania, while his feminine wish-fantasy gained its ascendancy and became acceptable. The struggle and the illness could cease. The patient's sense of reality, however, which had in the meantime become stronger, compelled him to postpone the solution from the present to the remote future, and to content himself with what might be described as an asymptotic wish-fulfillment.* Some time or other, he anticipated, his transformation into a woman would come about; until then the personality of Dr. Schreber would remain indestructible."

Freud was able to add from his own experience that all paranoiacs, men and women, react to the defense against a homosexual wish fantasy with delusions of persecution, grandiose ideas, symptoms of pathological jealousy or aggressions. He believed at first that this discovery was applicable to but one single type of paranoia. To-day he is well aware of the fact that unconscious homosexuality, against which there must be a defense, belongs as universally and as surely to the genesis of paranoia as, let us say, syphilis to the genesis of general paresis. Without syphilis there can be no paresis, and without repressed and to-be-repressed homosexuality there arises no paranoia. On the other hand, there are many cases of syphilis which never lead to general paresis and in like manner, many cases of re-

* "It is only," he writes toward the end of the book, "as possibilities which must be taken into account, that I mention that my emasculation may even yet be accomplished and may result in a new generation issuing from my womb by divine impregnation."

pressed homosexuality which never lead to paranoia with its characteristic projection mechanism and delusional system. The history of civilization passes from manifest homosexuality to heterosexuality. We find among primitive peoples homosexuality far more widely spread and more tolerated than among civilized peoples. Inasmuch as we cannot doubt the existence of bisexuality the question is justified: What happens in an advanced, strictly heterosexual civilization to the ever-present homosexual tendency? Freud's reply is startling: it is precisely the homosexual residue of our libido which in sublimated form produces culture. Diverted from its vital goal the forbidden impulse is transformed into love of our work. Work prospers on account of this love.

"After the stage of heterosexual object-choice has been reached, the homosexual tendencies are not, as might be supposed, done away with or brought to a stop; they are merely deflected from their sexual aim and applied to fresh uses. They now combine with portions of the ego-instincts and as 'anaclitic' components,* help to constitute the social instincts, thus contributing an erotic factor to friendship and comradeship, to *esprit de corps* and to the love of mankind in general. How large a contribution is in fact derived from erotic sources (though with the sexual aim inhibited) could scarcely be guessed from the normal social relations of mankind. But it is not irrelevant to note that it is precisely manifest homosexuals, and among them again precisely those that struggle against an indulgence in sensual acts, who distinguish themselves by taking a particularly active share in the general interests of humanity—interests which have themselves sprung from a sublimation of erotic instincts."

The following statements, which reveal in classical complete-

* (That is, as libidinal components "leaning up against" or supporting themselves upon the ego-instincts.)

ness Freud's thought and his preciseness of expression, constitute the kernel of his work on Schreber's *Autobiographically Described Case of Paranoia.* They have often been cited. One may read them again and again with profit and they must be quoted word for word. For to these words of Freud applies what the ancients said of Homer: "Snatch from Hercules his club rather than from Homer a single verse."

"The proposition 'I (a man) love him' is contradicted by:

"(a) Delusions of persecution; for it loudly asserts:

" 'I do not *love* him—I *hate* him.'

"This contradiction, which could be expressed in no other way in the unconscious, cannot, however, become conscious to a paranoiac in this form. The mechanism of symptom-formation in paranoia requires that internal perceptions, or feelings, shall be replaced by external perceptions. Consequently the proposition 'I hate him' becomes transformed by projection into another one: '*He hates* (persecutes) *me*, which will justify me in hating him.' And thus the unconscious feeling, which is in fact the motive force, makes its appearance as though it were the consequence of an external perception:

" 'I do not *love* him—I *hate* him, because HE PERSECUTES ME."

"Observation leaves room for no doubt that the persecutor is some one who was once loved.

"(b) Another element is chosen for contradiction in *erotomania*, which remains totally unintelligible on any other view:

" 'I do not love *him*—I love *her*.'

"And in obedience to the same need for projection, the proposition is transformed into: 'I notice that *she* loves me.'

" 'I do not love *him*—I love *her*, because SHE LOVES ME.' Many cases of erotomania might give an impression that they could be satisfactorily explained as being exaggerated or distorted heterosexual fixations, if our attention were not attracted by the circumstance that these infatuations invariably begin, not with any

internal perception of loving but with an external perception of being loved. But in this form of paranoia the intermediate proposition 'I love *her*' can also become conscious because the contradiction between it and the original proposition is not such a diametrical one as that between love and hate; it is, after all, possible to love both *her* and *him*. It can thus come about that the proposition which has been substituted by projection (*'she loves me'*) may make way again for the 'root-language' proposition 'I love *her*.'

"(c) The third way in which the original proposition can be contradicted leads us to delusions of jealousy, which we can study in the characteristic forms in which they appear in each sex.

"(α) Let us first consider alcoholic delusions of jealousy. The part played by alcohol in this disorder is thoroughly intelligible. We know that drink removes inhibitions and undoes the work of sublimation. It is not infrequently disappointment over a woman that drives a man to drink—which means, as a rule, that he resorts to the public-house and to the company of men, who afford him the emotional satisfaction which he has failed to get from his wife at home. If now these men become the objects of a strong libidinal cathexis in his unconscious, he will ward it off with the third kind of contradiction:

" 'It is not *I* who love the man—*she* loves him,' and he suspects the woman in relation to all the men whom he himself is tempted to love.

"Distortion by means of projection is necessarily absent in this instance, since, with the change of the subject who loves, the whole process is anyhow thrown outside the ego. The fact that the woman loves the man is a matter of external perception to him; whereas the fact that he himself does not love but hates, or that he himself loves not this but that person, are matters of internal perception.

"(β) Delusions of jealousy in women are exactly analogous.

" 'It is not *I* who love the women—but *he* loves them.' The jealous woman suspects her husband in relation to all the women by whom she is herself attracted owing to her homosexuality and

the dispositional effect of her excessive narcissism. The influence of the time of life at which her fixation occurred is clearly shown by the selection of the love-objects which she imputes to her husband; they are often old and quite inappropriate for a real love relation—revivals of the nurses and servants and girl friends of her childhood, or actually of sisters who were her rivals.

"Now it might be supposed that a proposition consisting of three terms, such as *'I love him,'* could only be contradicted in three different ways. The delusion of jealousy contradicts the subject, delusions of persecution contradict the verb, and erotomania contradicts the object. But in fact a fourth kind of contradiction is possible, namely, one which rejects the propositions as a whole: *"'I do not love at all—I do not love any one.'* And since, after all, one's libido must go somewhere, this proposition seems to be the psychological equivalent of the proposition: 'I love only myself.' So that this kind of contradiction would give us megalomania, which we may regard as a *sexual overestimation of the ego* and may thus set beside the over-estimation of the love-object with which we are already familiar."

Reading these wonderfully impressive passages, so compact with meaning, we become ill at ease. We do not like to accept the fact that we are all slightly paranoiac and far less—in case we feel that it hits us here and there—that there is need in us for a defense against unconscious homosexual impulses. We must, however, familiarize ourselves with the fact, if we have not already done so, that the difference between the psychically sick or well lies in quantity not in quality. In our dreams we are all demented. We hallucinate, we hear and see what outside of the dream no one sees or hears or apprehends. The projection mechanism was quite evident in my dream of the sewer, into which instead of me another leaps. The delusion of greatness of my Goethe dream is as plain as day. And as to unjustifiable jealousy, this feeling is so generally widespread that its absence rather than its presence must be declared pathological.

I will present here some other forms of jealousy, again in Freud's words, which for conciseness of expression cannot be surpassed:

"Although we may call it normal, jealousy is by no means completely rational, that is, derived from the actual situation, proportionate to the real circumstances and under the complete control of the conscious ego, for it is rooted deep in the unconscious; it is a continuation of the earliest stirrings of the child's affective life, and it originates in the Œdipus or family complex of the first sexual period. Moreover, it is noteworthy that in many persons it is experienced bisexually; that is to say, in a man, besides the suffering in regard to the loved woman and the hatred against the male rival, grief in regard to the unconsciously loved man and hatred of the woman as a rival will add to its intensity. I even know of a man who suffered exceedingly during his attacks of jealousy and who, according to his own account, went through unendurable torments by consciously imagining himself in the position of the faithless woman. The sensation of helplessness which then came over him, the images he used to describe his condition—exposed to the vulture's beak like Prometheus, or cast fettered into a serpent's den—he himself referred to the impressions received during several homosexual aggressions to which he had been subjected as a boy.

"The jealousy of the second layer, the *projected,* is derived in both men and women either from their own actual unfaithfulness in real life or from impulses towards it which have succumbed to repression. It is a matter of everyday experience that fidelity, especially that degree of it required in marriage, is only maintained in the face of continual temptation. Any one who denies this in himself will nevertheless be impelled so strongly in the direction of infidelity that he will be glad enough to make use of an unconscious mechanism as an alleviation. This relief—more, absolution by his conscience—he achieves when he projects his own impulses to infidelity on to the partner to whom he owes faith. This weighty motive can then make use of the material at hand (per-

ception-material) by which the unconscious impulses of the partner are likewise betrayed, and the person can justify himself with the reflection that the other is probably not much better than he is himself.

"Social conventions have taken this universal state of things into account very adroitly, by granting a certain amount of latitude to the married woman's thirst to find favor in men's eyes and the married man's thirst to capture and possess, in the expectation that this inevitable tendency to unfaithfulness will thus find a safety-valve and be rendered innocuous. Convention has laid down that neither partner is to hold the other accountable for these little excursions in the direction of unfaithfulness, and it achieves the result on the whole that the desire awakened by the new love-object is gratified by a kind of turning-back to the object already possessed. The jealous person, however, does not recognize this convention of tolerance; he does not believe in any such thing as a halt or a turning-back once the path has been trod, nor that a social 'flirtation' may be a safeguard against actual infidelity. In the treatment of a jealous person like this one must refrain from disputing with him the material on which he bases his suspicions; one can only aim at bringing him to regard the matter in a different light.

"The jealousy that arises from this projection has, it is true, an almost delusional character; it is, however, amenable to the analytic work of exposing the unconscious fantasies of personal infidelity. The jealousy of the third layer, the true *delusional* type, is worse. It also has its origin in repressed impulses towards unfaithfulness—the object, however, in these cases is of the same sex as the subject. Delusional jealousy represents an acidulated homosexuality, and rightly takes its position among the classical forms of paranoia. . . .

"We begin to see that we describe the behavior of both jealous and persecuted paranoiacs very inadequately by saying that they project outwards on to others what they do not wish to recognize in themselves.

"Certainly they do this; but they do not project it into the sky, so to speak, where there is nothing of the sort already. They let themselves be guided by their knowledge of the unconscious, and displace to the unconscious minds of others the attention which they have withdrawn from their own. Our jealous husband perceives his wife's unfaithfulness instead of his own; by becoming conscious of hers and magnifying it enormously he succeeds in keeping unconscious his own."

## *Mythology*

When Freud was young, in the seventies and eighties of the preceding century, only children believed in myths. They knew them in the form of fairy tales and sagas, and children were the only ones who still felt their force as it nourished and redeemed the spirit. Mythology, the study of the myth, was a sorry affair. The idea was, roughly speaking, that in primitive times mankind was stupid enough to regard such silly tales as true.

Wondrous wise were those who understood that the myths were allegorical representations of natural phenomena, that Mithras was the sun like Helios and Apollo, that the saga of the Flood was to be taken as a memory of some geological catastrophe or other. The myth, they said, must somehow be interpreted, and some meaning would doubtless be found which would justify our forefathers in their seeming imbecility. There have always been investigators who have regarded the myth as a sort of primitive language of mankind no longer comprehensible. But all have agreed in rationalistic epochs that myth formation belongs to a remote time and has lost all significance for us moderns. It did not occur to any one that we create myths in our dreams every night, that every people within the borders of its nationality and every individual develops a particular

myth and lives according to it. Dreams of normal sleep, cosmogonies, and other myths of the mentally diseased were despised as nonsense; the history of mankind should consist of facts in which wars and treaties of peace on rational bases play the chief rôle. We look at this quite differently to-day. Even philosophers who know nothing of Freud, or at least pretend that they know nothing of him, admit that "in relation to myth and history the myth reveals itself as without doubt primary, history as secondary and derived. The mythology of a people is not determined by its history, but on the contrary its history is determined by its mythology—or rather, mythology does not *determine*, but is itself the people's destiny, its lot fallen to it from the beginning" (Ernst Cassirer).

These words written in imitation of the great romantic philosopher Schelling sound obscure; and it is no longer necessary for us to make the strange phenomenon of the myth, the mysterious power that emanates from it, still stranger by a diffuse verbiage since Freud has thrown his light into the darkness and taught us to understand this primitive speech. The myth is the language of the unconscious, which finds its echo in the work of art, in the dream, in the life and thought of the child, of the primitive man (so-called savage) and—of the fool.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PRIMARY FUNCTION

We have seen that Freud at the beginning explained the origin of the symptoms of nervous disorder by experiences which were of so much more serious import the further back they reached in the childhood of the patient. Later he recognized that it need not always be these experiences, but that even fantasies might have the power of producing illness. The principal weight still lay for a long time upon the experiences, and although the influence of unconscious fantasies upon the origin of the disease had likewise to be acknowledged, this seemed at first but a slight extension of the theory. The further investigation proceeded in this direction, the more did fantasy seem to have the advantage over experience until it was finally recognized that the fantasy produced the experience. Each one experiences what he wishes to experience, especially if he thoroughly wishes it; and the unconscious daimon in the innermost recesses of our nature assumes the direction of our lives. Thus investigation proceeded from the facts to the idea concealed behind the facts. One may call this idea also the myth of each individual. A mentally diseased person like President Schreber is conscious of this myth in another manner than is a person who is sane. We come closer to this myth in the dreams of our sleep than in the thoughts of our waking life. It has struck all thinkers—except in the few sterile epochs which have afforded no understanding of the nature of our mind because there was no desire to understand it—that the myth is subject to other laws than are the structures of our logical and more or less moral consciousness.

The scientific conflict over the unconscious may perhaps be looked upon to-day as having been fought out, and it may be surveyed historically. The psychology of consciousness is bankrupt and the authorities who unswervingly adhere to it are like the giant in Ariosto's tale of the furious Roland, who, his head being severed in the combat, nevertheless kept on fighting because in the tumult of battle he had not noticed this trifling occurrence.

The unconscious of psychoanalysis is not to be confused with that of the metaphysicians. It is true that Freud's theory of the interrelation between consciousness and the unconscious cannot be more beautifully portrayed than through Plato's famous metaphor, yet this is not the same. We all sit—Plato's figure—in a cave and turn our backs to the opening whence the light comes. What we see before us on the wall of the cave are only the shadows of that which takes place within ourselves and outside the cave. The actual things lie beyond our vision where we cannot recognize them. Kant has spoken of the thing-in-itself (*Ding an sich*) which we can never know. Schopenhauer taught that the world is our idea, but beyond our idea there is something in nature unrecognizable by the senses, which he called the will. The will creates everything. It determines everything which the human being as an individual and as a member of society does and thinks. There was in Germany a philosopher after Schopenhauer, Eduard Hartmann, who spoke plainly of the philosophy of the unconscious. His unconscious is approximately the same as Schopenhauer's will. Freud's unconscious cannot at first be compared with these metaphysical concepts. One has to admit that in the end it passes over into metaphysics, but Freud has found entrance into the realm of the unconscious and invites science with its observations and experiments to follow. It follows only hesitatingly. A peculiar resistance has arisen against this part of psychoanalysis, which has not up to the

present day been entirely silenced. Freud thinks that it hurts man's pride to acknowledge the unconscious. We do not like to admit that our ego, which we believe we know so well, upon which we so gladly and completely rely, as if it were infallible and we could be under no better protection than that of our own self-consciousness—that this familiar ego is under the command of a second totally strange ego in our own inner selves, that we free individuals have to be at the mercy of forces which we are never able to control because we know nothing or not enough of them. The security of the world seems to be endangered. We no longer walk upon sunny meadows; we slink through a dark forest filled with all sorts of evildoers. Indeed, the success of some of Freud's pupils who have fallen away from him rests chiefly upon the fact that they have removed from psychoanalysis two stumbling blocks. They have freed persons from the nightmare which Freud's sexual theory has caused in many people. These departed pupils of Freud declare this portion of the theory an error. The theory of the unconscious seems to many almost more uncanny. If one leads away from this fear-inspiring fact with a few empty forms of speech, one has then sterilized psychoanalysis, and behold, there appears a post-Freudian psychology which satisfies those mentally less well-equipped.

### *Proof of the Unconscious*

The fact of our memory testifies that there are psychic phenomena outside of consciousness. We do not at any time have in consciousness all that we know. When we are intensively occupied with a train of thought we cannot at the same time think of the furniture in our dwelling. We can, of course, at any time recall it if we are questioned, but the conscious is too narrow to be forever lighting up everything simultaneously. More interesting than the recollections and memory images which we can

reproduce without trouble at any time are the universally recognized disturbances of our memory; I mean the difficulty which we have many times in recalling some word—most frequently it is a personal name—just when we need it, and which to our slight annoyance we cannot seize upon. This is often a name which is very familiar to us. The name is at the tip of the tongue; it is almost inconceivable that we should have forgotten it. We struggle to remember it, frequently succeed in overcoming the resistance which evidently has arisen in our memory against the recall of the name, let us say, of one of our best friends. Often we do not succeed. It can be seen from this example that impressions which beyond doubt were in our consciousness can be lost although we feel certain that they still dwell in us in some dark corner of our mind.

We come here to Freud's theory of errors. We begin to perceive that the relations between the conscious and the unconscious are regulated by forces over which we have no control. We not only forget unimportant experiences dissipated by time, but we also forget important experiences despite the fact that they are of great significance to us. Psychoanalysis soon discovered that we forget them not despite, but because of, this fact. It has taught a dynamics of the psychical life; it has described forces of the unconscious which draw down to themselves into the darkness unpleasant and dangerous ideas and other forces which stand between the conscious and the unconscious like a censor casting unpleasant psychical structures out of consciousness. Nietzsche had already said very beautifully: "'I did this,' says my memory. 'I cannot have done this,' says my pride. In the end memory yields." Unpleasant experiences are repressed from consciousness. They do not, however, on this account cease working and what we have not subjected to the control of the enlightened forces of our personality disturbs us from the unconscious portion of the ego, so that we are more and more out

of harmony with ourselves. Freud's theory of blunders, to which belong forgetting and the losing of objects, slips of the tongue, misplacing, errors of all sorts, are so well known that I shall content myself with one single example.

A patient of mine reports the following: "I wanted to mention in a circle of friends the name of the famous writer R. L. Stevenson, but the name escaped me. I tried to drag it from oblivion by describing him: a Scotchman—died recently—writings of strange lands—stories of adventure. It was of no use. I had to go home and search out his works. The corner in which they stood was well known to me. I analyzed my failure of memory, after I had in this way secured his name again. The name Stefanie, which had played a rôle in my life, at once appeared. I had thought that this experience had long been overcome and had lost its importance to me. Now I saw that it still remained like a worm in my unconscious, an undischarged complex which the name of like sound had summoned to itself. But this was not all. I find much further back in my childhood a little Stephan who always was a source of annoyance to me because he was more clever, better behaved, and his parents were richer than mine. I frequently catch myself even to-day with a feeling of envy toward this Stephan, who in later life has also in many respects been more successful than I am. There are two different causes for my forgetting the otherwise so familiar name of Stevenson."

It is worth while to analyze as fully as possible every such failure in oneself. One learns to know surprising phases of one's own personality of which one is not aware because one does not *want* to know anything about them. But it is better to remove the dross from the depths before it poisons and finally kills us. Psychic dross kills us as the infusorium in the water of the fish bowl is killed from the products of its own metabolism. If the attention is once directed to the specter of errors it is found

haunting us on every hand and at all times. The theory of errors alone suffices as proof not only of the existence of the unconscious but also of its dynamics. If a hypocrite or any other impostor betrays himself in society through a striking slip of the tongue, we all show by our laughter, frequently by our shudders, that we know how significant this is. Freud's service is that he has clothed folk wisdom in the garment of science.

Freud's theory of errors (*Psychopathology of Everyday Life*) is perhaps the best-known part of his work. And yet many will not grant that there is here sure and scientific ground. In the beginning Freud was actually ridiculed because he was willing to see in apparently "chance" occurrences a particular meaning. Later the laughter died away and only the fearful question remained, chiefly on the part of compulsive-neurotic persons: where is the scientific proof? Let us assume that we can deduce from the behavior of a woman who is always pulling her wedding ring from her finger that she is constantly playing with the idea of divorce (without knowing it). If we could give statistics in large numbers, for example, that we have observed five hundred women who played with their wedding rings; fifty of these were divorced within three years; two hundred were after ten years markedly unhappy in their marriage; and so on . . . the above-mentioned compulsive neurotics would be satisfied with such figures. And yet the folk tongue says there are two sorts of lies: ordinary and statistical. We base ourselves in psychoanalysis upon another kind of proof which is somehow intuitive. The statement about the play with the wedding ring impresses every one who hears it. It forces from us a human smile and we have learned to see in such a gentle smile a good bit of evidence of human imperfection. We do not assert ourselves to be infallible. The playing with the wedding ring might have some other meaning—but it has a meaning. Deeper analysis shows us that we are on the right road when

we follow the errors through which people betray themselves.

Many people are concerned lest in the end, if psychoanalysis goes on to peer into and interpret everything, no one will any longer trust himself to live innocently and naturally. But why shall the truth not be discovered? It flows from us, in the forms which Freud has unearthed, when we are so full of suppressed desires that the psychic vessel brims over. Such important thoughts as divorce, being happily or unhappily married, should under all circumstances find their way into consciousness if they are hidden away somewhere in us. Otherwise there are explosions when we least expect them and are least prepared for them.

Another proof of the effective activity of the unconscious is the experiment of post-hypnotic command. We do not in general base our knowledge in psychoanalysis upon experiments. The mind is too wide a field to be grasped experimentally. Notwithstanding, the post-hypnotic command remains impressive. A medium is hypnotized and is bidden thus: "I will count three. At three you will awake and not know at all that you have been hypnotized. Five minutes later you will get up and give the third gentleman from the corner a kiss upon the cheek." The medium awakes and for five minutes her behavior is like that of all the others. At the close of this period she becomes restless, confused, makes several starts, and finally carries out the order more or less completely. If the medium is questioned as to why she has acted so strangely, she cannot explain and has no knowledge of the fact that she is doing it under the influence of a hypnotic command. She tries as far as possible to explain her action rationally (to rationalize). All those present, however, with the exception of the medium know the true cause of the action. The medium, bidden by her unconscious, is not aware of the actual basis of what she does. Freud witnessed this experiment in January, 1887, with Bernheim in Nancy. He had

already observed with Charcot in Paris that in a hypnotized hysteric a hysterical paralysis of the arm or of the leg could be produced by a mere command which continued effective after the hypnosis. The paralysis could be removed again through another command under hypnosis. These are experimental proofs of the existence of an unconscious which acts upon consciousness.

Freud did not, however, tread the threshold of the unconscious from this side. He was acquainted with Breuer's case before these experiments which he saw in Paris and Nancy and knew that unconscious experiences which are forgotten may produce hysterical symptoms. At about the same time or somewhat later other investigators also were aware of this, for example, Charcot's famous pupil Pierre Janet. The dynamics of consciousness and the unconscious: the repression of ideas which are not acceptable to consciousness, the resistance which the ego opposes to the reappearance of repressed ideas—the discovery of these forces as well as the investigation of the laws of the unconscious, all this is the work of Freud alone. He recognized that the seizures of hysteria betray something in their particular language of which the consciousness of the patients is not aware. The seizures of gross hysteria, which were to be seen beautifully and as often as one wished with Charcot in the Salpetrière at Paris have to-day disappeared from the amphitheaters of the clinic. The patients would fall to the floor, apparently losing consciousness; they would stiffen until they were supported only by the back of the head and the heels (*arc de cercle*) and carry out movements which were not at that time recognized as coitus movements. When they were recognized, the symbolic language of the unconscious was translated into the conceptual language of consciousness, the unconscious was unmasked; and the assumption that these attacks ceased precisely because their naïve significance had been stripped of its disguise, that there-

fore public opinion had accomplished a gross psychoanalysis, has much to recommend it. The vomiting of hysterics was recognized as a pregnancy fantasy, the choking sensation in the throat (*globus hystericus*) "as a displacement from below to above." The unconscious uses its primitive language through the thousandfold clinical pictures of hysteria and the other neuroses.

The conviction of the existence of a very great part of our personalities as unconscious is utterly incontrovertible when the dream is studied. Here the unconscious has gained the upper hand over consciousness by means of the condition of sleep. Consciousness defends itself by forgetting the dream as rapidly as possible, hurling its constituent parts back into the limbo whence they came. If complete forgetfulness is not attained the terrified consciousness always possesses the ability so to distort the relevant unconscious thoughts that the dreamer does not understand his own dream. From the teaching of the dream, Freud says, he has repeatedly come to the firm conviction that the fundamental principles of his theory are correct. Thus we owe it first of all to the system of dream interpretation that Freud and his school have remained steadfast against the first scornful, then embittered, and finally resigned attacks of a world of scientific foes.

The fight against psychoanalysis—it will be very interesting sometime to survey it historically—has been carried on at different levels. First the founder of psychoanalysis was declared to be crazy. He was a clever man—alas, too clever—and had become involved in a very narrow point of view. For more than ten years he stood wholly alone. The people pointed their fingers at him. It was said of those who approached him that it was the obscenity of his ideas that attracted them. The Germans of the Reich, when the new theory spread to wider circles, said that Freud's sexual theories might possibly have a bearing upon the city of Vienna, where he lived. Vienna was known as a

wicked city; it had always been lewd. The French, however, whose capital had always been regarded as at least as frivolous as our poor Vienna, said that the theory might be valid for Germany but it was inacceptable to the Gallic mind. What was not clear, they affirmed, was not French, and Freud's theories were of a Teutonic nebulosity. One would have thought, says Freud, that the Teutonic spirit would have taken psychoanalysis warmly to its heart. I have in the preceding chapter mentioned Jaspers, who stated that he did not dispute the correctness of the dream theory, but its importance. To-day the official scientific world, its grounds of opposition for the most part laid bare, stands naked and trembling before psychoanalysis. Its spokesmen say that they would acknowledge the principal doctrines of psychoanalysis and that they cannot any longer deny the importance of the discoveries. Nevertheless, all teachers of the nation pass over this horrible phase of truth as rapidly as possible. By all means the nation must be rescued from this crisis of destruction. How these teachers propose to save humanity I do not quite know, nor can I make it my business to know.

No human being who has submitted even for only a few hours to psychoanalysis will doubt the existence of the unconscious in the scientific and empiric sense. The unconscious language of the dream, the unconscious resistance against the bringing of repressed complexes into consciousness, the unconsciously effective mechanisms of the transference, are evidence enough. Then also there are the blunders and the experimental proofs, like the post-hypnotic command, experimentally produced dreams (Karl Schrötter, Herbert Silberer, Hans Rofenstein *) and the statements of important men regarding the sudden appearance of certain ideas (see p. 26). Nevertheless, there are still to-day academic psychologists who believe that we should

* I remark without any commentary that of these three, Schrötter and Silberer ended in suicide. Rofenstein was run over by an automobile and died.

dispense with the concept of the unconscious. They say: What is not conscious cannot be considered mental. Psychology according to them is the science of the conscious. Unconscious ideas and even more so unconscious emotions are complete nonsense, comparable to the square of the circle. In the end this strife amounts to a play upon words. Freud had something better to do than to waste his time upon questions of terminology.

For he had to pursue his way into the darkness, search out the laws of that psychic region which he had by this time designated the unconscious. There were various levels in the unconscious to be investigated, better said, to be opened up. There was an unconscious portion which joined closely to consciousness, *the preconscious,* and in which the same laws of reason prevailed as in the conscious; there were unconscious but rational and fulfillable wishes, for example, the repressed but logical and realizable wish of the woman who plays with her wedding ring (p. 128). Somewhat deeper, but always still within the borders of reason, lie old, apparently renounced desires from days long past. There are still deeper wishes which cannot be fulfilled but can nevertheless be understood in the realm of fantasy, as, for instance, my dream of Goethe. Goethe is long since dead. He would hardly, if he were alive, invite me to drive with him. Yet this whole story is rationally elaborated. Finally, we come to a region which strikes us as totally unfamiliar, a region in which our viscera speak; for ideas, wishes, fears, self-punishment, are transformed into bodily (hysterical) symptoms. In so far, however, as psychic structures (ideas, affects) are active in this deepest layer of the unconscious—since 1923 called by Freud the id—they follow their own laws; have no fear of opposition, of lack of logic; are not subject to the corrosion of time, which can play no rôle there; have likewise nothing to do with the other qualities of "pure reason" which Kant regarded as *a priori* existent: with the laws of space and of causality. This

looks like philosophy and metaphysics, but rests upon scientific fact. Every dream can reveal to us these laws. The dream easily restores the dead to life, leads us into a room which may perhaps be at the same time a savanna in South America and—without the slightest respect for the unity of space can be even a third and a fourth locality. It is likewise universally admitted that causality plays no rôle in the dream and that "anything can be the cause of anything."

When Freud began to study the dream toward the end of the nineteenth century he introduced the term *primary function* for the mechanisms of displacement and condensation (examples p. 101). Perhaps, however, all the mechanisms at work in the id should be called the primary function and in contrast to them the transformation into conscious thinking and feeling should be named *secondary function.* This extension of the idea of primary function recommends itself also on the ground that modern anthropology has found mechanisms in the thought process of so-called savages, that is in primitive thinking, which are somewhat similar to the primary function. To be sure, the primary function (in the broader sense in which I have used it) leads more deeply into the roots of all that is psychical than any adult, however primitive, can reveal to us. A principal distinction between the id and the preconscious consists, according to Freud, in the fact that the germinating ideas in the id are not yet clothed in words. The storehouse for words is found in the preconscious and the "ideas of things" must, as Freud says, be decked out in this depot by "ideas of words." Only so will they be able to rise into consciousness. Inasmuch as all people have a language, only the newborn child before acquiring speech reveals this part of the primary function. It is no longer manifest in savages. Psychoanalysis has reason for answering in the affirmative the ancient question whether thinking without words is possible. Germinating ideas are not yet organized in words.

Thus the woman playing with her wedding ring does not at the beginning bear anywhere within her the verbalized thought: "I will get rid of my husband." But she is on the way to it. The id, says Freud, can only wish. It is unable to carry out the wish rationally or even to formulate it.

Freud's division of ideas into ideas of things and of words permits us also to understand experiences related to us by Robert Mayer, Kekulé, Poincaré, and many others not necessarily great men (p. 26). The solution of a problem, a forgotten name, a good or an evil thought, springs into our consciousness if the idea of the thing can get possession of the word idea. How and when this happens is still but little known. We shall have to assume a mobile energy, in accordance with the libido theory, "without which we cannot get on in psychology." The idea of the thing filled to the full with libido gains control of the word idea. In other words, if we are sufficiently in love with our thing idea the highly tense complex compels the expression of itself in and through consciousness. One may accept or reject such theories. They are a helpful construction until succeeded by something better.

The natives in New Guinea speak of a *mana,* which the German missionaries translate by "soul stuff." The English report from another part of New Guinea that the natives there call the same principle *imunu.* This mysterious thing is to be conceived neither abstractly nor concretely, but as a sort of indefinite something that adheres to all things, an energy-substance dwelling in things through which all objects are brought into connection with the savage's personality. To take the *imunu* from things means to make them objectless. This reminds one of the God rays of President Schreber (see Chapter III) and also of the libido theory of psychoanalysis. Let us conceive of the libido as a viscous, sticky substance which spreads over the objects of the external world and even over our thoughts; that

which is charged with libido, that interests us and is vital. If the libido is withdrawn from the objects they become dull and objectless. This theory leads also to the ideas of primitive thinking as well as to paranoiac systems. Psychoanalysis is willing to maintain the theory only until a better is found for the explanation of the psychoanalytic discoveries. (See Freud's remarks, p. 178.)

One should not, however, be so arrogant as to reject at once a psychological construction as an aid because it is close to certain voodooistic thought processes. Science only first began to comprehend the psychopathology of the neuroses when it departed from the strictly scientific (exact) methods and approached the despised notions of possession common in antiquity and the Middle Ages. The natives in New Guinea tell of a chief who had hidden his *imunu* in a tree in the midst of the forest. This chief could not be killed no matter how many arrows pierced his body, because his life was not in him but had its abode far away in a tree. Not until traitors pointed out this tree to his foes did the latter kill the chief, who died in his hut at the moment when his enemies felled the tree burdened with his *imunu*. Similar motives are numerous in sagas and folk tales, for example, in the myth of Delilah and Samson, whose *imunu* was hidden in his long hair.

If one asks what this history has to do in a treatise upon psychology my answer is: Many a one withstands the blows of fate, age, care, illness, until he is hit just where he has invested his libido, that is, the principal part of it. One cannot go on living without his beloved, another without his children. The merchant dies because his credit is gone, the politican because his party is dissolved. The miser cannot live longer without his gold, a knight without his honor—these simple situations translated into the language of the libido theory read: Our vital energy is able to flow out of our own ego and take possession of the objects of the external world. We are then libidinally bound

with these objects, we can then be struck in our ego and even slain if a considerable portion of the libido tarries outside of us.

Language—we return here after an excursion into the libido theory to the primary function and to the secondary function—arises according to Freud through overcharge of the idea of the thing. I do believe that the thing idea can become conscious even when it is not clothed in words. It may fill our entire being, only we cannot exactly communicate it to our fellow men unless it be in the state of ecstasy, through the instrument of religious mysticism or of art. Music is a kind of language which is understood without being translatable into words. A portion of such thing ideas are always flowing between us human beings; we say as a "matter of course," the Frenchman says "Ça va sans dire." Language is only one of the forms of communication, the best known, it is true. Language is, however, by no means always the most eloquent form in which human beings exchange their emotions. The primary function has other ways to make itself noticeable.

On the other hand, language is not always comprehensible in itself. We see this in the speech of the mentally diseased which we do not understand, for example, the word salad of schizophrenics mentioned in the first chapter. Here the word idea has, according to Freud, freed itself from the thing idea, the connection with the vital and life-creating depths has been lost, and the speech machine runs in a vacuum. One often has the feeling that there is danger of such dissociation also outside the field of mental disease. There are plenty of discussions of all sorts which thresh empty straw but are not the intercourse of heart with heart. The more abstract we become the further we are removed from the sources of life, and we easily lose ourselves in the wilderness of all-too-sterile words. The most dreadful thing about the word salad is that the poor things cannot stop talking, because they think they might through talking win again the lost connection with the thing idea. Freud

regards the endless speech as a despairing attempt at self-cure. He has in the same way looked upon the cosmogony of the paranoiac Schreber (Chapter III) as an attempt to restore his lost world.

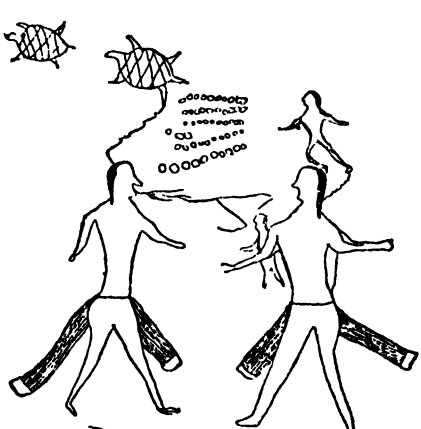
### *Primitive Thinking*

The French investigator Lévy-Bruhl has described the mental life of primitive peoples; and no one can more fruitfully confirm Freud's discoveries regarding the primary function than the school of Durkheim, from which Lévy-Bruhl comes. That which civilized man cherishes, so deeply hidden within the unconscious that Freud has had laboriously to determine it from dreams, neurotic symptoms, and other reactions of the conscious, exists openly among primitive peoples, if one will only see it.

First the language of primitives. It is a picture language like that of the dream and as such much closer to the thing idea than is the abstract symbolism of cultural language. Abstract ideas play a slight rôle in the mental economy of the primitive. The few which he has he does not, as we do, express in the form of concepts but translates them into pictures—like the dream. When he has transformed his primitive concepts into images, he can see and feel them and he knows also that his neighbor to whom he communicates these concepts understands what he means. Let us take an illustration which is familiar to all of us from the Indian tales of our early years. "The Great Serpent has buried the tomahawk and smokes the long pipe with White Eagle Feather." I could conceive that this sentence would be completely unintelligible to a civilized person who had never read Indian stories. It means, translated into our language: The chief of one Indian tribe is a dangerous enemy because he is keen-eyed, bold, and strong like an eagle

in the air. His opponent, who has become famous because he creeps warily and noiselessly like a serpent through the primeval forest, coming upon the enemy and slaying him, does not want to carry on the war any longer; the two tribes want to be friends.

All this the Indian expresses through symbols, not for affectation nor because he wants to make himself important, but because he has no other speech at his command. The picture language of primitive peoples is frequently so overladen that we find their forms of expression very circumstantial; it is often difficult for us to guess what is meant and to arrive at the sense. But it presents itself so readily to primitive man that he understands it at once, while, on the other hand, he is unable to comprehend our abstract conceptual language. The same is true of the writing of primitive peoples. Both the writing of the ancient Babylonians and the earlier-discovered hieroglyphic script of the Egyptians, and likewise the writing of Indians and other savages which still exist, all were and are pictorial writings. We give here the letter of an aged Indian to his son which is such a thoroughly constructed picture as only a dream could be.



The content of this letter, which a civilized man would scarcely understand if not explained to him, is as follows: "I, belonging to the totem of the tortoise, and thy Father, am approaching my end [the fleeing tortoises]. I say to thee [lines from the mouth] that thou, always my little one [the small figure above the head], although to-day thou art larger than I, shalt come to me [the curved end of the line from the mouth]. The cost of the journey is $53 [the small circles], which I am sending enclosed."

A dream may be quite similarly constructed. We might perhaps see a fox running away if our name should happen to be Fox, or brown colors disappearing in case our name is Brown. The figure of the son, with two smaller ones above and before, may also be interpreted as dream figures. If we should have such a dream, it would not at first be comprehensible in its symbolism of death. Very likely primitive men have understood and do understand their dreams better than civilized persons, who do not even comprehend very clearly the language of the uneducated classes of their own people—because they tend to the use of picture language. The folk speech everywhere is full of images. All slang condenses like the dream.

In hieroglyphic writing the point of an arrow denotes the concept "quickly." A bird can mean the same thing. Two women standing near together signify in ungallant fashion garrulousness, talking back and forth about unimportant things. Perhaps this suffices for the understanding of the fact that the dream interpreter finds in the figure of an onrushing mad dog the dangerous raging of a passion, of a passion against which we must defend ourselves if we do not want to be destroyed. All wild animals, which often appear in dreams, have similar significance; likewise volcanoes, railway trains rushing on without stopping, tanks and other figures can be understood in this sense.

It is remarkable enough that these forceful images say noth-

ing to us as soon as we are awake. A Freud had first to come to interpret them to us. We dream, let us say, of a giant who leaps over a high wall, but we do not know that by this we imply that we consider ourselves despite every hindrance capable of "surmounting" all difficulties. We dream of some one who holds the telephone receiver to his ear, at the same time making a grimace of despair because the person at the other end of the apparatus plainly does not stop his chatter. We do not understand, or at least not immediately and compellingly, what it is we are saying through this picture. We feel ourselves held against our will by a tedious patron and cannot loose ourselves from the "connection." In another dream we are riding on a dog for which we are much too heavy, so that the back of the animal is cruelly bent. Again a symbolic representation which we, only with difficulty, the primitive man readily, would understand from the figure as an endeavor with inadequate means.

One need not travel far to study primitive picture language. It is still in use, as we have already said, to a great extent in the less educated circles of our people. It is well known with what richness of imagery simple men like drivers and other laborers give expression to their ill will in abusive words. Idiomatic speech obtains its humor wholly from pictures which the day brings without one knowing who has created them. It is difficult for the educated man to follow the picturesque language of the folk. These people, however, understand one another very well and on their side listen with a certain distrust to the abstract conceptual language of the educated man, who speaks "as it is written." They have the impression that something is at work that really should not be there, something cold, perhaps even diabolic, something that cannot come from the heart and therefore does not go to the heart. They have unqualifiedly the entire world of childhood on their side. The nursery too is the home of the language of images. Such language cannot

be used in science, but everywhere when emotions are concerned it is superior to conceptual language.

An Indian maiden made famous by Longfellow is called Minnehaha, that is, Laughing Water. Can one think of a lovelier name for a girl? Water is for primitive peoples the source of life, the antidote to their thirst in their deserts, which makes water seem their most precious possession. Every civilized man knows that water does not laugh, but the Indian, who naturally knows it too, if held to the strictly conceptual would not understand the civilized man's objection that water cannot laugh. The chemical properties of water, hydrogen and oxygen, the weight of water, its color, its taste and all its natural characteristics vanish completely behind the designation of it as laughing. It is to the savage much more important that the water laughs to him than that water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen. Feeling is everything. Logic and science disappear before it. Every lover will in his strong emotion understand that his maiden can very well be called Laughing Water.

It would perhaps be a poor service rendered to a maiden in our civilization to call her Laughing Water. Nevertheless, we do name our girls Daisy, Violet, Lily, Rose; and negroes love the names of Geranium and Esmeralda. Often we reverse the situation and give our girls names of abstract ideas like Grace or Joy. Neither joy nor grace can be seen, for both these concepts are abstract; but in so far as our girls are called by these names the personified conceptions become visible—a regression to the picture language of the primitive and the myth.

We like to call the association of idea and image symbolic or allegoric. The association is not, however, correctly designated by these words (symbolic, allegoric) where it actually develops the energy peculiar to it. The connection is a much closer one when a mother calls her child the apple of her eye, a connection which can hardly be described in our conceptual language. The

feeling flows directly into the word and the actual meaning of the phrase "apple of the eye" fades away. The language of concepts is perhaps quite incapable of the satisfactory expression of strong emotions. How absurd would be a statement like this: "My child is as precious to me as the most important sense organ in my head"; and yet one might rightfully say that this statement merely says more plainly what can be expressed by the exclamation, "Apple of my eye!" The highest grade of feeling finds no adequate expression in any sort of speech nor even in music. Faust says: "Let my eyes, the touch of my hands reveal to you this, this—that cannot be expressed!" Nevertheless, the language of symbols is more suited to those who love than the language of concepts. The primitive mode of expression which we find in savages, children, lovers, poets, is the language of ecstasy.

Scarcely any other psychological knowledge is so important for those who train children than this, that the primary function presses itself more strongly and directly into the conscious with the child than with the adult. One should not attempt to translate the psychology of our little ones, which is close to the thinking of primitive man, forcibly into ours. A small boy lies in his little bed in the morning and seems to be meditating. If asked of what he is thinking, he becomes embarrassed and answers, "Nothing." Afterwards he says, still in confusion: "I am playing flowers." If now the adult with his stern logic insinuatingly says: "Yes, you are a flower; your arms and legs are the branches, your face the blossom," then the child replies: "No, no, no!" This means that the play of the child is not logical and cannot be put into our logically directed words. The child has already learned how different his own imagination is from that of adults and rejects the comparison of his limbs with branches, his face with a flower. What the child feels is not a mere allegory but an actual oneness with a flower (a "tautegory"). As

long as he plays flower he is not a child in human form, makes no comparison between the parts of his body and the botanical divisions of a plant. The id, Freud says, can but wish. It has, however, so complete an ignorance of reality that it becomes omnipotent. The child is without any trouble that which he wishes to be. It is not a matter of likeness to an actual flower. He *is* an actual flower as long as he plays flower. His dispensing with the secondary function, that is, the elaboration through the measuring, weighing, questioning reason, contains a power the force of which is underestimated.

All the play of a child is of this character. When a child plays railroad the railroad is an actual one and not the allegory or the symbol of a locomotive. When he shoves a building block before him and plays automobile, this block as long as the child is playing is by no means a mere symbol; in the child's conception there is no distinction between the block and the automobile. It is to a certain degree correct to say that the child must know that what he holds in his hands is only a building block. The importance of the object for the playing child is its significance as an automobile and the assertion of another, the scornful remark: "That isn't an automobile; it is only a block of wood," has no effect whatsoever upon the child. In reality, it is only a wooden block. But since it has to represent an automobile, the statement of logical reason is null and void.

### *Participation*

The savage—we need no longer add each time, like the id—is connected with the world through a peculiarity of his thinking which is called by those who have observed primitive thinking *participation.* Perhaps civilized man when he is profoundly religious is in such inner relation with his god as the savage with his world. Ideas such as infinity,

eternity, death and mortality are either incomprehensible by us or only in ecstatic states. These ideas are withdrawn from reason. We grasp them with the emotions of which possibly music and song, certainly not words, may render us some account. The connection with the All as Spinoza teaches it, Kant's categorical imperative, arises through participation. Logical proofs of the existence of God are unnecessary for truly religious persons. He who experiences God emotionally participates in Him as the child in its mother and feels no necessity to call in the assistance of logic. His immediate experience is stronger than any possible proof. But where doubt enters, faith is already gone; and the doubt becomes ever stronger than any "proof." He who believes finds himself in the certainty of the primary function, and he who doubts dwells in the prison house of reason.

We hasten to add that this prison house is always being illuminated by science. The priest says that all human knowledge is fragmentary. There is, however, a power in us compelling us to trust ourselves to reason, which in the form of science daily performs fresh miracles, eradicates epidemics, heals diseases, obtains mastery of space and of the air in accordance with its will, and in the technical at least has limitless prospects. Many people assert, and almost bring proofs for their assertion, that man has not been made happier through his knowledge. It is true that we do not sustain uninterruptedly our own proud intellectual view and every night we long for a state of unconsciousness, which we call sleeping and dreaming. Science makes the dreams of mankind come true. When one thinks that dreaming man flies without hindrance, brings the dead to life, gormandizes to his heart's content, gratifies all his wishes, then one recognizes what endless trouble man puts upon himself when instead of dreaming he treads the road of actual effort, when he substitutes hard labor and sober objectivity for dreaming. Many

people say that he does not even become happier through all this. Plainly, then, he would not do this if he did not have to. The secondary elaboration forces itself upon us; science is its proudest achievement; and research is the expression of an urge from which mankind cannot escape even should it be undeniably proved that culture cannot give happiness. We have to adapt ourselves to both worlds, that of the primary as well as that of the secondary function. Modern psychology has become through the establishment of this interrelation a totally new science, the practical significance of which becomes daily more manifest.

* * *

Participation has no articulate speech and needs none. Flashing eyes, fascinated ears, exuberance and lamentation, suffice. At any rate, music, at least in its primitive stages, belongs more to participation, that is, to the primary function, than does language. The magic power of rhythm is still to be recognized even in our cultural music; yet the more primitive music is, the more rhythmical it is, the more firmly does it rely upon the beat. The conquest of the world by jazz, which is a primitive music and in which melody means almost nothing, rhythm everything, is clear evidence of this. It shows also that our over-civilized world craves relief through a return to its own savagery. The force of rhythm is evident in marching soldiers, whose weariness is lessened through music and rhythmical singing. The magic power of the march and dance music is easy to recognize: it is hard to escape their measures. The music of primitives is exceedingly monotonous. They are satisfied with one-stringed instruments, horns which can produce but one or two tones, or the tom-tom of the drum.

The psychology of music has not been taken up by Freud. Here we have without a doubt a language which circumvents

our conscious language of concepts and, more profound than the pictorial language of the savage, arises out of the id and passes through the ear to the id of the listener. Of all the arts which in earlier periods much more powerfully affected the human spirit, music is to-day the only surviving one. Plastic art has, it seems to me, become rather a matter of indifference to most people. Mark Twain had already ventured the rude remark: "Life is too short to waste it in visiting museums and looking at paintings that one does not like." When we read of the profound effect classical art, say of the Hellenes, had upon the people of its time, we must confess that we no longer have anything like it outside of music. That is probably due to the fact that our ego with its dry logic predominates and is no longer willing to understand the language of the id.

The prospect is somewhat better in music. Yet here too we can only surmise the original force of hymn singing. The savage and also the negro in the United States begin to sing when misfortune confronts them. I saw in a negro play a colored Cain who realizes with horror that he has slain his brother. He at once begins to sing, loudly and fervently, so that he sends a shudder over his cultured listeners. We are accustomed in the face of frightful events either to be silent or to cry out. The streaming forth of the id in the form of rhythmic song is not our way. The primitive person wins back through his singing the connection with the universe which he had lost through the terrifying experience, through distress or fear. In his song he once more finds his myth.

We receive the impression when we hear primitive peoples speaking that the savage sings his speech far more than we do. There is, however, much the same singing in the various linguistic circles and very frequently within one and the same language region in the various dialects. One nation thinks the other has a singsong speech; and when one group mimics an-

other for the comic effect, it is usually done by exaggeration of the cadences peculiar to the dialect. We gather from the intoning of a foreign tongue that we ourselves also sing, whenever we speak, that every individual and every fellow countryman has a specific cadence which he unconsciously sings. The conceptual words arise from the ego, the melody from the id. This gives also their different weight to these two portions of our expression in speech. The meaning lies in the ideas, and the feeling in the music which we unconsciously put into language symbols.

I made the acquaintance in Syria of a charming girl who knew only two words of German, namely, "Aber, nein!" (Ah, no!). I could not find out where she had learned these two words. It was certain that she did not know their meaning. She always used them when she met Germans, and she put into them as much singing quality as was needed to express her feelings. These feelings were often of a tender nature so that the words "Aber, nein!" in the mouth of the girl sounded like a caress and actually became a caress. In such moments the meaning of the words was quite unimportant to the German who knew exactly what "Aber, nein!" meant; he and the girl understood each other through the melody and no longer needed the literal significance.

If you should meet a tramp on a lonely road, your first thought perhaps would be: "Is he dangerous?" Perhaps he has the same feeling about you when he sees you from a distance. When he draws nearer, he says in a sonorous, melodious voice, "Nice day!" He sings these two words in the cadence of his particular dialect. He might call out a threatening "Good afternoon." But if he is friendly and pleasant, calling forth a like response from you, then meaning and force lie undoubtedly in the tone of his voice and not in what he says. In strife with a friend the tone in which he takes leave of you is of great

moment. You will know from his tone whether the friendship has turned to hostility or whether the friendly relationship continues unharmed. All these examples of daily life need only be altered in their dimensions in order that we may understand the mental life of the primitive, his relation to the external world and to himself.

### *Figures and Rhythm*

We have frequently stressed the fact that time plays no part in the dream. Neither does mathematics have its source in the id. Primitives—this has struck all observers—are practically unable to reckon numbers. They are seldom able to count beyond three and almost never more than five. The savage calls anything over five—a band of warriors, children, cattle—many. He makes up for his deficiency in numbers by the photographic accuracy of his memory. He notices at once if one of his cattle is missing, not by counting them but through the change in the picture as a whole, which for him is as reliable as a photographic plate. The shepherds of the Alps employ the same method. They notice the loss of a head of cattle long before they confirm their photographic impression through laborious counting.* Our children are for a long time unable to count. They are already well developed in intelligence before they can count much over five or six. All attempts to teach them series of numbers strike upon

* Instead of photographically one might say they grasp the difference musically, if it is permitted to extend the idea of the musical. That has often happened. Max Weber has said that he is "in religious things unmusical." Poincaré, the mathematician, tells us that he has not a good memory for numbers, but an almost infallible sense of changes in series of numbers and combinations of figures. He gives us to understand that his mathematical genius, and perhaps that of any one, lies in this feeling, which we wish to ascribe to the id, since it cannot be put into words, cannot be taught nor conceptually understood. It is related to the feeling of the shepherd who is aware at once that a head of cattle is missing, although he cannot count or at least cannot count well.

a resistance that is in contradiction to the intelligence level of the child in other respects. They impress the numbers on their minds as far as possible through identification of the five fingers of the hand. But numbers go further: seven, eighteen, nine, ten, six, fourteen. If two figures in this series are right, this small partial result comes mostly from some experience, as, for instance, that the child lives at number nineteen and has a sound sequence, nine-teen, in its ear.

Thus we come again to melody and rhythm. The frequent repetition of the same word and the same phrase acquires at last a magic power. When something is said often, even the cultural person believes it to be true and forgets that at the beginning it was strange and unlikely, and that even later it had no foundation except through constant repetition; this means, however, essentially a musical cadence. Improvements often meet with no other obstacle than that things have always been just as they are. No one ever said it should be different, is brought forward as an invincible argument. To obtain a strong effect primitive magic is summoned as an aid, if possible three or four times over. National songs, folk hymns, are stronger than all reason, which perhaps contradicts their content. The praises of the monarch are sung, his great achievements, the happiness which he bestows upon his people. The effect is produced in such songs through the endless repetition of the same thing, that is, the verse, the rhyme, the rhythm, the melody; naturally also through the merging of the individual into the group which sings the song; but chiefly through the endless repetition. The song is sung over and over again, and thus it becomes true and living. Religious practice too rests upon everlasting repetition of liturgy and responses. These principles are still active everywhere in the civilized world but can be studied best in the primitive and also perhaps in the nursery.

### *Characteristics of the Id*

Freud says of the unconscious, that is, of that deepest level of the unconscious which he has later called the id: "When two wishes whose aims must appear to us incompatible become simultaneously active, the two impulses do not detract one from the other or cancel each other, but combine to form an intermediate aim, a compromise."

He means here the ambivalence, which is the ability of the id at the same time to love and to hate, to desire and to dread, to identify itself and to separate itself. He continues:

> "There is in this system no negation, no dubiety, no varying degree of certainty: all this is only imported by the work of the censorship, which exists between the Ucs (Unconscious) and the Pcs (Preconscious). Negation is, at a higher level, a substitute for repression. . . .
>
> "The processes of the system Ucs are timeless; i.e. they are not ordered temporally, are not altered by the passage of time, in fact bear no relation to time at all. The time-relation also is bound up with the work of the system Cs (Conscious).
>
> "The processes of the Ucs are just as little related to reality. They are subject to the pleasure-principle; their fate depends only upon the degree of their strength and upon their conformity to regulation by pleasure and pain.
>
> "Let us sum up: *exemption from mutual contradiction, primary process* (motility of cathexis),* *timelessness*, and *substitution of psychic for external reality*—these are the characteristics which we may expect to find in processes belonging to the system Ucs."

* Freud understands under primary function the mechanisms of displacement and condensation which he has studied in the dream and the neurotic symptom. I have suggested earlier in this work that the excellent term primary function be applied to all the characteristics of the id. I have already in 1909 devoted a book to the mechanism of displacement: *Die sexuelle Not* (The Sex Problem).

In another book Freud added to this the eternal recurrence of the similar, that is, the rhythm, as being one of the qualities of the id.

The language is attributed by Freud to the systems, the preconscious and the conscious, which structurally are not very different from each other.

"Further, it devolves upon the system Pcs to make communication possible between the different ideational contents so that they can influence one another, to give them a relation to time, to set up the censorship or censorships, and to establish the institution of 'testing reality' and the reality-principle. Conscious memory, too, seems to depend wholly on the Pcs and should be clearly distinguished from the memory-traces in which the experiences of the Ucs become fixed."

Freud knew nothing of the researches of Durkheim and Lévy-Bruhl when he arrived at his conclusions and recapitulations from his toilsome and patient study of neurotic and normal persons with the aid of the psychoanalytic method. One has to be analyzed oneself and also to have practised psychoanalysis upon others in order thoroughly to understand Freud. It is probably easier for all others to study the peculiarities of the unconscious where they lie more openly. The researches of anthropology confirm point by point Freud's findings and assertions.

There is according to Freud no negation in the id. "Death," he says in another place, "is an abstract conception of negative content for which no corresponding idea can be found in the unconscious." Death is in fact as little known to the savage as to our children. Like Adam and Eve they have not yet eaten of the tree of knowledge. Primitive man has no relation to death. Death does not exist for him for the reason that the primitive man has not yet learned to live as an individual person. It is indeed a matter of question what civilized man has to say concerning death that can be considered scientifically useful. It is a fact

that our dead appear to us in dreams. Hence there must be a corner in our personality which does not acknowledge death. We know that children, whom we usually spare the sight of a corpse, know nothing of death except that one who is dead is not seen again. It is practically as if that person had gone away on a journey. He is not there and that is all there is to it. It is interesting that in the dream the dream figures in a somewhat childish or hypocritical sense disappear; they are mute or sometimes we see them sitting next to some deceased person. Analysis of such dreams shows, as a rule, that the dreamer has wished death to these persons; death, to be sure, in that weakened primitive form which has developed none but primitive notions of the finality and inexorableness of death. For the primitive everything is alive, not only human beings and animals but also the flowing water and the wind which rustles in the leaves; for him a life is hidden even in stones; and therefore nothing can die. What he sees with his eyes and ought in accordance with reality to acknowledge as dying and death is for him the work of demons. There is for him no death except that brought about by magic. The dead is then somewhere else; there is every cause to propitiate the departed soul, otherwise it might do evil to us out of revenge. Superstition and religion have possessed themselves of this idea, and no person ever so "enlightened" can say how far this thought is active even in himself.

### *The Id Free from Logic*

Freud says there is in the unconscious no doubt, no degree of certainty, no protest against contradiction. For logic an object is always either a or b; it cannot be at the same time a and b, black and white, light and dark, straight and crooked. This law of the "excluded third" does not exist for the id. The psychology of the child and the savage manifests in consciousness what civilized

man has repressed into the unconscious. A building block can be at one and the same time a block of wood and a railway train. The contradiction does not disturb the child. Just what the block shall be depends upon the child's will, interest, fantasy. Another time the child is a flower because it wants to be a flower. Similarly the members of a primitive totem clan feel themselves to be tortoises or crocodiles if they belong to the tortoise or the crocodile totem. They all spring from tortoises and speak of this origin in a way very difficult for Europeans to understand. "Was your ancestor an animal?"—"Yes, he was a tortoise."—"Was he a human being?"—"Yes, he was a human being." The perplexed European, confused because of his logic, asks: "How can a person be at the same time a human being and a tortoise?" The savage does not understand such a question. He sees no contradiction. He is indifferent to the laws of logic as far as his magic interests are at stake. If he did not hold fast to his view that he is a tortoise, he would perhaps die at any moment. His totem would cease protecting him. He would be the helpless prey of all the magic powers which threaten the totem from without. One may not, however, believe that such want of logic is entirely lost in the life of civilized man. It works unconsciously in us all: wish in opposition to reality. Often enough logical nonsense—or shall we say rather, illogical sense—forces its way into consciousness and then frequently leads to comic or tragical occurrences.

