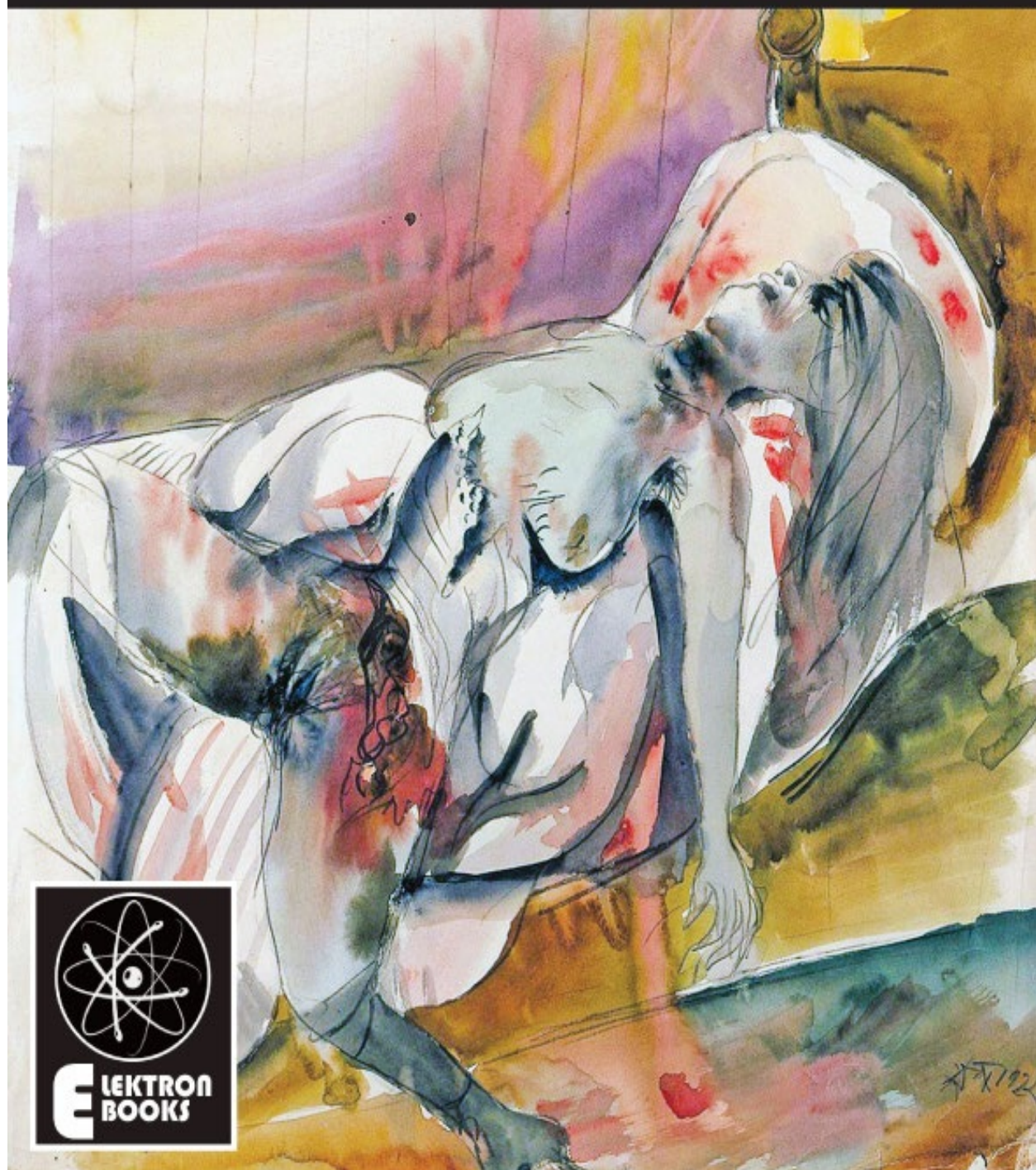


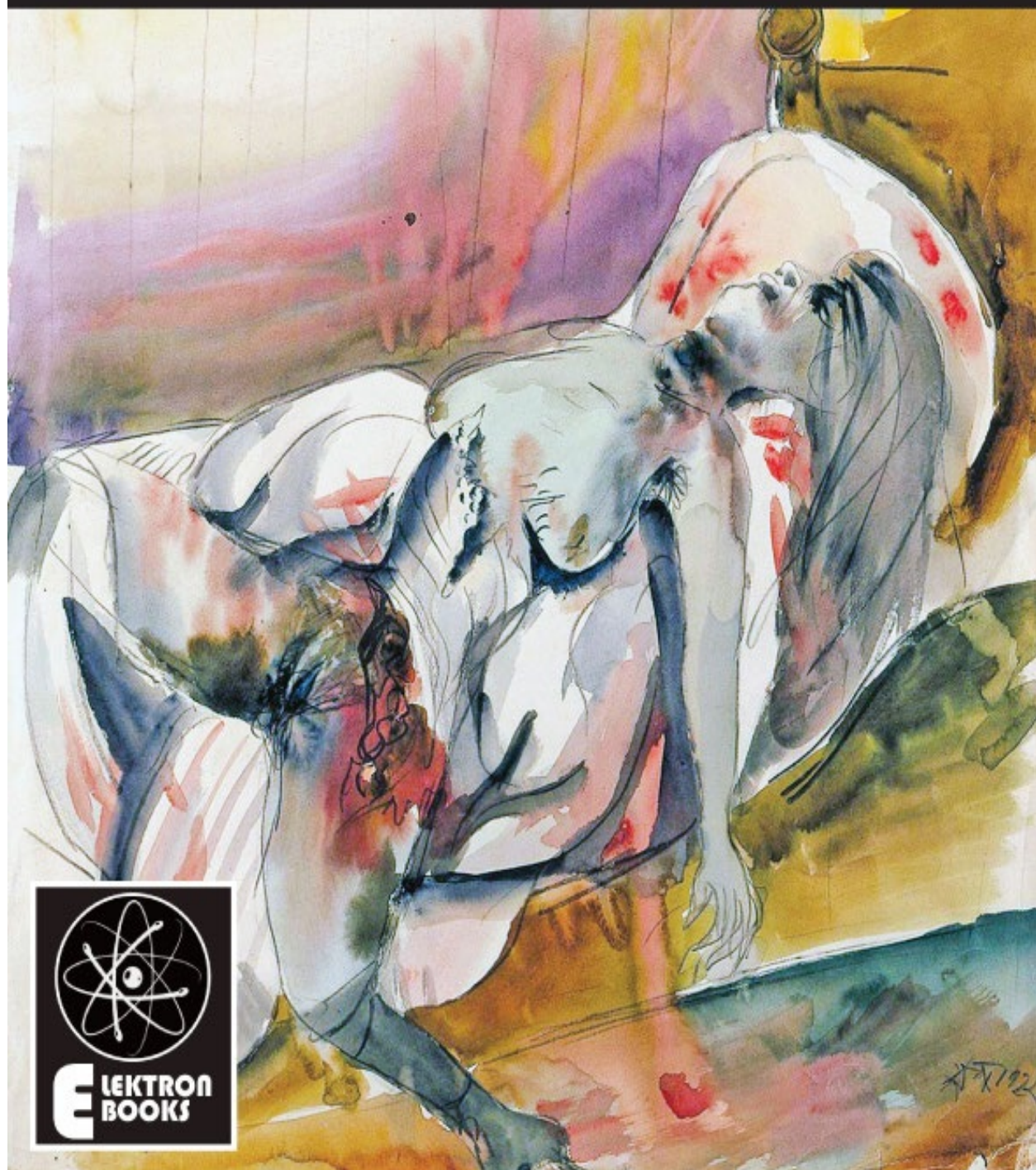
SADISM AND MASOCHISM

64 CASE HISTORIES BY WILHELM STEKEL



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credits

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BY WILHELM STEKEL

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AN EBOOK

ISBN 978-1-909923-20-1

PUBLISHED BY ELEKTRON EBOOKS

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FOREWORD

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HATRED AND CRUELTY

“Those who go beneath the surface do so at their own peril.”

–OSCAR WILDE

What are we to understand by sadism and masochism, the two hate parapaties, the presentation of which forms the content of this book?

In every case of a parapaty I have been able to prove the sadistic component, that is, hatred, as also a driving motive, as well as the transformation of this hatred into a consciousness of guilt, suffering as self-punishment. I refer to the Christ parapaty, just to mention one example, in which the suffering of the parapaty was shown to be an overcompensation for an original sadistic attitude. (What sort of strong hatred must a prophet have had at the beginning to have founded at last a religion of love for mankind!) But there is a difference between sadomasochistic traits in a disease picture and the domination of the same through the complex mentioned. In so far as the parapaties represent regressions into the infantile, they must naturally possess also the sadistic trends which are in general characteristic of childhood.

Sadism and masochism are not peculiar paraphilias: they are only a definite form of psychosexual infantilism. They have very much in common with those special fictions which I have described as fetishism, and they lead logically to obsessive

paraphy, which represents the exquisite type of a hate paraphy. To be sure, in obsessive paraphy the original sadism and also its reaction formation, masochism, are so overgrown with parathic symptoms that only through analysis can the action of hatred and of conscience behind the strange manifestations be demonstrated.

We shall therefore scarcely find an uncomplicated case of sadism or masochism. We must be prepared to discover various parts of the psychosexual infantilism, sometimes almost the entire program: homosexuality, anal and urinary sexuality, narcissism, zoöphilia, and so on.

Analytic experience shows that the true cases of sadomasochism are in so far like fetishism that the end result represents a flight from normal sexual relationship.

If sexual intercourse takes place at the end of the sadomasochistic procedure, it is indeed an exception. There are intermediate stages and transition states, as we were able to confirm in fetishism, too. But in all cases a plainly ascetic tendency could be proved, which permitted as the only exception intercourse with prostitutes, but excluded the respectable woman from the system of reality, while fantasy played freely about her.

I understand therefore under sadism a paraphilia in which the will to power is sexually accentuated. Masochism is the paraphilia in which the will to submission is sexually accentuated. Both paraphilias are the expression of a sexual infantilism and serve for the escape from normal sexual relationships and the masking of ascetic tendencies.

In analyzing the various cases, one always comes back to the realization that the chief thing in the fantasy is the overcoming of an internal resistance. The sadist

pictures to himself what is happening in the mind of his object, whose resistance he calls forth and breaks. Only this feeling of himself into the affective life of the object brings him the expected pleasure. But this object is merely a reflection of his different psychic and sexual components, and the scene represents a play with himself. A similar thing occurs with the masochist, who projects outwardly an inner constellation, undergoes a splitting of his personality, and is in a state to experience sadistic and masochistic feelings at the same time.

An erroneous conception of the sadomasochistic complex makes pain the central factor for consideration and occupies itself with the phenomenon of gratification derived from pain. The expression *algolagnia*, coined by Schrenck-Notzing, accords with this idea. We have ascertained, however, that the decisive thing in the phenomenon of sadomasochism is the affect, which is fed from two sources: in the sadist, from his own sense of power in overcoming the resistance of another and from his feeling himself into the humiliation of his partner; in the masochist, from the overcoming of his own resistances (power over himself!) and the feeling of himself into the partner who humbles him, in which we were able to show that we have to do not with separate events, but with polar expressions of a single complex.

Many authors see in sadomasochism only a quantitative heightening of the normal sexual impulse, whereby sadism corresponds to the masculine, masochism to the feminine component of the sexual instinct. But it will not do simply to compare with each other the ideas masculine-sadistic and feminine-masochistic, although this point of view apparently gains support through many manifestations of the sexual life.

The problem will have to be solved through a large number of analytic investigations of relevant cases. It will thus be shown that the problem of bisexuality bears a large part in the psychogenesis of sadomasochism, not, to be sure, in so simple a sense as the older authors believed. If "masculine" were identical with "aggressive", all individuals with strong amounts of M, to use Weininger's expression, would necessarily be sadistically oriented, while the

preponderance of F would lead to masochism. This in no way agrees with the facts. The sadistic disposition is found in women and in men and is in no way connected with the accentuation of one component of the sexual impulse.

It is characteristic that sadists and masochists are very sensitive to pains if they occur without affect; that is, if they lie beyond the zone of their sexual life. All sadomasochists are affect-hungry individuals. They are in constant need of an affective spectacle. It is solely to be proved how and why they have come precisely to the specific affect. We shall see from many examples that it concerns a definite repressed affect, a specific attitude of hate toward a person of the environment. The hatred then turns itself against substitute objects or against one's own person. It is, however, withdrawn from its original object. On this account the descriptive portrayal of sadomasochists, as we know it from innumerable clinical histories, will never lead to investigation of the problem.

I: THE DEFINITION OF SADISM AND MASOCHISM

CASE NUMBER 1

The son of parents well in business, of high intellectual standing, exactly thirty-three years old, a lawyer. Constitution of forebears: tendency to nervous and metabolic diseases, but no tuberculosis, alcoholism, nor sexual diseases.

My Dear Doctor,

During my recent stay in Vienna, I promised to send you a brief account of my life, of which the following contributions regarding the conduct of my sexual life may perhaps be of some value in your special studies of sadism and masochism.

My sexual life up to the present time reveals greater abnormalities than that of normal, average persons.

The chief peculiarity of my entire disposition and character may be seen in the fact that I am much more a man of reflection than of action. Consequently I have a relatively great tendency to mental activity, philosophical meditation, music, and the like; on the other hand, in spite of good success in my course of study thus far and in a legal profession, which I must admit appeals to me very little inwardly, I believe that I possess little talent for practical accomplishment in life (socially or professionally) and for making effective in a useful and skillful manner whatever talents and inclinations of a scientific and artistic nature may be present in me.

This entire condition, which in part may be due to a certain traditional

sluggishness and passivity in my family, has stamped my sexual life up to this point. To pave the way for a prosperous erotic course of life, which up till today has not been achieved, I needed a woman certainly for marriage or at least for a long-continuing relationship, one who would have to be not only erotic, but also my leader in other fields; my constitution is permeated with many feminine and passive traits.

Great interest in erotism and theoretical occupation with women (reading of this sort, theatre, instinct for collecting erotic news of the day, and the like) on the one hand was associated on the other with marked lack of skill in paying suit, shyness, and even a certain seclusiveness, coldness and indifference, if at any time practical events, for example, social relationship with women, now for some time rather more successfully carried on, forced me to take an erotic position.

A physician would perhaps diagnose my entire disposition as a typical symptom complex of a constitutionally depressive, neuropathic nature with hypochondriac and in part hysterical features. I suffered very often especially in earlier days depression of spirits in consequence of my sexual maladjustment. The considerable hereditary nervous weakness – particularly also disturbances of the vasomotor nerves – presumably in association with disturbances of internal secretion and general metabolism, resistances in the vascular system (slight degree of weakness of the cardiac muscles?), caused rapid fatigue with any great physical or mental effort, attacks of dizziness with change in atmospheric pressure (with a moist wind), and exhausting painful states often even with a single onanistic act.

I was an only child, carefully brought up but not pampered; I grew up always with the family, living still today with my parents; and, which I very much regret, in my youthful days I had no social contact with any woman where the erotic might have entered, to say nothing of an intimate erotic relationship. Late, also (when a student) relations with women moved in various ways but only upon entirely social paths (uninteresting society balls, and the like).

I am of the opinion that individuals who have an incredibly stubborn psychopathic tendency to solitude, retirement, shyness with women, and so on, from a certain age on, ought to be driven straight toward women, so that at least to a certain extent that unfortunate hermit disposition should be counteracted.

The following is worthy of mention in regard to the development of sexual ideas and impulses in my person: The earliest forerunners of sexual ideas, so far as I can remember, appeared in the first years of elementary school (six to eight years of age) when schoolmates were struck by the teacher upon the buttocks with a rattan cane.

The preparations for punishment, the faces of the teacher and boy concerned, the latter's plump behind the whistling and smacking of the stick, and the cries of the chastised boy, left in the sensitive mind of a child witnessing this – a suitable psychic disposition presupposed, of course – an enduring impression, still inexplicable in its satisfaction. I remember clearly even now that once when a woman teacher took charge as an assistant, I waited with a certain curious and almost impatiently agreeable tension to know if she, too, would flog the boy with the cane, which, however, did not happen.

It is also still clear in my memory how I performed masturbation directly before the eyes of the unsuspecting professor of religion by quietly pressing the thighs together, that I might obtain fresh power for work and repose through release of nervous tension. The occasion was at the examination upon passing from the elementary school into the gymnasium (ten years of age), when the subject was the well-known one from the New Testament, the stilling of the tempest; in this class in religious instruction, the difficulties which a boy would have in presenting the theme with appropriate style and beauty and the fear of not being ready with the work when the tasks were collected occasioned a momentary compulsive feeling, which led to the masturbation. I continued the same practice for some years while preparing school tasks (writing of examinations). The custom of a mathematics professor of calling the pupils' attention to the

approaching end of the period for the work by rattling his keys shortly before collecting the papers, had the effect with me, just as soon as I feared I would not be ready, of a regular release of tension through self-stimulation.

Conscious sensations of pleasure began from about the eleventh year; from this time on, also, masturbation was practiced relatively vigorously. It was carried out with flagellation ideas of the chastisement of boys, in which the fantasy was occupied only with good-looking children of good families, who must by all means wear sailor suits or linen knee breeches with navy stripes and be punished with a cane. With the entrance of normal puberty (fifteenth year) there appeared for a time – perhaps a year – natural interest in ideas of normal erotism between man and woman, to give place again at once to a world of ideas entirely of the flagellation type concerning the erotic relations between man and woman. From this it came about that I plunged eagerly and quite instinctively into the reading of corresponding algolagnistic literature.

The normal heterosexual impulse, bound with the algolagnistically oriented form, has remained quite the same from my seventeenth year until the present time; the latter has only become more consolidated and become more conscious. Nothing but these masochistically or sadistically toned “ideas” (for the effect of actual acts of flagellation on the producing of the gratification see below) can set free sexually conscious sensations of pleasure.

These ideas move chiefly in two directions, as follows:

1. My erotic wishes culminate even today in the desire for a very large, comely woman, or at least one quite tall, intelligent, strong – preferably blond (a Brünnhilde type) – who will lay me across her knee like a teacher or press me between her thighs and strike me upon the buttocks with a rattan cane or a riding whip; who will at the same time subdue me psychically, and bid me after the whipping to perform cunnilingus or anilingus, in which I must obey unresistingly, otherwise I shall be threatened with fresh blows. I would indeed

have no objection to adding also coitus with the “dominating lady,” but always with a certain indifference and perhaps fear of impotence. At any rate, I can perform coitus only with a woman who helps me over the technical difficulties by digital aid.

2. The idea is further rendered much more pleasurable if I invent a situation in which buxom young girls or young women or pretty boys are chastised upon the buttocks by an energetic, strapping woman with as long a rattan as possible. Probably voyeur sadism is at the basis of this. A special characteristic of all persons disposed to flagellation is their wish for as large, white, well-formed buttocks as possible in the woman thought of as the partner. This preference is a very specially marked one with me.

The practical conduct of my sexual life may be outlined as follows:

Under the ideas mentioned above, I carry on masturbation – in the absence of other available adequate satisfaction and on account of the endogenous passivity I have spoken of – up to the present time; now, to be sure, relatively with great moderation, for I want to spare my nervous constitution and keep it for other purposes. I cherish the sincere desire to come actually to a real lasting erotic relationship with a woman, for which, it is true, I should need a partner who possesses the necessary understanding of my individuality in the way I have described it.

The simple “unreflecting” coitus of the normal relation between man and woman attracts me very little. Only once in my life (at the age of twenty-one) did I have sexual intercourse (one act only) with a singer in Berlin, when the woman had to help me with her finger to find the entrance to the vagina. I saw nothing particular in the act at the time; it was almost comic and laughable. Besides, the unaccustomed activity, which presupposes a certain technical skillfulness, afforded me more effort than satisfaction.

On other later occasions (very rare in themselves), because of indifference, perhaps also impotence, there was no coitus. In contrast to this it has been medically established, Doctor, that I possess extraordinarily powerful genitalia (large testicles) which almost qualify me as a superman.

Furthermore, I may remark that for years I complained of absence of erection and sexual weakness, especially during the time of the war. Recently the erections have been somewhat noticeably improved. Some years ago I maintained a passive-flagellation relationship with a pianist, a woman fourteen years older than I. At the beginning I often received maybe twenty-five to fifty-blows of a cane upon the buttocks, which were by no means disagreeable to me but yet could not satisfy me, inasmuch as the woman was of ordinary intelligence and had coarse manners, stood for something which was already growing stale, and altogether was lacking in the necessary erotic refinements. Later I again broke off this relationship, which due to my difficulties had lasted for several years, although there had soon been complete indifference on both sides.

During the war I learned to know a good-natured clerk, but with very few mental or physical advantages, who would sometimes let me whip her. The relations ceased here also.

These practices all had the same characteristic, that they came about not so much from erotic need as rather from the striving to copy the procedure of other people as an obligation binding rough rational motives, and so in a certain degree to prove the normality of my own personality. They were therefore from the first doomed more or less to be sterile. I must of course remark that the different women mentioned were absolutely not the type toward which I am erotically inclined.

I might add here that I obtain true erotic satisfaction only with cultured women, society women with suitable intelligence. The “pull upward” is particularly desirable for me in love; I want in certain manner to be dominated and taken by a woman who will feel more than I. For this reason, my meagre relations to women thus far were not of the sort to bring satisfaction. They glided rather, after brief pseudo-erotic play, into a channel that gave room for every other personal relationship except the erotic; and after a while the last remnants of mutual intercourse were lost through the lack of stimulation and the absence of reciprocal feelings and interests. It is evident from this that in passive, erotically complicated natures, erotization succeeds with great difficulty and only when the ideal heterosexual complement is found. A chief hindrance is naturally also the shyness of a passively disposed man making an attachment.

As to my actual erotic experiences in Hamburg, only isolated instances come into question.

Thus I met once in a shop a tall, black-haired woman who erotically was not displeasing to me, although in general I take a fancy to blondes or light brunettes. I followed her to the street, spoke to her – which usually I do not care to do. She assented. I went with her into a restaurant and pictured to her superficially my erotic specialties. It is not difficult to lead the conversation somewhat to flagellation, if one first lays stress upon the point that one particularly likes energy in women, which flatters many of them. I suggested my willingness for cunnilingus, which interested her still more.

The lady was the wife of a philologist, with whom evidently, according to her account, she lived in rather an indifferent marriage relationship. She was persuaded to go with me to my home. She told me at tea that I was constituted exactly like a psychiatrist she had once known. She then undressed, and I kissed and licked her for a long time freely upon the vagina, which was kept very clean. I searched for the clitoris but did not allow myself much time for it, because I thought that the woman, roused by the cunnilingus, would be impatient if I stopped. The procedure did not, it is true, at that time exactly release the

physiological tension for me, yet after all it satisfied me psychically in a certain measure, perhaps because of the masochistic element in the scene. I had no erection of the member; the erotic excitement was predominantly that of spontaneous adventure and contained no sort of flagellatory stimulation upon which – idea and threat even more perhaps than actual performance – my erotization depends. The erotic experiences are voluntarily produced sensationally, purely through the intellect; a strong erotization could take place only if by lucky chance the woman concerned entered with the same feeling into my ideational erotism. In cunnilingus, I preferred a kneeling position before the woman. I can make no comparison with the feeling of satisfaction after coitus, in which perhaps the woman lies on top, because practical experience is wanting with me.

After repeated acts of cunnilingus my friend took leave – late at night – to go to her home. It seemed to me that she was in a somewhat depressed mood, although she let me give her tongue kisses at parting. I do not know whether I really gave her satisfaction – the affair seemed at any rate to have pleased her to some extent. Perhaps she had expected coitus, the fulfilling of which expectation would have been inopportune for me and probably would not have succeeded, inasmuch as such unpremeditated scenes always produce a certain unrest, and to have successful coitus with a woman, I have to lie long and comfortably in bed with her and bring myself into erotic excitement with her through erotically stimulating conversation. The lady in question wrote me a friendly letter of farewell, giving as her reason for it moral disgust, the correctness of which I had the more reason to doubt since some weeks later – she still visited me after I had assured her that at these times she could not rouse me to any erotic performances – she continued to inform me that I was not the type to stimulate her sexually; perhaps she like myself was also of a schizothymic nature. I met her once more later upon the street, when she greeted me in a friendly manner and talked with me for a little while. Since then I have lost sight of her.

Furthermore, I learned to know Lola, a large buxom blonde who had given her address in a newspaper advertisement, who in general made a rather good impression with men and who produced upon me a strong sensual effect on account of her large full figure, her cat-like blue-gray eyes, her rich light blonde

hair, and her well-rounded buttocks. She manifested, however – like her mother, by whom she was spoken of as a “difficult character” – marked hysterical traits and was thus not the woman to ensnare me. She was in the habit of playing with men. I took her with me occasionally to Munich on a vacation trip to present her to my parents, not in fact as my betrothed, but in a certain manner as the prototype of my future wife. My parents felt burdened by the intrusion of this strange feminine person into their cozy home. Besides, Lola was pregnant at that time, not by me, but either by a music conductor in Hamburg with whom she had had relations or by a forty-four-year-old Jewish business man, who, according to her statement, was almost impotent.

The latter had meanwhile out of his own sexual bondage married the girl of twenty-five to aid her parents in official disguise of the birth of an otherwise illegitimate child. The same lover had previously offered money to have an abortion produced by a specialist, but the girl was afraid of the operation. The hysterical woman was already seeking, ready again with her smiles and charms for men, for a new ground of separation to be free from the unloved husband. During her stay in Munich, Lola passed the time in learning to know the men among my friends in this place. When I hunted her up at her request before she returned to Hamburg – she was ostensibly always in financial straits, although she was being supported by her lover – in her lodgings in a pleasure resort in the Tsar valley near Munich, she lay for the hour agreed upon – in bed – and I was allowed to enter her room without restraint. First she was tearful – I half believed and half distrusted her pose – then soon she was laughing and wanted to draw me into bed with her strong, fleshy arms, but mentioned however that she had a discharge. Whether she really feared a gonorrhoeal infection or was merely playing this to torture me regarding the state of her health I cannot decide. As I heard later, it was probably a harmless discharge which had to do with her pregnancy. Although the young woman stimulated me, the thought of performing coitus was far from me. I have often tongue-kissed Lola and fondled her plump buttocks. The relationship came to nothing because of her subsequent marriage, the bonds of which she will probably soon cast off again. She seemed to have had no particular leaning to flagellant eroticism. Once also I sought out a pretty Hamburg masseuse in order to excite myself erotically merely through finding out whether and how she would beat me – which she consented to do. I would have let her flagellate me, if the situation otherwise had not been disagreeable (location of the house, personal uncertainty, being observed). I

wanted in the same way to be whipped by a tall, blonde masseuse in Hamburg, who, however, after first being willing, refused to do it, for she had made inquiries about me from other of her professional colleagues.

Tongue kisses, cunnilingus, and buttock erotism (from which in part the interest in erotic flagellation springs) are my chief erotic goals, which appeal to me much more than normal coitus, even though one takes into account the amount of masochistic sensation that comes from the position of the woman upon the man, which at any rate is able to erotize me psychically.

DREAMS

A certain stereotype may be observed in the dreams of my early years. I suffered a good deal with dreams of anxiety and terror. I still remember, for example, a dream which occurred when I was perhaps eleven years old. I learned one day at that me of the violent death of the mother of one of my schoolmates, much depressed person, who had thrown herself to the street from the window of their dwelling in the fourth floor of a house. For nights after hearing this I had such fearful dreams of terror that on waking in the morning I lay in bed wet with perspiration, with extremities drawn up and fingers clenched. At about twelve there were, I think, some sporadic dreams which revolved about the whipping of boys, yet I no longer have a clear recollection of the facts and the closer details. I had a dream when I was perhaps fourteen years old which is still clear in my memory today, the content of which was that I was laid in a coffin of green cloth by my mother and an old cook that had been with us for years in a room of the home where we were living at the time; the coffin was closed and I was carried out of the dwelling. These special terrifying dreams, which were occupied with scenes of death, funerals, being buried alive, and so on, played on the whole an unpleasant part in my youth. Erotic dreams were relatively rare; some time ago, perhaps a year or two, I had a dream in which there appeared to me a tall woman with a smiling countenance, who held in her hand a cane. Once recently I dreamed, and, as always, this was in the morning when I was going to sleep again, that my mother jokingly embraced me from behind, pressed me to the

wall, and laid her hand upon my larynx; further, that I was weighing with my hand the full buttocks of a portly woman of middle age whom I know and stroking their flesh. Besides, I dreamed lately that a young girl who ran by me on the street in Hamburg at the shore of the Outer Elster, with her hinder part bare, looked at me half fearfully, half roguishly, upon which I touched the girl upon her moist genitalia. Here, then, I cannot report anything of importance.

CASE NUMBER 2

Clinical history, reproduced in the words of the patient, which presents a clear picture of the strange intermingling which we find in every case of masochism, of motives of fetishism, homosexuality, and all manifestations of paraphiliac impulses. Flight from the woman and her debasement are characteristic.

I will try to give as accurate a description as possible of my entire sexual life and of any other events which seem to me important. I am nineteen years old and without a creed.