A farmer says in the village board: "The bridge must be mended." The president of the village replies: "You are right." A second farmer says: "The bridge need not be repaired yet." The president answers: "You are right." A third farmer speaks indignantly: "How can they both be right when one says that the bridge must be repaired and the other says the opposite?" The president answers: "You are right also." Stupid as this story sounds, we see from the comic effect it has that in our unconscious there is an answering chord which understands the cun-

ning, eye-winking village president. There are similar things which are wholly contradictory of logic and occur just as frequently in public as in private life. The explanation is simply that the matter of the bridge is of but little moment to the village president. His chief interest lies in being at peace with the members of the board, to give them no occasion for displeasure which might bring his position into danger at the next election. Personal interest stands higher with this village official than fear of offending logic.*

It is thus to a much greater degree with the savage in his conception of everything. Logic is of no use to him. He cannot control nature by logic. We civilized people conquer our fear of wild animals, of disease, of rigors of climate, perhaps in the future even of hunger, because of the aid of science in overcoming these dangers. The savage is helpless—let us not forget that the child too is helpless—and protects himself by means of magic which allows him to escape from reality. The totem of his clan must guard him. His world is not only filled with hostile tribes, wild beasts, and other powers which we call actual but also by the spirits of his dead, by thousands of unexplained forces which would slay him if he put himself outside the magic of his clan.

The weaker a man is, the less does he rely upon logic, the more inclined is he to yield to the primitive way of thought. Men say or at least until recently it has been said disparagingly of women that they cannot think logically. Inasmuch as it is often enough observed that women, if it accords with their interest, are extraordinarily logical, indeed of an inexorable logic, which on its part must again have roots in the unconscious, one ought not to say or ever to have said that women cannot think logically, but it is fair to say that they are not at all times dis-

* Cf. with this Freud: "Contradictory thoughts do not strive to eliminate one another, but remain side by side. They often unite to produce condensation *as though no contradiction* existed, or they form compromises for which we should never forgive our thoughts, but which we frequently approve of in our actions."

posed to think logically. They have made use for their own purposes of their privilege of thinking less consistently than man. The normal child considers the logic of his environment hostile, an environment into which he is slowly forced as into a Spanish boot. A mother has promised her child that they will have an outing in the afternoon. When afternoon comes it is raining in torrents. The mother wants to give up the trip. The child says that the outing has been promised and he has always been told that a promise must be kept. The mother takes the child into the logical seesaw and has the following conversation with him: "If we go out now we shall be very wet. You will get sick, perhaps even have pneumonia and be forced to lie in bed for many days. But to-morrow it will be fine, and then we can have our promised excursion. Now tell me yourself: Shall we go to-day or to-morrow?" The child says "To-morrow." Yet he does not stop crying. The mother becomes vexed and says: "Do you not see that I am right? Why do you keep on crying?" The child responds: "That is the reason I am crying, because you are right!" Here we see what every one will understand, but which cannot easily be reproduced in words. The child is omnipotent in his fantasy. If he plays rain, it rains; if it shall be clear, he lets the sun shine. The child learns that this omnipotence does not work in the face of actuality. He must make his way amid the obstacles of reality with the aid of logic. He finds already that there is no help against logic and that finally the "reality principle" will bear away the victory. He is, however, very sad over it. One must weep if reason is in the right and the omnipotence of fantasy has to be exchanged for dry actuality.

### *Ambivalence*

The law of the excluded third would like also to dominate our feelings. We ought to be able merely either to love or to

hate an object, if we are at all interested in the object. We ought to be able either to wish for an event or to dread it, that is reject it, to feel a situation as either comic or tragic. This logical demand is also set at naught by the ambivalence in our feelings. It is unbelievable but true that we can simultaneously love and hate, desire and dread, laugh and weep. There is a part of us which harbors pleasure and pain in a combination incomprehensible to reason.

Civilized man, in order to preserve the unity of his consciousness, thrusts one portion of his double feeling into the shadows of the unconscious. Very frequently these feelings return from there in the form of manifest symptoms. Ambivalences pervade our whole life. There is no love that has not some hate mixed with it. This is so well known that novelists who have any respect for themselves no longer employ this motive. Humor finds a rich material in our ambivalence. We all know the case of the old maid who every evening fearfully looks under the bed to see if a burglar is there. When she finally discovers one she sighs: "Ah, there you are at last!" Frequently there would be no fear if wish were not present. One is afraid of one's own desire.

It seems as if ancient man was better able than are we to keep together in consciousness contrary feelings. The speech of Brutus after the murder of Cæsar, as Plutarch gives it, reveals the hard, cold form of ancient ambivalence: "Because he was a great man, I revered him; because I loved him, I weep for him; because he was an enemy of freedom, I have slain him." It is perhaps not entirely superfluous to remark here that psychoanalysis looks upon Brutus's speech as a rationalization. His actual motives, which later lead to his own death, are not conscious to him in the moment of the deed and lie in the Œdipus complex. Cæsar was his father.

Prize fighters quite easily display ambivalent feelings toward each other. They shake hands before and after the fight, clap

each other on the shoulder, and show the crowd that they are friends. During the bout they give place to the destructive instinct. In the period of chivalry of the Middle Ages the opponents kissed each other before they drew their swords to slay each other. A distinct difference was manifest in the Great War which lies behind us between the behavior of the officers taken prisoners in war and the men in the same predicament. The officers remained defiant, morose, embittered. The peasants and laborers as prisoners of war were more cheerful and at once sociable and friendly with their conquerors. This was not because the officers were more fully cognizant of the situation but in part because educated men are further from primitive thinking and therefore consider themselves under obligation to maintain the consistency of their relations.

Children and savages show their ambivalence in a certain degree unashamed. A little boy who is playing with his mother and caressing her occasionally strikes her with his fist upon her nose, which fills her with horror. She does not realize that her child who loves her also hates her. At the same time the striking of the mother's nose is a playful caress, a sadistic form of child love. Children are drawn as if by magic to accidents and the most gruesome description of them. A father pointed out to his children a lofty mountain and told them that any one who fell from the high point of the rocky wall would take two minutes to reach the bottom. Each time after that when the children saw a mountain peak: "Father, how long would it take you to fall down from that?" It cannot escape the sharp ear that a wish is present here which contains the destruction of the loved father. The moral consciousness is naturally ready skilfully to reject such impulses. A seven-year-old boy would ask every morning when the newspaper arrived: "What accident has happened?" Collisions, violent robberies, earthquake catastrophes, interested him to the minutest detail. Some one said to him one day: "It

seems to me that you are glad when something terrible happens?" The boy answered, offended: "I do not want something to happen, but if it has already happened I want to know all about it." Every grown reader of the newspaper may also find satisfaction in such psychology. It conceals his ambivalence and affords him a right to give rein to his sadism without burdening himself with guilt.

A peculiar sort of treachery is reported of primitive peoples. They often receive strangers with great friendliness and then suddenly for reasons which the stranger cannot discover change to violent and dangerous enmity. Causes for this change are easily found. The actual cause lies, however, in the ambivalence. Just so the actual cause of the World War and of other wars which will succeed it lies, I fear, in man's destructive instinct, which for decades is concealed behind an ambivalent exterior later to break forth so much more horribly. Christianity does not reach very deeply.

## *Prelogical Thinking*

Lévy-Bruhl, whose presentation of the primitive mind we follow here in many respects, apparently knows nothing of Freud's investigations. He describes the primary function in his own way. My reader may himself discover how two investigators came by two different paths to the same results. Besides, Lévy-Bruhl has never concerned himself with the unmixed primary function. For, as we were able to read in Freud, even in 1900:

"As far as our knowledge goes there is no psychic apparatus possessing only the primary process, and in so far it is a theoretic fiction; but so much is based on fact that the primary processes are present in the apparatus from the beginning, while the secondary processes develop gradually in the course of life, inhib-

iting and covering the primary ones, and gaining complete mastery over them perhaps only at the height of life."

We read in Lévy-Bruhl's *Mental Functions:*

". . . representation is, *par excellence*, an intellectual and cognitive phenomenon. . . . We cannot consider the collective representations of primitives thus. Their mental activity is too little differentiated for it to be able to regard the ideas or images of objects by themselves, apart from the sentiments, emotions, and passions which evoke them, or are evoked by them. . . . It is difficult for us to realize, by any effort of imagination, more complex states in which the emotional or the motivating elements are integral parts of the representation. It seems to us that these are not really representations, and in fact if we are to retain the term we must modify its meaning in some way. By this state of mental activity in primitives we must understand something which is not a purely or even partially intellectual or cognitive phenomenon, but a more complex one, in which what is really 'representation' to us is found blended with other elements of an emotional or motivating character, colored and imbued by them, and therefore implying a different attitude with regard to the objects they represent.

". . . The collective representations of the primitive, therefore, differ profoundly from our ideas or concepts; . . . the primitive actually has an image of the object and believes it is real, but also that he hopes or fears something from it; that some definite action emanates from it or is exercised upon it. This action is an influence, a virtue, an occult power, varying according to its objects and circumstances, but always real to the primitive, and forming an integral part of his representation. If I were to express in one word this general property of the collective representations holding so important a place in the mental activity of undeveloped peoples, I should say that their mental activity was a *mystic* one.

". . . the reality in which primitives live is itself mystical. Not a single being or object or natural phenomenon in their collective representations is what it appears to be to our minds. Almost everything we perceive in it escapes their attention or is a matter of indifference to them. On the other hand, they see many things of which we are unconscious. . . . Birds of powerful flight, like eagles and hawks, see and hear everything; they possess mystic forces and these adhere to the feathers of their wings. For this reason the feathers enable the medicine man, when he wears them, to see and hear everything that occurs beneath the earth's surface as well as upon it, to heal the sick, to metamorphose the dead, to cause the sun to set, and so on. . . .

"The ideas of primitives are not subject to correction by means of experience. That which we call experience and which in our eyes is the determining characteristic as to what is real and what unreal is of no effect upon the collective ideas of savages. The experience of civilized man, restricted to what is solid, tangible, visible, capable of being grasped, in the realm of physical actuality, permits what is most important to the savage to escape, the mysterious forces and spirits. . . ."

Lévy-Bruhl calls this sort of thinking prelogical and says of it:

"It is not antilogical; it is not wholly illogical. In calling it prelogical I mean only that it is not obliged like our thinking to guard against contradiction. It obeys rather the law of participation. Thus oriented it does not take pleasure in voluntary contradictions but it never thinks of avoiding them. Its attitude in this respect is mostly that of indifference. Hence it is so difficult to follow it."

We should say in psychoanalytic terminology: the primary function broadens itself in the primitive, the libido overlays, floods, obscures reality. The savage permits himself to give play

in the waking state to mechanisms which we employ only in dreams.

An adult waking from a dream in which everything has been in confusion quickly recognizes the difference between the dream and reality. A savage whose cow gives no milk may dream that his neighbor has bewitched his cow. When he awakes he may take his ax and strike his neighbor dead. He considers the dream as a messenger from the other world. His ancestor has sent it to him. The distinction between psychic and objective reality is for him, as for the child, not to be compared with ours for keenness.

The lack of distinction between psychic and external reality is regarded by psychoanalysis as a quality of the id. This confusion, together with the indifference to it, plays an unequally greater rôle with the primitive, but it is also ever at work in our civilized world without our taking much notice of it.

A vital influence, according to primitive philosophy, emanates from every object. The primitive is very careful that his finger nails which he cuts off shall not fall into an enemy's hands. The harm that is done to what "belongs" to him (finger nails, hair, articles of clothing, tools, yes, even his footprints) might fall upon himself. We find in the realm of superstition fear of the evil eye, knocking on wood, and many other things at which we laugh. But even civilized peoples have hanged their criminals in effigy when they could not lay hands on their persons. We are moved when we stand before the locks of hair of famous long-deceased persons, as if in these lifeless symbols there could still exist a bit of the magic importance of such individuals. We preserve Napoleon's sword in a glass case, and his sarcophagus in *Des Invalides* has magic significance. The sleds with which Peary discovered the North Pole and Amundsen the South Pole are in the Museum of Natural History in New York; and although these objects are actually nothing but old worn wood scarcely able to serve any other real purpose, their value upon

magic grounds would constitute a round sum of money. One sees clearly that in the sense of the savage a power is exerted by the sleds upon the beholder of which none but a hard-and-fast scientist could say that it exists nowhere but in the head of the person looking at it.

A favorite logical error, which up to the present time it has been impossible to eradicate from the civilized world, is the mistaking of mere sequence (*post hoc*) for the causal (*propter hoc*). Certain inhabitants of the South Seas in a period of drought declared that it did not rain because of the flag pole which the missionary had set up in front of his house, for before the missionary came they had always had plenty of rain. Such confusion of the *after* with the *because* cannot be corrected by logic. The missionary removed the flag pole, and when even then it did not rain the people said that the witchcraft was in the portrait of Queen Victoria which the minister had hung in his home. To us, such superstitious ideas are in no way so arbitrary as at first sight they may seem. The foreign missionary is a mystery to the islanders. He will do well, innocent though he is, to depart as soon as possible. The thought, "this fellow must go," finds its rationalization in all experiences of the savage. And so, one who does not belong to this group and is not willingly tolerated by it, no matter what exceptional qualities of mind and heart he may possess, will, as their foe, only exasperate, never convince. A learned Englishman wanted to prove to the savages that their medicine man could not exercise magic. "If he can charm an illness into me," he cried, "if he can make me ill, then you are right." The savages failed to understand and were displeased with this sort of demonstration. They knew that they could not go on living without the medicine man and without faith in him. Of what use then was logic? Since the white man pressed for an answer they told him finally something of their belief in the manner in which a queer European brain would best compre-

hend it. "How should our medicine man make you sick? He does not know your spirits; he does not know where your *imunu* is hidden. Our spirits and your spirits have no relationship with each other." When they had said this to him they laughed at him for his stupidity, and the occasion passed without either party comprehending the other.

### *The Collective Ego*

The id is contrasted by Freud with the ego. It is the non-ego in us, the creator of the ego, which often looks upon its own creature as if it were a stranger. The child is not born with a consciousness of his ego nor has the savage an ego in our sense; he does not feel himself an individual as we do. Thus he is, up to a certain not easily ascertained degree, an id. He is a collective being who cannot cut himself loose from the other members of his tribe. It is well-nigh impossible for us to think ourselves into such a being. He is foreign to us like the ant which we are pleased to assume, in accordance with our own nature, is an individual as it runs along over the brown needles of the forest. Physically it is undoubtedly an example of an individual, but observation of its behavior soon shows that it is guided by collective forces. It cannot exist by itself alone and soon perishes if isolated. It belongs to the colony and is a member of an organization like the leaves of a tree or even like the wheels of a machine. We may scientifically approach the problem of the collectivistic primitive mind not only through direct observation of the savage but also through psychoanalytic observation of the id. A third possibility of scientific understanding lies in observation of the child, who attains knowledge of his individuality only after several years. The situation with children is, however, as previously mentioned, not so simple. It is complicated from within by inheritance and from without by cultural psychology. In the

savage the distinction between child and adult is not so great as in the civilized person. Conditions are similar there to those among animals. Just as the animals make no progress in the course of their history, so that our dogs and horses are not more intelligent than were their ancestors at the time of Julius Cæsar or of the Babylonian kings, just so is there little change in the savage. He makes no technical advance. The idyls and the fatalism of the animal (Santayana's Animal Faith) hover above the smoke of their huts.

The idea "a man without an ego" is strange and incomprehensible to us only so long as we regard it with barren reason; as long as we are in a prosaic state of mind we believe that we could not get on for a moment without our self-consciousness, which we call ego. Once we have fallen into ecstasy, however, even if it is only that we have a lively interest in some event of the external world, our self-consciousness is forgotten; and God be praised that it is, as we may well say. We have often enough a glimmering of that which the unhappy author Seidl, who soon after ended his life through suicide, chose as the title of his book: *Bewusstsein als Verhängnis* (*Consciousness as Doom*). We become most happy through the surrender of our ego in the form of love. We love not only our mate, our parents, children, friends, but also our work, our fatherland, and the drinker his bottle, the miser his gold. Every love means surrender of the ego to an id which we have displaced from within outward. It may be difficult for us scientifically to grasp the personality of the savage and of the little child, who have no ego; yet every person has, we might say, lost his ego in some form or other of love and knows therefore like the savage what *imunu* is, how it flows hither and thither and to a large part tarries outside us.

That which we understand only in passing states of ecstasy and intoxication is the lasting condition of the primitive so far as it relates to his ego. He cannot exist unloved by his fellow

tribesmen, unprotected by customs and usages, and therefore he does not crave knowledge of the possibilities of being an individual. He is a communal being and lives according to a super-individual, communal plan. The ancient Greek *polis* was likewise so organized that the Athenian or Spartan outside his *polis* was an outlaw. No laws served to protect the stranger; only hospitality mitigated his lot. For this reason Æschylus, Phidias, and Plato were physically and psychically far more communal natures, more dependent upon the power of, and attachment to, their small community, the *polis*, than were later the Romans, whose might embraced the world and guaranteed to the *civis romanus* his individual security. With his staff in his hand he could journey unharmed through all the provinces of the world. Advancing civilization provides room for individuals. Civilization is the secondary function. The superiority of Hellenic art and knowledge over the Roman (with exception of technical skill) shows that the path of evolution from the communal person to the individual is not of unqualified benefit to art and wisdom. The child too is an artist and an original investigator so long as it does not manifest the striving to be an individual, a conscious unit.

# CHAPTER V

## NEARER APPROACH TO THE PRIMARY FUNCTION

Nothing can be produced without the creative force of the primary function. Nothing can endure without elaboration on the part of another principle within us which we will call the secondary function. The conscious and the unconscious do not constitute the same dualism, for even the secondary function, the providing of the still unformed products of the primary function with reason and speech, is partly unconscious (preconscious). Freud has accordingly since 1923 used the expression the id, for a structure which formerly psychoanalysis called the system Ucs. This new word is brief and striking and may well stand for the concept of a primary function. Freud opposes the id to the ego. Here I move rather uncertainly. It is difficult to delimit the ego. It seems to me that one cannot be wholly free from ambiguity in employing the word ego for the secondary function thereby restricting the word ego to the secondary function. We are so accustomed to designating the entire personality as our ego. In this sense the id would be a portion of the ego, its original creative part, and we should have to specify instead of the id and the ego, "the primary and the secondary function," the two combining to form our personality. Our philosophic conception of the ego has varied greatly in the history of philosophy, as we observed in Chapter Two (p. 58). The psycho-biological development of the ego from the collective being to the individual also indicates that we must accept the ego as an unstable, vacillating concept. But these are merely problems of terminology. Here it may be said that Freud's short work of 1923, *The Ego*

*and the Id,* and his essays of 1905, *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex,* form the two foci of the psychoanalytic theory and reveal their author's genius to an extraordinary degree.

### *The Magic in Religion*

Nothing human arises exclusively through the secondary function. Thus it would be an error to believe that any institution, belief, or fashion originates and develops power solely because it is useful, or that we can be released from troubles because they injure and destroy us. The utilitarians, especially in English philosophy, taught that religion proved useful in the course of the centuries and was cultivated for that reason. What an error! The prospect for religion (in the broadest sense, that of the myth) would indeed be dark if it were delivered over hide and hair to the secondary function. The day may come when it will be proved—and from Voltaire to Freud countless such attempts have been made—that religion is in no way useful, that the world was not created in six days, that the world is not five thousand but millions of times five thousand years old, that Christ never lived—but this does not prevent the fact that he lives. Psychoanalysis has demonstrated that religious rite and dogma reveal striking similarities with the well-known compulsive neurosis. Nevertheless, religion will endure as long as it represents an expression of the primary function, which is stronger than all the indictments that can be brought from the side of reason and of autonomous morality. The father principle (the secondary function) may bluster: "Your religious convictions and practices are downright absurd. You ought to be ashamed of your own reasoning!" But the mother principle sings reason to sleep. It is so beautiful to believe what is absurd (*credo quia absurdum*) and the father principle is simply unbearable. Religion, whether it flourishes or whether it declines, is not de-

pendent upon the secondary function but upon the ability of a specific religion (faith and rite) to express and to satisfy the principles of our primary function. The possible offense to reason scarcely counts.

Such assertions are to many people unwelcome. I confess that I am not fond of them myself. It makes no difference, however, whether the facts of human psychic life are agreeable to us or not. We must perforce accept them and describe them as they are. We certainly will not underestimate reason. Yet it cannot free itself from the primary function, not even in the form of science—in which it develops its highest powers. Science in the noblest sense is a particularly ardent, passionate activity which has its roots as Goethe conceives it, in the power of imagination, in direct visualization, which one may call by a name somewhat fallen into discredit, intuition. All that we can do is carefully to separate the exact part of science from the intuitive part. But I doubt whether that will ever be possible to our complete satisfaction. Magic creeps in everywhere; and after having myself attempted for many years in various fields, such as education, criminology, sociology, and so on to separate magic from secondary function, I must admit that the alloy practically cannot be extracted.

### *Freud on Instincts*

We described in Chapter Four chiefly the negative characteristics of the primary function. It is independent of the three Kantian *a priori* thought forms, space, time, and causality. It has no language. It is practically free from logic and still more from ethics and æsthetics. It cannot distinguish between actuality and fantasy. We must add now the positive qualities through which it works creatively. Language can describe it only indefinitely, inasmuch as the primary function does not obey the laws of intel-

lect. Freud says that the id can only wish. The instincts arise from the id. But what are the instincts? They are according to Freud something between body and mind, of which we obtain conscious knowledge through two forms of representation: an emotional impulse and a goal or object toward which the impulse is directed. How many instincts are there? This question has been variously answered. The psychologists have replied to it in numbers. Many of them have counted a large number of different instincts, thirty-six, for instance; others have been content with a few, say four, and others again with only two, namely, hunger and love. But how can one find numbers useful in a system in which enumeration and discrimination have no place? The enumeration of instincts means the seizing upon their representation in the secondary elaboration. The primary function can merely exist, whatever that may mean. There tension and release of tension dominate, building up and tearing down, living and dying, Eros and its opposite. The manifoldness which we observe in nature is a gift of our talent for observation, that is, of the secondary function. In order to understand the primary function we must simplify as much as possible—admitting always that we can never completely grasp it with the understanding. We could say nothing useful about it at all were it not for Freud's law of the eternal recurrence of the similar, that is, the rhythm of life. The essence of the primary function—trivially but effectively expressed—is an everlasting ticktock. What once was, must be again; what is, must become transformed so that it may revert to its former state. What lives, must die that it may again be what it was before it existed. This not only sounds mystic, it is mystic. The primary process, however, with its constructive and destructive qualities can hardly be described positively except through intimations, suppositions, and the propounding of riddles. It was easy to enumerate its negative characteristics. There is something in us that does *not* submit to the

already-several-times-summarized laws of the secondary function. In regard to the positive, however, Freud is inclined to think that the primary function (the id) is dependent upon the pleasure principle. By this he means that tension causes pain and diminishing of the tension causes pleasure. Consequently the complete cessation of tension would necessarily produce the highest pleasure, and death in the Buddhistic sense would be the final and supreme orgasm. This is difficult to follow, and yet it is all so beautiful. What I have always been least able to grasp is that Freud is called a cold, contemplative, intellectual man, while standing in close intimacy with the spirits of the deep. He observes two principles, the one builds, creating ever more complex structures (Eros). The other destroys and ends in death. Freud comes by this way to the following definition of an instinct:

> "*An instinct is* [Freud says: "according to this . . . *would be*"] *a tendency innate in living organic matter impelling it towards the reinstatement of an earlier condition.* . . .
>
> "This conception of instinct strikes us as strange, since we are accustomed to see in instinct the factor urging towards change and development, and now we find ourselves required to recognise in it the very opposite, viz. the expression of the conservative nature of living beings. On the other hand, we soon think of those examples in animal life which appear to confirm the idea of instinct having been historically conditioned. When certain fish undertake arduous journeys at spawning-time, in order to deposit the spawn in certain definite waters far removed from their usual habitats, according to the interpretation of many biologists they are only seeking the earlier homes of their kind, which in course of time they have exchanged for others. The same is said to be true of the migratory flights of birds of passage, but the search for further examples becomes superfluous when we remember that in the phenomena of heredity and in the facts of embryology we have the most imposing proofs of the organic compulsion to repetition.

We see that the germ cell of a living animal is obliged to repeat in its development—although in a fleeting and curtailed fashion—the structures of all the forms from which the animal is descended, instead of hastening along the shortest path to its own final shape. A mechanical explanation of this except in some trifling particulars is impossible, and the historical explanation cannot be disregarded. In the same way we find extending far upwards in the animal kingdom a power of reproduction whereby a lost organ is replaced by the growth of a new one exactly like it."

We must, Freud explained some years later—whereby, it seems to me, he restricts the definition of instinct given above in italics to the "death instinct"—distinguish two sorts of instincts,

". . . one of which, Eros or the sexual instinct, is by far the more conspicuous and accessible to study. It comprises not merely the uninhibited sexual instinct proper and the impulses of a sublimated or aim-inhibited nature derived from it, but also the self-preservative instinct, which must be assigned to the ego and which at the beginning of our analytic work we had good reason for setting in opposition to the sexual object-instincts. The second class of instincts was not so easy to define; in the end we came to recognize sadism as its representative. As a result of theoretical considerations, supported by biology, we assumed the existence of a death-instinct, the task of which is to lead organic matter back into the inorganic state; on the other hand, we supposed that Eros aims at complicating life by bringing about a more and more far-reaching coalescence of the particles into which living matter has been dispersed, thus, of course, aiming at the maintenance of life. Acting in this way, both the instincts would be conservative in the strictest sense of the word, since both would be endeavoring to reestablish a state of things that was disturbed by the emergence of life. The appearance of life would thus be regarded as the cause of the continuance of life and also as the cause of the striving towards death; and life itself would be a conflict and compromise between these two trends. The problem of the origin of life would

remain a cosmological one; and the problem of the purpose and goal of life would be answered dualistically.

"On this view a special physiological process (of anabolism or katabolism) would be associated with each of the two classes of instincts; both instincts would be active in every particle of living substance, although in unequal proportions, so that some one substance might be the principal representative of Eros.

"This hypothesis throws no light whatever upon the manner in which the two classes of instincts are fused, blended, and mingled with each other; but that this takes place regularly and very extensively is an assumption indispensable to our conception. It appears that, as a result of the combination of unicellular organisms into multicellular forms of life, the death-instinct of the single cell can successfully be neutralized and the destructive impulses be diverted towards the external world through the instrumentality of a special organ. This special organ would seem to be the musculature; and the death-instinct would thus seem to express itself—though probably only in part—as an instinct of destruction directed against the external world and other living organisms.

"Once we have admitted the conception of a fusion of the two classes of instincts with each other, the possibility of a—more or less complete—'defusion' of them forces itself upon us. The sadistic component of the sexual instinct would be a classical example of instinctual fusion serving a useful purpose; and the perversion in which sadism has made itself independent would be typical of defusion, though not of absolutely complete defusion. From this point we obtain a new view of a great array of facts which have not before been considered in this light. We perceive that for purposes of discharge the instinct of destruction is habitually enlisted in the service of Eros; we suspect that the epileptic fit is a product and sign of instinctual defusion; and we come to understand that defusion and the marked emergence of the death-instinct are among the most noteworthy effects of many severe neuroses, e.g. the obsessional neuroses. Making a swift generalization, we might

conjecture that the essence of a regression of libido, e.g. from the genital to the sadistic-anal level, would lie in a defusion of instincts, just as, conversely, the advance from an earlier to the definitive genital phase would be conditioned by an accession of erotic components. The question also arises whether ordinary ambivalence, which is so often unusually strong in the constitutional disposition to neurosis, should not be regarded as the product of a defusion; ambivalence, however, is such a fundamental phenomenon that it more probably represents a state of incomplete fusion."

I am not sure whether a person who thinks in English can read with complete understanding or even with sympathy this attempt of Freud to derive all instincts from two, which from the standpoint of bipolarity are only one. For the English language has no word which perfectly coincides with the German concept of instinct [*Trieb*, drive]. Consequently, there is nothing of this sort in the Anglo-Saxon genius, nor does the French language contain an adequate descriptive word. The word and the idea *Trieb* belong to German magic and there are not lacking assertions of modern psychologists that there is no such thing as an instinct. Freud's theory is, nevertheless, a *Trieb* theory and cannot be understood without this concept despite the obscurities which adhere to it and of which Freud himself has repeatedly complained. It is questionable whether we shall ever overcome these obscurities. Instinct [*Trieb*] as "something" between body and mind, as the function of the primary activity, which we cannot rightly approach through the measurements of intellect, will always remain obscure. Nietzsche, who philosophized at a time when the idea of existence, which he had helped to form, had not yet been acknowledged, said: "The word *Trieb* is only a convenience and is used wherever systematic effects upon organisms have not yet been explained by their chemical and mechanical laws." This is the philosophy of the Darwinian era preceding Freud. We have since then relin-

quished the hope that mental functions can ever be explained chemically or mechanically.

### *The Libido*

Psychoanalysis sees in the primary function, the differences of which from the secondary function are well known, the specific characteristics of which are not well known, a phenomenon of libido. Psychoanalysis has approached the concept of the libido, in studying this energy—libido is energy or, better, the dynamic expression of sexuality—in the gross manifestations of sexuality. It soon became apparent that the power of the sexual instinct is extraordinarily underestimated. We behold everywhere in nature the utmost refinement at work to assure propagation of species. Propagation mechanisms fill with sound, color, odor, all laden with meaning, every living thing in nature. But ascetic religions and *Weltanschauungen*, male supremacy, and the evolution of the individual to "The Ego and Its Own" (Stirner) have blinded us to the riotous force of the libido as reproductive energy, as the effective energy of the pleasure principle.

Our social institutions do not tolerate the libido in its original form and compel us to transform the gross demands of sexuality. We cannot rid ourselves of these demands, for the primary function, which is the source of the libido, has no sense of reality, of social institutions, or of any rational necessity. We see the libido of the individual not only in love with a partner of the other sex, but also in love with his own person and that in a great degree. Moreover, the partner may also be a love object of the same sex, which often enough comes to light in gross form in war, prisons, cloisters, exploring expeditions. Psychoanalysis recognizes the force of homosexual libido at work in the form of friendship, great organizations, professional loyalty. This part of the theory usually astonishes the inexperienced person. Self-

analysis will, however, convince any one that here knowledge is sufficiently supported by facts.

Libido appears also in the form of pleasure-toned destruction, which since Krafft-Ebing is called sadism. Pleasure in one's own suffering is masochism. All these forms have besides the grossly sexual manifestation also a moral one, which becomes particularly evident in sadism and masochism. The sadist in the person of an overscrupulous judge, a teacher who delights in beating his pupils, or a customs official who destroys the traveler's baggage—all these reveal only obscurely the connection of their acts with sexuality, albeit somewhat more clearly than with the pleasure principle. The same is true of masochists, who are repeatedly unhappy in love, repeatedly suffer disaster and injury which they themselves have prepared for themselves without knowing that they delight in their afflictions.

Finally, we see libido at work in many activities designated as perversions, like fetishism, peeping, exhibitionism, anal erotism and other activities bound with the portions of the body called by Freud "erogenous zones." I will only briefly mention here all these phenomena, the partial impulses of the libido. I have myself repeatedly described them in detail, the last time in 1929 in my book *Critique of Love*, and many other authors have devoted more or less comprehensive works to the theme of the libido and its transformations. I must here presuppose, in order to portray the Freudian century, a certain familiarity with the subject, that I may with a simple presentation of Freud's terms and mechanism pass on to practical results.

Let us summarize: The primary function desires pleasure. The energy with which it strives for pleasure we call libido. The pleasure can be secured from the partner of the opposite sex, from one's own body, or from the partner of one's own sex. Destroying and being destroyed may become pleasurable. Certain parts of the body are especially fitted for the production of

pleasure. The attainment of pleasure may be so far desexualized that its primary source in the sexual can be no longer recognized or only by the aid of psychoanalysis. Such desexualization appears in the form of nervous symptoms (reaction formations against repressed sexual impulses), in the guise of definite character manifestations, and in that of sublimation, which is the diversion to another goal of sexual excitement inacceptable in its original form, chiefly that of a perversion. For example, an exhibitionist may sublimate his impulse to display himself into drama and become a famous actor. We understand that it is the secondary function which brings about by means of the weapons of reason, ethics, æsthetics, sense of reality in general, such transformation of an instinct which originally consisted of tension and release of tension and nothing else.

When psychoanalysis began to describe its phenomena it threw the era into dismay. Freud seemed to find everywhere, with a suspiciously narrow point of view, libido, that is, sexual impulse, until at last scarcely anything remained in the psychical life that had no connection with sexuality. Even the feeble, always inadequate, forces within us which set themselves in the way of the sexual instinct to combat it became desexualized Eros. The reproach of "pansexualism" was brought against psychoanalysis, and the new doctrine was willing to take this reproach upon itself if only the world on its part would be disposed to comprehend that psychoanalysis had transformed the old idea of sexuality and extended the constructive (and destructive) principle till it became Plato's Eros. Freud had not started out with his theory. When he was asked: "How does it happen that you find hidden sexual motives everywhere?" he replied: "I do not know how it happens and I do not even need to know. I describe what I find coolly and impartially with my instrument, called psychoanalysis." The universal resistance against his theory degenerated into personal attacks like these: "Isn't

there something in you that accounts for its being precisely you and you alone who have made these very obscene discoveries?" Freud could oppose to this the conviction of a sincere investigator and reply, "Put my theory to the proof!" This has now been done and the resistance has considerably diminished. Freud attempted much later to explain what he had discovered by means of the libido theory. He himself judges the theoretical part of his achievement as follows: "These ideas are not the essential foundation of the science [psychoanalysis] on which everything rests; the essential foundation, the only foundation, is observation. They are not the substratum but the pinnacles of the edifice, and they can be replaced or removed without injury to the rest of the building."

This remark makes it incumbent upon "critical and other far-seeing spirits" to continually put something else in place of the libido theory which will better and more satisfactorily explain the discoveries of psychoanalysis. But I do not observe that up to the present time anything better has appeared as a substitute for the libido theory. Perhaps this is the place to define the term psychoanalysis in Freud's own words (1923): "Psychoanalysis is the name (1) of a method of exploration of mental processes, which are scarcely accessible in any other way; (2) of a treatment of neurotic disorders based on this method; (3) of an array of insights, reached by this method, which by and by become crystallized to form a new scientific description."

### *Two Practical Examples*

I will now introduce a couple of examples which will show how the primary function participates in highly organized human institutions. I propose to consider the change of fashion and the persistence of war, the latter in a society which abhors murder.

We stand just now at the end of a fashion for women which has been in particular force and between 1919 and 1929 apparently sought to destroy everything that formerly had been regarded as charming and womanly. If women previously placed importance upon snow-white complexions and protected themselves against the sun, they now became bronzed both by natural and artificial means. The long hair, an indication of the dignity of feminine adulthood, was cut off. The skirt became shorter and shorter until the hollow of the knee became ever more visible. The garments of this period became ever more light and airy until they could easily be packed into a cigar box. With this disappeared many a quality which had formerly been thought to belong constitutionally to woman; for example, modesty, sexual reserve. Fashion did not proceed in the direction which had been prepared by the masculine women of the last century, the nineteenth. Not trousers, but skirts which revealed more than they concealed became the feminine raiment. Nor did shirt collars and neckties become the order of the day but décolleté before and still more décolleté behind. Moreover, it was not broad shoes with low heels that were worn but shoes in which one could scarcely walk because of their exceedingly high heels and with the front part small and colored like a humming bird. Never was there such a revolutionary fashion, and a countercheck to this development appeared almost impossible. Many women resisted for a long time and were unwilling to sacrifice their beautiful hair, but they had to submit to fashion. Many had no desire to display their stockings to the knee, and there were conservative men also opposed to it; political parties, religious bodies, raised protest: all in vain. Until—almost overnight—reaction was trumpeted. Skirts did not make a gradual transition toward length, but at one stroke of fashion came down almost to sweep the ground. Hair could not be grown overnight, but one may see in the way of dressing the hair of

the transition period that beautiful women will soon be able once more to enfold themselves in their hair as in a mantle.

How do fashion and change in fashion come to pass? There are actually persons who believe that in Paris tailors sit together and in purely arbitrary manner devise the styles in order to compel women to buy new clothes. The great couturiers in Paris have, however, always felt themselves constrained. It is only that they possess more finely attuned ears for the rustling of the wings of the spirit of the age, which makes itself audible in countless imponderable vibrations, and which in the last analysis goes back to the primary function. All types and all fashions are at all times simultaneously present on our globe. But for a short time one type obtains the preëminence, soon to be displaced by another. The fashion of 1919 to 1929 was taken from the vaudeville stage. Dancers have always affected short skirts, and short childlike locks. The purpose of this costume was and is to be alluring. We come to the conclusion that the women of 1919 to 1929 found it necessary to resort to such measures.

Some people there were who praised the practicality of the fashion of short skirts and bobbed hair. The business woman has no time for complicated hair-dressing, no more use for the fetters of the long skirt, and once on the road to freedom she wants likewise to have the neck free. This dragging in of a rational motive, that is, of the secondary function, is plainly wrong. Fashion has not proceeded from working women; on the contrary, farmers' wives and working women have fought strenuously and successfully against this fashion. The style originated with those women who were always eager to be attractive, and who had the time, money, and courage to be still more attractive.

Why did the women of the epoch above portrayed find it necessary to act upon men with irresistible attraction? The answer is not difficult. For a long period men have had little

time for their wives. A furor of business has cut women off from their rights. That this furor was of the devil, driven by the will to destruction, became evident in the imperialistic World War, in which the main business was to annihilate one another. Those who came back from this welter of blood had become not the best of lovers. The discreet private practice of psychoanalysis could tell a tale regarding this. The common life together of the soldiers, lasting for years, had heightened the homosexual component, and the woman, to whom reproduction is entrusted by nature, developed all her forces to regain the destructive and dormant heterosexual man. She became attractive as never before and practically transformed herself into the outward manner of a boy. By this artifice she again secured the man who had gone astray. The maternal part of the woman was temporarily almost completely lost. The thing was to win the man. Of what use was a maternal style when the man did not desire motherly women? The women themselves had no desire to bear children so long as all their energy and ingenuity were needed to reclaim the husband.

It seems that this practically ten-year war is at last won and the women are returning to their own natural state. The girl begins to be unmodern, feels that she is empty and purposeless, and succumbs to another type, the fashion of to-morrow. Fashion is not dominated by considerations of immediate utility. It reveals the tendencies of the primary function, which often in long waves of world history plays out the constructive part of instinct against the destructive and vice versa. I hear questions as to where lies the proof for this conception of the dynamics of fashion. No proof—only an opinion which offers itself for acceptance or rejection.

It may, however, be difficult to reject the idea in explaining the second example, the group murder called war. The stench of decaying bodies rotting amid the barbed wire is still in our

nostrils. We are firmly convinced of the folly and the horror of war, in which the righteous and the strong perish while the base grow rich. And yet pacifism is hopeless even among the very generation which returned from the hell. Propaganda for peace is impossible. Films which show the frightfulness of the slaughter are greedily absorbed by our youth as war propaganda; they incite the lust for adventure. No responsible statesman wants war—ostensibly. But naturally the nation must not be left defenseless. Poisonous gas, flame projectors, aerial bombs, must be kept in readiness.

We are told that the Germans were guilty of the World War. They deny it and the Kaiser swears that he was always opposed to war. Theologians declare that the war was God's punishment for our sins. Sociologists believe that the laws of commerce inevitably lead to war, and there can always be found political and historical grounds. Thus one may also hear what the psychologists have to say: There is a destructive energy in our primary function and when statesmen swear that they do not want war it is the thin, weak little voice of the secondary function that speaks. There is a possibility that love, which also arises from the primary function, lends her voice to the argument and is perchance able to restrain the destructive instinct—her twin brother. But—does love issue from the mouths of our statesmen? The theologians are right and the sociologists and the historians are also right. No matter from what point of view the outbreak of war is judged, it is always in addition the destructive instinct, the pleasurably toned death instinct, which lurks behind it. Upon the other side stand those who revere war, generals, hymn writers, politicians, business men, and publicists. They clothe their sadism in fine phrases, which they can always find ready at hand in the rubbish chamber of the secondary function: flags, fatherland, sacred possessions, protection of human rights. On the side of the pacifists are found, no

doubt, many cowards who visualize themselves trembling in the clutches of the destruction instinct. But there are also strong souls who would exterminate war because they recognize in it its vile wretchedness. The reckoning is as follows: the instinct of destruction which leads to war and will inevitably lead to war can be overcome only through changing it into construction, that is, into love. This has been tried again and again without avail by founders of religion, legislators, and other leaders of mankind. Forms of speech from the secondary function are ineffectual. So perhaps one destruction may be eradicated by others, by iconoclasts who fall forcefully upon the armament industry, exhorting the soldiers not to take up arms, and by other militant movements. This is the way prohibition in America proceeds when it shoots at rum runners and breaks the whiskey bottle. Sadists are therefore needed for pacifism to make war on war. But why should sadists saw off the tree that bears them such desirable fruit? Energetic people are by their very natures in favor of war and only in exceptional cases against it. Thus the reckoning ends very unfavorably for pacifism. The primary function will for a long time—pessimists say forever—still give rein to its sadistic tendency in the form of war.

A pacifist—one of the sort that works with the intelligence, that is secondarily—wants to introduce a law whereby the word war will be replaced by the term mass murder. One would then no longer be allowed to write "War between France and Germany" or "Report of the army" but something like this: "The latest mass murder between France and Germany" or "Report of mass murders"; instead of the battle of Verdun, "mass murder at Verdun"; and so on. The author of this proposal hopes to achieve from the revolting effect produced by the phrase mass murder a defamation of war. He wants also to have soldiers designated as potential mass murderers and addressed as, Mass Murderer Sergeant, Mass Murderer General.

I doubt if such a law would be passed in any country. I know, however, that it would be of no use. The term mass murder would very soon lose its horror and in time even become a designation of honor like the word beggar (the Gueux) in the uprising of the Netherlands against Spain. The rebels were called by their opponents "beggars" and chose this term of aspersion as their honorable title. We learn to-day in world history that the Gueux liberated their fatherland; the original meaning of the word is forgotten. It is therefore a matter of indifference to the primary function what a word signifies for the secondary function if it does not accord with its impulses, and so the word mass murder would quickly lose its opprobrious and terrifying meaning if it should actually occur to some whimsical lawmakers to put this phrase in place of war.

### *Magic in Civilization*

We can hardly say more of the primary function than that the double unity of construction and destruction is rhythmically concealed in it. Between it and the secondary function of civilized man, there thrusts itself like an abandoned mine an archaic secondary function which served us in the fourth chapter as an approach to the primary function: primitive or magic thinking. As the mammal must in its embryonic life pass through all the stages of the lower animals, so we recognize in all human achievements previous levels which had their roots in magic. The primary function discloses itself through the medium of magic. The investigator has not up to the present time gone any further into the primary function. We regard all magical thinking a bit scornfully, as mere imagination. Yet we owe to imagination almost all the accomplishments of our culture from religion and art to the most prosaic activities of daily life. Imagination, vision in Goethe's sense, stands always at the be-

ginning. Nothing has arisen in a purely logical way, say of utility; but out of that which primitive man pursued for reasons of magic that which proved itself useful has been preserved. We keep domestic animals ("useful animals") because they give milk and flesh and leather and bristles and energy for work and watchfulness and love. But primarily the early hunter captured animals in order to render them as sacrificial offerings to the spirits of his departed ancestors and the spirits of his slain foes. It was found that many animals which he caught for this purpose and kept for a period of time in custody did not endure confinement, while others remained willingly with man and even propagated in captivity. Domestic animals have arisen from these latter species. They first served to nourish the spirits, later man. The horsemen of Asia, who with the aid of their beasts conquered the unmounted tribes, owe the horse to their magical thinking and by no means to actual knowledge of the practical value of the horse.

The obolus which the Greek put into the mouth of his dead, as understood by us to-day, was the wish of the survivor to send money along with the dead so that the latter could pay Charon or buy what he needed on the journey. Indeed, the obolus has become the money that rules the world, but originally it was a portion of *imuuu*, a charm through which the ghostly enemies of the dead were kept at bay. This ghostly element still clings to our idea of money.

Almost all primitive peoples practise circumcision, which is readily explained as a reasonable measure of cleanliness. In actuality it is nothing else than an offering for the exorcism of evil spirits, and cleanliness is the last thing that enters the savage's mind in its practice. The same thing is true of ritual laws relating to food. These laws, in both primitive and cultural circles, have besides their rational purpose an instinctual basis which is close to magic thinking. The connection with our true

being is always made more easily on the side of instinct than on that of reason.

He who approaches human beings on rational grounds accomplishes nothing. He who plays upon the instinctive life, he whom men instinctively recognize as one of their own, need not concern himself with a rational ground for his demands. This explains the difference in the effect of a speech that is read or listened to in a group of people. Listeners may be carried away by the oratorical achievements of the speaker, while the reader of the newspaper the next day cannot understand how such a speech, obscure in construction, banal in its ideas, perhaps even confused, could in its assertions have pleased the audience. The speaker was able through his appearance, his voice, his gestures, his fervor, to work magically upon his hearers. All that is gone in the reading, and with the magic goes also the effect.

Magic at once lodges in a scrap of material when it is bound to a staff and called a flag. The heart of a marine, through magic, beats faster when the battle flag floats from the masthead. This piece of material is no longer cloth but has become a part of the ego, primary function; for every one who belongs to the banner is conected by it with his group.

It would be a great task to demonstrate the magic in our daily doing and thinking. We abhor the idea of eating horse flesh, and still more that of cats. The flesh of dogs is almost taboo. Yet we could unaware eat cat's flesh instead of roast hare without detecting the difference. Dogs, cats, and horses are our friends. We are closer to them than to pigs and cattle, so that the enjoyment of their flesh too closely resembles cannibalism, and these magic grounds cause us to distinguish between the flesh of one animal and another. We are usually at no loss to find "rationalizing" grounds and denounce the flesh of these animals as unpalatable.

How much care we expend upon the bodies of our dead

alone! We do not consider them for what they are objectively, but we believe consciously and unconsciously that between the corpse and the departed person there exists a magic connection. Many have stated that less homage should be bestowed upon the dead and more attention devoted to the sufferings and troubles of the living. But such observers do not know how little reason and how much magic is concealed in events. Emperor Joseph II, a contemporary of Voltaire, like all the monarchs of his time an admirer of him, one day issued an ultimatum to the effect that dead bodies were to be interred without coffins and without pomp and ceremony, and after they had been covered with quicklime, to be at once destroyed. This decree was conceived as a measure of economy. The same people who patiently suffered high taxes to be extorted from them and who gave their sons for practically purposeless wars rose in rebellion when the prospect of "beautiful corpses" was gone, and the over-rational emperor was forced after a brief period to rescind his order. This happened more than two thousand years after Socrates, condemned to death, had spoken with his disciple Crito (Plato: *Phædo*):

"But in what way would you have us bury you?

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you. Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: I cannot make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body—and he asks, How shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed—these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he

was my surety to the judges that I would remain, but you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial, Thus we lay out Socrates, or, Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him; for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burying my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

* * *

Our clothing—and here I come once more to the theme of fashion—was not adopted because of its utility. It was long believed that apparel owed its origin to cold, protection against inclemency of the weather. Man felt cold, wrapped animal skins about his body, and was protected. The book of Genesis gives another explanation: "And they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." According to this, it was shame which created the need for covering. Can our unhampered feelings assume that primeval man and his wife were ashamed of their nakedness? The theory that man clothed his body as a protection from the cold has been long disproved by investigation. Man covered his nude body in order to adorn it, and so much the better to please his love partner. Clothing enhanced the nakedness. Viewed from the Christian point of view, obscene tendencies have led to clothing. A causal force here was the love combat which decks out the bird of paradise and gives song to the nightingale. It has been observed, furthermore, that magic ideas were and are at work with primitives when they conceal their genitals. They drive away all dangerous spirits by

covering or disfiguring the body apertures; hence, first, magic and sexual motives, later, recognition, improvement, utilization of clothing on the part of the secondary function.

Ornaments appear upon the garments with which we cover ourselves and upon the walls and furnishings of our homes. It is now a well-known fact that these ornaments too have a magic origin, frequently manifested in phallic symbols, but the origin has been forgotten. So long as pictures and hangings upon walls, rugs, vases, and the like, have magic significance they find their own way of communication with the id. If like the decorations of our modern time they have lost this meaning, they become empty symbols like the caryatids which were used in the classic period to support beams. Finally, we find such figures wholly superfluous and consequently no longer beautiful and we dispense with them. A bit of myth—that is, direct expression, beyond speech, of the primary function—has thus been lost. Our walls are then bare, our furniture simple; our dwellings soar aloft purely constructively and we experience this as beautiful and sincere. We feel unencumbered and free from the weight of old gods which we no longer comprehend and which no longer comprehend us; there was magic also in the liberation of the heathen converted to Christianity who saw in their former gods evil foes. The myth, however, our modern myth alive in us, expresses itself in another form. It is likely that we will soon deck our bare walls again with adornments which please us because we understand them, but which at the end of our millennium will be in turn incomprehensible to our descendants.

### *The Divine*

It is tempting to the theologist to ascend from consideration of the primary function to contemplation more familiar to him

of the divine. Here a fantastic mind might easily lose itself; and Freud, who sees this danger, has repeatedly and sternly stated that he himself will not travel this way into the "oceanic." He is, as one can learn from what he has told us in his book *The Interpretation of Dreams,* unmusical and, to use again an expression of Max Weber, "religiously unmusical." In his book *Civilization and Its Discontents* we read:

"One of these exceptional men calls himself my friend in his letters to me. I had sent him my little book which treats of religion as an illusion and he answered that he agreed entirely with my views on religion, but that he was sorry I had not properly appreciated the ultimate source of religious sentiments. This consists in a peculiar feeling, which never leaves him personally, which he finds shared by many others, and which he may suppose millions more also experience. It is a feeling which he would like to call a sensation of 'eternity,' a feeling as of something 'oceanic.' It is, he says, a purely subjective experience, not an article of belief; it implies no assurance of personal immortality, but it is the source of the religious spirit and is taken hold of by the various Churches and religious systems, directed by them into definite channels and also, no doubt, used up in them. One may rightly call oneself religious on the ground of this 'oceanic' feeling alone, even though one reject all beliefs and all illusions.

"These views, expressed by my friend whom I so greatly honour and who himself once in poetry described the magic of illusion, put me in a difficult position. I cannot discover this 'oceanic' feeling in myself. It is not easy to deal scientifically with feelings. One may attempt to describe their physiological signs. Where that is impossible—I am afraid the 'oceanic' feeling, too, will defy this kind of classification—nothing remains but to turn to the ideational content which most readily associates itself with the feeling. If I have understood my friend aright, he means the same thing as that consolation offered by an original and somewhat unconventional writer to his hero, contemplating suicide: 'Out of this

world we cannot fall.' So it is a feeling of indissoluble connection, of belonging inseparably to the external world as a whole. To me, personally, I may remark, this seems something more in the nature of an intellectual judgment, not, it is true, without any accompanying feeling-tone, but with one of a kind which characterizes other equally far-reaching reflections as well. I could not in my own person convince myself of the primary nature of such a feeling. But I cannot on that account deny that it in fact occurs in other people. One can only wonder whether it has been correctly interpreted and whether it is entitled to be acknowledged as the *fons et origo* of the whole need for religion."

Here we have the confession of a great man firm in his conviction. He does not wish to prevent others from feeling differently and to borrow precisely the discoveries of psychoanalysis for the basis and explanation of their feelings. Suffice it to say that the founder of psychoanalysis does not seem to be in accord with the theologians.

### *Goethe's Mothers*

Another temptation comes from biology. The creative principle reveals itself in the form of male and female, through which reproduction is directly built up upon the mother animal who broods, gives birth, and protects the newborn young. The temptation lies therefore in the fact that in psychology also one might be inclined to identify the primary function with the maternal principle. In the second chapter we believed we had found in the concepts of freedom and compulsion the mother and father as an eternal antithesis. As we come afresh upon this same antithesis through our efforts to learn the nature of the primary function, there forces itself upon every student of Goethe's *Faust* the scene in the second part of the poem in which Faust descends upon a magic way to the "Mothers."

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unwilling, I reveal a loftier mystery.—
In solitude are throned the Goddesses,
No Space around them, Place and Time still less;
Only to speak of them embarrasses.
They are THE MOTHERS!

FAUST (*terrified*)

Mothers!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hast thou dread?

FAUST

The Mothers! Mothers! a strange word is said.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It is so. Goddesses, unknown to ye,
The Mortals,—named by us unwillingly.
Delve in the deepest depths must thou, to reach them:
'Tis thine own fault that we for help beseech them.

FAUST

Where is the way?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No way! To the unreachable,
Ne'er to be trodden! A way to the Unbeseechable,
Never to be besought! Art thou prepared?
There are no locks, no latches to be lifted;
Through endless solitudes shalt thou be drifted.
Hast thou through solitudes and deserts fared?

Mephisto depicts the nature of the mothers just as psychoanalysis seeks to comprehend the primary process. He tells what the "mothers" are *not*. They are not at all to be compared with the world of objects:

MEPHISTOPHELES

And hast thou swum to farthest verge or ocean,
And there the boundless space beheld,
Still hadst thou seen wave after wave in motion,
Even though impending doom they fear compelled.
Thou hadst seen something,—in the beryl dim
Of peace-lulled seas the sportive dolphins swim;
Hadst seen the flying clouds, sun, moon, and star:
Naught shalt thou see in endless Void afar,—
Not hear thy footstep fall, nor meet
A stable spot to rest thy feet.

Faust replies to this description:

FAUST

Come on, then! we'll explore, whate'er befall:
In this, thy Nothing, may I find my All!

It is easy since Freud has introduced the Œdipus complex to see symbolized in this strange journey to the mothers a birth mythology and in Goethe's case a particular relationship to his own mother. The scene as it continues reveals a clear phallic symbolism. Mephisto puts into Faust's hand a magic key which unlocks the realm of the mothers; that is, something substantial which is necessary to open this indescribable domain. This is spoken quite in the Devil's manner:

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here, take this key!

FAUST

That little thing?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Take hold of it, not undervaluing!

FAUST

It glows, it shines,—increases in my hand!

MEPHISTOPHELES

How much 'tis worth, thou soon shalt understand.
The Key will scent the true place from all others.
Follow it down!—'t will lead thee to the Mothers.

FAUST (*shuddering*)

The Mothers! Like a blow it strikes me still!
What is the word, to hear which makes me chill?

Goethe was over eighty when he read this scene to his faithful Eckermann. Eckermann was impressed, felt himself "moved to beg from Goethe some explanation. But he in his usual manner wrapped himself in mystery, gazing at me with his great eyes and repeating to me the words:

" 'The Mothers! Mothers!—a strange word is spoken.'

" 'I cannot tell you anything further,' he said, then, 'except that I found in Plutarch that in Greek antiquity some *mothers* were spoken of as goddesses. This is all that I owe to tradition; the rest is my own invention. . . .' "

Eckermann then went home and evolved his own idea of Faust's mothers as "the creative and preservative principle from which proceeds everything that upon the earth's surface has form and life." To this Eckermann adds:

"The eternal metamorphosis of earthly existence, of arising, and growing, of destruction and reconstruction, is therefore the ceaseless occupation of the mothers. And as now in all that which upon the earth receives new life through propagation the female is the chief agent, so may those creative divinities rightly be thought of as *female* and the sacred name of mothers be given them not without reason. . . ."

The phallus with which the kingdom of the mothers is unlocked belongs to the creative principle. It flashes and glows: it procreates. Above all it is openly manifest in many cultures, secretly hidden in others, worshipped as the instrument of repro-

duction. As the child uses the mother's breast, so does the woman use the phallus to fulfill her creative mission. As the mother's breast is essential to the child's existence, so is the phallus to the existence of the mothers, and thus the chief attribute of manhood, if it does not belong to woman, most certainly belongs to her destiny as a mother. It is, however, idle to compare the physical attributes of male and female with the principles of motherhood. The law of bisexuality and its intercrossing does not permit us to identify anatomy and the principle of sex. Further difficulties present themselves in bringing the physical and immaterial into an acceptable relationship.

We have obtained the sublime testimony of Goethe to the finding in the primary function a system entrusted to the feminine, the eternal feminine. I am sure, could we secure evidence of similar authority for the secondary function, namely, one which would explain the secondary function as the eternal masculine, our sense of symmetrical arrangement would win therefrom much pleasure and satisfaction. It seems to me, however, that the idea of an eternal masculine is an absurdity, since the masculine is the constantly fleeting. I am not at all sure that the concept of the father is on the whole justified. Let us venture to say—awaiting proof—that there is no such thing as a father! There was one at the brief phallic moment of procreation. He who comes later and proclaims himself father is so by false statement, through an error sanctioned by ancient usage, or better, since the fathers compel us on all sides to acknowledge them, by an act of violence. Perhaps a magnificent act of violence upon which human civilization is built—but hard to endure, like all deeds of violence, like human civilization itself, which would collapse within a short time without its police force, these fathers armed with night-sticks.

Mother love is a biological institution among all higher animals. The maternal feeling is hormonal, which means that

certain glands in the body of the mother animal discharge a definite substance into the blood which produce physical and psychical alterations. As the milk glands secrete a nutritive fluid when the proper time has come, so is the mother animal also fitted for the care and defense of her brood. The most timid animals become courageous. The action of the hormone may be compared to that of alcohol, which makes of cowards temporary heroes. Motherhood among animals is an intoxication produced by nature for the safety of the newborn. After some time this intoxication is over; the mother animal no longer knows her children, nor do they know or need their mother.

It is different with human beings. The hormonal physiological mother intoxication passes, but the love never ceases. The persistence of the intoxication is not equal to the long period of time which the young require until they are independent. One may often observe that normal parents love their children more and more the older they grow and it is well known that mothers care more for those who have caused them great anxiety and suffering. Human children too are at the beginning assured through hormones of their mother's love, although in a somewhat lesser degree than are many animals, of the extraordinary maternal performances of which we are informed. Later the child must win the mother's love and its permanence. His small manifestations of life, the germinating intelligence together with his continued helplessness, the evidences of his love and trust, touch the mother—and the father. This relationship between children and parents is fed from the great reservoir of the libido. We call it from what we have learned through psychoanalytic research sexualization, which merely implies that here is a situation of cathexis invested with libido. Most people still are frightfully timid placing cathexis—sexuality—pleasure instinct on the same level. Yet no one, I

think, will resist the notion of distinguishing between a hormonal and a cultural mother love.

As to father love, its hormonal share is vague even in birds in which the male helps in hatching; in man it is entirely absent. The primeval father did not love his children. Before the existence of the family in our sense he did not even know them, and the mother had to be well content if he did not devour his children as Kronos did his. If he was the (rightful) father of the horde, the children who demanded their mother's time and effort hindered him in the possession and enjoyment of the mother, and thus the brood became his antagonists whom he killed when he could. The mother had to defend the children against all dangers of the external world, not the least of which was the enmity of the father.

We may deny the parity of father and mother in the field of endocrinous hormones, but it is quite otherwise in regard to cultural fatherly love. Who has failed to perceive that fathers love their children and make the greatest sacrifices for the younger generation who are their "flesh and blood"? It would, to be sure, be much more beautiful if there were not so significant a distinction evident in the article of father love according to whether it is a matter of children born in wedlock or outside it. Unmarried fathers—one may alas say, as a rule—do not want to know their children and pay unwillingly for their support. These same men are in their legitimate relationships affectionate and happy fathers. Hence, a piece of paper stamped by the registrar's office instigates paternal love. The father love needs legitimization.

The naked secondary function is in fact introduced into the feeling life by the word legitimacy, but the instinctive ground color of father love is not thereby denied. In the first place our paternal civilization is associated with one of the most powerful instincts of civilized man, the sense of property. The child has

become in our cultural circles the property of his parents. To whom do you belong, children are asked, and they respond without hesitation: to my mother and father. The question of the relation between parents and child coincides, like the question of the nature and purpose of monogamy, with the great problem of property. Fathers with property desire an heir, have for the security of legitimacy imposed monogamy and faithfulness upon their wives, and upon themselves the responsibility of bringing up their offspring and loving them—like a mother. I fear that we are compelled through the analysis of the paternal feeling to explain upon the basis of the bisexuality dwelling within every one of us father love as mother love.

# CHAPTER VI

## FATHER AND SUPEREGO

Freud discovered the Œdipus complex and made it the central point in building up his theory. He found again and again in his analysis that the human being's first problem in life is his adjustment to the primeval triangle father-mother-child. The anthropologists have rightly argued: If hatred toward the father and love of the mother actually constitute the nuclear complex of all neuroses in boys and girls, if actually the death of the father—as Freud asserts—is the most significant event in the life of every man, are we, in face of the fact that there was no father in past cultures (matriarchate), to conclude that there were at that time no neuroses? The attempt has been made many times in psychoanalytic circles to get around this question by bringing in among others the uncle (mother's brother), the "avunculate." One may say, however, I do not know how it was in the early days. I am aware only of how it is now. In cultural circles without fathers the neuroses must have appeared differently from the way in which they do to-day; for now they are indissolubly bound with the father fact and the thereby altered mother fact.

The arrival of the father may be imagined as an intrusion into peaceful abodes. Here am I, and the mother belongs to me. The son felt the father as a stranger; rightly maintained that between himself, the son, and the mother, there existed the closest blood relationship, but that there was none between the strange man and the mother. The father did not depart and the boy had no power to put him out of the way. Impotent

hatred arose, which had to be transformed through certain cultural forces into love and respect. The boy after the appearance of the father had to fight for his mother, and this conflict was lessened through the father's curious resolve to be also like a mother to his children. Before his appearance there was no question that the mother and child belonged to each other. When the question had arisen through the father, the libido masses of the children were dammed up and they sexualized the child's emotional life prematurely; this is the incestuous part of the Œdipus complex.

The intrusion of the father no less affected the girl. Here came a man, representative of the other sex, and awakened through his sexual interest in the mother the slumbering libido of a young creature who in her innermost nature did not feel the incest barrier. For this man called father is not recognized by the id as a blood relative. Actually sexual intercourse between father and daughter is much more frequent even in our times than we like to believe. Sexual intercourse between mother and son is infinitely rarer, because the incest barrier here works much more directly. The father, however, is a stranger to whom the son will not grant possession of the mother. The daughter begrudges this man to the mother, because she does not perceive why his relation to the mother should naturally exclude sexual feelings between her and the man. On this account the father and only the father is a problem for the children of both sexes, a problem which does not exist for animals, but upon which our culture is erected. A witticism represents the situation in the following manner. A boy asks, "Mother, who is the strange man who always comes on Sunday and spanks me?" To which the mother replies: "Why, that is your father."

We come through the underbrush of the Œdipus complex, which without exception is always recurring in our analysis, to the assumption that the irruption of the father is not acknowl-

edged in the id nor even in the secondarily elaborated divisions of the unconscious. The unconscious yields out of fear and unwillingly to the father's power. The father is a piece of reality which the personality even of the present-day cultural individual has not yet been able wholly to assimilate.

He becomes thus the representative of reality and of the compulsion that proceeds from reality. We can conceive historically that the vigorous chieftain, the muscular warrior and hunter, whose activity was not always being interrupted through pregnancy, the bearing and rearing of children, advanced to the position of leader when the times became bad and a man's qualities were of particular vital importance and value. The reality of cold, hunger, wild beasts, hostile tribes, roused primitive man from his everlasting maternal dreams; the logic of necessity had to be recognized. All biologists explain the coming of man from a long-continued "asylum period," presumably in the Tertiary period; perhaps on an island in the southern ocean, where nature provided nourishment in abundance, where wild beasts could not penetrate: a mother's paradise. But then came destruction from without—the ice age followed the Tertiary—and this destruction could be met again only with destructive powers. The secondary function surrounded the primary function as with a protective coat of armor. One could no longer live care-free or one would be devoured. Libido, therefore, came to be permitted only in definite forms, of which monogamy was the ultimate one. Goods had to be stored up, which led by a circuitous route over magic customs to tribal possessions, then to private property and to monogamy. The geologists distinguish four ice ages and three intervening periods in which it became warmer again, life more endurable. Thus man's development had probably several beginnings, each of which was destroyed. Freud believes that the twofold onset of sexuality, its first appearance in the small child, its decline

and its reappearance at the age of puberty, might be a reflection of this phylogenetic development. Hence also the characteristic interlacing of father and mother qualities in woman and man, the bisexuality woven through all human activity: masculine women and feminine men everywhere.

### *The Superego*

The secondary functions—reason, morality, sense of actuality, activity—made a great advance through the entrance of the father into the history of the world. Consequently, this advance may be called a paternal one. One cannot call it eternal (compare the eternal feminine), for the mere idea of the eternal and its mystery belong to the primary function like life, existence, death, God, and immortality. God is the projection of the father into heaven, that is, into a region which cannot be grasped by the secondary function. A sublime attempt, with the aid of the primary function, to exchange a portion of this intolerable reality upon earth for a more tolerable magic. We have still another possibility of ridding ourselves of the threatening father of actuality: we absorb him and bear him within us. Obviously, we can never actually accomplish our aims. Nevertheless, we have an unbreakable conviction of the freedom of our will. External authority constrains us. The authority which compels us from within we feel as freedom. Here we find ourselves on the border line between speculative philosophy (metaphysics) and psychology. We all oppose to the coercive force of the external world an inner freedom, to which we have briefly referred many times in these pages. The problem of the freedom of the will cannot be solved with the intellect. The roots of inner freedom are hidden in the primary function.

Freud calls the force of conscience, that which constrains us from within, without our always being aware of a coercion, the

*Superego.* This system, according to his observation, arises in us as an outcome of the Œdipus complex. The first and most important cultural problem of the little fellow consists in relinquishing his mother's tenderness, separating himself from her and becoming an ego for himself. But the father is also there, and the child must overcome his fear of this person, obey him in every respect and yet preserve his own personality. Both sides of this problem within the family triangle are solved through a sort of automatic identification, which leads to the setting up of the superego within oneself.

"*The broad general outcome of the sexual phase governed by the Œdipus complex may, therefore, be taken to be the forming of a precipitate in the ego, consisting of these two identifications in some way combined together. This modification of the ego retains its special position; it stands in contrast to the other constituents of the ego in the form of an ego-ideal or super-ego.**

"The super-ego is, however, not merely a deposit left by the earliest object-choices of the id; it also represents an energetic reaction-formation against those choices. Its relation to the ego is not exhausted by the precept: 'You *ought to be* such and such (like your father)'; it also comprises the prohibition: 'You *must not be* such and such (like your father); that is, you may not do all that he does; many things are his prerogative.' This double aspect of the ego-ideal derives from the fact that the ego-ideal had the task of effecting the repression of the Œdipus complex, indeed, it is to that revolutionary event that it owes its existence. Clearly the repression of the Œdipus complex was no easy task. The parents, and especially the father, were perceived as the obstacle to realization of the Œdipus wishes; so the child's ego brought in a reinforcement to help in carrying out the repression by erecting this same obstacle within itself. The strength to do this was, so to speak, borrowed from the father, and this loan was an extraordinarily momentous act. The super-ego retains the character of

* Freud's italics.

the father, while the more intense the Œdipus complex was and the more rapidly it succumbed to repression (under the influence of discipline, religious teaching, schooling and reading) the more exacting later on is the domination of the super-ego over the ego —in the form of conscience or perhaps of an unconscious sense of guilt. I shall later on bring forward a suggestion about the source of the power it employs to dominate in this way, the source, that is, of its compulsive character which manifests itself in the form of a categorical imperative.

"If we consider once more the origin of the super-ego as we have described it, we shall perceive it to be the outcome of two highly important factors, one of them biological and the other historical: namely, the lengthy duration in man of the helplessness and dependence belonging to childhood, and the fact of his Œdipus complex, the repression of which we have shown to be connected with the interruption of libidinal development by the latency period and so with the twofold onset of activity characteristic of man's sexual life. According to the view of one psychoanalyst, the last-mentioned phenomenon, which seems to be peculiar to man, is a heritage of the cultural development necessitated by the glacial epoch. We see, then, that the differentiation of the super-ego from the ego is no matter of chance; it stands as the representative of the most important events in the development both of the individual and of the race; indeed, by giving permanent expression to the influence of the parents it perpetuates the existence of the factors to which it owes its origin. . . .

"Now that we have embarked upon the analysis of the ego we can give an answer to all those whose moral sense has been shocked and who have complained that there must surely be a higher nature in man: 'Very true,' we can say, 'and here we have that higher nature, in this ego-ideal or superego, the representative of our relation to our parents. When we were little children we knew these higher natures, we admired them and feared them; and later we took them into ourselves.'

"The ego-ideal, therefore, is the heir of the Œdipus complex

and thus it is also the expression of the most powerful impulses and most important vicissitudes experienced by the libido in the id. By setting up this ego-ideal the ego masters its Œdipus complex and at the same time places itself in subjection to the id. Whereas the ego is essentially the representative of the external world, of reality, the superego stands in contrast to it as the representative of the internal world, of the id. Conflicts between the ego and the ideal will, as we are now prepared to find, ultimately reflect the contrast between what is real and what is mental, between the external world and the internal world.

"Through the forming of the ideal, all the traces left behind in the id by biological developments and by the vicissitudes gone through by the human race are taken over by the ego and lived through again by it in each individual. Owing to the way in which it is formed, the ego-ideal has a great many points of contact with the phylogenetic endowment of each individual—his archaic heritage. And thus it is that what belongs to the lowest depths in the minds of each one of us is changed, through this formation of the ideal, into what we value as the highest in the human soul. It would be vain, however, to attempt to localize the ego-ideal, even in the sense in which we have localized the ego, or to work it into any of those analogies with the help of which we have tried to picture the relation between the ego and the id.

"It is easy to show that the ego-ideal answers in every way to what is expected of the higher nature of man. In so far as it is a substitute for the longing for a father, it contains the germ from which all religions have evolved. The self-judgment which declares that the ego falls short of its ideal produces the sense of worthlessness with which the religious believer attests his longing. As a child grows up, the office of father is carried on by masters and by others in authority; the power of their injunctions and prohibitions remains vested in the ego-ideal and continues, in the form of conscience, to exercise the censorship of morals. The tension between the demands of conscience and the actual attainments of the ego is experienced as a sense of guilt. Social feelings

rest on the foundation of identifications with others, on the basis of an ego-ideal in common with them."

I want to add to this remarkable presentation that the development of the superego is given here only for the boy. Freud says: ". . . It seems that the male sex has taken the lead in developing all of these moral acquisitions; and that they have then been transmitted to women by cross-inheritance." It cannot be denied that up to the present time the psychoanalysis of the girl has remained behind that of the boy.

Freud's concentrated mode of speech is certainly not easy to understand. An example from daily life might transmute the profound seriousness of the master into a lighter form.

Little George is around three years of age. He disobediently enters his father's study, where his father has pressing work before him. The father says: "Go out, Georgie, I have no time for you just now." Georgie—as yet no superego—has no thought of going out; on the contrary, he makes himself at home and distracts his father. The father calls the maid and she has to drag out the struggling, screaming boy by force. Georgie runs to his mother, who soothes him until he forgets his discomfiture in play.

A year later, Georgie again enters his father's citadel at the wrong time. The father again tries command. Georgie does not obey. The father is about to get up, but Georgie says: "You need not call Anna. I will go alone!" He does it with ponderous steps, which he has presumably observed in his father. He does not cry; he does not run to his mother, but consoles himself in his play.

Again a year or two later: "Georgie, I cannot now, I have something urgent to do." Georgie goes understandingly and silently from the room—let us assume that at last Georgie has become a model child.

We see here the evolution of the superego. The authority works first from without and the only means by which it can be carried out is force. The comfort too is external: mother must take a hand. Later a portion of the superego is present. The child shows ambition; in order not to be compelled, he compels himself. Finally, conscience and understanding for the "Thou shalt" are fully developed; the authority has so far succeeded: freedom is won through the setting up of the superego. The child who has passed his sixth year sees as in a mirror his ego in an ideal ego which he tries to resemble. If he is like it, and in so far as he is like it, the superego is satisfied with him. The superego has become from an actual being of flesh and blood a being of fantasy within the boy. It no longer works through actual sternness, actual whippings, and actual withdrawal of love; but all that is accomplished in a spiritualized form, while guilt and punishment have been discharged internally, or, as it is called, endopsychically.

The superego never loses the connection with the authorities from which it arises. Simple persons who picture God as an old gentleman with a white beard are laughed at. They see the superego in the form of God, who wears the features of a father. Religion with its father in heaven is indeed a retrogressive projection of the superego from within a person upward above the clouds. Immortality, omnipotence, infinite goodness, which originally were erroneously believed to be possessed by the father, which one later possessed oneself in the form of play and fairy tale, are finally rediscovered in heaven, whence faith can no more be robbed of them. The nature of religion is by no means fully explained in this manner. Psychoanalytic research merely notes that a portion of the superego stands in connection with God. It makes no difference to the analytic situation whether God has created the superego or the superego God.

The superego is drawn into the ego with its full quantum

of libido which originally flowed from the tiny human being upon the parents so important to his well-being. The narcissism, which is the great part of our love energy that we retain for ourselves, is added as soon as the voice of authority has been absorbed and drawn within the ego. Inasmuch as the superego has become a part of the ego, we love ourselves when we love our ideal ego. The superego changes also after it has been absorbed in the sixth year, for it is always being assimilated with the new ideals which the child has acquired. He loves his teacher, man or woman, and wants to be like them, wants to be as beautiful, to dress the same way, clear his throat just so, perhaps be equally affected, as these known and loved persons. The boy wants to be strong and brave like his heroes. The girls want to be beautiful and pathetic, happy and unhappy, like the characters in their favorite novels. The superego and the ideal ego change in consciousness according to the heroes which one takes as models, and this goes on—to be sure, with ever-diminished activity—until death. It is seen in regard to figures which have become leaders of mankind that even whole nations may form their ideal ego in accordance with such figures.

Another portion of the superego is unconsciously hidden in us. This portion no longer changes, has no concern for cause and effect, for reality, but like an idol exerts an unalterable stern influence upon the whole life. That which was forbidden the child, the reproaches cast at him, that which should be quite permissible for him now as an adult and no longer of any importance in the light of reason, all these remain secretly and powerfully active and produce their effect without the person knowing what forces are dominating his actions. Thus, certain impulses of a sexual nature appearing prematurely are forbidden the child. The superego in its fixity takes over the prohibition and maintains in the adult ascetic tendencies which have long since lost their justification. The connection between

the original authorities and the superego manifests itself in the fact that words flung at the child: you are a coward; you will never amount to anything; you are very clumsy, and so on, are transposed into actuality with a fearful *belated obedience.* It seems, figuratively speaking, as if there sat in the chamber of the unconscious a living person, half loving, half frightening, who held the threads in his hands. Before him stands an ideal image only in part outlined by reason. It contains very old features long forgotten by consciousness. This person we have spoken of insists relentlessly and implacably that we must be like this ideal image. The ideal of the boy is to resemble the father. For this reason the ideal image bears among others principally the features of the father. One has no idea what follies are committed by people in order to correspond to the ideal image.

A man of forty years, married and father of several children, comes to the psychotherapist and complains of some states of depression. The cause is that he is in love with a young girl. He has, it is true, previously risked an occasional leap over the traces, but this time it is more serious and he is occupied with the thought of marrying the girl he loves. His wife would perhaps have no objection to setting him free. But that is where his conflict lies: he loves his wife also, wants to stay with her, and cannot make up his mind to leave either one of the two. One can determine at once that this sort of thing does not harmonize with love. Cultural man cannot love—the feeling understood in its full significance—more than one woman at the same time. Here was a man who loved two women and, moreover, instead of going about with the exuberant feeling of being in love, hung his head and was deeply depressed. Analysis showed that the man's father at the same age had been divorced from his first wife and had married another woman, who became the patient's mother. There were children from

the first marriage and from the second; all were in kindly relation with one another, and the father of the patient stood on friendly terms with both women. That was not enough; a quite similar thing had happened to a much older step-sister of the patient, a child of the father's first marriage. She had married and left her husband to marry another man. This man also liked to return now and then to his first wife. The unconscious arrangement of a daughter who proposed for herself the same fate as her mother had had to experience perhaps played a rôle here. One might call it a mysterious chance occurrence, but it is not; and in the psychonanalytic sense there is very little chance. The complications of a case from actual life are so great that a few lines by no means suffice to set it forth. Enough of this; the patient had no deeper cause for leaving his children in the lurch than the mysterious law of the eternal recurrence of the similar. The rhythm of his life demanded that he should be like the father. His superego wanted it so.

Another man, whose first wife had died childless, and who for some years had lived fairly happily as a bachelor, was seized suddenly by a sort of compulsion that he must unquestionably marry and as soon as possible. He was neither in love nor did he at first know any woman whom he might make his bride. He spoke to all his friends and as a candidate for marriage without an object made himself rather ridiculous. He obtained favorable hearing with a brave young soul, was engaged in three days after he had made her acquaintance, and married as quickly as the necessary publication of the banns would permit. The marriage was no sooner concluded than he awoke as it were from a twilight state, found himself in a marriage relation with an almost total stranger, and the marriage resulted as he deserved but as the girl did not deserve. Analysis showed that this man's father had likewise become a widower at a relatively early age and that he had married again at the same age to a

day as the patient had. The fixed, irrational, unconscious part of the superego had here spoken a "you must do as I did." How much folly could be averted if persons were analyzed at the right time! Analysis opens a portal into the unconscious wide enough for reason to maintain permanently a certain possibility of entrance.

The superego need not always be the father. It is little by little transferred upon other authorities and ideal images. One does not want solely to be like the father, but like other ideals too. The ideals instead of rounding out the personality in respect to them frequently lie like foreign bodies unassimilated and without connection with the person's ego in the center of the personality and exercise a tyrannical authority. There are persons who fall in love not because those whom they love correspond to their own taste but because they would please some one else with whom these objects are identified by them. Many men and many women marry in the hope that through their choice they can bring a friend into more harmonious relation to themselves. The married partner merely represents the type of which the friend would approve, and, needless to say, such marriages are built on tottering foundations.

Still more unaccountable are the self-punishments which proceed from the unconscious division of the superego. A woman who had a stern father on whom she greatly depended, and who consequently pursued a strict course of life, had, although married, taken a lover. She was not able to separate from her lover and might perhaps have been happy with him if something frightful had not occurred every few weeks through an unhappy chance. Once she slipped and suffered inflammation of a tendon sheath which confined her to her bed for weeks. Another time she was injured—she was an actress—by a falling curtain because she did not step back quickly enough. Another time she gave her beloved child a biting liquid instead of medi-

cine, so that serious harm almost resulted. Such accidents the analyst knows are unconscious acts of self-punishment. The fixed, unconscious power must be appeased. That this takes place in a senseless manner and one which in no wise satisfies morality lies in the nature of the unconscious, which presents to conscious morality only a grinning distorted countenance.

Two sons learn in Vienna that their mother, far in the east, is very ill. One son drops everything and journeys immediately to his mother to see her once more before she dies. The other, a hysteric, remains in Vienna, but becomes violently ill, with frightful pains in the region of the liver and complains bitterly of his dreadful lot not to be able to be at his mother's side at such an hour. The healthy brother has a healthy superego and behaves normally and morally. The hysterical brother has a sick superego and plays a fine drama before his stern court of justice.

We may call the unconscious part of the superego the "super-id," since we name the unconscious part of the ego according to Freud's suggestion the id (the French translate it by *le ça*). Psychoanalytic research has penetrated into the id, but there is no doubt that we still have only the slightest conception of the more profound layers which may exist there. Who can tell with what kind of forces our existence is bound? One may assert that our fate is linked to the course of the stars, yet thus far it has not been satisfactorily proved; science is, however, far from denying these and other occult possibilities. Only we have up to the present time no scientific method for exploring these deepest strata. The superego as here described belongs to the forces of destiny.

The superego is a force whose approbation we have to obtain and whose disapproval under some circumstances proves fatal. As the child is lost if its parents forsake it, so is the adult also lost if no longer supported by his superego. Well for him whose

superego is so constituted that he feels himself unassailed by doubt in the sure possession of love. Such a person with a sunny childhood feels himself at home in the universe. He will never leave it through suicide like a melancholic who is always lamenting, always accusing himself of every possible wickedness which he has not committed and who, as psychoanalysis understands, has broken down before his incensed superego and beseeches it in vain for grace and love. First such a poor devil goes on living in horrible fear. To escape the anguish he does what the malevolent superego has determined: You are not like your ideal ego; all love has been withdrawn from you. One may here think of Oscar Wilde's novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. In the garret stands the portrait of the young lord. Dorian is guilty of one wickedness after another and every evil deed registers itself in a new ugly feature which the portrait in the garret assumes. Dorian himself remains beautiful and noble; no change appears in his ideal countenance. One day he enters the attic where the horrible picture is concealed, and can no longer bear the sight of it. He stabs the figure on the canvas but he himself falls dead to the floor pierced through like the portrait.

The conception of the superego originates in the observation of normal and diseased persons and gives us the right to speak of powers of destiny without losing ourselves in mysticism. Everything is experience, introjection of early experience, authorities which at that time existed outside of us in actuality. The superego is derived not only from the father; it also takes that portion from the mother which loves us unconditionally, which forgives everything and helps us by its gentleness over the most difficult situations of life. Freud ascribes the humor which leads us on over so many dark spots in our existence to the friendly portion of the superego. He gives the following example of superior humor: "The week begins well," said the gypsy when on Monday he was led to the gallows. The supe-

riority of this utterance lies in the fact that the gypsy treats one of the most horrible situations imaginable as if it were a trivial occurrence to be judged in the same light as the bad weather on Monday or the breaking of an E string of his fiddle. He belittles his execution as though it were an unimportant event, and so it loses its terror for him. The superego consoles him with a word which a mother might use to soothe her child: "Don't bother your head about it; it is not worth talking about." True humor stands always in association with the mitigating force of the superego. "What can happen to you so long as I am with you? Do you not know that a child is safely sheltered when with his mother?" Thus will the power of fate, overruled by the mother, free the inner forces of man from all evil. The devout soul transposes this power to the heavens and feels safe if the Madonna intercedes for him.

# CHAPTER VII

## THE HYSTERICAL OR PRIMARY TYPE

Psychoanalysis has always been concerned with two fundamentally different forms of nervous ailments: hysteria and compulsion neuroses. Hysteria converts ideas and impulses into physical symptoms. All portions of the body of a hysteric, including the sense organs and the viscera, may express thoughts and desires. For this reason we speak of an organ language of the hysteric—and of the hypochondriac. Psychoanalysis has found the laws of dream interpretation, particularly condensation, displacement, transformation into the opposite, symbolization of the greatest by means of the smallest, of the part by means of the whole, at work also in the hysterical symbol formation. Thus we notice that the primary function is involved here. Hysteria is a kind of ecstacy, a communication of the id, which does not make use of words but which, at least in part, can be translated into the language of concepts. We find this organ speech most plainly in hypochondriacs, although, it is true, most secretly.

A girl insists that her nose is ugly, disfigured by a growth beneath the skin. Although no specialist is able to confirm this, she has the nose treated by plastic surgery. The girl is satisfied for a long time after this, but later meets with an accident in which the nose suffers a slight injury. She is now inconsolable and again bewails the condition of her nose, in which no one but herself can discover any defect. This girl is the fifth child of parents who after four girls greatly desired a boy. She was constantly exposed to the lamentation of her parents that they

would have preferred a boy. Situations of this sort frequently lead to the development of a masculine woman. It was not so in this case because the place of the tomboy was already taken by the fourth child, the next-oldest sister. Our patient repressed her urgent wish to be a boy and substituted for it an extravagant devotion to the older sister, with whom she was one in heart and soul; she slept with her, went about with her and studied with her until this older sister was married and left her bed and home. At this moment the hypochondriac delusion about the nose broke forth. We know that the nose stands in dreams and also in hysterical symptoms for the penis: "displacement from below to above" of an unpaired projecting, semirigid form. We know that girls have to pass through a period of penis envy, of which later as a rule they know nothing. They are bitterly aware that they lack something which insures greater power, more prestige and honor (castration complex). Therefore we understand the girl's organ language. She says, "I want to be a man, but I cannot be one." The organ language is condensed like the dream and the symptom speaks in another way also and directly: "My sister has a husband—I want one too." The symbol of the penis—one's own nose—cannot, however, satisfy; the complaint is justified even though it has nothing to do with the nose itself.

A hypochondriac man manifested a different conversion symptom. He complained of his tongue, insisted that cancer of the tongue was setting in and carried a looking-glass in his vest pocket which he was always taking out to convince himself of his never-ending, ever-recurring dread that his tongue was diseased. He went from one doctor to another and declared them all frauds who had agreed among themselves to deceive him. Analysis showed that here also was a symbol not hard to interpret. The man was fifty years old, a bachelor, and had lived for many years with his widowed sister. The female

genitalia and incestuous thoughts occupied with them expressed themselves in this form of organ language. Here too was a castration complex, for cancer of the tongue has to be operated upon and the tongue is an unpaired projection organ like the nose and therefore peculiarly suited for a conversional displacement from below to above.

### *Castration Complex*

It was formerly believed that hysteria existed only in women. We know to-day that there are plenty of hysterical men, that is, those who suffer conversion. Nevertheless, hysteria is to be accounted as belonging rather to the female sex, and hysterical men may be considered as feminine. Hysteria appears in men on the ground of their crossed inheritance and the training and development in them of masculine and feminine traits. We shall see later that compulsive neurosis is masculine in the same sense as hysteria is feminine. There are many compulsive neurotics among women, but they have become such because of desexualization. We know that all sorts of hysterical symptoms in the abdomen: pseudo-ulcer, pseudo-appendicitis, flatulence of every kind, also false gallstones symbolize pregnancy. Hysterics have often succeeded in deceiving even specialists. They were thought to be in the fifth or sixth month of pregnancy, although there was nothing present but flatulence and a "gas child," which later passed away in due course. The symptoms expressed the idea of pregnancy and the emotional tone which is associated with the symptom is the ambivalence: "I want to have a child and I do not want one; I am afraid to have one." The symptom, in actuality, conceals the man who is thought of as the father of the child and has been repressed into the unconscious. Any number of well-known hysterical symptoms outside the abdomen give expression to the same conflict: globus hystericus,

nausea, vomiting, hoarseness, paralyses, frigidity—the hysterical woman always has a sexual conflict; the ancients knew this and named the disease after *hysteron*, the uterus.

Yet how are we to understand male hysteria? What rôle can ideas of pregnancy play in a man? A young man of twenty-three—we will call him Karl—suffered from a nervous gastric ulcer which defied all treatment and was at the point of being operated upon when without any recognizable cause it healed "of itself." Karl could not properly rejoice over a return to health, for in place of the gastric disorder he was now haunted by a torturing anxiety which was much more distressing than the physical suffering. This young man had passed through the experience of having his beloved and admired father leave his mother and marry another woman. Karl would not have thought so ill of his father if his father had taken him with him. He wanted to share his father's life in every respect; to this end he fantasied himself more and more as a female until by hysterical means, the conversion into physical symptoms, he even produced ideas of pregnancy. Some years later the second wife bore the father a child. Karl's every hope that the father might change his mind was then gone. The child was there, but he had not been able to present it to his father. The symptom in the abdomen no longer expressed the situation and vanished. In its place came fear. Fear, or phobia, is a third form of neurosis in which psychoanalysis is especially interested. It is related to hysteria, and so Freud has called it anxiety hysteria. Anxiety hysteria and conversion hysteria go back in every individual case to the castration complex.

The term castration complex may now and then mislead a lay person who knows only the psychoanalytic shibboleths. We do not mean castration in the stock farmer's sense but the loss of the external male genitalia, particularly the penis. Psychoanalysis understands castration as the change of a man into a woman, usually in a cruelly fantasied form. I well remember

the resistance which the introduction of the castration idea produced in me, and I know that almost no part of the psychoanalytic teaching encounters more hostility from so-called common-sense minds. It is, in point of fact, difficult to explain the castration complex as the universal possession of civilized man in as simple a manner as, say, the Œdipus complex. Every one sees that we all have to struggle with, and solve, our first problem, the primary triangular situation, father-mother-child. It is not difficult to perceive that here death wishes and incestuous desires make themselves or may make themselves noticeable. But the fact that anxiety regarding one's own penis and the girl's envy must be taken almost as seriously as the original triangle itself can hardly be explained except through the mere statement that we find it continually cropping up in our analyses. Any person who wishes to convince himself of the universal presence of the castration complex must undergo a psychoanalysis. He must also be acquainted with the extensive psychoanalytic literature of Freud and his pupils. I have, however, learned by experience that to tell of such astonishing discoveries practically never convinces any one. It seems that our culture is no longer willing to grasp the fact that narcissism, the state of being in love with one's own body, regards the penis as the most important part of the body. Primitive peoples, who are given to phallic worship, should understand this better. Moreover, the castration complex, which rests upon the overvaluation of the penis, is connected in the same sense as the Œdipus complex with the patriarchate, the man's estate, in which we live.

* * *

We give here an example of the castration complex and its appearance in psychoanalysis. The case is that of the young man Karl, mentioned above, who suffered first from gastric ulcer

and later from anxiety states. His earliest childhood memory—the first experiences which one can recall are always of especial importance because they conceal complexes—was as follows: He went for a walk with his father at the age of three; a roebuck came and threw his father down. Karl saw himself standing nearby, screaming while the buck thrust its horns at his father's calves. His father took out his pocketknife, and holding the buck by the neck with his hand, opened the knife with his teeth and cut the roe's throat.

This memory conceals fear of the father. The child sees in the father a hero, a fearful adversary and murderer, for children frequently identify themselves with animals. The roebuck is Karl or at least might be Karl. The first weeks of the analysis are filled with dreams which reveal ever more plainly the castration complex, for example:

"I am on the street. A raven or a bird like it with an enormous black beak lies on the ground, bloody, plucked, half dead. Mother comes and picks up the bird. It moves its wings but cannot lift itself. . . ." Such castration dreams are typical of impotence.

There are further memories, that of a butterfly which lay dead on the ground and yet moved itself—presumably because ants or other insects were eating it—a particularly horrible memory.

A dream much later in the analysis: "I am lying in bed with my aunt. She is my father's sister. She is naked and much more slender than in reality. I stroke her with my hand over her back, but in spite of violent sexual feelings say to her in a deceitful way, 'That is nothing. This is exactly how I have often stroked my father.' "

He had frequently lain in bed with his father, who was very affectionate when he was still living with him. Karl lost a great deal through his parents' divorce. The dream has difficulty in

keeping up the fiction of heterosexuality and of the incest barrier. Shortly after this dream, following an unpleasant discussion with the analyst, Karl dreamed: "I am lying in bed with my father. He has an enormous organ and wants to overpower me. I feel completely like a woman in this dream but at the same time am very much afraid, although loving and tender. . . ."

Here is the threatening, dreaded and yet longed-for transformation into a woman who accepts castration as completed but with fear. A turning-point in the analysis. The patient begins to understand that his fear has its roots in the castration complex. Much more material comes to light. He masturbates with the fantasy: "A woman springs upon me and butchers me by cutting my throat." The fantasy recalls plainly the experience with his father and the roebuck. His father in the fantasy is changed into a woman so that Karl can remain a man. Another fantasy: "A woman is milking me, puts the semen into a small bottle and carries it away." He regards this as particularly humiliating. She takes away his masculinity. Both of these fantasies show the masturbatory act as castration.

Thus the motive which we call castration drags itself through the psychic longitudinal section of this case, wherever we may look. He hates nothing more than to be forced to be passive, for the ideas both feminine and passive are one and the same to him. He is often afraid of losing his ego, of fading into obscurity. This feeling is especially present when he must be passive; when, for example, he must wait for his check in a restaurant. He cannot be active because he is afraid of himself. Thus he is forever being castrated, even by the waiter. He is often compelled to say to himself a number of times: "I am a man; I am a man!" because he is afraid of losing himself. Here we have reached the theme of depersonalization, which may find its explanation, at least a part of it, in this remarkable

overvaluation of the phallus, which leads to the castration complex.

*Pathology of the Primary Function*

The male hysteric has no phallus because he feels himself emasculated, wishes and fears at the same time that he were a woman (*cf.* here also the case of Schreber in the third chapter). The female hysteric has no phallus because she does not accept the man as complement, does not admit the compulsion that proceeds from the man. Hosts of hysterical women reject sexuality in the form of coitus. Others manifest that hysterically heightened sex life which is, nevertheless, mere show and self-deception. Fantasies and conversions, which mysteriously express such fantasies, are their actual reality, while that which we call reality is dissolved in foam.

Let us remind ourselves of the primary function (the id, the magic) and its creative power. Think of the secondary function and its compelling force. Hysteria is the pathology of the primary function, and compulsive neurosis that of the secondary function. When compulsion attempts to create, by excluding the maternal element, then arises the empty form, a formula, which we find in the symptoms of compulsion neurosis and in the compulsive-neurotic character. When ecstasy tries to produce and create, by exclusion of the paternal element (the phallus, impregnation), then there arise iridescent, unreal, transitory images, which blind and torment us in the thousand forms of hysteria. All observers know that there is no pure hysteria: there is always something of compulsive neurosis attached to it. Even so—perhaps less strikingly—compulsion neurotics manifest hysterical traits. Primary function and secondary function do not appear in a pure culture. Harmonious (normal) persons show both functions in a well-fused mixture. Hysterics and compulsion neurotics manifest the two functions separated from

each other and this separation, called by Freud, defusion, gives the pathologic condition. The principle *a potiori fit denominatio* (the outstanding part gives the name) pertains to the differential diagnosis of hysteria or compulsion neurosis, as everywhere in medicine.

The hysterical type fructifies itself and produces gas children (false pregnancy). It is usually in fermenting (hysterical) activity; it produces continuously and what it produces is undependable, eventually collapsing because the phallic element is wanting. We find it, to be sure, also paralyzed, exhausted, totally inactive—but we do not trust this inactivity. The lame arise and walk, the exhausted show themselves suddenly inexhaustible, and the inactive are like nocturnal moths which cling motionless to the wall only to continue the fluttering of their wings.

Mephisto is a compulsive type, a doubter and a destroyer. His motto is:

> ". . . For all things, from the Void
> Called forth, deserve to be destroyed:
> 'Twere better, then, were naught created."

The first sentence of this motto answers the hysterical character. The latter too finds that what he does is worthless. He forsakes his tasks unfaithfully, quickly losing all interest in them. Yet he is far from following the spirit of hell: " 'Twere better, then, were naught created." That is a subtle, logical outcome of the secondary function. The hysterical type, feeling the eternity and superabundance of the primary function, concludes: "Over and over again, new things have to be called forth." The actions of the compulsive type are comprehensible. He is ready to give accurate account of every step he takes. He is always right; he must always be right because he always does what is right. He is so much a child of the secondary function that he becomes exasperating. If he is to come at four o'clock, he

knocks at the door at the stroke of four, not a minute sooner or a minute later. He knows the concept of time and he is punctual. The hysterical type is unaware of the concept of time. He is the offspring of the primary function, and if he is expected at four o'clock, he comes around six, and another time at three—not even to be depended upon to arrive late. If the compulsive type at one time is forced to arrive late because, let us say, an earthquake or a railway collision has detained him, he feels guilty and excuses himself most scrupulously. He never comes too early, for he awaits his time before the door, in rain or shine—that is, if he is a complete compulsive type. The hysteric scarcely makes excuses if she arrives too late. She is there and that is the chief thing. She often plays the part of despair and decides to become a different person and never again to come late. The compulsion-neurotic never acts like this. He knows that it is impossible for him to change his personality now or next Monday. One simply does one's duty and has no need to change.

The concept of time belongs to the secondary function, but its material must arise from the primary function like all material of which the secondary function makes use. It is not difficult to recognizes this material as the eternal ticktock, the repetition-compulsion to which every living thing submits. This repetition-compulsion has not yet become in the hysterical type the regularity of the concept of time. It is true that the hysteric repeats himself, forever constructing and destroying what he has constructed, but the temporal course of his or her activity is hardly accessible to instruments of measurement. The compulsive type guards himself with his watch, which he holds in his hand and so makes use of an attribute of time to which Freud alludes in his *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (p. 32). The stimuli of the external world would overwhelm us if they came upon our sense organs without order and all at once. The arrangement

of stimuli in temporal order protects us ("protection against stimulation," *Reizschutz*). One stimulus after another is forever coming through a portal that is guarded by the watchman time.

### *Examples of Hysterical Types*

Dramatic art should be the true domain of the hysteric, for she is always playing a part, never taking herself or the world seriously. Every art, however, demands earnestness, reliability, artistic understanding, and therefore directors cannot tolerate hysterical actresses. On one occasion such an actress is excellent beyond all measure and you recommend her to your friend that he may enjoy her magnificent performance. But on another occasion she may be bad beyond all conception. She herself never knows beforehand whether she will play well or badly. The compulsive type never attains the heights of which the hysteric is capable in her highest parade. Yet he is always equally good, dependable, a worker, who keeps an eye upon himself, and is therefore the support of the whole cast. Directors take the greatest trouble to tame glittering prima donnas. They succeed for a time, especially if the prima donna is in love with her director. In such a brief breathing space her unphallic character becomes phallic; she allows herself to be compelled. A genuine hysteric, however, soon breaks forth from this cage, which is called love, remains for a while on the horizon like a fata morgana and then loses herself again in the laws, rather the non-laws, of the primary function.

The compulsive actor is conscientious, studies his movements before the mirror, and develops his art to such perfection that the labor becomes hardly noticeable. It may manifest itself occasionally in errors. If the compulsive actor gives a false emphasis to a word, he cannot rid himself of this emphasis and if you should hear him ten years later in the same rôle you would

catch him making the same mistake. The hysterical actress throws herself body and soul into her part without deliberation. I once knew an actress who was ravishing and unforgettable. She was quite unintelligent and did not understand a sentence that she spoke. But she so wonderfully embodied the part which she played that I shall carry with me through life the memory as a precious possession, and I occasionally attempt in some lonely spot to recite the verses as she did thirty years ago. For *I* understood what she said, although she herself did not.

In circles of society where women have little more to do than to remain beautiful, even there dependable and undependable beauties are to be found. The lady is of reliable beauty, of reliable good taste, an orderly person, marriage with whom would be an advantage to any important citizen. She cannot endure the irregular persons who like meteors rush through society's rooms and like a magnet openly or furtively attract the eyes of all the men. I heard it said long ago that a lady may be recognized by the fact that she always has her hair dressed. The hysterical type cannot long submit to the compulsion of the hair dresser. To be sure, this sign has now become obsolete through the fashion of short hair. "Confess," says the lady to her husband as they are returning home in their car, "you have fallen in love with that little snip." She says it calmly and with dignity, for she controls her negative as well as her positive feelings. After some time the husband comes back full of remorse to his reliable wife, unable to get on with the hysteric. She is too variable and on her bad days one can find not the slightest trace of that which before and after makes her so very attractive.

Hostility is implanted between compulsive characters and the hysterical. The compulsive type hates the hysteric, although his dignified manner does not permit him to show his hatred openly or to make much ado about it. The hysteric on his part might hate the compulsive type, if he only could hate. He

talks of his hatred and the passionate outcry, "I hate her (him)!" is hysterical. But he has insufficient strength of character for hating and consequently the contrast in personality is expressed in the form of fear. The hysteric is afraid of the compulsive type and avoids him. He recognizes a superiority which he can never attain, yet feels at the same time his own superiority, with which on occasion he enthusiastically demolishes that other, well-regulated superiority.

As a sweetheart the hysteric is a fearful cross to the grave compulsive man, who takes his love seriously. How shall two come together as partners of whom the one wants to and can be always in earnest, while the other always wants to play? Fiction is full of just these conflicts which rise from the clash of the primary and secondary functions. I refer the reader to the chapter "Child Woman" in my book *Critique of Love*. I have there delineated the love of the hysterical woman, so that here I need merely mention it.

The hysterical woman—apparently associated with superhuman demoniac forces—entrances the compulsive man until he forgets all prudence and falls a victim to her charms. It is not long before he is stripped of all his illusions. He may comfort himself with the fact that the hysteric has occasionally deceived heaven itself, that it admitted her as a saint later to fall into no slight embarrassment. Even as a saint the hysteric is not to be depended upon and sometimes falls to the devil.

The hysterical type has been called protean because like Proteus it appears in a hundred different forms. The key to this enigma is castration. The hysteric instead of accepting the compulsion of actuality, as the mare the stallion, plays the part of a monœcious plant. Psychoanalysis has established the fact that the hysteric is fixed upon her father and cannot free herself from the Œdipus complex. She is not able like the normal woman to transfer her first experience with a man to an actual

loved one of her own generation and set it firmly there. It is probably constitutionally determined that she will always cling to a man who according to the laws of God and man is inaccessible to her. Deeper than the Œdipus complex is the pathology of the primary function which cannot find its necessary completion in the secondary function, that is, in reality, and yet is always striving after it. The Œdipus complex is the first form of this pathology to appear. The hysterical activity, which changes its goals and its methods endlessly, turns in circles like a rudderless ship. If such a person is offered a rudder he cannot take it or use it. Don Juan is a hysteric. He ought not therefore to be provided with every trait of masculinity but—as many actors in representing him have chosen instinctively—rather as possessing feminine characteristics. Freud says that Don Juan is seeking, forever and unsuccessfully, his mother. It is no contradiction to this that he is also seeking his father, the phallic procreator. In Mozart's opera he invites the father-governor to be his guest; and when he actually has him and touches him, his restless striving is at an end and he goes to hell.

### *Comparison with the Compulsive Type*

The primary function bound and regulated by no compulsion breaks into consciousness and overflows the works of reason. Reality and fantasy, wish and fulfillment, are confused. The hysteric according to her desires is a child. Inasmuch as in reality she is a grown woman, she can only play at being a child. She also plays, however, the part of a woman because she does not take her adulthood seriously, pervading it with childish elements. This makes her charming but unbearable. The chaotic part of her personality (the id, the primary function) is merged with the reasoning part in an indivisible communion. Occasionally she is for the time being lovelier, easier to understand, even

capable of admirable deeds. But one cannot reckon with certainty the time of such exalted moments; she herself is least of all capable of knowing beforehand what definite thing she will do and when she will do it. She is at one and the same time actual and nonactual and because of her iridescent nature difficult to comprehend and still more difficult to describe in words.

The hysterical type is not fitted for technical vocations in which unreliability is dangerous to life, as, for example, railway service, or driving an automobile. The hysterical woman drives on the left side of the street and if you are sitting by her side and point this out to her, she says: "The street is empty!" She gives no signal at the curves: "No one is coming!" Should an accident happen or the traffic officer stop her, she exculpates herself in many words while she gives confused replies to all questions thereby showing that at bottom she is but a charming child, until mercy is permitted to take the place of justice. Let us consider for a moment the antipode of hysteria. The compulsive type gives every prescribed signal, maintains the prescribed speed and wishes, in case of a breach of traffic regulations, to be handled according to the strict letter of the law. An accident may also befall him, although accidents happen more rarely to the compulsive than to the hysteric type; but he keeps such an event like all events in his life, carefully separated from his ego, regards it objectively like a foreign body and is not at all inclined to pervade the event with his whole personality in the manner of the hysteric.

She has a peculiarly non-actual superego. The setting up of the superego in our inner self puts an end, according to the teaching of psychoanalysis, to the Œdipus conflict. The hysteric, however, has just as little solved and ended her first conflict as any later one. Consequently her superego appears in a threatening aspect, but it quickly disappears. What does the primary function know of morality? She is, nevertheless, forever in

search of the superego, which, indeed, being a compulsion belongs to the male, that is the phallic, inheritance—and she cannot find it. She has volatilized her idea of the father into smoke and covers everything that she does with this veil of "Thou must." The actuality and the terror of the superego are thus lost. The superego can—as we well know—prove fatal to the human being, but not to the hysteric. She does, it is true, talk a great deal about death, wishes for death and attempts suicide. We understand by a hysterical suicidal attempt one which from the start is bound to fail. It is, however, as is usual with the hysteric's character, arranged neither to fail nor to succeed. The field of death is always perilous; and many a hysteric who leans too far out the window falls to her death, without design to take her life or not to take her life. Nevertheless, a measure of despair lies even in the play with self-destruction, and inasmuch as there is scarcely a hysteric who has not toyed with the idea of death at some time, this destructive tendency seems to be strong in the primary function. It is, as Freud says, given motor direction externally with the help of the secondary function, which controls the musculature. The hysteric does not make sufficient use of the secondary function. For this reason her destructive tendency (death principle) is not regulated; she floats in it and is occasionally swallowed up by it.

It looks as if the hysteric plays a dangerous game while the compulsive type, who strives for security and for a snug isolation of his ego, lives on comparatively without danger. This is not actually the case, for the extreme compulsive type is just as pathologic as the hysterical and destroys himself in his own fashion. He may be compared with a country in which there are too many ordinances. After all, nothing can happen to the hysteric, for she does not exist as an individual. She is in this respect like primitive man, who makes no use of his individuality but lives as a member of his tribe. The hysteric draws into

her ego as large a portion as possible of the external world. Expressed in psychoanalytic terminology, she enthusiastically transfers her ego upon a hundred objects, which she loves as herself, and which to her are alive like herself, but which, alas, vanish just as quickly in the excessive mobility of this libido transference. We know that our cultural ego has arisen through reduction of our own person. Earlier its boundaries were not identical with those of our bodies, but the mother, the tribe, every living thing, finally all objects in the universe, were magically merged with the ego in a single unity. If we wished to judge genetically according to this, we should have to say that the hysteric has not reduced her ego. Psychoanalysis has another way of looking at this, proceeding from the individual as he appears to-day as a phenomenon of the civilized world, and says rather that the hysteric extends her ego through transference.

She transfers her ego first upon her own body and permits the latter to join in that peculiar organ language which Freud has called conversion. Conversions in the form of dysmenorrhea, of blushing, of tic, and impotence perhaps interest the physician most of all. But the development of man toward beauty and the mysterious hysteria of beauty must interest the anthropologist. The power and mysticism of beauty are identical with the mystery of conversion. The spiritual has here become corporeal and yet the effect has remained spiritual. Those beautiful women who are renowned in world history, chiefly destructive beauties like Cleopatra or Lucrezia Borgia and disturbing beauties of literature like Helen of Troy, Salome, Manon Lescaut, Zola's Nana—display hysterical types. The problem of mind and body does not exist for the hysteric. She feels that body and mind are one and needs no Spinoza to discover this. Therefore she can offer sublime and spiritualized beauty, not only of body but also of art, if one only does not ask that it be dependable.

Body and mind are one for the primary process. The bound-

aries which the secondary function imposes are not absolute, neither those between ego and outer world nor those between right and wrong, true and false, pain and pleasure, fear and desire, inclination and aversion, delight and disgust, love of life and suicide. All these borders are obliterated in a state of ecstasy or of intoxication. The hysterical type might also be called ecstatic. To be sure, it is drunk not with wine but it yields readily and unrestrainedly to alcohol and other intoxicating substances. Hysteria contributes the major quota to morphinism and other forms of addiction. We might observe in the alkaloids, which are physical and in minute doses bring about great mental changes, the counterconversion: the transformation of physical substances and effects into ideas, fantasies, resolutions, emotions of all kinds. Who knows whether the mechanism of hysterical conversion, of the actual operation of which we are wholly ignorant, is not related to this peculiar action of poisons in nature? Be that as it may, hysterics quickly grasp the fact that the artificial intoxication supports the natural intoxication of their type. Doctors are frequently uncertain as to whether they should give a suffering patient a series of morphine injections, since there is danger of the use of morphine becoming a habit. This question finds its answer in the type of the patient. The hysterical type is in greater danger than the compulsive. A model bookkeeper, cashier, librarian, a systematic philosopher, an experimental psychologist, a collector—such types do not so easily fall victim to morphinism. They are precise individuals, and if the physician tells them that they should give up smoking they throw away the cigarette they may then have in their mouths and never light another. The hysteric, on the contrary, is too undisciplined to give up anything that provides pleasure and ecstasy. The Volstead law in America is surely not the by-product of hysterical characters. Compulsion has played its part here,

and the way in which prohibition has worked out shows that compulsion does not always lead to satisfactory results.

### *The Hysterical Lie*

The contrast between the hysterical and the compulsive character manifests itself also in the life of nations. The differences are more clearly in evidence here than in individuals on account of the greater dimensions which we have before us in ethnology and world history. It may be said in general that the southerner belongs to the hysterical, the northerner to the compulsive, type. As Nietzsche points out, we are more ready to forgive an Italian a piece of knavery than an Englishman or a Swede. The Englishman is more moral than the Italian because he *must* be. The southerner permits himself all sorts of departures from the beaten path because his superego allows him to do this, and one has to take him as he is; one cannot help liking him even if he is a rascal. Kant says even the criminal has his "categorical imperative" (psychoanalysis would say, his superego) and if he runs counter to it, he is well aware that he has done wrong. This is true, however, only for the world which this Prussian professor in Königsberg saw about him. It is perhaps no mere chance that Lombroso found his *uomo delinquente* in the south, the man without a sense of guilt, that is, without a superego. It cannot be said that the hysteric has no sense of guilt, but it has no stability, flowing away with all other hysterical values like a photograph which has been well developed but not fixed.

The problem of deception in its different forms demonstrates perhaps most clearly the contrast between the primary and the secondary function. We know the hysterical tendency to prevaricate. The reproach contained in the word lie is not justified in so far as hysteria is concerned. For there is no truth for the primary function, no doubt, no contradiction. Fantasy and real-

ity are merged into one, and ergo, there can be no untruth. The hysteric only apparently belongs to the realm of reality. It is our fault, not hers, if we take her seriously, and she does not know what we are talking about when we are harsh with her and call her deceitful. On the other hand, the compulsive character knows precisely what is truth and what falsehood, and forgives a lie neither in himself nor in others. The hysterical type is not in its rightful place in business nor in the field of science, where truth and accuracy must prevail. In the sphere of belief, of beauty, of dream, there is so little of verity to be found that the estimation of the lie must often be changed into the opposite: the hysteric is not herself, she is affected if she plays the part of the sober and reliable person. The deceitful hysteric does not tell lies, but she fantasies. If sometimes she speaks the truth emphatically it is because it pleases her precisely to fantasy the truth.

The tendency to falsification, which has been called *pseudologia phantastica* contains a goodly portion of compulsion. Lies fall from the mouth of the pseudologist compulsively against his will. We have previously remarked that there is scarcely a hysteric without compulsive symptoms. *Pseudologia phantastica* is an example of prolific reciprocal intermingling of hysteria and compulsion. Primarily pseudology has nothing in common with rational purposive lying. It is pure play and confusion. These unfortunate persons, who are mostly of kindly nature, are pursued by the ever-repeated cry: "You are telling what is not true; you are a liar!" and they are driven into a hopeless tangle of purposive falsehoods and prelogical lies through which they may come to grief. An eighteen-year-old girl is brought to me because she cannot speak a word of truth, so that at home they do not know what to do with her. I question her as physician about this and that. She replies that she is constipated, drinks senna tea every night, and that she was operated on the year be-

fore for appendicitis. All this is false. She is not addicted to constipation, has never taken senna tea, and was not operated upon: "You have no scar from the operation."—"I was in Paris, where there is a doctor who can massage away operative scars." —This is of course another fabrication. But what is the fabric of this girl's truth? "I shall not marry. What does one get out of being married? I am free now and can do what I will. If I am married I must stay in the kitchen, will have to allow myself to be insulted by an ill-tempered husband and have even less money than I have now." This and much besides comes fluently from the girl's tongue. She reproduces like a phonograph what other sophisticated girls at the office where she works have said. She identifies herself with these girls, and I call the whole thing a lie. She says it all with a worldly-wise air as if she knew life, and took it seriously. Her truth is concealed in fantasy and day-dreams. Childlike reality is a matter of indifference to her. More than this, she debases reality, mingling truth and reality confusedly together. She clings to the "omnipotence of her thought" (Freud), in order to make what is untrue actual, simply by thinking and speaking it.

We discovered in Asiatic Turkey a remarkable capacity for falsehood among the Anatolian peasants. If a native were asked: "Is this the right way to Güle-Bogas?" he would nod his head energetically. "Is the road passable?"—"Very good."—"Is it far?"—"At most a quarter of an hour." We actually found ourselves in the opposite direction, many hours from the place sought, and the road, moreover, lost itself in a swamp. When we had become sufficiently incensed at the false information—it was our invariable experience—we began to think the thing out and our logic brought several explanations. The first was that as "infidels" we were hated by the Turk and therefore he wished to do us an injury; the second, that he wanted to be rid of us as quickly as possible and therefore answered all our questions af-

firmatively; the third, that in providing us with the desired information he gave us pleasure, our expression of which gave him a share in it, while he would not be present when annoyance and disappointment succeeded. All these explanations contained logic and we imputed the latter to the behavior of the native. He, however, is prelogical. If Allah wishes, Güle-Bogas is at one and the same time both before us and behind us, the bad road is good, and a thousand miles are as an ell. We with our haste and effort to reach a goal were always incomprehensible to the Turk. The tale is more important to him than the reality and that he had deceived us is a reproach that he would not have comprehended. Had we hanged him for it, he would have died with the feeling that we call fatalism, which in fact means an indifference toward reality; what particular difference could there be between living and dying?

Mostly primitive peoples die out when they come into contact with civilization. It is said that we have brought them brandy, the tuberculous bacillus, and other toxins which they cannot survive. But we bring them also our secondary function, which they cannot endure. They say then that our magic is not theirs and they cannot understand our medicine men. The shock of collision of two fundamentally different kinds of magic would be better understood if our reports concerning primitive peoples were not furnished us by missionaries and other observers who deal in values like truth and falsehood, property and theft, as if these were absolute concepts which were equally applicable everywhere.

We may observe the slow growth of our children into the secondary function. Our children conducted themselves in early childhood like savages. The mother of the three-year-old Eric had gone away and telephoned from where she was. When the child was brought to the telephone so that his mother could hear his little voice, Eric called into the instrument: "Miss

Elaine Smith was just here!" This was not true. He had met this young lady upon the street several weeks before. His parents had only a very slight acquaintance with her. It could not be discovered why the name had remained in the boy's ears. Some one later said very seriously to the little fellow: "You told your mother an untruth. Do you not know that you must not tell lies?" The boy did not understand what was expected of him. Children are only slowly through continuous admonition brought to the knowledge that there are such immoral qualities as cruelty, cowardice, badness of various kinds. Eric had not lied, although what he said of Miss Smith was not an actuality. In the first place, the purpose was fulfilled that the mother should hear her child speak. It made no difference to any one concerned what Eric called into the telephone so long as he did so. Why should it be of importance to the child, who was participating with his mother and needed just any outcry of joy to unite himself with the distant one? If the three-year-old Eric is no longer content with an inarticulate expression of gladness but speaks complete, apparently meaningful sentences, educated language is at fault. The dry logic of this language: straight and crooked, true and false, good and bad, is still rather immaterial to the child. Language becomes for the child a prelogical medium for his emotions in moments which are just a bit heightened, not enough, though, to be designated as ecstasy. And adults say that the child has lied.