Various occurrences from my earliest childhood still remain in my memory. For example: My aunt took me out as usual in my baby carriage. Suddenly in a narrow street an auto came along at a wild pace. My aunt made a hasty retreat and took me to the pavement, where she stood with me under a scaffolding. She leaned on it with her arm, and all at once a beam came loose and fell upon my head. I was brought after the accident into a house to a well, where they washed my head and bound my wound. This accident is still very clearly remembered. I recall quite well the following scene. It might have been when I was five years old, surely not later, but rather earlier. One of my two cousins, a girl four or five years older than I, lay upon a wine cellar in the grass. I was alone with her and was playing and scuffling with her. After a little while, I began to lift her skirt and stuck my head under it. My cousin let me do it, but she soon saw the aunt coming and promised me I could go on the next time. In a few days we again had the opportunity to be alone. This time I tried to go further with my head and in fact I wanted to get in between her feet. I could not, however, because a disgusting odour which came toward me kept me from it.

One incident which I cannot in the least recollect was the following: I was well

guarded at home. Yet often, as a three-year-old child, I succeeded in making my escape. I would go about in my birthplace until my parents would notice my departure and find me as soon as possible. Once they found me only after searching for hours. I was standing almost at the top of a tall ladder. My father would not call me, for fear of frightening me, and so he slowly climbed after me and brought me down. My aunt told me of this. today I could not possibly climb a ladder; I would at once be dizzy.

One time in M. I mounted to the bell tower of the orphanage church. I had gone scarcely eight or nine rungs when I could go no further. I looked through the large open tower window far down to the church grounds. A terrible fear seized me. I could not climb up or down, but held fast with superhuman strength to the iron ladder. After some minutes I succeeded in clambering down, with eyes closed and slowly feeling my way. I was quite frequently in similar situations. If I look down from any high building, I immediately experience a feeling of dizziness. I was afraid in the tower that it might fall; on a mountain I have the fear of plunging over; on the giant wheel in the Prater I am in fear lest the car in which I am sitting will give way. It cost me a tremendous struggle before I could make up my mind to enter the big wheel. I was afraid before climbing up, and still I had no rest until I had reached the highest point. I held fast convulsively to the seat and was glad to see the car come down again.

At six years of age I came to M. to the orphanage, for my father went to America. My mother entered the insane asylum three years later, where she died 1915. I will now begin the actual description of my sexual life.

At the age of seven or eight, I once climbed upon a bed in the institution and seated myself like a rider. I felt thereby an agreeable sensation. I repeated this scene several times, but could no longer produce the pleasant feeling. At eight or nine years I started to masturbate. How I came to it I cannot recollect. I practiced it very often for years, frequently several times a day. I will speak of this later. At the age of ten I was once chastised with a rod by a nun on account of failures in work. (The institute was under the church.) They thought ill of me that I did not

cry and said I was not sorry; it actually caused me no particular distress.

The rod did not yet play a role in my fantasy. I can no longer recall my fantasies of this time with masturbation.

At thirteen I fell violently in love with a pupil two years younger than I. This love was purely platonic and lasted half a year. During this time I often felt the desire to strike my friend. I succeeded through every possible pretense in getting him to agree. I gradually obtained the pleasure of carrying out this procedure upon other pupils also. I succeeded further in enticing others to it. When I entered the third class in the town school, I found pleasure in being beaten myself. I discovered one pupil in my class who would whip me as much as I pleased. I had three or four fellows who were always at my disposal and beat me when I desired it.

At fourteen I began to attend the conservatory. I had at fifteen like most of the students made my first female acquaintance. She was a fellow pupil in the three classes of the town school. From this time my interest in boys rapidly diminished. There was only one comrade with whom for a while I was madly infatuated. I often lay in bed with him and touched his body all over, especially at the back. I often borrowed his underdrawers on the pretext that I preferred short underdrawers and put them on. Yet that interest in him also passed away. In the year 1916, I entered the navy. My sexual life from this time on is clear to my memory. Once when I was playing the piano at a ball in the marine casino, a waiter pressed against me in the pauses and began to handle my genitals. At first I warded him off. He was more insistent, however, and succeeded in persuading me to go with him after the ball to a toilet, as he said, to play with me. (At that time I had no suspicion of homosexuality.) He first put ten crowns into my blouse. I went then with him to a toilet where it was pitch-dark. He said that I should take down my trousers. I protested against his wish and wanted to run away.

But again he was successful in making me do what he wanted. He pulled down my trousers, put his member at the back, and performed the act until the semen was discharged.

He warned me to keep the strictest secrecy and told me what the consequences would otherwise be. I always kept this scene to myself.

In the marine band there was a music master named R. He was an accomplished violinist, concert master, and even more a serious composer. He gave instruction to all young talented musicians up to the highest degree. He discovered my great talent for music and gave me further lessons upon the piano. He was friendly in every way, but he could also torture his pupils with sadistic cruelty. I learned much with him that was interesting and came upon two books, Forel's Sexual Problem and Bloch's Sexual Life of Our Time. I now began to take an interest in books of this sort. I found my masochistic disposition confirmed there and came upon the chapter on homosexuality. Mr. R. began to tell me of homosexuals. I secured from Max Spohr in Leipzig the entire works of Hirschfeld and very many others and became a member of the W.-H.-K. I had a perfect rage for collecting books upon sexual questions. Later I learned to know a colleague through conversation more closely and came into the position where I could be intimately engaged with him. I was able to bring him to the point where he would strike me as much as I pleased with a rod. He tried once when I was alone with him in the woods near P., while I was undressed and lay on my belly, to penetrate me with his member. I was afraid of that and kept him away.

The great urge to be beaten by a woman had its beginning at this time. I concluded after long struggle to visit a prostitute. I could not, however, the first time screw up my courage to gratify my wishes and so went away crestfallen.

As I went I said to myself: Be brave or else you will get the rod that hangs there! These words gave me courage to express my desire the next time. After a short time I again sought the prostitute. Now I let her beat me, which was very

agreeable to me but did not afford the stimulus expected. I would not perform coitus in any case, because I have a frightful dread of infection. (I believe that after an infection I would never be able again to have a relation with a woman.) I went away unsatisfied, since I could not reach ejaculation.

This prostitute gave me no rest, for she was a strikingly beautiful woman. So I visited her again and begged her to lie down naked upon the bed. Then I began to kiss her whole body, for she was of charming physical form. Inasmuch as I did not want to keep on going away unsatisfied, I rubbed my organ upon her foot until I brought about a seminal discharge.

I liked best to see the prostitute in underdrawers.

Now my fantasy was busy the whole day long. I thought for hours at a time upon scenes which could not be carried out. I pictured to myself my acquaintance, with whom I was corresponding actively, as a queen. I thought of a room in which a throne was set up, in which she and her friends, whom I represented to myself as her subjects, formed a court of law. She as the queen presided; her friends carried out the punishments. I was led before her throne on account of treason against her majesty. After a brief trial, she pronounced sentence. I was beaten with rods and every possible kind of scourging instrument. I thought of the final blows as always administered by her herself. Such fantasies and others like them were going through my head often for days together.

I accidentally learned to know a charming girl, who fell in love with me. When I came to Vienna on a vacation, I spent the entire eight days with her in her home. That gave me the opportunity to wear her drawers. When I returned to Vienna after the revolution, I went at once to her and lived in a small room. Now I had the opportunity to indulge my craving. Her mother went out of the house and she herself to the office. I was alone in the house and began to dress myself in her linen. First I would put on short white underdrawers.

In getting into them and particularly when I felt them on my body, I trembled with pleasure and excitement. Then I would put on stockings, chemise, corset, shoes, skirt, and blouse, and it would give me extraordinary delight, just as it pleases me when I put on a pair of trousers which fit well and tightly, with which I almost always have an erection. I had everything except that I lacked the most important thing, the woman who should beat me. I was compelled therefore to whip myself. I took a ruler, raised my skirt, laid myself upon the divan, and flogged myself. When I had beaten myself sufficiently, I masturbated, and afterward it all seemed to me ridiculous and stupid. I repeated this any number of times. I succeeded in time in initiating my love into my pleasures; only she must not know of my masochistic tendencies. She permitted me to make use of her clothing. One day I took her drawers, chemise, and stocking and sought a prostitute. With her I changed my clothing, let her strike me, and again went away unsatisfied.

I was never happy with my loved one. After hours of the greatest love, there would be quarreling, disputing, and hatred for some slight cause. She could not understand my so extravagant interest in politics, art, and the like, and I could not comprehend how she could be interested in cheap operettas and Mahler romances. There was not the least compatibility in intellectual things, which is very important on my part.

I in time reached the point where I could lie down with her in bed and press her closely, which threw me into rapture. I experienced a great stimulus when I saw her uncovered breast. I was tormented with a fearful jealousy. I was jealous upon every occasion. If a card came to her; if she came home later than usual; if she spoke to any one; I was always ready to believe that a secret admirer must be lurking there. It tormented me to see her dressing up to go out. I would think: now she is undressed and washing herself. I wanted her to bathe and dress as charmingly as possible. But it always seemed to me that she dressed herself up for others, and I could not bear the thought. Jealousy never ceased to torture me, a fearful passion, which, however, did not spring from great love. Life became more unendurable and gloomy for me. Nevertheless, I could not get away from

my acquaintance; was always wanting to have her around me and to kiss her, in spite of all the misery and suffering. She often took it ill of me that I would not kiss the hand of her relatives and friends (women) or that I would not address them properly. With the best will, I could not do it. I can kiss a woman's hand only when I am alone with her, and then I like to do it. It is impossible for me to kiss a woman's hand before others, because it would seem to me that my abasement would be read from my face. I can be courteous to a woman when no one is looking at me. I always make fun of any one who does kiss a woman's hand, but I should be happy myself to be able at all times to kiss their hands. It is just the same in other things. If any one is struck, a horse, a child, or some one else, I am indignant at the coarse action, but I myself want to be beaten.

If pain is caused a woman, I often have a secret joy.

It seems to me that sadistic as well as masochistic feelings dwell in me. I have always had a strong sadistic desire and indeed I wanted with my first love to undress her completely, bind her naked with straps to the divan, and flog her unmercifully, so that I could enjoy her outcries and her helplessness. This wish appeared, I believe, after the separation. I wanted to torture her as I had ever done, but only out of love. Life was more unbearable for me than ever, but I learned to know another girl, with whom I was seen once, and therefore no choice remained for me. I had to break off and go away. After several days of torment I did so. My new acquaintance meant nothing to me, for in a few days it was all over. The period in which I was alone was most frightful or me. I suffered from a state of anxiety, which now has entirely passed away but appeared in violent form at that time when I had no acquaintance. I was afraid when I came home in the evening that a thief or a robber might be concealed under my bed or in the chest. I could not go to sleep until I had investigated.

Even then I often had no rest. This compulsive action has again disappeared since my most recent acquaintanceship. I lay myself own daily without giving the least thought to it. I think of it now and then, but I am usually already in bed and I have to laugh at it and think that he (the thief or robber) will have to stay

here under the bed as long as he wants to. There are some other obsessions from which I do still suffer. For example, I cannot walk if a man is walking behind me. I must either let him go head or cross to the other side of the street, for the fear seizes me that he might stab me or intercept me.

Since I have read something about this in the Doctor's book *Masturbation And Sexuality* it is somewhat better, as I can explain my fear to myself. Often formerly I could not be alone in any place. Another compulsive action is the following: I am constrained to carry out many acts and manipulations four times. I cannot explain to myself the reason for this obsession. If I taste of a certain food, I must taste it four times. If I wanted to go on tasting it, I would go up to seven, then to eleven, but no further, because then I began again from the beginning. I perform and have performed a goodly number of actions four times. If I now often catch myself falling back into my old habit, I carry out the act as a protest instead of four, three or five times. I have tremendous fear of coming too late. I arrive almost always exactly upon the minute. As a child I always had the obsessive idea when I was praying that Jesus urinated down from the cross; even with Mary I had this thought. My attitude toward woman is quite peculiar. I cannot understand, even though I am a passionate champion of socialistic ideas, how the socialistic theorists can wish to give woman equal rights with man. I cannot see how a woman could be admitted to the office of judge. A woman is too much under the dominion of passions to be an impartial judge. I am very much annoyed when I read of women delegates and physicians. I cannot tolerate the thought that a woman is over me. I might, it is true, have a woman over me, but in a room, a woman with a rod; no other will I have thus. When last year I entered the New Vienna Conservatory my one concern was to come under no woman's instruction, for I could not have borne it and should have had to leave. They wanted to give me a woman teacher for the piano, but since I had made considerable progress, I went to a professor. I have an enthusiastic respect for men of science, art, politics, music; for champions of freedom and other great ones, especially for Beethoven and Richard Wagner; for socialists, like Adler, Liebknecht, Trotsky, Haase, Ledebour, and others. Just as formerly I had a craze for collecting books, I had also the desire to procure pictures of famous men. I wanted also to enter many societies, but beside the W.-H.-K. I joined only the society for the reform of marriage laws. Three months ago I made another new acquaintance, with whom I have fared ever so much better. I have much in common with her in sexual relations, which is a prerequisite for me of a happy

love. I had to find out her entire previous life and was especially interested to know whether she was a virgin or not. She told me everything. I was happy to learn that she had already been deflowered by her first lover. Nothing would be more disagreeable to me than to have to take a girl's virginity from her.

At last I had occasion to visit a hotel with her in order to become clear as to my condition, since up till this time I had never had sexual intercourse. It took considerable time before I could decide to make the attempt. I wore a condom but could not get the member in, for I was so awkward, and in the meantime the erection had passed. This happened three or four times. I was frightfully tired, for I had not come to the hotel until after the concert, about eleven o'clock. I went to sleep in the hope that in the morning I should succeed with coitus. There were only a few hours left, since it was already nearly four o'clock. Early in the morning the act was successful, after one more mishap, with an enormous sensation of pleasure. I do not know whether I can perform coitus only early in the morning, or whether my poor position was at fault. I believe that it was the latter, because I had an erection each time, but could not enter well and besides made unskillful movements. The pleasure was nevertheless greater than with masturbation.

In the days that followed I had a slight aversion to intercourse. This feeling has left me again. Yet jealousy plays the greatest role with me, some days less, almost none, other days increased nearly to an unbearable point. I have to assure myself continually the absolute fidelity of my beloved. I desire faithfulness but have been unfaithful myself at every occasion. I do not enjoy society, am always in a bad humour in company without knowing why. I suffer fearful tortures at a ball, when I see so many lovely women and cannot have one for my purposes. I am fully rightly sensually disposed and would gladly be at the service of every charming woman.

I am willing to carry out all her commands and to be beaten at every opportunity with the rod. The urgent demand to find my ideal has increased in the last weeks to a fearful degree.

I have looked among the announcements of the daily paper, in the marriage journal and in the chronicler, but could find nothing suitable. Some weeks ago I was once more with the prostitute I have mentioned, allowed myself to be beaten, and reached an ejaculation. I was not entirely satisfied, for my ideal is no prostitute but a somewhat sadistically inclined woman. But this will be hard to find, for the woman herself will want to be dominated.

I have been suffering lately from profound psychic depression, for I realize the hopelessness of my desires. I am totally incapable of study and cannot practice quietly for ten minutes. Frequently I have no pleasure at all in eating. I am always thinking of the woman I am unable to find. When I awaken early, my first thought is, will I find her today or not?

Every day shows me afresh how difficult it is to have such desires fulfilled. It is frightful what I have to endure in a single day. I often take a rod and strike myself. If I masturbate, I am at peace for two or three hours at the most, to be driven on again then by my fantasies. I masturbated very frequently up to the end of the previous year, but I can only say that with masturbation I feel as fresh as if newborn.

Masturbation does me this service that I see my unfulfilled desires gratified in mind at least, so that I can have respite from them. I almost always have only masochistic fantasies during masturbation, while I am seldom able to picture to myself coitus. I could probably yet get my beloved to whip me, as she signified with her flower when I spoke of it. That is, she is ready to make far-reaching concessions. But I may not tell my wishes, for chastisement by her would not be so pleasurable as from a strange woman. I did try once to win a woman to my purposes, but in vain. But I cannot come to rest if I am set on fire by every pretty woman on the street and want straightway to go with her. I should like to know whether if I attained my goal I should actually be as happy as I think. I have not resorted to masturbation at all since the beginning of this year, because I am trying with all my might to seek satisfaction only in coition. Many times my

condition gets to the point of being intolerable, and it is impossible to keep my thoughts upon my studies.

I will mention a few more habits: If I throw away anything, say old pieces of paper, I have to look several times to see that I have not thrown away banknotes with them. Then objects which stand at the left I must change to the right. If I push a bell I can do it only with the right hand, and I must always hang my cloak on the third hook.

I must finally mention my almost morbid fear of dogs. I have the greatest horror of black dogs. They seem to me like most treacherous criminals. When a dog without a muzzle barks at me, I cannot move from the spot, for I think he is going to bite me. I am then compelled to be nice to him or give him a piece of bread. He appears to me a criminal who would not harm one, if one freely gives him something.

But if I see that a dog is friendly, my fear changes to liking for the dog, and then I can occupy myself with him by the hour.

Last Sunday I saw a small dog run over by an automobile. The people were all abusing the chauffeur, and I was the only one who defended him, on the ground that he could not stand still on three metres. I observed myself quite carefully and was able to determine that I had no need to defend the chauffeur, but that I obtained satisfaction from the killing of the dog and the distress of the woman, which surely is very closely connected with my sadism.

DREAMS

I will give some dreams that I still remember: I dreamed once that I was running after an electric car and could not catch up with it. At another time I was waiting at a corner for one and sprang up quickly so that it would not get away from me. I will note here that I have an uncomfortable feeling when I miss an electric, because I think that with the next one I will be too late at the appointed place. I have an enormous interest in railways and street railways. I know so accurately the work of a motorman that I could guide a car without any trouble. I remember a dream in which I had to climb a high narrow staircase to reach a certain place. I was already halfway up when I thought I was going to plunge down, and I had now to get to the place by a long way round. In two dreams I was beaten by men, the second of these dreams having to do with my conductor with whom I play, and who is an out-and-out Don Juan. One dream showed me my present beloved with the request that I would have intercourse with her. Another revealed to me my own person opening an umbrella in the rain, which seemed to me an audacious thing to do. The last dream which has remained in memory is the following: My first sweetheart asked me in the presence of her friends to perform coitus with her. I answered, happy at her request, that I had dirty feet and must first wash them. I went to seek a bath, but could not find one, and after a long search I went into a coffeehouse. A piano stood in this coffeehouse, to which I went at once and began to test it. Suddenly I saw quite far back a tub bath and a douche bath. I started toward them, as soon as I had removed a desk which stood in the way, but saw at the tub did not stand in a cabinet but out in the open. The head waiter said when I questioned him that the tub did stand in a cabinet, upon which I went forward and was able to convince myself of what he had said. Before the cabinet the water rushed down in streams. I went into the cabinet, climbed into the tub, and woke without reaching coitus in the dream.

During the three nights that followed after I brought the doctor history of my illness, I had dreams, only one of which I still remember, which I forgot to relate at the last consultation hour. The dream was as follows: I came to the doctor at the hour of treatment and found the house totally changed. A young man opened for me the door of the consultation room, the walls of which were made of wood. Writing tables stood in this room along the walls, arranged as closely as the post office. At each table sat (stood) a person; I believe they were only men. The doctor sat at one table busy with a younger man, the doctor being very much excited. Near each table hung a wire on which was fastened a receiver in the manner a telephone receiver. I asked the servant what was the purpose of these

things. He answered that each patient must put a receiver to his ear, and he would hear from the apparatus a ticking like that of a pendulum clock. Each patient must give careful attention how often the ticking occurs and report the exact number of ticks to the doctor, who will then be able to determine whether the patient is heterosexual or homosexual. I was half forced to laugh at this answer and I half believed it. This was the entire dream.

Since the last consultation hour I have taken pains to reproduce each dream as well as possible. The very next night after the last treatment I dreamed again of the doctor, but I could not note the dream. In the night from the eighth to the ninth, I dreamed that the head waiter at the coffeehouse at which I play had died. I was in fact at his house, since I give his eight-year-old daughter piano lessons. The wife and child did not seem to be particularly troubled at the death of the husband and father, for the little one asked her mother what a pound of corned beef would cost, and they both talked with me without the least thought of the death. The next dream occurred in the night from the ninth to the tenth. I dreamed that I was asleep in a stall near an ox which had once been a man and had then changed again into an ox, which happened several times during the night. I lay with this monster under a cover, and it threatened to bite me if I tried to escape. This ox-man then called my attention to the fact that he had with him 12,000 marks. Cows and oxen stood in the stable in a row close to one another. The third cow was always falling down and had to be lifted up. Early in the morning I tried to get away, but the ox-man caught me by my clothing. Later he let me (also) out. But he ran after me in the stable and told me that he missed a Fahnl. I asked what that was, upon which he said that he missed a 100-mark note. When I asked him to count over again, he left me alone. I went to a toilet and came back again, but instead of the stable it was the café in which I have a position. There I received a letter from a Hungarian woman, which the band master half jokingly took away from me and threw into a money box, from which I secured it again.

Then I dreamed again that a man of my acquaintance felt with his hand either my hair or the genitalia, which produced a pleasant sensation. The next night I dreamed that I had had an invitation from my first acquaintance. Besides me, there was another gentleman present. After a short time, I attempted to steal

from the girl women's white underdrawers, in which to my annoyance I did not succeed.

I have one more dream to mention, which again took place in the café. In the coffeehouse they were hunting for a mouse.

It remained standing by a seat and no one had the courage to kill it. I called to a gentleman that he must climb on it firmly, which he did. But the mouse was not yet quite dead; a woman took pity on it and lifted it up, upon which, as the woman was about to take it on her arm, it changed into a canary bird and escaped. One more short dream I can report, in which I was polishing my shoes by an open window in a little room, and I was asked to play the Little Grandmother (violin solo).

Then the dream of last night, in which I was busy all the time with horses. I was afraid of every horse that I passed, that it might snap at me, and each one as a matter of fact did snap at me and me only.

In an earlier dream I went with two colleagues to Laxenburg to row upon the pond, which is my favourite occupation. But I found the pond very changed. We came to a great iron gate, which was barred. The only person to be seen was a man who was picking flowers (or he was the gardener). Upon my inquiry he explained to me that the gate had just been closed and would not be opened again until nine o'clock the next day. Then I remembered that I had seen the gate keeper himself going away. I tried to open the gate, succeeding by means of the so-called "one-kreutzer key," upon which the left wing of the gate sprang so wide open that one could go straight through. We now saw the pond in front of us. It was cloudy and a storm began to arise, accompanied by wild roaring. It became half dark and commenced to rain gently. A mysteriously creepy and solemn mood prevailed. I had the feeling that an invisible power compelled us in any danger to go upon the pond. A woman whom I suddenly saw in our company (I believe it was the prostitute with whom I was in bed one night) went

up to the boathouse to bring out the boats we needed. This woman was clothed in just one large mantle, which reached to the ground.

She held a large staff in her right hand, her hair hung down, so that she seemed to me like death. She pushed out the first boat, into which I was to climb. But this boat was made of dark blue -violet reed work, into which the water ran.

She shoved out a second boat, which again I could not board, as it was of rotten wood. She was going to bring out a third, when the dream broke off.

In Wipplinger Street there was a large procession of the masses, which I remained behind alone and went to a bridge, from which I hoped to see the entire procession. (When the relics of Clemens Hofbauer were being carried I came by chance into Wipplinger Street, where the procession was. I had to stop involuntarily and look at it, but went away before the priests came with the urn. I had a feeling of rebellion, and I might easily be roused on such occasions against those about me.)

I was examined in religion and had no idea of anything.

I came to a meadow which had a small ravine, where I remained standing. About a hundred metres away I saw an iceberg in the form of a lookout tower. There was a man's figure at the very peak standing on one point and turning round and round in a circle toward the right like a top.

I received a letter from my father in America, in which he asked me what flour I wished in the dollar package.

(I have written to my father in America, having obtained his address from a detective bureau. But so far I have received no answer, for it is only five weeks since I wrote.) I was with my girl in a church, in which a scientific sexual lecture was being delivered by a physician. The physician (I believe it was my doctor) was standing at the right of the altar and speaking to a large group of people. The audience had books with them, from which they were at the same time reading the lecture. These books were not, however, written by the physician who was lecturing, although he said that what he was telling them was from his own investigation. The doctor kept making mistakes with the foreign words, so that the listeners at each slip shouted at him the correct word.

I was with my conductor in a hotel. He put on his bathing trunks, and I watched him while he did it. I had a great feeling of pleasure when I saw his fine physical form.

After he had dressed himself again, we went together into the last storey of the hotel, where I had my midday meal, which I had to take at a separate table.

I went with my aunt by a cemetery, in which was a church. My aunt went to a grave and said, "That is the grave of my parents". Then she railed at the gardener, who had left the grave quite bare. Next she prayed for some time. A statue of the height of a medium-sized person, which stood by the grave, was not in the position to suit her and she turned it toward the right. Then she wanted me to pray, but I answered that it would not do any good. She now went away and I removed my hat and made as if to pray.

I promised the violin soloist, who plays with me and with whom I have often spoken of the doctor, to point out the latter to him at the next opportunity. Now while I was walking with the violinist, I saw the doctor standing at a waiting place of the street railway. He was wearing a cowl, which astonished me. I forgot

thereupon to call the attention of my colleague to the physician.

I was in the orphanage at Modlinger. One day two trees were stolen. They began to search for the thief, and all the inmates had to be sent to the tailor, where they had to open their trousers and have their genitals investigated.

I was riding on a stagecoach and sat in front with the driver. I looked around, peered into the carriage, and saw to my astonishment an iron barrel of American oil. I bought a quarter of a litre for twenty crowns and drank it up, for it had an excellent taste. Then I climbed out and went further with the street car, because I had something to do at the opera, and it was already very late. There I told them of the oil – I awoke and noticed a feeling of disgust and nausea. My stomach was in disorder; the region the lower intestine, the stomach, the left side, everything was mixed up.

I was walking in the church grounds of the Modlinger orphanage and met a nun, whom I told of the successful cure of my illness. She said to me, “You have a grievous history”; to which I responded that it was only the jealousy that still troubled me greatly. Then she asked me to play for her upon the organ my newly composed Song of the Heart of Jesus, which I did at once, while she kneeled and performed her devotions.

I was alone with a gentleman in a large sleeping room. Suddenly a wild bull burst in through the door, upon which we both took to flight and ran across a wonderfully beautiful green meadow. There was a great flood at the end of this meadow. We waded as fast as we could through the water and came again to a meadow, where the bull, prevented by the water, could not follow us. This happened to us twice.

I went to the second ward by street car, standing on the front platform. All at

once everything was yellowish and immediately after total darkness set in. In a short time it was light again. I climbed out, went into the car, and seated myself with feet inverted upon the long free side seat. After some minutes a lady sat down by me, who pressed herself violently against me and gave me a little book, whereupon she got out.

I showed the little book to a colleague at home and said to him that she had certainly put down a rendezvous for me. He laughed at that and said: "That was in fact a prostitute who has given you her police book." I tried to deny it and said it was a scientific book. (There were in it, that is, measures for safety and directions in regard to infectious diseases.) I came to the orphanage at M. for a visit and inquired of a guardian if the beating of the children had been abolished. I cannot remember his answer; I only know that there was no more whipping. Then it suddenly occurred to me that a girl had promised to beat me. I was looking for this girl in company with a woman who was carrying a child.

I dreamed of a colleague, from whom I had borrowed a volume of Heine's poems, that he had demanded in a furious letter the return of the volume, otherwise he threatened me with scandal. (I would note here that I did actually borrow from a friend a Volume of Heine's poems, only they did not belong to him but to a friend of his. I really received a request from this latter friend to return him the book.)

I was in a large hall of a theatre in which an enormously large crowd was gathered. As I did not know what was being played, I asked my neighbour, who explained to me that twelve women would lie down upon the large floor of the stage. These twelve women would select from the public their sexual partners, who must then openly perform the sexual act with them. This did not happen, however.

I was in the sacristy of the orphanage church, because as organist I had to ask the priest what hymns were to be played at Mass. After receiving my instructions,

the priest requested me not to go to the choir through the yard but through the interior of the church. A Mass was just then being performed and so I had to pass before the worshippers and by the altar, which cost me a struggle, for I was observed by everyone present without exception.

CASE NUMBER 3

Fritz K., a twenty-four-year-old jurist of weak constitution, complains of complete impotence, which has existed for two years.

His capacity for erection is totally lost. His member remains flaccid even when masturbating. He gives as causes early masturbation and excessive overstimulation. He has since his sixteenth year had relations with any number of girls, in which ejaculation was brought about by various forms of play. Coitus was successful temporarily in his twentieth year, for he was in love at that time with a girl named Grete, who became the unhappiness of his life. He conceived a great passion for her. When near her he was tormented by almost painful erections, but intercourse never took place. She kissed and stroked him until he ejaculated. At last Grete consented to give herself to him. It was in the woods in a quite undisturbed spot, but he failed utterly; the ejaculation came when he touched her thigh. As he arose, he saw a tall man in a straw hat and eyeglasses pass by, which later proved itself a hallucination. He could never recover from this disgrace.

Grete became untrue to him and is now engaged to one of his friends. For two years he has been unable to study. He broods continuously over the problem how he may punish the faithless Grete and revenge himself upon her. His whole day is consumed in part by fantasies of Grete, in part by new love adventures. It is characteristic in this respect that he always goes with two girls and in the end makes the attempt, which regularly fails, on that one of the two who pleases him less.