In order to utter a falsehood one must necessarily be subjected to the laws of logic. For logic there is but one truth: a number is either even or odd; it is never at the same time both even and odd. The difference between falsehood and truth does not exist in the prelogical thinking of the child—for a longer time than educators believe. The child still stands in the blooming garden before the entrance into the barren field of logic, like Pilate at the exit, when he puts the skeptical question, "What is

truth?" Why should a statement be untrue because it is not true? A four-year-old boy relates: "Yesterday I went all alone to the circus, bought a ticket for myself, and saw the whole performance. The lions roared so." I inquire: "Is that really true?" The boy says, "No." Every one can see that this child has lied—no, that he has made up a story. One would have to forbid children to play, to fantasy, to enjoy fairy tales, if one wished to root out such lies. I look upon such lies as charming tales. Does not the lover tell his beloved that she is the most beautiful, the noblest, the loveliest creature under the sun? And that certainly is not true. Sophisticated people distinguish between conscious (subjective) and unwitting (objective) lies. This distinction is very important in the giving of testimony, in the discoveries of scientists, and in the practical exchange of the life of the market. It is of very little importance and without sharp boundaries in prelogical creatures. Did the boy lie consciously (subjectively) regarding the circus or unwittingly (objectively)? The answer can be merely that the distinction scarcely comes into consideration.

### *Hysterics in Nations*

Psychoanalysis approaches psychical problems from the pathological side. It falls thereby into the danger of giving a distorted picture of the world. The word "hysterical" type contains a derogatory element. But modern scientific words like cycloid or syntonic character, which mean approximately the same, have not become common. Nietzsche's division into Dionysian and Apollonian, which is almost completely identical with that of the primary and secondary function elaborated in this book, removes the reproach which adheres to the word hysterical. I should gladly, therefore, for my part, say the Dionysian type. Nevertheless, Nietzsche's words are too philological to become lastingly popular. Furthermore, the word Apollonian would not

correspond to the compulsive character. So we are forced either to introduce new words, as, for instance, primary and secondary type, which may not sound very enticing, or remain with what we have and continue to speak of hysterical types.

We owe to the hysterical, forever phallic-unphallic urge, all purposeless beauty which fades without bearing fruit. To be all-too-beautiful is pathological, precisely as is loathsome ugliness, which has long been described as a sign of degeneracy. As a fact, there is found occasionally in slowly deteriorating families in which mental diseases, deaf mutism, neuroses of all sorts are present, all at once an entrancing beauty, often of an almost unearthly kind, which, however, quickly fades. The folk tongue calls this beauty, on account of its ephemeral character and also the mysterious power that radiates from it, *beauté du diable*. Hardly can a painter's brush reproduce the seductive sexual force of attraction which proceeds from such beings, for the painter works with but a single sense organ while the expression of the primary function as incarnation of the libido can never be apprehended and reproduced even by all the senses. It is transcendent. I have heard mothers, fathers, lovers, complain: "Where did the flowerlike beauty, where did the magic perfection of my daughter, of my beloved, go?" I have myself seen these creatures, empty shells after fireworks, vessels of which one no longer can behold the diabolic splendor once contained within them. The radiant beauty which prostrates everything before it stands upon a slender foundation. On the one hand, it is absorbed without recall into prosaic commonplace; on the other, it passes tragically and likewise unremembered into psychosis and is then rapidly transformed into the desexualized, expressionless ugliness of the benighted mind. In like manner nations have their moments of beauty and of development of power. Everything depends upon whether such nations find in their great hour a great leader who shall bind phallicly the pur-

poselessness of the primary function. The more orderly and compulsively the life of the nation proceeds, the less may we expect to find hysterical ebullitions in it. Such nations are not readily accessible to intoxication through mighty slogans like Equality! Liberty! Fraternity! or Glory and fatherland, or to Fascists or Bolshevists. We see from time to time in the history of the world great masses streaming from east to west or from west to east. The historian describes one of these migrations with satisfaction, another with evident aversion, and many of them he ignores altogether. A materialistic conception of history beholds everywhere economic causes for such migrations: new pastures, new agricultural lands, or the lure of a useful metal like bronze, iron, or gold. The individualistic writing of history, on its part, finds the wanderings of the Huns incorporated in Attila, the Arabian expeditions in Mohammed, the Mongol hordes in Ghengis Khan and his successors. It sees almost nothing but the leaders who inspire these movements from Alexander the Great to Napoleon. Psychoanalysis observes eruptions of the instincts dammed in the id. These instincts furnished the material for the rising of the French nation in its great revolution, and hunger is of course one of the mightiest of the instincts. There are, however, many nations as poor as beggars which hunger and yet never revolt. Hunger alone cannot bring revolt. Nor is it rational considerations or leaders that create revolutions. A nation must be made hysterical in order to effervesce. The primary function must be loosed from the secondary function and become independent; then it reaches from heaven to hell. Goethe, an Apollonian spirit, did not want to understand the French Revolution. He said it was not in good taste and used the same phrase for the assassination of Julius Cæsar. Goethe had no tolerance for hysterical outbreaks which were not sufficiently clothed with secondary function (rationalization). Goethe manifested, on the other hand, great admiration for the figure of Napoleon, who

had stayed the waves of the revolution and had apparently guided it into an orderly channel. "Shake your chains," said Goethe even in 1813, "the man is too great for you. You will not break them." He regarded him as a man of order who had subdued the unbridled floods of the revolution. Yet Napoleon was at least a half hysteric, a daydreamer, whose occasional twilight states led even to the borders of epilepsy. His life was a myth, which began upon the island of Corsica and terminated upon the island of St. Helena. The life of a compulsive person can never become a myth. The fantasy of the nation can never be enkindled by punctiliousness, steadfast fulfillment of duty, implacable righteousness, and other compulsive virtues; but, on the contrary, qualities like cruelty, vindictiveness, incalculability, histrionics, and cynicism may prove effectual.

One may seek in vain among Nordic peoples, to which, at least in part, Germany also belongs, for outbreaks and their leaders who may be compared with those of Asiatic or Latin movements, the figures of Oliver Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus perhaps excepted. Asia has given us—born of ecstasy—all religions which are still of importance in the civilized world. We owe to Italy the Renaissance of the arts. Our debt to the Nordic peoples consists of Protestantism and Puritanism, which later on reactively altered the Catholic church. The most important part of modern sciences is also derived from the north. We will not enroll ourselves with the biased ethnologists who distinguish between creative and non-creative nations. As far as one can see, all nations are creative. It does seem, rather, as if some create out of the void, that is, from the primary function, and as if the other nations on their part were able to preserve what had been created, to improve it and make it useful or, on the other hand, reactively to reject that which others have produced (for example, Catholicism) and substitute something else in its place.

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE COMPULSIVE TYPE

We have designated the hysterical type as the pathology of the primary function. The pathology consists in the fact that the hysteric regresses from the forces of the secondary function and substitutes for the resolute performance of the secondary function myriad forms of fluttering activity in its endeavor to render the unreal real. In a world which forever renews itself in birth by means of male impregnation, it is the vaulting ambition of the hysteric to give to this world, in the form of parthenogenesis, children of rapture, ecstatic waves, foam and wind. This type was difficult to delineate inasmuch as its origin is chaos which is not fructified by the Logos. In opposition to the hysterical type is the pathology of the secondary function in which the demands of the primary function are thrust back. Form becomes sufficient unto itself and would live without substance. Here everything is strictly ordered, precisely measured, compulsively grounded; here logic, ethics, doubt, dogma, certainty, and ever more certainty have become ends in themselves. The pyrotechnics of the primary function are checked by a rigid system of formulas. It is always a lighter task to describe forms and formulas, for language, especially the abstract, scientific language of cultured man, belongs to the secondary function, is in harmony with it, and can therefore readily embrace it. We enter into a tranquil and secure realm.

Characterology is the youngest child of the youthful science, psychology, and although many characterological books exist, there is still a paucity of practical utilizable material. Freud him-

self has described diverse types, most successfully the anal type, to which we will come presently. His pupils have described the oral, the urethral, the genital type, following his method of investigation on which to base their own psychology of the erogenous zones of the body. Most of these types are built up through reaction against instinctual impulses which could not be given rein in their original form. Thus Freud's triad in the anal type: cleanliness, parsimony, obstinacy, which characteristics have arisen through reaction against a primary impulse active in the opposite direction. Even Alfred Adler's monotonous theory finds personality built up *reactively* upon the feeling of inferiority. The compulsive type is always reactive, and for this very reason, rightly to be considered as secondary character. It is, however, mere evasion to ignore the chaotic primary type and overlook the harmony which man may attain if he unites the primary function with the secondary; for then he may be a happy being no longer reactively driven, no longer forced to constant hopeless repetition. There is no positive hysterical or compulsive type. Each represents a combination of characteristics peculiar to itself and our polarity exists only in theory. Similarly, male and female types are but a composite of variegated characteristics, which fact, however, does not prevent us from speaking in a general way of men and women.

It would appear as if all investigators who set up types of personalities have felt themselves constrained to proceed in their research until they arrived at two types which they regarded as the antipodes of each other. For this they are censured rather than praised, inasmuch as personality is manifold in its aspects and cannot be brought without considerable distortion into a polar system. Poets find their way without difficulty at this point. They portray their types undeviatingly, unerringly. The work of a genuine artist admits of no doubt as to its *raison d'être*. Nor do so-called observers of human nature become entangled in the

difficulties which beset scientifically interested characterologists. They need no refined definition of character types, call to their aid no scientific principles; but they know what they know. Those men whose vocation leads to a knowledge of their fellow men: hotel clerks, head waiters, insurance agents, traveling salesmen, field officers, are usually more competent judges of men than learned persons, even those learned persons who have been engaged scientifically with psychology. Yet poets and other practical observers of humanity take their knowledge with them to the grave, and even in life fail to impart their wisdom to others. In order to acquire scientific knowledge, in order to impart it, one must withdraw somewhat from the immediate view and seek to grasp the truth schematically. This is precisely our endeavor in our study of character; and if investigators constantly return to a main polarity, this may have its foundation in the great law of bisexuality which we find everywhere and which has won a rightful place for itself in this book. Expressed simply, so simply that any critic may easily make merry over it: we all originate from a father (father principle) and a mother (mother principle); we identify ourselves at one time with the one, at another time with the other, and at all times with both. This is why characterologists find polar types which in actuality never appear in pure culture.

Jung has worked out the polarity into introverts and extraverts. The expressions are happily chosen because easy to understand. We employ the word introvert in psychoanalysis as Freud has taught us, in a different way from that of Jung. Nevertheless, Jung's classification has become popular and this is not the place to split psychoanalytic theories. A sleeping person is introverted; the external world has vanished as far as he is concerned. The individual who enters enthusiastically into an experience is extraverted. His inner life, his ego consciousness, have for the time apparently disappeared. These two examples

show that there is neither a complete exclusion of the external world nor a complete debarring of the internal world. The sleeper notes in his own way what is going on about him. The most sustained attention is not wholly detached from the needs of the ego. Usage of speech, however, calls one person a dreamer and the other a vigorous, energetic individual. The Oriental is familiar with a state which he designates *Kef*. He is able in the rush of the world to fall into a sort of self-hypnosis. We would say psychoanalytically that he returns to the mother. The father does not like to see a dreamy absent-mindedness in his children. Only the mother, or better, the grandmother, tells stories in the semi-darkness of the chimney corner.

Jung's classification does not so completely embody the contrast, turned toward the world or turned from the world. His division lies between the world of emotion and the world of intellect. The one group represses its emotional life, hides it, even denies its existence, and poses as purely intellectual. The other group flaunts its emotions before the world and permits intellect to be governed by feeling. The similarity with our division into compulsive types, who reactively repress emotion as it streams forth from the primary function, and hysterical types, who cannot clothe the primary function in the secondary, is obvious. In psychoanalysis we work in depths where Jung's classification falls short. It is, however, well suited for the initial approach to the problems.

Kretschmer proceeds in his discussion of types (*Physique and Character*) from the two great groups of psychoses: schizophrenia and manic-depressive (circular) insanity. He finds the types, even normal ones, classified according to these two groups of psychoses. Inasmuch as schizophrenia is the worst possibility of the compulsive type and circular types ("exulting to heaven, despairing to death") belong to hysteria, much will be found in Kretschmer that is close to our division. His statements regard-

ing correspondences between physique and personality are very ingenious. The Don Quixotes have always been represented as lean men with receding foreheads, compulsive types (Kretschmer's *asthenic habitus*) and the Sancho Panzas as broad and stout with flabby face, primary types (Kretschmer's *pyknic habitus*).

Ludwig Klages finds the polarity in instinctive will and conscious, rational purposiveness. All enthusiasm, with which Klages reckons the impulse for knowledge, love of truth, craving for beauty, and love, stands upon the side of the instinctual life; furthermore, all "passionateness," that is, according to Klages, avarice, lust for power, sexual desire, vindictiveness. The polar opposite to the instinctual life is, in Klages's theory, all reasonableness: objectivity, taste, sense of duty, conscience; furthermore, all egoism—acquisitiveness, ambition, prudence, cunning. One may grasp this to much better advantage in Klages's extensive writings from his fluent pen than in this schematic rendering, which I take from a book of Karl Jaspers. Yet in following his divisions the superiority of the psychoanalytic formulation, I believe, is clearly in evidence. Klages's classification is laborious and forced. I would not mention it did I not wish to point out the peculiar compulsion, to which practically all characterologists are subject, to evolve two principal types, which will regularly approach the ancient and popular division into intellectual and emotional individuals, characters open and reserved, respectable and obnoxious, good and bad.

### *The Primary and the Secondary Type*

I cannot attribute to Freud my division into the primary and the secondary type. He does not enter the field of characterology, leaving the working of this territory to his pupils. Nevertheless, it is he who has made it possible for us by his classifi-

cation into ego, id, and superego to follow characterology upon psychoanalytic principles. In his theory of the neuroses he divides nervous disorders into "narcissistic" and "transference" disorders. Hysteria and anxiety hysteria are extreme forms of transference neuroses (see explanation of the concept transference p. 86); compulsion neurosis is narcissistic and the transference is only a wavering one. In the psychoses no transference at all is made; all libido is turned within (see the chapter "Narcissism" in my book *Critique of Love*). Everything depends, according to Freud, upon the libido economy and every type may be judged in respect to the question, where and to what degree is the libido invested in the psychic economy? The primary character allows its libido to flow forth unhindered. The secondary restrains it, uses it carefully in the secondary function, which is a neat and complex wheelwork, for the driving of which such an unbridled energy as that of Eros is not properly suited. In this discrepancy lies a portion of the tragedy of the secondary character, often its triumph, usually its torment, in both of which—triumph and torment—we all share. For in this characteristic secondary action is concealed the essence of all human civilization.

In Freud's classification of the neuroses and, as we may add here, of types according to the degree of the transference, there is at first no difference between man and woman. There are narcissistic women and men with enthusiastic transference just as there are hysterical men and compulsive women. Nevertheless, the man seems by his nature to be more narcissistic than the woman. Woman must be able to transfer her love, at least upon her child. The individual who came into existence as man is a gift—also a curse—of narcissism. The group is bound in affection, and the primeval group of two is mother and child. The crossed inheritance of masculine and feminine qualities here makes the conception complicated. I believe, however, that the

idea of maternal feeling can be maintained, as well as the explanation that the paternal sentiment is a cultural product and actually a maternal one (see p. 198).

Freud repeatedly complains that the ideas male and female are psychologically very difficult to grasp:

> "It is necessary to make clear that the conceptions "masculine" and "feminine," whose content seems so unequivocal to the ordinary meaning, belong to the most confused terms in science and can be cut up into at least three paths. One uses masculine and feminine at times in the sense of activity and passivity, again, in the biological sense, and then also in the sociological sense. The first of these three meanings is the essential one and the only one utilizable in psychoanalysis. It agrees with the masculine designation of the libido in the text above, for the libido is always active even when it is directed to a passive aim. The second, the biological significance of masculine and feminine, is the one which permits the clearest determination. Masculine and feminine are here characterized by the presence of semen or ovum and through the functions emanating from them. The activity and its secondary manifestations, like stronger developed muscles, aggression, a greater intensity of libido, are as a rule soldered to the biological masculinity but not necessarily connected with it, for there are species of animals in whom these qualities are attributed to the female. The third, the sociological meaning, receives its content through the observation of the actual existing male and female individuals. The result of this in man is that there is no pure masculinity or femininity either in the biological or psychological sense. On the contrary every individual person shows a mixture of his own biological sex characteristics with the biological traits of the other sex and a union of activity and passivity; this is the case whether these psychological characteristic features depend on the biological or whether they are independent of it" (*Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex*, p. 79).

And in 1930, in *Civilization and Its Discontents:*

"Sex is a biological fact which is hard to evaluate psychologically, although it is of extraordinary importance in mental life. We are accustomed to say that every human being displays both male and female instinctual impulses, needs and attributes, but the characteristics of what is male and female can only be demonstrated in anatomy, and not in psychology. Where the latter is concerned, the antithesis of sex fades away into that of activity and passivity, and we far too readily identify activity with masculinity and passivity with femininity, a statement which is by no means universally confirmed in the animal world. The theory of bisexuality is still very obscure and in psychoanalysis we must be painfully aware of the disadvantage we are under as long as it still remains unconnected with the theory of instincts" (p. 77).

In the year 1908 Freud published the following study of "Character and Anal Erotism," with which I will preface what I have to say concerning the compulsive character:

"The persons whom I am about to describe are remarkable for a regular combination of the three following peculiarities: they are exceptionally *orderly*, *parsimonious*, and *obstinate*. Each of these words really covers a small group or series of traits which are related to one another. 'Orderly' comprises both bodily cleanliness and reliability and conscientiousness in the performance of petty duties: the opposite of it would be 'untidy' and 'negligent.' 'Parsimony' may be exaggerated up to the point of avarice; and obstinacy may amount to defiance, with which irascibility and vindictiveness may easily be associated. The two latter qualities—parsimony and obstinacy—hang together more closely than the third, orderliness; they are, too, the more constant element in the whole complex. It seems to me, however, incontestable that all three in some way belong together.

"From the history of the early childhood of these persons one easily learns that they took a long time to overcome the infantile

*incontinentia alvi*, and that even in later childhood they had to complain of isolated accidents relating to this function. As infants they seem to have been among those who refuse to empty the bowel when placed on the chamber, because they derive an incidental pleasure from the act of defecation; for they assert that even in somewhat later years they have found a pleasure in holding back their stools, and they remember, though more readily of their brothers and sisters than of themselves, all sorts of unseemly performances with the stools when passed. From these indications we infer that the erotogenic significance of the anal zone is intensified in the innate sexual constitution of these persons; but since none of these weaknesses and peculiarities are to be found in them once childhood has been passed, we must conclude that the anal zone has lost its erotogenic significance in the course of their development, and that the constant appearance of this triad of peculiarities in their character may be brought into relation with the disappearance of their anal erotism.

"I know that no one feels inclined to accept a proposition which appears unintelligible and for which no explanation can be offered, but we can find the basis of such an explanation in the postulates I have formulated in my *Drei Abhandlungen zur Sexual-theorie*. I there attempt to show that the sexual instinct of man is very complex and is made up of contributions from numerous components and partial impulses. The peripheral stimulation of certain specialized parts (genitals, mouth, anus, urethra), which may be called erotogenic zones, furnishes important contributions to the production of sexual excitation, but the fate of the stimuli arising in these areas varies according to their source and according to the age of the person concerned. Generally speaking, only a part is deflected from a sexual aim and is directed to other purposes, a process which may be called sublimation. During the period of life which may be distinguished as the 'sexual latency period,' i.e. from the end of the fourth year to the first manifestations of puberty at about eleven, reaction-formations, such as shame, disgust and morality, are formed in the mental economy at the

expense of the excitations proceeding from the erotogenic zones, and these reaction-formations erect themselves as barriers against the later activity of the sexual instinct. Now anal erotism is one of those components of the instinct which in the course of evolution and in accordance with our present civilizing education has become useless for sexual aims; it would therefore be no very surprising result if these traits of orderliness, parsimony, and obstinacy, which are so prominent in persons who were formerly anal erotics, turned out to be the first and most constant results of the sublimation of anal erotism.

"The inherent necessity of this relationship is naturally not clear even to myself, but I can make some suggestions, which help towards an understanding of it. The cleanliness, orderliness, and reliability give exactly the impression of a reaction-formation against an interest in things that are unclean and intrusive and ought not to be on the body ('Dirt is matter in the wrong place'). To bring obstinacy into relation with interest in defecation seems no easy task, but it should be remembered that infants can very early behave with great self-will about parting with their stools (see above), and that painful stimuli to the skin of the buttocks (which is connected with the anal erotogenic zone) are an instrument in the education of the child designed to break his self-will and make him submissive. As an expression of defiance or of defiant mockery, a challenge referring to a caress on this part of the body is used even at the present day, as in former times—that is, it represents a tender feeling which has undergone repression. An exposure of the buttocks corresponds to the reduction of this speech to a gesture; in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* we find both speech and gesture introduced most appropriately as expression of defiance.

"The connections which exist between the two complexes of interest in money and of defecation, which seem so dissimilar, appear to be the most far-reaching. It is well known to every physician who has used psycho-analyis that the most refractory and obdurate cases of so-called chronic constipation in neurotics

can be cured by this means. This is less surprising if we remember that this function has shown itself equally amenable to hypnotic suggestion. But in psycho-analysis one only attains this result when one deals with the money complex of the persons concerned, and induces them to bring it into consciousness with all its connections. One might suppose that the neurosis is here only following a hint from common speech which calls a person who keeps too careful a hold on his money 'dirty' or 'filthy,' but this would be far too superficial an explanation. In reality, wherever archaic modes of thought predominate or have persisted—in ancient civilizations, in myth, fairy-tale and superstition, in unconscious thoughts and dreams, and in the neurosis—money comes into the closest relation with excrement. We know how the money which the devil gives his paramours turns to excrement after his departure, and the devil is most certainly nothing more than a personification of the unconscious instinctual forces. . . . Even in the early Babylon cult gold is 'the excrement of Hell,' Mammon-ilu manman. Thus in the following common speech, the neurosis, here as elsewhere, takes the words in their original most significant sense, and wherever it appears to express a word figuratively it usually only reproduces its original meaning.

"It is possible that the contrast between the most precious substance known to man and the most worthless, which he rejects as 'something thrown out,' has contributed to this identification of gold with fæces.

"Yet another circumstance facilitates this equivalence in the mental processes involved in neurosis. The original erotic interest in money is making its appearance as something new which was unknown in childhood. This makes it easier for the earlier impulse, which is in process of relinquishing its aim, to be carried over to the new one.

"If there is any reality in the relation described here between anal erotism and this triad of character-traits, one may expect to find but little of the 'anal character' in persons who have retained the erotogenic quality of the anal zone into adult life, as for

example certain homosexuals. Unless I am greatly mistaken experience on the whole is fully in accord with this anticipation.

"One ought to consider whether other types of character do not also show a connection with the excitability of particular erotogenic zones. As yet I am aware only of the intense 'burning' ambition of those who formerly suffered from enuresis. At any rate, one can give a formula for the formation of the ultimate character from the constituent character-traits: the permanent character-traits are either unchanged perpetuations of the original impulses, sublimations of them, or reaction-formations against them" (*Collected Papers*, Vol. III, pp. 45-50).

Thus Freud in this work and particularly in the last sentence pointed the way for the psychoanalytic exploration of character: continuance without alteration of the original instinctual force or transformations in it which lead to nervous reactions or to sublimations. Freud speaks in another place of instincts and the fate of the instincts. He distinguishes four destinies for instincts which cannot be permitted expression directly and without metamorphosis:

Transformation into the opposite
Direction toward one's own person
Repression
Sublimation.

Of these four destinies of the instincts we must consider, especially for the compulsive character, the transformation into the opposite, for example, cruelty into benevolence and human kindliness; and sublimation, for instance, transformation of an instinct for soiling and smearing things into painting. Turning an instinct against one's own person and repression are found just as active in the hysterical character as in the compulsive. The essential contrast between hysterical and compulsive types is that between "continuance without alteration" and "reaction forma-

tion" against the original instinct. The instinctual inclination toward filth cannot be pursued untransmuted in our culture. No more can the destructive impulse, which is bound with the oral zone (the teeth) and that efficient organ of our musculature, the hand. On this account an excessive (constitutional) development of the (pregenital) anal, oral, and sadistic zones leads to reactive character, if not to illness, called compulsion neurosis. The normal sexual impulse, the genital harmony, is, on the contrary, very capable of diversion to civilized activities. It may remain what it is; primary function and secondary function concur under certain conditions in permitting love. Civilization raises objection against the incestuous forms, and here lies the hysterical conflict. Hysteria represses the genital and heterosexual harmony because it is poisoned incestuously (Œdipus complex). The otherwise normal sexuality of hysteria is shattered upon the "incest barrier." The phallus is forbidden and with it the hysteria renounces any direction, any compulsion from the side of the secondary function. Indeed, civilization also opposes sexual promiscuity and "illegitimate" intercourse. The precepts created toward this end are compulsive institutions, which have been laid down in prescribed marriage laws. Hysteria knows nothing of this. The hysteric is a good wife only if the husband constrains her to be.

The hysteric not only directs her instinct against her own body—the compulsive person does that also—but she transforms the impulse into body (conversion). The compulsive individual on his part changes the physical, like anal and oral stimuli, into ideas, compulsive mechanisms, and abstract qualities. Thus he also converts, but in the reverse direction. The hysteric charges parts of her body with libido; the compulsive person withdraws the libido from the bodily reservoir and invests with libido thoughts, activities, all forms of "Thou shalt." The hysteric has no goal in coitus, because she has coitus without a phallus. The

compulsive person has coitus in endless vacillation hither and thither, without substance. Both are sterile, the one with the ecstasy of intoxication, the other with sobriety and circumspection, which, nevertheless, cannot prevent continual doubt. The compulsive person guards himself by unswerving use of the secondary function from instincts which he cannot accept as such. These instincts are, according to Freud—a discovery of sound truth—anal and sadistic. I have given Freud's article regarding type and anal erotism almost in its entirety because it contains implicitly everything that can be said about the compulsive type. The compulsive person is punctual and may drive us to despair with his punctuality (see p. 223), just as in general he rouses much hate despite his blameless conduct. He finds his good deeds rewarded with ingratitude. He creates a chilly atmosphere wherever he appears.

The compulsive type thinks out everything to its end. The human mind is, however, not constituted to thinking things out to the end. Hence the final result of the compulsive brooder is inevitably doubt and collapse of the erected structure of thought. His thinking always leads to false conclusions, vicious circles, incorrect results, like the factors zero and infinity in humorous mathematical problems. A certain intellectual narrowness adheres to these thinkers in systems. The hysteric, to be sure, has her limitations; she does not see the difference between reality and fantasy. But her narrowness of perception bears a wholly different character, namely an ecstatic one. Let us assume Napoleon to have been an hysteric. The Prussian general Blücher, his opponent and in the end his conqueror, a compulsive type from head to heels, said of Napoleon: "Let him go! At bottom he is nothing but a stupid fellow!" Here we have the contrast. What pettiness not to see the greatness of a Napoleon! Napoleon's son, called Duke of Reichstadt (l'Aiglon), is said to have once asked his grandfather, Emperor

Francis of Austria about Napoleon and to have received the following reply: "Your father was a man who was unwilling to leave any one at rest. So we had to lock him up." Another narrow-minded statement. Yet there is no doubt that Blücher's statement contains an element of truth, as well as that of the poor tyrant Francis. The hysterical activity contains an element of narrowness, even a certain amount of compulsion. Hysteria is fundamentally non-creative because its state compels it to be producing all of the time—and that is narrow. The compulsive individual is narrow because he possesses no genius. The hysterical person is narrow because she has no discipline. There is an old saying: Genius is the capacity for taking pains. I do not believe that this definition hits the truth. Genius, without industry, bears no fruit, and conversely industry without genius is barren. I know that I am stating a trivial truth but it fits in this connection. The tragedy of genius is its hysterical degeneration. There have been many geniuses of this stamp; forceful geniuses, full of storm and stress, born demi-gods, dying incomplete, surrounded and outstripped by mediocre talents which have labored arduously until the primary function took pity on these industrious workers and made something of them.

The hysteric is in most cases useless, but generally possesses a certain charm which makes her likable. The compulsive person is many times more useful, for Freud's anal triad, clean, parsimonious, pedantic, by all means supports the order of things. It is not given to every one to be pedantic in minute things. Yet teachers must be pedantic in small details, so that the boys and girls in their charge shall learn to write and play the piano. I had a piano instructor who would not allow me to leave out a note or—as he said—let it fall under the piano. Whenever it happened, he did not inform me that I had skipped a note or phrase but asked me to play the piece over from the beginning. When I came to the same place and made the same mistake

again, he would have me begin afresh and then he would count triumphantly: "We are repeating now for the fifth, the seventh, the ninth time!" It was a stubborn fight, and the result of this method was that to-day I cannot play the piano. Here the healthy pedantry of a good teacher had degenerated into a sadistic obstinacy.

A statistician must be pedantic. But he must also possess creative force so that he will know how to arrange his figures, what factors he must take into account, and how they are to be valued. Almost insoluble difficulty lies in the nature of statistics as a science. One must be a compulsive type to be a good statistician. A different type will rarely feel drawn in this direction. Therefore the creative force is invariably lacking, and for this reason the science of statistics is in an unfavorable position. There is a popular saying that anything can be proved by statistics, and some one has maliciously coined the witticism: "There are two kinds of lies; ordinary lies and statistical ones." That is an undeserved characterization of persons who carry on their day's work as they understand it in an orderly and conscientious manner.

Science in general needs compulsive people, otherwise it loses the ground upon which it rests: the certainty of proof. A mathematician is said to have exclaimed after a performance of Beethoven's *Eroica:* "What does that prove?" A compulsive type! The greatness of a scientist, however, manifests itself in the fact that he knows the boundaries of science: the unprovable, that which cannot be proved. The professor who has no interest in anything outside his profession is not only a boon to our comic artists; he is likewise an unattractive phenomenon disagreeable in the eyes of his fellow men. He is often a miserable fellow for whom order is of paramount importance. Schopenhauer, who was well off, wrote to his sister, who wanted to borrow some money, a hard letter of refusal: he could not give her

a cent because as a scholar he had to live always in well-ordered circumstances in order to be able to work. Compulsive persons would approve of this, hysterics would not. It is as in the old fable of La Fontaine concerning The Cricket and the Ant. The children in school are given this fable to learn by heart so that they may know that one must be industrious and thrifty like the ant, unlike the care-free, forever merry, singing cricket. But children in their hearts are generally on the side of the cricket. They understand the song of the cricket better than the "Thou-shalt" principle of the ant. In the year 1848 when the revolution broke out in Frankfort an officer of patrol came into Schopenhauer's home to shoot the rebels behind the barricades. Schopenhauer brought his field glass so that the officer could spy the "canailles" better. He was not opposed to a change in the social distribution of goods; he was embittered against those who disturbed his peace, the order of his daily routine. I told this story to a cultured man whose benevolent spirit and high esteem of human existence are generally well known, and he remarked: "I can understand that. There must be order." The compulsive character of the learned man triumphed over his benevolence.

Benevolence belongs to hysteria. But of what purpose is the hysterical kindness, which is so unreliable? The charitable spirit of the compulsive person may be depended upon. It fills the world with hospitals, orphanages, asylums of all sorts, charitable institutions, schools. To be sure, the children in the orphanages and the widows in the asylums have frequently been reduced to such circumstances because certain sadistic instincts of the rich benefactors have brought the fathers and husbands to an early grave. Yet as these sadistic instincts are universal, and fill the world with destruction, it is consoling to know that reactive types can transform their sadism into love of mankind and at least in part make good the evil they have done. It seems to

us as if the social sense where it displays its richest fruits were present precisely through the metamorphosis of an antisocial feeling. Under the pressure of the superego (see p. 202) hatred, envy, uncleanness, and egoism of all kinds are transmuted into social qualities of great value. I do not believe that this statement degrades the worth of sublime perfection; on the contrary. If the perfection has arisen through serious effort it must be prized so much more highly. Let us suppose that we all entered the world as little beasts; so much more sublime is it that from these animals there could spring such men as Buddha, Confucius, Newton, Goethe. Yet we do not enter the world as beasts but in the possession of a primary function which even the infant manifests when it smiles at its mother. This smile is an expression of a social feeling long before the petty jealousies arise in the nursery, which lead secondarily to reactions. If I understand Freud aright in regard to this point, he does not believe in a direct transformation of the infant's smile into a feeling for his "neighbor." He teaches that "social feeling" which Trotter described as a herd instinct native to mankind. Freud writes in his *Group Psychology:*

> "What appears later on in society in the shape of *Gemeingeist, esprit de corps,* 'group spirit,' etc., does not belie its derivation from what was originally envy. No one must want to put himself forward, every one must be the same and have the same. Social justice means that we deny ourselves many things so that others may have to do without them as well, or, what is the same thing, may not be able to ask for them. This demand for equality is the root of social conscience and the sense of duty. It reveals itself unexpectedly in the syphilitic's dread of infecting other people, which psychoanalysis has taught us to understand. The dread exhibited by these poor wretches corresponds to their violent struggles against the unconscious wish to spread their infection on to other people; for why should they alone be infected and cut

off from so much? why not other people as well? And the same germ is to be found in the pretty anecdote of the judgment of Solomon. If one woman's child is dead, the other shall not have a live one either. The bereaved woman is recognized by this wish.

"Thus social feeling is based upon the reversal of what was first a hostile feeling into a positively-toned tie of the nature of an identification. So far as we have hitherto been able to follow the course of events, this reversal appears to be effected under the influence of a common tender tie with a person outside the group. We do not ourselves regard our analysis of identification as exhaustive, but it is enough for our present purpose that we should revert to this one feature—its demand that equalization shall be consistently carried through. We have already heard in the discussion of the two artificial groups, church and army, that their preliminary condition is that all their members should be loved in the same way by one person, the leader. Do not let us forget, however, that the demand for equality in a group applies only to its members and not to the leader. All the members must be equal to one another, but they all want to be ruled by one person. Many equals, who can identify themselves with one another, and a single person superior to them all—that is the situation that we find realized in groups which are capable of subsisting. Let us venture, then, to correct Trotter's pronouncement that man is a herd animal and assert that he is rather a horde animal, an individual creature in a horde led by a chief" (*Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego*, pp. 87-89).

Most anthropologists object to Freud's assumption that a shepherd belongs to every herd, a leader to every group. They say that man appears as a leader relatively late in the history of human relations. Primitive gens of the lowest order have, it is alleged, no leader. They differ thus from animals, which live in herds and, as a rule, have one animal as leader. I cannot enter into this strife of opinions. The groups which we see about us have their leaders just as our families have their fathers.

Freud's views pertain to the man state and the paterfamilias. The compulsive type especially shows the reaction to the coercion of our present culture. Without a paternal superego the compulsive type is inconceivable.

### *The Ritual*

Jesus Christ does not speak well of the "righteous." His religion and his love for God are not those of the Pharisees, who observe the commandments of the Law and yet cannot be pleasing unto God. Freud has called attention to the correspondence between the ceremonial of the compulsive neurotic and religious rites. The devout souls of all times are obedient to specific rules: they bow five times a day in the direction of Mecca; make pilgrimages to Benares, during which they must turn their prayer wheels and prostrate themselves after every tenth step. They wind straps nine times about the left arm or they cross themselves at definite places in the liturgy. They follow laws in regard to food and other compulsions. The more faithful a man is, the more is his day filled with religious compulsions. Moreover, he must acknowledge certain dogmas which his church prescribes. If he questions the dogmas or if he does not observe the prescribed religious practices, he risks the wrath of his God. Freud has compared this part of religion, that is, dogma and ritual, with the compulsion neurosis erected upon the basis of doubt and removing the tormenting doubt through self-imposed dogmatic thought and compulsive actions, which must be endlessly and senselessly repeated. Thus, for example, a compulsive neurotic has to walk exactly in the middle of the street, painfully giving heed to the precise distance between left and right. Freud calls religion the universal compulsion neurosis, and compulsion neurosis an individual religiosity. The pious individual accepts his ceremonials with tremendous earnestness. The compulsive per-

son takes his just as seriously, follows them gloomily, and does not alter them.

There are persons who get up every day at the same time to a minute. They strop their razor daily with the same number of strokes. Not a speck of dust is on their clothes; their writing is like engraving, betraying not the slightest emotion. They speak without affect in talking business or in consulting a doctor, whom they visit for stomach disorder, keeping their ten fingertips pressed upon one another as if they wanted to show by this gesture that they are completely reserved. It is well-nigh incomprehensible how such a person can get an upset stomach. He eats the same things every day, at the same hour and in the same place. He drinks practically nothing at noon, three swallows of water every evening, and on Saturday three tenths of a pint of beer. He has a secret liking for a young woman in the office which he expresses by bringing her every day at noon a little bag of confectionery and laying it without a word on her desk. This model person is fifty years old, unmarried, lives with a widowed sister, whom he supports. He speaks not a word to her at table. Nor does the sister trust herself to speak. Once he told her that he wanted to marry; the sister replied: "Then I will leave the house." That was all. He did not marry, the sister did not have to leave the house, and no further word was spoken. On Saturday he tells his sister that on Sunday at ten o'clock he will take her out for a walk. On Sunday punctually at ten he is in the hall, where he waits two minutes for the sister. When she does not come he does not knock on her door, where she is waiting within, but goes off alone and rids himself of his annoyance by looking straight at the people he meets, regarding them as if they had animal heads. One looks almost like a horse, another like a pig. It would be necessary merely to stick parsley into the mouth and the pig's head would be perfect.

Can one conceive how much suppressed rage and destruction

is concealed behind the perfectly regulated life of such a citizen? There is no doubt that he meets his obligations to the last penny. He knows nothing of the joy of living. He enjoys himself and his own correctness, with which he tortures himself and his sister and the office associate, whom he loves with some shabby remnant of free libido. Had this model person been born in a religious epoch or in an environment of piety he would perhaps find satisfaction for his needs in painfully exact observance of every prescribed religious exercise.

Deeply religious souls, the prophets, have recognized that precisely in rigid religious observance something evil is hidden, not something evil in itself but the faulty reaction against the same. It is not thus, they cry, that God wants to be known and loved.

> Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah.
>
> To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats.
>
> When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?
>
> Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting.
>
> Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them.
>
> And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.
>
> Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil.
>
> Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

> Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. (*Isaiah* I, 10-18.)

The prophets were aware that in the ritual the self-complacency of the "righteous," that is, of the unrighteous, was concealed. These follow the coercion of the commandments in order that they may sin without punishment. But prophets are ecstatics, and religion has never been able to maintain itself long without ritual and prescribed precepts. We read much to-day of religions without definite creed, Spinozistic, cosmic, oceanic religion. But the primary function cannot proceed permanently without secondary investiture, and the will to devotion can tolerate the absence of compulsive mechanism only in hysterical types.

What after all is the prophet's admonition? To do justice toward the widow and to perform all other righteous deeds. But this leads again to written laws and to another constraining religion, where worship is directed to a goddess whose eyes are blindfolded and whose hands hold the scales. The symbol is a compulsive mechanism. The goddess is not just through love because she sees, but she must be stern and hard. She can make no judgment from an all-seeing love. The compulsive type is all too just. Its motto is *fiat justitia pereat mundus:* let justice be done though the world perish. One should try to see clearly that the destructive instinct, that is, vindictiveness and cruelty, celebrate their daily orgies under cover of *justitia.* Justice and law were created to put an end to universal destruction, circumvention, annihilation of all through all. Love should be hidden in them, a loving mother be the judge. The compulsive character, however, makes itself master of all the performances of the secondary function as they present themselves: reason, ethics, righteousness, and order, and separates them from the primary function. The formula then becomes independent in

the form of the ceremonial for the ceremonial's own sake; and so in the turn of a hand "Benevolence becomes a pest." Reason through the hyper-refinement of compulsion neurosis becomes absurdity.

### *Doubt*

Doubt belongs to the compulsive type. As all art rests upon the ecstasy of the primary function and is inconceivable without it, so does all science depend upon doubt. Methodical demonstration required by all science is noble compulsion, upon which basis our knowledge rests as upon a rock. Nevertheless, doubt must have an end somewhere lest it lead to the negation of all knowledge. The doubt belonging to the compulsive type is endless and it is useless to contend with such a type over the absurdity of forever doubting. For from his standpoint he is right. We may doubt whether we doubt and doubt whether we doubt that we doubt; but as long as he lives the doubter can never be forced to give up his doubt. He is never quite certain whether at home he turned off the gas, locked the door, laid his valuable papers in the proper place. Thousands of such details constitute the life of many of the compulsive type. The doubt of the scientist struggles until he comes to the certainty: "I know." The compulsive type meets this with: "One can never know."

This contrast is evident in scientific discussions. It is well known that there is never final agreement in such discussions—with the exception perhaps of the mathematical disciplines. Every authority expresses his opinion and adheres to it. The presiding officer at a meeting closes the session not because a goal has been reached but because it has grown late. This means that the body's requirements must be met; one must eat, jest, have friendly intercourse, go to sleep. But there are always certain men who are in love with their doubt and therefore continue the

discussion endlessly as if possessed. No more new arguments are brought forward—there are no more at hand. The possibility of endless doubt is, however, thrown into the scale until finally one comes to the point of question whether one is right in calling a cat a cat. We have to distinguish between productive and unproductive doubt.

Freud's explanation of the compulsive, often insane, doubt is as follows: The compulsive type is built up reactively to destructive tendencies. Its equilibrium is attained with difficulty and is always in peril. Such a person is afraid. He hides his fear, it is true, behind his precise action, to which he adheres with "anxious" punctiliousness. Interfere with his ceremonial and his fear becomes plainly manifest. He is afraid that his cultural superstructure may collapse and the naked anal-sadistic complex come to light. For this reason the compulsive judge "apprehensively" abides by the strict letter of the law, the religious compulsive infallibly attends church, the compulsive lady is flawless in her table manners and her knife lies in the correct position on her plate. When everything is regulated the compulsive type feels that all is well, but how could everything be successfully regulated for a compulsive type? A destructive force from below is forever struggling and this force unites with the opposing power of the superego to pass into consciousness in the form of doubt. It is the conflict between hatred and love, right and wrong, God and the devil, which unites with the antithesis active and passive and manifests itself in a permanent ambivalency, that is, in the form of doubt. Hysterical people overcome their ambivalencies in blurring the border lines. They are at the same time phallic and unphallic, as we have seen, creative-destructive. They hate and really mean to love, and their kiss is often a Judas kiss. It is not granted the compulsive person to obliterate given boundary lines. He seeks them, where these are not distinct enough, with compulsive assiduity, and if he does not

find them he constructs boundaries which other less compulsive persons find rather ridiculous.

There is one way out and that is love, passing over from the anal-sadistic basis to the genital. There are presumably constitutional grounds for the compulsive type which we bring with us into the world. Yet the early experiences have a decisive share in this inhibition of development. The child must learn in the parental home to love and to know the superiority of love (of the primary function) over hatred and doubt. I do not of course know definitely whether in our present murderous civilization love actually has supremacy over hate. Perhaps it is the general brutality which has attained an unheard-of degree that explains why neurologists see more and more compulsive neuroses in their consultation rooms. I saw a patient who compulsively took salt, meat, and milk and nothing else. She suffered also from a compulsively exaggerated reaction the moment she was interrupted in any activity, such as writing, eating, speaking. I soon found reason to assume that the patient had been too soon and too forcibly deprived of the mother's breast: was "interrupted." Oral-cannibalistic instincts were expressed by her consumption of meat; the use of salt and milk was variously determined. This same patient regarded her girlhood as poisoned because she always felt the burden of her mother's hatred upon her; it made no difference whether this was actually so or only imagined by the patient. At any rate, this mother never succeeded in convincing her child of mother love and its transcendence. Such children are condemned to lasting insecurity. Even if they reach the genital level, they regress to the anal-sadistic; that is, to compulsion and doubt.

Freud says:

". . . If an intense love is opposed by an almost equally powerful hatred, and is at the same time inseparably bound up with it, the

immediate consequence is certain to be a partial paralysis of the will and an incapacity for coming to a decision upon any of those actions for which love ought to provide the motive power. But this indecision will not confine itself for long to a single group of actions. For, in the first place, what actions of a lover are not brought into relation with his one principal motive? And secondly, a man's attitude in sexual things has the force of a model to which the rest of his reactions tend to conform. And thirdly, it is an inherent characteristic in the psychology of an obsessional neurotic to make the fullest possible use of the mechanism of displacement. So the paralysis of his powers of decision gradually extends itself over the entire field of the patient's behavior.

"And here we have the domination of compulsion and doubt such as we meet with in the mental life of obsessional neurotics. The doubt corresponds to the patient's internal perception of his own indecision, which, in consequence of the inhibition of his love by his hatred, takes possession of him in the face of every intended action. The doubt is in reality a doubt of his own love—which ought to be the most certain thing in his whole mind; and it becomes diffused over everything else, and is especially apt to become displaced on to what is most insignificant and trivial. A man who doubts his own love may, or rather must, doubt every lesser thing.

"So in the love-verses addressed by Hamlet to Ophelia:

> " 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
> Doubt that the sun doth move;
> Doubt truth to be a liar;
> But never doubt I love.' "
>
> (*Collected Papers*, Vol. III, p. 376.)

## CHAPTER IX

### ANTHROPOLOGICAL RECONSTRUCTION

Every one, since Darwin's (and Goethe's) idea of evolution became generally known, looks upon the assuming of the erect position by primitive man, his change from a four-footed or four-handed creature to one with two feet and two hands, as the decisive fact in the history of the human species. Through this event the hand was evolved. This instrument and the weapons which it held furnished man with a superior substitute for the weapon of the teeth, and he could dispense with the mighty jaw and the broad rigid mouth which the gorilla still shows. The oldest remains of bones similar to human ones are in the Piltdown skull. This seems to have originated in the Pliocene period but still reveals a lower jaw and teeth apelike in form. We see here the erect animal on its way from animal to man. Man became capable of speech through reduction in the size of the mouth, change in the oral musculature and the teeth. The mouth is even yet in man a place where destruction may be expressed. Puffed lips, protruding jaw, and their opposites, the thin-lipped mouth, the receding chin of the Mongol (the Indian) are looked upon as sadistic signs. Furthermore, the twitching of the mouth betrays us when we are very angry. Yet the work of destruction is given over in man preëminently to the hand; we no longer, as a rule, bite our enemies; at the most, we slay them with words. But human beings kiss one another; and though we are told that animals also kiss, it does not bear the same significance (Freud's erogenous zones).

The animal skull hangs heavily and must be held by the

musculature of the neck. The statics of the animal body requires that the skull shall not be too heavy. The skull of upright man balances almost without weight about the highest vertebra and the bony capsule becomes through its balance capable of that unlimited growth which the brain needs for its development. The eyes stand high above like a periscope and stimulate through the so greatly extended field of vision the growth of the brain. Histologically the retina is rather a part of the brain than a sense organ. The eye is a bit of mind as it is a bit of sun. Compare with this Goethe: "Were not the eye sunlike, it could not gaze upon the sun. . . ." The winning of the eye periscope had to be paid for with the loss of keen scent. The erect animal forgot to slip snuffing through the bush, sniffing at its fellow animals, and gaining its forepleasure largely through the sense of smell; although the olfactory organ also plays an important rôle in human sexual life.

Thus the human race ascended by virtue of the upright position. Occasionally animals, too, stand erect, but with them it is only play. Even Pithecanthropus ran away on all fours when danger threatened him. Therefore, it may be assumed that only this once was there time enough for the play to become earnest and the erect position to be maintained until skeleton and musculature had become adapted to the upright posture, so that a return to four feet was no longer possible. Standing erect upon the hind legs is more than mere play even for the male mammal. The sexual act is bound to this position and the forelegs serve to embrace the female and hold her fast. We apply Darwin's principle of "sexual selection" and conclude that the males rising to their hind legs had the advantage over those less given to leaping. We will later discuss an idea (p. 286) which explains the origin of human perversions in the sense of this prehistoric reconstruction. Among the perversions is one called exhibitionism, the roots of which reach back deep into the biology of

animal and plant. Display and preparation play an important rôle in the mechanism of reproduction. The male genital undergoes in the series of mammals from the duckbill, related to the birds, to man an evident transformation in the sense of exhibition. The testicles move from within outward, the penis becomes ever more conspicuous; in the dog it is still hidden in a fold of skin when it is not erect. The upright position of man may be looked upon as the final step in this evolution. It has as a result what the female can well observe, the readiness of the male for love, his erected member. If one would like to know whether the use of the same word for the erection in the preparation for love and for the upright position of the body has any deeper significance, one might question psychoanalysis, to which the symbolization of the member by the entire body is quite common. Each day brings to the analyst dreams of this sort; for example, the dream of an impotent man: "I am standing before the queen, yet not in a submissive position but like a soldier, stiffly erect and awaiting her orders." The symbolism of the wish is plain enough.

Another dream example: "I am sitting on a beam which goes up and down like a seesaw. My father sits at the other end. He goes down; I go high up." The earnestness in play and the driving force which led to the upright position may therefore very well have been that component, familiar to us, of the sexual instinct which we call exhibitionism.

A principal difference between man and beast is man's nakedness. He has discarded his hairy covering. That he did not need it in a warm climate is no adequate explanation. It is true that fur coverings are thicker in cold countries, but no tropical animal is as naked as man. We may explain the shedding of the hairy garment as an evidence of selection. Sexual pleasure is a matter of the sense of touch. The sexual partners less covered with hair

were preferred to the hairy ones. We experience something similar in this era of smooth-shaven men.

All anthropologists find themselves compelled to assume for the development of primeval man from the quadruped to the biped, to naked, kissing, dancing, singing and speaking man, a long-protracted "asylum period." We picture to ourselves an island overflowing with abundance as the cradle of mankind. The gigantic forest teems with fruits, with juicy berries, shiny with red or blue or golden brown; man could without effort eat his fill. Sweet dates, crisp nuts, fleshy bananas: there was enough and to spare for all. Palms stretched their fronds high toward the blue heavens, the trunk shot up from the impenetrable tangle of the primeval forest, and brilliant birds sang their merry songs in the branches—when the noonday heat did not silence them. . . .

Under such conditions the libido must have increased tremendously, and the heightened sexual need may have led the eager and always lustful male to the erect position. In fact, we find the libido rises immeasurably higher in man than in any animal. The reproductive activity proceeds with greater rapidity in many mammals than in man, but only to man was it given to release his libido to an astonishing degree from reproduction and make it an end in itself. Animals propagate themselves; man, and only man, can love. Animals copulate from behind. They sniff each other, but they do not look each other in the face when they embrace. The mutual embrace, the meeting of the eyes, the kiss—again all are benefits of the upright position and probably a chief reason for our love of beauty.

We support our statement that man has freed his libido from the fate of reproduction upon two facts: first, substitution for the animal rutting period of a continuous readiness for love; second, the perversities in man's love life, which are opposed

by Christian law as contrary to nature because of the very fact that they do not attain the goal of reproduction.

### *The Rutting Periods*

The sexual life of mammals is confined to brief rutting periods. Outside of these periods the two sexes are but little interested in each other. The female animal comes into heat when the ovulum is ripe for impregnation. The male animal scents this, and there are investigators who maintain that the sperm is developed in the male only when the odor of the female in heat is in the air. The male of mammals—perhaps with the exception of domestic cattle—produce no spermatozoa at any other time than the female rutting period.* If that is actually true we have further support for the conjecture that the creative principle is committed to the female and female substance. Experiments have been made which seem to prove that even during the rutting period spermatozoa and sexual aggression are absent in the male if the female is carefully removed from the range of his scent. To be sure, this scent area is incredibly wide in extent. J. H. Fabre, who has been given the charming name of the "Insect's Homer," tells us that he shut up certain female butterflies in a box and transported them many hundred miles from the place inhabited by their variety. The male butterflies followed. Experiments have also been undertaken with domesticated animals of the female sex which can be brought into heat outside their period. Males that were led to them were then ready to mount them. Darwin made the statement that the species is always represented through the female. The secondary sexual characteristics of the male, the lion's mane, the cock's comb, spurs, tail feathers, and the like,

* R. Schmaltz: *Das Geschlechtsleben der Haussäugetiere.* Schmaltz must assume the responsibility of the above statement.

obscure the fundamental traits of the species. The dependence of the male sexual life upon that of the female shows that the female not only represents her species but also controls the reproductive act.

A connection, closer in animals than in man—shown by the indissoluble association between maturity of the ovum and the sexual act to exist between the sexual life and reproduction—becomes still clearer if we consider the season in which free-ranging mammals are in heat. The poets are always singing of spring as the time of love. Plants blossom in the spring, but to animals spring is not the time of blossoming but of harvest. Animals are born in the spring. The rutting period lies in every animal species just so far ahead of spring as the period of gestation. Nature provides for the offspring. The young shall have the most favorable season as long as possible, that they may be better able to endure the inclemency of winter. Thus the stag troats in October when it is already keenly cold, especially at night. The female hare runs in February, that is, in the middle of winter; hares copulate in ice and snow. The pairing season for wild rabbits is, according to Karl Keller, February to May; of the wolf, from the end of December until the middle of January; of the fox, the middle of February; of the chamois, from the middle of November to the beginning of December. The roe is in heat in the middle of August with a five-month period of gestation. In this species, however, development lies dormant in the segmentation stage for four months, so that the young is dropped also in the spring.

Nature is in dead earnest in regard to reproduction and admits of no exception. The situation is rather different with domestic animals. They too show rutting periods and intermediate periods in which the female does not receive the male. Nevertheless, the rutting periods of the domestic animals are much more frequent, those of our hoofed animals every three

or four weeks and independently of the seasons the whole year through. They are protected by man's care (stable, fodder) and have adapted their propagation to their improved conditions. We secure in our domestication of animals greater multiplication than does nature in mammals in a state of freedom. Differences between free-living and domestic animals have repeatedly been observed in their origin. Aurochs were raised upon the Polish estate of Count Pless and in a relatively short time they had been brought to the state where they could breed at any time during the year, while their wild brothers were still in heat but once a year. Similar conditions exist in mice, guinea pigs, and other animals according to whether they are observed in freedom or in captivity. Security and freedom from necessity increase this libido in animals as in man.

Not a trace of the rutting period of animals has remained in man. It may have become at first more and more frequent during the asylum period as with domestic animals, until at last its place was taken by uninterrupted readiness for love and impregnation. Even biologists will permit us to remark that love is independent of the ripening of the ovum. The man is provided with spermatozoa the entire year through and yearns without ceasing for the woman—apart from brief periods of exhaustion. We will here correct the mistaken view that the bull is superior to man in his sexual ardor. Animal breeders have told me that the potency of the bull, wild as he is in his behavior, is quickly exhausted, far more quickly than we are accustomed to see in man. Woman, in turn, is by her nature always ready to receive the man. Her inhibitions against the man are no longer biological but cultural.

A few words in regard to menstruation. To the unschooled observer the monthly flow of the woman seems to be an equivalent of the œstrus. This, however, is an error. A flow is not generally present in rutting animals. The mucous membrane

of the rutting female is relaxed and turgescent, that is all. (The bitch is an exception.) Menstruation in the human female means the casting off of the nidus that is prepared monthly in advance for the impregnated ovum. If the human ovum—in remarkable dependence upon the course of the moon coming to the full every twenty-eight days—is not impregnated, the nidus prepared in the uterus, after waiting for a period of about fourteen days, is discharged with bleeding to give place to the formation of the next nidus. While in the animal, therefore, ovulation, that is, the readiness of an ovum for impregnation, coincides perfectly with the œstrual period, the menstruation of the woman is removed as far as possible from the maturation of the ovum. The probability of impregnation is slightest at the time of menstruation.

Woman then is not like her sexual sisters in the animal world because she menstruates, but is distinguished through this questionable gift of nature from all animals with the exception of a few primates which menstruate; for example, the macaque. The losing of a quantity of blood is a distinct human acquisition. There has been much pondering on the question—in the absence of facts the matter has been wholly left to the arbitrariness of our speculation—why human females in contrast to animals discharge blood every month. Metchnikoff assumed that in the asylum period, when men arose, the females of original human beings did not menstruate because they passed from one pregnancy to another and so were never in the position to cast off the nidi of the non-impregnated ovum. The natural state of primeval woman, from which she never departed during the entire period of her reproductive years, was that of pregnancy. Not to be pregnant would have been an exceptional condition, in a certain measure a pathological state of original woman, which later, when the conditions of life were changed for the worse, became more frequent. Thus the whole mysterious occur-

rence of the human female's bleeding without being injured, that her compact organism manifested a defect, revealing itself each month as if wounded, became part of the tragic events which befell mankind when ice and misery came upon it.

Primitive peoples are aware that the time of menstruation is not the suitable moment for the begetting of children. Metchnikoff thinks that the universally prevailing rule that women during this period are considered unclean and taboo corresponds to the vague feeling that anything of this nature cannot be proper and bears a pathological, at least an abnormal, stamp. In the Jewish ritual the woman is accounted unclean until the fourteenth day reckoned from the beginning of the menstruation. This ritual is an ascetic attempt to force coitus back into the limits of the reproductive mechanism, that is, into the animal state.

I am not certain whether it is generally known that the hymen too is restricted to the human species. Animals have no hymen—there are among them therefore no virgins in our sense—and no chlorosis. Chlorosis is a disease in girls which fortunately is but seldom seen to-day. It is now generally explained as a toxic condition arising from the microbe congestion behind the hymen. Since it is permissible for our women to keep the genitals clean—immoral as that seems to be—this so long puzzling disease, which ended suddenly with the marriage of virgins, has almost disappeared. In man the *folliculus seminalis*, a thickening of the urethra to prevent the mixing of sperm and urine, corresponds anatomically to the female hymen. The anatomical conditions are more unfavorable in the woman in regard to the mixing of urine and genital mucus. Metchnikoff offers a theory here also. He must assume the responsibility for it. Bleeding and therefore bloody defloration also are always for him abnormal phenomena. Sexual life began very early, however, in the original human animal, just as to-day in the

primitive peoples of the South Seas it begins before the eighth year. The thin penis, according to Metchnikoff, did not destroy the hymen but slowly stretched it, which contributed to the heightening of the pleasure. The human hymen was therefore a token of bisexuality which was able to develop without leading to a cruel act because in primeval times it was regularly destroyed previously by stretching. Man's libido through his later impoverishment underwent transformations, modifications, prohibitions, which made of the hymen anatomically and symbolically what it is to-day and perhaps to-morrow will no longer be. There have been cultures which have removed the hymen by operation at the tenderest age, like the prepuce in the male.

One fact remains from all these hypotheses as certain and compelling, that love and tenderness of man have become ends in themselves and are no longer merely mechanisms for propagation. One may not, it is true, speak of love at the level of primeval man. The concentration upon a single love object—"Her or none!" "Him or death"; "Ever thine!" torment and power of love—is a late product of civilization. It is unknown to the African Bushmen. The love of the Christian cultural circle is never to be found among animals. Since—as we are always hearing—it is foreign also to primeval man, it must be left out of any reconstruction of the rise of man. Nevertheless, it is striking that desire for a child is also absent in civilized man at just the moment when love has reached its highest degree. The causal nexus between love and reproduction has penetrated in an astonishingly small measure into the consciousness of those who love. Romeo and Juliet, Tristan and Isolde, Abelard and Héloïse, Goethe's Werther disregard it. The poets of love associate the passion with all that is high and noble, with death and eternal life; but they allow their characters to speak but seldom of children whom they would bring into the world. Such considerations of the bourgeois family would do

violence to poetry. The philosophy of the marriage contract and the marriage state must not be confused with the philosophy of love. One finds women longing for children. Often they see in a husband only the direct, unavoidable means of obtaining children. Every one can observe that such women are neurotic, entangled in the meshes of the Œdipus complex. Just as neurotic and probably still more deeply involved are men who love in their chosen one chiefly the mother of their future children.

We do not find in primitive peoples what we call love, but we do find in them the preparatory work which was essential for the birth of love among civilized peoples: the readiness for love without end and without any notable pause. Can a feeling which appears perhaps twice a year, as in dogs, or even every four weeks, as in domesticated ungulates, deserve the name of love?

### *Perversions*

Perversions have been observed and described also in animals. There are homosexual animals. Stags masturbate in the rutting period; masturbation has also been observed in monkeys, dogs, bears, camels, elephants, and even in parrots. The state of sexual excitement accepts anything that will gratify it. Nature permits slight deviations from her purpose. But that which is found in the animal world—with the exception of monkeys, which have hands—is microscopical in comparison with masturbation in man, which hardly any one escapes at some time in his life (physiological masturbation), or in comparison with homosexuality, which in ancient cultures was considered normal and in the Orient is still so regarded. This and other perversions have been designated by many critics as contemptible vices or, more leniently, disease. This may be disputed. Yet vicious, diseased,

or not, no animal develops such vices or diseases in any appreciable degree. We look upon the presence of the perversions as another proof of the fact that man's sexual life has been divorced from the maturing of the ovum.

Few of Freud's assertions have aroused more indignation among his contemporaries than this, that in all of us there exist instincts which become perversions if we permit them expression. Every person has a predisposition toward homosexuality, by which it is not stated—which would plainly be an error—that all persons are homosexual. I do not intend to give here in detail Freud's theory of the perversions, their repression and return in reactive and sublimated forms. I presuppose familiarity with Freud's *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex* and refer also to my *Critique of Love*. I wish, however, to add that we have to accept masturbation also as a result of the human hand, just as we like to enumerate and boast of all the more splendid accomplishments such as skill, powers of defense, speech, and other things. There was the animal highly stimulated sexually; there was the hand hanging in tempting nearness to the genital; masturbation came naturally, as the dog scratches when his skin itches. The problems of this new possibility of self-gratification must, I think, be regarded as very important.

### *Geological Digression*

Anthropologists to-day seem to agree in placing the origin of man in the geological Tertiary period. As we know the Tertiary period was succeeded by an era in which a large portion of the earth's surface was covered by glaciers. The ice age set in about one hundred and fifty myriads of years ago. Four glacial periods and three interglacial periods have been defined. Many geologists regard our epoch as a fourth intervening period and

expect a fifth glacial inundation. This view is a possibility which can neither be proved nor disproved since we do not know the causes of the former invasion of ice.

The oldest human bone originated in the first intermediate period. Older discoveries in England and recent ones in China are controversial. There are, however, still more ancient remains of living creatures resembling man; not, to be sure, portions of their skeleton but tokens of a beginning ingenuity. Flint stones sharpened by the hand of man have been found in great numbers in strata that belong geologically to the Tertiary. These stones are called eoliths, that is, stones of dawn. No other residue of primeval man from that epoch has been found. I myself have never been able to distinguish with certainty eoliths from natural products of flood and erosion, but experts assure us that there can no longer be any doubt; the eoliths are unqualifiedly the work of human hands. These stones may be seen to-day in any museum of natural history, for their number is very great and they are found at a level that stretches over an epoch of the Tertiary, scarcely less than two million years. This gives the human race, when we reckon one and a half million years from the onset of the first glacial period, an age of three and one-half million years.

Since no animal can sharpen stones, a being which has left behind him the eoliths must be spoken of as man. It is still unexplained why we find so many eoliths and no human bones, perhaps because human beings, not yet under the fear of demons, did not bury their dead. It is also astonishing that the eoliths show throughout the whole incomprehensibly long period of millions of years no advance. The mutation from an animal to Tertiary man able to sharpen eoliths is succeeded by no further progress until the "Old Stone Age," which reaches back at the farthest to the second postglacial period. The Mauer jaw from the first postglacial period still shows a strongly apelike

character. The animal does not change. The horse, the dog, the cat—although domestic animals and to a certain degree accessible to man's example—are no more intelligent to-day than, differ in no way from, their ancestors at the time of Julius Cæsar or of King Menes of Egypt. Man, at least in technical skill, makes ceaseless progress. Whether therefore the eoliths were artificially cut or not, their unchanged character maintained for millions of years shows that further mutation was necessary to set man's evolution in motion. We do not know when this second mutation occurred. The Neanderthal man (*Homo primigenius*), apelike as he might have been, was undoubtedly already in existence after this decisive mutation. He was acquainted with fire and set up his totems in fear of demons. He lived in the third postglacial period from 150,000 to 200,000 years ago. Thus the species of man (Acheulean—hunters) is at least as old as that. We cannot say how old he may be at the most. The presence of human beings, if we accept the testimony of the coliths as to their existence, goes back several million years. The Mauer jaw (*Homo heidelbergensis*) is a million and a half years old. These are the figures of the age of the human race given also by Sir Arthur Keith at the English congress of natural history in 1927.

The paleontologists present us with imposing figures, but they fail us at every essential point. We see, nevertheless, that our early forefathers were compelled to pass several times through periods of opulence and through periods of want. What has been said earlier regarding the upright position and the thrusting forward of the libido leads us to conclude that the decisive mutation may have taken place either in the warm and luxuriant Tertiary age or in the first interglacial period. It was the lot of man to sink repeatedly into need when he was enjoying in comfort the fruits of the earth and then again to succeed from this hardship to relative abundance. This fate might explain much

that is discordant in us. I give some figures because I know that numbers mean everything to some people:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| I. | Glacial period ..... | 100,000 years |
| I. | Interglacial period ..... | 400,000 " |
| II. | Glacial period ..... | 100,000 " |
| II. | Interglacial period ..... | 550,000 " |
| III. | Glacial period ..... | 150,000 " |
| III. | Interglacial period ..... | 130,000 " |
| IV. | Glacial period ..... | 40,000 " |
| | Present period, perhaps IV Interglacial period, approximately since ..... | 30,000 " |
| | Total ..... | 1,500,000 years |

One sees that according to this reckoning the first two interglacial periods lasted more than five times longer than the first two glacial periods. Does not that strengthen the conclusion, compelling enough as it is, that man is far more the child of pleasure than of misery?

### *Scarcity of Females*

We will now leave palæontology and geology to submit ourselves once more to biological considerations. The table was spread in wood and field. Ovulation was accelerated. In domesticated hoofed animals it reached the rapidity of four weeks. Even the human female has not exceeded this speed, but the potency of the male went far beyond this measure. The males had nothing else to do than to pursue their pleasure. Nature had imposed duties upon the females, to carry the young, give them birth, rear them. They needed repose for this occupation;

they avoided the lustful males, hid themselves in caves and ravines to escape their ardor. The males found them there and smashed their skulls if they were not amenable to their desires. There is hardly a doubt, from what we must assume of primitive man, that he tore the children from the mother's breast. The reproductive instinct had become so strong in the form of libido that its own ends were in peril.

Every breeder of cattle knows that he obtains too many males, that is, not enough females, when he multiplies his herd through good care. For the same reason the hunter shoots only the bucks, and one bull suffices for the entire hamlet. Oxen are made of the surplus. We must therefore assume that the advance of libido created a dearth of available females. The question, "Where is the woman and how can I gain possession of her?" was perhaps the first demand of the secondary function. One had to be strong and swift, cunning and prudent, to secure the female, who, burdened with her brood, was in flight from the male. The female had to be even more wily since she could not be swifter or stronger. Much ingenuity may thus have been active on both sides.

The hiding of bones and other articles of food is known to animals much further back in the series. Hence we may assume that the inventive males used the caves and pits to keep the females prisoner and to conceal them. There was plenty to eat and food was therefore of no particular importance as a possession. There was only one thing worth valuing as exclusively one's own, namely, the woman, because there were too few of her kind. A rich man at that time was one who owned a woman. In this sense sexual passion may be spoken of as the inventor of private property. These forerunners of capitalists were presumably not protected against interference with ownership, although we find already established in the animal realm recognition of such possession. The cock in the poultry yard

has to fight but once and then not again for a long time over his possession of the hens. The same is true of the stag (*Platzhirsch*) which for years on end controls its district.

*My* woman—the first object owned, magic emblem and prototype of property—would explain why civilized man sets such store by his property. He loves it as a "thou"; there is scarcely anything exclusive of his own person which he loves more than his possessions. He is willing to gain possession in any manner: with cunning and perseverance, with swiftness and brutality. The misery of the ice age greatly altered man. His libido was withdrawn from the female and passed into his possession. This could not have happened without intermediate stages.

I should not be surprised if it were discovered that the primitive state had been founded by woman. We have long been informed of the matriarchate and the mother estate, but that cannot have been the original form. As animals herd together because singly they would become the prey of the great cats and (still without a leader) wander over the steppes, so may the mothers have done likewise in order that the cruel males should be put at a disadvantage. The thing was to protect the young and this might have created the state. This institution founded thus naturally was much later taken over by man, organized and transformed for his murderous purposes. He employed the institution established by the mothers against him to the hurt of the mothers. For the main purpose of the state has been to carry on war and that—one would think—cannot be acceptable to the mothers of the warriors. War was waged in the glacial period; in the interglacial period there was something pleasanter with which to occupy one's time.

However that may be, there were not enough females; and those who suffered most under this lack were the weak, hesitating, sluggish males. What were they to do with their distended seminal vesicles? They masturbated, as they still do

to-day. Nevertheless, the long series of perversions of various sorts shows that man has found on the way from the female to the substitute for the female a variety of stations. Of all the perversions, fetishism stands closest to the animal level. The odor of the female, a lock of hair, a nut shell which she had held in her hands and thrown away, became fetishes. Such a fetish may give satisfaction orally; that is, be stuck into the mouth as an infant carries its toy to its mouth. The true fetishist of the present day has no use for the woman. He rejects her in favor of the various things with which she adorns herself. We will first look upon our primeval ancestors as not fixed in their fetishism. Whenever a female appeared on the scene, the fetish was probably abandoned and all the senses were absorbed in the one goal, the female.

The starting point is, however, precisely that women were hard to obtain and substitutes had to be found. The unappeased libido flooded all the male's activity. His brain was sexualized and devised in place of the woman the image, the fantasy, of the female. The libido became that movable and displaceable energy which psychoanalysis to-day postulates for its mechanisms. A suggestion of female character lay upon all pleasure, the idea of the female became more vivid, and the pleasure presumably so much greater the nearer the object stood to the female. Masturbation may have played an important rôle also in the sense of the conditioned reflex. Through it all pleasure was genitalized and brought into connection with the sexual center. But pleasure became also degenitalized and disseminated over the entire body, so that any spot on one's own body became the bearer of pleasure. Freud describes the infant in this sense as polymorphous-perverse. We see without difficulty our primitive man in an early hyperlibidinal period enjoying himself like our children in climbing, jumping, dancing, and shouting for joy. All that was pleasant; it was relaxation and made men

happy. They ate their fill and felt the passage of the food over the tongue, the pressure on the walls of the stomach, the excretion through the rectum, as pleasure. They listened to the singing of the birds, the rustling of the trees, the rushing of the water, with the hope, perhaps, that this was passing from a supposed woman, and eye and ear became erogenous zones like the entire surface of the body, the mouth, and particularly the anus.

Thus far we have spoken only of the masturbation of the male. The epoch of abundance, which produces an excess of passionate males from whom the impregnated females must always flee, affords no place for woman's masturbation. The excitation of the clitoris is an imitation of the man and has its origin in a period in which it was also necessary for the woman to be her own male. We shall speak presently of this period of a dearth of males—the ice age. We may, however, glance at the counterpart of the weaker male, who eventually was condemned to onanism: the sick, sterile woman, the mother of all hetæræ. She is the masculine woman. Since she cannot reach her full development in the feminine direction, that is, through pregnancy, she goes on developing in another direction. She is psychically bold, shameless, aggressive like a man (ἔχω οὐκ ἔχομαι, "I possess, but nobody possesses me"). She has won for the sphere of woman the orgasm, which is brought about by means of the clitoris.

### *Homosexuality*

We see homosexuality becoming manifest wherever there is a scarcity of women, either an actual absence of women as in penal institutions, cloisters, in prison camps and exploring parties, or an intentionally designed lack of the female element as in ascetic social orders. Thus, no doubt can arise regarding

the origin of love of the same sex. Every person is capable of it under certain conditions. Normal civilized man has more deeply repressed the possibility, pushed it further from the ego, than has primitive man. We still see Asia and Africa full of manifest homosexuality. This homosexuality can more aptly be termed bisexuality, for the primitive is seldom fixed upon the one sex. Only, the woman is not absolutely necessary even for the gratification of sexual desire. For this reason his own penis and its functional capability is more important than the woman to the male seeking gratification. The homosexual cherishes usually an excessive overvaluation, amounting to an ecstasy, of the penis which he demands also from the partner as the prime condition of his libido. At the primitive level, not yet influenced by the prohibitions of a later society, every substitute was adopted which satisfied the needs of the penis (autoerotism): the hand, an anus, any stimulating and relieving object. At that time the female could not be procured and a substitute had to be accepted. The standpoint: I do not want her, I loathe her, is a late neurotic product. The homosexuality of the primitive cannot have been of this sort. He stole through the forest and fell upon his rival to murder him. He could, and did, however, use him for less cruel purposes.

It is usually assumed that in a homosexual relationship one partner plays the rôle of man, the other of woman. This is not always true, and when it is the case, it is frequently only a secondary grafting (rationalization). Actually, one person with a penis loves another with a like organ. He would also love a woman if she were endowed with a penis and actually dreams of a woman with a penis. The situation is very complicated in civilized man, because several determinants cross one another. The biological reproductive tendency impels toward the woman; the libido, increased far beyond the reproductive demand, impels toward the penis. Diluvial necessity drives from the woman

and from the penis to hard work. The fear of the strong on the part of the weak is a feature of hard necessity. But the strong man before whom all have trembled, the original intruder, who in evil moments came suddenly upon us children, was the father—Freud's father of the primary horde. The postdiluvial human child has a father to endure, and this problem is the central point of psychoanalytic interest. Homosexuality in itself is no disease. It becomes a neurosis, however, when it encounters fear, due to the father idea and the possesion of the mother by the father. Homosexuality cannot in our culture avoid this conflict, and therefore homosexuality of modern man practically almost always amounts to a conflict neurosis. One cannot speak of such a conflict in earliest primitive times, for the bisexuality of man is older than his incest motive, his Œdipus complex.

### *Birth of Fantasy*

There was no property beyond that of woman's flesh; there was no society except that of the female horde. Murder was committed not from greed but to rid oneself of one's rival, under certain circumstances to satisfy a blood lust. Tertiary man (perhaps man of the interglacial period) burst the bonds which fettered the animal; nor did he endure the bondage which later was laid upon mankind. He was a repellent object—but only the male was a source of terror. The female must have been the bearer of morality in those times. She had reason for putting the brakes upon the wild sexual instinct of the male. The fountain of all morality is the mother, who on her part has not divorced her libido from the reproductive principle.

The main achievement of Pithecanthropus, looked at from the psychological standpoint, was the substitution for the woman of objects which in our culture manifest scarcely any connection

with the female. The scent of the female was first a pre-pleasure because it placed the female as the prospective end-pleasure. But this pre-pleasure, forced back from its goal, could become an end in itself. It has been forgotten whence arose the delight in fragrant flowers, and our gourmands are no longer aware of the origin of their fondness for savory cheeses or game. What may not the males of that period have undertaken to find as a substitute for the reluctant female? At first they adorned themselves, danced and sang to charm the woman. Birds too sing for love's sake. The bird in the cage, separated from the female by metal bars, does not stop singing. The entire overwhelming masculinity of the tiny creature passes over into song and he sings so much the more beautifullly: his song has become an end in itself; it has become art.

Longing for the female has led in one direction to fantasy, in the other to memory; that is, to the Platonic idea of the female. One may be astonished to see how slight is the animal's capacity for memory. It can be trained to perform certain tricks, but there is little inventive ingenuity of its own. We cannot in the present state of our knowledge deny that animals have a memory, but it is shallow. Thus we see, to our surprise, dogs which have killed a hare or a cat directly afterward fawning about their masters in the most affectionate manner, apparently without a vestige of memory of that which they have just instinctually done. Not a trace of the wild passion has remained in them. Consciousness of guilt can be artificially instilled into them. It remains, however, within the narrow limits if implantation proceeds no further in itself beyond what they have learned. One may therefore almost say that creative memory and fantasy belong to man alone. They might have their origin in the pre-pleasure which through the lack of females must have come to take the place of the sexual end-pleasure.

*The Great Poverty*

We try to portray to ourselves the distress of the glacial period breaking over the thoroughly sexualized and perverted primeval man. I believe that one can show that substitution formations in the period of hardship became the source of our human civilization. If at first there was only sexual necessity, only one reality, the female and her substitute objects, another reality thrust itself slowly and irresistibly into primeval man's field of vision, cold, hunger, human and animal foes. Clothing was primarily decoration and therefore pre-pleasure. It became in the distress real: protection against cold. Speech was originally song and art; it became under stress of need a weapon with which to seize reality and control it. As man provided himself with skins and shields for protection against his menacing foes, so the primary function, which even in animals is veiled in a portion of secondary function, that is, adaptation to reality, wrapped itself round with the human secondary function, particularly logic, ethics, keen discrimination. He who did not adopt these three things perished like the palms in the icy north wind.

The position of women became transposed through misery into its opposite. Whereas before there were not enough women, now there were too many. Formerly they were goddesses to the primitive fantasy; now they became she-devils, temptresses to be shunned. Men needed all their senses in the struggle for existence. There was no necessity in the periods of abundance for women to adorn themselves and to be beautiful. On the contrary, they were certain of their sex appeal. Prehistoric stone figures have been found whereon are depicted women with fat bellies, thick buttocks, and protruding genitals. The ideal of beauty changes. Nevertheless, the fact remains that in the higher animals and even in primitive tribes the male adorns

himself, not the female; while in our cultural circle a man hung with jewels and clad in bright colors is almost impossible to conceive. We permit our women a greater amount of exhibitionism than our men. But in primitive cultures the man exhibits, and biological exhibitionism is masculine in the whole realm of mammals and birds. This quality was taken over by our women when they no longer had to hide as in the period of abundance, but on the contrary had to ply all their arts to win the sexual fervor of the male. Similarly the buying of wives existed when women were scarce—later the wife had to bring a dowry if she wanted to be married.

We are prepared by such observations—the change in regard to adornment, dowry—for the transition from the female estate to that of the male. We have assumed that the female estate originated out of fear of the male. Another fear entered their hearts, when the males were no longer exceedingly aggressive sexually; a real fear we may call it, for it had to reckon with the realities of cold, hunger, death. A leader arises even in the animal sphere in times of need. Man entered upon his rights, changed the state to suit his own purposes; but how that came to pass in detail, as it vacillated hither and thither in the four glacial and three interglacial periods, no one can for the present say. The age of invention began, and behind each new invention which was useful and reasonable was to be found the previous invention of the age of abundance, as we have tried to show in the example of clothing (originally ornamentation) and speech (originally song).

There was the fire that flared up to heaven from the volcanoes, burned in the conflagrations of forest and prairie, and which flashed forth in sparks when the flints were sharpened. It symbolized passion before it became the camp fire. All animals are afraid of fire. The taming of fire by man was one of

his first definitive discoveries. We know but little of the mechanism of inventions. This much, however, is sure; man must first love fire if he is no longer to fear it. Freud expresses himself in his *Civilization and Its Discontents* in regard to the taming of fire as follows:

> "It is as if primitive man had had the impulse, when he came in contact with fire, to gratify an infantile pleasure in respect of it and put it out with a stream of urine. The legends that we possess leave no doubt that flames shooting upwards like tongues were originally felt to have a phallic sense. Putting out fire by urinating —which is also introduced in the later fables of Gulliver in Lilliput and Rabelais's Gargantua—therefore represented a sexual act with a man, an enjoyment of masculine potency in homosexual rivalry. Whoever was the first to deny himself this pleasure and spare the fire was able to take it with him and break it in to his own service. By curbing the fire of his own sexual passion he was able to tame fire as a force of nature. This great cultural victory was thus a reward for refraining from gratification of an instinct. Further, it is as if man had placed woman by the hearth as the guardian of the fire he had taken captive, because her anatomy makes it impossible for her to yield to such a temptation. It is remarkable how regularly analytic findings testify to the close connection between the ideas of ambition, fire and urethral erotism" (p. 51).

I imagine the discovery of the art of cooking to be as follows. The men brought the game which they had killed. It was skinned in the cave and devoured. The women had to content themselves with the miserable scraps. Portions of the flesh which fell to one side came near the fire, and when the hungry creatures the next day were searching for remnants they found pieces charred outside but roasted within, which had a wonderful taste. Perhaps a woman or perhaps a despised, sickly male recognized the importance of the find. They took the waste

parts, intestines, liver, kidneys, tripe, and roasted them at the fire; all became well done, and were pleasant to taste and easily edible. Then they brought everything to the fire that fell in their hands: grass, straw, pieces of wood, stones. They learned to distinguish the substances that could be enjoyed and those that could not. They must often have ruined their stomachs and even have died of their attempts. Other discoveries followed in the wake of the art of cooking. Clay was burned and a hard brittle substance was obtained which held water; this was pottery. Bronze was found; knowledge of materials was greatly increased for everything was tested for its cooking and eating qualities.

The hearth not only gave warmth, it nourished. Almost all social culture for thousands of years has arisen around the hearthstone, which became the symbol of ethical culture for all times. The sexual act is an occasion for two people; the common meal, the orgy of feasting, is an occasion for many. The new passion absorbed a goodly portion of the libido. It permitted woman, whose sexual attraction was rather feared in the times of dearth, to win as cook a new place at the side of man who, having become hero, warrior, hunter, had little time left for indoor work.

Property has already been mentioned. This idea too comes from the woman, who at first was the sole object of man's desire. Now man, also, liked his weapons, his implements, clothing, cattle, and wanted to be sole possessor of them. Man is the only animal which owns private property in any appreciable degree. This is also the gift of his hand: it seizes, fences in, and protects what has been seized. Perhaps several glacial periods lie between the possession of woman as the primary property and the later conception of ownership, necessary to transfer the movable libido from the female to goods of all sorts.

Homosexuality lies along the path which leads away from woman to the beloved property. A living partner of one's own sex much more closely resembles the woman than money and goods, and homosexuality must have existed long before private property. Friendship between men is the libidinal adjunct to all male organizations. If the man of the Tertiary period had not learned that one can love even the man, the great deeds which rest upon the close association of men together as soldiers, priests, in the achievements of friendships of all kinds, would not have blessed the ice ages and the periods that succeeded them. Plato explained homosexuality in this sense: upon the path of homosexuality Eros frees himself from the woman and leads us to love the good and the beautiful. Virtue is sublimated Eros. The capacity of the libido for displacement is a precursor and basic condition of civilization with its virtues, vices, and neuroses.

Monogamy and civil law—one may note in any sociological study—arose as a result of property. Nietzsche assumed that morality had its origin in the resentment of the weak and wretched. The circumstances may have been something like this: all varieties of things were owned and were loved. The strong man came and took everything away from the weak, as previously he had robbed the latter of his woman. The crafty man outwitted the simple one, the watchful one stole from the sleeper. Then the weak rallied as the women had done formerly and defended themselves. So much for Nietzsche. Robbery became taboo and honesty was opposed to such misdeeds. Honesty, however, did not arise until at the same time with property appeared the idea of stealing. Man had previously been neither honest nor dishonest, neither poor nor rich. The poor, when mankind was divided through lawful ownership into poor and rich, became dishonest for the first time and only the rich had an interest in honesty so that they should not be divested of their

possessions. The poor had no wish to acknowledge the inviolability of property and the rich called this dishonest. The poor stole, but the rich had stolen prior to this: that was forgotten. It is possible that the weak and miserable created morality and law, as Nietzsche assumes. But it turned out ill for them. The rich and powerful obviously have more interest in honesty and have turned their own weapons against the poor and weak. The king has always been a sworn enemy of rebellion and casts down the poor when they rebel. The priests declare that God is angry at the disobedience of his earthly children. Kings and priests have made the law: "Thou shalt not murder the rich; thou shalt not envy him. Thou shalt toil and be content." Many of them add to this: "Thou canst indeed thyself become rich and mighty if thou art properly industrious."

### *Masochism*

The male learned something more from the female, the significance of which for our civilization cannot be too highly emphasized: pleasure in pain. At first woman had to suffer from the excess of man's libido. Later her instincts, which always and at all times are at the service of the reproductive principle (the dissociation of libido from reproduction is masculine) were in the opposite direction subjected to violation and tyranny. What does the woman's childbearing womb know of the new morality, of right and law, of the fear of God and of the hero's courage, of the clang of arms and peaceful industry? Nietzsche's Zarathustra says: "Everything about a woman is a mystery and everything has one solution: it is childbearing." Our women of to-day might feel that such remarks do not pertain to them. The law of bisexuality has long since developed in them sufficient masculinity that they may live the complicated, in the biological sense unwomanly, life with masculine pleasure. The pleasure in

pain belongs, however, to the woman and is adopted by the man. Woman must bring forth children in sorrow; her initiation into sexual life is painful. She bleeds every month; she is inured to bleeding. She loves best the cave-man type. Civilized man had this to learn from the woman, that life could not be borne without a portion of masochism. People enjoy their misery and do not want to be deprived of it. Goethe is author of the saying: "Nothing is so hard to bear as a train of fine days." Toil and trouble are felt as precious, and sighs and moans dwell close to joy. From woman's substance arises the strength which sweetens the dreaded hardship.*

* The fantasy concluded here regarding human evolution should show that the libido theory has anthropological significance. It follows other attempts, especially Freud's *Totem and Taboo*, a work which has excited general admiration, although anthropologists dispute details in it. C. G. Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* can only partially be acknowledged from the standpoint of psychoanalysis. Exceedingly controversial are the many publications of psychoanalysts who in spinning out Freud's ideas attempt to bring into their system the reports of the ethnologists. I am prepared therefore to have my prehistoric speculation meet with varied criticism. We have actually become through psychoanalysis pansexualists. One should, however, before condemning us for onesidedness endeavor to understand what we mean. If then there still remains a reproach of moral offense, we psycholanalysts shall have to bear it.

# CHAPTER X

## A. HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION

Suggestion, suggestibility, appear most strikingly in the form of hypnosis. Hypnosis resembles sleep, but differs from it fundamentally through the presence of the *rapport*. The sleeper is alone; the hypnotized person is alone with one other. For him, only his hypnotist exists. All the rest of the world has vanished for the hypnotized individual as for the sleeper. The hypnotist summons a young man to the stage. He asks him for his first name and at once addresses him by it. "You will now go to sleep, Walter!" he says in an energetic tone. "You already feel a leaden weariness. You cannot keep your eyes open." Walter closes his eyes.

The formula so like an incantation persists for a longer or a shorter time according to the profundity of the slumber into which the hypnotist desires and is able to put the medium. If the medium is suitable for reaching the deepest levels of hypnosis the performance will be particularly entertaining and diversified. "You are a frog and are hopping around at the edge of a pond." Walter bends his knees and jumps about the stage with comical grimaces. The spectators laugh so long as they do not feel too uncomfortable. This does not trouble the hypnotized man; he seems not to hear the audience. "Now you are a human being again, Walter. You are in love with the lady in the corner of the second row and are going to propose to her." Walter, with wide-open eyes, proceeds in the manner of a sleepwalker directly to some elderly woman and regardless of her embarrassed laughter reiterates: "I love you; I love you."

The hypnotist gives Walter a ruler in his hand and says: "Here is a dagger. The gentleman behind you is a rival and you will now kill him." Walter falls with distorted countenance and lifted hand upon the gentleman in question and tries to stab him with the supposed dagger. At the last moment the hypnotist cries, "Wake up now, Walter!" Whereupon the young man loses his masklike fixity of gaze and without sign of embarrassment, apparently with no memory of what has occurred, resumes his own seat.

Thus or in similar manner do hypnotic demonstrations take place. The position of the hypnotist is to all appearances a prominent one, but only to appearances. In actuality, that which is not in him is transferred upon his person. The medium employs the hypnotist for a psychic performance which the medium carries out within himself and projects outwardly upon the hypnotist. The hypnotist seems merely to have the task of making possible the self-suggestion of the medium. Actual personality is not necessary for this, merely an impressive black beard and whatever else might produce an authoritative appeal to a childish nature. The hypnotist must merely treat the medium and himself seriously and not disturb the development of the hypnotic phenomena. So the rôles are distributed in reverse manner: the medium is actively engaged, whereas the hypnotist has rather a passive part to play. He is employed by the medium as a phantom upon which to hang the medium's own fantasies. For this reason no command can be given the medium that does not lie in his personality. It is very improbable that virtuous persons could be seduced through hypnosis to crime or to any deed which they would necessarily feel was likely to injure them either materially or morally.

When it is observed what sort of human beings play with hypnotism, it becomes apparent to every one that the rôle of the hypnotist is not so exalted a one as the hypnotists themselves—

among them prestidigitators, demagogues, and so on—like to believe. The truly great personality usually is best satisfied when alone; he has no desire to fascinate. Yet frequently such persons exercise a charm against their will, as in the case of Einstein, for example. He is made the universal hypnotist by countless mediums who do not understand him and who by their admiration debase or exalt him to an idol according to the angle from which the situation is viewed. Neurotic individuals must always have some powerful person to reverence. Not long ago they enthusiastically worshipped Napoleon. To-day they regard Einstein as an intellectual giant who masters the universe. "Do you comprehend his theory?" I inquired of one of my patients who was a rapturous admirer of Einstein. "No, but it makes me so free." Evidently it is not the actual Einstein who makes her free, but a phantom, which we may easily recognize as related to the patient's superego.

Braid himself, who introduced the word hypnosis into science, described a hypnotizing apparatus through which the medium could be independent of the person of the hypnotist. It was a brilliant ("fascinating") stone which rested upon a black wooden ball. The medium stared at the crystal and fell into a hypnotic slumber. This method and similar ones have been known in the Orient for thousands of years. I was once the guest of a distinguished man in Aleppo. An Arabian servant waited upon us. Suddenly my host turned and shrieked at the servant: "You accursed dog, are you again in *Kef?*" There stood the servant motionless, the tray of food in his hand, staring like a wax figure, absent-mindedly, into space. The Orient is acquainted with this state, which in Turkey is called *Kef*. It is a charmed withdrawal from this ugly daily life, an absorption in oneself—autohypnosis. Existence cannot be endured without interruption.

The hypnotized medium upon command raises the arm and remains standing stiffly like a wax figure. He can hold his arm

outstretched against the force of gravity longer than a normal person in the waking state. Indian fakirs keep the arm extended toward heaven until the shoulder joint is ossified and the arm has lost its power of movement. It takes years to achieve this. Often it is accomplished with the aid of bandages. At any rate, this is a performance of the will but inadequately explained by the word absorption or similar expressions. The sense of pain is lost together with the sense of reality. Buddha practises the annihilation of the ego consciousness as sole protection against the sorrows of the world. Yoga is related to hypnosis; yet no assistant is needed for entrance into its trance. It is auto-hypnosis like the *Kef*.

Good mediums soon learn to hypnotize themselves. Many to this end gaze fixedly at an object; others succeed without aid merely through the will directed upon the end. Others again resort to a living hypnotist, who frequently is unaware for what mischief he is being employed. An old man with sparkling cataract spectacles sits in a café and writes in a notebook. As he does so he moves his lower lip, as old people often do, and from time to time carries the pencil to his mouth to moisten it, in the manner of days of yore. A younger man, who has no acquaintance with the older one and to whom the old man pays no attention whatsoever, sits at a neighboring table and is unable to turn his glance away from the spectacles and the pencil which travels between lip and paper. He has fallen into a kind of hypnosis, which the old man, if it occurred to him, could intensify as he would.—An insurance agent calls upon a man and explains to him the advantages of a policy. After a short time the man no longer hears what is being said but slips into a twilight state, which is produced by the even murmur or the peculiar harshness of the agent's voice. In this state the man is far more at the mercy of the agent than were he to evaluate the advantages and disadvantages of the policy offered.—Many a man is almost

completely unaware of what an attractive girl is saying, as he listens to the enchanting sound of her voice and watches the play of her lips and eyes. The girl holds sway and continues to hold sway without the content of her speech ever coming into question. One observes in such cases that everything is accomplished by the hypnotized person. The second person becomes a hypnotist against his will—apart from those not-so-rare cases where an agent, a superior, or even a beautiful woman knows and consciously exerts her power over minds.

### *Infantilism in Hypnosis*

Hypnosis is one of the states in which the secondary function is put out of action. The secondary function is delivered over to the hypnotist. He assumes the testing of reality, decides between fantasy and actuality, logical and ethical problems, and precisely in the degree in which the medium renounces his own use of the secondary function. Here belong also the tasks of the motor organs, the muscles of the body; for the voluntary musculature is subject under normal circumstances to the secondary function. Under such conditions one readily understands that hysterical types are easily hypnotizable. What care they for the secondary function? They are happy to be free from it. Compulsive types cannot be hypnotized, at least not satisfactorily. They live and move in the secondary function and cannot yield up the center of their being.

We understand now the most profound reason why psychoanalysis, which many years ago employed hypnosis, had to renounce this auxiliary instrument. We do not wish to veil, still less to intoxicate those who are intoxicated, who are wrapped in their primary function as in a cocoon. They should not give over their secondary function—ego and superego—to a hypnotist. Our aim is to unite the disintegrated parts of the personality

with one another. We need for this an alert mind which acknowledges and is in control of its secondary function.

* * *

The waking suggestion gives commands without the intervention of a magic sleep-producing procedure.

In a play by Veressajev one man kills another with a heavy object. He raises the object over the man's head and as the threatened person guards his head with his arm, the murderer cries: "Take your hand away!" The victim obeys and in the next moment his skull is smashed. It is scientifically questionable whether anything like that would actually happen. We must at present deny the suggestion of active crime in hypnosis. This statement, it is true, does not pertain to the suffering of a crime. We speak of a basilisk glance, of the paralyzing effect of fear under which the animal, motionless, allows a serpent to approach it. Inasmuch as poets are usually right in matters of the psychic life, the probability is rather in favor of Veressajev than against him. The paralyzing effect of fear is well known. It is a problem in itself what force produces paralysis and death.

Freud speaks as follows of fear and the fear of death:

> "It would seem that the mechanism of the fear of death can only be that the ego relinquishes its narcissistic libidinal cathexis in a very large measure, that is, that it gives up itself, just as it gives up some *external* object in other cases in which it feels anxiety. I believe that the fear of death concerns an interplay between the ego and the superego.
>
> "We know that the fear of death makes its appearance under two conditions (which, moreover, are entirely analogous to the other situations in which anxiety develops), namely, as a reaction to an external danger and as an internal process, as for instance

in melancholia. Once again a neurotic manifestation may help us to understand a normal one.

"The fear of death in melancholia only admits of one explanation: that the ego gives itself up because it feels itself hated and persecuted by the superego, instead of loved. To the ego, therefore, living means the same as being loved—being loved by the superego, which here again appears as the representative of the id. The superego fulfills the same function of protecting and saving that was fulfilled in earlier days by the father and later by Providence or destiny. But, when the ego finds itself in overwhelming danger of a real order which it believes itself unable to overcome by its own strength, it is bound to draw the same conclusion. It sees itself deserted by all the forces of protection and lets itself die. Here, moreover, is once again the same situation as that which underlay the first great anxiety-state of birth and the infantile anxiety of longing for an absent person—the anxiety of separation from the protecting mother" (*The Ego and the Id*, pp. 86, 87).

Mediums who are to be hypnotized are preferably addressed by their given names. They are spoken to as "thou" in the languages that use this familiar form of the pronoun. The hypnotized person manifests astonishing credulity, automatic imitation, poor observation, and blind subservience to the command of authority. He makes no use of intelligence or experience. He regresses to the state of a child. Janet speaks of an automatic apparatus contained in us. The child uses his automatic apparatus, the primary function, far more freely than does the adult. He loves the persons who care for him and learns from them a direct participation mimicry. Thus he learns to speak, thus he comes to know civilization. For this reason children acquire languages and customs more perfectly than they do later in life despite the fact that as they grow older they gain more understanding.

Authority confronts the child in giant form. Father, mother,

nurse, appear to the small child as truly all-powerful, all-knowing, forever-enduring. He feels himself absolutely given over into their hands; protests arise, it is true, fairly early, but are, notwithstanding, feeble and helpless against such overwhelming forces. As soon as the child recognizes that the earthly authorities set over him possess no divine qualities, those who teach him are at once ready to fill the gap with the concept of a Divine Father and the authority is projected into heaven. Later, even religiousness in our rather godless era disappears, except for a small residue, so far as consciousness is concerned. A greater portion is retained in the unconscious; and what we call conscience, categorical imperative, sense of virtue, or latterly our ego ideal, are all remnants of the primary authorities, as it were the absorbed concept of authority, from which no one is completely free.

A magic connection hovers between the child (medium, patient) and the authority (hypnotist, magnetizer, physician). Psychoanalysis has expressly pointed out the sexuality of the child and noted that it is a preliminary phase of the sexuality of the adult. The child likes to be fondled and is thus gratified. His pleasurable sensations are not yet bound with certainty to the specific organ, but the entire skin zone is erogenous, and remains so even in adulthood. But such forms of contact as stroking, kissing, and the like are later insufficiently gratifying, and must sink to the level of pre-pleasures.

Hence there is in the child an automatic apparatus, an overvaluation of authority, and a magic presexual connection between the two. The entire disposition becomes submerged in the course of development together with everything else that constitutes the child's paradise. As long as we are healthy we regard ourselves proudly as rational individuals, and only the infantile among us, fools and artists, are close to the psychology of the child. But when we are ill and in pain, we become childish, long

for the mother, for the blissful time when trouble was made to fly away and when according to our dim memory all evil, all pain, was banished through some magic power. What magnetizers and their like effect through touch is an appeal to our automatism. When they stand before us and demand that we acknowledge them as authorities, they make children of us, obedient, credulous, simple-minded children filled with the power of imagination, and they bind us with the never-forgotten charm of infantile sexuality. The nearer a person stands to the level of childhood, the greater the result; for this reason, more is accomplished in women than in men, and much more in younger people than in adults. But it is said that there is a second childhood, that in old age one becomes again a child.

The most interesting thing about automatism, but not yet wholly clear, is the sudden transposition into the exceptional state of hypnosis. It is as if a complete apparatus which was only lying in wait for the call to action were set in motion in an unconscious part of the psyche. No more can be said about the abrupt release of this automatic apparatus than about the sudden transition from waking to sleep. It is so. And not one of the countless theories regarding it has obtained exclusive validity.

### *Group Psychology*

Man is particularly susceptible to suggestion when he appears in a crowd. Group psychology is a young science but its achievements are already very significant. Intellectual performances flourish when the thinker is isolated. The secondary function needs tranquillity and contemplation. The crowd has never made a great invention or performed any other great intellectual work. That which one likes to describe as an achievement of the folk mind, like language, folk song, usages and customs, generally belongs to the individual accomplishments of outstanding

personalities, who, to be sure, speak from the soul of their people. They become leaders and reformers because the people understand them. Poets' words are winged because they formulate thoughts in the manner in which the masses love them and like to use them. Thus Goethe's *Faust* has grown into the German folk mind, and for the same reason many passages from Schiller's works are deeply embedded in the consciousness of the folk. The fact has to be accepted that a single man sat in the solitude of his study, thought out these poems and wrote tnem down. Even proverbs, whose origin for the most part is not known, can be traced back regularly to individuals who coined the sayings in happy hours. Human understanding is at such a low level in the crowd that it has been said that the mental achievement of a crowd would always have to be judged according to the most stupid person present and perhaps a good deal lower (Le Bon).

While mental activity of an intellectual sort is lowered, power of imagination, courage, enthusiasm to the point of self-sacrifice, in the group are tremendously heightened. The crowd is very accessible to the slogan. Of course these slogans must be simple so that they are intelligible to the meanest capacity. Progress in politics is slow because the mass possess neither interest nor capacity to comprehend the necessary complexities of cultural society and to carry them out intelligently. Rallying cries, on the other hand, like vengeance upon the enemy, designation of a class within the community as praiseworthy or deserving of hatred, are easily seized and acted upon without much criticism if once a leader has succeeded in placing himself at the head of a crowd. The watchword "Liberation of the Savior" in the Middle Ages set in motion the crusades and accomplished them under much hardship and with little real result. Mohammed's cry of fire and sword, of Kismet (everything is preordained), and of the certainty of paradise for the champions of the faith

roused an irresisitible Arabian wave through all north Africa over Spain as far as France. It swept forward in the opposite direction to east Asia. Later on the Mongolian hordes, incited by wholly primitive love of plunder, administered from the Far East a mortal blow to Mohammedan culture. The Mohammedan passwords at this time had already become too complicated through civilization to stem the eastern hordes. The Mongolian battle cry was of unrivaled simplicity, "Murder, burn, enrich yourselves!"

It is not the slogan alone that proves efficacious; there must always be a leader in whom the crowd believes. The cultural man is a herd animal who likes to appear in a crowd, yet needs a chief to whom he can look up. The human crowd—I follow here Freud's discussion in *Group Psychology and Analysis of the Ego*—cannot be thought of without the individual who stands at its head. He is the source of all action and makes use of the group when he finds slogans that are simple enough to be adopted by the group. The group suggestion passes from one to another. The common goal is always some one who suggests, who is chosen by the group frequently without his realizing how it happens. He is often like the rider whose horse runs away with him and who then receives high distinction because through his deed and bold example a glorious victory has been won.

Fear of death disappears in the group to such a degree that the individual becomes incapable of grasping the danger—as though he had become immortalized through the group. In the army regulations of old Austria there was an ordinance to the effect that a body of soldiery marching out against a mob must never shoot blindly or in the air. Experience taught that alarm shots only spurred on the mob to rage and did not inspire fear. Were the various members of the crowd questioned later as to why they had not yielded their position despite the alarm shots, they rationalized just like a person awakened from hypnosis

under the influence of which he had obeyed a post-hypnotic command. They would say, perhaps, that they had not believed that the soldiers would shoot their own brothers among the people. They could no longer recall what had happened when they stood in the crowd. Le Bon speaks of a collective mind of the crowd which takes the place of the many individual minds. The collective mind has the feeling of immortality, just as the race is immortal because it reproduces itself and is ever rising to new life. The group obtains through the fact of the multitude a sense of invincible power. The feeling of responsibility of the individual vanishes, as if upon the individual rested only a transient fragment of responsibility. This explanation is again merely a rationalization, a clothing with reason of the instincts which stand outside the bonds of reason. We can only assert that persons in the group lose the slight amount of culture they have achieved and readily become beasts. The crowd is troubled by no conscience when in the acts of murder and conflagration, when once for obscure reasons it is inflamed by the battle cry; the primary function has taken possession of the muscular apparatus.

A special kind of contagion is at work in the crowd. Every feeling, every action, is so contagious from one to another that the individual does in the group that which is frequently detrimental to his own interest. It has been repeatedly observed that in rooms where many girls are sitting together, perhaps in telephone exchanges or in factories, if one girl begins to weep for some reason of her own the whole room breaks into morbid sobbing. Such contagion passes like lightning from one member to another of a group.

The suggestibility of the crowd inspired by the leader, who as a rule it soon obtains, is eventually almost unlimited. The individual loses in the crowd the greatest part of his conscious personality and obeys the one who as leader more and more forces

his personality upon him. The likeness to the hypnotized person and the influence of the hypnotist becomes here overwhelming. The individual is shorn of his will, his intelligence, his character, and submits himself to the leader. In Russia and Italy we have in the course of recent years seen the force of two personalities who have fascinated their nations: Lenin and Mussolini. Each was, as Mussolini still is, conscious of his effect and may have been acquainted with scientific works upon group psychology. Lenin said that the slogans of the Russian people must be as simple as possible. He won the peasants through the watchword: "Expulsion of the landowners and allotment of the land to ourselves." The workers and intellectual people were enlisted through the slogan: "All power to the soviets." Mussolini chose the national idea, which he founded upon the greatness of ancient Rome.

History repeatedly reveals what a group is capable of under the effect of a slogan. One of the greatest moments in the history of the word was (as depicted by the Viennese philosopher Popper-Lynkeus) the moment in which the crusading army of Godfrey of Bouillon, after enduring unspeakable hardships amid the warfare of several years, sank upon their knees before the walls of Jerusalem praying to God and the Savior. The next day they entered the city and a slaughter began such as never was before. Children were dashed upon the walls, women and aged men indiscriminately slain; the blood, according to the accounts of contemporaries, stood so high in the streets of the city that the horses waded in it ankle deep. No matter how highly enthusiasm may be esteemed and the accomplishment of the group be praised, the menace of this enthusiasm should never be underestimated. Man descends "through merely belonging to an organized mass several steps down the ladder of civilization. In his isolation he was perhaps a cultured individual. In the crowd he is a barbarian, that is, a creature of impulse. He has the violence, the savagery, and also the enthusi-

asm and heroism of a primitive being" (Le Bon). To make the contrast still more vivid Popper-Lynkeus describes the entrance of the Caliph Omar into Jerusalem, which took place some hundred years before the first crusade. The ruler, accompanied by only a few men, rode into the holy city and had the antiquities and the objects of interest explained to him by learned men.

The group knows neither doubt nor uncertainty. "It proceeds at once to the extreme, the uttered suspicion changes immediately into irrefutable certainty, a germ of antipathy becomes uncontrollable hatred. Tending in itself to every extreme, the crowd is excited only through excessive stimuli. Any one who wants to act upon the group needs no logical measurement of his arguments. He must paint in the most forceful pictures, exaggerate and constantly reiterate the same thing." Similarly the hypnotist repeats his suggestion as often as possible: "Now you are going to sleep. You feel tired. You can no longer keep your eyes open," and produces his effect precisely through repetition of this simple suggestion. One may speak of the elevation of the morals of the individual through the group chiefly in the sense that personal advantage, which, as we know, in the isolated individual is almost the sole motive, no longer is the controlling element in the group. It would be wrong to overlook the fact that the ethical behavior of the group, the spirit of sacrifice and disregard of danger, may often as far surpass the achievement of the individual as in other instances it may fall deeply below this. When the challenge came in the War for volunteers to perform a dangerous but necessary act, often in the ranks more heroic soldiers offered themselves than were needed.

### *The Hypnosis of Love*

There is between the individual who thinks and acts for himself alone and the group which possesses a collective mind, the

characteristics of which have just been outlined, a smaller and a smallest group, of two, of three, and so on, the traits of which approximate on the one hand the collective mind and on the other the individual mind. Such miniature groups are the pairs of lovers and the family, which may in principle be regarded as father, mother, and child; that is, a group of three. The suggestibility of the lover from the side of the loved person, the mutual harmony, the self-sacrifice, the enthusiam, the heightened power of imagination, and the lessening of the power of judgment reveal the similarity with the group mind. Love makes blind and so diminishes objectivity in favor of overvaluation that a toxic condition of the brain through sexual substance has been seriously spoken of. One believes what the beloved person says, even if reason speaks strongly in contradiction. Love exalts the lover's self-confidence and makes him in the eyes of all except his beloved, who returns his love, almost an object of ridicule. Here in this vale of tears he beams with cheerfulness, has more to say of his mistress, when in a mood for talking, than any one cares to hear; at one time, independently of circumstances, he behaves too joyfully, at another without sufficient reason he is utterly downcast and stands thus under an influence which may well be compared with the *rapport* in hypnosis. It is difficult for him to think of himself alone; he feels complete only in the society of the one he loves. This may not always be amusing and should he lose his beloved the outcome may well be a tragic one. One person is thus but one half a person, and two people who love each other become one. This is a dangerous experiment—one not easy to comprehend. Has the lover's side been opened and a part of his ego carried over to the other one? If this has occurred to him what sort of a thing is this ego that it can leave his corporeal frame and pass into another being? What power is this that can produce so terrifying an effect? The psychologist

cannot be satisfied with the explanation that it is due to the sexual products, the internal secretions of the reproductive glands. Love is—according to the view of chemists and physicists—a matter of colloidal chemistry or a remarkable affinity of electric fields. Chemists and physicists will in time satisfactorily explain the mechanics of the sexual process, but they will never through the means at their disposal succeed in making intelligible to us the emotion of love and of the psychic processes which flow back and forth between two persons. Recourse must be had to the psychologist in order to obtain light in this direction. If this still youthful science cannot give a satisfying explanation of what takes place, so much the worse for the science. Yet for many a day there will in all probability be no deeper insight than that which comes to us from the pens of our poets. Poets have always had a profound knowledge of these things. The form in which they allow us to share the secret with them, the wisdom of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* or of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* is far in advance of science.

At all events, we understand that lovers through the process that makes of them one fall into an exceptional condition which brings them nearer to the All. What sort of an experience that is through which one feels oneself united with the universe, science cannot describe. Every lover feels it and even he who is not a lover will perhaps divine something of it in viewing the scene of Isolde's love death, until the final harmonies have died away, the curtain falls, the people have gone home, and everything becomes again confused and drab as before. Of all miracles in which religious natures believe, the miracles of love and of reproduction are the most credible. Every person may experience them, and if he does not an injustice has certainly been done him, for this is his natural right.

Trust in the beloved person becomes restricted through the feeling of jealousy. All those who profess to know agree that

there is no love without jealousy. Where jealousy is absent, there is something wrong. In contrast to this, the poets who depict love at its highest point sing nothing of jealousy. Even Othello, who is regarded by every one as the prototype of jealousy, is—I think Macaulay points that out—far removed from it. He believes absolutely in his beloved and in the moment where apparently irrefutable facts prove to him that the beloved has deceived him, he can no longer live: he kills her and himself. The Moor of Venice is not jealous, but totally crushed. Love arises from the union of two beings into a higher community. Jealousy originates in the reaction of the individual's sense of the ego. So far as one loves, one surrenders oneself; in so far as one is jealous, one withdraws into oneself. Love is related to jealousy as somnambulism to the waking states, as the perfect social feeling to narcissism. Complete somnambulism is rare, and the Nancy authorities have demonstrated that a portion of self-protection of the ego remains even in the deepest hypnosis; in the same way there is probably no perfect love in the sense of the total absorption of two persons in each other, and therefore there is also no love without jealousy.

Language employs the same word for various forms of love. Parents love their child, the child loves its parents; the devout person loves his God, the miser his gold, the drinker his bottle. Living persons are loved sexually or non-sexually. The faithful kiss the stones of the church, and at the wailing wall in Jerusalem the Jews can be heard kissing its sacred stones with such vehemence that the sound is audible a long distance. They embrace the precious wall, weep as for a beloved one, and conduct themselves accordingly. The drunkard hugs and kisses his bottle, the miser fondles and kisses his gold and the chest in which he keeps it. East Prussians in 1914 and the French in 1918 kneeled upon the earth and kissed it because it was freed

from the foe. All love has this in common, that it is modeled after the example of the I and Thou. In every case when one speaks of love the lover is alone with the beloved. All the rest of the world is a stranger, merely he, she, it, and plays no part. A person, inasmuch as he experiences love also toward himself —and this not in a small amount—sets himself alone in opposition to the universe and wages a struggle against everything outside his ego. In this struggle he is bound, of course, to be worsted. Narcissism may become his doom. If he does not wrap the mantle of his love at least about some objects of the external world, if he is not in *rapport* at least with a few persons, he cannot be happy. He must allow himself in some small degree to be suggestively influenced from without by a few persons of his environment. Even in the complete isolation of sleep he begins to dream and suggests to himself images of his fantasy in whom he believes and whom he hallucinates as if they were actual. In slumber he is a group—alone. Through autosuggestion he creates for himself a world that pleases him. Great philosophers assert indeed that all which we experience as world is our own will and our idea (Schopenhauer). So also in Shakespeare's *Tempest:*

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

What remains for us but to accept such suggestions of our thinkers and poets? They are familiar with the magic, they find words which give verbal form to the primary function, and there is magic even in their verbalization. This is evident when two magicians meet. Schopenhauer relates: "This Goethe was such a complete realist that he simply would not comprehend that objects are present as such only in so far as they are conceived by the cognizant subject. 'What!' said he once to me.

looking at me with his Jupiter-like eyes, 'the light is present only in so far as you see it? No; you would not be there, if the light did not behold you.' "

This is magic and countermagic. Schopenhauer is the compulsive individual who would compel the world to exist or not to exist according to his idea. Goethe wants to be looked upon by the light as the child by its mother. Both move in unreality.

### B. VEILING AND UNVEILING PSYCHOTHERAPY

Every physician practises psychotherapy, frequently without knowing it. He prescribes valerian drops or orange-blossom tea. He often injects ineffective preparations which he draws with a shining syringe from a small glass retort while the nurse, garbed in snowy white and with profound seriousness, assists him. In sanatoria his patients must undergo obscure treatments. All this is psychotherapy, which since Braid (1840) has been called suggestion, a word as popular as it is misapprehended. The gravity with which a physician surrounds himself, the Latin unintelligibility of his prescriptions, his spectacles, his self-assurance, are all suggestive. I prefer to call this kind of psychotherapy veiling psychotherapy. It does not go to the causes of the illness but diverts attention from them. Just as before the time of Lord Lister one refrained from touching wounds, did not venture to search for projectiles in the channel of the wound, but let them heal in, so has it been and is it still with psychic wounds. One must not talk with the patients of that which would excite them; they must be treated as children: "Just be brave; everything will be all right." The force of the veiling psychotherapy resides in "suggestion" and general invigoration. At best a certain amount of education takes place. I know a famous professor of nervous diseases who fervently and on his

word of honor assures his patients that they will get well. This assurance helps them temporarily. The professor profits by his famous name.

The Catholic priest hears confessions. Psychoanalysis has been compared with the confessional in that science in the form of psychoanalysis has gained a hold upon the confessional. Yet the priest listens not in order to enlighten but to obtain the transference (see p. 87) of the penitent and lead it over to God and the church. He permits the sinner to behold his superego in the mirror of divine grace and restores to him his superego, pure and undefiled. Christ died on the cross for the sinner. Nothing unconscious has been brought into consciousness through the confession. The sense of guilt has been removed by means of magic, after first being used to draw the guilty one into the church. For these reasons confession too belongs to the methods which hide rather than to those which reveal.

All more or less miraculous cures belong to the veiling method of psychotherapy. It would lead too far afield to discuss here even the most important and most widespread methods. Nor would it avail anything—as has long since been proved. The adherents of such methods are ever ready to explain that they are misunderstood, falsely represented, their words distorted. Hence I will say nothing of sacred grottoes or wonder-working sepulchers, nothing of animal magnetism, Mrs. Eddy or Coué, nor yet of Mazdaism, theosophy, Krishnamurti, or anthroposophy. I bow to the reproach that I do not comprehend these, albeit in the course of my practice I have frequently enough been brought into contact with them. I believe that the veiling methods shut out the reasoning power of the secondary function by means of a trick and obtain their results through direct attack upon the primary functon. In studying the nature of hypnosis and suggestion one can scarcely refrain from think-

ing that the mechanisms of suggestion and autosuggestion are at work wherever veiling psychotherapy is practised.

Psychoanalysis stands over against the veiling therapy as an exquisitely revealing psychotherapy. It unveils the faulty use of the secondary function, whether this be scorn of the secondary system as in hysteria or fanatic overemphasis of it as in compulsive neurosis. Nietzsche, who must perhaps be looked upon as the founder of disillusioning psychology, began with the "revision of all values." Psychoanalysis tries to disregard all judgment of value and in a purely formal manner to put an end to the simultaneous existence of tendency and counter-tendency, which we call ambivalence and which in its nature necessarily diminishes the power of achievement.

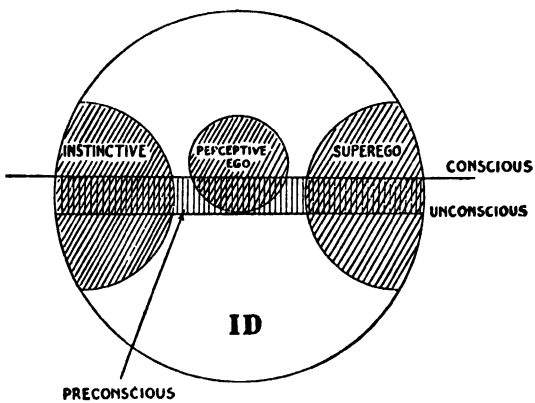
> "The native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
> And enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this regard, their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

The neurotic conflict is waged between "I will" and "I ought not" and between "I ought" and "I will not." The two hostilely opposing systems may be called the instinctive ego and superego (see regarding differences in terminology, p. 167). The nucleus of the personality lies between these two and independently of them, the conscious, perceiving, thinking, and resolving ego. All three systems: instinctive ego (the id), perceptive ego, and superego are partly conscious and partly unconscious. The situation, setting aside the relations of the three parts to one another, may be graphically represented thus:

I. All embracing: the id.
II. For the most part unconscious: instinctive ego.

III. For the most part conscious, remainder pre-conscious: perceptive ego (nucleus).

IV. Partly conscious, partly pre-conscious, partly unconscious: superego.




Freud gives another graph in his *The Ego and the Id*, which regards the relation between the three systems of the psychic structure, but these relations defy a two-dimensional graphic presentation.