He reluctantly admits that he is sadistic in his attitude toward woman, and a large part of his fantasies are occupied with the punishment and humiliation of

unfaithful women. If he should yield to his impulse, he would have to torture the women without restraint, drag them around the room by their hair, beat them, and compel them to the most debasing services to him. They would have to lick his feet and clean his anus with their tongue, and he would cast into their faces the coarsest and commonest invectives while they did it.

Analysis shows that in his early days he was surrounded merely by women, who coddled him in every possible way. His father was a weak man who had nothing to say in the home, and whose voice was entirely lost in a chorus of the four women's voices. There was a hysterical mother who was always complaining of all sorts of diseases, continually fretted, and systematically made a hypochondriac of him with her anxiousness. (He is the type of "whiner" and at once grasps the fact that in this respect he has identified himself with the mother.) There was also a strict grandmother, a bigoted Catholic, who on one hand was the moral guardian of the home, and on the other likewise spoiled the boy excessively. Then there was a hysterical, sensuously disposed aunt, who carried her insatiable craving for love over to the beautiful boy, took entirely upon herself the care of him in severe illnesses, slept in the same bed with him during scarlet fever. He had a sister, too, six years older, who petted him as a baby. Until his seventh year he slept by turn in bed with one or the other of the members of the family mentioned, but later he had to produce attacks of fear to attain this goal. It surprised the patient himself in the course of the analysis that he had no childhood memories. His first recollection had to do with the engagement of his sister, when she was eighteen years old. He was naughty at that time and was punished for it (eleven years old).

Analysis gave a strong bond toward the sister and the significant fact that after her marriage he had suffered profound depression and suicidal tendencies. The engagement of his sister was a severe trauma for him. In all his relationships he prefers girls between sixteen and seventeen years, whom he then loses when they become eighteen. He brings about a return of the same situation. I recognized from a number of dreams that something must have happened between him and the sister, which in the beginning he stubbornly denied. Finally the fog lifted which had lain over the past. He recalled that he came to his sister in bed in his eleventh and twelfth years and did this until one morning his

mother found him in the bed and banished him to another room (before that he had slept in the same room with his sister). In the end comes the memory that his sister, whose purity and rigid morality he had strenuously protested, had let him gratify her with cunnilingus. He then felt her engagement as a monstrous treachery and busied himself extraordinarily in fantasy with her sexual life. A homosexual transference to his brother-in-law made possible a half-way good relationship, but became the source of a new paraphilia: he wanted to be present at the coitus of a pair of lovers, and he himself was to be observed during a love play (see hallucination at the time of his experience with Grete, with whom on that occasion he performed cunnilingus; it is as if the brother-in-law, who wears a straw hat and glasses, would watch him in his play with the sister). His strongest hatred toward women dated from his sister's wedding, which he conceived as a shameful betrayal. The hate component was split off from the sister and carried over to other women.

Yet the loss of the sister was only the repetition of a disillusionment of love which lay much further back. He had been his aunt's pleasure boy, who had made use particularly of the long period of illness, during which he was isolated from the rest of the family, to win the boy entirely for herself.

Besides other forms of dalliance, she had performed fellatio upon him, still clearly recalled. So much the greater was his pain when, shortly after the scarlet fever, a strange man came to the house, upon whose lap the aunt sat and who asked him to call him uncle, which he absolutely refused. The aunt's wedding, which followed soon after, was the first severe trauma of his life; really from that time on he hated all women. We must seek the first root of his sadism in this experience.

Besides this, the mother frequently whipped him and he despised the weak father because he had not sufficiently protected him. He would be no woman's slave like his father.

CASE NUMBER 4

Otto X., a manufacturer, fifty-three years old, referred to me by his family physician for the cure of impotence. The impotence had existed for two years. Temporarily weak morning erections. Objective examination showed symptoms of incipient spinal disease. Inasmuch as there were present also insomnia, depression, and lack of interest in work, analysis was undertaken. I will bring merely a few of the important facts from the interesting analysis.

Otto's sexual instinct awoke very early. He was not brought up in his parents' home but with an aunt, whom he passionately loved. He was conscious of sexual feelings in relation to his aunt at five years old. He often slept in her bed. He snuggled close to her and had then violent erections. At a later age, there were timid aggressions toward the sister...

When he was thirteen he came to his parents' home. His father was an earnest, morose, hard-working man, who had laboriously worked himself up. He was never cordial with Otto, never gave him a friendly word, and took pleasure in a stern method of education, which betrayed the marked sadist.

If Otto had done anything – such an occasion was soon found – then the punishment must be carried out according to a definite ceremonial. The father bid him first fetch the stick.

Then he must take off his trousers and drawers. Now began a wild chase through three rooms, in which Otto was always struck upon the bare buttocks. At the close he must fall on his knees before his father, beg his forgiveness, and thank him most graciously for his punishment, whereby a kiss upon his hand must not

be omitted. The shy interference of the mother was powerless against the fixed will of the household tyrant. Later the father barred the door so that the mother could not enter, and she stood trembling before the door. She was a weak, gentle woman, who, like her children, trembled before the husband.

When he was fourteen, Otto decided to escape from his parents' house. He broke open a chest in which his mother kept her money and his bank book. He let his mother's money lie and took only his bank book, drew out the money, and fled directly to Switzerland. In Zurich, even at the station, he fell into the hands of a sharper. The latter represented himself as an honest Swiss who wanted to help him, took him to a hotel, where the boy was persuaded to drink. Finally he was led to a prostitute, who took all his money from him and besides presented him with gonorrhoea and a genital ulcer. He was in a desperate condition. He had to telegraph his father for money, which he got by return message. He went home at once, was met by his father at the station, and, arriving at home, was murderously beaten. His treatment otherwise, too, was bad. He, the son of a rich merchant, had to do the hardest work and toil like a slave until late at night to earn his bread.

His work was of a humiliating sort. He had the task of sorting the various woollen pieces. An older worker, a withered and otherwise little attractive woman, shared this labour. She was sorry for him and yielded herself to him. They had to proceed with all haste. He performed coitus standing in a corner of the room where they worked, trembling always lest they be discovered. Yet he learned now to know the joy of regular intercourse and turned his attention to prettier girls. He was seventeen years old, young, passionate, and energetic. He fell in love with a remarkably lovely fellow worker, who took him to her home, where he could have had coitus in peace and quiet. But to his shame he was completely impotent (as analysis showed, because she strikingly resembled his sister).

His mortification was increased by the behaviour of the girl. She cried out, "Any one who is as stupid as that leaves the girls alone!" The disgrace continued to

sting him; it was a long time before he could overcome it. He slowly worked his way up in the factory, became an office-holder, had a good salary, but did not spend his money, avoided the society of girls; he feared his impotence. He learned to know a girl whose lot was like his own. She had been mistreated in similar fashion by a harsh sadistic mother, as he had by his father. They decided to marry to escape their parents' tyranny.

But he was afraid he would disgrace himself and confessed to his betrothed that he was no sexual hero. If she was very passionate, she might be much disappointed. She answered that she was a "cold nature," she would be satisfied with anything that he could offer her. Despite his fears, he was entirely potent and happy in his marriage. One day he was alone at home. His wife had gone away for a few days. The idea came to him to open her writing desk. Here he found a bundle of letters which left him no doubt that she "had deceived him even before her marriage." He made this discovery after eight years of happy marriage! The suspicion arose in him that his wife might even now be false to him.

He began to have her watched and gathered proofs that she actually had a lover. When she returned from her journey, he confronted her with her faithlessness. She told him coolly to his face: "You have never been able to satisfy me! I never learned what love was until with my lover at the present time..." He pursued the inevitable course, compelled his wife to leave his house and return to her mother, and instituted divorce proceedings.

He could not remain in his home town. He was driven forth until the affair of the divorce was over. He came to Vienna and felt himself forsaken. He wanted to go home and forgive his wife. Then a telegram surprised him announcing the arrival of his wife in Vienna. Her lover had left her shamefully in the lurch. She wanted to win over her husband again. He would not hear of a reconciliation. Thereupon his wife became ill and went to a sanatorium. Her days were numbered. Her sickness was incurable. He had to remain in Vienna and visit her twice a day.

At this time he met a beautiful girl on the street. He spoke to her, they met frequently, and she gave herself to him, after he had promised to marry her. His wife died shortly after this, and he married the girl, with whom he was quite extraordinarily potent. He could perform coitus several times a day. Everything seemed to be going exceedingly well. He had a son from his first marriage, whom his wife treated exceptionally well. But he soon began to brood over the question of whether she had been a virgin in the wedding night. A torturing jealousy concerning the past took possession of him. He harassed her so long to tell him the truth that she finally admitted that before her marriage she had lived the life of a prostitute and had yielded herself to more than forty men. She asserted that she had not done it for money but to indulge her “insatiable lust.” This declaration threw him into inexpressible excitement. What to do? The first thought was again divorce.

But should he take his step a second time? The death of his first wife – there was talk of poisoning; that is, suicide – had left him with a moral burden. Besides, he made an unpleasant discovery. He found that his wife’s story put him into a state of greatest sexual excitement and gave him a painful, but at the same time delightful, gratification. He had his wife picture to him to the last detail all her adventures and thereby reached an orgasm. She had to describe the individual phases, the variations, the characteristics of the different men, all as exactly as possible. He felt himself in the situation of his wife. He experienced with her the entire past and had with it always this painful, sweet delight, which evidently meant more to him than coitus; for it was over with his potency.

(The thought of the size of another’s phallus, the potency of the other men, strengthened his feeling of inferiority and made him impotent.) In order to gratify his wife, he came upon the most bizarre ideas. He performed cunnilingus two or three times daily. He allowed her to go to Vienna to procure a dildo. She had to satisfy herself before his eyes, or he took over this function. He trembled at the thought that she might be untrue to him and give herself to another man.

One day he proposed that she should flagellate him. She did it and had an

orgasm, which filled him with unmeasured bliss. At last he hit upon the strange combination of having himself beaten during cunnilingus. She did this in the most brutal manner. Masturbating at the same time, he reached an orgasm. But he was always tormenting his wife with the question whether she was longing for a large penis.

It gave him satisfaction to put this question in the coarsest manner (coprolalia). Finally his wife admitted that the dildo could not take the place of the living flesh. His homosexual component was now powerfully excited. The idea of a third person fixed itself in his brain. They came to the conclusion that they would look around for a third person. He made only one stipulation: he must be present and look on at everything which the two would do together. It was her task to find the man who would comply with this condition.

They came to Vienna and the woman made use of her past experiences to find the third party, and soon succeeded.

It is easy to understand the psychic motivation of Otto's demand. He wanted to revive the past and now be a witness to the scenes; he wanted also to pass through the unfaithfulness of his first wife and convince himself with his own eyes whether she had betrayed him. Infantile motives from deeper levels were also mixed in. But back to the scene.

His wife introduced the third person to Otto. They hired two rooms at a hotel. Then they came together in one room and undressed. Otto performed cunnilingus upon his wife according to program without letting himself be whipped.

Then the third person was to go into action. The woman laid herself upon the bed. Otto looked over at her covetously. She had a terrible expression. She

showed her teeth like a wild beast and made inarticulate noises. Otto was greatly alarmed and overpowered by horror and disgust. The third person flung himself upon the woman. Soon, however, he explained that he could not adapt himself to the situation. The husband must leave the room. Otto dressed and went into a neighbouring cafe. There he felt the horribleness, the humiliation and shame of the affair and suffered frightful, terrible tortures of jealousy. At last he went back to the hotel and found his wife alone. She was immediately asked for a description of what had taken place. She thought "there was nothing special about it."

"Just why did you hunt up this man? What attracted you to him?"

"The circumstance that he was shaved. I am crazy for men without beards."

The next morning Otto came into his wife's room quite altered, having sacrificed whiskers and mustache. She was enraptured by this proof of her husband's love, embraced him passionately, and was more affectionate than she had ever been before. He had a strong erection and the impotence was conquered. He had the happiest three weeks of his life.

He was potent and satisfied his wife; they lived like turtledoves, and both wanted to forget the ugly adventure. At that time his wife became pregnant.

Unfortunately the happiness did not last. The latent homosexuality arose once more. He was tortured by ideas that his wife was longing for other men. He had no use for a faithful wife. He wanted to have possession of a prostitute.

He craved the torment of humiliation and jealousy. In the end he permitted her to

go to Vienna and hunt for men. Only one condition, absolute honesty. The wife must swear to that. She secured different men for herself from the street and finally found her ideal, a man with an enormous penis. For two days she had meetings with the man, then told her husband how wonderful the sensation was to be completely filled, although she did not reach orgasm. At the third rendezvous the man was impotent and declared to the woman that she was a “common semen vampire.” This expression now haunted him as a troublesome obsessive idea: “your wife is a common semen vampire!”

I will pass over a number of filthy stories which would show how deep an otherwise ethically respectable, cultured man can sink. But the grievous reaction had to come soon. It was in Berlin. His wife went out in her sleeping robe to go to the toilet. There chanced to be a young man in the corridor. She threw him a coquettish look, upon which he came to her, kissed her, and asked her to come into his room.

She came back to her husband and asked his permission. She was eager for the new experience and he gave his consent.

When she returned, she found her husband dissolved in tears.

He could not endure this dog's life any longer. She defended herself and said that she had done it to please him. In brief, they decided finally to give up these adventures.

Peace could not last long. He found excuses for himself to taste again the sweet torture of jealousy mingled with sexual ideas. He rationalized this by saying that his wife was suffering; he was impotent; he did not have the right to restrict her freedom; and so on.

An opportunity would soon be found again. He went with her to balls and allowed her to dance with other men.

She danced also with one of his nephews and confessed to her husband that during the whole time of a “shimmy” she had felt the erect penis of her partner and was very much excited by it. This fact threw Otto into a high degree of stimulation. He tormented his wife with the question, “Do you want him? Do you want him?” At last she said yes, and he requested her to invite the nephew for the next afternoon.

Everything was prepared for Otto to watch the love scene. He was hidden behind a screen; his wife waited in seductive negligee for the desired man. He came an hour later and she asked him jokingly:

“Why so late? Did you perhaps come from your beloved?”

“You have guessed it. I have been talking with her and she is waiting downstairs for me. I merely came to ask you to excuse me.”

Otto had sunk so far that he felt the rejection of his wife as an offense. And then he had lost the expected gratification. But he had found a new sport. He took his wife to all the dance entertainments possible and sought to learn whether the men had erections and ejaculations in dancing.

At one of these “popular” balls, his wife found a simple man who had erections the whole time that he was dancing. They arranged to be at another ball. This

game continued for some weeks; then, with Otto's consent, she became his mistress. She related wonders of the potency of this new lover. Otto fell into depression and despair; his condition grew worse; he became sleepless, took veronal and adalin, and in this condition came to Vienna for treatment by me.

Here he became aware of the pathological nature of his experience. His wife was summoned to Vienna. She declared she would gladly give up the new lover and live entirely for Otto if he would stop inciting her fantasy and continually questioning her. His potency became normal again except for a deviation of the erection toward the left, which was evidently purely due to physical causes and did not hinder him during coitus.

II: RELATION OF SADOMASOCHISM TO HOMOSEXUALITY

CASE NUMBER 5

Masochism as a surrogate for homosexuality.

The same case examined by Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, Case 51: A twenty-six-year-old man, who is psychically impotent because his entire effort is devoted to being subdued and humiliated by a “mistress”.

One of his fantasies is: “I shall be used by her in debasing services, must wait upon her when she gets up, at her bath, at urination. At the latter she will use my mouth as a toilet and makes me drink the urine.”

A friend urges him to try coitus. The attempt ends, as in all these cases, as a fiasco, for the paraphilia serves to discredit the woman for coitus through overvaluation, to conceal the homosexual disposition, and to mask the sexual aim. Disquieting fear and repugnance appeared even on the way to the brothel, excitement, trembling of the legs, and then an outbreak of sweating in the whorehouse, so that there was no erection.

The normal impulse toward a woman was completely absent in this patient. Krafft-Ebing found a small penis, incomplete descent of the right testicle; that is, an inferiority of the genitals. The first masochistic tendencies concerned boys as well as girls; the first sexual excitement (apart from autoerotic stimulation) appeared upon seeing boys whipping, when one boy sat like a rider upon another. The choice of a delicately built female ideal is also a transparent mask of homosexuality.

CASE NUMBER 6

From the case histories of Merzbach; the castration complex as a symbolic expression of feminization.

Some years ago a young man visited at night the coffeehouses of the Berlin Latin quarter and accompanied one of the girls who worked there to her home. There he exhibited a very excited demeanour, then suddenly drew forth a straight-edged razor and demanded that the girl cut off his scrotum and testicles. He promised her a large sum of money to any woman who would without fear perform this mutilation.

Although he repeated this strange offer to a large number of girls, and on account of it became well-known in their circles, none of them dared to earn the large sum, not perhaps out of pity, but from dread of the dire consequences that might ensue.

CASE NUMBER 7

A case from Kind; female lesbian masochist.

Mrs. Y. found herself in her earliest years an environment which because of defective training and supervision tended to erotic licence. Sexually stimulating performances began at the age of eight with boys and girls of the same age, as well as with adults. If a disposition to heterosexuality had been present, it ought to have manifested itself here. But on the contrary: at ten years old she watched secretly through the window when the maids in her father's inn were used in coitus by the guests and masturbated afterwards with the idea that she was the man in question. She had even at that time an orgasm when she gratified other girls by the hand and tongue, without in any way touching herself. She went with her family as a wheel rider from one variety show to another and often had to let men force themselves upon her, whose actions she coolly let pass without participating in them.

Women on the other hand at once brought her to a state of excitation. Even the pleasure of looking at her fellow players backstage clothed in their tights had such an effect that she would have a complete orgasm while riding her wheel before the public. She needed (and still needs) only to sit in the street car opposite an attractive woman to suddenly 'swim away.'

Meanwhile, the masochistic tone of her libido is also fully developed. The impulse is present in Y. to procure for her partner an orgasm at any price, and in just such a manner that she is a blindly yielding instrument of satisfaction to the latter; she permits herself in the most reckless manner to be used for such a purpose and is willing to be the slave who must gratify every brutal mood and every ugly whim which will give pleasure to her mistress.

She has found in the course of the years a great number of partners, almost purely heterosexual women, who partly at her request, partly from their own initiative, have taken over the corresponding counter-role. The pleasurable performances which take place between the two partners move in a familiar circle. Y. is covered with verbal insults of the commonest sort, beaten, trodden upon, scratched, pricked, licks the feet, vulva, anus of the friend, offers her mouth for urination, and so on, and then is present and assists when coitus is performed. Scenes of the latter sort led besides, through misunderstanding of the subjective ground for these actions, to a very severe judgment upon Y. from paragraph 180 of the penal code. It must be added that the husband of Y., who had married her three years previously, plays the merely secondary role of a surrogate in this erotic system. Y. remains completely frigid in cohabitation if she is not at the same time roughly treated, pricked, insulted, or spit upon.

She then quickly imagines a woman as instigator of such algolagnistic activity and experiences the desired orgasm, although in lesser degree.

Y.'s masochistic tendency, her insensitivity to pain, the transformation of the sensation of pain to that of pleasure, is directed absolutely only to the sexual relationship. If she strikes herself unexpectedly, say on the corner of the table, she cries out. Scolding or blows from a man drive her into a rage. On the other hand, she will receive these from a woman, even when beaten until the blood runs, with quiet rapture.

CASE NUMBER 8

Mr. Z.R. reports the following form of paraphilia. He finds his satisfaction only when his partner debases herself before him. The more humiliating her action, the greater his enjoyment. He never had the courage until now to secure other women than prostitutes, whom he could buy and compel to enter into these degrading performances. He has them carry out the pots which he has filled with his bowel movements, has them use them, and directs them to kneel before him and kiss his feet. The scene which he likes best to enact proceeds as follows. He enters the room, and all the prostitutes present throw themselves to the floor and cry: "We greet thee, O Lord! We kiss the hem of thy garment! We kiss thy feet!" He merely nods graciously to them and busies himself with the chosen favourite, who will be better paid than the other performers, in a separate room. Here she must humbly and submissively kiss his hand, at which light blows are delivered upon her back. They are really not blows but only movements which would correspond to blows. Then he allows himself to be entirely undressed by the woman. He has her take off not only his shoes, but all his garments until he is stark naked. Then defecation follows, at which his partner must assist him. She must clean him and carry out the excreta. The idea that she licks up his spittle, kisses him upon the anus, brings about a great increase in libido. We see here clearly fixation upon a definite infantile scene. The patient is evidently thinking of a time when he lorded it over his parents' home, of the blissful infancy when the mother performed all these services for him. He was excessively coddled, for he was the first boy after five girls and heir to a proud name. The mother made of him a little god who ruled the house like a tyrant. She died when he was only eight years old. He now had a stepmother, who treated him very kindly but at the same time was very energetic and would tolerate no mischief. He would gladly have made her his slave as he had been accustomed to do until this time, but he met with insuperable resistance.

His flight into illness dates from that time on. He always resorted to headaches if his wishes were not granted.

At first it was a pretence and a game to escape study and all other disagreeable duties; then he began to believe in his headaches himself. They became so violent that he had to remain alone in a dark room and bar himself from all the world. He was taken to many famous physicians, none of whom knew what to advise. He even underwent trepanation; punctures of the spinal cord were performed... all without result. He began to be a taker of antipyrin and phenacetin.

These substances gave place to aspirin, of which he has taken two to three grams daily for I do not know how long. He states that he has an hour or two of rest after a tablet.

Homosexuality is openly admitted by this patient. He maintained relations in childhood with others of his own age. Later, in the gymnasium, he had an affair with a schoolmate.

He feels himself even now drawn to men and is better able to admire a good-looking man than a woman. The sadistic tendencies which we have pictured disappear in his relations to men. He would be ashamed to have a man serve him in this way. On the other hand, he has often toyed with the thought of doing this for a man. If it were a man of importance, this would indeed be no disgrace.

Ideas of being a saviour play a great part in his fantasies. He is the Saviour, the Redeemer, he can save mankind through his headaches. He knows that these are only childish fantasies, and yet he likes to cling to such thoughts.

At the brothel he acts Biblical scenes. He is Christ who lets Magdalene kiss his feet. He is interested in the prostitutes and would like to deliver them from their

sinful life. He has thought of marrying a prostitute, who, out of gratitude that he had saved her from the sinful mire, would be in complete subjection to him. He frequently dreams that he is raising up fallen girls.

The sadistic scene is to give him the possibility of lending a bit of reality to his fantasies. For at home he has long since ceased to be master. Since he amounts to nothing and lives only from his father's money, he feels himself humiliated and despised.

He is sensitive and easily falls into a rage if any one does not believe in his headaches. At the same time, his sexual desire increases day by day. He has to go daily to his prostitute; the sexual thoughts submerge his feeble attempts to work and study. He begins to show that irresistible compulsion toward prostitutes which we can recognize as masked homosexuality. The circumstance that the end of the comedy is an insertion of the member into the anus points also to this source for his paraphilia. It seems as if the scene is also the reverse of one which has never been experienced: he will serve the father; he will be his prostitute, perform for him the most degrading service. He wanted to displace the first mother and offer his father all the love which he needed.

One understands that he hates the stepmother and repeatedly plays with the thought of poisoning her in order to be free from the troublesome rival.

CASE NUMBER 9

Presented by Dr. Stoltenhoff, this case takes us into the depths of human existence.

Patient P.: Physical examination showed: exophthalmus of medium grade; bilateral enlargement of the thyroid; heart normal in size, tones pure; pulse at rest 100-120, irregular; skin and tendon reflexes very active; slight corpulence; marked tremor of the hands; the other organs needing no remark. Previous treatment: iodine, thyroid preparations, galvanization, baths (pine-needle, alternating current, carbonic acid), digitalis, morphine; all without result. The chief complaints of the patient had to do with the "heart attacks," which appeared at irregular intervals, yet rather frequently, and in varying degree; usually they began with such severe anxiety states that they made the patient's life a torture. P. at my request wrote the story of his life and after treatment added to it an extensive supplement: I was born in Switzerland. Since I was conceived illegitimately and my mother came to the parents' house for her confinement, it is natural that her parents reproached her severely and that she tried afterward by lacing to conceal her condition from the outside world until the last moment. The conception as such represented an act of seduction committed by my father; my mother was at that time sixteen years old, my father at the time of procreation of the age of forty-four, so that there was a difference of almost twenty-eight years between my parents. I must have been a quiet, gentle child. I was nourished by the bottle; did not therefore have the satisfaction of my mother's milk. My father married my mother later and she went to him, while I remained in the home of my grandparents. Scarcely had I outgrown my swaddling clothes when I was taken by my grandfather, who loved me exceedingly, to sleep with him in his bed.

Unfortunately, I can no longer determine to what age I slept with my grandfather, yet I recall that time very vividly even now. My childish love turned

entirely to my grandparents, whom I regarded as my parents, and only very much later did I officially assume the name P. I remember, although very dimly, that I also slept in bed with my aunt, when she would sing me a song that sounded very sad to me; it ended with a hunter's stabbing his loved one, upon which I usually fell asleep.

According to what my relatives say, I fell at the age of one and a half years from my high chair and knocked out some teeth. When I was two years old, while attending to my needs, a brown, clay chamber pot broke under me, by which I was severely wounded in the back, of which a great long scar may still be seen. At three years old (not as given in my first history, at six) I was circumcised by two doctors under narcosis according to the Jewish rite, which I still faintly remember.

At the age of five I went to the town kindergarten at the convent, then into the elementary school; I remember that I purposely learned very badly. I had private tutors and women instructors, and despite the many whippings I had, chiefly from my grandmother, I remained a lazy, deceitful child, could not keep quiet, and always did the opposite to what I really should have done. My grandmother, an extraordinarily despotic woman, brought me up in hostility toward my father, toward my brothers and sisters, who up to that time I scarcely knew. With groans and lamentations I was moved from one class to another, until after a year, during the first vacation, I travelled with my grandmother to R. Here I learned to know better the brothers and sisters otherwise so hated by me, who were much older than I, but without changing my opinion of them in any way. I already knew at that time that my grandmother was not my mother, and yet my own mother was so indifferent to me that once in my presence the two women fell into a dispute as to which one had a mother's authority. I knew how to make use of these differences of opinion and soon obtained from my mother what the grandmother had refused and vice versa. My grandfather remained always the same kind man, tenderly affectionate toward me, but troubled himself very little about my bringing up.

I had a peculiar dream at the age of five. Near our home there lived an ugly old woman, who was always dreadfully made fun of by us children. We were terrified by this woman, and she often ran after us with a stick when we went too far in our mischief. I now dreamed of this old woman, that I was made prisoner by her and mistreated. She sat upon my breast and, mocking me and beating me, fed me with human and animal faeces. I begged in vain to be set free. I have never all my life been able to forget this dream.

I remember another sign of my sexuality, that we had a maid servant under whose clothes I instinctively crept and inhaled a harp penetrating odour of flesh and clothing. This smell gave me a sense of comfort; I can still feel that today, but have never experienced it with any other woman. I remember also that at six I was in love with a girl who cast eyes at me and had a beautiful round behind. I always wanted to be allowed to kiss this bottom. How strange! This girl lives now as a married woman in T. and to see her always creates in me a feeling of disgust.

I saw the genital parts for the first time at five years old on a friend, a little girl who was perhaps also only five years old, as she squatted with her knees bent upon the hole of a toilet and showed me the fiery red line between her legs.

I felt no desire to touch or smell it, but I was greatly astonished at the sight and behaved mysteriously about it.

The relation with my friend F. must have taken place about this time. We used to go together into the toilet, take each other's sexual parts into the mouth, urinate into the mouth or lick each other's anus. I remember another interesting incident of my fifth year. An aunt, a sister of my mother, returned from a sanatorium for lung diseases and slept upon a sofa; I crept under the covers and licked her rather ill-smelling feet. Asked what I was doing, I answered that I wanted to play I was a dog. I began gradually to know about things; I became aware of the distinction between the sexes, and I was unbelievably modest. The relation to F. began to

weaken, but the desire for it was always vividly enough present, for I used to fight with boys in the meadow who were much weaker than I, and yet I would let myself be bested so that the victor could sit upon my breast.

Then I went to my parents' home shortly before my oldest sister was married, where I followed an unrecognized impulse, observed the urine of my sister, perhaps also drank it; I sniffed around in our cook's bed; I was always seeking I did not know what. I fell in love with a cousin of mine; the girl, of my own age, was, however, much better behaved than I. She was plump and only once did I have opportunity to put my hand on her round bottom, clothed, which was a genuine pleasure for me. After this I went to C. to the college, where I pursued my studies zealously.

I made friends with a classmate named B. In spite of the fact that I had one friend in a higher class who had pictured to me the horrors of masturbation, with motor ataxia, general paralysis, and so on as its consequences, yet my friend B. initiated me into its secrets. Strangely, I was not immediately successful with it, but obtained an orgasm, though not yet an ejaculation, only after I had overcome great feelings of anxiety within myself and B. had repeatedly masturbated before me. For a long time I did not masturbate, but later, instigated through association with my col leagues at the boarding school, I allowed myself to be masturbated, masturbated my friends, and finally came to coitus by mouth.

Nevertheless, here I always tried to prevent the ejaculation, because I was afraid of it for some reason which I still cannot explain; my friend, on the contrary, ejaculated directly into my mouth, which produced great nausea in me.

I was at first so incensed regarding the moral condition of the boarding house that I wrote to my parents about it; yet they had no idea what it was like, and as I had to remain in this youthful mire, I became a victim of it. I have always defended myself against coitus through the anus, although a comrade once wanted a attempt it upon me. I remember that an adult roommate called my

attention to the size of the buttocks of the daughter of the boarding house and remarked that such women very greatly enjoyed coitus. She was a beautiful, well-formed girl, and when I was with great difficulty promoted to the higher classes, I came into the older boys' room, where my bed was placed directly against the door that communicated with the family's living room. At night, when every one had gone to rest, I would listen at the door; the girl's every movement, every word, so excited me that manually masturbated at the thought of her. When I received a telegram of my father's death, she accompanied me to the station and gave me the first and the last kiss.

I actually enjoyed the trip to W., although my father's death was tragic enough, for in the first place I felt myself to have escaped the horrors at C., and in the second place I seemed to myself of tremendous importance since, as the only son, I was my father's heir. Besides the fact that I admired everything which I saw, my father's death had not affected me, for I had scarcely known him. The crying of the people was painful to me and still more painful was the circumstance that with the best will I could not weep, and only after the funeral was taken with a severe fit of weeping, totally without rhyme or reason. I returned to C., the old tune began again, my studies became burdensome, and so did the relation with my friends, so that I was very happy when my mother summoned me home. I must here confess that I felt absolutely no love for my mother, which both she and I admitted with sorrow. I secretly suspected that she had love affairs with men at home and abroad, and I was often hostile to her.

Puberty now set in with full force. I had coitus for the first time though in original form and manner. In a brothel I learned to know Annie, who was directly excited by my innocence. I was so roused by contact with her that I was afraid and behaved very awkwardly. Finally, she would sit upon me and guide my member into her vagina, and in this way she satisfied me. Sexual intercourse alone was not enough for me; with the idea of having coitus with some beautiful woman, I threw myself into masturbation, to which I added a thousand variations. At any rate, I masturbated at that time more than I indulged in coitus and reached about 200 masturbations to one coitus. It is interesting that I kept on with the sniffing around the bed of our cook and that the odour of dried bits of faeces in her linen or the taste of yellow spots in the coverlet excited me terribly.

I would let the kitchen maid always go upstairs ahead of me and thus I would bring my nose so near her buttocks that I could detect the faecal odour. My wish to kiss and smell the girl's bottom was so intensive that I would dream of it at night, but without coming to ejaculation. I have never my whole life long, even to this day, had a complete ejaculation – at most an orgasm.

I was accessible to my sisters only with difficulty, on account of my hatred toward them, for which I really had no reason; but when my married sister came back to B., I was suddenly seized by wild sensual desire for her. I often had to accompany her home during her pregnancy and so had occasion to come in contact with her colossal body, which excited me greatly. If I found an opportunity which she would permit, I smelled of it – the lovely natural odour drove me mad and I would masturbate. I must mention also a petticoat which my sister wore at home which had spots on it. I often wrapped this skirt around my penis and have ejaculated into it, even with the danger of being discovered, taking at the same time into my mouth the part of the skirt which I thought would have been nearest to my sister's abdomen. I was somewhat more hostile to my sister who at that time was still unmarried. I was so absorbed at this period in my sensuality that I was very forgetful, distracted, and heedless.

After the marriage of my younger sister, my new brother-in-law brought me to G., where I attended a school for industrial arts. My artistic achievements were minimal; but I yielded myself completely to the freedom, for I was a zealous "corps" student and was second non-commissioned officer. For all this, I still masturbated and, rarely, went to a brothel. I paid the girl well so that the coitus should not seem mechanical. At that time I cultivated an enormous delusion of greatness, imagining myself to be president of a military court, but spoke of it only to the girls with whom I had intercourse from time to time. Anna, the laughter of a goldsmith, was my ideal, yet I never attempted to have coitus with her, but talked a great deal of morality and good conduct. Rosa, too, a maiden lady of thirty years, I loved on account of her beautiful behind, but the most I did was to touch it; we never came to coitus. I visited my aunt at B. for short time during my holidays, where a young man took me to K. street, at that time a nest of brothels. I was suddenly disgusted at the professional woman who will not undress even for any money, but is in a hurry. I remembered later, however, that

I saw a whip lying in her room, the significance of which I did not then know.

I returned home some years later and entered the firm as a fellow member, but my work consisted merely in doing nothing but wasting my time.

I had a number of rendezvous with different girls in one day, but almost every night was with a prostitute; I spent huge sums of money. One woman whom I might particularly mention played a very great part in my sexual life.

I learned to know Irene on the occasion of a raid through the prostitution quarter. She was a picturesquely beautiful gypsy girl, full grown, with piercing black eyes, which expressed sensuousness and humility at the same time.

I went to her, and obeying an impulse which I cannot even today explain, asked her to undress and pass her buttocks over my penis, to which she proceeded in a business-like manner. I had an orgasm immediately as soon as I took the woman on my lap with her back to me, and after she had moved back and forth several times, an ejaculation.

I paid the girl a princely sum; and when I came to her the second time, about eight days later, I requested that I might practice cunnilingus upon her. To my astonishment she pushed forward with her foot a small stool that was under the bed, upon which I took my place; she seated herself upon the edge of the bed with her legs spread apart, and I began in spite of horrible disgust and continual nausea the procedure with this prostitute. I visited this woman very frequently; yet only very rarely, when she asked for it, did I perform cunnilingus, but on the contrary always gratified myself with her by having her put her buttocks upon my face, which excited me greatly; and meanwhile I was masturbated by her.

Despite all this, I masturbated further, since I had complete satisfaction only in masturbation with interruption.

I had no such relation with any other girl at that time as with Irene; I performed coitus with relative ease, but had an erection only when the woman played around upon my sexual parts. I entered the war out of pure idealism, cherishing the earnest hope that I would be freed from my passions, and after long delay came to my garrison, after one more friend of this place had tried unsuccessfully to make a homosexual attack upon me. I spent the pleasantest time with the army at the garrison. A woman whom I loved very greatly, a cousin of mine, visited me and I had with her what is perhaps for the last time complete normal sexual intercourse with a tremendous orgasm and strong ejaculation – only once, however, and never again despite repeated attempts. In 1915, I was wounded and taken prisoner. Banished to a horribly tedious existence, I began again to masturbate with thought of the scenes experienced with Irene. The beginning of my illness was doubtless September, 1916, one night in the hospital in Siberia. I should note that a short time before this a comrade had died of pneumonia. I could not fall asleep and had formed the habit of inducing sleep through masturbation.

I detected just before satisfaction or directly after it palpitation of the heart and frightened my physician, who gave me bromide. Now began horrible suffering! Heart palpitation at night, practically no sleep and anxiety states which cannot be described in words. Thus it went until my stay in Denmark, where I was sent from prison in exchange.

Here I made a splendid recovery, masturbated but little, and was then transported to W. as a semi-invalid not fit for war service.

As soon as I had obtained my freedom, I visited a brothel, where I had intercourse with two girls, one licking my penis and the other feeling around with her tongue upon my body. I was, however, already actually impotent,

inasmuch as all attempts to have normal coitus failed suddenly. When I visited the brothel the second time, two girls again came into the room, and while one took the penis once more into her mouth the other said to me that I was her slave; she leaped upon me, brought her sexual parts to my mouth, and compelled me to kiss them.

One evening in the summer of 1918 I met Anastasia, accosting her on the street. Anastasia was one of those women who occasionally, perhaps more out of sport, give themselves to prostitution. I went with her to her home. We undressed, and as there were two beds there, I lay down in one, Anastasia in the other. Gradually we came closer, and although I kissed her many times on her bosom, her mouth, her round arms, she declared that my organ did not stiffen, although I was trembling with excitement. I no longer remember what we said at the time, but I know that Anastasia told me among other things that a major had intercourse with her whom she had to flog till the blood ran to bring him to sexual satisfaction, and at last she asked me whether I would not like to be beaten by her. I do not remember any longer whether I at once took up her offer, but I am still plainly aware that as she reached for a small rod from a chest I was fearfully excited. I turned over; she sat astride my back so that my breath was soon gone and began to flagellate me, which caused me great pain. My attempts to defend myself were of no use, for she at once increased the pressure upon my back and only stopped when I began to groan, for the pain had become unbearable. While Anastasia now changed her procedure, boxing my ears without any resistance on my part, I masturbated with my hand in order to bring about with all my might a successful gratification.

I must frankly admit that the flagellation exercised upon me absolutely no sexual stimulus; the violence which was done me, the other hand, that is, the sitting upon my back, the boxing my ears, whereby she also pulled my hair, roused me exceedingly, but not sexually. The excitement was an internal one, a deep psychic experience, something mysterious and yet entrancing, and in my further intercourse with Anastasia I actually pursued nothing but this goal, debasing myself, reducing myself below the level of the beast. Recalling the descriptions by Krafft-Ebing, I wrote to Anastasia begging her to increase the measure of these humiliations. The very writing of these pornographic letters aroused within

me a mad craving for degradation; I trembled as I wrote them and never read what I had written, for I did not want to think them over quietly and reasonably. Anastasia did to me as I wished; she had indeed a wonderful comprehension of the whole affair. She received me with various complaints and scenes of jealousy, upon which she would slap me. I had to undress her, lay myself under the bed in such a way that my head was outside, and then she would place her naked foot upon my mouth with the demand that I lick her toes. Her feet had no odour of perspiration and were always kept fairly clean. Finally she would stick half her foot into my mouth. Then I had to lick clean her vagina, which she liked very much, and during which she brought her sexual parts close to my mouth, sitting over me in a squatting position.

Then I had her ride me on all fours through the room, while she whipped me on the buttocks. I usually collapsed, through her weight, which did not prevent her from urging me on by means of blows. Next she urinated into my mouth, and I drank the urine until I became nauseated, upon which she always made the attempt to defecate into my mouth, in which she never succeeded. I had to masturbate even during the urination, but not until she wanted to defecate did the ejaculation appear. Immediate disgust followed ejaculation; with shame I recognized my actions as madness, but this did not prevent me from indulging in the same procedure several times during the night.

I did not visit Anastasia very often, for I was terribly ashamed of myself; yet it was enough; I went to her, and many times she wanted to bring a female friend of hers or another perverted man to our performance, but to this I did not consent. Once when she met me on the street and reproached me for not coming to her she said: "Come with me into the gate of the next house so that I can give you a few slaps, or I will give them to you right here," upon which I begged her to desist or I should have to stab her if she laid hands upon me in the open street.

This is the woman to whom I owe my perverse disposition, for from this time on my desire for humiliation through the woman became more and more active; yet I can say that I was not then a pronounced masochist, since, for example, I

would absolutely not permit myself to be bound, had fairly normal relations with other girls or through cunnilingus, and had no suspicion to what an abyss these continuous cravings would lead me.

I should not fail to mention that during this period I was suffering a direct delusion of greatness.

There was a collapse and I fled to O. I did not remain long in O. and journeyed again to R., stopping where my mother lived with my eldest sister in C. The worst of it was that I did no work, but kept on idling away my time. My sister, who took everything upon herself so that my life could be arranged as agreeably as possible, was very dear to me, but there was no further trace of a sexual inclination toward her. My mother as well as I continued in such poor health that at the advice of physicians of all sorts we decided to go abroad, which we did in May of the same year. I repaired to a brothel in T. and was there mistreated by a girl after many entreaties.

I learned to know Hermine during my stay in M. She was so dazzlingly beautiful that I fell madly in love with this poor orphan foster daughter of a painter; she also confessed her love to me with tears in her eyes. The funny thing about it was that I loved her merely mentally and never thought of sexual intercourse, normal or abnormal, in spite of favourable opportunity, which I attributed to impotence.

I tried to persuade myself at the beginning that I did not touch Hermine only out of consideration for her ingenuousness; but actually I sought intercourse with prostitutes, which never took place without some masochistic performance, and I knew well enough that I simply had become impotent. When at last I could no longer avoid it, I was disgraced, for it proved that I was completely impotent.

This disaster resulted unavoidably in a rupture between Hermine and me, which was complete when another woman came into my life.

Driven by frantic sensuality, I tore about all Central Europe, appearing everywhere as the grand seignior, industriously visited brothels, started love affairs here and there. I came also to O., where a prostitute for the first time defecated in my mouth, at which I experienced such disgust that I resolved never again to permit anything of that sort. I discovered by chance the street of the brothels, and a girl told me that there was a torture chamber there. All my attempts at normal intercourse failed, so that I decided to visit this place. The procedure was the same as that already described except with the difference that surroundings in the torture chamber, where all the objects were designed for the treatment of perverts, made upon me a great and mysterious impression. Since I had a short time before not been able to withstand the defecation in my mouth, I laid a piece of paper upon my face. Life became unendurable and just at the New Year, being entirely without money, I wanted to end this messed-up life by a leap from the window, but at the very last my courage failed; passion again gained the victory over reason.

I once learned to know a prostitute in B. to whom I had described my perversions by letter. We had agreed upon a rendezvous at eight in the evening. She came a quarter of an hour late and brought with her in a package whips, sticks, ropes, and the like. When we were together in a small room with one bed, she said: "I cannot think that you are indeed so perverse. But this room is also much too small. If you had gone home with me I would have tied you, beaten you, ridden around on you, and then I also have a dog; if you had attempted to defend yourself, I would have set him upon you. I would have castrated you so that you would have screamed, and with me you can scream as much as you please; no one will hear you," and so on. These threats of the woman so terrified me that I lost all desire, and except that she flogged me upon my buttocks, for which her instrument, a long coachman's whip, was much too large and unwieldy, nothing else took place between us.

On the occasion of a walk in S. I learned to know Mary. She visited me, and the first attempt to have normal intercourse came to grief, because her sex organ had a very strong odour; she was greatly excited and although I quieted her with cunnilingus, I was thoroughly disgusted with it. She came to me several times, but the affair always ended in nothing. I then went to live with her, as my means were gone, and we were very fond of each other; and in what was a miracle, I began to have normal intercourse again, although I had to call my masochistic fantasies to my aid. Later I practiced cunnilingus upon her, and she likewise took my penis in her mouth without disgust. The longer our relation lasted, the more fond we were of each other; she made the greatest physical and financial sacrifices for me and totally ruined herself for my sake. All other women were objects of indifference to me during this period, which lasted a year and a half, although now and then I masturbated. Unfortunately, conditions made it necessary for me to leave, as I was offered a position in F.

Erna was large, strong, muscular. She would boast in her strength, "If anyone lay under my bones, he would feel something." This was enough to decide me. I went with her to her room. She took a long cord from a chest, which she bound together like a rod; she undressed completely and ordered me to kiss her buttocks, which I did submissively.

Then she slapped me and began to beat me so that at once I had red stripes upon my back. She masturbated me and when I wanted to gratify myself a second time, in which she, too, wanted to share, it did not succeed; then she sprang with her shoes upon my body in such a way that the heels bored into my flesh. The pain was so intensive that I lost all desire to carry this ritual any further.

I found a girl in another house of ill fame, the only one who treated me properly. She flogged me without mercy, boxed my ears till I saw stars, rode upon me, and finally pricked me with a hairpin during the erection and ejaculation brought about by manual masturbation.

I had opportunity again in F. to have masochistic coitus, was treated by a number of girls in one and the same manner, only at there was no flagellation, and in its place appeared scratching and pinching of my testicles. Palpitation of the heart set in again, only now with this difference, that the heart would stop; it functioned irregularly. I was trying to live a steady life, did not masturbate, and yet the palpitation was there. I suffered frightfully; the doctor gave me intravenously digipuratum and at last morphine, which however afforded no relief. As the heart anomaly progressed there were anxiety attacks of the worst sort; I was wreck mentally and physically. On one hand the pressure toward perversions, on the other the heart attacks and the warning of conscience, the problem of my existence, and the failure of every form of energy, and as the trump of it all, my fear of death.

I thereupon undertook the journey to S., where I remained out six weeks.

The result of psychoanalytic treatment was very significant, for suddenly the troublesome heart attacks ceased entirely, the general condition was considerably improved, and above all my sexual life began to enter a different state, one better controlled by reason, although on the whole no change has appeared in my masochistic ideas. Under the spell of actual quiet reflection I have recognized as the final result of my treatment that I could survey my thoughts concerning my sexual life in all calmness, which was not the case formerly. In this way a very rapid disillusionment appears either directly before or after masochistic intercourse, which prevents from ascribing any mystic significance to my situation. I can affirm, moreover, with a serene conscience that the longing for pain during coitus has practically disappeared, although the desire for humiliation of all sorts at the hands of the woman still exists.

CASE NUMBER 10

Mr. Heinrich G., thirty-one years old, complains of obsessions and anxiety states, which are connected with homosexuality.

He has never had any feeling for women. His ideal is a virile man of high position, who knows how to combine love with sternness in the sexual act. His thought is mixed with the fantasy that he is a woman to whom the man occasions pain in coitus. In his homosexual relations the man must lie upon him and make coitus movements and cause him as much pain as possible. Men in boots stimulate him very much. He often has the fantasy that he is sitting in a room and working. Then in comes the large man in boots.

Heinrich is then submissive, takes off the boots, undresses him, washes him, kisses his hands, and helps him into bed.

He does not want to have the feeling that he is compelled to do this. It fascinates him that he of his free will performs the offices of a subordinate. A man who has begotten a child, especially a boy or twins, makes a powerful impression upon him. He is a complete man. He himself would be happy if he should become pregnant through a man. That would be his ideal, to have a child by a man. His first recollections are the following pictures: a cow with large udders (five). He ran to his mother and asked to see her breast (five and a half). He fell in love early with a young friend of the family and expressed the wish to see him naked (six).

Later (sixteen) he became infatuated with a teacher, who had an Assyrian beard. He was at that time enthusiastic over the Arabian Nights. He imagined the

instructor as caliph and himself as the servant and beloved.

Even today he often paints romantic scenes for himself. He is upon the Pussta in the Hungarian Alps. Alone the whole day. At evening the shepherd comes. He gives the latter his evening meal, washes him, helps him undress, and the shepherd is very affectionate toward him.

If he has friends, he is never jealous of their women friends or loved ones, only of the woman who can say: I am his wife, I have a child by him.

He has stereotyped dreams, in which he finds great treasure, jewels or money. Now in the church, now upon the highroad, now in other places.

His father was a man of genius, an artist; the mother eccentric, over-affectionate, and in the marriage the stronger.

She was jealous, and there were many scenes.

He reveals the phenomenon of preliminary pain. He thinks in advance and anticipates disillusionment and disaster, which he would not endure. His nipples are hypersensitive. His shirt often annoys him; he has pain. The nipples become erected during sexual excitement.

Various events show that his homosexual attitude does not extend far back in childhood. In his seventh year, a shop boy showed him his red, erected member. He was horrified and disgusted. He ran to his mother and told her what had

happened: The boy had a horrible red stick between his legs. The boy was then dismissed. When he was sixteen, he saw at a ball a rouged homosexual, with whom he was disgusted. He prayed at night: "Dear God, do not let me become like that ridiculous man."

At twenty-two an Englishman tried to seduce him upon a journey. He fell on his knees before the man and begged for mercy. He did not want the delightful impression of the day to be spoiled. He did not love the man and therefore could not give himself to him. He feels himself only psychically drawn to women. He could not live without woman. The motherly love of his sister is indispensable to him. Only if he becomes aware of the woman's sexuality, especially if she has a sexual odour, does he feel disgust and repugnance, sometimes anxiety.

His homosexual friend B. has a wife. He pities this wife because he robs her of her husband's love. She is the source of his feeling of guilt.

The following dream shows his sadistic attitude: I am with Mrs B. in a room. There are lions in the room. I am afraid and run into a cellar, where Mr. N. is. I fear that the lions will run after me.

Mr. B. is his loved one. He is afraid that he might fall in love with Mrs. N., or that he might do something to her out of jealousy.

He dreamed of a man with beautiful large hands, who was so affectionate toward him that he wanted to kiss his hands.

Hands are his erogenous zones. His hands perspire and this interferes with his relationships. At every excitement he begins to sweat. He dreads social

gatherings, for one must shake hands with so many people.

When he was sixteen, he saw a man who had heavy, bony, hairy hands. He was fascinated by them. He could kiss such hands. There are hands which could compel him.

He has sensations of pleasure with enemas. He was ill for time and lay in a hospital. A nurse gave him colonic irrigations. He would fall into such excitement that he had erections with orgasm and was ashamed before the Sister, so that he stopped the irrigations. He frequently fought against enemas in his childhood, which were used a great deal, and was often compelled to have them.

He has had since his early years an unconquerable horror of spiders, particularly the cross spider. He runs away if he sees a spider (spider a symbol of the false woman?). He is very suspicious. He is in constant fear that some one may betray him, denounce him, extort a confession from him. This dread of the unknown clouds his whole life. He is kind-hearted, but capable of strong affect. One time his sister thought it would seem strange if his friend spent the night with him. He became furious and tore the feather covering into a thousand pieces.

He has often worn women's clothing and sung chansons in society. Sometimes he drove through the street as a woman.

As a child he manifested plain castration wishes. He asked his mother if that little thing underneath could not be cut off. The mother hid the member in a fold and said that the doctor could sew it up (seven to eight). He was glad that he could be made into a girl.

His nurse used to kiss him on the penis. Pleasant memory (six to seven).

At seven he played bride. His cousin Max married Mizzi and went on the wedding journey. He played wedding journey with his little cousin and always took the part of Mizzi.

The thought of losing his dearest one ran through all his poems and thoughts like a red thread of fear. The sister's marriage seems to have had a determining effect.

Last evening he felt lonely. He had been excited on account of a friend and went to bed with chills. He sent the maid to his sister for validol. She came down at once trembling and quaking and brought the validol. As he expressed it, she trembled more than he himself. She stroked him and quieted him.

The meaning of the brother-sister play can be easily understood when the patient now states that he could not have gone to sleep if he had not masturbated.

His fantasy with the masturbation is that he is a pregnant woman, who dispenses with her husband and therefore has to masturbate.

Investigation reveals that he has practiced masturbation since his seventeenth year with the idea of a pregnant woman. His sister was with child at that time, and he could observe at home the signs of pregnancy. The pregnancy fantasy is therefore a matter of identification with the sister.

He is religious and superstitious. Every evening he goes to the bed where his mother died and holds conversation with her. He turns to her in difficult questions and receives an answer through some sort of oracle which he arranges for the purpose.

Two years previously he passed through a severe illness. He summoned a priest and desired the last sacraments: he confessed and received the assurance that his homosexuality would be forgiven him. After his recovery he undertook to live ascetically and renounce his friend. This married friend B. had also a mistress. He wanted to persuade her to give up with him the friend B., because it was a sin to take him from his wife. But all his most beautiful resolutions melted before the power of impulse. B. assured him that the wife lost nothing, and everything continued as before. Now he made a fresh vow to the Virgin Mary. He wished under all circumstances to remain true to his friend. If he should become unfaithful, his friend would die. He could not keep this vow and suffered unspeakable tortures.

His torment increased when at the occasion of a confession a priest pictured homosexuality to him as wicked sin and sternly demanded that he should give up his evil life, or his soul would be forever lost. He decided not to go to confession again. But he was drawn to the church. He cannot live without religion and faith.

He came out of his reserve and told me of his vow somewhat more in detail. His friend was in the field. He now promised before the Virgin that he would remain true to his friend; and for this his friend must keep himself for him, and his wife must have no child. The last thing was however his greatest anxiety. In the case of his unfaithfulness, he might lose his friend as love object. The thought that the wife might bear a child tormented him still more. But he showed that he had also been terribly afraid that his sister might have a second child, so that the whole conflict seemed to be displaced. The pangs of conscience that he might take something from his friend's wife grew stronger. I suspected an infantile root. I was right! He can recollect that his mother would launch forth in tirades against the mistresses and sweethearts of married men. The father was often unfaithful,

and there were scenes of great jealousy at home. The mother stormed against the scoundrels who had robbed her of her husband's love.

He should have gone away, but could not decide to do so. He is consumed by homesickness in a strange place.

He imagines that he is a pregnant woman. He then acts out the birth. The ejaculations, more rarely his defaecations, represent for him the act of birth. We realize that this act of birth goes back to the identification with his sister.

He was a great hater when he was young. There was a neighbour, Mrs. S. She had three boys. The mother often threatened him when he was bad that she would give him away and take one of Mrs. S.'s boys. They were so good. He hated the woman and her boys. One time he was with a friend. A man came to the friend who was in intimate relationship with him. He wanted to seize the man by the throat. Another time he crushed to pieces a stiff hat because a man would not do what he wanted.

He did not know until he was sixteen that women were differently constructed. He believed that children were born through the rectum.

At that time in the country he played the Thousand and One Nights. He was the pasha and the many girls were his slaves and favourites. It happened that the girls squatted down to urinate. Then he could see their pubic region.

Women do not cause him disgust except in summer when they, as he says, "stink." He was with a friend in the presence of a prostitute. He played with her. His friend performed coitus. He wanted to do it, too, but had no erection.

Now he admits that he also has heterosexual dreams. But only in the morning when the bladder is full. He lies upon a well-formed woman and wants to complete coitus.

Something prevents him. He is very much depressed after such a dream and has an inexplicable feeling of disgust and melancholy, as if he had committed a great sin.

DREAMS

I saw my friend Alfred. He was tired and worn out. Deep rings under his eyes. I ask him the cause. He says: "You have no idea what I had to do last night. The women have taken so much from me." I asked if I might kiss him, and then kissed his hand with great fervour.

I am in a thick wood with Emil. It is mysterious. It is dark. I hear voices behind the trees and suspect danger. We run on skis. Emil says we must get to the next station. We go down, down; I lose sight of him and awaken with anxiety, palpitation of the heart, and profound depression.

I went to S. Everything was so lonesome and empty and I thought of our beautiful home.

I am with my people in a lovely villa. It is still and peaceful. Suddenly there is a flood. We flee to the first storey. The water rises. I hold on to my niece and wake in fear.

I am going in an automobile with someone I do not know. We are driving very fast. We come to a blind alley.

There appears a wild stag, who rushes upon us with his antlers. When the danger is greatest, a hunter arrives, who calms the stag. He brings us to his family. Unsympathetic people. I have to pay a tax and waken with an unsatisfied feeling.

I find upon the street some golden coins. I am struck by the shining head of the king. I give friend B. one coin and keep the rest for myself.

I am in a sea bath. The sun shines and I am rejoiced at the beautiful bodies. Then I go away and am in danger of falling into a deep, deep pit. I awaken with fear and beating of the heart.

I go with B.'s female friend through a dark narrow street. I believe it is in the inner city. Suddenly I see a portfolio lying in front of me, and not far away a second one.

A bit further, a lady's purse. And the lady stoops and finds a very beautiful lady's handbag. We turn very quickly into a side street in order to observe these objects more closely. We ask each other in astonishment what may be in them. We did not open them.

I go through a strange city. I imagine that it is Paris. An unknown man comes toward me and I ask some question.

The man is fairly stylish, but not my type. To my surprise he answers me in Czech. I ask him what he sees in me that I should understand Czech. Later he invites me for the evening to a house designated by him. It is quite unpretentious. A woman opens the door, leads me through an ancient passage into a noble hall, where various persons are sitting. Subdued light. Everything seems to me so silent and mysterious that I feel strangely and desire greatly to be let out. I am led over a wonderful wide stair way of marble and let out by an aged porter.

I feel a longing for B. Go to his home. Accidentally I meet his young son. Where is his father? He points the direction with his hand. I will not go there alone; he goes with me. We come to a place where my friend stands near a great bundle of animal and human hair, which has a fine net drawn over it. My friend says at my astounded question that he necessarily has use for all that. I put aside the net and draw out a tuft of hair. I think in doing this of an anthrax infection.

Suddenly I seem to be standing before a horse which I did not see previously. I stand behind the horse quite near it and call my friend's attention to the fact that it may be very dangerous to be close to a strange horse.

(Three dreams which so excited him sexually that he had to masturbate after each dream:

1. A woman gives me a colonic irrigation.
2. B.'s wife tells me that she has been impregnated by her husband.

3. I see the grey-tinged abdomen and the genitals of an elderly man.)

I find myself in some place, I believe on the Danube. It is a gloomy, unfriendly spot with houses crammed tightly together. The weather is lowering, jagged clouds are racing through the sky. I undertake to walk round the place. It becomes darker and more obscure. The river lies before me weird and gurgling. It all makes upon me a fearfully melancholy impression. I see a man walking near me who gives me to understand that he also is one of my kind. We come to a dam over which a beam or railing leads. I hesitate to pass over, for I am afraid. When I am on the other side, I plunge below; mortal terror seizes me and I am about to drown in the waves. I save myself. I am trembling in my whole body; we go on. He tells me of a very charming landlord. We come to the inn he has mentioned. The host is fairly good-looking. I go with him through a court, where he wants to be intimate with me. I defend myself. We come then into a wagon shed open at both sides, where suddenly a wolf hound pounces upon me. We roll struggling over the ground.

All at once I feel that I have a knife in my hand and cut the beast through the neck, upon which it falls without my having been injured. Near me lies a girl, whom I had not seen before.

Without thinking, I stick the knife into her ribs. Fearful remorse and stings of conscience overtake me as she looks at me then with her dying eyes. As I look round, companion and host have disappeared.

We go further... A woman whom I know (the mother of a girl of my acquaintance) tells me of a pious lady who dwells in a house on the ground floor in a place of pilgrimage and possesses a costly alarm clock. She makes upon me the impression of a devotee, as far as I can judge from the description. (I have during the entire dream the feeling of uneasiness.) Suddenly we receive the news that the woman has fallen into the water by the dam and been drowned. I am commissioned to guard her home. It is a small ground-floor room and makes the

impression of a sales room. It is very weird. I find two strings of false black pearls and put them, together with the alarm clock, into my pocket. Later people come, armed with spears, who check up and sniff about everywhere (to me an unsympathetic pack!). All at once there stands by me a physician whom I know and says that I have no right to appropriate any of these things. He goes with me.