The misery of the neuroses is due to the fact that the neurotic conflicts are fought out not consciously but unconsciously. They appear in consciousness strangly distorted, condensed, symbolized, and have to be deciphered according to the principles of dream interpretation. Freud's disclosing psychology begins with a great *Why?* The apparently meaningless has a definite meaning. The symptoms of nervous disorder have their causes, psychic causes. Psychoanalysis throws overboard the motherly Fiapopeia; its aim is not to quiet but to disquiet. We do not want by soothing method to drive the pathological factors still deeper within but to build adults out of infantile individuals. We unearth the evil in order to dissolve it in the light of understanding, when it is frequently discovered that the trouble is worse than it at first appeared. In the same way does the tuberculous bone seem but little damaged; but when the bone is

explored, the extent of the injury becomes apparent. If an operation had not been undertaken, the patient would have gone on for a while only at last to break down utterly. Psychoanalysts refuse to tell their neurotic patients: "You are well; you only imagine that you are ill." We are no longer desirous of looking upon our patients as imbeciles; we meet them as man to man and ask them: "Why are you suffering?" This why, elaborated to a complicated technique, is the essence of psychoanalysis. One must, in order to obtain the correct answer, descend with the patients to the "mothers" (p. 191).

We want to educate the ambivalent to a "post-ambivalent" person. He ought to know what he wants and whether he still wants it, and must decide whether he is right in wanting it. We wish to show him that his weakness and his distress result from his ambivalence. He can no longer in the light of the secondary function say yes and no at the same time. The neurotic falls ill because he flees such decisions and in their place produces his pathological symptoms. He chooses neither of two possibilities, but a third. That would not be so bad in itself, did not the superego protest against such evading of decision and produce in neurotics a feeling of illness which frequently becomes unbearable. The environment suffers from nervous characters, even if they themselves do not suffer. We need only to observe hysterical leaders and we notice immediately that undissolved conflicts are the sources of much harm, even if the hysteric is satisfied with himself. These people torment themselves and others with their restlessness. We know well that the progress of civilization depends upon discontent, but we recognize a difference between the sublimation of a conflict and neurotic reaction and we know that for one victor in a neurotic conflict there are thousands of hopelessly languishing ambivalent cripples and masochists.

We endeavor with our methods of discovery to reach the

sources of the disorder. Obsolete childish wishes have to be disinterred so that they can be forgotten. Feelings of guilt must be ejected through recognition of their origin and by either atoning for the wrong or otherwise expunging it from the record. Perverse impulses; feelings of inferiority; fixation upon parents and brothers and sisters in love and in hate; dangerous rhythms, which are forever leading to undesirable transferences; confusion of actuality and fantasy, that of to-day and of a remote past; confusion of fear and desire, of hatred and love —everything must come to light that it may be discharged. Let a scoundrel be a scoundrel, if he must, a saint a saint; but both should know what drives them to extremes, and above all the scoundrel must not deceive himself that he is a saint, nor the saint that he is a rogue.

Our patients do not want all this. They develop unconsciously and consciously violent resistance against the disillusioning method. Our patients run away if we tell them the truth without preparing them slowly and systematically for it. We have therefore learned a technique which is related to obstetrics. We wait and deliver the child when it has reached full term. Our patients are always seeking to compel us to go from the method of discovery to suggestion. They want us to play the rôle of stern father or tender mother or vice versa. They want solace instead of the truth. The primary function participates directly in comfort-giving, in stroking, while enlightenment demands the hard work of protracted thought, of acknowledgment of disagreeable facts, of final decision. The patients would like to debase the analyst to the level of a hypnotist, transfer their ego ideal upon him, with which for the analyst "is associated the temptation to assume toward the patient the rôle of prophet, savior of souls, redeemer" (Freud). No matter how much we defend ourselves against this attempt of the patients, we shall not be able to prevent the relationship of the child

to authority from being constantly reëstablished. We have to attribute to this tendency a vanishing success at the beginning of almost every curative psychoanalysis. This same tendency has to bear the blame for failures right at the beginning of our work. Persons who endure authority badly and are always bursting forth from such bonds, break off the analysis in the early stage. Many desert it because too much truth is disclosed before they are able to bear it. The majority of patients, however, feel wonderfully relieved; yet this is no reason for boasting of the success of the analysis but a bit of veiling suggestion which must be removed according to the rules of psychoanalysis. We analysts are in a bad way indeed when we consider how easy it is to play the rôle before our patients of the great man and the miracle worker. Our great final goal is from the start the unmasking of the truth—with technical limitations into which I will not enter here.

The fundamental rule of psychoanalysis is that the analysand is in duty bound "to tell everything which passes through his mind, even if it is unpleasant to him, even though it seems to him to be unimportant, irrelevant, or absurd" (Freud). This rule excludes any self-criticism. Besides, physical relaxation is necessary; the patient lies comfortably on a couch. The analyst withdraws to a place behind the patient, who is thus to a great degree diverted from the direction of his secondary function toward the primary function. The secondary function controls motor action; the patient's motor activity is cut off. The secondary function develops social restraints: clever and stupid, attractive and ugly, noble and petty—we put all that aside. There remain then as determinants those things which arise from the unconscious depths. It is therefore not to be wondered at that psychoanalysis was soon aware that its work only in part brought to light memories and thoughts which are clothed in words. A unity is created in the form of participation, called by

Freud transference, out of the group of two in which psychoanalysis takes place, a unity that is first felt and afterward becomes understood.

Psychoanalysis is the experiencing (*das Erlebnis*) of one's own primary function in forms which can be psychoanalytically grasped and comprehended. One experiences one's own primary function in one's narcissistic, heterosexual and homosexual, sadistic, masochistic, anal, oral, phallic, and castrating tendencies. One cannot describe an experience (*Erlebnis*) in words. Psychoanalysis cannot therefore be learned from books; it must be felt. Rational memories succeeding one another afford an interesting biographical construction. But only in the transference can the primary function be felt and influenced, in so far as one human being can influence another.

We have just admitted that psychoanalysis is not to be learned from books—due to the peculiarities of the primary function which we have described. Likewise it must be acknowledged that psychoanalysis is not a pure science, but an artistic science. Many will see perhaps in an artistic science a *contradictio in adjecto* (contradiction in terms); in such case, I believe that we must dispense rather with the word science than with the word art. For there are analysts who have not had much instruction and who yet obtain good analytic results because of a native or early developed talent for introspection. There are also analysts who have gone into a deep study of psychoanalysis and its literature and submitted to an analysis, with an uncertain result—but they are unable to analyze. As far as I can see, a good analyst combines a measure of intuition, that is, immediate entrance into his own and therefore another's primary function, with the compulsive pertinacity of the methodical person, which prevents his being moved from his base, namely, from his learned fundamental principles.

We pupils of Freud believed, in our first enthusiasm, that

with our method we would soon shake the world to its foundations. We were going to separate the reasonable from the unreasonable, drive out all that was irrational from every activity which ought to be rational, and fundamentally alter the id. Freud himself was always temperate and restrained. We all know to-day that we cannot reach the nucleus of the id. It is guarded by forces which we cannot overcome. Even the social forces are very difficult to contend with in the individual psychoanalytic struggle. One of these social forces is the economic principle of Karl Marx: "It is not man's consciousness that conditions his being, but on the contrary his social being that conditions his consciousness." Penetrating psychoanalysts have sought to bring this statement into concurrence with the Œdipus complex. Marx's statement is indeed in itself a bit of disillusioning analysis. I believe that Freud's analysis goes deeper than this which Marx has said. The Œdipus problem is the deepest layer of our actual social being. We meet in analysis the same resistance on the part of our patients which led Marx to the opinion that it was useless to explain things rationally. One class cannot understand another; only force and dictatorship can obtain for the lower class what it considers as its right. But while Marxism foresees as certainties murder and slaughter, psychoanalysis is a peaceful force which has hope of overcoming the resistance between classes if the leaders of both classes will be analyzed.

The id is older and more comprehensive than any social being. Not only is there comprised in it the inheritance of all our forefathers (the "collective unconscious")—this might still be considered a "social condition"—but we cannot at all grasp the substance of the id scientifically. Only a small portion of the id has become accessible to Freud's method. Psychoanalysis has made rational a certain amount of mysticism and must now give heed lest it itself falls into mysticism. It would be mystic,

that is, extremely unscientific, to believe that we can completely open up, analyze, the primary function by means of the secondary function. That portion of analysis to which we have attained to-day is less rational than many of us might wish to believe. Fortunately it is, on the other hand, far more empirical and subject to scientific discipline than our opponents assume.

Sometimes worthy people come to analysis, such as artists or productive scientists, and inquire whether there is not danger of losing their abilities through analysis. We reply that where this danger exists artistic eminence is not of much value. True artistic ability is so deeply rooted in the id that it is easy for the genius to defend himself against analytic dissolution. We remove the neurotic superstructure, which only disturbs, and liberate the primary function, which can then undisturbed express itself in its artistic form. The artistic personality is an integral whole, a configuration (*Gestalt*) which cannot be split apart. Besides, the task of psychoanalysis is in no way to "make impossible" any kind of reaction, pathological or otherwise, "but to procure for the patient's ego the freedom to decide for itself in one way or another." Why should a creative man decide to stop creating when there is nothing in this world to make a person more happy than just creating?

# CHAPTER XI

## THE CHILD

The secondary function which protects the primary function against harm from the external world (and the all-too-violent instincts within) is, as we have seen, in part a strait-jacket, in part an agreeable covering. To rear a child to be a cultural person is to afford him the best possible opportunity to grow into his secondary function. The secondary function which we implant in our children is our own secondary function and hence our children can only in exceptional cases become very different from us. They are not much better nor much worse than we are; they inherit and develop our dispositions, practise our customs.

The child is at the beginning instinctual, does not guard himself like the adult with a secondary function, but relies upon the protection of his parents and others who care for him. The child is helpless for a much longer period than any animal and so gains time to observe the secondary function in his protecting fellow man and to incorporate himself in it. He is not born with the secondary function; he is without reason, morality, conscience; he cannot speak, nor think, understands almost nothing, and is not aware of his ego. So that all education must begin in comprehending this sweet little bundle of instincts, and the only way to make oneself comprehensible to the little child is to gratify his instincts—or, where that is not proper, forcibly to suppress them. This seems to be self-evident. Nevertheless, the attempt has been made to alter even very young children by trying to rouse and to influence their "under-

standing" or indeed their ambition. This is just as sensible as the famous sentence and execution of a pig which was hanged because it had killed a child. Appeal is made to the child's "ambition" before the superego has been developed, and absurd or tragic results are achieved through such an error. Children are punished before they grasp the nature of wrong and wisdom is preached to them which they do not comprehend. Without the apperceptive apparatus which we have called the secondary function all this falls upon deaf ears.

The child has licked the wall near which his crib stands. Is that not dreadful? "Johnny, how could you do it!" The child is shocked—not because he regards what he has done as dreadful. That is rather pleasurably toned and Johnny thinks of repeating it. But he is a bit afraid of his mother, who has repeatedly shown that she is stronger than he is. His mother says: "Give me your word of honor, Johnny, that you will not do it again." The larger hand is outstretched and the little hand places itself within. The next morning the wall has again been licked. "Oh, Johnny, you have broken your word," says his mother in a grieved tone. The child answers quite unabashed and pleasantly: "That doesn't matter, Mother; I have many more words left." This mother would have attained her purpose if she had said nothing at all to Johnny but had simply prevented him from licking the wall. For Johnny is only two years old.

Parents are just as unwise when they walk the floor with a child the whole night through and tell him that he should be quiet and go to sleep. Fortunately it is in accord with modern child hygiene to let the little ones cry until they become accustomed—*faute de mieux*—to sleep through the night. Formerly even infants were reasoned with. The result was not always so hopeless as might rationally have been expected. The child grasped the rhythm, the loving sound of the voice; he naturally

did not understand what was said to him, but he understood and found it important who it was that spoke and thus a contact through sound was established.

The beginning of all education is the recognition of the primary function. Justification of education lies in the fact that the unprotected primary function is not capable of maintaining its existence. Training must begin with force. The child can at first be protected only like kittens which are picked up by their mother's teeth and carried out of harm's way. There is besides the participation of the child in the persons who take care of him and whom he loves; or, one may just as well say, who love him. There is no distinction between active and passive in the participation, as with simple letter writers who incorrectly sign themselves "Your beloved George." The child accepts the first elements because it loves the persons who bend over its crib. Understanding does not yet enter into the situation. When an adult weighs 140 pounds and a child 12, the psychic structure of the child is not made intelligible if that of his father is set in the relation 140:12. The child's psychic life follows its own laws, to which psychoanalysis has contributed the genesis of the sexual life, especially of the pregenital sexual life, the Œdipus and the castration complex, the superego. The small child is wholly unlike us, who find our happiness, our ego, our security, in the secondary function. When the child begins to adopt our speech, our logic, when it is praised as a well-behaved child, then it has become a twofold being, resembling us somewhat, yet different; perhaps like a clever dog that understands us and yet is secretly bound to the wild steppe where in days gone by it howled with wolves and jackals. Children must be given time to outgrow their hybrid period until they have entered completely into our civilization.

*Identification*

Talking is first in order. Later, with effort, we learn foreign languages from textbooks. This is not the way the *mother* tongue is acquired. I can express myself with a fair degree of fluency in English, which is not my mother tongue. Yet as soon as I imbibe an alcoholic drink my English vocabulary becomes unbelievably restricted, for the toxin has benumbed the cells of the cerebral cortex in which I keep the vocabulary I have learned with effort. The same means loosens the tongues of native English-speaking people. They speak from the primary function; I, from the barrenness of the secondary function.

The small child says: Ma-ma-ma or ba-ba-ba. This is the mode of expression of the primary function. Adults give to the sounds which arise from the position of the infant's mouth, and which are sheer manifestations of pleasure, an unquestionable symbolic meaning which the child must accept. They interpret the first as mama and insist that it means the mother. The second means the father or by-by. Having started upon this way, all the infant's sound formations are transformed into meaning and made to serve his needs. So we have la-la and lu-lu, pipi and momo. An older brother or sister of the infant, his caretakers, his gruel, the canary, any object whatsoever may demand and obtain representation in the child's speech. The names which the infant utters are so pleasing, particularly to the women, that they cling to the child for life as Mimi, Lolo, Fifi, Lily, or even names of only one syllable as Lou, Do, Sue. In such pet names lies a protest against the dreary necessity of daily life and a return to the pleasurable world of the instinctual child—a world still free from reality. For this reason masculine women of all sorts abhor such names and regard them as a lowering of their dignity.

It is essential for human speech that it is able to represent objects. At present it is veiled in obscurity when and how man attained his ability to set forth his ideas in language. We see, however, that every normal child possesses this ability at a very early age. There are grounds for believing that human speech had its origin in song. A gibbon (anthromorphous ape) of the Indian forest sings. The illuminated, pleasurably toned song may then have preceded the so much more prosaic, conceptual language like the babbling of our infants. Inasmuch as song in the animal kingdom is a wholly sexual matter, serving to attract the opposite sex when the time for reproduction has arrived, we may here venture a reference to the all-embracing significance of the sex instinct. If we speak of this instinct as the pleasure instinct, we may regard it as inborn and say of the child's learning to speak: his first sounds are manifestations of pleasure and displeasure. His relation to his environment causes the child to place what are originally purely emotional utterances in the service of speech and its meaning.

The question how adults succeed in this matter of education, and many others still to be mentioned, may be answered in two ways. One part of the answer is easy and indisputable. The human child brings with him through the inheritance of countless millenniums the capacity to learn to run, to speak, and much besides. The other part of the answer is equally indubitable since Freud's investigation: the child loves those who care for him because he soon feels their presence, care, and protection as conditions of his pleasure.

The nursling from the beginning wants something that will satisfy his hunger and he receives the breast, *mamma* (Latin), a part of the mother's body. Here we come upon the root of the instinct for possession. We may perhaps say in this sense the instinct for possession is congenital. The newborn babe learns to know his environment by means of his mouth so long as he

knows no other form in which he can take possession of the external world, and he becomes acquainted also with other parts of the external world besides this which he can take in his mouth and from which he draws nourishment. It is not long, however, before the child absorbs not only with his mouth but with all his sense organs. For this reason Friedrich Froebel says: "His whole being imbibes, principally his senses." His eye becomes radiant and looking is a delight. How could the child learn to explore the visible world persistently and steadfastly if he did not experience pleasure in so doing? At first, to be sure, the mouth is insatiable. If the child is not prevented he puts into his mouth every object which comes within reach. If this is not possible, he absorbs the external world with that prolonged gaze, the serious objectivity and ever-expectant readiness of which later disappear. Only great investigators and artists preserve this gaze. The child listens attentively to everything and tries his hand at everything, whereby it seems as though auditory impressions interest him sooner than do visual stimuli, and as though the pleasure in hearing later gave place to that of seeing.

Just as that which is physically swallowed must be expelled as feces, in so far as it cannot be utilized as constructive material, so the external world likewise could not be mentally absorbed forever if it were not possible also to cause it to issue forth again. Language employs for this the word *express*. The ejecting of the experience (*Erlebnis*), the giving of it forth again, is accomplished by the child through the imitative instinct.* The child's first sounds arise without the understanding; they have, so to speak, no mental pabulum. Nevertheless, educators

* We do not speak in psychoanalysis of an imitative instinct but of instinctual identification. Freud has repeatedly called attention to the fact that the instinct for possession: "I will *have* something," may be translated into "I will *be* it." Identification is a form of taking possession in which *to be* takes the place of *to have*. The child introjects his environment.

employ these earliest sounds which the child has produced to express his pleasure. They imitate them (see above: mama, papa) and thus stimulate in the child the lively instinct to imitate so that finally the babbling sounds of the child's own mouth are listened to and mimicked (auto-imitation). The little one imitates likewise the noises produced by the rectum in the passing of gas, and the bolder psychologists have believed that there is a fundamental significance attached to this.

The imitative instinct of the child is employed when the words of our cultivated speech are spoken in his presence until he readily adopts them. The little child learns chiefly from persons whom he loves, and he learns because he loves. He would fall to his death, die in his own excretions, or freeze to death were he not artificially protected against the inclemency of the weather. This biological difference between man and beast binds together more closely and permanently adults and children among human beings than among animals. It is the source of love and trust which binds infants and growing children to their parents. When the physical navel cord has long been severed, there remains one belonging to the affections which becomes the basis of all human culture. The independent creature is a much later product. Observe a young calf but a few days old. It stands in the stable upon its four feet; the mother turns around to look at it, but it is already a completely living being contemplating us with its clear animal eyes. The thoroughly intimate connection between parents and child is the starting point of our analytic psychology. The feeling of such a close relationship gives rise to our illusion that children are our very own property, that we must—and can—train them as long and as intensively as possible. As everything instinctual is bipolar, thus there develops precisely from the close association of parents and child the impulse for spiritual deliverance from

the bondage. The child wants to be loved but he wants also to be independent.

It is at first a matter of indifference to the small child what is said, yet it is of great moment who says it. The same is frequently true of the psychical life of adults. What the loved one says has enormous value and under certain circumstances endures forever. In Thomas Mann's novel *Buddenbrooks* the aging Toni repeats again and again statements which she had heard many years before from a young man with whom she was in love. These sayings were anything but important: "I like honey. It is a pure product of nature. At least I know what I am eating." This remark accompanies the girl through life. No one could surmise what these innocent words mean to her. The lover had used another expression in order to say that with certain thoughts one easily remains alone; Toni employs this phrase as often as possible even when it does not fit the situation: "There one sits upon the rocks." What a lover says always has a particular resonance. We have recourse to our poets' winged words which signify nothing to the foreigner. They mean much to us; we love them because they were with us in our youth and they are saturated with pleasant memories. The relation of the child to what he apprehends mentally from his environment may be similarly judged. He is not yet able to comprehend the meaning and quality of that which is presented to him but absorbs everything which dearly loved persons bring into the realm of his senses. He would like to "eat up" his fellow men. Since he cannot actually devour them root and branch, at least he imbibes what streams from them. The widest field of radiation is occupied by speech. The child learns to talk because he incorporates within himself the language of the beloved person, and expresses himself accordingly.

Neither that which adults designate as love nor its opposite, that which they call hate, can be correctly applied to children.

It will be well perhaps to distinguish by means of a prefix the child's impulses from similarly directed ones of adults. The word prepleasure has been long in use in psychoanalysis. One may speak of prehate and prelove. Lévy-Bruhl has introduced the word prelogical for the thought of primitives because such thought has not wholly attained the plane of logic. The child too is prelogical. The pre-emotions of the child are peculiar in that opposing poles such as love and hate or (somewhat later) fear and desire, do not mutually exclude each other but may appear rapidly one after the other, indeed even simultaneously, and change in swift succession. Children can at one and the same time love and hate (desire and reject) the same person (see ambivalence).

The child behaves as if he experienced at once friendly and unfriendly emotions toward his fellow men, or rather toward all objects in his environment, without distinguishing the inanimate from the animate. He makes no distinction at the beginning between his own body and the world about him. The mother's nose, the pacifier, or the child's big toe are all of equal value. He puts each one into his mouth and anything that cannot be put into the mouth has no value. We cannot picture to ourselves how this wholly instinctual being slowly finds his way into the logic of the directed person. Instinct for pleasure, instinct for possession, identification, are all present before thought. It may be that children think logically because they love their logically minded parents (nurses), want to take possession of them, and in this striving photographically imitate the things logically manifested in their surroundings. They practise this until they not only think correctly but, indeed, can no longer think otherwise.

We might have said that children learn through suggestion. This has the form: Everything that comes from the mother (the father, the loved person) is good. What I learn comes

from the mother. Ergo, it is good and I accept it with pleasure. Education employs this attitude of the child to make of the little savage a member of society. Instinct is laced into the Spanish boot. It often bursts its bonds, but usually it obeys, and from an instinctual creature arises a person of understanding. Yet we must never forget that primarily there was instinct and solely instinct. And if even the thinking of the adult needs the instinctual force of personal interest lest it die out, so with the child a fleck of germinating logic appears upon the instinctual life like the white foam on the ocean. For this reason instructors who understand how to deal with the child's instinctual life and win his love achieve the best results.

There is a period in the child's life beginning approximately in the fourth year in which the child forges a weapon out of the word why, forces adults through incessant use of it to pay attention to him. What do we want of the child? That he shall be clever and perceive the causal connection of things. He is therefore that which is called good if he asks why often and eagerly. This demand of his elders is transparent to the child, and though he does not approve of it he uses it to his advantage. He does not at first ask because he wishes to know, but because he emulates these incomprehensible grown-ups who evidently ask the reason for everything. The principle of causality is, however, by no means so firm with the child as with Kant, who makes of it an *a priori* category of thought. Consequently the child asks why even if he has already for some time grasped the connection of things. He is shown the full moon, let us say, with the words: "Look, how large and beautiful the moon is to-night!" The child asks: "Why is the moon beautiful?" whereby he has, in truth, touched upon a hard problem of æsthetics. But he is too far removed from expecting any other answer to his question than perhaps a repetition of the statement, "Look how large and beautiful the moon is!" One fre-

quently has the impression that the child wishes merely to gain time so that he may retard the stream of events. Perhaps we come closest to the child if we comprehend his why as a simple outcry, similar to the babbling and outbursts of joy of the infant. Then this why means nothing more than: "I am here and behave as if I were a logical person like you. Love me, for I am like you." Here too pedagogy appropriates this interrogation; and if the child originally uttered his why wholly apart from logical necessity, yet he receives just enough answer to enable him to find his way slowly into the logical category. In any case the child takes very exact note of the answer to his query—and fie upon the instructor who has given the child a stupid reply which will be further questioned by the unerring memory of the child through the long years to come, like the fleeting words of Toni Buddenbrook. Almost every one drags with him through life the senseless answers of his teachers, and though we have long recognized how inane the word pictures are, we cannot rid ourselves of them; as many a person cannot be freed from his superstition, albeit the absurdity of it is obvious.

The interrogative why is one of the most centaurlike pictures of childhood, in which stern logic and the child's instinctual nature are united. No doubt a child who asks more questions than seven wise men could answer is something of a torment, and he who allows himself to be thus tormented must needs love the child to permit such constant annoyance. If the adult finally cries: "Now stop this everlasting questioning!" the child has reached the end of his power. There remains for him, nevertheless, the triumph of having brought the grown-up person, this intolerable, imperturable animal, into an excited state. It is not wise to play before the child the part of an immovable blockhead, but neither is it wise to scream at him if he annoys one with questions. The child follows a compulsion and silence

is enough. It is still better to divert the child. He can easily be sidetracked to another line of thought.*

There are children who repeat the answer to their why half aloud and say it over and over to themselves, so that one gets the impression that they wish to learn the words by heart like vocables. A sentence is repeated with photographic exactness in word order, emphasis, cadence, as if dictated by the Holy Ghost. What does the child do? He identifies himself with the grown-ups he loves, like whom he wishes to be, whose words he absorbs so that he may give them forth again as accurately as possible. It is at first a matter of indifference to the child whether he can understand what the mother says or not. He questions in order to attract attention and to compel an utterance. This utterance he then seizes upon impulsively, makes it his own, and thereby changes himself into the mother. It is so much the better for the child's development if the words uttered are intelligent and meaningful. The mother's part may be only to provide her child with valuable material but the child's part is to secure his mother through identification, to incorporate her.

In the fourth year of the child's life the instinct for mimicry manifests itself in another way, which is indicative of the bipolarity of the instinctual life. The same child who quite respectfully repeats the more or less intelligent answers of adults in order to learn them by heart will occasionally mimic words which are spoken to him. Instead of doing what is wanted of them, children will call back like an echo what has been said, and even in association with people whom they like: "Close the door!" "Close the door!"—"Will you?" "Will you?"—

* Freud explains the curiosity of children which manifests itself in constant questioning as the fearfully repressed question regarding the child's own origin. So-called "sexual enlightenment" could then lay hold of such excessive curiosity at the roots. Freud's conception supports itself upon the child's secondary function (systems conscious and preconscious). The above presentation seeks to comprehend the standpoint of the primary function.

"Naughty boy!" "Naughty boy!"—and so on and on, perhaps with laughter, *ad infinitum*. That is mockery; of this there can be no doubt. It is an overpowering of the adult who confronts the child with words, the meaning of which are transformed into empty sound; it is a protest of instinct against the logical sense which is presumably the purpose of the interchange of words. The attentive repetition of words and phrases is the child's means of identification with the adults around him. This mimicry of words separates the child, represents the child's protest against identification, and belongs to identification like the reverse side of a medal. The child might lose himself through identification. If the child has once discovered the possibility of superiority over his own playmates or indeed over older people through mimicry, he gets endless fun from practising it; and in many children it becomes a compulsion. It has to do with the winning back of the child's own personality, which was in danger of being lost upon the way of affectionate absorption.

At this stage of development the child has discovered humor and the strong weapon which mockery denotes in life's struggle. Any one who is able to make ridiculous powers which he cannot overcome triumphs. When adults do the child the honor of being angry with him, the child's triumph is complete. It is a triumph almost as perfect even when the adults—as happens much more frequently than the haughty know-it-alls suspect—are not aware that they have been ridiculed. Nor is the dawning child mind always aware that it is derisive. It would perhaps not dare consciously to mock: item, it mocks.

The child usually pursues two ways which lead into the adult world: he endeavors with the ardor of love's identification to be wise, and he makes a mockery of that which is incomprehensible to him. It is decisive for the fate of the child how well or ill he progresses upon these two paths, on which one

he finds more roses or more thorns. Education is ill-advised if it forcibly suppresses the child's need of ridicule of authority. It is like taking the vent from a steam boiler. Nevertheless, this is unfortunately still the rule even in our schools of to-day.

### *The Ego of the Child*

A definitive thrust forward of the secondary function is the winning of the ego consciousness. It seems to make its onset in the child of our culture during the third or fourth year, at about the same time that genital (phallic) sexuality sets in, perhaps furthered by the child's interest in his genitalia. Freud distinguishes three phases of infantile masturbation: "The first of them belongs to the nursing period; the second to the brief period of sexual activity about the fourth year; only the third corresponds to the masturbation of puberty, often the only one considered.

The masturbation of the nursling seems to disappear after a short time; should it continue without interruption until puberty the first great deviation from the development for which civilized man must strive may already have occurred. Somewhere in childhood after the nursing period, usually from the fourth year, the sexual instinct of these genital zones reawakens, to persist for some time until a fresh suppression occurs, or to progress without interruption. The possible relationships are very numerous, and can be discussed only through more detailed analysis of individual cases. Yet all the individual elements of this second infantile sexual activity leave the deepest (unconscious) trace of their influence in the person's memory, determine the development of his character, if it remains healthy, and the symptomatic nature of his neurosis, if after puberty he becomes ill."

It appears likely that the child obtains the certainty of his own

well-defined ego from without, whereby the child's thinking apparatus through the inheritance of thousands of years comes to meet this rise of the ego consciousness. The child receives the impress of his ego in a matrix which he brought with him into the world.

Those who care for the child constantly reappear; the child ponders over them, loves them, fears them, until he attains the idea that he too is like those persons about him. The child learns to distinguish. The unfamiliar external world is a threatening and dangerous stranger. "He" and "she" are also still unknown. "You" stands affectionately before the child and perhaps the ego arises secondarily only from the knowledge of this you. In the beginning the ego is only felt. Later we not only feel our ego but we are acquainted with it. We know it and there is nothing of which we believe we have such knowledge as of our ego. There remains always a leap from pure emotional experience to knowledge of the ego, from the primary to the secondary. The methods of the child through which he learns to know his ego, by which he learns to walk and talk, lead without difficulty to completeness. At least for the child the gods have not placed the sweat of toil before the final goal. Affect is at work here, the pleasure instinct, from which all the other instincts originate.

The discussion of this is difficult and subject to critical objection. The facts partake, however, of the color of life, if we interrogate our own memory as far as it reaches back into those ancient times. There are persons who recall the creative moment in which the knowledge of their ego glowed within them like an incandescent light never again to be extinguished. They awoke one day with the consciousness that they were an ego; externally, it is true, appearing like other children, yet fundamentally different from every one else and tremendously more important. At this period such children frequently stand before a mirror observing themselves attentively and addressing the re-

flection many times in succession by their name, their purpose obviously being to throw a bridge from the mirror image without to the inner self, over which they might pass into their unfathomable ego. The consciousness of one's own ego, as presented above, has arisen through reflection. The child first comprehends the persons of his environment through his love for them. He knows them because he needs and uses them. If the child has once become familiar with the personalities of those around him, which comes about by way of identification—imitation and equalization—then one day the spark will fly back to the starting point and the child will arrive at the conclusion that he himself is exactly like those outside him. That is to say, the child looks upon the you and from the beloved you, which on its part he has wrung from the strange he-she-it, he deduces his ego. The you arises from the he-she-it through love. There are children who kiss their reflection in the mirror. They acknowledge their ego by loving it.

The recognition of his own ego denotes a turning point in the individual's life. Up to this period the child has been wholly objective, as yet finding no contrast between himself and the external world. Later everything is measured in relation to the newly discovered ego. The period begins in which the child desires to hear stories and in these stories he invariably plays the principal rôle, no matter what the content of the tale may be. His life passes now egocentrically, which means he makes his ego the focal point from which the world is regarded.

The child is at first so greatly suffused with his ego that we may say not only is the ego for him the measure of everything, but the ego is an immutable totality, indeed perfection in itself. The child at this period does not yet suffer from the feeling of inferiority which later becomes so significant; neither from inferiority of the body nor of the mind. A discouragement through reproaches is not yet to be feared in this first phase of

infantile psychic life. Dangerous as it is later to say to the child: "You are good for nothing and will never amount to anything; you are a coward, awkward, ugly, lazy"—during the birth of the ego such reproaches do not touch the child. If such a child be told that he is a rascal, he either has no comprehension of the term at all or he repeats it, to the deserved discredit of the adult, with screams of triumph through the house and garden. It follows from the child's narcissism that the feelings of inferiority, later of such great import, are not primary in any one. How could one who feels himself the sole individual in the world, nay. the very world itself, regard himself as inferior? He rules without dispute. As the newborn brings protective bodies with him into the world which guard him from infection in his first year and perhaps longer, so is the child provided with a coat of armor of enthusiasm for himself which wards off those injuries which might wound his childish sensibilities.

### *The Origin of the Superego*

Freud describes a "differentiating grade in the ego" as super ego. We have described the journey of the ego from without inwardly as a probability. There can be no doubt of the migration of the moral ego, called by Freud the superego, from without inwardly (see p. 203). The Œdipus complex, even today still overlooked by most observers and yet enormous in its proportions, stands at the center of this second migration from without to within. Distrust of love, fear of punishment, castration anxiety, are the driving forces. The beloved, omnipotent you proves in many respects inadequate. The child separates himself from the you and becomes an ego. He has become here to a certain extent independent of the you. He no longer needs the you because he himself has become an ego, that is, a vou. But

the other you is not content to be so simply and completely set aside. It continues to exist and threaten. It is a portion of reality of which the child must take heed. The you must be absorbed a second time. The first identification creates the ego, the second the superego.

The problem of guilt is a primeval problem of mankind, and the religions of all peoples have endeavored to solve this problem. Christianity speaks of original sin, assumes therefore that we are born sinful and may be cleansed from our guilt only through the mercy of the church in a more or less mystical way. The rejection of earthly joys on the part of the religions of a world beyond results in the finding of the center of guilt in sex life. Even so powerful a thinker as Schopenhauer agrees in this point with the church, that our procreation, the pleasure-toned act of the parents, is the guilt for which the child, that is, we ourselves, must atone by a life full of sorrow. We are not able to determine whether guilt is actually an inheritance of mankind. It is certain that our children, just as they are born without shame, are also born without a sense of guilt and that we overdevelop the sense of guilt in our children through false measures.

A person without a feeling of guilt is scarcely to be conceived. Yet there are persons whom we are forced to believe have practically no consciousness of wrong. We almost always find, if we penetrate more deeply into their psychical life, that the sense of guilt is absent merely from consciousness, but is active in the unconscious. Total lack of a sense of guilt is a disease which would necessarily make man a beast. One could not train a child without a knowledge of good and evil. If, however, the child is allowed too early in life to have feelings of guilt, he becomes disheartened and cannot attain success. It is not much of an accomplishment to force a child to feel guilty. We are all sadists and like to take advantage of the child's un-

formed mentality, so that we may bring him into a conflict from which we derive amusement.

There are people who train fleas and demonstrate in a so-called flea circus how in teams of six or eight they will draw a tiny paper wagon and perform other tricks. The training proceeds as follows. The fleas are inclosed between glass plates. When the fleas jump they strike against the upper plate and this occurs many times until they can no longer jump. Many children are similarly trained. While the psychic life of fleas either does not exist at all or is negligible as far as we are concerned, something is going on in the mind of children who are always afflicted with a sense of guilt. It is essential that we know what takes place in such cases, so that permanent injury may be avoided. The psychology of the child cannot be studied without the psychology of the adults surrounding the child. Here two dissimilar things clash: the insensible, self-sufficient, complete parvenu world of adults and the totally different "primary" world of the child. The child's world has been called a dream world. The child does, in fact, stand between primary and secondary.

Never will a child, whose own genuine nature has not yet been broken, acknowledge the right of punishment. As a matter of fact, the right to punish is based exclusively on the right of the stronger one. Modern theories of criminology frequently propose total abolition of punishment as the only procedure compatible with a civilized world. Society has the right to protect itself from harmful individuals and this right extends to the removing of such persons from its midst, should circumstances warrant it. Corporal punishment has already been abolished in most civilized countries, and in many of these countries capital punishment also. The tendency of penology is in the direction likewise of abolishing other forms of punishment. What pertains to adults must pertain so much the more to chil-

dren, whom we call our dear little ones, and for whose well-being we profess to live. Punishment sometimes coerces the child, but it does not train him. It wakens defiance, thoughts of revenge, and will either discourage the child or make him guilty. We must familiarize ourselves with the remarkable fact that the child's sense of guilt is considerably increased through punishment. Of all the blunders of education which produce guilt in children, punishment is the worst. It creates a sort of chaos between loving and being loved, hating and being hated, doubt, fear, and defiance.

There develops in such a chaos what Freud has termed the desire for punishment. Some children again and again do wrong in order to bring about punishment. J. J. Rousseau explains this desire very simply in his *Confessions*. He tells of his governess who disciplined him when he was mischievous. The chastisement became tinged with pleasure, and he admits that he purposely produced the situation that he might be beaten by the governess. Here is a prematurely awakened instinctual life and the blows of Mademoiselle Lambercier were sexualized. The little Jean was in love with his punishment. Love is so strong in a child that it devours all that comes in its way. It feeds even upon blows, if it receives no other nourishment. It accepts stones for bread, if it only finds the beloved person from whom the punishment proceeds.

Since Rousseau, many select spirits have preached that children should not be punished at all, and consequently that they ought not to be rewarded for "being good." Practical educators regard these demands as impossible of fulfillment. While walking in a wood one day, I came upon two village children, boys of nine years, who were writing in a book. This writing was a form of punishment. The teacher had bidden them write one thousand four hundred times (!) "During class one should not speak." They were writing it now in the shadows by a rippling

brook. They wrote one word after another "During, during, during . . ." one thousand four hundred times, "class, class, class . . ." one thousand four hundred times. They needed a week in which to finish. The time will come, and it is near, when such molders of youth will be placed in the pillory. But to-day there are still many hundred thousand teachers and professors convinced to the deepest levels of their ego that education without punishment is impossible. They do not know that under the excuse of pedagogy they give expression to their sadism.

There are children who for a very long time do not accept punishment as the means of improvement, as terrifying, or even as atonement. Little Johnny wakes up early in the morning and will not let his mother sleep any longer. It is summer and bathing time. His mother says: "Because you have again made so much noise early in the morning, you may not go to the beach to-day." The little boy answers: "Yes, it rained in the night and the beach is too wet." "No," the mother responds, "it is not too wet on the beach, but you have to be punished." The boy: "Then we will go to the woods. It is lovely there too." He accepts the severity of the punishment as a natural phenomenon toward which he is powerless. He does not comprehend punishment as atonement for his crime, as a preventive measure induced by his behavior.

"Well-brought-up" children acknowledge the justice of punishment. If they have done some mischief, they report it and interestedly ask father or mother: "How are you going to punish me to-day? Perhaps no dessert or to be kept in my room? Or that I may not play with Peggy next Sunday?" We see that these children revel in the possibilities of punishment. They are in love with being punished; and since the *Confessions* of Rousseau pedagogues should realize that masochism which

may considerably inhibit his character and success in life is germinating in the child.

### *Formation of Pairs in the Nursery*

The nursery can never be an affair of itself alone. It is inconceivable without the adjoining sleeping room of the parents. The children are never actually just among themselves; they stand under the light of a glaring reflector, always under the spell of father or mother or other authorities, who cannot be imagined as absent. It has been said that groups of children (gangs) manifest up to a certain age no sexuality whatever. This can no longer be maintained since Freud's investigations. Little brothers and sisters, also two brothers and two sisters, form loving couples, and it is actually impossible definitely to determine whether such pairings-off are in imitation of the parents or whether they have arisen spontaneously among the little ones. Manifestations of gross sexuality are very frequent among brothers and sisters. No "depravity" is meant here, although precocious instincts present difficulties in education. If children are maltreated by their parents, they band themselves still more closely together: a "little entente" against the foe. If there are many children, the parents have favorites among them and the others feel themselves to be Cinderellas. Thus there arises in the nursery a break. The favored children gravitate to the parents and the less favored draw so much the more closely together. Besides, boys usually cling to the mother and the girls to the father. Sexual difference makes itself felt at a very early age.

We perceive again and again that a centrifugal force is at work among brothers and sisters proceeding from the favorite child and compelling the other child who feels slighted to pursue his development in the opposite direction. Thus one child becomes

gentle and the other defiant. Everything that drives human beings apart is connected with jealousy. Again and again the sapling, because of envy and grief regarding the better position of the brother or sister, is warped and injured in its outward striving. It should be one of the most important tasks of education to have regard for the force which is here called centrifugal (it might be termed fratrifugal) and to restrict it in its effect. The unconscious mind has to be considered; through it character is veiled as to its roots, and only the psychologist with arduous labor can bring to light that many people, even in mature years, still enter upon every undertaking in relation to their brother or sister rather than objectively. One man marries and gives five children to the world, as a result of which his brother remains a bachelor. Every one knows that he is a bachelor, but only the analyst is aware of the "as a result of which."

The most frightful consequences arise where so-called stern discipline with the cane in the hand is in order. If there were only fairness in their sadism! But these violent persons, who rage against their own children because they are too cowardly to give vent to their violence where resistance might be offered them, make some distinction even in their atrociousness. There is one nestling, the youngest child, who never receives a blow. This favorite inevitably develops a bad character. Preferred as he is from above, he regards himself as the chosen one, and the sense of justice in the other children defends itself in vain against the recognition of the advantageous position of the favored child. They have to submit. The nestling develops amid the wrath and helplessness of his brothers and sisters into an egotist and tyrant, frequently an open enemy of his brothers and sisters, and so often experiences the triumph of unrighteousness that he very soon learns how well one can get on in the

world by concerning oneself but little with the rights of one's neighbors.

The other children undergo the triumph of injustice from the other side, that of suffering. They despair of the power of right, that is to say, of love, become disheartened, and remain so throughout life. As long as they are children everything is experienced in small measure. Freud has called psychoanalysis a microscope of the soul. Very few people take the trouble to put the mind under the magnifying lens. Otherwise they would more often recognize that shy, neglected children, behind the shield of their defiant grimacing, have a boundless craving for love which they express in their illusions in such a way that they identify themselves with the favored child. This can be observed even in small children. A girl of four years had a little brother and looked on while the mother nursed him. She had long before abandoned the pacifier, but now she took it again; and since the mother had two breasts, the child used two pacifiers so that she might have just as much as the nursling had. The identification was later repressed into the unconscious and in its place appeared the opposite, defiance, which separated the children from each other.

One daughter enjoys her father's special favor and becomes a meek but somewhat malicious creature. The other daughter feels slighted and becomes in her unhappy love for the father rebellious, boyish, rude, and blunt. She stirs up so much trouble that the father—far from comprehending how and why things have developed as they have—is always being given occasion for displeasure. One daughter becomes ever better behaved and the other one continually worse. Inasmuch as the nursery is after all only provisional and a preparation for later life, it is always important to point out the ultimate results of such relationships. Hostility between brothers is none too rare and perhaps between sisters an even more common occurrence.

But it is peculiar to the nature of girlhood that such enmity is concealed or repressed and reappears in the form of its opposite. Thus sisters who inwardly cannot tolerate each other may be seen passing through life arm in arm in the greatest affection. The destiny of two such girls depends naturally for its fulfillment upon what we are accustomed to call luck or chance. The defiant sister develops into a *virago*, a masculine woman, who like Diana leads two wolfhounds on the leash, obtains prizes in riding contests, or if she belongs to a less prosperous stratum of society, maintains the strictest order and discipline, becomes a directress or department head in a large store and marries a man who allows her to dominate him. Such girls are fond of saying that they simply take the men who please them. The entire structure of their pride reverts to the defiance which in the tenderest age originated and was nourished by the fact that a sister or brother was preferred.

There is here, as in everything that is built upon a volcanic foundation, a danger of collapse. The periods might be mentioned, various epochs of a dangerous age, in which such breakdowns are likely to occur. The first peril is present even in the nursery. Many a neglected little one does not develop into a rebel, but the discouragement which arises from the absence of love sets in so early that the bold superstructure we have depicted does not succeed. Naturally, neglected children strive to leave home. They are the ones who early experience the great revelations of love. Radiant happiness in love shall compensate to them for the denial of love in childhood. These love affairs rarely turn out well. The all-too-great ardor is not of advantage to them. The wonderful effulgence is always in danger of devastating catastrophe. The disillusionment of this first spring of love is already the second sorrowful experience. Those who from early years have not had a sufficient amount of love doubt anyway the possibility of salvation through love. If, then, the

first attempt—occasionally of grand dimensions—to find a compensation in love also proves a failure, the unhappy motto for life is ready: Renounce, thou must renounce! There is still a later stage in which the defiant type of woman comes to grief after having been able to escape the first two perils. It may be seen time and again that women who lead a life without sentimentality, especially if they have beauty and have had much success with men, break down at the moment when, around forty, they begin to believe that their power of attracting men is fading. In their eagerness to prove to themselves as well as to others that their power is not on the wane, they select the most unsuitable object possible, perhaps a young boy or a *bel ami*, in whom fidelity could not possibly be expected. And thus they must fail and break down. To this class belong the women who do not know how to grow old with dignity. He who has learned to love his father and mother, and has grown up in the feeling that he could rely unreservedly upon his parents' love, is able also to grow old. He enters into the unforgettable attitude of sympathy on the part of his parents. His parents at this time may be already dead; in which case they live through him. Children of egotists and sadists, who in the natural order of things inevitably become egotists and sadists themselves because they have absorbed the character of their parents, cannot bear to surrender anything that they possess. They cannot renounce their youth. Their heart is old from the beginning and for that reason their body must remain young or dark melancholy will consume them.

### *Analysis of Children*

Freud's overturning of child psychology will belong forever to the most remarkable scientific achievements. He saw and analyzed adults and deduced from that which adults told him the

stages of childhood development. His assumptions were later tested and confirmed. He himself published in 1909 the analysis of the "Phobia of a Five-Year-Old Boy" and in 1918 "The History of an Infantile Neurosis." These two clinical histories form the basis and the starting point of the practice of psychoanalysis with children. The experiences of 1918 do not arise from direct observation of a child but from the reconstructed work with an adult. Freud himself has not elaborated further the analysis of children (see p. 38). Others occupy themselves with the technique of child analysis, which appears to be a peculiar mixture of analysis and education. There is virgin forest here, of the future development of which nothing final can yet be said. Neurotic children with fears and compulsive states or other nervous symptoms can be successfully analyzed. These conditions as a rule are superficially cured without analysis. Later, however, they often form the deeply hidden (forgotten, repressed) nucleus of an adult neurosis; hence it is better to dissolve these childhood entanglements. In case this is not done, at least a record of the course of the childhood neurosis should be kept. One never knows whether these apparently unimportant little fears and their masks will not at some time attain renewed significance.

Norman has had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was five years old. His father brings him up affectionately, devoting all his free time to him, dresses him in the morning and takes him to school, puts him to bed every night, and they pray together. They kneel at the bed and say: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; but if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take, and may I be united with my mother." Touching as this is, it is contrary to the laws of nature. Norman must forget his mother, has in fact already forgotten her and displaced her by a dreaded specter. At the age of eight years this boy, shy and timid anyway, develops a

phobia. He will not undress in his father's presence, but only in the dark or when no one is in the room. He will not bathe at the beach in the summer because he will not or cannot take off his clothes. Some months later this phobia disappears without treatment. The father's attention is drawn to the undesirable result of his actions. He compels the child to take the place of his dead wife and thus makes more difficult the settlement of the Œdipus complex, the normal course of which, as it is, is made questionable by the mother's early death. Identification with the mother leads to fear of death, the peculiar attitude of the father strengthens the boy's castration anxiety. One goes to bed and awakens no more. One lays aside the clothing and the difference between the sexes is revealed. It would not be difficult for a wise female analyst to bring the child's fears to light. But the father is offended when analysis is proposed to him. His idolized child needs nothing of that sort. The child continues to grow up therefore unenlightened, and if he is fortunate nothing else will happen to him. It is much more likely, however, that the Œdipus complex will issue in a strong homosexual tendency which repressed into the unconscious may lead to nervous reaction formations, the form of which cannot be predicted. The situation is similar to that which J. J. Rousseau has reported of his childhood. His mother was dead. His father would call every evening: "We will talk of our mother, Jean-Jacques." "Very well, Father. Then we will weep." Rousseau later became a great man but a veritable museum of perversions, neuroses, and finally paranoia, as he himself discloses in his *Confessions*.

Analysis of children will perhaps always remain the domain of woman. The maternal quality can here scarcely be dispensed with. Fathers too have maternal qualities (see p. 198), yet the innermost nature of the child sees in the father always the dangerous man and the intruder. This prevents the positive

transference. The content of the childish phobia is always the father or his surrogate. There is little sense therefore in bringing in a surrogate for the father as an aid. He drives the child to defiance. It is no mere chance that analysis of children is carried on by Anna Freud, Freud's daughter. She, certain women about her, and other women, whose points of view differ considerably from those of Anna Freud, have been engaged for some years in elaborating a technique of child analysis.

There can be no doubt that Freud's child psychology should be used in pedagogy. Moreover, I firmly believe that all those who come into contact with children—parents, teachers, nurses, judges of children's courts, pediatricians—ought to be analyzed in order to control their relations to children and also that they may understand and respect the child's instinctual life.

### *The Problem of Education*

The secondary function is dependent upon the libidinal forces that arise from the id. If they do not infuse the secondary function with energy, it becomes empty form and proceeds powerlessly. The secondary function is dependent upon external social forces, upon culture, upon the style of life which belongs to the epoch. Education is strong, coercive, if educators but know what they want and to what goal they purpose to lead the child. Education becomes almost impossible if educators doubt their own secondary function. The support which our secondary function receives from without is at present slight. The social forces do not suffice to create an urgent community life, to produce a culture. Religious culture no longer exists. National culture has fallen into evil repute. Wide circles no longer believe in democracy. All that existed before—masters and slaves, knights and villeins, emperors, kings, vassals, feudal aristocrats—all belong to the past. The socialistic future is a dream, nowhere an

actuality. What then is the morality toward which we desire to train our children? Where are the ideals for the sake of which our youths shall deny themselves and toil?

It is not my task to answer these questions. While psychoanalysis describes the Œdipus complex as the nucleus of all neurotic difficulties, it shows that all education rests upon the family and its triangle, father-mother-child. Crises in family life signify crises in education. If it is true that monogamy is in peril because it is no longer suited to our changed industrial conditions, then this will mean an upheaval which will necessarily so change our secondary function, ego and superego, that psychoanalysis is not in a position to predict here the future with its altered culture. There is no doubt that between our civilization and a changed one of the future there must intervene an epoch of subversion and of error. The father principle will not allow itself to be dethroned without violent defense. It seems to me, personally, inconceivable that we shall ever again be rid of the intruder who brought us our civilization will all its compulsive institutions.

Be that as it may, we wish to mention the fact that the undetermined and powerless constitution of the secondary function confronts the unimpaired apparatus of the primary function with its bipolar energy for creation and destruction. If this power cannot with certainty be compelled in the direction of construction, it manifests itself as destructive and it becomes then automatically the purpose of an epoch to destroy. It becomes the fashion, is the order of the hour; and on all sides the reasons, secondary rationalizations why one must destroy, arise from the ground. This may happen in the form of war and revolution, in the form of crime and corruption, also in the form of suicide and all the masochism which fills the world. At times we feel as though we are guilty, all of us, that we do not evolve a decent pedagogy. Our hands

are bloody from war and a murderous economic order which prolongs the war with the methods of peace. The mercury stands at destruction, and with such a barometric condition it is difficult to find a steadfast goal for the education of our children. Frequently one wonders whether the children had not better educate us. Children are more just, more alert, more affectionate, and above all far more original than we are. There is still absent in them the greed for gain which holds us all captive and makes us several degrees more vulgar than we should otherwise be. Children among themselves know as yet no caste feeling. Rich or poor make no difference to them. Since there is no essential difference between man and animals, how can there be a distinction between colored people and white men, Jews and Aryans, Germans and Frenchmen, in that unworthy manner which supposedly lies in the blood of adults through the influence of other adults? The child is unable to comprehend different religions in their allegedly different values. Go thou and learn from the child!

# CHAPTER XII

## CRIMINAL LAW

The id has no conception of crime because it cannot estimate values and leaves all appraisal of values to the secondary function. Moral judgment is the task of the superego, which arises from the father (the father principle). The conscious portion of the superego has created criminal law; the unconscious portion has stood sponsor to it. The executive organs of criminal law—from traffic officer to supreme court and to the governor, who upholds the sentence of death—retransform the superego to the father authorities, in whom it had its origin. The superego has different levels: the inherited, which is close to primitive man; the childish, which is no longer suitable for adults. These two levels may be subdivided into prohibitions for the suckling, for the baby, the school child, the adolescent struggling with puberty, all of which stages have become unconscious. They do not belong to the chaotic subsoil of the unconscious itself (the id); but as they are withdrawn from the light of adult reason, they fall into the twilight region of illogical laws, which govern there below and mingle with our decisions regarding good and evil. For this reason, magical and childish conflicts force themselves into our administration of justice and produce a turbid suspension of oversubtle reasoning and savage instincts. It is owing to them that our struggle against crime and criminals has displayed such strikingly poor results.

Psychoanalysis can only rarely solve practical problems by itself alone. Crime has a social aspect and this is Tarde's starting point when he says: "Every society brings forth up to a cer-

tain degree of saturation the crimes which correspond to its state of culture." An eminent sociologist in Chicago expressed the same opinion when he said to me: "Whoever admires Chicago's magnificent development must also take into account the *underworld* of this city (and other great cities like it), which is a part of the development."

Criminology has also its juristic aspect. Psychologists do not mingle with jurists nor, as far as it is possible, with sociologists, although sociology is more and more overlapping the border line of psychology. Yet the science of psychology must be referred to when the subject of criminology comes under discussion. For too long a time has the field been left exclusively to the jurists, who are, as a rule, poor psychologists, because professionally they shut out their emotional life (the primary function). They are not aware that the primary function unconsciously slips in and so much the more surely the more inexorably and compulsively it is repressed.

We can boast of tremendous progress in all mathematical fields, in technology, in medicine. But we advance only with difficulty or not at all in politics (war, famine, poverty), in ethics, and in our fight against crime. This is due to the fact that secret counter forces, emotional factors, are in operation everywhere. The enormous interest of our contemporaries in psychology resides in the hope that we shall finally be able to grasp and control these unconscious forces. We sometimes feel that the possibilities of psychology are overrated. How can the best psychology preserve a society from criminals, neurotics, and insane persons if this society is so problematic and cruel in its institutions that it does not deserve to be maintained? The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse still ride over the nations. The mighty ones of this earth make a ridiculous display as rope pullers who apparently exert themselves to the utmost to foster peace and social hygiene; but the other end of the rope van-

ishes in obscurity and the subterranean powers are considerably stronger, so that the rope pullers tumble from all sides to the floor and produce the more comic effect because they do not seem to be aware of the fact that they are acting queerly—in much the same fashion as the mournful clown in the circus.

Sociologists ought to throw light upon this aspect of the problem. Psychoanalysis describes the unconscious forces which elude the grasp of the sociologist and the jurist. It is possible that the "sense of justice" will sweep aside the revelations of psychoanalysis and continue to punish and bring about legal decisions in the name of the republic, the king, or God. Psychoanalysis cannot remove from the world the magic of the sense of justice. But the "criminals and their judges" can be made aware of what they are doing and what unconscious motives impel them to act as they do.

### *The Sense of Justice*

The source of all justice, hence also that of criminal law—our jurists explain to us—is the sense of justice of the people. This sense of justice desires the punishment of criminals for various reasons. First, threat of punishment should act as a deterrent, penalty make difficult the repetition of crime. In the second place, it is meet that the criminal atone for his evildoing. Third, the punishment should make for improvement, and fourth, the people's sense of justice demands beyond all rational considerations the chastisement of the criminal.

There resides in these four aims of punishment such a deplorable combination of rational, magic, and primary tendencies that I almost despair of disentangling them. As to the intimidation theory, it is evident in many cases that the threat of punishment does not frighten the criminal. Criminologists assert that a general intimidation proceeds from the criminal law

which cannot be statistically grasped, the effectiveness of which, however, no reasonable person can doubt. I do believe that the so-called respectable person feels the threat of the penal law. I imagine, however, that such persons are not in need of threats of imprisonment or capital punishment to make them refrain from highway robbery or homicide. Highwaymen and murderers reveal in the light of psychoanalysis unexpected relations between guilt and expiation, which considerably undermine the faith of our jurists in their "general prevention." Moreover, criminal proceedings of every day deal only rarely with sensational cases and bloody deeds; they are concerned generally with minor matters which infrequently come to the notice of the newspaper reader. I give two examples of "crime" which need only be read to gain comprehension of the pettiness of criminal procedure and the frailty of the deterrent theory.

A newspaper notice: "William Smitka was dragged rather than led into the court room by two fellow prisoners. He could hardly stand upon his feet, and the judge therefore permitted him to sit while answering questions.

"*Judge:* 'You know that you have been ordered out of Vienna? Why did you come back?'

"*Defendant:* 'Your Honor, four months ago I petitioned for a residence license, but my request has never been granted. No one concerns himself about me in Czechoslovakia. Look at me; what harm could a poor devil like me do?'

"*Judge:* 'You should have waited until your petition was granted. You may not come here without permission; that is a punishable offense.'

"*Defendant:* 'I was born in Vienna. I can't stand it any longer in a strange country. I should at least like to die in Vienna. I shall not last long.'

"*Judge:* 'You haven't taken the right way. You have already been punished many times for returning when forbidden. There

is a good deal already scored up against you, and now the police wagon is waiting for you again.'

"*Defendant:* 'Your Honor, I can't walk five steps. I surely can't be dangerous to any one here.'

"*Judge:* 'Law is law.'

"The sentence on account of the many imprisonments of the defendant is six weeks of strict incarceration.

"*Judge:* 'Do you accept it?'

"*Defendant* (apathetically): 'What else can I do?'

"The two fellow prisoners remove the human wreck from the court room in the same manner in which they brought him in."

King James was a tyrant. Nevertheless, he pardoned Earl Archibald Douglas with the words: "He who loves his native land as you do is loyal in his inmost soul." We live under democracy; we will not tolerate tyrants among us. Yet the law. . . .

A second instance:

On July 15, 1927, there was a riot in Vienna, and the excitement leaped over to Baden, a small town near Vienna. Six months later a man was found guilty by the district court of Baden for arrogation of an official character. During the riot, in the midst of the excitement, this man felt that he must secure order somehow. He therefore clothed himself in the uniform of a traffic officer, placed himself at a street crossing, and stopped the traffic by raising his hand. Therefore, as the sentence put it: Guilty of arrogation of an official character by raising his right hand. Penalty imposed was imprisonment of forty-eight hours—on probation.

I fear that the deterrent theory fails here. If ever again a revolution breaks out in Gotham or in Paris, it is highly probable that one man will arise from the throngs and take unto himself an official character even though in Baden near Vienna a subor-

dinate has been conditionally condemned to forty-eight hours of detention for this same offense. Indeed, it can even be conceived that this very subordinate, when he considers the time has come to overthrow the social order which seems to him contestable, will once more raise his hand despite the decree of punishment.

As far as concerns violent deeds and capital punishment there is a simple computation at hand which should determine whether capital punishment is a deterrent for murderers. Switzerland has abolished the death penalty in some cantons, while it still exists in the Italian cantons. There are more murders where it exists than where it does not exist. There are also states in the United States of America in which capital punishment has been abolished and we have not heard that there—as people who insist upon the death penalty believe—murderers spring from every corner. Murder is a savage, primitive affair, and so long as the government murders in the name of law it is just as primitive as its subjects who kill their fellow citizens in disdain of the law. More murders are committed in the Italian cantons of Switzerland because the secondary function, which mitigates customs, is not sufficiently in control of the savage instincts. For the same reason the law demands the death penalty in those cantons. Murder and punishment by death both arise from the primary function. A friend and advocate of capital punishment has said concerning its abolition: "*Que messieurs les assassins commencent.*" (Let the murderers begin it.) Over and over again we hear this statement cited as if it were in perfect accord with the sense of justice. The remark, however, is cynical throughout, a blow in the face of the state's educational function. It seems to me imperative that society begin to cease murdering as it has already begun to check torture, breaking upon the wheel, quartering, and has already driven corporal punishment, such as whipping, from the penal law of almost all

civilized states. Let the death penalty be abolished in the name of humanity, albeit some people harbor the opinion that the terror would be the greater the more severe the penalty. About a hundred years ago thieves were hanged in England. There is no reason to believe that there is more stealing in England since hanging for this offense has been abolished.

At any rate, the deterrent theory is rational at least in its ideological content. I do not doubt that without the police and their "tickets," the traffic of a metropolis would be impossible; that but a few people would pay their taxes if they could dodge them without bearing the penalty. But I have just as little doubt that the cruelty of our legal penalties, especially in the penitentiary, is nourished from unconscious sadistic sources which ought to be thoroughly studied. We should then arrive at the astonishing revelation that criminals and judges stand opposite each other in much the same manner as two primitive tribes who fight each other from the same motives. I dare make the assertion: The penal code yearns for the criminal as cannons for their fodder.

### *The Sense of Guilt*

No one familiar with discharged prisoners believes that punishment reforms the criminal. Dostoievski was forced to spend several years as a political prisoner in a Siberian prison. He writes in 1861 in his book, *The House of the Dead*, that he had observed during his incarceration (in the "Katorga"), despite all the horror, an undertone of cheerfulness in the hearts of the prisoners incomprehensible to him. They speak of their deeds, he says, as of something foreign to them, something entirely apart from themselves.

> "I have already said that not once during all these years did I remark the slightest indication of remorse in these men, nor the

least twinge of conscience on account of the crime committed; not even an uncomfortable thought regarding it, and that the majority of the prisoners sincerely regard themselves as perfectly innocent. This is a fact. Naturally, ambition, bad example, the usual boasting of gay young fellows and false modesty have all played their part as causes. But on the other hand—who could say that he has searched the depths of these depraved souls and seen that which is hidden in them from all the world? At any rate, one should in the course of so many years have been able to discern at least some trait from which one could deduce sorrow or suffering—if any vestige of such had been present. Yet nothing of the sort could be observed, absolutely nothing. I believe, in fact, that crime cannot be comprehended according to any given, already fixed point of view, and its philosophy should be somewhat more difficult than is commonly assumed. It can, I think, be well understood that the system of incarceration and forced labor reforms no criminal; they merely 'punish' him and insure society against further assaults of the wicked creature upon its freedom, peace, and safety. In the criminal, however, the Ostrogg (prison) and even the most arduous labor merely rouse hatred, craving for forbidden pleasures, and incredible recklessness. I am convinced that the famous cell system accomplishes only a false, illusory, external purpose. It deprives man of all his vital energy, exhausts him mentally, weakens him and intimidates him and finally presents him a morally withered mummy, a half-demented person, as a paragon of reform and remorse. Naturally, the criminal hates society, against which he has indeed rebelled, and almost exclusively regards himself as innocent and society as guilty. We may add to this that his punishment has been imposed by society; this punishment frees his conscience from every sense of guilt if any has been present; and so he feels himself as one who has paid all his debts and consequently has nothing more with which to reproach himself. . . .

"I have heard in the Ostrogg the most horrible, cruel, truly

monstrous murders related with the most undisturbed, almost childish merry laughter."

We shall have to ask whence comes the sense of guilt since so profound a psychologist as Dostoievski, having himself spent a number of years in a penitentiary and having searched continuously for the sense of guilt, found no trace of it.

Freud answers these questions in the following manner:

"In their narrations about their early years, particularly before puberty, people who have afterwards become very upright have told me of forbidden actions which they had formerly committed —such as thefts, frauds and even arson. I was wont to dismiss these statements with the comment that we know the weakness of moral inhibiting influences at that time of life, and I made no attempt to give them an important place in the connected story. But eventually I was constrained to make a more fundamental study of such incidents by reason of some glaring and more accessible cases in which the transgressions took place while the patients were under my treatment, and were people of riper age. The analytic work then afforded the surprising conclusion that such deeds are done precisely because they are forbidden, and because by carrying them out the doer enjoys a sense of mental relief. He suffered from an oppressive feeling of guilt, of which he did not know the origin, and after he had committed a misdeed the oppression was mitigated. The sense of guilt was at least in some way accounted for.

"Paradoxical as it may sound, I must maintain that the sense of guilt was present prior to the transgression, that it did not arise from this, but contrariwise—the transgression from the sense of guilt. These persons we might justifiably describe as criminals from a sense of guilt. The pre-existence of guilty feeling had of course to be demonstrated by a whole succession of other manifestations and effects.

"But scientific work is not satisfied with establishing a departure from the norm. There are two further questions to

answer: whence derives the obscure sense of guilt before the deed, and whether it is probable that this kind of causation plays a considerable part in the transgressions of mankind.

"Prosecution of the former inquiry would hold out some hope of some explanation regarding the source of mankind's sense of guilt in general. The invariable result of analytic work is that this obscure sense of guilt derives from the Œdipus complex and is a reaction to the two great criminal intentions of killing the father and having sexual relations with the mother. In comparison with these two, to be sure, the crimes committed in order to account for the sense of guilt were comparatively light ones for the sufferer to bear. We must remember in this connection that parricide and incest with the mother are the two greatest crimes man can commit, the only ones which in primitive communities are avenged and abhorred as such. And we must remember, too, that other investigations have caused us to entertain the hypothesis that the conscience of mankind, which now appears as an inherited power in the mind, was originally acquired from the Œdipus complex.

"The answer to the second question lies outside the scope of psychoanalytic work. With children, it is easy to perceive that they are often 'naughty' on purpose to provoke punishment, and are quiet and contented after the chastisement. Later analytic investigation can often find a trace of the guilty feeling which bids them seek for punishment. Among adult criminals one must probably except those who transgress without any sense of guilt, who either have developed no moral inhibitions or consider themselves justified in their deed by their conflict with society. But in the majority of other criminals, those for whom punitive measures are really designed, such a motivation towards crime might very well be present, casting light on many obscure points in the psychology of the criminal, and furnishing punishment with a new psychological basis.

"A friend has recently called my attention to the fact that the 'criminal from a sense of guilt' was recognized by Nietzsche.

> The pre-existence of the guilty consciousness, and the efficacy of the deed in rationalizing this feeling, gleam forth from the dark discourse of Zarathustra 'On the Pale Criminal.' Let us leave to future research the decision how many criminals are to be reckoned among these 'pale' ones" (Criminality from a Sense of Guilt," *Collected Papers*, Vol. IV, pp. 342-344).

Hence the circular course—the prototype of a vicious circle—would be: unconscious fantastic crime (Œdipus)—sense of guilt—causation and externalization of the sense of guilt by a real crime—punishment (prison) and gratification of the craving for punishment—discharge from the prison and renewed sense of guilt from within. The psychology of the "pale criminal" may be more simply explained with one single word: masochism. There can no longer be any doubt of the correctness of Freud's statement. Dostoievski has himself given so impressive a description of the type of a "criminal from a sense of guilt" in his Rodion Raskolnikov that Nietzsche was inspired toward his half-philosophic, half-poetic conception of this type by Dostoievski's novel. Dostoievski and Stendhal were indeed Nietzsche's teachers. Unfortunately one of Freud's pupils—Theodor Reik—has presented the problem as though in the light of psychoanalysis all criminals or the majority of them were such because of the sense of guilt and the craving for punishment. This is not—as is sufficiently evident from the above citation—Freud's meaning, nor does it agree with the facts. Manifestly, with our psychological scheme of instinctual ego, perceptual ego, and superego correspond our crimes from the pathological instinctual ego, from the pathological superego, and also from the feebleness or hyperdevelopment of the perceptual ego. Innumerable combinations of these three possibilities complicate the picture, which on our part we may again simplify—to hysterical and compulsive crimes.

The prototype of the criminal is not greatly troubled by a sense of guilt. He is afraid only of being caught. If such a *uomo delinquente* has been apprehended he is delivered from the fear of being caught and transfers it to his anxiety as to the punishment now confronting him. The sense of guilt means for him no more than a "palliative." Remorse is a good thing so long as the law is less threatening to the repentant sinner than to the defiant one. Penal law ruins character, makes "cowards of us all." Once the criminal is in confinement he is safe, has no more cause for fear, and with fear the sense of guilt also disappears. We experience the same thing in criminals who have been acquitted by the jury. They too are liberated from their fears and with the fear from their sense of guilt. This kind of guilty feeling, apparently, can be driven away by two methods contradictory to each other, by imprisonment or acquittal. We had occasion to investigate the problem of the sense of guilt in our fellow citizens, both men and women, for example, in an acquitted murderess who had found mercy with the jurors. It seems as if the acquitted murderers and murderesses looked upon themselves as being of a different order. They were allowed to do what no one else was (narcissistic exaltation).

The personality of the criminal is altered during his prison term, but in a manner quite different from that assumed by those who believe in the efficacy of the penal institution. At first the criminal is lonely. He struggles against his instinct and loses in the battle. He becomes somewhat dissatisfied with what he has done. His conscience, the superego, is connected with the society in which the criminal lives. Society too is displeased with what the criminal has done. The community in turn is associated with God and all the powers of destiny. The loneliness of the criminal becomes unbearable; he would rather fight society with his fists than combat this gruesome silence in his ego. In such a mood of impotent defiance, of horrible loneli-

ness, is the incipient professional criminal sent to prison. He finds there a calloused society which offers him consolation of inestimable value: "You are not cast out of society. There is another society. We also have our ideals. We are in warfare against society. Our honor lies in not being caught. The scourge brings us honorable wounds. We lead a free life—in prison. Once we are out, the war begins afresh." What is the mark of distinction of a homogeneous group? A common language. Thus criminals have a rogues' cant of their own. They feel themselves bound to all social outlaws. Behind the fourth class, which has organized as the proletariat and is striving for power, stands the fifth class, the "rag-tag and bobtail," the flotsam and jetsam of civilization, which at present is unorganized but secures plenty of recruits in the penitentiary. To this class belong prostitutes and pimps, déclassé members of society, genteel horse thieves, card sharpers, and the entire romantic crowd of the underworld. As long as they work alone and fear one another, because they are surrounded by informers, they are unable to organize. In the penitentiary, however, lies the nucleus of their crystallization. There the "pale" criminal learns that he ceases to be guilty, for he suffers in the name of his own "gang." The criminal is redeemed. What we call honor is always merely conferred upon us by a certain group. The mark of distinction of mercantile people is one thing (credit capacity, large turnover, profits); among military officers another (courage, discipline, loyalty to the flag); in theocracy another (faith in God, strife with unbelievers and heresy); and still another among professional criminals. From this point the way leads into the territory of the sociological. But we establish the fact that the individual criminal discovers in the penitentiary a new ideal ego which he can utilize to excellent advantage. To this ideal ego also belongs of course the hypocrisy manifested by the discharged convicts in the board meeting when confronting the

association: "For the protection of discharged convicts." Everything is permissible and fair before the enemy. The latter himself is a wolf in sheep's clothing. Why should the enemy not be deceived as he deserves? And the ex-convict pockets the few dollars given to him with the injunction to go and sin no more, inwardly derisive.

The result of this is that we do not go unpunished when we drive our fellow men from society. Outcasts constantly increase in number and organize among themselves. The "pale" lonely criminal becomes conscious of his class. Even the care of the insane manifests the tendency not to let the insane congregate in institutions but to be entrusted to family care. Orphan asylums are recognized as institutions of precarious virtues and it has been found more advisable to shelter orphans in families wherever possible. If, however, they are cared for in boarding houses and schools, great care should be taken that they are not individualized with such dismal appellations as orphans, illegitimate children, children of divorced parents, inferior children, cripples, epileptics, or neglected children. Much is contained in a word or name if therein resides an offense or challenge. Such people might compulsively form an ideal ego to fight a society which has expelled them from its midst. It is indeed well for the criminal—and his psychic life attains an equilibrium—once he becomes a member of any group or society, accepted on the very basis of the deed which has made him an outlaw. It is not so well, however, for society.

### *Magical Justice*

While deterrence through fear and reform of the criminal are rational problems, our stubborn belief in expiation shows how deeply we are still enmeshed in the magical form of thought. The intent of expiation is to cause a thing not to have happened.

Can an evil deed, any deed, be wiped out once it has been perpetrated?

The oldest penal law is the *jus talionis:* an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, which proceeds from the legal principle that retaliation must be meted out to the criminal; to repay evil with a similar evil. If he has plucked out another's eye, his own eye must be plucked out. The origin of this principle of law is not intimidation; that would be a logical point of view the like of which was never the decisive one in very ancient times. Another basic principle guides the *jus talionis* as it still pervades all our penal codes of to-day. The point of departure was that a crime must be made *non-existent* by whatever means possible. In those far-off magical times men believed that what was done could be undone. They did not know that a blow on the head, let us say, once it had been administered, could in no way be revoked. The doer of the deed might be torn or hacked to pieces, burned, his ashes strewn to the winds; forty of his relations might be hanged, and his possessions delivered to the caliph; the blow on the head remains a blow on the head, and a fact is confused with an emotion if it is assumed that even the most trivial action can be banished from the world by any deed, be it ever so stupendous. If some one puts out my eye, nothing in the world can restore to me my power of vision. And if any one strikes me dead, only the miraculous intervention of a saint, but never the vengeance of the law, will wake me to life. We might wonder that there ever were people who thought differently about this if we had not observed with astonishment that such persons move even in our midst, don red robes with ermine collars, and administer justice and penalties concerning deeds that have been committed, in the name of making them non-existent. Hegel's words of the negation of justice by the criminal and of the negation of crime by punishment still haunt our criminal proceedings.

For the primitive an eye put out signified not only the loss of sight, and severe pain; but far beyond the harm done to the individual; his ancestors, the spirits surrounding him, the totemic animal, the spirit Manito, and the demon Bitru were all likewise afflicted. If one believes in such a connection, the evildoer confronts a magic world which must be propitiated. It is a sensible thing under such circumstances to offer up to the spirits in place of the eye put out the eye of the malefactor; in place of the murdered man the life of the murderer. Inasmuch, however, as the crimes were not always such that similar acts could be performed on the guilty as a propitiatory offering to the gods, a code arose, according to opinions which have been developing in the course of a long period of time, which determined what could be sacrificed to the magical powers in order to appease them. In some instances the origin of this code could be traced back to its source. Thus, perhaps, a tribe opposed the killing of a warrior who had murdered a fellow-tribesman, because his death would have weakened the tribe. Even Cain could not compensate with his life for what he had done to Abel but suffered another form of punishment. A sacrificial animal was slain so that the blood of the beast could be offered up to the offended god in place of human blood. Magic thinking conceives that at least that part of the deed can be wiped out which —objectively speaking—has not occurred, namely, the offending of the invisible and mysterious powers.

In the original law of requital lay the same idea which enables us to find in the tombs of chieftains their weapons, skeletons of their favorite wives, and the remains of all kinds of nourishment. The eye of the offender which was put out in expiation could give sight to the injured victim, if not during his lifetime, at least in the hereafter. The tooth of the evildoer permitted him to chew ambrosia. Starting from this point primitive lawgivers with ruthless witticism devised thousandfold meas-

ures which always preserved within them a definite meaning belonging to mystical thinking. If a man swore falsely or lifted up his hand against his master, the offending hand was cut off. The tongue was torn from perjurers or blasphemers. In the year 1928 a man who had not spoken for thirty years died at Czortkow in Poland. Before this time he had uttered a curse upon his wife that she might burn. A few days later his house burned down and with it his wife and two childen. The rabbi with whom the man took refuge harbored as little doubt as the man himself that a causal connection existed between the curse and the catastrophe. He adjured the man that in atonement he must forever keep silent the tongue which had uttered the cruel curse. The man adhered to this injunction and spoke no more for the remainder of his life. He became the saint of the region, absorbed himself in the Scriptures, and was reputed to be the author of several works upon difficult passages in the Bible. Here may be plainly seen the belief in the "omnipotence of thought." A curse is sufficient to incite the ancient god of the wilderness, Jahve, to vengeance, to a horrible deed of violence against the innocent. An atonement which is connected only in a purely external way with the imprecation has power to annul the force of the curse that it bring forth no more evil. In the days when the *jus talionis* flourished the inhabitant of Czortkow would have been burned at the stake. In this case, the rabbi contents himself with the imposition of a symbolic expiation solely because he lives in a modern constitutional state and must conduct himself according to the law in order that he himself may escape punishment.

The *jus talionis*, that is, magical justice, stands much closer to the modern judge than one would believe. The daily practice of our present penal law has become a matter of course so that we fail to observe how irrational it actually is. If a thief were required to restore what had been stolen, this would be

the nearest to making restitution for the injury. Little weight is laid, however, upon restitution. For the most part, particular stress is placed upon incarceration. What connection is there between stealing and imprisonment? Why is a thief locked up for precisely five months? Why not for a week? Why not for ten years? Why is he imprisoned at all? It is evidently a purely arbitrary matter. The judge does not act arbitrarily for he is bound to a law. Hence, we turn to the lawgiver and inquire by what mathematics he has computed the penalty. Sentences are pronounced and executed in the name of the king, the republic, the state, or the nation. Yet they are propagations of the old mystical conceptions, formerly called Demon Bitru or Spirit Manito. The judge in his robe and all the officials down to the cell guards with their keys derive their dignity from those invisible, mystical powers which are able to propitiate crime, i.e., make it non-existent. In former times, a person went to Jacopo di Compostella and there, by the grace of God, was delivered from sins and infirmities of all sorts. Even to-day the priest possesses the power to forgive sins and thereby to blot them from the book of the recording angel. Here we find ourselves in that other realm which is consciously opposed by so many people to the sorrowful and unsatisfactory domain of experience. However, we ought at least to know, even if we do not desire a change, that where pronouncement is made in the name of justice, where it is alleged worldly traffic is regulated and all is done as if reason alone governed, even there we are still wandering among mystic clouds.

### *The Origin of Punishment*

Besides the magical sense of the primitive the penal code of the state also draws upon a significant factor originating in the nursery and religion. The state puts itself in the place of our

parents and our God. Religious fanaticism has been violent and terrifying in every age. It has burned heretics alive, cut their skin from them in strips, torn out their tongues. The inquisitors looked upon such torture as grace, believing that only thus could the heretic be purified and saved from more horrible punishment in the next world. They acted under the mandate of God, who loved the heretic despite all. Abhorrent as this is, and plainly as the sadism which clothes itself in holy words may be observed, punishment has a rational significance which proceeds from the fiction of a loving father who cannot love the naughty child, and disciplines it so that he may love it once more.

Modern law protects us from the worst. Long years have passed since people have been burned in public. Modern pedagogy desires to remove punishment from the training of children. Whether or not we approve of the punishment of children, it is important at least that we be able to discern the chief difference between parents and state: the state neither loves us, nor professes to love us. In the nursery punishment is indissolubly bound with love for the child. Incessant punishments like that of Sisyphus or of the Danaïdes have no place in the nursery. The nature of child punishment is redemption. It is not meet that we love a naughty child. Therefore, inasmuch as we really desire genuinely to love it and the child also desires to be loved, we must chastise it, so that through repentance the child will again become lovable. In such cases, the punishment is regarded as an act of kindness, and to the nursery, only the nursery, pertains the word of the philosopher: punishment is the criminal's right because it abolishes guilt from the world. . . .

Thus it is that children receive the impression that everything must be like this because it is obvious that they are loved by those who chastise them. What right has the state to punish? It decorates its good children with ribbons and titles because it loves them so much. Yet it also permits them to starve and

perish by the wayside. What sense is there in punishment by the hand of a state which does not love us and makes no pretense of loving us? The adult regards the state—in so far as he acknowledges punishment—this "most unfeeling of all monsters" (Nietzsche)—as his father, whereby he himself becomes a child.

Let us summarize the viewpoints taken. Expiation has a magical sense; the tenet that what has occurred can be expunged is a magical conception. Expiation has yet a deeper meaning: for the child, propitiation of its loving parents; for the adult, propitiation of a loving God. The mysticism of love and of faith has need, as it were, of punishment. The state is not fitted for expiation in its name. It should renounce this part of its penal theory and adhere to the deterrent theory until civilization abolishes that also and unmasks its "sense of justice" as permeated through and through with unconscious hypocrisy (in the psychoanalytic sense).

### *The Jury*

An unerring sense of justice is a beautiful thing and will continue to be a beautiful thing, analyze it as we may. But how rare is an unerring sense of justice! We like to talk of, and appeal to, the people's sense of justice which demands punishment of the criminal. A few pages from Le Bon's discussion of crowd psychology show us that we cannot build upon the sense of justice of a group. Affectively, the crowd is cruel beyond all measure, not a trace of the sense of justice can be observed. Jurors (judges from among the people) at one time may judge so leniently that the authorities feel uneasy lest the penal code become an object of derision. Another time jurors may be so rigorous that learned justice must fall into their arms.

In 1928 the wife of the mayor of Tulln (a small city in

Lower Austria) was condemned by a jury to twelve years imprisonment because of repeated arson. Certain unguarded remarks which had escaped her—her husband was a carpenter—like: "It would be a good thing if some barns would burn down," were the only evidence that could be brought against this well-to-do and ambitious woman, who could look back upon over forty years of an irreproachable life. There was, however, a ring against her in Tulln, political passions were involved, and the result was the inhuman sentence. On the one hand, certain hay barns reduced to ashes—which had been insured and had for some time been rebuilt—on the other, twelve years in prison based on insufficient proof. The supreme court of appeal reversed the decision, ordered a new trial in another city, and the woman was acquitted.

In the Salzburg region a young man had impregnated a young girl. He gave her something to produce an abortion, but it did not work. Then he tried more effective measures. He invited her to a rendezvous and pushed her, after a little while, from a bridge into a rushing stream. The girl seized an overhanging bough and saved herself upon the bank. The man, although unquestionably guilty of this perfidious attempt at murder, was acquitted by his fellow countrymen. Should they permit a good workman to be locked up for the sake of a loose strumpet, to whom anyway, as one could see, nothing had happened? Here comes into force the principle of the juryman: "Who knows that the thing was not repugnant to me?"

I do not wish to be regarded in the light of one who is opposed to the jury system. The average jury concludes that in a world in which the majority go hungry or at least are uncertain as to their next meal, while a small portion—the folk are fixed in this error—leads a life of pleasure without regard for the general need, in such a world the poor devil should be allowed

to go free, since in addition to his daily cares a further misfortune has fallen upon him in that he has been arrested and a charge brought against him. How can any individual be just and good if the economic system is unjust and murderous? No problem can be solved to-day by itself alone; everything is indissolubly bound with the social problem. Perhaps it is not the jury system that is so much in need of reform as the heartlessness of our economic structure.

### *Our Feelings of Revenge*

Some philosophers contend that the sense of justice can be no further analyzed. It is one of the noble feelings which distinguish man from the beast. If this be true, we have every reason to purify this elementary and exalted feeling from the dross which has mingled with it and which on the one hand adulterates it and on the other, by way of the excess so familiar to psychoanalysis, leads to absurdity. We hate the criminal and deal severely with him because we view in his deed as in a distorting mirror our own criminal instincts. By this I mean that we have not made a strenuous effort to suppress these instincts, to behold them in the mirror and the light of day. I do not believe that psychoanalysis gains favor in declaring that all of us must suppress criminal tendencies. Yet one unwelcome assertion more or less makes no difference to psychoanalysis if it is based on truth. Did not the celebrated preacher mean something of this kind when he cried as he saw a murderer being led to the gallows: "There but for the grace of God go I"? We unconsciously envy the criminal and admire him. The admiration is overcompensated by stern condemnation; the envy very frequently employs the "sense of justice" as a mask. Decisive in our behavior is our sadism, finding outlet in the form of vengeance.

I do not believe that my statement that we admire and envy our gangsters requires proof. Some American bandits are as famous as Edison and Ford put together. The funeral trains of noted racketeers are veritable parades and show clearly that the hearts of the "uneducated" people are not on the side of the police. The universal enjoyment of a detective story is connected likewise with identification and secret sympathy with the perpetrator of the deed. The almost stereotyped technique of the criminal novel is indeed this: in the beginning a most unsympathetic victim is murdered, after which the doer of the deed appears ever more human, ever nobler, until in the last three pages some sort of an atonement appears which stands in no relationship whatsoever to the three hundred pages of unconscious admiration. Very often the detective loses his heart to the lovely murderess. The cleverness of the author and our own satisfaction in his work come from the clothing of his and our criminal complexities in melodrama. It has been said of Shakespeare that he would have been a great criminal had he not possessed the genius to create criminals and set them upon the stage.

The source of revenge is the pleasure it provides. We all cherish within us the instinct of destruction, which is only with effort kept at bay. It would probably be all over with our bit of culture if certain safety valves were not provided, certain civilized forms in which the destructive instinct can find release. Thus among savage peoples and some so-called civilized races, festivals were held at certain intervals when morals were set aside, and orgiastic celebrations were elevated to religious exhortations. Executions in olden times were outlets for the destructive instincts when the people thronged to the ravenstone to view the poor sinners who were tweaked, broken on the wheel, quartered, burned alive, hacked to pieces, beheaded, tortured in countless ways, and put to death. We like to read of

these things to-day, and at night when we cannot sleep. It is to be deplored that as civilization advances we must find these escape valves more and more closed to us. If a man is innocent we cannot give expression to our destructive instinct. It is not difficult to understand why we hold so tenaciously to the few possibilities which still exist for the satisfaction of this pleasurably toned instinct. The moral indignation over a murder or over a negro who attacks a white woman is the cloak that is spread over our native and laboriously suppressed sadism. The dammed up instinct for cruelty seeks greedily for opportunities to express itself. It can utilize, however, only those which society approves and commends.

The criminal ceases to be one of our own kind. Cruelty toward him is not only permitted, but it becomes a duty. The very word crime (*Verbrechen*, breaking to pieces) would lead one to think that the world would go out of joint with every case of criminality. Most crimes are so insignificant that we are led to inquire of the fearfully enraged philosopher, "Why all this noise, Sir?"

We know well that jurists adopt another standpoint. They do not start with the individual criminal, perchance with the man in Baden who by lifting his hand at a crossing arrogated to himself the position of a traffic officer, but they set up in their palaces of justice the female figure with eyes blindfolded, scales in one hand, a sword in the other, and say with solemn mien: "Law must remain law—there must be justice and if thereby the world perishes—justice is the stability of the state!" This may all be true and remain so. Yet, alas, there must also be vengeance, vengeance though the world be destroyed by it. Vengeance is the foundation of criminal law as it is practised to-day. The district attorney who is so fond of crying in the hall of justice: "Therefore I demand from you the head of this murderer," is the embodiment of the spirit of revenge. He

derives his deep voice of conviction from the sanction which society gives in the form of law to his revengeful instincts.

The judge is a learned man and frequently one who spends sleepless nights if he is not sure that he has judged in perfect fairness and in conformity to law. He is incorruptible, judges according to the best of his knowledge and conscience, does not, like the most of his fellow citizens, pursue and attain money and goods in questionable ways. To decide between right and wrong is a noble calling. Yet for psychoanalysis there remains no doubt that a special kind of satisfaction which the judge derives from his profession resides in the greater possibility of expressing himself in revenge. He is an instrument of the state which reserves vengeance to itself. But while he embodies the spirit of revenge, he, who is only a man of flesh and blood, gives outlet to his own sadism.

How shall one render judgment if he receives no pleasure therefrom? The so-called good judge has transformed the sadistic instinct into its opposite. We maintain, however, that there are few "good" judges and that the "good judge" is not popular in his profession. Also, more respect is elicited by the people for the severe than for the clement judge. It must be accepted as a fact that the people desire, in so far as they themselves are sadistic, representatives of their own instincts which they realize in their jurists.

Here we find ourselves at a dangerous turn in our discussion. Sadism is regarded as a serious reproach, an insult undeserved by our fellow citizens: judges, public prosecutors or executioners, higher and subordinate officers of justice. It is essential to understand the psychoanalytic theory of instincts in order to know that we are all more or less sadists and that we have attained merely different degrees of repression of this primitive attitude. What is said here of the judge pertains just as much to the physician, particularly the surgeon, who can be an able

surgeon only if he derives pleasure in cutting, and setting wounds in order to heal them. Instincts which our culture could not tolerate in their naked form and activity perform a cultural service when they are directed into definitely controlled paths (sublimated instincts). This may take place through a complete transformation of their original quality. A person disposed to cruelty when a child may through a countercathexis become a benefactor to mankind. The instinct may also remain what it was but be restricted to definite goals, submit itself to certain rules, as the surgeon to the principles of medical science, the judge to the law. Through the approval of the society in which the restrained instinct lives, it can find its opportunity, flow like a natural torrent, which between dam and weir drives mills, feeds power machines, and, having broadened, bears ships upon its bosom. There is still the attendant danger—to continue with our metaphor—that the stream may burst its dam or in some other way disclose the true nature of a destructive element. Our civilization can employ cruelty to good advantage. The law must always remain cruel. Civil law, indeed, is often more cruel than criminal law. Inasmuch as civilization has cruel necessities, it also needs cruel officers. Since cruelty originates in hell it is inseparable from destruction. The judge, and with him every individual upon whom power over others is conferred by society, must bridle his own feelings, so that he will not be too severe toward others. Sometimes all self-restraint on the part of the judge is in vain; the primitive instinct breaks through.

I appeal here personally to all officers of justice, among whom I include representatives of all three powers: the legislative, judicial, and executive authorities. If they read this chapter with displeasure, with the feeling of suffering undeserved offense, may they recognize from what higher motives such—only apparent—offense is necessary. Our criminal proceedings

are far from justification through reason. Instinctual factors from the id obstruct the development of law to a rational adaptation to the real necessities of human society. So long as vengeance and requital remain in criminal law its chief purpose, the protection of society from crime will not be attained. The goal is not good judges, not merciful laws, not friendly wardens, but reasonable measures so that we shall be murdered, robbed or otherwise injured as little as possible. The blind force of sadism stands in the way. What is needed is the opening of the eyes to a blind sadism. Unconscious impulses should not control us. We ought to analyze our justice over and over again to discover whether from native cruelty, from an irrational heritage out of former times, there is not more cruelty contained in our legal system than can be rationally justified from the standpoint of present-day culture.

It will thus be disclosed that we do not prosecute our criminals so much for the protection of society as we pursue them as game, use them as an outlet for conscious and unconscious feelings of revenge. We should not hunt our fellow man like a fox. We single him out at once as the victim of the chase, if he has come into conflict with the law, if he has "broken" a law. We are a pack of wolves as soon as we are permitted to be. Only he who has analyzed human beings, or better, who has himself undergone an analysis, can understand what slaves we are—judges and criminals—to unconscious impulses. The Erinyes who pursue criminals have been goddesses of vengeance up to the present time. They become no more sympathetic when they conceal their snaky locks, their iron claws, behind pious ideas such as reform of the criminal, expiation, and mistaken protection of society.

*Criminal Types: The Day Dreamer*

We might set up a number of criminal types of a nature that renders criminal procedure of to-day in general completely futile and inadequate. This is legally acknowledged where mentally diseased criminals, especially paranoiacs and epileptics, are concerned. There are, besides, "criminals from a sense of guilt" and "professional criminals," of whom we have already spoken. Moreover, there are also dangerous day dreamers, the political murderer, the compulsive criminal.

It is granted the professor to be distracted because in his day dreams he creates values which meet with society's approval. The poet, also the artist and the inventor are allowed some absent-mindedness. But it is impossible for us to know when we encounter a man in the street who looks and acts like a day dreamer, frequently coming to an abrupt halt, gesturing with his hand or talking to himself, whether he is a Beethoven in disguise or an incipient criminal. How often is it said of a criminal after he has been apprehended that he had long struck those about him as being unusually distracted, excited without adequate cause, and as possessing all sorts of peculiarities. After the deed, however, it is too late. It is not only that an evil has been committed, a homicidal attempt, a robbery, or some one's pocket has been picked. The evildoer himself is for the most part lost when he falls into the claws of avenging justice. He who realizes his day dreams in actuality transfers the mysterious law of the recurrence of the similar from his dreams into effectual action and thus approaches one degree nearer to psychosis. Psychosis is distinguished from neurosis in that what in neurotics remains fantasy, in the psychotic becomes reality. Thus we may all dream of a dead person whom we loved that he is living and with us again. But the psychotic individual regards a stranger

or a piece of wood as the loved person and therein finds his happiness. Having once gone so far, seldom can he return to what we call normal thinking. The projection of fantasies into the external world becomes just as dangerous for the criminal as for the psychotic.

No crimes spring into action without preparation. Day dreams lasting for years precede them, and although not all day dreams lead to crime they are always matters of concern if they surpass the measure normal to children and even more serious if they remain unconscious and give way to a vacant expression, striking absent-mindedness, gloominess, and other symptoms of an introverted personality. The school teacher is, as a rule, not equipped to meet this situation. His therapeutic attempts, because inadequate, are ineffective and even harmful. He should, however, be able to discern which, if any, among the children in his care are turned away from reality. Hence, for this purpose it is essential that a limited number of children be gathered into one class. The mother, the teacher, the principal, up to the adolescent's twentieth year of age and even later, are the real culprits if no attention is paid to a youth's peculiar "stare" until he is arrested for a crime. In all likelihood not the slightest attempt was made to guide this soul in its need.

Crime leaps into action with explosive suddenness, but even then it has been prepared. We by no means exaggerate when we reckon the time of the preparation of a crime in years. The actual source of every crime is the character disposition of the individual, which is fully laid down in early childhood, not later than the sixth year. Hence, each case must be traced back to this stage. The day dream, let us presume, is absent in no criminal. Inasmuch as there are a great number of day dreamers, of whom, fortunately, only a few become active criminals, it would be of paramount importance to learn about the conditions under which a day dreamer becomes a criminal. We are all

criminals in our dreams, in our conscious and even more so in our unconscious fantasies. But the law cannot punish thought, and even the penalties which we impose upon ourselves, such as appear in the mechanisms of compulsive neurosis and other nervous symptoms, are for the most part of endopsychical character. Most people content themselves with fantasied, that is, with unreal, evil deeds and the punishments corresponding to them. At present, we can in no degree definitely determine what conditions cause criminal fantasies to become actual. Expert criminologists believe that chance is generally the decisive factor in every crime. This explanation is not wholly satisfying to psychoanalysts, who find the essence of every occurrence in a person's own "breast." The uncanny id in man, under certain circumstances, produces for its own designs even the so-called chance occurrence of an external event.

Some years ago a fifteen-year-old baker's apprentice, called Henry, killed his master's maidservant, who slept in a neighboring room, with an ax. He was a lonely youth, who had little or nothing to do with other fellows, and was ridiculed by his companions and other apprentices because of his shy and dreamy manner. The maid herself was among those who had laughed at him. It was thought at first that he had sought the girl's love in vain. But this was not the case. Henry had never displayed any interest in women, and was subjected to a great deal of ridicule on this account also. He said that he had long nourished in his breast a rage against the girl with the idea that some day he would kill her because she had laughed at him. This fantasy had developed in a gloomy and estranged nature to a perfectly elaborated plan for murder. The youth slept in a room on the ground floor, the window of which opened into the court. The girl slept in the room near by. She locked her door, but the window remained open. The boy planned that at night, not later than three o'clock, because at four work began in the bakery,

he would slip into the kitchen, take the ax, climb in through the window, and strike the sleeping girl on the head. But as often as he was about to carry out his gruesome plan, he would oversleep and when he awoke it was too late. One night, however, he woke before three, a noise had awakened him. He heard the girl's snoring through the open window. The ax in the kitchen glittered in the moonlight. This night he fulfilled his purpose. This was a situation such as criminologists describe in which actuality sets the stage for criminal fantasy.

At the boy's trial the judge inquired:

"What were you thinking of when you went into the girl's room?"

*Henry:* "I was greatly excited."

*Magistrate:* "And afterwards?"

*Henry:* "I felt relieved."

This same story may be looked at in another light than that of a murder case. Thus: a lad climbs through the window to a girl, becomes terribly excited, and afterward feels relieved. Hence, it may be gathered what a gruesome connection exists between sex life and the criminal deed. The Œdipus complex is at all times a motive force in the unconscious and it has two almost equivalent parts: parricide and incest. A homosexual component is frequently to be suspected. The youth was teased on account of his girlish shyness. He wanted to become rid of the feminine in himself and killed the feminine outside himself.

### *Impostors*

Impostors also belong in the category of day dreamers. To profess to be what one is not is the privilege of actors upon the stage. It may be that the pleasure in this calling lies in the possibility of being able actually and without penalty to play many rôles with which others may gratify themselves only in

secret dreams. The analyst finds practically no one who has not fantasied at some time or other that he was not the child of his parents but of noble birth. I myself not long ago was aware on waking that I had dreamed that I was the son of Rudolf, prince apparent of Austria. My father was a plain man whose name was Rudolf. Ideas of this sort are far from me in the waking state. In the dream, however, I boasted of this high origin and said to those around me: "You did not know it? Why, this is an indisputable fact." Such grandiose ideas have their roots in the Œdipus complex. If the boy is not his father's son, the girl not her mother's daughter, then the relation to the parent of the other sex is released from the difficulties of incest and a wish repressed from earliest times as impossible of fulfillment views its goal. This "family romance" is concealed in the unconscious depths as the instinctual root in all impostors.

The pretender puts the pleasure principle in place of the reality principle. There is indeed something of this exchange in every crime. The real precepts of society make difficult the desired pleasure. He who yields to the forbidden pleasure must expect the pain which threatens him from the side of social measures of defense and his own superego. We spare ourselves inevitable pain in the future if we consider the reality principle. We are untroubled by reality only in fantasy. The pretender transforms his fantasy into actuality for reasons which are not yet sufficiently transparent to us. He shows by his cunning that he is fully cognizant of reality. He plays with it.

A chambermaid in a London hotel while tidying up her rooms found a letter which a woman, a guest of the hotel, had left lying on a table unopened. Having no scruples in such a matter, she unsealed the letter and learned that the woman had received an inheritance of ten thousand pounds. The finding of this—so says the report—determined the fate of the hotel chambermaid. She went at once to the lawyer mentioned in the letter

and represented herself as the heiress. She received an advance sum of two hundred pounds, which the attorney placed without question at the disposal of the attractive girl who was so completely reassuring from her appearance. In signing the receipt, however, the impostor wrote her own name instead of that of the lawful heiress, whereupon she was promptly arrested. Nevertheless, the girl, who had tasted blood, continued to break the law and became a notorious crook. From this, it may be readily discerned what part chance played in this affair. The public is always disposed to attribute exaggerated importance to accident. But psychoanalysis has long been aware that chance is not chance; that each one out of the fullness of event experiences that for which he yearns. A person must be awaiting the accidental appearance of such a letter, like the English chambermaid, in order to find it. She was conditioned through her disposition, her day dreams, and her experiences up to this time to be an impostor. If she had not found the fateful letter something else would have entered her life to stamp her as an impostor, to make her disposition actual. A girl of an honest character could find ten such letters without having it occur to her to become an impostor or commit fraud.

We are always astonished at the way impostors affect otherwise sensible people. Let us take the case of a normal citizen; in the café where he has his breakfast every day he cannot pay because he has left his wallet at home. The waiter will allow him this slight credit, yet cannot rid himself of the lurking thought: Be on your guard with this man, there is something wrong with him! The same waiter will trust an elegant impostor whom he sees for the first time in his life for a greater sum. The riddle of the swindler lies not in his pretending to be something he is not but in his ability to make his fellow men believe in the deception. This is a suggestive effect which is just as clear and just as obscure as any other suggestion. The

master impostor transmutes his entire being, his need for love and the gratification of his love, into his deceitful action. There is cathexis at work. We are hardly in error if we assume that a genuine impostor, while playing his rôle like every good actor, believes himself to be actually what he represents. We are all precisely what we believe ourselves to be. We have an ideal ego, which we love. We also possess a real ego, with which we are in love, narcissists that we are. But we would rather be like our ideal ego. As I have previously mentioned, I had to dream that I was of princely blood. This approach to my ideal ego in sleep, the existence of which was unknown to me in the waking state, apparently suffices to preserve my psychical balance. "Prince" Domela, who proclaimed himself a Hohenzollern, had to carry out what I simply portrayed in a dream. Domela published his memoirs and cited in exculpation of his pretense the external circumstances, the people who took him for a prince, having driven him as if by force to his imposture. This representation and every other which puts external event as cause at the entrance into iniquity is a mere rationalization of the truth. Actually such persons love their own ideal ego so much more than normal people that the approach possible in reality and even in dreams does not satisfy them. They incorporate the real world into their dreams.

### *The Political Criminal*

The political murderer reveals with particular transparency his connection with the Œdipus complex. In *Critique of Love* I have used examples of this type, describing in detail the deed of the actor Booth, who assassinated President Lincoln (Chapter "Great Haters"). He hated his father, transferred this hatred upon the father of his country, and rationalized his senseless deed with political phrases.

Of all criminals the political criminal is perhaps the most promising object for a cure through psychoanalysis. He possesses in contrast to ordinary criminals a strong superego and suffers from repressions. He too is more difficult to treat once the deed is done than previously, when it merely strove within him for expression. The idea of the political crime and its valuation are particularly subject to vacillation. The analyst does not evaluate; his goal is merely to establish a personality integrated within itself. If an individual harbors in himself both strong antisocial impulses and equally strong moral tendencies his personality lacks unity. He helps himself by displacing a part of the personality or perhaps both portions into the unconscious. There a conflict rages which for want of comprehending insight continues incessantly. From within there arise explosions. It is the task of psychoanalysis to give aid here, to shift the conflict into the light of reason wherever possible, before the explosion has occasioned incalculable injury to the individual himself and to his environment. The greatest part of this battle is still fought out in the individual consultation room of a few psychoanalysts. More and more, however, will the analytic insight belong to general training and the political assassin will find it difficult to thrive when the childish connection with incest, the theory of the interchange of the political authority with the father, have been made a part of the school curriculum. As superstition, at least in its most ignorant forms, vanishes through enlightenment of the people, so also violent political crime, and not only political crime, will cease to exist when it is generally known that behind such crime is concealed a superstition of a particularly sinister kind.

There is scarcely a revolutionist in whom we cannot demonstrate an unhealthy relation to his father. Count Mirabeau's relationship to his father is a vivid example. The elder Mirabeau persecuted his son as his worst enemy. He repeatedly had

him imprisoned by means of *lettres de cachet.* The irrational unconscious roots of rebellion are responsible for the fact that revolutions and attempted political assassinations so frequently fail to attain their goal. The vacillating attitude of Mirabeau at the beginning of the French Revolution, his equivocal position, and even his sudden death, which is attributed to dissoluteness, might probably find their explanation in the countercurrents of the unconscious. In all radical parties, besides the sincere persons of conviction, there are also figures who are called in French *polissons.* They are nearer to the common criminal than to the political ideals which they take upon their lips. There are *polissons* always and everywhere. They are generally found in radical movements conducting themselves like politicians. Here may be seen the transition from political to ordinary crime, from revolutionist to marauder, and we are seized by the suspicion that all criminals are bound to their infantile family complex.

History has clearly demonstrated that Siberia, the gallows, the executioner, were never able to intimidate or terrify political criminals. Perhaps the perfect folly of imprisonment is nowhere so marked as in the psychology of the political criminal. He is not reformed; he is not deterred; society cannot be protected from him. He is only tormented uselessly; torture does not exist for a conscious martyr.

### *The Religious Rebel*

Blasphemy was a punishable crime in earlier times and is so even to-day in many countries. Belshazzar was a blasphemer. No further elucidation is necessary after what has been said to show that the blasphemer too has his father in mind. We know children who must compulsively say "God is an ass!" or make similar derogatory remarks about God, in whom they believe. They are themselves appalled at what they have done and

punish themselves in a fantastic manner. The analyst is able to show in all such cases that the debasement of God rests upon the debasement of the father. It is, with all reverence to God, less dangerous to rail against a long-suffering God than against the father, who readily seizes his cane. To this group belong many former priests who have doffed the monkish garb. "They are the worst," the folk tongue says. A zealous priest may be sympathetic. One who zealously denies God is always to be suspected. Among free thinkers there are more fanatics than one likes to believe. Religion, that is, God, or the king, and behind them always the father, must be fanatically treated with disrespect so that they will be powerless to arise like giants in the unconscious portion of the ego to stifle the heretic. Lucifer was once God's best-beloved child. Even from hell the fallen angel supplicates his wrathful father.

### *Scientific Reform*

In ancient primitive times the evil deed was punished. How could the perpetrator be punished when there were no individuals, only tribes in which one stood for all and all for one? Strictly speaking no penalty at all was exacted. Although horrible torture was inflicted and still is, there was no degradation attendant upon it. The individual had no honor, neither had he dishonor, for the conception of man as an individual was unknown.

Actual punishment first began when man was looked upon as an individual and was punished when found guilty of the crime of which he had been accused. "No penalty without guilt" should read "no evil deed and no punishment without ego and superego." By this I mean that guilt and punishment in their origin go back to the relation of father and child. The *jus talionis* repeated the crime upon the criminal. The valid punish-

ment, with its theory of atonement, individual penance, mercy, pardon, and the like, is by no means free from magic. The magic resides in the regarding of adults as children to be trained as such; moreover, I must reiterate, the state is not a father. Some modern endeavors in this field are designed for the reform of criminals. The concept of an "indeterminate sentence" is introduced in this sense. The guilty man remains under the care of the state until he appears to have sufficiently improved to be returned to society. He is not pardoned until, within and without, he promises from now on to try to be a good child. The idea would be a worthy one if we could procure a kind father for this child, already chastened or undergoing the process of chastening. How can the criminal be committed to an "indeterminate" justice which up to a short time ago operated with the thumbscrew, and even to-day, for psychical reasons, is indissolubly associated with sadism?

As long as punishment is imposed on the basis of the father-child relationship will the tendency exist to employ the same tactics in criminal procedure as in the nursery. All improvements within the borders of the present penal law point in this direction. Probation, before or after a part of the sentence has been served, together with ideas of reform, has its origin in the father-child relationship.

The state as "daddy," more stern than loving, runs after the naughty child, who does not fail to observe that he is seldom caught, nor that this "daddy" is unfair and strikes the little ones while afraid of the big ones. These children cannot help perceiving in their "daddy" much that is malicious, so that they are forced to doubt the paternalism of the state.

I believe that we may distinguish three periods in criminal procedure: the primitive with its *jus talionis;* an intermediate method which punishes, pardons, imposes determinate or indeterminate sentences so that it may have opportunity of bestow-

ing kindness upon the criminal once again; finally, the civilized era, which will follow this still half-magical one—the era of scientific jurisprudence. The protection of society is here the alpha and omega. The engineer calculates the carrying power of an elevator, knows the capacity of water power or of a motor, and regulates the tension in his steam boilers. Freud said once, half-jestingly: "I would be miserable if automobiles ran upon the sidewalk. Ethics is traffic regulation." The juridic engineer will also give us efficient traffic regulation. He will begin with the question whether and how far society of the present day is capable of protecting itself. Right here the engineer will experience unhappy results. Thus far man has not even been able to defend himself against mass murder, which bears the name of war. He may have conquered the air, swim under water like the fish, exchange wireless greetings around the globe; but he has not been able to overcome the most sordid necessity. The majority of mankind goes hungry. If the concern for to-morrow's bread be reckoned as poverty then almost all are poor. Were the ending of poverty and of mass murder a technical problem, it would have been solved long ago. But it is a problem of power.

The manner in which we treat our criminals is also unfortunately a problem of power. The sadism in us is not willing to surrender the possibility of enjoying its cruelty in solemn garb, before all the world, wrapped in the cloak of virtuous necessity. Sweet as is the gratification of cruelty and the consciousness of being "holier than thou," they are helpless in the face of the obvious ineptitude of our criminal law.

The majority of parents train their children with ceaseless admonitions, such as: "Sit straight; behave yourself. Have you been up to your tricks again? You lie still; keep quiet; one more word and you will be put out; you are unbearable." This terminates with a box on the child's ear and screaming; so it goes on without end, in grotesque manifestation of the complete in-

effectiveness of this kind of disciplinary training. Our criminal system is not unlike the system employed by parents, with its inevitable lack of success.

Reform of the criminal procedure must start from jurists and sociologists. Psychoanalysis has merely an interpretative and advisory position. The suggestions of the Italian criminologists Enrico Ferri and Garofalo in proposing a code without guilt or punishment appear to me to go farthest in the psychoanalytic sense. This was in 1921, before Fascism had obtained the upper hand in Italy. There is hardly any prospect in Italy to-day for Ferri's proposal. The country is submerged under a great wave of father yearning, which creates dictatorships in many countries declaring democracy to be a vanquished error.

The function of psychoanalysis consists chiefly in preventing crime through proper guidance of adolescents in order that their instinctual life shall not be faulty in development. Thus, it might be deemed that a great number of people who are endangered by criminality hasten to us. This is not so. It may well be that the criminal himself is often heavy of heart. He would come to us as his forefathers went to the church: to confess. No one, however, shows him the way to us. The official criminalists, the criminological institutes of the universities, have not yet associated themselves with psychoanalysis. The physicians in their compact majority reject us. They are by reason of their training not in a position to understand that psychoanalysis puts into their hand the possibility of a medical ministry. Yet since psychoanalysis is a scientific method based upon facts, this will not impede its victorious career.

It is not the criminal disposition that is congenital, only those tendencies which we recognize as sadism, masochism, narcissism, and which are capable of sublimation. The superego as a determining power aids such sublimation. Fortunately, the development of the superego lies at least partly in the hands of the person who trains the child.

Psychoanalysis has not up to the present time had sufficient opportunity to study the criminal in regard to his crime. *Sub judice* the accused is not suitable for the analytic procedure, and in the prison we analysts, we are told, disturb the execution of the sentence. Thus our criminological experiences rest principally upon the criminal material revealed by the neurotics whom we analyze. Yet this is not insignificant. Crimes never to be disclosed come to light in our consultation rooms; and if we make introverted, narcissistic neurotics social, then with the neurotic symptoms disappear also the sadistic, masochistic, and other antisocial tendencies. Thus we have learned that criminals manifest the same dynamics as neurotics and that presumably we could cure them—before the deed. Will society forever persist in its stubborn resistance in not making use of so powerful an instrument as psychoanalysis? Attempts are being made in America by means of considerable sums of money to improve criminals. There is, however, no more worthy means for man's reform than psychoanalysis. The word "reform" should be abolished from the vocabulary of the criminologists. What is needed is to make a man, an adult, of the person who has remained in part upon the infantile plane in his instinctual development.

We shall certainly not always succeed. We do not yet know how far psychoanalysis can penetrate the id of the antisocial individual. The new science is still too young for a final pronouncement to be made. Just as the sociologist is unable to say how many and what crimes will remain when want has been abolished from the world, so psychoanalysis cannot know what sorts of instincts are more profoundly native to human society than the plummet of our psychology of the depths can reach. Let us begin!

# CHAPTER XIII

## ART

Science is by nature cautious. Governments and people of wealth who manage and endow universities are conservative, hence it is not to be wondered at that so revolutionary a doctrine as psychoanalysis is only hesitatingly accepted. Psychology has not yet gained ground with physics and astronomy. It is so easy to lose oneself in words and veil one's meaning in psychology. Freud's precision in what is essentially lacking in precision, his heroic endeavors to approach scientifically the unapproachable, will in all likelihood not be appreciated fully until a later generation. The present generation—continuing to wax indignant over the pansexualism of psychoanalysis and the setting up of the unconscious as the chief factor—bequeaths to posterity the humiliating spectacle of placing side by side with Freud certain mediocre dissidences, perhaps even putting them above the man whose presence was created to endure for centuries.

The remarkable fact is ever recurring that most people lack the sense for recognizing true greatness. This sense, like the sense for music, for mathematics, very often may be well-developed in simple and uneducated persons, while totally lacking in university professors. Just where it is absent, however, there is also failure to exercise the necessary caution demanded for the rejection of sublime conception. Naturally, even great ideas and schemes may be false. Nevertheless, were the capacity to distinguish what is great more fully developed, errors in not acknowledging a Galileo, a Richard Wagner, a Freud, would not be committed and the lives of our great men would not be

embittered. Antipathy toward all that is new is a biological-sociological necessity. It may be that the ability to discern what is great is present but repressed into the unconscious, whence it produces reactively the overcompensation of aversion. Greatness awakens indignation, particularly when it appears as harsh and uncompromising as in Freud.

Art and the pursuit of art are enthusiastic by nature, always ready to adopt what is new. The ideas of psychoanalysis have exerted an influence, almost alarming in its magnitude, upon literature, philosophy, and the graphic art of our times. Freud's name is not always mentioned in this regard; and with reason, for many writers, for example, Marcel Proust, write as if they were conversant with psychoanalysis, yet they are not acquainted with any of Freud's works. This presents no problem in so far as our contemporary writers are concerned, for the ideas of psychoanalysis are in the air and are beginning to be the general property of common sense. Proust, however, died in 1919 and lived such a secluded life that Freud's theory could scarcely have penetrated to him. Still more remarkable is it that Dostoievski and Nietzsche have evolved psychoanalytic trains of thought, and, as Freud discovered with astonishment at a late date, so did Schopenhauer. Primary function and secondary function find their counterparts in Schopenhauer's *The World As Will and Idea.* These ideas found first artistic-poetic, then artistic-philosophic, and finally scientific expression. We possess them, however, in enduring form and capable of preservation only when they have been clothed in scientific language. In our dreams and fairy tales we have always been able to fly, but we did not actually fly until 1905. Jules Verne permitted men to be projected to the moon from a giant cannon; we have not yet reached this point actually or scientifically. Nietzsche and other men were aware that the dream had a hidden meaning and significance for our mental life. But it was Freud who discovered the grammar

of the dream language. The Wright brothers realized an ancient dream of mankind, Freud an intimation already present in Pythagoras and Plato, one formulated indeed by the Indian Vedas.

Let us distinguish Freud's influence upon contemporary art from his influence upon contemporary literature. No living author can fail to be affected by Freud, from the short-story magazine-writer, the sensationalists of Broadway, to the proud recipients of the Nobel prize, like Thomas Mann, or those who have not obtained the prize, like O'Neill or Arthur Schnitzler. I read a short story not long ago which portrayed an elderly, unmarried miser who most unexpectedly fell desperately in love with a young girl, the stenographer of the cheap hotel in which he lived. Contrary to his custom he surrounded this girl with expensive luxuries, an uncanny metamorphosis which at first flattered the girl but soon became unbearable. "You are the loveliest girl I have ever seen," the old Harpagon would constantly reiterate. Finally, one day, some friends of the girl noted in her a remarkable likeness to the female profile upon the silver dollar. Could this clever tale have been written before Freud and his unconscious mechanisms? It is a piece of analysis.

Freud's influence has had such wide and varying effects that it is often difficult to separate the chaff from the wheat, the genuine poet from the poetaster who applies geometrically in cold blood what he has learned about the Œdipus complex, the lower voices of our thought, sexualization and desexualization, and dumps his fabricated wares upon the market. The symbolization of the organ of love in Portia's casket was effective because the poet was unconscious of his own symbolic language. Shakespeare's unconscious spoke to that of his listeners. Hamlet was unable to slay his stepfather because—Freud discussed this in 1900—through his own unsettled Œdipus complex he was

likewise guilty of the murder of his father—although neither he nor Shakespeare were cognizant of it. The poet affects the spectators of his tragedy, ignorant as they generally are of the psychoanalytic kernel of the conflict—because, albeit unaware of it, they unconsciously grasp its significance. To-day, however, an ambitious young man writes a drama in which a youth hates his father and loves his mother, or one in which a father will not permit his daughter to marry and leave home because he wants to keep her with him. Elongated objects stand shamelessly for what they signify in the dream, and Portia's casket is debased. These are questionable attempts and the more so in that the power of the symbols, conflicts, transformations of the libido, as described by Freud, is so great that even this conscious geometry of the modern literary factory is certain of producing its inevitable effect upon the mind. It is not fair to hold Freud accountable for this state of things. He has revealed clearly enough that art springs from the unconscious depths of the mind. Intellect, intellectual understanding of art, are secondary in importance, and nothing enduring can be created with the secondary function alone.

Meanwhile, there is no doubt that the art of our times accords with Freud's psychology, because both are children of our times: are in the Dionysian channel; Freud, the scientist, in the Apollonian. Not all artists of the Freudian era are fabricators despite their comprehension of psychoanalysis. Expressionism in art reveals an outburst of the primitive, an attempt to externalize and represent the primary function with as little restraint as possible from the side of the secondary function. Dadaism—now a thing of the past—strove for severance from all reason, the regression to the infantile and beyond this to the animalistic. The Dadaists maintained that their theories derived from Freud. Freud was not consulted in this. He would have sent them packing. His

ideal of beauty is wholly different, as I have tried to show in my first chapter.