We go quickly over the dam. We have scarcely passed it when great masses of water come. My unknown friend is with me again. I cannot however feel warmly toward him.

I find myself in a theatre. A woman remarks out loud, what a magnificent ring with a black stone the gentleman in the first row has on his finger. "There we see who has money!

A black pearl!" she says. I believe the stone to be a black diamond. The man concerned has a spongy face of a Mongolian cast. I look at the ring more closely. Two roses are engraved in the black stone, a black one and a white one...

I am in a room sympathetic to me, old Gobelins in subdued colours, an old crystal chandelier... there is a great yearning in me for some person... a distinguished old gentleman, sympathetic to me (somewhat too decrepit for my taste) with bright, sharp eyes suddenly stands near me... He questions me in a friendly way: "Have you reckoned up the balance of your life?" I ask in astonishment, "What do you mean by that?" "Why," he says, "every day that you were happy, you mark with a star; every day of torture, with a cross." I respond that I do anyway keep a sort of calendar diary in the form indicated by him. I hunt for these records and find a half year written on a light green, the spoiled half year upon a white, calendar. I show him the calendar leaves – he thinks pityingly: "Poor child, almost all crosses; really that looks like a graveyard; that must be improved!" I have such a sense of well-being, am so sheltered close to this friendly old man. I notice a signet ring upon his finger, a field with stripes, a field with three flames. I have a firm confidence that through him I shall attain

happiness.

In a chapel of an old castle, mystic twilight, the light enters through coloured Gothic windows; my family stand before an open vault, my sister and niece in deep mourning; I am near them, but I believe it is my own burial. Steps lead into the tomb; some stone coffins already stand there. All are sobbing loudly. I think to myself – I will nevertheless enjoy eternal sleep with the person who was everything in the world to me. And the wealth of glowing red roses, which I had wanted, they are lacking! A deep sorrow and the thought, What will my people do without me, I could still be of use to them, torments me. A stone tablet, the ancient sign of our house, representing a bear, is broken to pieces over the opening of the vault, and the pieces are tumbling deep within.

I myself am standing by, though I know that it is my interment. I am seized with horror and suffering – I awake.

I was in a bath or a brothel. There were a large number of beautiful, strong men there, who were having intercourse with women. Then a woman came to me. She was coarse-boned, had very small breasts, and a powerful masculine body. She placed herself upon me, so that intercourse took place. I had great satisfaction and awoke with an orgasm.

I am with my friend in a church. The altar was concealed as in the Greek Oriental Church, so that it was not seen. It did not really look like a church. Before me at the prayer desk jewels were worked into the yellow cloth. I am struck by a large lozenge-shaped ruby. I want to cut it out. I take the knife and make a small slit. Blood comes from the cloth. I hear a voice: "What thou art doing is a crime." I run from the church. My friend goes with me and promises to protect me.

I find myself alone in a series of rooms; I am leaning upon a splendid chimney piece, dull white marble; I feel myself very fortunate; I have the certainty that the noble furnishings of the rooms, as well as of the villa (for that is what it seems to be), belong to me. All the objects are so massive and of sterling quality. I go through the chambers; one pleases me better than another; finally I come to a white door, which leads to a terrace supported upon pillars, white marble steps lead down; the last steps are lapped by the bright blue-green waves of a lake. (It is a lake very far in the distance, veiled in mist, its shores outlined in tall poplars.) I go down the steps; then the surface of the water begins to move wildly, high waves strike upon the marble and floods roll in, threatening to drag me with them. I withdraw as quickly as possible and somewhat in fear.

It is night; I find myself in a paneled sleeping room; a wide (for two people) carved oak bed has received me (on the wall are woodcuts, wild boars and dogs). I feel uneasy; a thick candle is giving a dim light in a three-branched iron candlestick; the thought comes to me: "Whose joy and sorrow, what idyll and tragedy, may have been lived through in these rooms!" Suddenly, surrounded by an aura of light, people enter leading one another by the hand and file past me (I know that they have lived previously and come from another world). I noticed the following figures: a stylish man in his best years, thick-set; his bright eyes and beautiful mustache strike me particularly (he reminds me of a smith whom I once knew!); he is leading by the hand a woman wearing a white cap such as the Holland women wear; her blonde locks escape; she is otherwise dressed in silk (she reminds me of a playmate of early years, a girl from Moravia). She is followed by a neatly dressed, distinguished gentleman with white well-trimmed mustache and a gentle smile; other forms follow, which I cannot recall. All these people had a certain smile on their faces which is peculiar to those who know, persons who are beyond the border of good and evil and know more than we who are alive. Shudders pass through my body. I awake. The figures disappear through a broad oak wing door.

A ballroom, a motley throng. I am in dinner coat; am leaning on the wall as a spectator. A good-looking man in a hunting suit with jaunty mustache and steel-blue eyes holds my attention to a great degree. He, too, passes me not without interest. He is my partner in a quadrille; I dance as I have never danced before;

he applauds and I am happy. Dancing with him, in which I press close to him, makes my senses whirl. I discover that “dancing may be lovely...” Later I find myself in a carriage (four-seater). I am in women’s clothes in a sort of Spanish costume. The rose in my hair at one side, the typical silk scarf over one shoulder, a warm cloak over all, for it is winter and cold; near me sits the young hunter; I press close to him; opposite us sit two gentlemen, but I cannot remember what they looked like. We pass over an open place, in the background a building like our town hall. I am holding my foot out of the carriage, when suddenly there are four watchmen, who inspect me in a peculiar manner. I draw back my leg. The watchmen, who at first were on foot, pursue us now upon horses. We come to a public house (restaurant and dance-hall); I seat myself as if hounded upon a chair at a table; the hunter’s hands, which are so strong and beautiful, intoxicate me. I kiss them warmly and without stopping... the four watchmen enter, look at me but take no further notice of me... across from me stands a small, humpbacked man with shrewd but cynical face – he keeps on writing numbers; I approach him; he whispers to me, pointing to the watchmen, “...we have you to thank for them.” I ask him, “What are you writing there?” He answers,

“Also about you.” “How is that?” I question; “those are merely series of numbers.” Then he lifts the sheet: I see there marks and strokes, thick lines and thin, all expressed in figures; I hold the sheet horizontally and see only figures written in equal sizes.

I was in a graveyard and was walking with a man sympathetic to me. There was something dreadful about it. The ghostly hour. I was afraid that spirits would come and I clung to the man.

I was in a shop and wanted fig coffee. The salesman showed me how the coffee was made. He brought the figs, but dates and nuts, also, cut them into small pieces and wrapped them all in a cloth. I was horrified. I had to eat the cut-up figs.

A white onion-tower church, surrounded by a white wall; a man Magyar costume stands by me; he is handsome; his hairy neck and strong beautiful hands strike me particularly; a large, silky mustache covers his lips; he smiles frequently and is thereby still more attractive; he has beautiful white teeth, like those of a beast of prey. I am in a state of satisfaction and cheerfully happy (and it occurs to me, I have drunk no wine).

What is going on there on the street? A great confusion; a flock of poultry; dull gray pheasant hens; domestic fowls, red, black, and grey; guinea fowls; and now and then proud cocks. (here occurs to me involuntarily the Pied Piper of Hamelin, though these are fowls.) The man by me smiles again in his charming manner. Then I thrust myself into the confusion and seize a grey fowl (hen) ; it is easily caught; I wring its neck and it disappear sideways into my coat (I think to myself I am now single-breasted) and capture also a beautiful red cock, which I kill likewise by twisting its neck (it is very easy to do) ; I put it the other side of my coat, so now I seem to be symmetrical. My neighbour stands by me now in an Alpine clothes; an idyllic farmhouse lies before us... an open window of a hayloft... my companion reads softly and impressively to me... Life all at once has a chance for me... I feel so happy I could shout joy... and the hay is so fragrant that it makes me quite giddy.

A theatre under the open sky; my sister and my niece sit with me in the very front row. Two brown bears are first brought in. The remarkable thing about them is that they are placed in a cylindrical glass reservoir (bears do live mostly under water?); the cylinders grow smaller, so that in the end the bears have only the size of young dogs (everything takes place in the glass cylinders, which also become smaller!). All this fills me with astonishment. Second number, trained panthers; they walk around the stage quite freely; no guarding fence keeps them from the public. Finally the blood-curdling roaring of the lions; I imagine that one of them has broken loose and leave the theatre in flight; I am exceedingly frightened... Look!... outside in an elegant gray overcoat stands “my mental doctor” – he seems large to me. I fly to him. Quiet, serene, and gentle is he... his hands are so soft... I become quite calm.

I see my mother dying. I think that she must be suffering. Her breathing is difficult and rattling... Unutterable sorrow and pity possess me. There come men from the burial society; they carry away the dying woman. Horrible fear rises in me that they will bury her alive. I hasten after them; the men think she should be put in her coffin whether dead or live. I pass through terrible hours. I follow after the coffin... the dreadful thought that she will awaken in her grave almost drives me out of my senses. I call out, cry out, sob... Then it occurs to me that at any rate she has been stabbed in the heart, so she must surely be dead.

I am in a splendid chamber, arranged in Oriental fashion. The veiled form of a woman approaches me; I can see the exact contours of her body. She spreads out before me carefully an exceedingly delicate veil-like fabric in a rectangle. I see at her nails are dyed red. The fabric represents an old French ballet scene, done in very fine pastel colours.

I think that this web is I – or rather the reflection of my character... I myself see it lying before me, extending harmonious, beautiful, as it is in reality. If another person, however, seizes it by either end the rectangle is pulled out of shape, and the picture and the little faces of the figures are distorted and become grimaces... I think it depends upon the one into whose hands it comes... Strangers know nothing; they are not acquainted with your innermost being; they judge you falsely.

I have a dread of life; I am weary of waiting. I want not to exist. A girl advises me to take some blue liquid, which will make me sleep. I drink from it and, oh, the fearful terror... my teeth, my teeth once so white and regularly placed, become yellowish and corroded and curve outwardly like shavings, roll in and stand obliquely. Despair seizes me; I am not dead but disfigured; it is the mouth of a monster which I possess. The woman laughs ironically.

I have a glass before me; I am not thirsty, but have an irresistible impulse to drink. I drink... the glass does not become empty. I feel that I shall drown, my

breath goes from me; still I drink. It is so horrible, cold sweat stands upon my forehead. I am a beast of prey and have an unquenchable craving for blood.

CASE NUMBER 11

The patient reports:

Cruelty is a characteristic trait of my nature. It showed itself even when I was an infant. My mother suffered from very painful fissures in the nipples. Nursing was a torture to her. She trembled through her whole body, cried out with pain, every time that I was put to the breast. I gave unmistakable expression of my pleasure in this torment by pressing ever tighter with the jaws, so that often the blood ran from the fissures. The more the mother screamed, the more vigorously did I suck and squeeze the nipple. For this reason, the nursing had to be given up after a few weeks.

As long as I can remember, I have always had a fondness for animals, which I preferred to all my playthings.

When a little fellow of two, it gave me the greatest satisfaction when the nursemaid took me with her to the pig market, where I dragged the little pigs around by their tails and ears. Pinching the animals afforded me the greatest delight. I seized by the tail every dog I met on the street or pulled its ears. When I was walking in the country, I amused myself tearing the wings from flies and the legs from insects.

If I was stung by a gadfly, I fell into an actual passion. The animal was punished in the most refined fashion by being quite slowly tortured to death.

I always wanted an animal to play with. When I was five years old, I came into possession of a white rabbit. I decided to let it starve by degrees. I secretly threw away the food which I was to give it. If a fowl was killed, I was glad to be present. I wanted to hold the victim myself. It was a pleasure to me to watch its death struggle. I tried to pull the tail feathers from all the fowls I could lay hold of. If I could seize a cat, I would take it by the tail and sling it over my shoulders like a sack. The victim then often scratched my face. This brought me to such a state of excitement that I would strike the animal against the wall and try to kill it. I have frequently drowned cats or choked them with a string.

Even as a twenty-year-old student, I once with two comrades skinned kittens alive; to be sure, they were stupefied with ether, but not completely. A preference for amphibians developed in me when I was about ten, especially salamanders and lizards. I once “operated” on about twenty lizards; one had its tail cut off, another a leg amputated, others again had their bellies slit open with scissors. Each “patient” was then put into a match box, which was its sick bed, and the whole hospital was kept in a cardboard box until the animals died.

I tried to make little children cry by pinching and hitting them. As soon as they cried, I fell into a rage and wanted to hush them up again by blows. If I had to defend myself against my comrades, they could count upon carrying away a scratched and bloody face. I remember once when I was about ten years old that in an attack of genuine fury I scratched a cousin of the same age so badly in his face that he fell to the ground covered with blood and screamed with pain. I still belaboured him with my shoes and struck him on the head with a carpet brush. If I had had an axe in my hand, I should certainly have killed him.

And now I have developed into a so-called civilized person. I no longer torture beasts or men with my fingers. But my tongue has perhaps caused more harm and more pain than the manual activity of my sadistic impulses. Even as a child it was my delight to stir up my parents against each other through all sorts of bantering and deliberate provocations.

This passion led me more and more in later years to call out psychic suffering wherever I considered people or conditions peaceful and happy. Fiendish envy is the driving impulse (instigator) and an ecstatic sense of power the illusory reward.

III: SADOMASOCHISM AND INFANTILISM

CASE NUMBER 12

Patient experiences pleasure in observing whipping at school

Mr. K. H., a vigorous man of twenty-seven years, complains of a masochistic paraphilia, which disgusts him with life. He has decided to take his life if I do not free him from his illness. He describes his disorder as follows: "I have been compelled from time to time – about every, fourteen days to seek a prostitute. For this purpose I take with me a linen cloth and very strong straps. The girl is instructed to wrap me tight in the linen cloth and bind me then with the straps. She must leave me alone for a while after that in a lighted room. A rather long holding back of the stool belongs to the preparation for this act. As soon as I am alone, defecation at once takes place, which is bound with an actively toned orgasm – sometimes, not always, with ejaculation. The urination which accompanies the defecation produces a much greater orgasm. I lie then for about half an hour in a comfortable warmth, which I feel permanently as pleasure.

After this period the girl comes and has to unwrap me and gently chastise me because she has found me soiled. I want her also to scold me sharply and drive me out. I feel fear, shame, and disgust, and try to remove the traces of my shocking behaviour. I throw the linen cloth into the Danube, bring fresh underwear from home, and go to a bath. Yet I have noticed that against my will I have to urinate and defecate in the bath. Every attempt to reach an orgasm in the normal way fails completely.

This strange procedure is not difficult to understand. It is the setting up of an infantile situation, the situation in which as a tiny infant in swaddling clothes he was cared for by those about him. The prostitute represents the mother or nurse; he plays the part of the nursling. The orgasm at urination is the infantile type of

obtaining pleasure from this erogenous zone (urethra!).

We can therefore determine that all the libido has been drawn back to the child. But how is it with the man and the woman?

In the last year he has had a condition of sexual excitement, beside the paraphilia just described, of which until now he has been entirely unaware. He has been incapable of every kind of work, for the desire was constantly coming to him to go to a prostitute. If he went and attempted the normal, everything was at once over. The impulse was exceedingly strong, and yet coitus seldom resulted. He does not want to think of his paraphilia. Only every fourteen days the irresistible longing seizes him to be a child again.

He performs other actions, too, which symbolize subjection to a woman. He engages in cunnilingus and likes to be lightly whipped.

He acknowledges that he was very cruel in his childhood. It happens even to-day that he fantasies a lovely woman delivered up to him for life or death; he may do with her what he will. He tortures animals and used to revel in situations in which he was master of life and death for thousands. He had many women who would throw him into great excitement while their husbands at the same time had to look on. He became very religious about his tenth year.

Every morning before school he went to church and prayed God to hearken to him and make him a good man. He did not want to be a woman murderer! He had heard of Jack the Ripper and realized with horror that he also was capable of such deeds. Then terror seized him and he became religious. His fantasies changed entirely after this and he became the slave of women.

At first he will admit no homosexual impulses at all. He evades the question; such “unnatural things” he cannot understand. I refer to his paraphilia, which can hardly be called natural, and request him to speak frankly also about the other impulses of his sexual life. At last he comprehends and confesses to me important facts. I might call attention on this occasion to the number of times one is deceived by patients concerning homosexual impulses. They are very unwilling to admit these tendencies toward their own sex; they are embarrassed, as if they had betrayed something which would be especially paraphiliac... They confess to quite insignificant things and keep silence regarding the most important. For that reason, the usual anamnesis is not to be trusted. How often we read in Hirschfeld or Krafft-Ebing concerning a patient: He has never felt sexual impulses toward his own sex; on the contrary, it affects him unpleasantly even to think of such things. If one talks with these individuals for a longer time, the original attitudes come to light, and then only does one learn the most significant experiences, fantasies, and sexual goals... One ought to make it a rule therefore that the first statements of the patient about his sexual life should be valued only as temporary preliminary information. In this case, however, I succeeded in breaking the resistance and discovered the following facts: He was sexually stimulable even very early as a child and was particularly interested in exposure. It fascinated him equally to see either his father or mother naked. He began to masturbate at a very early age and ceased only for a very short time during his period of greatest piety. In his fourteenth year he became infatuated with a young boy, who returned his love. It was the happiest time of his life. Then the boy moved to another city, and for a long time he could find no other friend. When he was nineteen he lived with a woman who had a very pretty boy of the age of ten. He started an affair with him. Fearing discovery, he left the city and sought position elsewhere. Here, too, he found a boy who was compliant with his wishes.

Then he read in the newspaper of a trial against a man of good standing who had seduced boys. He resolved to fight energetically against these impulses, and mastered them.

In their place, however, appeared an unappeasable desire to have relations with women. And yet he was actually impotent with women. He had a strong orgasm

only when he had the procedure carried out which has been described.

We see here that the three components, man, woman, and child, are at war with one another, and the suppression of the woman brings into prominence old infantile impulses and makes them active.

CASE NUMBER 13

Mr. N. J., a technician of twenty-nine years, suffers from all sorts of obsessions. His sexual life stands under the sign of masochism. He is totally impotent with women and girls. All his attempts thus far have failed, so that he now seeks satisfaction only with a public woman. He has gone for years always to the same prostitute. She is already over forty years old. He prefers older prostitutes, for with younger ones he does not find understanding of his tendencies. The woman has a rod, which she must make use of when he has undressed. He lays himself upon her knee and she strikes him very softly upon the nates, whereby she has to say, "So, little boy, now I will clean up your little bottom!" Very frequently orgasm and ejaculation take place even during the flagellation, especially if the strokes are so gentle that they are more like caresses than blows. Sometimes, however, he engages in penetration, though this does not always succeed.

Erection often disappears during the coitus. It is as if an inner voice cried to him, "Do not do it! It is a sin!" After successful coitus he has strong feelings of remorse, which are entirely absent if the orgasm has been reached merely through flagellation. He seems to himself filthy and unclean and must take a bath to purify himself.

Each time he resolves never again to repeat the disgraceful scene, and each time he yields once more to the temptation.

Analysis shows that he was beaten by his mother in the manner described. He was her favourite, and she wanted rather to frighten him than to hurt him. This is an experience that has been confirmed by Freud. Masochism is most likely to arise when the punishment has not been very severe, so that the association of punishment and pleasure has been more easily made. Also the words: "So, little

boy, now I will clean up your little bottom!” are a repetition of the words which the mother would use in the same situation.

The remarkable thing in this case is that the patient never considered that his mother had uttered these words when she punished him. He imagined they were his very own discovery. We see therefore that the repression does indeed concern the mother. Now we understand, too, why the feelings of remorse come only after coitus, while they are wanting when just flagellation has taken place. It is plainly the dangerous incest fantasy, which permits a scene of reconciliation and reward to succeed the whipping, that is rejected by consciousness as unnatural and sinful. His impotence with women and girls of good standing is also comprehensible, for it is the usual form in which incest fantasies are able to express themselves. The respectable woman is openly associated with the mother, while with the prostitute this association is permitted only in the unconscious; in consciousness, the prostitute is considered as the opposite of the sacred image of the mother.

It is very interesting that this masochism has developed upon the basis of a hypertrophic sadism. N. J. manifested in childhood every kind of sadistic impulse possible. He tormented animals and was always playing with thoughts of murder, especially fantasies of poisoning. (It may be considered as talion, punishment for poisoning, that he has had a pathological fear of poisons and has attached a number of his obsessive actions to it. As the obsessive parapathy in general represents the parapathy of the restrained criminal.) He was pathologically jealous and as a child would not allow his brothers to play with his toys. To want everything for himself – the love of his parents, even that of the servants – to want everything only for his own advantage, everything at his service, never to be able to grasp another’s point of view, absence of ethical feeling toward others, these are all characteristic signs of the parapathic, which he shares with the criminal. He, too, wanted everything for himself only. He was jealous if the mother talked long with the father. He wanted to have his father all to himself and at such moments could wish his mother dead, and the converse. His brothers especially were a thorn in his eyes when he was a child. If they went to walk alone, his first thought was, “Oh, if they only would not come back!” Once they remained out for a rather long time, so that the mother was

much concerned. He was sick in bed with measles. Then he thought, "Now they have surely fallen into the brook," and prayed that they should never come back again... He was then five years old!

He later overcompensated this envy of his brothers through a great fondness and suffered fear if the brothers remained away longer than was expected. Then he became religious, and thus all his sadistic impulses and all his criminal thoughts vanished.

We must seek here the origin of the masochism, which will be easier to understand when we know that he was punished for his hateful attitude toward his brothers. It is as if the masochistic scene wanted to hold fast to this memory and meant pleasure and punishment at the same time. This is a form of the familiar parathic compromise... Yet has this fundamental sadism entirely disappeared? We may conceive of the masochism merely as a painting over of the sadistic portrait underneath. Such an assertion would be monstrous, could it not be proved.

Our patient's dreams contain any number of sadistic fantasies. Masochistic scenes appear much more rarely. And these masochistic scenes are full of sadistic elements.

We will pass now, however, to the analysis of a remarkable scene which he passed through after he had been under treatment by me for some time. He tried with fair success to overcome his masochistic tendency and sought an orgasm through normal intercourse. For this purpose he made a number of acquaintances through the newspaper, entered into a lively correspondence with girls who were strangers, and finally learned to know a French woman who pleased him very much. After they had made several excursions, she invited him to her home and gave him to understand that she was no prude like other girls and would gladly have an ardent lover whom she could call her own. He was delighted to reach at last the goal of his desires and have his own beloved.

A fearful anxiety came over him in the room with her. He thought he heard voices; he listened to noises which seemed to come from under the bed and finally believed that a strange man had concealed himself in the room, who would stab him or perhaps, out of jealousy, both him and her.

This anxiety proves to the psychologist that he associated murder with the rendezvous and in negative form, in the fear that he would be murdered. The psychiatrist who occupies himself profoundly with these cases already knows that such ideas easily arise through inversion. Perhaps from the thought, I might murder some one!

It would be the worst foolishness to make such a statement to the patient without having a further point of departure than the mere experience itself. But investigation shows that a number of facts support this assumption. The young man had the day before had his large pocketknife sharpened, which ordinarily he never carried, because he had discovered that it did not make his pencils sharp enough for drawing. Such rationalization of criminal preparations may be observed with extraordinary frequency, and they play a large part in the defense of these persons if they succumb to their criminal impulse, which especially with parathatics, whose inheritance is not particularly bad and who are not degenerate, very seldom comes to pass. He brooded over the thought what he should say to his brother if the latter should ask him where he had been. It would be very unpleasant to him if the brother should ask him about it. Rationalization: It is unnecessary that others should have knowledge of affairs of love. (How trifling such a plea would sound to the examining magistrate! The parathatic, however, allows himself very readily to be self-deceived. He is always acting comedies before himself!). He was seeking, therefore, an alibi... For he bought himself a tramway ticket in the opposite direction, as if he were going to Schönbrunn (he wanted to tell his brother that), then got out and went back again to the Prater to his friend. He had for a moment in his friend's room a red veil before his eyes and the thought: If she attacks me, I have my sharp knife and can defend myself and stab her.

His fear increased and he escaped at a moment when she left the room, and was not seen again. He was afraid of himself and fled so that he would not commit a crime.

When I called his attention to these facts, it was as if the scales fell from his eyes. He had even read a few days before a bit from Wedekind in which appeared the murder of Lulu by the Ripper. It was no accident that he had suddenly had the desire in a curious mood to read just this book. Jack the Ripper had always interested him. He now understands why he has always felt such keen regret that he had not become a gynaecologist. His dreams also reveal that at bottom he is a rank sadist. Thus he dreamed: I am going with a rosy girl to her room. I feel that I always have my knife in my pocket. The girl says to me: "Is it not true? You would not do anything to me?" I laugh in confusion.

This patient manifests also the strongly homosexual component without which evidently the masochistic attitude cannot arise. He is always embarrassed in the company of men, while he gets on very well with women. It may happen that he blushes and begins to stutter, he does not know why.

He has indulged in all sorts of homosexual play with his brothers, memory traces of which have their influence upon his present attitude.

It was of special importance in this case to demonstrate the infantile position toward the mother and the transition from sadism to masochism.

CASE NUMBER 14

A similar case to 13., which shows the same psychic mechanism is found in Krafft-Ebing.

Mr. X., a man of twenty-eight years, relates that he had fantasies with a sadistic character even when six or seven years old. He imagined that he held pretty young girls captive and beat them every day upon their buttocks. He soon found boys and girls of the same interests and arranged it so that when they were playing robbers and soldiers the robbers were brought to the attic and whipped upon their naked bottoms.

It afforded him great pleasure to strike the girls. At the age of ten to twelve his sadism changed to masochism. Then he took great delight in the idea that he was a lion and was beaten by a female animal trainer. (The lion is a symbol of the wild passions. This scene represents the punishment for his animal instincts and permits the subduing of the animal through the woman in a symbolic picture.) At fifteen he started to masturbate, and even at sixteen had an affair with a servant maid. She would not beat him but bade him lick her buttocks and put pieces of sugar between the buttocks. He had to eat these. But this paraphilia already shows the turning away from the woman. The vagina becomes the symbol of hell and of evil. He will not allow himself to be enticed to coitus, but feels disgust for the natural act... A year later he visited a house of prostitution, where he had the following ritual enacted. The prostitute must lay him upon her bare thigh and strike him upon his naked buttocks. She must at the same time reproach him for his badness, while he continues to protest that he will not do it again; she may forgive him.

She has also to take his head between her thighs and chastise him like a little

child.

One must be blind not to perceive that he copies the scenes where his mother whipped him. With some slight variation, to be sure, which betrays an evident wish fulfilment of incestuous nature. I mean the bared thigh of the prostitute...

He found at last a governess who gladly entered into his masochistic ideas and lived with him in the same house, where he could enact all his pet scenes.

Another erotic performance which he liked to have carried out upon himself shows the relation to homosexuality.

He would put salt, pepper, soap, paprika, and edged objects into his anus; as if he wanted to punish the anus for its erogenicity. Again he changed the pleasure into a painful action, so that gratification and punishment became through compromise one and the same sensation.

CASE NUMBER 15

Mr. G. K., thirty-two years old, complains of a paraphilia which fills him with sorrow. He has become loathsome to himself and has resolved to leave the world if no help can be given him. (This assertion is a common one with all patients.

Suicide is naturally the final punishment for the forbidden pleasure and serves as the last and greatest expiation. The actually perverse in Freud's sense, that means the patient with an inborn perversity, should not know the stings of conscience. In fact, degenerates and genuine psychopaths manifest no remorse and the tendency to suicide is absent.

The suicide is in itself an evidence of the moral person.) G. K. requests women to prick him with needles in the buttocks until the blood flows. He begs of prostitutes to let him know at once when their menstruation begins. He then licks the menstrual blood, which grants him the greatest orgasm.

Afterward he has a feeling of disgust. He must leave the brothel quickly or he might murder the strumpet, "the sinful vessel". It takes some days before he is able to calm himself.

He is so filled with disgust during this period that he can eat nothing and he shudders all over when he has to pass a meat shop.

He denies that he manifested sadistic traits when he was a child. As a small boy he was already a masochist, and he lost himself in fantasies that he was being

tortured, impaled, and so on.

Nevertheless, after three weeks he recalled quite different things. He had been very cruel as a child, had mischievously tormented animals. He derived great satisfaction from pulling the wings from flies, roasting insects. Once as a boy he had poured petroleum over a mouse and then set it afire. He liked to stick pins into a dog, he teased cats, and revelled in fantasies how he would tie people fast and then torture them. He was particularly excited by the idea of being a cannibal and devouring human flesh. He loved the tale of the vampire and wished that he could go at night as a vampire and suck people's blood.

All that he had ostensibly forgotten. He confessed to me, however, that these memories were always present, but he did not want to speak of them, did not want to think of them. He believed that they were things he had overcome.

The menstrual blood proves to be human blood, and in the action mentioned we can discern the rudiment of his vampirism. Vampirism as a paraphilia is not so rare as one would believe. To be sure, it hides behind vegetarianism, aversion to bloody meat, asceticism, and masochism.

The desire to be stabbed appeared first in this patient's eleventh year. He had at that time a religious period and revelled in the thought of being a martyr. Saint Sebastian was his prototype. It is very characteristic that he has a copy of a classic Sebastian, riddled with arrows, hanging over his writing desk.

Neither does this patient really touch women. He never performs coitus, which he considers ugly, unnecessary, and disgusting. He has the fear of coitus which we so often meet where we have to do with morbid aberrations of the sexual life. He reveals a hatred toward the church which reminds one very much of the notorious discussions of Marquis de Sade. Naturally, a passionate love conceals

itself behind this hate. He has only apparently conquered his piety, and in his masochism there is a large amount of secret religiousness.

CASE NUMBER 16

It concerns a thirty-year-old man, Victor X., who consulted me on account of masturbation, psychic impotence, and masochistic fantasies. He has himself whipped by prostitutes and performs cunnilingus upon them. He informs me that the masochistic fantasies were the result of being repulsed by a certain woman. He paid court to a girl and was refused. At first only sadistic fantasies prevailed. He wanted to revenge himself upon her. Not until later did the desire for flagellation and humiliation appear. His onanistic acts are now always accompanied by sadistic-masochistic ideas. We will let him tell us himself of the origin of the sadistic fantasies and the beginning of his onanistic acts. His language is curiously formal and precise. One would expect of an academician a better diction. I will change nothing essentially in what he has related, for the style itself betrays the man. Nor is the choice of expression a matter of indifference. The forms of speech readily disclose a definite complex. I have put the striking passages in italics.

I must have begun to masturbate very early. My recollections are not all clear and plain. Much from childhood has become hazy and indistinct. Of one thing I am sure: I began to commit this error in class IV of the elementary school. How I came to it I no longer know, but I will say that I was not misled by others. At first the masturbation was something new to me which seemed pleasant; but later my father noticed that I was in the toilet longer than usual. I was so absorbed one time that my father surprised me. I was frightfully ashamed; my father talked to me of the wickedness and immorality of my act and I promised to do it no more. At this time I certainly had as yet no definite ideas with the act! Alas, I soon fell again into this sin, but it did not happen more than once a week. I did not feel at all sick with it, as it had been prophesied at my confession. So it went on until the sixth class in the gymnasium; frequently I had attacks of leaving off from the wrong, and I clearly remember when my uncle died – it was at the time that I was in the fourth gymnasium class – I did not indulge in masturbation for three months.

But in the sixth, I was teased by my schoolmates that I had no “flame” in the city. When I saw that the others went around happily with the young women, I decided to do likewise. I selected a woman (she is about a year younger than I) who greatly impressed me, for she was of a striking figure and had eyes whose glance I cannot bear even today; I have to look to the floor as soon as she meets me. The lady was however surrounded by admirers and took no notice of me; at most she ridiculed me openly before others and considered me a fool; in short, I realized that I was nothing to her, but I could not leave her, and that is my predicament!

From this time on I envisioned, while masturbating, striking the woman and letting her feel my power. I had no great pleasure after the act and cast all thoughts of women out of my head. My parents and also my sister, six years younger than I, learned of my vain efforts at courting Miss N., and turned it all into ridicule without suspecting that I felt myself deeply wounded and now strove still more to carry out my will. I felt unhappy when I did not see the girl (she lived opposite me, separated only by a large garden, the railway tracks, and the street), and I could observe by the hour with the telescope the entrance door or the window of her room, when I was alone in my room. As soon as I saw her I was at first very happy to see my little flame; then I remembered how she had treated me and I wished I were a Russian chief of police and she were a Nihilist or anything else that would permit me to make her feel cruelly the lash in prison. The thought never came to me to have sexual relations with her, but only to go walking or be able to speak to her on the drive; this was my only endeavour. My wishes remained unfulfilled, despite the fact that for her sake I learned to skate when in the seventh class only to be able to observe with what lucky person she would speak. I did not look at any other woman, or at the most at one who likewise was of right full figure.

So I took my degree, and in the years that followed I came a step further in misfortune. Having nothing to do in the vacation, I occupied myself more intensively than ever with thoughts of Miss N., for I was to go to the college in Vienna.

I read at this time of the horrors of the Inquisition. I must confess to my shame that instead of being deterred by these sad errors I dwelt with delight upon the witches' trials and found great satisfaction in the idea that Miss N. was accused of being a witch and I was appointed to torture her or have her tortured, especially to scourge her; while envisioning this I would masturbate, and in the night these fantasies would cause me to violently ejaculate.

In Vienna, I awaited a fitting occasion to purchase a novel concerning flagellation and sadism. I devoured this foolish stuff, but afterward I so loathed the book that I burned it up. Later I bought a great many such books (the illustrations especially appealed to me). I might say that I could not afford this, but I could not help it; I had to have such things not because of the content, to which I was indifferent, but I took delight in the thought of torturing Miss N. in the same way. I read other works also regarding torture and sexual aberrations and while reading fell into a frenzied intoxication of joy. I am an abstainer from alcohol and do not smoke and could therefore freely spend the money which was not used for concerts, theatre, and violin music. I wrote twice to Miss N., to which she did not respond, which was natural, for I had never yet spoken to her, because I was afraid to do so. Two years ago at Christmas, I resolved to address her! I lay in wait for her every day on the way to school until I caught her. She was fairly friendly but noticeably cool, while she made use of various pretexts to get rid of me. I paid no attention to this at first until I realized that I had been received only "out of pity," and my fury rose again within me. I could not insult her; that was vulgar in my eyes, so there was nothing to do but to give free rein to my fantasy. I learned from letters after I had returned to Vienna that other women mocked my courting of Miss N., and from this time I found satisfaction in the thought of wiping out any one of this clique just as well as another! I was masturbating on an average of once a day, always imagining horrible things; the thought of natural gratification left me cold. My temporary irritability increased; from time to time I was very much depressed and unable to drive out these disgusting thoughts despite all the efforts of my will.

I have been buying recently, that is, for a month, even French literature on

flagellation, although I do not understand a word (only the pictures excite me) ; for in place of the persons depicted I imagine those that suit my fantasy, or I draw free imaginary pictures patterned after those given.

With this I masturbate and then resolving to do this no more, I occupy myself with something else. I masturbate particularly in bed before going to sleep and in the morning before getting up. The only singular thing about it is that I know that what I do is wrong but I cannot keep from doing it; and furthermore the horrible thoughts come to me less often in B., my home, where I have the opportunity of seeing Miss N. every day or to meet one of her friends, than here in Vienna. I have read various writings regarding masturbation, but can find no way out. My fantasy brings me actually to Russia, perhaps because I have read a good deal of the habits and customs of this country.

As well as I can remember, I was very weak and sickly in my childhood. I was always in the company of my parents or relatives and was not allowed to romp about with other children, not even with my cousin who lived in the same house; I suppose because I had scarlet fever, diphtheria, influenza several times, and a slight cardiac defect; also, I took cold very easily and had to be careful with my stomach.

I can no longer recall the dream ideas of that time; I remember only the terrifying fever fantasies during my illness (water foaming frightfully, roaring mills turning, dazzling light).

As soon as I could read properly, criminal stories, especially detective stories were, and they are today, my favourite literature! Besides, I naturally read tales of travel, of the sea, and of Indians. Unfortunately I began also to read the cheap ten-cent editions of Nat Pinkerton and the like, but soon turned to good novels. I always played the detective in my fantasies and dreams, who triumphed over crime in every case despite all dangers. This still happens now and then, especially when I have seen a criminal drama on the screen.

But I go to the moving pictures merely for distraction and have forgotten the “sensational drama” as soon as I am home again. I began to have sexual ideas only when I wanted to make Miss N.’s acquaintance and suffered a debacle thereby.

Hatred toward the female sex was increased when I attended dancing class and on account of my awkwardness usually remained the fifth wheel in the wagon. My schoolmates christened me the “woman hater,” because I always at this time had a hostile attitude toward girls.

From my childhood: I remember best that from the time I was small I was terribly afraid of the dark; I never went alone to the toilet or into a dark room. I was most afraid of going after the ironing board which was placed against my bed to keep me from falling out, and which I had to fetch every evening from the dark garret stairs, which were lighted feebly by a skylight.

I recall another peculiar occupation: I took the trouble to paste small model cottages of paper and lighted them in order to put them out, or I laid pieces of paper on the stove and waited until they were ablaze.

I had in bed with me until late in the gymnasium a piece of fur or a soft, black fur cap, and I still like black cats or bears.

I had many vexations also on account of my sister. I cannot bear little children, just as I experience kissing as something disgusting, and once I choked her in a fit of rage.

I would often in a fury utter threats that I would wipe her out her and destroy her.

In the second gymnasium class, I spent all my pocket money for cigarettes and paper soldiers and it resulted in a great scandal, for I did not want to tell where the money had gone. I was not whipped, but my father seemed to denounce me. I no longer know what actually happened later. But I always think of this evening with frightful rage.

When I was in the second gymnasium class, a menagerie and panopticon show visited our town; the pictures on the wall were the murder of Louis Napoleon by the Kafirs, the operation on the larynx of Wilhelm I, the bomb attack upon Alexander II, and a torture chamber, which all interested me tremendously, chiefly the torture chamber, and I could have stood there by the hour and looked, if a tortured woman was pictured. Later I saw at the cinema the famous picture, *The Robbery-Murder And Its Punishment* (the execution in all its details). At a fair booth later I saw the *Death of McKinley and Execution in the Electric Chair*.

I obtained a picture in the fourth class of an aristocratic woman (very lasciviously pictured) in Russia being laid over a chair and beaten with knots on account of her political activities. The picture was taken away from me; I asked in all the shops and could not rest until I had ordered the number again.

I was frequently present when puppies or kittens were drowned. At first I hated their executioners, but then I had to learn to recognize the “necessity” for this.

Some years ago my sister was to be whipped and hid herself behind me. I took the stick from my mother and broke it, and I do not know what would have happened if my father had not put an end to the scene.

A DAYDREAM

Not always, but two or three times a week, especially if I have had one of these wretched books in my hand, I indulge the fantasy of being able to condemn Miss N. to frightful scourging in a subterranean prison, especially in Russia; this I seldom carry out myself, but have it performed. Other girls, too, whom I know, appear in these dreadful fantasies with Miss N., the latter, however, always playing the role of ringleader, and on this account she has to be punished more severely than the others.

If this happens in a night dream, I have an ejaculation and wake with a feeling of disgust toward myself, inasmuch as I know that if the opportunity were given me actually to do this, I would certainly refrain from it! If the impulse is present in the waking condition, while reading, I masturbate only with the thought of the plastic picture; afterward I go out quickly or play the violin in order to forget my fantasies.

I might add here that I lose every vestige of self-control if I see Miss N. in my home town; my breath stops and I become fiery red. I have always been frightfully shy and even now I say to everything Yea and Amen. I do not write this to excuse myself; only I should like to have it thought that I am not wholly corrupt and an outcast from moral society.

DREAMS

I had been thinking a great deal the previous evening of my condition and went to bed without much satisfactory knowledge of it.

First I dreamed of an attack by robbers upon our house in X. I went along the river valley with a military procession; the valley was much richer in vegetation than usual. Along the way lay the bloody corpses of men; we came upon houses destroyed by fire – then I came to a beautiful mountain which was bare on top. I crouched alone behind a rock and while soldiers and volunteers fought with the robbers at the foot of the mountain, I watched all that went on with feverish intensity. As one robber, who had the appearance of a former comrade, turned his back to me, I fired at him with a revolver. I saw plainly how the bullet had bored through his back and he quivered and fell. I must have roused the attention of the others, for bullets whistled about me, and my heart stood still with the fear of being shot. I fired once more at one of them, who rushed with the other upon the rock, but the pistol missed fire and I awoke.

After I had had a drink of water and rearranged the bed cover, which had been pushed off, I fell asleep again. I dreamed something quite different.

It seemed to me that Russia had carried on a war with the Triple Alliance and had been beaten. I had particularly distinguished myself and was summoned by the czar for the suppression of the revolution (in my dreams I am very often a detective, who has done service to the Czar and is bound to him in eternal friendship). In such a capacity I have learned that women from my native place are connected with the revolutionary committee and are planning an attack with dynamite upon me. Extensive preparations are being discovered. I am sending warning letters to Miss N. and other ladies. I appear in disguise as a revolutionary and unearth everything. At last those who are perpetrating it travel to Petersburg for the assault (or I dreamed also that I went to X. and the train was made to run off the track), and at the moment of disembarking the anarchists are arrested. At the final moment Miss N., or one of the others at her instigation, throws the bomb; it explodes, I feel a stabbing pain in the region of the heart, and it seems as if I cannot get my breath. Everything becomes red and then gray and I awake with the pillow upon my nose.

I must have put everything in order in a half-awake condition, for I dreamed

quietly further: I had recovered and was pondering how to carry out fearful vengeance. My feeling for my acquaintance in X. has always become milder in such dreams, and only my duty and the urging of the revolutionary committee, besides the arrogance, the insolence, and the insubordination of the prisoners, stimulate me to cruel punishment... Usually I give attention to every smallest detail to build up scenes of this sort... I am sitting in my office and examine Miss N. and the others... They are all defiant and compel me to follow my cruel desires... A pressure and the floor collapses, or one wall of the room opens with a bang and we find ourselves in a cellar room lying under water; bare walls, a pillar in the middle, a bench hooked up at the side... The women remain obdurate; I have rods and whips brought in and condemn them to a certain number of blows... These are never given upon the naked body, but upon the clothing; or I let the women put on a close-fitting bathing suit (not in my presence), or I let them turn back the skirt; I never strike them upon the back! The preparations, the weeping, pleading, the offering of resistance, in themselves afford me a frightful satisfaction. The high point of my excitement is reached when I see Miss N. lying in an agonizing position, her face distorted with pain, the other women standing around in terrible fear, and the flogging begins. Whether I have attained my purpose or not, does not come into consideration... After the scourging, the victim, if she has resisted, is fastened in a chair and the electric current passed through the part that has been beaten, in the idea that the pain will be in this way much increased. Otherwise, the persons who have been whipped are put into a cell, where they are tied hand and foot or chained to the wall... Usually the dream closes with transportation to Siberia, visiting of the prisoners in the dungeon by Kara or Nerczinsk, where they die miserably under the lash of the overseers, to plan again in the next dreams attacks upon me.

Or I let them go free; they come to X. (sometimes also they escape and I go after them, fall into the hands of the Nihilists and am frightfully tortured, which I bear with stoicism, reach the fugitives, and take vengeance upon them), and I return then to my parents, meet Miss N. and the others, and am pleased to be looked upon by them with horror and fear.

All entreaties and confessions during the punishment fall upon deaf ears, and I feel extraordinarily satisfied to observe that the earlier resistance of the women

is now changed to fear of the flogging.

Girls whom I do not know at all, but always of the age of seventeen to twenty-four years, chiefly Russians or Poles, appear also in the action. But attention is concentrated particularly upon Miss N. and perhaps eighteen women of my acquaintance, friends of Miss N. or those who have conspired with Miss N. against me.

The funny thing with me is that the first girl whose acquaintance I made was a Franziska; that is also Miss N.'s name, my favourite dancer has a sister who is called that, and my cousin's fiancée in Vienna has that name. This name along with two others plays a significant part in general in my dreams and imaginations – there must always be a Franziska, who is delivered over into my power.

But it is not always I who whip and punish Miss N. and her clique. I dream also of situations in which I free Miss N. from the power of others and become her deliverer. Such a dream occurred immediately among the dreams of the next night. I have written down this dream, for you will be interested in it:

I was in our home in Vienna. My parents were visiting me, and I learned that all my acquaintances had gone away from X. because dealers in girls endangered their safety. Miss N. with other unfortunate ones had fallen into the hands of the fiends and were somewhere in custody in Vienna. I set out to liberate the ill-fated ones and found myself in the Wiental, which was enormously broad and had a suspension bridge over it, which was frightfully insecure. There were steep wet steps, so that I was all the time afraid of falling; besides, the light was yellowish gray and the whole region strange and weird! How I came to the prison, I no longer can tell; but I lay behind a chest where I could keep a close watch on all that took place. Miss N. was to be sacrificed, struggled, was repeatedly beaten, and so were the other women. I lay there inactive and was as if spellbound... As the wretched women, in a frightful condition, were at last ready to comply, I

sprang up, and although the traffickers and women stood defenseless, I shot the former all down, to flee then with the rescued ones over roofs and dizzying projections... Behind me were the pursuers, and I felt that I was hopelessly lost; I glided out and fell into a foaming stream. Then I awoke!

I had another dream, which I do not quite understand: I had Miss N. in my power and wanted to pass sentence upon her. Then she turned into a man and fell upon me. We were quite alone and fought bitterly. Then she seized me by my genitals and I felt that I was totally defenseless...

I awoke with an ejaculation. I have frequently had such dreams. But I cannot describe how the man's face looked, for it was mostly dark, while I see the massive figure very plainly before me.

Another dream: I dreamed for the first time that I was frightfully beaten with a rod by a woman quite unknown to me. I was completely overcome by helpless rage and swore vengeance.

I had to go to a school, even though in the dream I acted as a collegian, in which only violin music was taught. There I met Miss N. among other comrades of the past, and I very politely invited her to play the violin with me (as a matter of fact Miss N. has no musical ear!). She was exceptionally friendly and laid her round arms unsuspectingly around my neck. When I felt her warm breath, I seized her roughly and pinched her violently on her arms and bosom. I heard her sobbing loudly and it made me feel bad for a moment, but then I heard the conductor of the school coming. I was afraid and began to beat Miss N. until she escaped from me. I smashed all the windows in my mad fear and shrieked as I did it. Suddenly a frowning man stood before me, who took Miss N. under his protection and looked very much like Dr. Stekel. He spoke to me and then thrust a dagger into the region of my heart! I felt the pain of it, and Miss N.'s eyes, swollen with weeping, stared wide open at me like those of one dying; I wanted to ask her pardon, but the hatred and the scorn of becoming weak before a

woman would not permit me a single word.

When I noticed that the blood was flowing further, nothing but ugly memories appeared; and I was able neither to frighten her nor to make her ridiculous with the words,

“There is no God and no other world!” Then I had a frantic fear of death and the tears came to my eyes. I awoke sobbing.

It was a long time before I could quiet myself. Finally I again fell asleep.

I was lying in bed at home sick and my father sat by the bed and told me that my studies would amount to nothing, for Austria had declared war upon Roumania and I should be called to the colours. I felt horribly wretched and did not want to get up. Then everything was in confusion and I awoke.

IV: A CASE OF SODOMY AND SADISM

CASE NUMBER 17

About two years ago a twenty-three-year-old medical student came to me suffering from ideas of persecution and complaining of inability to study. The patient – we will call him Xaver – complained also, aside from these difficulties, of compulsive brooding, impotence, polyuria, and distress in eating. He was analyzed first for two months by my pupil Dr. Dishoeck, felt better, returned home, then came again to Vienna, where Herbert Silberer analyzed him (three months) under my direction. Silberer's suicide brought the very successful and interesting analysis violently to an end. I took over the patient and made an effort to synthesize the clinical picture, which was accomplished in a short time. For a long time I heard nothing from the patient, until he suddenly appeared again in Vienna. I do not intend to give the entire analysis, which would fill a book, for it has been preserved by Silberer with the exactness characteristic of him. I will reproduce only the most important details, as far as they are necessary for the understanding of the case. The first account of his life was written by the patient after Silberer's suicide:

Grandparents

My grandparents on my father's side came from Tirol. Their ancestors were well-established, settled farmers. They had twenty-two children, eight of whom are still living today. My grandfather was a merchant, but his real love was for the life of a farmer. His leisure was devoted to his soil and cattle.

Love of farming was in the blood of all of us. My grandfather was a very talented man. In our small place he carried on the business of mason, of master joiner, of shoemaker, and of baker. My grandmother on her part was an energetic, efficient woman. She established three places of business, which all

prospered and are still in existence. The grandfather became through his industry and the ability of his wife wealthy and of high reputation. Their marriage was very bad. The wife was cold, ill-tempered toward husband and children. There was always quarrelling and bickering, which perhaps had a great influence upon my father. He brought the same discord into his marriage. The grandparents were out-and-out atheists. I never came into a really good relationship with them. My father took over the atheism from them and wanted to stamp it upon me.

My grandparents on my mother's side were on the other hand very devout peasants, for whom prayer came before work. Their affairs were in a very bad condition and at the verge of ruin when my father came into the home and assumed management of the tangled situation. I only dimly remember this grandfather, while the grandmother played a large part in my life. She took the mother's place for me.

From six to eleven I slept in her room, often even in her bed.

I was afraid and would cry out at night, so that she had to take me into bed to quiet me. I would then snuggle with great pleasure close to her warm body. This is doubtless the root of my pronounced gerontophilia.

She implanted a deep religious feeling in me. It was her fervent desire that I should become a priest. She painted for me the advantages and blessings of this calling in glowing colours. I had to promise her repeatedly that I would dedicate myself to the church.

I believe that she would turn in her grave if she knew that I was not going to do it.

I was very intimate with her and confided to her all my sorrows and secrets. My father could not get on with his parents-in-law. He hardly spoke a word to my grandmother, except at the most to make some spiteful remark concerning her piety and her customs. But I clung to her with great affection, and I still dream that she is alive and that I tell her everything. She even appears sometimes in my masturbation fantasies. Once in a dream I dismembered and devoured her.

That may mean that I have incorporated her in myself and will never overcome the inner piety, concerning which Dr. Stekel has taught me.

Parents

My father is of huge build, a sympathetic, uncommunicative man, quiet and taciturn in serious affairs. If he likes a person he will do anything in the world for him; to those who are envious of him, he remains a bitter, mortal enemy. He ponders every word that he speaks; he weighs it well. Owing his origin to an unhappy marriage, he himself was not able to make marriage happy. He was suspicious and jealous.

From childhood on I have brooded over his nature. The contradictions in him have seemed to me a dark riddle; his nature had to me something strange and uncanny. He worked from early morning until late at night. The farmers called him, because of his spinning of thoughts, the "Spider". He would wear himself and his cattle to death, the peasants thought. Yet while the others, those who envied him and those who mocked, came to grief, were ruined and starved, he knew how by his reflecting and considering to extract five times as much from the soil as those who preceded him. He introduced every new device, thought out wise improvements, increased his cattle fourfold through rational management. The peasants marvelled at him and could scarcely comprehend him. Work was his watchword and progress his motto. Wife and children were simply means to his end.

He was fond of us, which is not usual with the peasants, whose children are accustomed merely to serve as cheap labourers, but he rarely showed this affection. I was associated with him a great deal and loved and admired him very much, despite his disagreeable aspects. He was the ideal of my youth.

As I have already stated, he was an atheist by conviction, and he often scoffed at the religion of my mother and grandmother. He had respect only for schools and learning. The school was his church, teachers and professors his idols. An “educated gentleman” was his secret ideal. He was also as to his knowledge a self-made man. There were no good schools in his time. He had acquired all the learning he had by himself.

My first brilliant reports were his greatest pride. For that reason my scientific studies are his highest joy: for in the whole district a certain hostility exists toward intellectual pursuits and no one beside myself is a student, which particularly flatters his pride and ambition.

Formerly his thought and attention were directed toward money. He wanted to free himself from poverty, in which he succeeded. Now his desire is for knowledge and social position.

For a year and a half he has slept apart from my mother and for about a year he has been the victim of a paranoid delusion of jealousy.

My mother is in contrast to my father very small and insignificant-looking, a kindly woman, always at work. I know her as being always full of care, of tears and trouble, and always with child. She is very religious. She has borne in all eleven children, of whom seven are still living, all healthy in body as well as in

mind. I have not been able to observe in her any degenerative signs except her small size; besides, excepting me and my oldest brother, the children are all full-sized persons. I do not recall that she was ever especially affectionate toward me. She always gave a good deal of help to her sisters, which made me jealous and which gave constant ground for strife to my father, for as I said he wanted to save money and free himself from his difficult situation. On the other hand, I was able very early to win my father's goodwill, whether through work, little services, good reports, or pleasant words.

It was the everlasting quarrelling between my parents that drove me to melancholy long before elementary school.

They still wrangle every day. General irritability. My father is seldom drunk; only when there are disputes, he drinks to stupefaction. Since he has almost an intolerance of alcohol, this has a fearful effect. He comes home at night, slams the doors, shouts, and reviles my mother loudly. The scenes were terrible when I was a child; now they are somewhat milder.

Thus he would appear raging at the door. We knew that he had been drinking! Every one, Mother too, fled before him.

He would look for Mother everywhere, even under the bed, from which he would drag her screaming. (Later I had a compulsion to look under the bed, which may go back to this early impression.) Often he would not find her and then he would ask the children, "Where is your mother?" We would all tremble and keep still; no one dared answer. Mother often escaped to the hayloft, where he would find her at last crouched in a corner. She often took one of my sisters with her as a protection, but it did no good. When my father had discovered her, he would curse her and reproach her with being unfaithful. He had a firm belief that my oldest brother was not his son and in his scenes would upbraid her with this.

She seems not to have loved him; he must have felt and known this. I recall with horror some of his insults. It made a profound impression on me when he called out to her: “You give me only your naked skin, only the hole you give me. Oh, yes – you would like to have the man with the long sabre [a gendarme of whom he was jealous], you whore, you trollop!

I’ll cut you up until the blood runs from your skull... You filthy sow, you she-creature, dragon – mother of God, you hypocrite! Wait, I’ll give you what’s coming to you! I’ll finish with you; I’ll stab you, shoot you, choke you!” His face would take on a strange, distorted look, his movements were those of a clown; he would stamp on the floor until the house shook. (In spite of my terror, I admired on these occasions his force and power.) He often used gross sexual language, horrible to listen to. My oldest brother and sisters used to flee with the mother; I usually remained in bed (he never did anything to me!), rarely only did I run to my grandmother and hide with her.

I always listened intently to find whether he would discover her. I imagined bloody scenes and saw him in my mind killing her with the axe. He would keep on hunting and his anger thundered through the house. An indescribable whimpering and wailing, pleading and crying, showed that he had at last found Mother.

It became red before my eyes; everything swam in a sea of blood. I did not know whether to pray for help for my mother or my father! I knew that now he would do violence to her. Everything began to whirl around me (he will kill her!). I was excited to the pitch of losing consciousness and...

I would masturbate. Masturbation began in the fourth year and was always connected with this scene. After coitus he came down from the hayloft, reviled the grandparents, who had not dared move, struck everything to pieces within

reach.

The mother often came and tried to quiet him. She frequently called to him: “You should be ashamed before your children!” These scenes were repeated. He sometimes called my mother a sow, which was destined to have an influence upon my sexual life.

My father early inspired me with hatred toward my mother. I could not understand that she cared more for her sisters than her husband and children. She was a resigned person. The sight of her was offensive to me. I could not look her in the eyes. My father had a great fondness for dogs, which he petted and which were his friends. Mother often said: “If only I were a dog, oh that would be so lovely for me!” (the root of my zoöphilia).

Other impressions also had a determining influence upon my sexual life. My father helps at the birth of all animals in the neighbourhood. He also butchers the cattle and is the veterinarian. After elementary school, he initiated me into all the knowledge and taught me how to castrate beasts.

The slaughtering of animals was horrible to me, especially that of the pigs, in which everybody in the house took part.

First Sexual Experiences

My first experience occurred between three and four. The neighbour’s daughter, Fanny, some years older than I, seduced me. She played with my genitals and tempted me to cunnilingus. From this to solitary masturbation, either manually or lying on my belly. I would stick the penis and scrotum between the thighs and

make rocking movements. I never imagined the vagina. At this time I thought only of lying upon the abdomen or the legs. My first homosexual experience, which was sadistically coloured, happened at about the same time. I at that time played the man. It was an exact imitation of coitus, usually upon the abdomen, more rarely between the thighs, never in the anus. The rubbing of the scrotum upon the partner's skin exerted a great stimulus. (A favourite fantasy of mine, testicles in the vagina.) The testicles are my most sensitive erogenous zone. In intercourse, I clasped the boy's shoulders convulsively with my hands.

My first ideal love (five) was Mimi, the little daughter of the innkeeper. Her father was a drunkard, and I had the greatest pity for her. She was for me the ideal of all that was noble and pure and has always remained this. She was rich and very pretty. She exerted an enormous influence over me, and I have never forgotten her to this day. Through her fault, I fractured my left foot on Corpus Christi day. I gladly took the pain upon myself. I indeed suffered for her. But I had to lie in bed four months. I found it tedious and practiced masturbation industriously. At that time zoöphiliac play with cats began; I would stick my penis between their paws and I would torment them cruelly, which was great fun for me. It is not clear to me whether it was not the observation of animals (fowls, dogs, hares), as well as the playing with cats, which first led me to masturbation. Milking also excited me at an early period, leading to masturbatory fantasies. The udders, at which I often sucked in the stable, represented to me the phallus. The udders of a cow rouse me even today. I am much excited when I see a child nursing the mother's breast (I was not suckled). I often looked on (six to seven) when the bull was led to the cow. I noticed the redness of its organ and the size of its testicles. My feeling was purely sadistic. I imagined that the bull ought to be so strong that the cow would collapse from its thrust. (I have in fantasy gigantic testicles. The bull's penis is to me an ideal form. The movements of human beings at coitus seem to me ridiculous, those of animals wonderful and natural.) An aunt once saw the cow being covered and blushed, which gave me the greatest delight.

When I was ill I received a great deal of sympathy and affection, so that a tendency to be ill remained with me.