The cubists manifest the compulsive stiffness in that which is "right," if only in right angles and perpendicular lines. They reveal the law of the eternal swing of the pendulum from hysteria (Dadaism) to compulsion (cubism). Who would have thought that our otherwise so impenetrable epoch would display so clearly in its painting how and why styles change! In Brücke's day an academic art still prevailed from which divinity and vital warmth were somewhat extinguished. After this came impressionism. Artists left the academy (secession) and painted in the open air instead of in the studio. They painted objects as the eye, the primary eye, saw them and not as they had to appear according to the laws of the secondary function. Freedom instead of compulsion, that was the swing of the pendulum. After this came the orgy of extreme expressionism: artists painted their own emotions, painted psychology. The more the artist surrendered himself to the primary function, the less importance was given to meaning, beauty, test of reality. Literature developed parallel with painting; the lyric became ever more mystifying, ever freer and wilder in its rhythm; music became atonal—until cubism swung the pendulum to the other extreme. The outraged secondary function avenged itself by spreading a schizophrenic torpidity over these ambiguities. We may peer a little way into the future and predict that this fresh compulsion will give rise to a more healthy style—but a style of dictatorship: strict rules, which the artist of the near future will have to obey absolutely. This ascetic form of art is already preparing itself in architecture. Flowers have disappeared from our wall coverings, ornaments and columns from our houses. Hangings themselves are being done away with and our walls look down upon us naked and unpretentious; we hardly dare hang pictures

upon them. We await the new art with its uncompromising formulas.

Such transformation from freedom to compulsion and vice versa might become the basis of a psychoanalytic history of art. Egyptian art is full of coercion and geometry. Nevertheless, the head of Nefertete in Berlin and the overpoweringly beautiful figures from the tomb of Tutankhamen demonstrate that art was not under compulsion all of the time. The most ancient Greek art is greatly conventionalized and rigidly austere (Apollo of Tenea). The classical art of Phidias expresses freedom. The Byzantine art in Ravenna with the symmetrical almond-shaped eyes, the severe noses, and hieratically menacing countenances manifests the compulsion of an epoch which needed a stern superego to control its own barbarism.

There have been found in caves in southern France colored drawings and carvings upon ivory representing aurochs, reindeer, mammoths, wonderfully true to nature. The pictures are ten thousand years old or even older. Drawings have been discovered in other caves and upon African walls of rock which are much more primitive in appearance, representing simple, angular lines such as children draw. One might assume that these sketches are older than the gaily colored art of the chase of southern France unsurpassable in its movement. They are actually much more recent, the outcome of a compulsive art in a period of restraint which lived in dread of the great primal father and all the departed ancestors. If we did not know the time of origin of the Christian art of Constantinople and had only the mosaics of Ravenna for comparison with, let us say, paintings from Pompeii, it would not be so readily conceived that the compulsive Byzantine art is the reaction of the superego to the orgy of classical antiquity and of a much later period. The history of painting in the last fifty years gives the explanation. The expressionists and the Dadaists are the anal daubers. The

cubists too want to smear, but they allow themselves to be governed by the neurotic compulsion of the superego. Daub? So be it, but only in geometric lines. Out of such necessities and conflicts of a period—from the thesis, freedom of the instincts, and the antithesis, coercion of the superego—evolves the synthesis of a great style characteristic of a century.

### *Painters*

Psychoanalysis cannot determine what elements are essential for the making of a great artist. The miracle of an artist may continue to be attributed, as it were, to the divine spark. Psychoanalysis recognizes what erogenous origins determine the "choice of art." The overemphasis of various erogenous zones leads to the diversity in artistic fields: poetry, plastic art, histrionic art; whereas music pertains to poetry, sculpture, architecture and painting pertain to plastic art, singing and dancing to scenic art. We observe that every art requires an incentive from the erogenous zones. The painter daubs. We have never as yet analyzed a painter who did not disclose a constitutionally intensified anal complex in childhood. There is nowhere so much opposition towards cleanliness as in the studio of the painter or in the clay paradise of the sculptor. The artist's smock is smeared all over with paint. This lies in the nature of his handiwork but it is usually carried far beyond this point. When painters had to grind their own colors they were probably happier than later when they were able to buy their paints all prepared. But they still have their palettes, upon which they can daub, and their fingers, which they prefer to use instead of the brush. They are more moderate in their orgies of uncleanliness than the sculptors. Many painters—and also those who are not painters—have an irresistible desire to touch paintings. A psychoanalytic consideration of art will have to try to systematize the difference between

colorists and those who draw (for instance, the Venetian and Florentine schools). The colorist expresses his anal erotism in sublimated form. The outline of the drawing compels; it is a reaction-formation.

Besides the anal erotism, the erogenous zone of the eye plays an active part with the painter. He is a *voyeur*, in love with his vision, in love with the light, with the shadows which it casts, and the figures which it makes visible. He *exhibits* his pictures and it is no mere accident that this word is used also for the counterpart of *voyeurism* (peeping)—exhibitionism. Artists are fond of making self-portraits, whence we recognize a third partial instinct, which all artists reveal in heightened degree, narcissism. They are in love with themselves and with their work, and of necessity; else they would not be artists. But the decisive factor for the painter is always the anal impulse.

Unfortunately, the psychoanalyst who does not write exclusively for his colleagues is constrained to interrupt the flow of his presentation to guard against being misunderstood. If a person stands before one of Rembrandt's portraits, for instance, the man with the golden helmet, the analytic discussion regarding the erogenous zones contributes nothing to the æsthetic experience of Rembrandt's creation. There are millions of anal erotic individuals and but one Rembrandt. There are potters, masons, cooks, collectors, misers, pedants of all sorts. Just what elements conspired to make of this one man a Rembrandt we cannot say—as stated repeatedly, especially in the first chapter in Freud's own words.

It is not our intent to depreciate the painter when we apply psychoanalytic theories to his artistic work. Yet the universal indignation with which our contributions are received reveals that we have caused the æsthetes pain. We are so convinced of the truth in our theory of the erogenous zones and their sublimation that we cannot disregard it. Far from being deterred

by the æsthetes we reverse the lance and ask ourselves wherein lies the source of their resentment. They too are sublimating and have no desire to be disturbed in their intensive enjoyment of an instinctual tendency which derives such marvelous gratification from the artist. To every overemphasized partial instinct is attached a prohibition, hence, a sense of guilt. The artist vaporizes (sublimates) this sense of guilt for himself and his admirers. Analysis reëstablishes it, for it analyzes the process of sublimation, that is, turns it back to its source. It accomplishes this in dilettanti and seriously neurotic artists who cannot rid themselves of their sense of guilt: sublimation which has failed. Psychoanalysis loses all disturbing power before the masterpiece and the genuine artistic character. There exists a harmony between primary function and the superego upon which psychoanalysis may throw light but it has power neither to elucidate nor destroy. Æsthetes may continue to revere this harmony and seek to make it intelligible in their own way. The analyst will not disturb them, indeed, in his hours of leisure he will join the æsthetes in reverence. But, on the other hand, he is entitled to consideration from the æsthetes that in their indignation they refrain from interfering with him in his own field.

About twenty-five years ago, when psychoanalysis was in its infancy, a psychoanalyst—at that time a young man—wrote a letter to a well-known art critic and æsthete. The letter concerned a famous poem of Goethe, indeed one of the most beautiful poems ever written, *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*. The old magician—this is the content of the ballad—has gone out and the apprentice decides to practise his master's art. He fetches an old broom from the corner, changes it through an incantation into a living boy, and sends him after water. The demonic boy runs to the stream, brings water again and again, until everything is flooded. The apprentice forgets the formula by which the boy will be turned back to its former state of a broom, and

passes through every form of terror, until his master appears and with a word puts an end to the mystic performance; he has control of the mystic world, the apprentice has not. The young analyst in his letter to the critic, explained that he had obtained an unexpected insight into the poem. He revealed that it treated of father and son; of premature sexual activity; of fantasy and fear; nocturnal enuresis. But the analyst had knocked at the wrong door. The æsthete published the letter with the comment that this one communication was enough to seal the doom of psychoanalysis. All art and all legitimate contemplation of art would inevitably cease if this glaring absurdity were permitted to lay hands upon the nation's most sacred possessions. The æsthete was not aware that analytic consideration does not touch the value of the poem; *au contraire* it discloses the physical basic color of this highly spiritual picture, thereby elucidating a part of its effect: the poet's unconscious speaks to the deeply repressed complexes in the reader's unconscious.

### *The Stage*

The actor is a gift of the partial instinct which we term exhibitionism. Inasmuch as he not only places himself on view but also speaks or sings, the oral zone likewise participates. The singer into the radio is merely oral, for he is not seen. The dancer is solely an exhibitionist, since he does not speak. The radio is pressing hard toward television because actors insist upon being seen and their listeners are curious as to how they look. The silent film was so beautiful and dreamlike. The sound film vanquished it because actors desired to show us how well and impressively they could speak as well as act. The pantomime is the affair of the dancer. Charlie Chaplin declines to make talking pictures; his genius is powerful enough to hold its own against the general trend. Chaplin does not ignore the "talkies"

because his speech may contain an accent unpopular in America, but because his art is purely pantomimic. He is an oral type, hiding and ridiculing his oral tendencies by sticking an absurd mustache upon his upper lip.

Here again, we do not know what conditions transform the exhibitionistic impulse into the noblest dramatic art or lead the idiotic monster to frighten girls on the porch. Every speaker who appears upon the platform and delivers a powerful, eloquent address is an exhibitionist, indeed, an oral exhibitionist. The partial instinct called sadism is intermingled with this in varying proportions; and while the demagogue himself does not know why he threatens with his fist, rolls his eyes, and pounds the table, his audience at least should know it, for frequently it is they who have to pay the consequences. Were psychoanalysis a branch of general school instruction, many an inflamed orator and self-styled friend of the people who incites the masses would be recognized at the right time as a menace, defective in his instinctual life, and would collapse under the scorn of his fellow men. He would be ridiculed like a chief of the Puka-Puka who covers his body with paint and performs wild war dances in order to inspire them. The few who are wise laugh at them even to-day when they see the crowds thronging to some demagogue (upon the screen). No, they do not laugh, for they know what these crowds are capable of doing under such leadership. Nevertheless, those demagogues who make the greatest outcry are less dangerous. They are the hysterics who allow their impulse to discharge itself straightway and any one can see and understand what they do and what they are. The stealthy, reactive individuals are the dangerous ones, who conceal their oral-sadistic disposition behind a lipless Indian-Mongolian mouth, who almost never speak—the great silent ones. I do not believe that Torquemada was much of a talker. Bismarck spoke a great deal. Moltke, his general, was noted for his taci-

turnity. He was the first to discover and carry out the military principle that the enemy's formations must not only be defeated but annihilated.

I speak of orators in this chapter which bears the title "Art" because I am acquainted with but few artists who produce more strongly the impression which belongs to art than speakers: pulpit, political, or forensic orators. The fencing attitude of the speaker is always certain of its effect. I once treated one of these great attorneys—a type, I believe, at the present time almost extinct—for tonsilitis. When he stuck out his tongue, I was almost frightened at the mass of flesh that appeared. I could not press his tongue down with the spatula. My fingers were not strong enough. He (Victor Rosenfeld of Vienna) was one of those eloquent speakers who could so defend a murderer that the jury were moved to tears, conceived hatred for the victim, and enthusiastically acquitted the man who did the deed. Like a bull, he prostrated the jury. The judge, who maintained his judicial composure, said after one of Rosenfeld's pleas: "I will interrupt the session so that the jurors shall have an opportunity to recover from these veritable fireworks which have been hurled upon them." The judge was one of those head counselors of the supreme court to be found in old Austria, refined, a high product of civilization, inaccessible to any and all appearance of corruption, strictly just—in a word, wholly upon the side of the attorney for the state. He trembled inwardly, concealing this trembling behind an iron mask, lest the evildoer might escape the fangs of justice. Here two powerful sadists confronted each other fighting with different weapons. The defendant between them hardly mattered. It was an affair between these two for personal victory or defeat.

The sadistic component plays a minor rôle with the artist upon the stage. He stands closer to the sexual source of the erogenous zones. The effect is produced here by his gait, his

gestures, the rich sound of his voice. The high C of the tenor is understood by the ladies in the parquet in its sexual significance—aim-inhibited sex—and for this reason excites the antagonism of the men sitting next to their wives.

### *The Dance*

If the dancer of primitive times (see Chapter IX) could arise and perform in the ring, as do half-naked prize fighters in order to reveal their powerful muscles in the light of the reflectors, the police would forbid his performance. The primitive man would refuse the chief concession that would be demanded of him. If he concealed certain parts of his body, the dance would lose its purpose for him. Primitive man arose from the ground and walked upon two legs in order to display his splendor to the females. Cover his splendor, and he might just as well fall upon his forefeet and run away as a quadruped.

The art of dancing strives toward nudity and employs covering merely to accentuate nakedness, apart from the influence of the law, which requires a certain minimum of concealment. The nude human body is the highest goal also for the painter and the sculptor. The art of dancing is closer to manifest sexuality than the plastic and graphic arts. Primitive peoples scarcely distinguished dancing at all from sexuality. Forty or fifty years ago the art of dancing had become fixed in the mannerism of the French ballet; it had become permissible at court and an æsthetic spectacle, whereby, according to Kant's obsolete definition, æsthetic enjoyment is enjoyment without desire. We have, in truth, lived through a great campaign for the nude. First the advance was made individually, as the soldiers in modern warfare steal one by one to the line of attack so that no one shall know what is going on. Oriental belly dancers; sword dancers; veil, fire, snake, temple, sacrificial dancers have passed by in multitudes;

and through their example the dance has been reformed. There came one day—it is now about thirty years ago—a puritanical American woman, Isadora Duncan, who danced barefoot and gave interpretative lectures explaining that with this bold innovation she was introducing a significant era in the art of dancing. One might have cried out to her: "Dance, dancer, do not talk!" She was her own announcer. When we consider that a large proportion of the people, especially in the country, go about with bare feet, Isadora Duncan's innovation seems to contain little that is original. She preached in a didactic tone, which no doubt was new among dancers, that there must be a return from the rigid refinement of the French ballet to the simplicity of nature. In reality, she brought instead of the old refinement the over-refinement of simplicity. Her naked feet had a quite different significance from the innocent instruments for walking of an honest peasant woman; they were a symbol for that which was intended: the nakedness of the body in its entirety. When Isadora Duncan first appeared, the demon which directed her action was not yet clearly discernible. She talked a great deal, the newspaper reporters had much to say, the most sublime things were anticipated from the reform dance of this woman of reform. The dance was believed now to be the incarnation of a pure, mysterious art. Isadora Duncan having enraptured half of Europe to the point of repletion—for one becomes as sated with symbols as with *hors d'œuvre*—came finally to Paris, where she ventured the decisive step and, no longer young, to the horror of the public she appeared stark naked upon the stage. She continued to exalt her art in fine phrases: she would go into the woods and dance to the song of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, the whistling of the wind.

Isadora Duncan met with a tragic fate. Her children were drowned in the Seine; she herself died, her neck broken when her scarf caught in the wheel of her motor car. Ambivalences

pervaded her life, conflicts between the instinctual ego and superego, as evident in the development of her art as well as in her personal experiences. The *danseuses* of the present day are no longer ambivalent; the nakedness of the body has triumphed and precisely thus, after the uneasiness of the transition period, has become art in the highest Terpsichorean degree.

No one can deny that the lines of a perfect body, the harmonious movements of nude women, aside from the sexual excitement, evoke also a satisfaction of an æsthetic nature. Let us say more precisely, aside from sexual pleasure, which longs for more, the dancer produces also another gratification which is wholly obtained by witnessing the performance. At the end of the dance the spectator is delighted, relaxed; he breathes quietly and admits to himself that it was beautiful. The controversy as to whether the nude dance can be acknowledged as art or not depends upon the commingling of the two dissimilar pleasurable sensations, namely, that of the feeling which craves more initial pleasure and of the final pleasure, which spectators feel in varying degrees. A painter accustomed to regarding nude bodies as mere material has perhaps least of that other "obscene" emotion. An old gentleman who has learned to forgo earthly love is fully satisfied with the dancer's movements, and whether his enjoyment is sexual or æsthetic, let him decide who can. Apart from such border-line cases there can be no uniform acceptance of the matter with the public. Every one has confined the beast of sexuality in his particular cage. It is often in profound slumber from which it cannot be aroused; and it might be compared to a lion which blinks sleepily after its meal, but at another time roars and shakes the iron bars of its cage. The æsthetic capacities of our souls are a thin trickle of water with difficulty separated from the original stream by a protecting dam. We sit by the rivulet and fish; all at once the main stream breaks over the dam and fisherman, rod and all are submerged. Thus, let us say,

it is imprudent for a woman to dance clothed merely in the glory of her naked body; all too easily she stirs the beast in us, demolishes the dam. At the festival of Cybele the dancers were completely unadorned, on all other days the dancers covered their nudity. But the festival of Cybele—so Satan thinks—may be celebrated every day.

### *Proteus and Egotist*

Many virtuosos of the stage are always themselves before or behind the footlights. It makes no difference what they represent, they press their sharply circumscribed personalities into the foreground, and the audience has not so much seen Mephisto, Lear, or Hamlet as it has felt the power of the actor's own personality. Such actors are frequently and successfully emulated. The sound of their voice is always the same, their accent, their gestures are familiar. Such actors are in danger of falling into a fixed mannerism. They become irritated with important plays which have profound poetic content. They have no desire to serve a poet that his fame may be vitalized by their efforts. It is contrary to the purpose of the exhibitionistic instinct to reveal the glories of another. Hence, they would rather have rôles written exclusively for them; they prefer impotent authors and insipid plays, and would rather play in a miserable, obviously inferior ensemble than with artists of equal rank. When critics misinterpret this so easily comprehensible behavior, forever deploring it, the actors merely shrug their shoulders. Other artists, again, are veritable Proteus natures. They immerse themselves into the content of their part and seek with scientific thoroughness to unearth the most secret intention of the poet. They are never the same, always different in mask and rôle, astonishing us ever afresh by their self-effacement in their art. It is preëminently for the sake of such artists that

dramatic art has been called a serviceable art, as if the artist has no independent existence and must first be fructified by the poetry as a woman by a man. He who thus judges the art of the theater reveals that he mistakes the essence of all art, which depends solely upon the nature of the instinct upon which it is built, but is otherwise independent. The playwright merely brings the material with which the actor works. If he is a significant dramatist, the insignificant actor will be overwhelmed by the precious material. If he is a dabbler, a writer of rôles, a fashionable *littérateur*, the actor finds it an easy task to impress his public with his ability. The actor plays with good or bad authors, plays them like Proteus or like an unvarying egotist: he serves only himself and his instinct, never the poet. It is unfair to call an actor, because he is allegedly not independent, an artist of the second rank. There are good artists and bad artists, but the arts have no order of rank whatsoever. All are of the first rank. It must not be forgotten that many actors, like Shakespeare or Molière have produced the most splendid material for themselves, as a skilful juggler carves his own balls with which to play.

Both apparently contradictory forms of dramatic art—Proteus and egotist—are nevertheless functions of the same exhibitionistic instinct which has created the entire art of display. Proteus flees from himself, is always a fundamentally changeable person, apparently desirous of leaving behind not a vestige of himself. He escapes completely into a rôle and is content only when he has exhibited his ego in a total outpouring of himself from one vessel into another. This suppression of the ego to return in another form after it has been driven away bears an extraordinary likeness to the mechanism of the neurosis. Life, art, and neurosis flow without bounds into one another.

*The Poet*

The poet is oral; his material is the word. We are all poets in our dreams; the dream, however, is not oral, it is narcissistic; and only when we talk in our sleep or later tell our dreams of our own accord has the dream found access to the oral portals. The poet is distinguished from other men through the fact that he is able to put our myth into words. Writing in prose is of later date. Originally every poet was a singer, just as our speech had its origin in song. The poet brings to his dream, we may also say to his myth or his hallucination, the rhythm, the time factor, in the form of verse, rhyme, strophe, melody. All artists have rhythm, but poetry and music manifest it most clearly. Rhythm seems to be absent from our dreams of the night. I believe that a dream in verse or even in rhyme is inconceivable, except for isolated structures of this kind which appear as grotesque as talking in one's sleep. The poet's rhythm cannot exist without larynx and other organs of speech. Since it is oral, it perhaps has its deeply unconscious prototype in the primary activity of our singing apparatus, which is rhythmic. We return here to the time problem with the eternal recurrence of the similar, which arises from the primary function, but attains only in the secondary function its measuring, compelling, metronomic power, in which metamorphosed form it can be comprehended and enjoyed.

I am afraid that I have aroused much indignation in tracing back man's noblest achievement, his art, to erogenous zones and partial instincts. We see how in sexual perversions, neuroses, and psychoses the genital harmony of the normal sex life is either

never attained or is shattered to give place to a fixation (regression fixation) upon a pregenital erogenous zone: mouth, anus, eye, surface of the body, motor apparatus (sadism). The results are then oral, anal, scoptophiliac (skoptophilia, Greek for peeping), exhibitionistic, sadistic, types or symptoms. We rebel against placing our artists and ourselves as lovers of art upon this same plane.

The artist genitalizes his zones, that is, he attains a harmony of his own; for all that stirs in our souls he is able to express with the pen, the brush, the chisel, or the flute. He procreates and brings forth what is immortal; he has children which survive him. The artistic spirituality arises through the transference of the reproductive organ from the genitalia to the erogenous zones. The artist is not, like the pervert and the neurotic, poorer than the normal individual, but richer. The normal person puts children of flesh and blood into the world. The supernormal person supplies these children in the form of art, and—we must add—of science, with their spiritual needs. All moral, social values are included in this reckoning. The oral zone of the poet is universal. It can love or hate, express every kind of rapture or fear. Hence *to sublimate means to genitalize the erogenous zone and the partial instinct.*

For this reason there are masculine and feminine forms of art. The masculine pleasure passes through ascent, acme, and steep decline. The feminine pleasure exists without the climax of the orgasm, it is endless and unformed and rejoices in its mere being. A glance at the products of art reveals at once that there are as few purely masculine or purely feminine forms of art as there are one-hundred-percent men and women. Nevertheless, every art form stands nearer either to the masculine or the feminine pleasure. The epic and the novel are not so sharply articulated as the play. The dramatic author manifests his power in clear and rapid exposition, weaving of the plot, climax, and logi-

cal end. Schiller has been called the master of the fifth act, by which is meant the inexorable proceeding of his tragic conflicts to their predetermined conclusion. The plays of dramatists who are lacking in masculinity start off well, but have very weak conclusions. Their plays are frequently too long and leave the audience disappointed and dissatisfied. The same is true of musicians. Beethoven is a virile mind; his symphonies are short and proceed logically to their end. Schubert's symphonies are charming but long and float toward an indeterminate conclusion. Compare, let us say, Beethoven's Septette with Schubert's Octette. Wagner's tonal works are very long—he was the inventor of the "endless melody"—yet he was so great a master that in his principal works he finally commands a most satisfying conclusion. The most masculine masters of all seem to me to be Bach and Mozart.

The epic poet not only may, he must, be broad ("epic breadth"). Dostoievski is famed for his "long breath." He who does not possess this long breath should keep his fingers from the novel. He should write short stories, perhaps with a surprising trick (orgasm) at the end. Homer reveals unarticulated art, apparently formless, but with ever-recurring fascination. The same may be said of Oriental tales and particularly of the Oriental rug. The Mohammedan is not allowed to make the image of anything figurative. His rugs show the eternal repetition of symbolic patterns, but this not so much because he is not permitted to do otherwise, but because he cannot, is not so constituted, and has no desire for anything else. The creative force which produced his religion is the same which has also made his tales and rugs, the chief articles of export of the Orient.

The same law—masculine or feminine—pertains to poetry. The sonnet has fourteen lines, prescribed as to structure of verse, rhyme, and strophe. When we hear the first words we know what to expect rhythmically. Similarly there is a series of lyric

strophes, originating partly from the Hellenic art of poetry, which forces the poet to acknowledge a law. In contrast to this are the unarticulated songs of primitive peoples, who permit their soul, that is, their primary function, to flow forth without hindrance. Wherever in applied psychoanalysis we speak of masculine and feminine we come upon the contrast between primary and secondary. All rules and sequences arise in the secondary and together with the voice of the primary create the form of the particular art. The Oriental tale wearies at length, lulls to sleep. Scheherazade is saved. Her purpose at first was never to stop, for that meant death. But when she had told her tale nightly (the night is feminine, the day masculine) for several years, she had presented the sultan with a number of children, and these saved her life. The patterns of the Oriental rug are, it is true, endlessly the same, but nothing is subjected to stricter rules than the knotting, size and border of a Persian rug. That is its masculine (secondary) precision. The Oriental art of rug making has fallen into a sublime rigidity through a compulsion which is not yet incumbent upon the knotting art of more barbarous peoples, as perhaps the Kurds. Savage and barbarous expression, a more restrained style, fixed mannerism, and finally death in a museum succeed one another.

### *Oral but Universal*

The poet is able with his oral instrument to give outlet to all his instincts and show us the way by which we too can obtain satisfaction. When the nude body of the woman was incomparably more taboo than to-day, the poet created the saga of Lady Godiva. He found the moral framework for creating a legend in an obscene desire. Maeterlinck permits Monna Vanna "clad only in a cloak" to enter the tent of the hostile general. Through her "heroic" deed, however, she saves her fatherland.

The Apocryphal Judith goes still further and reaps immortal fame. Arthur Schnitzler gratifies his and our scoptophilia in his beautiful story *Fräulein Else*. He makes the girl finally commit suicide in order to appease our, and presumably still more his own, moral sense. Lady Godiva, Monna Vanna, Fräulein Else, are examples of one and the same partial instinct. The poets permit these three to overcome their sense of shame. Is it not interesting that they all three are introduced into literature by their honorable titles, as Lady, Monna, and Fräulein? All passions and crimes come to light in Shakespeare's incomprehensibly great life work. He is oral, but because he is so powerfully oral he is everything. God, the Father, was also oral when He said: "Let there be light." Were man not oral, he could not speak. The poet speaks best.

Only the greatest poets are universal. Many cannot entirely efface themselves behind their work; they are in part creatively oral, and in part unproductively oral. They prattle on away from their subject, victims of their narcissism. Anatole France was a great writer, yet he also stands behind his figures and assists them in order that we shall admire him so much more. He packs his novels with erudition and tiresome disputations: too much secondary function. It is as if he would say: "What do you think of me? How much I have read! Although I am no theologian, I know more than the faculty of the Sorbonne." Many authors make it perceptible between their lines: "Are you enchanted, reader? Just wait, the next paragraph is still more beautiful." The great Bernard Shaw also stands behind his figures. He needs long introductions. Yet I must say that I like this writer so much that I read his introductions with rapturous admiration.

*Bernard Shaw and Heinrich Heine*

It has been reported that Freud remarked that not much of Bernard Shaw will remain for posterity because Shaw does not comprehend love. In fact, Shaw has seldom, if ever, understood the perfect cultural woman. His two best plays, *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Saint Joan*, I believe in contradiction to Freud—if Freud actually made the remark—will go down to posterity. They reveal a child woman and a masculine woman, really two unsuspecting, innocent children. To the one incest and love are matters of indifference, contrary to the historical Cleopatra; the other is happy only in male attire. It is interesting that Shaw attained his highest mastership in these two types, which at bottom are only one. Oscar Wilde also reached his highest perfection in his *Salome*, which through Richard Strauss's opera has unfortunately become as good as lost to the speaking stage. The young Syrian and Herod, the Tetrarch, succumb to Salome's charm because they are very special types of man: the young Syrian not yet completely a man, Herod no longer so. The prophet, in his unswerving masculinity—condemned by the poet to asceticism—repulses with harsh words the "daughter of Sodom."

I was compelled to think of Freud's prognosis of Shaw when I stood in the Montmartre cemetery in Paris before the grave of Heinrich Heine. It was covered thickly with fresh flowers and visiting cards lay by them from every district of Germany. The keeper of the cemetery told me that it was like this the year through. People are always coming and laying flowers there. Heine died in 1856, seventy-five years ago, and they still love him because he knew love and sang of it. His songs are not to be compared for greatness and depth with those of Goethe. They are often sentimental in the cheaper sense. Yet whatever

faults the critics of art may find in them, he was and is the spokesman for the German woman. As he sang of woman and loved her: "*Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten*" (I know not what it meaneth)—so do women wish to be loved and hymned. His tears are their tears.

The secondary function is bound to time and passes swifty away. The primary function alone continues after we are gone. It is wholly sentiment and there are times when we find it unendurable. A certain shamelessness belongs to it, to lend it expression. It is just this, however, which causes the poet, the artist, to possess the courage to be shameless that he may bring the unconscious to light.

# CHAPTER XIV

## EINSTEIN AND FREUD

Freud opened a path for us which leads to the id, that is, to the boundaries of the primary function where it comes into contact with consciousness and the secondary function. We would gladly take up the torch where Freud has set it down and carry its light further. In this endeavor we consult other sciences, particularly those which occupy themselves with investigation of the cosmos. We somewhat vaguely feel that our primary function links us with the cosmos. May it be that libido with its metamorphic qualities has something to do with electricity and radiation? Is there a road here to the understanding of the laws of the id?

The mathematicians have continued to hold their heads high among us, and there is little reading more thrilling than that which tells us of their discoveries. Since psychology has become the theory of a life rich in meaning (see p. 52) it has no longer been able to accept as a fact that *homo sapiens* is a machine wholly based upon causality. The mathematical physicists follow and demonstrate with their figures that even the universe can by no means be interpreted as a machine in which logical sequence controls. They find a certain arbitrariness in the phenomena of radiation, which, it is true, square with the laws of probability, but cannot be represented causally in Newton's sense. The universe has not always existed; it was created millions upon millions of years ago. Thus passes also the eternity of the concept of time. Time—incomprehensible as it may sound—had a beginning and will not last forever. The second

thermodynamic principle makes it certain—at least for many leading mathematicians like Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans—that this universe with space, time, and causality must sometime cease to be. The cosmic space in which we live is not infinite; the universe has its limits, and it is never of fixed dimensions, but ever growing, becoming ever larger. The assumption of a creative principle which stands outside the Kantian categories of thought (Plato's Eros) is not to be rejected. The presence of a principle leading to death is as good as proved. Matter seems to consist wholly of radiation and movement; it is filled with a mathematical concept. The primitive idea that the world was created and guided by a living being like ourselves has been long discarded. The concept of a machinery, which was still looked upon in the young Freud's day as the ultimate solution (Haeckel's riddle of the universe), has been dethroned by mathematics and its theory of light.

Life, which can exist only under very limited temperature conditions, may still be regarded as a singular accident bound to the carbon atom; that is, to a nucleus around which whirl exactly six electrons. Neighbors in the series of elements, boron and nitrogen, are distinguished from the carbon atom by the circling of five and seven electrons about a proton (a nucleus) instead of the six in carbon. This one electron constitutes the difference so overwhelming for us between living and lifeless substance. Nature reveals similar capricious tendencies when it joins the magnetism to the iron and its neighbors nickel and cobalt (twenty-six to twenty-eight electrons) and the radioactivity from eighty-three to ninety-two electrons. The chemist sees in the presence of life merely one of the many creative and passing caprices of nature. I take these details from the book *The Mysterious Universe* by Sir James Jeans. Mathematics, says this great scientist, had its origin in man's brain, at first independently and without the application of physics, chemistry,

and astronomy. This theoretical structure seemed at first therefore to be a kind of bauble of this tiny living being which existed upon the fragment of a grain of sand. Through another freak of nature our globe broke loose from the sun. Erratic creation throughout, yet the creation of a monstrous mathematician. What the biological (anthropomorphic) theory and the machine theory have been unable to explain has now become clear through mathematics; everything harmonizes, everything can be explained, if one will surrender oneself to the mathematician's pencil.

It is a magnificent thought for us human beings, since Copernicus tenants for a brief period in the remotest corner of the universe, that our mind in its mathematical ability is like the mind of the creator of the universe, and we can only express the hope that it will long remain so. We who are not mathematicians must take for granted what they say. We consider the face of an Einstein, his quiet smile, as sufficient evidence thereof. They tell us that mathematics explains everything. We of the "comprehending psychology" say, on the contrary: Mathematics explains nothing; it cannot explain anything. It cannot furnish any aid to the understanding of life to say that our life is bound to the six electrons of carbon. The billions of light years do not make us warm. Precisely there where the scientists ought to explain the creative principle at its greatest in the universe and at its smallest in the hydrogen atom, they fail us and refer us to metaphysics and religion. Of what avail is it to us when they tell us how many billions of electrons must be placed one against another to make the length of an inch?

Thus we return after a temporary intoxication from the astronomical tower upon Mount Wilson, California, to our psychoanalytic situation. I cannot imagine a servant of the church being particularly moved by the assertions of the mathematicians that a creator must have created the light. These lords of

science—only yesterday they declared that man is a machine; to-day they tell us that we must accept a creator; what will they say to-morrow? He who draws his convictions from religious sources need not trouble himself about scientific fashions. The youthful science of psychoanalysis need concern itself just as little as the priest over the ancient mathematical physics, recently so marvelously rejuvenated. It is true that there are remarkable instances of agreement between the body-mind problem and the modern theories of matter and radiation. These congruities, however, lead to no deeper comprehension of the bio-psychological riddle. Still more remarkable is the agreement between the universe and Freud's id. We have indeed seen, or tried to see, that time, space, and causality do not exist in the id (in the primary function); that they play a strikingly small part even in the magic thinking of primitive peoples. Mathematics, to be sure, seems to be the weak point in the id. The latter knows nothing of even and odd; it is a matter of indifference whether two times two equal four or five. Children and primitives still manifest a goodly portion of this intellectual weakness. Since of all conceptual forms mathematics is the most compulsive, and even the incalculable caprice (Planck's constant $h$) is imperative with its reckoning of probability, we must regard it—the noblest product of the compulsive mechanisms—as belonging to the secondary function. Freud considers the secondary function as the shell with which the id protects itself in order to grasp the external world and defend itself from it. I, with little talent for mathematics, find in myself no constraining necessity to grasp or to defend myself against the nebula of Coma Berenices, which is fifty million light years distant from us. Hence what time and relativity may be mathematically I must leave for others to discover. Einstein teaches that the ceaselessly forward-flowing course of time as such cannot be demonstrated. It may just as well flow backward. The

*post hoc* is for the theory of relativity an illusion. Freud has expressed the opinion that time is a device for protection by means of delay. In order not to be overwhelmed by impressions we arrange them in a temporal sequence. We frequently observe in dreams and neurotic symptoms the reverse of time. The dream of Maury (given by Freud) is well known. He dreamed of the Reign of Terror at the time of the revolution, participated in gruesome scenes of carnage, and was finally summoned to the court of justice. There he saw Robespierre, Marat, Fouquier-Tinville and all the heroes of that epoch, rendered to them an account of himself, after all kinds of episodes was condemned, and then, accompanied by a vast multitude, was led to the place of execution. He mounts the scaffold, the headsman fastens him to the board; it is pushed into place; the blade falls; he feels his head severed from his body, wakes in horrible fear—and finds that the head of the bed has fallen down and struck his neck, actually like the ax of the guillotine. Time in this dream passes in reverse order as (in the cinema) the spokes of swiftly revolving wheels. We observe a similar reversal of time in the interpretation of compulsive-neurotic symptoms. We need dip but a little way into the system of the unconscious to find logical concepts in confusion. Freud's (Nietzsche's) crime from a sense of guilt gives us an intimation of this inverted dialectic. The inversion of the idea of time, the reversal of cause and effect, are, however, the lesser achievement, if the complete annulment of time is taken into consideration, the natural state in the primary function. As in mathematical physics so also in the id nothing is left but the undulation with its everlasting hither and thither, the eternal recurrence of the similar. Psychoanalysis sees in the libido the creative, constructive energy and has described it in its psychological configurations. Mathematical physics cannot for the present make use of this energy. It is not yet measurable, although within a conceivable space of time a

man's personality can perhaps be given in percentage of libido: such a percent of narcissism, so much homosexuality, so much heterosexuality, sadism, and so on. Our terminology which speaks of a libido cathexis presupposes a vehicle which permits itself to be invested with libido: objects which correspond to the concept of the ether, which has been discarded by modern physics. Were also our psychic event pure radiation of libido, like the light radiation of the universe, there would be here a fresh temptation to monism.

### *Our Hurt Narcissism*

A comparison between psychoanalysis and astronomy seems to me on the whole fruitless. We are not—for the time being—useful to the mathematicians nor they to us. Excessive interest in the laws of the firmament and the starry heavens is as worthy of suspicion to psychoanalysts as any other exaggerated interest. I have in a previous chapter spoken of a patient of mine (see p. 302) whose life had been more or less of a failure because of obsessional disorders, and who asserted rapturously of Einstein that his theories made her "so free." Einstein has shaken, in part destroyed, theories which have been firmly held since Newton, yes, since Euclid. He is the giant who slays the dragon of the compulsive neurotic, "Thou must" and "It is so"; he is worthy of reverence. His precision and mathematical power of demonstration the multitude are unable to judge. Yet he is the great effectual doubter among the ineffectual ones, the neurotics.

It is evidence of Einstein's wisdom that in his address to the American nation he declared a more just distribution of goods to be the chief problem of the time. He also encouraged pacifism. He knows that the throngs which surge about him have totally other concerns than to fathom the secrets of the uni-

verse, and even by reason of these insoluble concerns—as they seem to them—seize greedily every opportunity to turn their attention from them. Psychoanalysis calls this counter-cathexis. Instead of reveling in mathematical display it would be to better advantage to consider another principal feature of our era. It becomes ever more intolerable to the social conscience that so many people suffer want. Mathematical physics gives us an illusory sense of freedom. Modern technique affords us no less such a feeling of freedom when it overcomes the resistance of space. Science and technique should now go one step further and bring it about that we all shall be able to pay for these achievements, at least become more certain of our daily bread even if it is not yet possible for all of us to fly, swim, telephone across the ocean. That the distribution of goods is so intolerably unjust and cruel, goes back—psychoanalytically regarded—to the sadism of one and the masochism of another. Our narcissism has created the ego; now the ego will accomplish its ends against the greed of one and the pleasurably toned submission of the other. Without masochism civilization is almost unthinkable. Yet it must not go so far that we accept hunger and wretchedness as permanent institutions.

Every age manifests its characteristic form and intensity of narcissism. The libido of primitive man knows as yet no ego in our sense. The savage too suffers when he is hungry, but his suffering is not intensified by the narcissistic thought: this ought not to be, it is contrary to a man's dignity and a man's right. This thought is so strong to-day that it affects even those whose existence is secure. To be safely provided for becomes more and more a matter of embarrassment, because so many insecure people surround the few who are secure. Psychoanalysis naturally does not know whether and how insecure existences can be changed into the secure. It knows, however, what happens to the libido invested as narcissism in the ego if it does not find satis-

faction. Psychoanalysis has acquired this knowledge in pathological cases, in forms and grades of narcissism which no conceivable society is able to satisfy. Here, however, we are speaking of normal narcissism; namely, that quantity of libido which is necessary for producing and maintaining the cultural sense of the ego. If it is hurt, the harmony of the ego is shattered and appears in the form of partial instincts, most evident of which are sadism and masochism. We cannot love our wives, our brothers, our children, our profession, our art, if we are forced upon narcissistic grounds to be seriously concerned about our ego. Far from loving our enemies, we hate our friends, our dear ones, and ourselves. We hear on all sides that the World War has changed us very much. I do not believe it. The World War was but one form of the destructive instinct, the general rage which is hidden in us always waiting for the occasion to burst forth. We did not become more brutal through the World War than we were before, but the brutality mounted higher and higher in the nineteenth century through social conditions. The World War indicated as in a thermometer the destructive instinct and its power in the years 1914-1918. The brutality is increasing still further and will again convince us of its fearful might. It will be said then, what is indeed being predicted even to-day, that the World War was only an insignificant prelude.

We talk altogether too much of war and overestimate its importance as a destructive element. A Prussian general once said: "War is merely the carrying on of politics with other means." He might have said: Peace is only the carrying on of murder with other means. In the last fifty years, hundreds of thousands have perished through cod fishing alone. War is a partial phenomenon in social activity, and with all its cruelty it is more impartial than common hunger. Shells made no fundamental distinction between aristocrats and proletarians. Moreover, war is the exception; murderous peace is the rule. The laborer on the

average lives to be not more than forty years old; tuberculosis, insufficient nourishment, anxiety, occupational diseases, cut him off. Statisticians have computed that the economic struggle of the last century in Europe devoured thirty-six billion years of human life (according to Nicolai: *Biology of the War*). There we have "astronomical" figures upon earth, and what are a few millions killed in the war in comparison to these?

If now all this cruelty and helplessness embitter the narcissism of millions upon millions of human beings, we may gain some insight as to how much sadism and masochism are present and to what degree they might be banished if science should succeed in reaching the state where all could satisfy their hunger equally.

Man's genius has sought at different times and in a variety of ways to master his imperfection and his fear. In antiquity, man strove to conquer death through the narcissistic idea of the immortality of the soul and belief in eternity. In the teachings of Moses and the other great founders of religion, thought conjured up supersensuous powers. At other periods, thought embodied the divine in glorious works of art. Our own times are different. The ecstasy of Christianity and the fervor of Islam have been dispelled. The Renaissance, that dream of the Greek heaven, is nearer to us. Goethe, the last exponent of the Renaissance, lived on almost into our own time; and yet those days are already distant, that dream has been dreamed. But still do we serve the undying idea; we serve it to-day in the form of science and technical progress. The Christian won freedom through faith, the artist through creative power; the man of science wins freedom through certainty. For certainty is freedom. A scientific demonstration is certainty; the scientific method is security. In modern days there is a general striving towards certainty and security. When we travel to-day, it is not only with greater speed than of old, but with incom-

parably greater technical safety. We know to a pound the breaking strain of our bridges; we know that our boilers will not burst, that our trains will not collide, that our fields will not be submerged by floods. In so far as these dangers still threaten, armies of experts are at work, so that day by day we have more safety, so that day by day we are more adequately freed from imperfection. Preventive medicine has made such advances that many diseases which were a terror in earlier times are now practically unknown to civilized humanity. Safety and security have been almost universally achieved, except in one domain, where achievement would seem especially simple. Here individuals strive with all their might to attain security, but the individual rarely has the luck to achieve his economic aim, to make his life economically secure. Society does not help him. Yet it is quite in keeping with the spirit of our scientific age that experts should guard each one of us from need. I have heard it said that the problem is already solved technically but that the social technicians meet with political resistances. Psychoanalysis cannot judge political resistances. It views even in social phenomena only the instinctual conflicts at work.

There lived in Vienna up to the year 1921 Josef Popper (Popper-Lynkeus), an engineer and mathematician who for fifty years—he was eighty-four when he died—advocated the opinion that the social problem was one of the stomach, to be solved only in each individual and not in the collective sense of socialism. He believed that just as the church stands behind each of her sons at his baptism, marriage, death, so should society stand behind every individual to insure him against need. He wanted to have this accomplished by means of a national labor army in which every man and woman had to serve a certain number of years, a plan which should produce and make secure the absolute essentials of life to which every

one is entitled, food, clothing, shelter.* He said that Jesus Christ had discovered the religious individual, Rousseau the political, Kant the moral. The physical individual with his bodily need had not yet been recognized, although this was the antecedent condition of all the others. If I wished to translate into our psychoanalytic language this division into the various aspects of the ego conception, I should say: The religious individual corresponds to a Christian ego ideal, the political to a democratic, the moral to an ethical ego ideal. The physical ego must first win for itself its ego ideal. Those who have grown up in other ideals do not yet dare to pay respect to the ideal of satisfaction of need and security, to the approval of their super-ego. And yet we are on the road thither. It is the ideal of an engineer and mathematician. This man believed that in practical problems the secondary function alone must be permitted to control. The primary function is able only to produce confusion in practical matters.

### *Sadism and Masochism in Civilization*

The masochism of the masses, their willing submission to any father principle, their irresistible mania for dictatorship, for whatever possible brutal leadership, is of all instincts the most astonishing. True, there is no one so miserable that he has not felt, at least in certain sacred hours of his life, that he was born "for something higher." We feel ourselves surrounded by supernatural forces, they work within us and without us, and it is happiness—masochistic happiness—to yield ourselves to them. I am very much afraid that this noble feeling has been repeatedly misused in the history of the world. Under the clever utilization of this universally extended masochism the absurd notion is current that need gives the impetus to civilization;

* See my book: *An End to Poverty*, Allen & Unwin, London, 1925.

that all endeavor to advance, the ideal aim of humanity, would be abandoned if we were to put an end to poverty. The conventional dogma is that the mere attempt to safeguard all members of society against poverty is an attempt to destroy civilization. The implication is that the secure are to-day freed, not only from poverty and care but likewise from the obligation to work for the progress of civilization, inasmuch as by good fortune there is a sufficiently large majority of the insecure. Otherwise, of course, the secure would not be able to sleep sound for fear lest the progress of civilization should be arrested! When some successful speculator, some great profiteer, risen from the ranks where in youth he was one of those who work at helping on the movement of civilization, has now become able to give himself up to all the grosser pleasures of life, he has indeed been freed from the yoke which presses upon common mortals. But a Spinoza had to grind lenses, a Rousseau to work as an engraver. The same sort of thing still goes on, and civilization will be wrecked if we try to alter it. Especially credulous are the young folk, for their fine idealism readily makes them fancy that their poverty is divine, and that it is helpful to the cause of humanity. When we see the terrible struggles for bare subsistence in which thousands of highly gifted persons have to engage, and when we fancy them enabled to devote their talents to the service of civilization, we shall not be readily inclined to admit that poverty is a civilizing force. Many have succumbed to these hardships; not one wins through without being weakened. Hundreds of volumes could be filled with an account of the miseries, the arduous labors, thanks to which it has been impossible for many of the greatest among us to fulfill their divine mission. We are told that diligence, talent, and genius invariably make good. Look at the saying squarely, and you will see that it is sophistry.

*Masochism and Christianity*

The psalmist sings: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of our strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow." Yet there remains a distinction between a statesman who of his own free will actuated by an inner impulse sets his heart upon making his country great and amid incredible fatigues and dangers devotes his life to the task or a well-to-do poet like Goethe who makes his way along the arduous road towards perfection, and a professional bookkeeper who in trouble and toil goes on writing and adding up figures day after day until he drops off his stool from old age or a grocer's assistant who has tied up hundreds of thousands of parcels. Here is a distinction which must be underlined again and again. Who will dare to deny that the work of an aging postman, a coal heaver, a sewer man, a bookkeeper, is toilsome in the extreme; that it may be a lifelong tragedy; that into such a life there enters nothing that is precious—or at most a few fleeting moments of delight in contrast with which the treadmill of the daily round may seem so much the grayer?

Who will dare to deny this? The believing Christian will deny it, and will be justified in his denial. In his view, those who bend to-day beneath the painful burden of the cross have a glorious destiny awaiting them in the world to come. ("Pie, in the sky, by and by!") Heaven can be earned in no other way than by trouble and toil. Our earthly lot is evil, and we have therefore comforted ourselves with the fable of a paradise hereafter. From Galilee come the utterances: "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now: for ye shall laugh." Once these mighty aphorisms had been launched

into the world, it could not go hard enough with true Christians in this vale of tears. A logical deduction from such propositions was that those who believed them should hate life, should flee into the wilderness, should seek to be crucified or burned or impaled. Since few, however, are born to wear the martyr's crown, those who were not thus privileged had to be content with the daily crosses of dirt and sickness and hunger. If it went ill with them under this dispensation, then they must even try to fare worse, and thus make sure of entering the kingdom of heaven.

Heaven is beautiful to contemplate, and the theory of posthumous reward has an additional advantage for true believers. This doctrine makes it plain to the meanest understanding why it is that on earth, despite God's love, the good things are so unfairly distributed. It also tells us why, on principle, we must be careful not to strive for earthly betterment. Those who take too much thought for things temporal will forfeit their hope of things eternal. This is true on one condition, that we believe it! Our own age has grown cold in the faith. Renunciation has lost its religious sanction, and yet for many of us it still seems bred in the bone and will not out of the flesh. It is little practised in the world of the great and the successful. But those who dwell in that privileged world delight in preaching it to the masses. "Common people need religion." Where could the sadists find a philosophy better fitted to cut the claws and draw the teeth of any victims inclined to resist being plundered?

This crazy star gazing, practised for many centuries by the inhabitants of Europe, has enfeebled their intelligence and, to an even greater degree, undermined their sense of social solidarity. Armies of black-cowled soldiers tramped all over this quarter of the world, preaching piety, and scaring their congregations with threats of hell when hopes of paradise were insufficient inducement. Everything that could fortify their doctrine

was pressed into the service. Nothing was too stupid to be believed, and for every absurdity the men of learning were ready to provide philosophical justification. Our father's sexual procreative act was a deadly sin, for which we, their children, had to atone by suffering throughout our earthly pilgrimage.

### *Masochism in Indian Philosophy*

The most sublime and at the same time the most fearful product of masochism is Indian philosophy. It teaches that all human pursuit of happiness is vain and serves merely to increase sorrow. There is no heaven, only a hell; and hell is the earth in which we live. It is an error to suppose that we can win happiness by satisfying our needs. With satisfaction new needs arise, to be felt just as keenly as the old ones. People must be taught to have no wants, must learn that they can be free from care when they can still their desires, when they want Nothing. They must cultivate indifference; must neither love nor hate; must know neither joy nor sorrow. Saints of this order are revered on the banks of the Ganges. They sit on their hams, motionless by the wayside, and the passers-by put berries into their mouths. These holy men feel nothing if you prick them. The legend runs that they can be buried and then dug up again unharmed. They have attained perfection after their kind. They neither fear death nor long for it, and would not move a finger to ward death off or to hasten its coming. Will is dead within them; they are no longer of one flesh with other mortals, though they still breathe and though they open their eyes now and again.

The Greek philosophers said: "The secret of happiness is to have as few wants as possible." Diogenes enjoyed sitting in the sunshine in front of his tub. But the Indian sages taught that there was no such thing as happiness, no such thing as enjoy-

ment. "The best that man can hope to do is to guard himself against unbearable suffering by entering into the trance in which he becomes a living corpse." Schopenhauer renewed these teachings for us. His own domestic life was carefully ordered, and he had a keen eye to his property. The famous portrait of the philosopher made in old age exhibits the lineaments of a hard-hearted and embittered man of genius, with a contempt for human life and human destiny. To his philosophy, expounded in marvelous diction and disclosing a wonderful vision, the trivial but characteristic objection has again and again been made: "Why did Herr Schopenhauer eat such an excellent dinner, day after day for years, at the Swan Hotel in Frankfort? He did not live on berries!"

There are other ethical philosophies which demand a less strenuous renunciation, or do not demand renunciation at all, and nevertheless lead their adepts to a high level of excellence. The teachings of Confucius may be instanced. Perhaps, however, the wisdom of Hindustan is profounder than that of Confucius, and profounder than that of the Galilean. It may well be true that there is no other means of avoiding grief and pain than to set one's heart upon Nothing. If so, let us esteem and envy the man who finds this way out. He is indeed master over earthly need, master over all the dangers that confront us in the Valley of the Shadow; he has attained perfection and is one apart. But what of the multitude, who hunger and would fain eat, to whom the Indian system of renunciation seems unnatural? What of those who are entangled in error? What of those who wish to safeguard themselves against the evils of poverty and wretchedness? To such poor devils the Indian sage can only preach a doctrine they do not understand. It might be more helpful if the sage had a tender heart. But he has made his heart callous lest he should suffer at sight of others' suffering, as Prince Siddartha (in later days, the Buddha) suffered

when he first witnessed human pain. Indian wisdom too is rooted in compassion, but masochism has led this wisdom into depths where the heart no longer beats.

We cannot stay in those depths when our brother's need cries to heaven. We cannot let him go hungry until he becomes as profound a thinker as the philosopher who dined so heartily every day at the Swan Hotel in Frankfort; nor can we be content to convert him until his faith in heaven is revived and he is once more willing to regard this hell upon earth as a desirable preparation for the joys of paradise. The beggars of Jerusalem and Benares could be helped to bear poverty by the power of supersensuous ideas, for there was no other way. They lacked our science, our technical acquirements, our social possibilities. Renunciation was their inevitable fate. The view that justice does, after all, prevail, since there will be compensation for earthly suffering in heaven, and the view that this world is so evil that the only remedy is to deaden the will—are but the offspring of uttermost poverty and were appropriate to the material and social helplessness of the ancient East. Misery became so intense that an explosion occurred, and lo, the radiant figure of Jesus, the Son of God, was seen on earth. Unwilling though we may be to believe in miracles, the consequences of this particular miracle, this explosion, influence our conduct down to this very day. Christian Science asserts suffering to be only an illusion. But poverty is a dread semblance. Even if it be possible, in great measure, to rise superior to one's own poverty, in virtue of philosophy or of ardent faith, how can these console us for another's poverty? A philosophical attitude towards poverty and suffering, an endeavor to explain them away on metaphysical grounds, is challengeable. It betokens a mere subterfuge, an excuse for callous indifference. "Do you not know," cries one, "that out of a hundred thousand apple blossoms only a few fructify, and that we only get the choice fruit because the thou-

sands of blossoms have perished?" This is a base hurt to my narcissism, conceived by the sadist, believed by the masochist. Others compare the individual to a wheel in a machine. We will not admit the machinery of the state to be a Moloch for whose sake we would have to give up our narcissism completely. We see our professors of public law divided into individualists and universalists. One of the universalists in Vienna, Othmar Spann, exclaims: "The whole [hence "universalist"] is the nurse of the individual!" The nurse has often been very cruel to the nursling, but the latter, for lack of understanding, never realized how formidable were the attributes of the nurse. The slaves believed Aristotle, who told them they were "natural slaves"; the Papuan believed that his victorious enemy had a right to eat him; the Indian widow believed the Brahman who told her it was her duty to allow herself to be burned on her husband's funeral pyre. In like manner do so many worthy soldiers believe that duty calls them to be shot down, and others believe that they must drudge out their lives. The nurse is a Moloch; she devours her own children.

But only little children need a nurse. The infant has grown up, has become a giant. Woe to the nurse that will not allow him his rights. The individual is not, as it were, a blossom on a tree, a tone in a harmony, a mere crank in a complicated engine. These comparisons made by the universalists are inapt and inadmissible. The individual is unique, and the individual human being cannot properly be compared with any of the before-mentioned parts of a whole. Does an apple blossom feel pain? Does a tone suffer from fear of death? Does a lever in a machine shed tears?

All these comparisons, especially that with the machine, which have sounded so convincing from Descartes to Haeckel, have indeed been recognized even by the mathematicians of the universe as incorrect. They are not even valid for a heavenly body,

which, apparently lifeless, pursues its course in obedience to definite laws. And are they to stand firm against the narcissism of civilized man? The driving forces in the universe are not cause and effect, but an idea. This idea is recognized mathematically by astronomy, psychologically by psychoanalysis. The narcissistic component of this idea demands to-day security of existence for every one.

The community existed before the individual; the individual developed out of the community, and the growth of the individual proceeds on an equal footing with the growth of civilization. Now that these facts have been recognized, it is easy to understand why the civilized consciousness is continually demanding and fighting in behalf of new rights for the individual. Individual rights grow as the civilized consciousness grows.

In ancient days when slaves regarded their lot as inevitable and had no feeling that it was unjust, slavery was ethically justified. The free man of classical antiquity was honestly convinced that society could not exist without slavery. The dominant white caste in the southern states of the American Union made the same answer to Abraham Lincoln as recently as the middle decades of the nineteenth century. The state (so runs the contention) can only exist in virtue of the sacrifices it imposes on the individual.

But the first slave revolt betokened a moral awakening, the birth of an individual consciousness, the development of a sense of unjust treatment. Spartacus, though defeated, was victorious in that he initiated the movement for the liberation of slaves. From the days of the first slave revolt, the idea of slavery had become unethical; and though the institution was to persist for ages, it was henceforward to be a perpetual thorn in the social conscience. "The mills of God grind slowly," but moral ideas win to mastery at last.

According to the theory and practice of mediæval jurisprudence, it was incumbent on the state to torture individuals, break them on the wheel, burn them at the stake. On the continent, the last witch burning took place at Glarus in the year 1782. In the British Isles, burning for witchcraft was discontinued somewhat earlier, the last witch burning having occurred at Dornoch in 1709; but at a much later date it was considered "more decent" to burn than to hang women convicted of certain offenses, such as murder of husband, murder of master or mistress, or coining. A woman was burned in England as late as 1789, but, the public conscience being less robust than of yore, she was strangled before the faggots were kindled. The punishment of burning was abolished in the following year. An execution by breaking on the wheel took place on the continent as recently as 1838. In most countries capital punishment persists, and everywhere the most drastic rights over the individual are exercised in the sacred name of the state.

Individual right is persistently in conflict with the state, and with alleged necessities of the state. The individual man, weak in his isolation, fights the colossus of the privileged state. Today the individual comes to his cruel nurse and claims absolute security from being murdered.

Under no pretext whatever must the community demand of the individual that, against his own will, and in full persuasion of his own innocence, he allow himself to be murdered. This is an elementary right, part of the living consciousness of all unhypnotized, civilized human beings. Military magnates assure us that the community cannot exist unless individuals are "willing to sacrifice themselves" for the good of the community. We are familiar with the contention, which, once more, implies that there is an insoluble contradiction between the idea of the individual and the idea of the state. We are not frightened by this specter.

The individual demands something more than security from murder. He demands that his daily life shall be made secure. As far as the technical side of the question is concerned, he has expert warrant for the conviction that this is already soluble, that by wisely ordered joint effort human beings can provide adequately for all their primary needs. That is enough to make the individual insist upon the requisite minimum of security. Only a professor of the "universalist" school can doubt that the individual, in his irresistible advance, will ere long gain this new victory.

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