I often thought, “How fine it is to be sick!” I occupied myself between the periods of playing with the cats with Mimi, my ideal love. I will say in advance that she wanted to rouse me to coitus in my eleventh year.

She was therefore no saint. But I needed an ideal, and I therefore recoiled from a sexual act with Mimi. It would have seemed to me a desecration. I was at that time under the influence of religion. Now back to my first experiences. I played repeatedly with Fanny. We would slide together buttocks to buttocks and urinate together into the cat’s dish, and believed at that time that we could procreate a child. She was a friend of my sister and told her every thing, on account of which my sister ridiculed me. That offended me greatly and I left Fanny alone from that time on.

I was particularly pleased when my father took me on his lap and I might have some extra food with him. He often took my legs between his thighs to cut my hair. I would have to think then of his large penis, which I had repeatedly seen as he urinated (four to six).

I was a stubborn bed-wetter – until my eleventh year – and was often on account of it teased and laughed at. That hurt me very deeply, for I always wanted to stand in honour, and it became the root of my feeling of inferiority.

I watched an older boy masturbating when I was between seven and eight and for the first time observed ejaculation, which I envied the big fellow. I was the best at the elementary school and was frequently praised. I was easily thrown into bad humour and defiant if I failed to succeed or was not sufficiently recognized.

A clear recollection (four to five) : I am running after my aunt into bed and have enormous pleasure in sucking at her nipples, which seem to me as large as a cow's udders. She pushes me away.

I was surprised by a brother of my partner when indulging in masturbation with other children (between the legs), and he told my sister, who again made fun of me.

Perhaps my obsessive idea during coitus, that some one is coming in and will catch me at it, has its origin here. I myself also have the wish to surprise a pair at coitus.

I once, that was the first time, came upon my parents at coitus; the father was sitting and my mother astride him. I knew at once that it was a sexual act, but thought that such a forbidden, unlovely thing would not happen with my parents.

It was something abnormal, like my homosexual play.

After our house burned down, we all had to sleep in one room. Now I saw and heard my parents at coitus almost every night. I caught the following words:
"The flow of saliva

[perhaps also the seminal flow] feels so good." I always have a flow of saliva at coitus, as well as with any excitement, which perhaps is due to these words. I envied the mother more than the father. I wanted to be his wife. I would rather at every coitus lie on my back and play the part of the woman.

These were, alas, not the only traumata to which I was subjected! There were a great many!

My oldest brother often played with his penis, which he showed to me, saying it was a little fish (in the bath). He also masturbated openly before me, which made a great impression upon me. Suggestions for my homosexuality were also not wanting otherwise.

A comrade of mine, who gave me a good deal of sexual enlightenment, said jokingly that my mouth when I whistled was like the anus of a monkey when it defecated (ten to eleven). Very unpleasant. So I gave up whistling.

I frequently watched my father at defecation. I was disillusioned. I had considered my parents, so to say, as angels.

I was very early interested in men's trousers, especially in the region of the seat, whether they were nicely folded there or were dirty. My father used the expression: their trousers draw up behind the arse. He liked to speak otherwise in scatological terms, especially of defecating, and used to make merry over my grandmother's "wind".

I imagined at that time, and do still, everybody at defecation. The function is toned with pleasure for me and sometimes accompanied by erection. I smell of every one, sniff whether such and such a one has not an odour of faeces.

I tried very early to put my finger into the anus (seven to eight), but stopped because I considered it a great sin. With a woman I often have to think of her anus, which is repulsive to me and diminishes my potency. Nevertheless, I toy

with the fantasy of performing anilingus upon women and believe that I have done this sort of thing in childhood.

Feelings of anxiety soon appeared. I made use of them – as I have said – to get into my grandmother’s bed. I would call in great distress for help, if I was alone. I was afraid of being murdered. This fear remained with me until my seventeenth year.

Staying in my grandmother’s bed became disgusting to me through her constant passing of gas. My father called her a “bass viol”. Strange! If she passed gas, I reproached myself. I wanted also to blame her, but I did not dare. If now it happens to anyone, I blush guiltily, which perhaps proves that passing gas sexually excites me. It never happens to me any more. I have quite cured myself of it. Perhaps from fear of being laughed at. I become red when the subject is mentioned. I must confess however that in early childhood it was a great pleasure to me (especially in bed) to pass gas and smell my own ill odour. But I was reproached for it and had to give up that satisfaction.

I experienced my first injustice in the elementary school. I was very well treated, only the head master beat me because I was the son of his enemy. My father and my uncle were his mortal enemies. Once when I was being whipped I had the misfortune to pass gas and became the sport of the class, which pained me deeply.

Now for this uncle!

My uncle Jacob, a rich merchant, wanted to adopt me when I was five years old, but I did not want to be a tradesman. Today I regret it very much that I did not remain with him; he has a large establishment and no children. He later adopted a girl cousin of mine. I am his favourite and his pride, yet I despise him now on

account of his sexual abnormalities.

When I was twenty, we went out together to girls. My aunt, his wife, is an abomination to me.

My sister initiated me into all sexual secrets; I was allowed to look on when visitors took her with them to the haymow for coitus. Sexual attacks on my part she indignantly resisted at that time. That would be sin. Later I became a friend of her lover, who discussed with me the nature of masturbation, of semen, pregnancy, and so on.

This sister was my sexual ideal. I tried again and again to get her to have coitus, in which I was not to succeed until later. All our conversation revolved about sexual things, in which she did not mince matters.

When I was eleven I was put into a religious monastery. I wept for three weeks, would not eat, appeared wholly stupid, in order to get away. Yet I was afraid of my father, who said that it was better to study than to cart manure or carry bread; I would get on very well. I was able to stay only for his sake. I gradually became over-religious through the constant drill. My especial reverence was given to the Heavenly Virgin and the sacrament of the altar. I did not study, but thought over what had happened "at home"; my sexual experiences were always coming into consciousness.

I had a heavy sense of guilt and went every day to confession. I still intended during the first two years of my stay in the institution to be a priest.

The time was a fearful one for me. One might think that I was happy to have

escaped the hell at home. But one should also consider how much sexual excitement I had enjoyed there, and how I clung to my father and sister. Now I wanted to be pure and to be delivered from all filthy thoughts.

Confession was a torture to me. I believed that my confessions were not clear; my remorse was not genuine, and I had a morbid fear of having forgotten some sin. I was always looking around as if I had lost something.

There was too much goodness. Communion was partaken of every day. There were many hours of prayer and there were Masses daily in the church. We were wakened, for example, in the darkness of the night and remained in the church from five in the morning until a quarter of nine. I frequently prayed to Saint Aloisius of Gonzaga, because he had abhorred women. His chastity was commended to us in inspired words. He had an altar to himself in the church, before which I often kneeled by the hour pleading for deliverance from my sinful thoughts.

I revelled in fantasies of Christ and wanted to become a martyr. I prayed for strength for chastity and for pleasure in work.

But it was of no use. So toward the end of the first year I become melancholy; everything looked dark to me.

When questioned by those over me, I said I was a great sinner. They rejoiced at my insight. I began to have headaches, which lasted until puberty. (They gave me cod-liver oil for them.) I took no pleasure in anything but music; I was always at war with my professors, who told me daily that I was frightfully lazy; I could do brilliant work, if I wanted to. Yet besides school interested me but little. I liked my music teacher, and told him everything. He constituted himself my director, instructed me in singing and violin.

I had nothing in common with my fellow pupils; I despised them. They seemed to me very stupid, because they had to study so much. I got everything I wanted at the lecture; I missed much because I did not pay attention, and in school I indulged in masturbation. I was not afraid of being caught.

I gradually masturbated more and more in school, and to have more time for it I would say I had a headache. So for half a year I did nothing at school and had time for brooding and for masturbation. I did have, raging headaches and ran round like one possessed. My school fellows declared I was crazy.

Music pleased me and I gave a great deal of time to it, which brought me again into conflict with my teachers, who said that if I did not have headache with music I could also study.

I wrote ardent love letters to older students, which was strictly forbidden. (The students had to address one another formally.) At the end of the year the sovereign arch-bishop commended me for my musical knowledge. I was very glad, inasmuch as all the professors together with the archbishop had considered me a fool. All I wanted was to go home and be a farmer, and to this end I staged my great comedy. I worked with my father during the vacation in his farmwork and bakery, and besides studied to make up my examinations.

I came back to the institution tired to death; the examination, to my greatest astonishment, passed off very well. I allowed myself to be persuaded by my father to enter the institution again. When I saw this “prison” once more, a fearful revulsion, also fear, seized me; I thought if the hovel were set on fire, then my sufferings would be ended. I no longer dared to carry out my purpose. What should I do at school when I clung with every fibre of my being to my native place? Why should I study, when it was so delightful to be a farmer? Internally I struggled with my grandmother’s wish that I should be a “spiritual

lord”.

I was approaching my puberty. I tried to preserve my chastity, while I thought of my ideal, Mimi. I read at that time Paul Keller’s *Heimat* [Homeland], hidden during Mass in a prayer book. I identified Lore with the sacred Mimi, who was for me absolutely the Holy Virgin. (If I see her today, I run from her. I will not have the ideal image of distance-love destroyed.)

Yet I was too sully even this ideal. Nothing could remain pure and sacred with me. At fourteen I could no longer withstand the temptation and began excessive masturbation. I would practice it without intermission until two or three in the morning, always lying on my abdomen and imitating coitus. I thought meanwhile of Mimi. There was nothing any longer hallowed for me. But that was not enough. I also masturbated during the day in the toilet. I went to confession, it is true, and reproached myself. But these reproaches died away. I experienced great relief when the longed-for ejaculation at last set in. The great event took place in the toilet, and my first semen fertilized the toilet bowl. I felt myself saved and relieved. Now only one thought clouded my joy finally to be a man. The “spiritual father” had taught us that the semen came from the spinal cord and that every discharge meant a loss of life force. (Unfortunately I believed that until my twenty-first year, when I read *Masturbation And Sexuality*. I believed later that all my troubles were the result of my masturbation.

After the first ejaculations the excessive masturbation ceased. I had rest for a while. The most fearful time of my life, the period of sexual abstinence and of severe conflict, was over. I had, to be sure, religious struggles, but I stated even in confession that I had been able through masturbation to become free of my sexual forces.

Now followed various forms of good advice and warning. My father confessor prophesied idiocy; a colleague, with whom I was infatuated, believed that he had

proved my spinal cord to have dwindled away; the physician's explanation was that I had a spurious growth of bone in the skull (degeneration).

I did not know which way to turn. I thought seriously of having myself castrated. I tried religion again. I vowed before the Most High, before the Virgin Mary, eternal chastity after each confession, and the very next day I again had to masturbate.

I struggled with thoughts of suicide. I wanted to hang myself, and looked for some one who would assist me. But I could not get up the energy for it. I saw myself hanging and my father's grief, as he solemnly promised at my dead body to be a devout Christian. I wanted at any cost to convert my father that I might save him from the pains of hell.

At last the holidays arrived. I was afraid to go home.

I fled the image of my sister, for whom I bore a sinful desire, and who appeared in my masturbation fantasies disguised as Mimi, as I learned later through analysis.

I fled chiefly from my father's dogs. Now comes my greatest sin. Before I took to flight – perhaps because I had been received coldly ? – I twice had intercourse with one of my father's female dogs. I ejaculated into her vagina. I would really have had more satisfaction with the pigs. It did not come to this, because the pigsty lay too much exposed. I felt remorse, loathing of myself, after the act of sodomy. I had an oppressive sense of guilt. I seemed to myself to be the offscouring of humanity.

Now a phobia appeared. I had to be always looking at the slit of my trousers. I was afraid there might be some dog's hairs down there, and some one would learn to know of my evil doing. Every five minutes I had to look at the slit of the trousers. This fearful torture lasted half a year!

I believe I had the desire to impregnate the dog and beget man-dogs. The dog was shot later by my brother F., because from frequent whelping it had too large a belly. I imagined that my relations to the animal were known.

Depression again on this account and a frightful sense of inferiority. I never wanted to go back to the convent. I could no longer be a priest. I was an outcast. I decided to leave the religious school.

I have forgotten to say that I was troubled with serious difficulty in swallowing.

The first trouble in swallowing appeared in my twelfth year. I went with my mother to a specialist. He explained my suffering as a foolish notion. Then he gave me a letter to a primarius in which among other words was the remark: "Boy rich." I said to my mother that was only a joke and went home without being any better. The difficulty never left me. I can even today hardly eat meat; if I swallow, I bring it up. I often think I am like a ruminant. I then went on with my relations with dogs.

I later tried myself with other animals. Milking had always been toned with pleasure for me. I drank directly also from the teats, as if I were a calf.

Ever since I was small, I had looked at the buttocks of people; I thought of them defecating; I appraised my teachers by their trousers. Only with the priests one

does not see the buttocks, which made me glad, for that freed me from my obsession when with them.

I fell in love with my cousin in the fourth year at the gymnasium and attacked her; but as she permitted me to have coitus, I told her it would be better and finer to remain pure.

I thought that I might somehow infect her with my misused penis, or she might have puppies. I am always afraid at coitus that I will impregnate the woman; and yet at the same time this seems to me the greatest pleasure! I always speak of impregnation at coitus.

I was in constant fear during my absence from home that my mother might die, my father would kill everybody, the house would burn, and every one be destroyed. I was pleased at the thought of being the sole possessor. Once when my mother lay at death's door, she said to my father in her fever: "If the Russians come, it would be better that you had shot your children then." He had wanted at that time to flee to America. That increased my fear; I came to abhor my father; I wished to murder him. Since then, I do not really know whether I ought to love him or hate him.

I had no one from this time on whom I could love! I will never forget the trip to the doctor's in the dark, stormy night. A dog went with me; it took me two hours; I cursed my sinful life and prayed God fervently for my mother's life at the cost of my sexuality.

The war had already broken out (1914). I no longer listened to my father; I wanted to be a cadet or an instructor, but my mother persuaded me to go to the institution.

I hated everything; I was reprimanded daily even by my music teacher; I defied religion, disparaged it and found it all ridiculous.

I left the church school in the second semester against the will of my father. I wanted to have nothing more to do with my own people and led a miserable life as a student beggar. I now had my freedom but paid for it with deprivation and melancholy. I was always sad. That awoke the pity of my landlady. She had me tell her my wretched story. I confessed everything to her even my zoöphiliac acts with the dogs.

She was sorry for me because of my melancholy.

She permitted me then – her husband was in the army – to come to her bed. The first impression of the coitus was that of disgust. Feeling as if I were made unclean by the vaginal mucus, and sometimes by a fecal mass.

My potency was very bad, frequently ejaculation before penetration; nevertheless, I attempted coitus five and six times a day, always with premature ejaculations.

Gradually, I went over to her fourteen-year-old daughter, who greatly attracted me; but it was more my advantage over the other students that drove me to her. Often I was with the mother before midnight and with the daughter afterwards.

Then in the morning I would have the strange feeling that there was nothing in my head but dough. The woman was forty years old and an ugly-looking

woman; I allowed myself all manner of perversities.

Her daughter once had to have an abortion, which threw me into a state of anxiety for all future time; my brother already had a child at eighteen. My father beat him black and blue and reviled him in the commonest manner. This filled me with fear.

I trembled lest my father should discover this affair. Yet I carried it beyond all bounds.

In my holidays, coitus with my father's youngest sister (a few times). Potency very poor (seventeen and a half years).

From this, great sense of guilt; I went to my landlady's daughter and told her of this and begged forgiveness for my unfaithfulness. I felt myself to be her betrothed and as if I had broken faith with her. I still had intercourse with her after the abortion.

The measure of my sins was not yet full.

I came home again and then attained my long-desired goal. I had coitus with my sister, once in normal fashion, once from behind. I do not know if I have related that I was often present when she went with fellows to the hayloft. That was very early, when she was still nothing more than a child. At that time, she repulsed my attempts, but now she yielded gladly to my wishes.

But my reaction was frightful. I wanted to wipe out the whole thing, set fire to the house, destroy myself and all the family. I was tortured with unspeakable remorse.

One thing only was possible. I would join the army and die upon the field or return purified and as a hero.

Military Service

It turned out differently from what I had hoped. I masturbated more than at home. I had the greatest fear of the front and turned again penitently to religion. I resolved to lead a pure life and abhorred all women. It was not to last long. As usual, I became a backslider. Chiefly the army! I soon became familiar there with every vulgarity. The officers were no better than the men and talked only of sexual depravity. The common latrines were very painful to me. I had the feeling that the others were looking at me and hearing my noise. My polyuria increased (homosexual excitement!); I noticed it because I was often prevented from going out. A Ukrainian teacher wanted to induce me to homosexuality. I refused. The only thing that restrained me, however, was the thought that the others might learn of it.

I rationalized the visiting of a brothel upon hygienic grounds. I considered that coitus was as important for the health as washing. I must have had sadistic fantasies. For at ejaculation I bit my teeth together and clenched my fists. I stretched the thigh muscles as if in a convulsion. Once in coitus from behind, the sadistic fantasies broke into consciousness. I wanted to stab the prostitute with the bayonet.

I was frightened and went back to masturbation.

I would have had plenty of opportunities to have relations with respectable girls. I had the appearance, however, of an inexperienced and virtuous man. I did not want to seem bad. I again went excessively into masturbation.

I was ashamed to go walking with the girls. It would be unworthy of a man and people might think that I had relations with them.

I lay in a critical situation in the field in a shell hole. Shells were striking to right and left of me. Suddenly I saw my life pass before me as in a film.

I had to go forward with my men to a trench. I knew that it would be my death. I repented of my sins and prayed the Virgin Mary to save me.

I vowed to go on a pilgrimage and promised solemnly to become a priest and sacrifice my sexuality.

I reached the trench and was severely wounded. An English shrapnel tore open my left thigh.

I went to the hospital and had to stay in bed about six months.

I refrained from every form of sexuality. Finally came leave of absence. I shuddered at the thought of study, although I ought to have studied for final examinations.

Through my cousin I learned to know her aunt, a blooming young woman, whose husband was in the field. All my good resolutions were forgotten in one moment! I slept with her that very evening and for the first time I had regular gratification in coitus. (I still idolize her today!) Many times I would be afraid at night that her husband might come, and then I was not able to perform coitus. After one mad night (coitus six times!), I suffered from inflammation of the penis.

The Sister at the hospital said that I had contracted syphilis through my behaviour and showed me a patient with a tumour of the spinal cord. The doctor said I was a pig and would have a miserable end. Thereupon I was totally impotent, and every reference to sexuality filled me with terror of spinal-cord tumour. My self-reproaches increased when a girl wrote me that she was pregnant from me. She had an abortion performed when I did not answer her. One more ground for considering myself a miserable sinner.

I took my degree and became a regimental officer, where I was at once promoted. The impressions of the war were horrible. I witnessed bestial murders which those returning home committed in one night. (I often dream of these bestialities.) Some days later, I acquired a severe gonorrhoea in a brothel. The superior officer denounced me as a filthy swine and sent me to the hospital. I suffered from inflammation of the testicles, cystitis, prostatitis. The massage of the prostate was very agreeable to me; I had a violent erection from it. Erection occurred at this time with defecation. Then I was prostrated for a while with dysentery.

The treatment of sexual diseases was carried on in groups, so that one could everywhere look on. I heard from the officers the vilest, most vulgar things concerning the sexual life.

Then I had to go back to the field before I was cured, but my sexuality was completely gone. (The gonorrhoea was not cured until a year later!)

University

Immediately after the revolution, I went to the university to study medicine. I liked to be near dead bodies, although fantasies interfered with my work.

In the second semester the professor was examining a dead woman at the hymen; she was still a virgin. Upon this I fled from all my lectures; I could no longer study. I failed in the examination in histology, notwithstanding that I was well prepared. The professor looked at me for a long time, so that all my thought was blocked, and I became red – fiery red; I was unable to utter another word. I cannot bear to have any one look into my face.

I had various affairs, still, as potency was becoming progressively worse, I always refrained and contented myself with masturbation.

Fantasies thereby: I pictured to myself in succession all the female persons that I knew and always from behind, as they took off their drawers. I fantasied also all sorts of actual occurrences. By day I went from café to café, read the papers, smoked, put down all sorts of idiotic things in my notebook. I have a heap of such books.

In every café I would suddenly have an anxiety attack, outbreak of sweat, giddiness, so that I would have to get up and hasten away. I would wander about then the whole day between cafés and the place where I lived. I did not understand myself any more. I wanted very much to acquire a knowledge of

science, but could find no peace for study. I was not able to sit still for five minutes. In studying, I had to dissect every word; I found everything ridiculously inaccurate; I always wanted to know more. And so I was embittered in my work. The obsessive thinking made every sort of effort impossible. In the midst of my studying, I would think of my native place, my colleagues; my mind would turn to all sorts of unpleasant things; then sexual desires would thrust themselves upon me, especially when my landlady was moving around. The attention to the anus increased. I looked at all the people on the street upon the buttocks; I measured myself with every one of them, whether larger or smaller than I. I no longer ate; day and night were wasted. My cousin reduced me to still greater despair. He was a hypochondriac.

I was conscious of only one thing, that I was totally crazy and suicide was the only way out. I no longer talked with any one but my cousin.

I came upon the strangest idea. I thought to myself that I could commit every crime. I wanted to be rich at any price and was ready even to break open a till. I wanted to poison Paris through the water supply. I expected a telegram from home with the most terrible news. Everybody burned up, murdered, drowned in a flood.

Each day I thought of suicide, but had not the courage for it.

I had a mania for buying and selling books; I merely looked through them in the café. I came in this way upon Dr. Stekel's books, which I read through, first out of curiosity; then for the first time I saw how deeply I had fallen into madness. I was at the beginning of paranoia. I attempted to analyze myself; I no longer had the mental force; I was tired to death the whole day and lay down at every opportunity, a weakness that still remains. I began to concentrate my sexual desires upon the ugly landlady. I pictured to myself coitus with her poodle. The time passed with startling rapidity; I was constantly in sore need of money, for I bought books without reason, and the rest I gave away or lent.

I had an affair at that time with a peasant girl, Gisela.

My potency was very bad; I was quickly excited, but the fire burned out just as rapidly. She became pregnant, but had an abortion in Vienna. This was the end of the affair.

I entered into various other relationships and was always jealous. Little by little I realized that I was ridiculed everywhere, was trifled with.

I took note of my infantile behaviour, my want of energy. This playing with my studies was dangerous, for time was passing.

I began to have pains in the sacral region. My nervousness increased steadily; I started trembling; I no longer trusted myself to go to the university and was ashamed of my poor examinations (unmotivated!).

When I went with any one, I listened with half an ear; answered yes or no, let him do the talking, and often did not know what he had said, if he spoke by the hour.

Many times it would flash through my head: You have neither made the pilgrimage nor have you become a priest. I was abstinent perhaps four months in the hospital; I did not keep it up longer. With masturbation I imagined intercourse with my former landlady and her daughter (mother and sister imago).

I came back to the landlady. But everything was repulsive to me, and I left the house.

I considered how I could release myself from my vows. I spoke with a priest. They could not be annulled. I took refuge in my father's atheism.

I slept until ten in the morning; I became more and more depressed. I read Weininger; this brought me still more out of my course. I grew afraid of people.

I seemed to myself to be quite small, and therefore I had for some time had the habit of looking around at every one to see if that one was much larger than I. I had no appetite, drank a great deal of black coffee, and smoked excessively. My thoughts gradually became more confused; I stumbled over every other word; I was no longer able to write.

My cousin Franz, himself a melancholic, took me with him on lonely walks, where we usually said nothing or spoke only of things at home.

Nothing interested me any more as time went on. My fantasy was exceedingly active. Sexually I contented myself with masturbation, with which I indulged in flagrantly perverse ideas – although I was in favour with two rich, pretty girls and no difficulties stood in my way.

The fantasies with masturbation: the woman lifts her foot away up high (stories by my brother Max) or I perform coitus from behind; marked change of persons in the fantasies with masturbation! Chiefly older women, once even my mother. Everyone who has pleased me comes into my thoughts and I carry out cunnilingus or anilingus. Or I have coitus and suck milk from the breasts. The

favourite fantasy is that the woman is most flattering and caressing. Or that two men are having coitus with one woman. Seven books came into my hands at this time, which contained all the perversities – in the form of novels. Through them I became “polymorphous perverse”.

My condition became worse from day to day. The attacks of dizziness in the room were continually more severe; I did not trust myself upon the street. I felt myself pursued, mocked, ridiculed; the people made remarks about me. I referred everything to myself. I ran back into my room and there it was worse still. I was driven forth again, preferably into solitude, into dark streets. I was incapable of grasping a rational idea. I felt as if madness were stretching its claws out after me.

In this distress, I wrote to Dr. Stekel, who referred me to a physician whom he knew. The latter advised me to give up the study of medicine and become a merchant. I realized the folly of this advice and felt worse off than before. What should I do? Commit suicide? I was too much of a coward. My love of life was too strong.

I hastily resolved one day that I would go to Dr. Stekel. He was very busy, and I had made no appointment.

But he handed me over to a skillful pupil, Dr. Dishoeck, who analyzed me for two months. The diagnosis was uncertain.

But my clinical history slowly unfolded itself, and the fearful knowledge of my inner nature opened itself to my view. I became aware of my homosexual component, further of my incest fantasies, which related to my mother. The pig was a mother imago and the loathing which I had of it was the burning desire to possess her. What happened with the sister, should have taken place also with the

mother! Moreover, I hated my brother-in-law, had fantasies of killing them all and living alone with the sister, also of killing the mother and taking the mother's place with the father. There was a frightful chaos of criminal ideas raging in my brain. Finally, necrophiliac tendencies came to light.

The flight reflex was present during the whole time. I wanted to be well, but at the same time feared the revelations of analysis. An incident came to my aid. I had notice to quit my dwelling place. I considered myself greatly improved, and left Vienna with the hope of being able to resume my studies. Dr. Stekel had advised marriage or abstinence and warned me against any fresh conflict. Had I only followed his counsel!

I intended to study diligently, soon to become a doctor, to be a better man, and to cure by analysis those who were as unfortunate as I had been. I wanted to become a medical priest.

But I quickly discovered that I had left too soon. I was no doubt saved from total dementia, but a great nervousness continued. The things revealed by analysis were still floating upon the surface and hindered my thought processes. Compulsive thinking was still present.

I was infected again at this time. I had gonorrhoea. This was disagreeable. When the gonorrhoea was cured, I became very much depressed, for I knew that I could do nothing with my penis.

An affair with the sister of my brother-in-law became more intimate and regular. I allowed myself to be partly supported by her. But she is very unattractive – exceptionally so, stupid and hysterical.

I know that the relationship means to me one with the brother-in-law himself, who is a good-looking fellow.

Nevertheless, I had coitus with her, also had her come to me at M. I either performed coitus with her from behind or cunnilingus, sucked at her breasts. I loathed her. I have given her hopes of marriage, but have said nothing of my situation.

I will frighten her away from me by telling her that I have been unfaithful, have been seriously infected in Vienna. This will give occasion to break with her.

But soon I come into fresh conflict. I am too weak! I shall always suffer relapse.

I came to a landlady, whose daughter I admired. The family relationships were like those in my own home. That increased my inner exasperation. I was sorry for the woman; I turned my sympathy and interest toward her. She was fifty-five years old and had two pretty daughters.

We found each other; I had coitus with her – disgust, feeble potency; realization that this is totally absurd.

At first I was ashamed to return to Dr. Stekel; my pride was on the defense against it. But I did not know what to do, where I should begin.

The obsessive thinking did not cease. I thought it might be better if I became generally homosexual. Yet this thought made me ill and giddy. I came gradually

to the opinion that there was no deliverance for me; suicidal ideas came strongly to the front. I said to myself, if the analysis does not succeed, then I shall be compelled to take my life.

The very presence of this old woman brought me to a state of excitement.

Intellect is always in opposition to feeling. I would say to myself: My mother is fixed upon her sisters, she has become neuropathic, is not especially concerned about me.

My father lives in the past; he has no relation to us children, at the most merely that of aversion.

The relationship between the parents has grown worse. Now they sleep apart.

My brothers and sisters do not think of me; that is their right; each one should look out for himself. So there I am isolated, and yet I am always thinking of home. This is what is so terrible.

The time passes; I am growing old and I remain the same parathic who is forever in doubt and despair, always worried and miserable, always wretched.

I dream, however, of great energy and should like to apply my power to some great thing. I dream of a beautiful, rich, frivolous girl.

But I have no will, at least only a divided will.

Since the analysis I see my faults and my situation more clearly as they are; I know that I stand before the turning point of my life, but it does not touch my emotions; it leaves me cold; it does not rouse me.

There was a time when I should have looked upon it as the highest triumph to lie upon a bier as a suicide, mourned by my relatives, gazed at by people generally.

Now I should like to know nothing more of the past, to be able without difficulty to forsake my family and acquaintances, become a doctor, be able to work, win a beloved being, and go away where no one knows me and where I could begin a new life. My whole desire is toward love and the satisfaction of love; the unfulfilled longing drives me to despair.

And besides I am always creating new conflicts for myself. The last affair with the landlady was particularly ill-fated. I had already gained knowledge through analysis. I saw that the woman was a mother imago (grandmother also); her daughters were my sisters; the drunkard stood for my father. Everything as at home. Fleeing from her home helped only a short time. I can study. But with what trouble. And best in the café (paraphatic compromise, according to Dr. Stekel). But my anal sexuality grows stronger. An Englishman and a Hollander propose homosexual relations.

I refuse. The difficulties in swallowing increase. I cannot eat. Studying is now impossible. Being looked at in the lecture room is painful to me. I can go to no more classes.

In my despair I go to the old-school psychiatrist, Professor N. He forbids smoking, prescribes first weak iron and arsenic water and bromide. Good for the cat! I write to Dr. Stekel. Resolved, if he refuses treatment, I will at once commit suicide. I will force them to give me a fresh analysis.

He agrees. But not until after his holidays. I cannot stand it at home during the holidays; go for some days to relatives and friends. Now I delay my departure from one day to another. Finally I go to Vienna and at the end of November begin analysis with Mr. Silberer under Dr. Stekel's direction.

Second Analysis

At the beginning I assume a hostile, negative attitude. I identify Silberer with Professor N. Little by little I gain confidence. First new revelations concerning zoöphilia. I should like to be a woman with an animal vagina. The sticking of a sow stands for the killing of the mother. With Stekel's help we uncover the inner religiousness. I read Paul Keller's *Heimat* and find the dream of youth. Identification of the teacher with my father. After fourteen days of analysis, I could slap the women in the face. Sadistic attitude toward women. The first cunnilingus with the neighbour's Mizzi was a determinant of my sexual life. Then ten days pass in which we merely assemble material. Resistances. Silberer suddenly leaves the conducting of the analysis to me. Displacement of the compulsive thoughts upon the analysis; temporary thoughts of suicide; distrust; the analysis is blocked; attempt with associations. Dreams of necrophilia; mass murder scenes; which cannot be interpreted. Discussion of the transference phenomenon; I disparage his wife. Discussion of the castration complex. Silberer's suicide. Fearful impression from this suicide. I feel guilty, because I spoke slightly of his wife. I come finally to Dr. Stekel.

Symptoms which still remained: polyuria; fear of dead bodies; incendiary ideas (smoking) ; compulsive thinking while studying at home; fear of being looked at by others; difficulty in swallowing; hostile attitude toward woman; pain in the

loins and neck. If I am talking with a person, I have to think of his anus (which is the most distressing symptom). I cannot study at home. Loss of appetite; cannot sit close to a person. Hatred toward my family; irritability.

I am tremendously drawn toward home; it is easy to understand that transferred to others the fantasies are not readily carried on; the cultural religious barrier is thrust forward since, I trained myself from the eleventh to the sixteenth year for a priest. If I could live out my life as a sadist, I would be healthier. When I entered the institute, an inversion of the sadism took place, to which earlier I had been able to give expression, and this inversion made a melancholic of me; up to the end of the first year at the gymnasium I was a complete melancholic. I came home totally changed.

Supplementary

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Something from the school of sadists: In my fourteenth year (puberty) I began all at once to look under all beds, chairs, benches, divans-compulsively (Did I seek the mother there, who was anyway in the room; identification with the father?).

The sticking of the pig: My father himself butchered all the animals; in killing

the pigs, the hog first received a blow with a mattock upon the forehead, so that its bones cracked; at the moment it would flash into my head, suppose that my father should hit my mother instead of the pig! (anxiety). My mother stood near to catch the blood.

Hair annoys me at coitus; all hair, that of the head, at the vagina, and so on.

Dream: I see a corpse lying naked upon the floor; a small figure (my mother is very small), sex not recognizable, without hair, as one sees bodies in anatomy. I pass my hand through the ear into the brain.

Some sadistic actions: I would tear the nursing bottle from the babies' mouths, put it back again in the mouth, until I had them crying, then I would run away.

Once I struck a boy on the head with a fireman's helmet.

I wanted my sister to let me have coitus when we were playing in the hayloft, but she would not; I struck her upon her leg and her buttocks; such great satisfaction that my lips were foaming.

Formerly at coitus I would press my partner very strongly upon her abdomen, of which every one of them complained. I could have choked her. I would hold my hands free during coitus; I would not embrace her (I was always afraid in embracing). I would usually clench my fists. I noticed about a year ago that at coitus I imitate everything which my father did, the same words, the same actions, and so on; my parents' coitus always occurs to me when I am performing the act. I could see and hear my parents every night. I tickle my partner; but the tickling, I know, is very distressing.

Personal behaviour: Before the analysis, blushing, stammering; I could no longer think what I was going to say; therefore complete withdrawal from public life.

If I speak to a man, I fix my eyes upon him, repeat quickly to myself this which has to be said: First, I will bite off his nose, then knock in his teeth, then give him a thrust upon the breast; I think of his penis, then of his anus – when I have gone through this in my mind, I utter a little sigh and can say anything.

Not long ago a colleague told me that I always twitch my eyelid when I meet him. That is, I strike down every one (in my mind) before I speak with him. Perhaps this “striking of the lid” is a physical sign of that. I have accustomed myself to carry out in thought consciously everything that I cannot repress; if I did not first strike him down, I should have to stutter in talking with him.

Mental expression of the sadism with a woman: Since analysis I can bear to be in the presence of a woman; to be sure, after coitus I have to hasten away. If one is with his girl, one tells her stories, livens her up, and the like; I torment her with questions, keep questioning her, have nothing to tell her.

Childhood: My father’s intercourse with my mother was confined to addressing her in an irritating way, ridicule, humiliation. If she spoke an affectionate word to him, he answered her with some filthy vulgarity. He inspired in us children a fearful hatred and disgust toward her.

In my sixteenth year: Relation with a forty-year-old woman. I had her undress (entirely naked), bid her assume perverse positions, had coitus, until I noticed that she was at the point of being satisfied, then I ridiculed her and let her go with her desire unfulfilled. She was my experimental rabbit; if I had thought of

something that was really odious, I would have compelled her to do it.

Satan, Saviour, Man's Golgotha

I and my brothers and sisters have called, and still call, the marriage of our parents an eternal warfare. It is remarkable, when I dream of things at home, I dream of them as war; I set up machine guns against my native place; the cavalry are there; there is fire; there are dead bodies; shrieking.

My mother frightened us with actual war. She would say, "If you are not good, the war will come" (if all mothers had done that, there would have been no war!).

Unfortunately, it really came.

Before I came to the front, horrible fear. Then going forward about eleven o'clock at night – I thought very much of home, especially of Father; all at once shells and firing of machine guns on all sides. I throw myself into a shell hole; there something wonderful happens, my whole life is unrolled as in a film; religious feelings appear: complete disappearance of the hysterical conflict, sense of spiritual well-being (realization of the fear, repression of the conflict).

Then forward into a battle-zone (it was on the Karst); in the zone a frightful cry of the wounded; in the midst a crowded trench; in a cavern where the wounded are lying, a fire, and ammunition explodes; everybody runs; dead men and beasts; odour of decaying bodies. Now something else worth noting. I am sitting at the border of the zone; shells are striking about me; I am very calm; I see and hear everything-without pity, as one looks at a cinema film (absorption of

sadism). I was so present in spirit that even today I know every word, every scream of the wounded; I could describe every detail (one forgets only unpleasant things, therefore this looking on was pleasant to me). I gazed upon the scene like a Satan. After some time, I advance, where they are looking for me; I should have gone forward more quickly, since I was commander of the column.

In the trench, I climb around upon dead bodies; it is full of such. The smell of the corrupting flesh is not disagreeable to me (necrophilia – of this later) ; issue commands; while every one loses their heads, I am as quiet and collected as I have never been before and as I never am now. Although I have only just arrived, I go with the men to the most advanced point; an Italian, whom I see with the searchlight, points his machine gun toward my head; I look at him a little longer. I mention this to an infantryman and tell him to turn his glass here and there; early the next day, he lies dead in the trench shot in the head.

It is remarkable that I cannot remember what I did until morning, although otherwise I recall every minute detail of the war. I slept off my sadistic intoxication, for this reason evidently no remembrance of the night.

Transferences: (Whom I love, I torture.)

I am sitting with two very good friends in the coffeehouse. I can think of nothing to relate. I look at one of them; the sight of a human body rouses me, annoys me (making of fantasies conscious since the analysis – earlier blushing, obsessive substitute actions, breaking matches to pieces, overturning of water glasses, dropping spoons, looking at the clock, fussing with my body, hunting around); I see the nose of the person opposite me, bite it off, tear off his ears; while I sit at table, I am gnashing my teeth (better if no one sits near me; usually I sit at a table alone). I cannot follow the conversation (keep the time free for the transference). Often I manage – how it happens I do not know – to squeeze my brain together, so that a pressure of the head results; a state of absence of

thought; to divert attention I stare at the newspaper. I take the papers from the guests (read them all through), in which I disturb them in their devotion to the coffee house – I look at the clock – a reason occurs to me for leaving-great anxiety (before analysis, dizziness and sweating, desire to fling myself upon the people); displacement of the anxiety upon the head waiter because he takes so long to bring the bill; each time I become annoyed at this, give him a large tip, afterward am angry with myself for having given him so much (“The proprietor should pay him.”). Go out hastily; I am irritated that the people stare after me; slam the door angrily behind me. I feel as if I had forgotten something on the table. I stare at the people on the street in order to annoy them. I twist about so that the people cannot avoid me; I “manage” the people.

Misery and self-torture follow each other continually, so that obsessive thinking, obsessive action, take possession of me until sleep releases me from consciousness.

Before I fall asleep comes the real fantasy (hypnagogic) which is not to be driven away: I see my father at home reviling my mother; I see my mother crying; I could picture to myself nothing more exasperating than this weeping of my mother. I have not been home for six months and I will not go home anymore. (My mother’s crying rouses me sadistically; I could strike any one who is weeping. Some weeks ago a girl with whom I had “broken” for no reason whatsoever [I like to do that] fell upon my neck, wept, and begged me to go with her again. This caused an erection!!).

Before I go to sleep I still live over the entire “whirl” at home; since I know that of necessity it will not go on without this, I accelerate it consciously while I imagine it ceremoniously.

This does not give me any great distress; I fall asleep more quickly. I spring up once more; I have forgotten to look under the bed. This, too, I do twice as a ceremony; I have accustomed myself to the compulsion; without performing this

action I could not go to sleep for two or three hours. (I have tried to do differently; one time I did not fall asleep until four o'clock; then there was a desire for masturbation.) See sadistic school (father seeks mother under the bed). Does the ceremony relate itself to that? Then look twice to see if the door is locked, and twice ceremoniously go to urinate; then I can go to sleep quickly.

Masochism: I can study under serious difficulty, if I have little time or ten hours one after the other; I am disturbed by a hundred trivial occurrences; I smoke, run like one possessed hither and thither, declaim my lines, write everything down, listen whether any one is bothering me, get a pile of books together, scatter everything about (naturally, things become complicated this way). I see the amount to be learned; that oppresses me; I think what might you be (doctor, respected, rich, with a beautiful wife), what am I, a scribbler, a Jack of all trades (teacher of gymnastics, apothecary, music instructor), have to run about from seven in the morning to seven at night, tire myself out, have to hear what every fool has to say to me, if he is merely a registered fellow member; then I must steal the hours of study from sleep; I have not even a Sunday free to myself.

One would not be so ready to admit that this is masochism, but I have observed my father for years; either he is tormenting some one or he is being harassed by torturing ideas, always discontented, working fourteen hours, although it is not necessary.

I have become like that. I have sought such a position for myself – alas, I have submitted to the compulsion, the inner sado-masochistic impulse.

I might have a glorious, happy life-the inner drive to self-torture and self-debasement has led me to the place where I now belong.

It will be six years this July that I have been at the university in vain. My interest

in psychiatry has to all appearances been so pathologically strong from the very first that one might think it was only for the sake of psychiatry that I went to college. Now all at once I have a great longing to see my father, to have him here alone; to make peace with him. There is a great reason for this: my mother was nervously diseased for six years, and during this time she was pregnant with me. Who is to blame? Naturally, my father! I now adhere to the gospel of your teaching and think: Six years revenge; six years have I taken upon myself my mother's sufferings; my father has been hit hard; formerly my father paid no physician for her, now he has to spend a great deal for me. I promise myself much in the interest of the cure from this visit! If only I do not mention anything of my illness, make him no reproaches! Unfortunately, the impulses speak differently from the intellect. If only then there will be an end!

I close here the patient's remarks, who has sketched for us a fearful picture of conditions in the country. Could one condemn him for his evil deeds if one considers his frightful childhood impressions? How must the terrible scenes have worked upon a childish mind!

Attitudes

From childhood on I have thought what I should do to my father for the excesses described in "the sadistic school". But my position in this matter has always been that of pleasure without blame; for example: How could I better torment him than to inform him that I was parathetically ill and could not study? In my fourteenth year I intended to hang myself so that he could see what he had done. Thus in the many years I continued to form new plans, until all at once a hideous thing rose in my consciousness; namely – I may tell this to you – the following fantasy: my father bound to a bench, I vivisect him, and as I do it speak before him those words with which he reproached my mother (see sadistic school).

Absurd, gruesome as it is, this fantasy at one time occupied me very much, although it is entirely out of the question that anything like that could happen.

But a person could be mentally killed through worry! I add to this what occurs to me:

Dream before the analysis: A man lies on the floor; the musculature and the nerves are laid bare; the man is trembling all over; I hear him scream (awaken – perspiration – great anxiety – palpitation of the heart).

At the dissecting table before the analysis – I was afraid; it seemed to me for a moment, as I looked into the face of the dead person, that the mouth opened to bite. (Dead persons in the Anatomy all show their teeth.) Toward my mother: knees shaking when I am alone with her; I do not look at her, only hear her, while I look away from her. I always felt when near her as if I must fall upon her.

Toward women: A lovely woman is sexually worthless to me. An ill-favoured woman suits me better in every way; also as to sadism: I am going, for instance, with a plump girl through the city; the people look at her because of her fat figure, and she notices that she is being laughed at; I take pleasure in this.

Whenever I am studying (and the longer I study the worse it becomes) an indescribable fear overtakes me (before the end) – it is as if I had still to discharge some difficult task in the future; with gloomy apprehension, which I myself create and increase, I arise early. The great inhibition against going to the doctor, getting ready, still exists and the cold chills are always running down my back – if I think of promotion day. Why can I not state things accurately? I mean that this would be the time of my struggle with my father, the moment of decision, as the two whom I have named made theirs, the one straightway to be a doctor, the other, an engineer.

I do not know what I shall do to set aside this too great inhibition; I should not like, as believers do, to put off the conflict to the judgment Day. Finally, without

a doctorate my life would have no longer any meaning, because the doctorate is the symbolic ending of my present attitude toward my father and the declaration of my independence is also inherent in it. That I am now outwardly independent has, it is true, exerted an influence upon me which I did not expect and has done much to repress my parathy and has lifted me a long way, but the life conflict is not yet ended thereby. An enormous desire for inner experience seizes me and my abhorrence of my instincts becomes even greater.

Now, one might say, I am away from my father, I could be free from the conflict. But it is a disastrous fact that the layers of the psychic life piled upon one another condition transferences, if the impulse has not been set free from the original person. I take precisely the same attitude toward my superiors here as toward my father; naturally, I hide this outwardly through over-determined friendliness.

I have come to the opinion that the sadistic impulses toward the patients and dead bodies in the hospitals merely undergo displacement from the professor (as father imago) to the patients, for it is only by overcoming the greatest reluctance that I can bring myself to go to the professor; and I have through this (this fear) lost two semesters, because I could not prevail upon myself to go to the professor and ask him for his signature at the beginning. This matter has an inner moral burden of this sort, that my father always said to me as his last word when I left home: "Only follow your professors and instructors, and you will not go wrong!" I fear that my life will be wasted, if I do not discover how to conquer this.

Instead of toward the doctor, I am always twisting my thoughts backward.

Masochism: At the time of the inversion in the institute (eleventh to sixteenth year) I made self-accusations, purposely wrote rather bad exercises at school; it pleased me to be submissive until this so fixed itself in my subconsciousness that I made myself ridiculous in everything I did. I would have obeyed to excess this

impulse to make myself ludicrous had not the war come. And many fantasies are concerned with what it would be like if now I should sink to the position of a mere helper; the fantasy is even accompanied with sensual delight. This is perhaps one of the most dangerous phases of the parathy, originating from the tendency to be a labourer for my father, which to my greatest astonishment you charged me with to my face before I knew it clearly myself. So these two poles exist in me: farm labourer and doctor of medicine! I am torn this way and that between the two poles. I set two other poles over against each other:

1. Sadism, the highest point: the fantasy of vivisection of my father.

2. Extreme limit of masochism: I see myself laid out upon my bier, after having committed suicide. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, come to mourn; now the events of the sadistic school are unrolled as a reproach that “he” is to blame. Then I can weep for myself, and when this feeling is over I am angry at myself that I fantasy such idiotic things and that I can so torture myself!

At the sadistic school: I am really very quarrelsome, yet I discharge that in fantasy either before or afterward – if I meet the others. Actually, I very seldom quarrel with any one, but always submit to others’ desires. In this way my power for work is forever being abused from all sides; and if it goes on like this, I will soon have fourteen hours of work.

I see many children here in this retreat in whom the same evil is growing; how much good I might do with a word or two, if I were not so blind myself!

Fantasies And Dreams

1. I come into a room with a dog, where my sister is. I tear all her clothes from her body. Then she has to lay herself over the edge of the bed; first the dog performs anilingus upon her, while I beat her. Then it has coitus with her. I meanwhile shriek at her obscene, coarse sexual words. Or I have coitus with her by anus; I lie on my back; the dog is having coitus with her above by vagina. After this she must take my penis into her mouth and drink my semen and urine. During this I sit on a seat.

2. Z. F. and a Galician Jewess are playing with me and a gentleman (whom I do not see). We slowly undress them. I take Z. F. upon my lap and let her slide over my entire body. I look at her vagina, which represents a combination of anus and vagina. She smells like the odour from the bed of an old woman or the odour of vagina and faeces together.

I am then in the open country. A fox catches through a mouse hole an animal which spurts into the air.

3. A strong pressure of the bladder wakes me. I have dreamed: Marie has dislocated her collar bone (her father present). Marie hangs her hair down upon her buttocks. I am surprised that she has so much hair. She sits upon a bench with her back turned toward me; I admire her broad back, the loins, and the large buttocks. Then she is examined. She has a large vagina like a cow. The hymen is already broken; she is near delivery. I say to her: "How much you look like my sister, only you are fatter and larger." Then I am on a load of grain. A thick stamper has been set up there, on which my brother H. has written all sorts of obscene words. Then comes my sister Marie and eats soup. I say: "Marie has more beautiful teeth." A little dog runs round, which belongs to Marie. I think: This has not grown any more; it has been getting something to drink. Our dog has become larger.

4. I am in N. and I am writing down what the people owe for bread. I am happy that I have finished my studies. A little girl is there with large buttocks; I believe

it is my sister Marie. But I know that I cannot reckon up the sum, because I have not my father's books with me. I go out; faeces are lying on the ground, quite yellow and smelling pleasantly.

Before the A ——house; I am annoyed at the poor management and think that the holes (in the street) could be stopped with faeces, the ground evened, ditches be made, and water be drained off. The reckoning up seems to me like a final examination.

Urinary Sexuality

The polyuria took the place of the enuresis. The transition from enuresis to polyuria was from the twelfth to the thirteenth year. I was an object of mockery every morning on account of my enuresis to my brothers and sisters, the servants, and others who knew of it; especially as the straw mattress, wet and smelling of ammonia, had to be laid every day in the sun or at the stove to be dried. The bed wetting happened usually shortly before waking. Besides, I often got up at night after wetting the bed to urinate. I either was frightened or I had pleasurable dreams. The usual fear was present at going to sleep that my father would do something to my mother. It was unpleasant and painful to me that I had to sleep with the brothers and sisters.

The curing of the habit at the institute was the result of separate sleeping space, which I had to share with the other bed-wetters. Evenings we had to take cold foot baths. My pride was very much hurt, for because of this I was looked upon by the others as inferior. In time we were also subjected to certain distressing things on the part of the authorities. I resolved to conquer the enuresis.

In its place polyuria appeared and almost simultaneously onanism. At times the latter was burdensome to me, but on the whole it was very pleasant, for I had in

it a lightning conductor for disagreeable thoughts, and it was good also for the neurasthenic necessity to be doing something. Furthermore, urination is strongly toned with pleasure. It takes the place with me of ejaculation after frustrated coitus, after which the erection ceases. During coitus and even at the beginning of erection there is increased pressure of urine, so that I often have to think of urination.

The feeling of pleasure is therefore the same as in urinating, and latterly (for about four years) coitus does not last longer than an act of urination.

I find perfume which contains an ammoniacal odour very pleasant, as I also liked the exhalation from under the covers after wetting the bed. For a long time I could not urinate in the public urinal if any one was near or was looking at me (during the treatment for gonorrhoea).

I should not have noticed the polyuria, that is, that it was pathological, if Dr. Dishoeck had not asked me about it.

At that time I urinated every half hour. I had to get up at night two or three times. Now I go to urinate every hour and a half, seldom get up at night, unless I go to sleep with an erection or in a state of great excitement. I take large quantities of liquid, which at least must call forth disturbances of the heart and vasomotor system. The urine has been examined: findings negative. Bladder free from gonococci; epithelial secretion. At the time of strong injections, I could retain the urine an entire forenoon without difficulty.

The polyuria existed before the gonorrhoea. Some one said to me after the infection: "If you had urinated immediately after coitus, you would have washed out the gonococci."

In standing, which is unpleasant to me, I take a position as for urination. If the polyuria ceases, I have the feeling of being dry. In sitting I direct attention to the bladder, urethra as well as penis; the constant pressure of urine is then accompanied by anxiety in the feet. I know now that the urination affords me pleasure and is merely a form of psychosexual infantilism. I liked to observe also the urination of animals, especially of dogs upon the street.

But it is very painful to me if I see a dog defecating.

If I see animals moving, I have to look involuntarily at the anus. If I see people going by, my thoughts revolve about their defecation.

When I think of sitting, the expression: “to remain sitting on his hole” (anus), is always in my thought.

Every living thing has an evil odour... Everybody is to me too imperfect; I see in each one the base and common; I am often afraid of all people and I cannot approach them; everything then inspires me with fear. Especially the professors at the university. If any one looks at me, I am as if hypnotized; I even forget what I was going to say. That used to happen to me formerly in the shops when I had something to buy.

It seems to me that I have never in my life laughed with my whole heart, never been merry. If others were gay, I was sad; their behaviour disgusted me and everything seemed to me stupid and senseless. Since the first analysis a remarkable indifference toward everything that happens to me; things only irritate me.

Pessimism, displeasure in regard to sexuality, abstinence.

My lack of energy in all things particularly annoys me; I seem to be as cool as a clam. I often say to myself, idiot, pig, dog! I am greatly dissatisfied with myself; I should be glad to work at something with all my energy, for I am tremendously ambitious.

But I can neither work nor economize. I had the idea for a long time that I would be frightfully rich, make all my family multi-millionaires.

The anus is my erotic focal point. My pleasure forces unite at this one spot.

Memories

Memory from the tenth year: I am running away at the grain harvest, because I see children with a paper dragon (flying dreams?). Father, mother, and brothers and sisters scream after me that I shall be beaten when I come home. (The work was very pressing, for a storm was coming; the grain should have been quickly brought under cover. I ought to have helped Father bind the sheaves and hold the shock.) I was afraid to go home and sat at the entrance to the graveyard in the dark. Some farmer boys went by and asked me what I was doing. They recognized me. My brothers hunted for me and dragged me home to my father. I was both afraid of the whipping and yet wanted it. I had to go on my knees to my father and beg his forgiveness (humiliation). I should have liked it better if he had struck me, and I went to bed dissatisfied.

Once as young boys, my brothers and I actually hanged a girl, who urinated from fright. People came and released the child, who otherwise would have been killed.

With me the art of fantasising consists in this, that I always take the place of another or think of myself in this person's situation and give my will to him. In masturbation, too, I think of everything possible, even the non-sexual. My last masturbation fantasy: the woman is clasping me with hands and feet. I have all kinds of devices for making daydreaming easier. I like best to dream in the café. I bring myself every evening through smoking a good deal and through strong coffee into a wonderful delirium, without which I cannot return to my home. In this way I interfere with my studies. I cannot concentrate. How has it been possible that I could so long idle away my time? For this, too, I have employed artificial means.

I had to grasp everything intellectually, in order to believe anything (for which reason I believe in no God, unless sometimes from fear), and in order to attach myself to any community. The question of purpose and goal comes first.

If I join anywhere and see that either end or aim is bad or that the members do not exactly keep to the regulations, I leave (loneliness, isolation). Improvement after having read Freud's Group Psychology And The Analysis Of The Ego. (I cannot therefore be a Catholic or anti-Semite.) Scepticism.

In studying: I have to have everything understood in detail; every turn of expression must be clear to me. I dissect each word (whether I comprehend it correctly, whether I do not deceive myself, whether there is not some other interpretation), every sentence. Yet after a long time I get to the end. Only I am no longer sufficiently at peace to do this; I cannot subdue the thoughts that rise between (the seething fantasies).

If I succeed in understanding anything, it remains with me always. This was the foundation pillar from which I proceeded (obstinacy). I could not seek anything else, for I lack a forward vision.

I cannot yield to emotion, for I – apparently totally without feeling for those nearest me – am too full of feeling, and it so permeates me that I always overreach my goal; hence the consciousness that I cannot do anything right, so that I no longer strive for that which could be mine (sense of inferiority).

A trifle can make me very sad or very glad – soon fades away however. Indifference I do not know – everything makes an impression (perhaps even nothing or everything the same).

Enormous sense of responsibility in the most trivial things.

Since, however, feeling forms the basis of life, I shall always fail, for very little is completely grasped, logically proved, and carried to the end. My feeling is bound to things which I myself do not know, so nothing but intellect remains for me.

I am the slave of my emotions; they never let me go.

I see, for instance, a book; think it might be delightful (I do not first convince myself) ; I keep on thinking of this book and bend everything to procuring it. Or: I receive word that early in the morning an acquaintance is coming. I harbour always the same thought (fantasy) whether I sit with a book in the afternoon, then eat; whether in the evening I see the most beautiful play; or whether some one is with me and talking; whether I dance and have a pretty girl near me: the

hysterical intoxication never loosens its hold, the tension becomes ever more annoying, calmness outwardly ever greater; I fantasy always from early morning on; nothing can take me from it; I cannot myself get free.

I have no humour; I cannot make witticisms, understand none; cannot laugh spontaneously or share experiences anywhere. And yet I am exceedingly ambitious, so that my lack of success pains me more and more.

I dream that I have coitus with every girl on the street; in reality I am not in a condition even to attract one to me (because I am a dull, tedious, impassive, sorry fellow). If I were well and my ambition continued the same, I would devote health and position to one thing in which my ambition might be gratified. I want always to shine.

If several persons look at me at the same time, I do not know where to go or what to do; I cannot play my part and I blush (egocentric attitude – strong self-criticism).

I have to tear a letter open several times for fear that I have written some secret of mine in it. Have to look again and again whether everything has been locked or I have not ignited a fire with my cigarette.

Persecution

I had the feeling before the first analysis that someone was always walking behind me and pursuing me. I therefore looked around frequently and hurried. When my condition was particularly bad, I had the feeling besides as if a kobold were sitting at the back of my neck or on my shoulder and suggesting frightful

things to me (thereby fear for the knees, pressure of urine). These states have now disappeared by day, but appear in the evening when it is dark. I feel as if I were a pursued criminal. An inexplicable urgency to steal (even worthless things) and to lie takes possession of me. I like to exaggerate, invent experiences, and the like.

This delusion of being pursued has a religious root.

God is pursuing me and will punish me. Childish impressions arise. I heard a great deal about every one having a guardian angel. I have lost divine grace and my protecting angel! My conscience oppresses me sorely that I had not taken leave of my grandmother when I went to the institute. She died after fourteen days. Poor grandmother, she would turn in her grave if she should know that I will never be a priest. I believe that Satan is pursuing me. He sits in my neck and leads me into every evil and shameful thing. Then again I laugh at my superstition. There is no devil and there is no God! You can do whatever you wish. Your father does not believe, and he has become rich. Where is the punishment of God? Is there a hell?

I am walking upon a dark street. A small child is walking near me, a boy of light, and shows me the way.

The boy is Jesus.

DREAMS

1. I and my brother are lying upon a high rectangular place. I am holding fast with hands and feet to the fissures. I see before me an enormous depth. A stone

falls below. I grow dizzy. Dr. Stekel says: "Look, formerly the clock there on Untersberg was at the left (or right; no, left) !" There is also at the right a clock or some other work of art set in the wall of rock. (I see two clocks.) We climb down. (Not clear!) Then I am in Dr. Stekel's office, where in the midst a large heavy chest has been placed, which threatens to fall over to the left. I prop it with my back. I escape toward the rear and think the others should do it. Two old men (patients) come there; one holds a long pipe in his mouth, which he uses as a walking stick at the same time that he smokes. Dr. Stekel has made a green ointment which looks like apple sauce, and a son of his rubs some into the beak of a bird. Two sons are there; one of them has an eruption upon his face and breast. Dr. Stekel is holding an examination; I do not pass it. Awake with palpitation of the heart, which continues severe the entire forenoon. I am with the German army. Then I go to the railway.

2. I see myself upon the highroad. I am filthy and covered over and over with sores. A gentle woman says to me reproachfully: "Why did you not keep your promise? Now you are leprous."

3. I am up in the hayloft. It is very high. I feel dizziness. I want to go down because there is a fire or some other fearful thing is happening. My sister is with me. My father and brothers stand on the barn floor and call me down.

I am holding an axe in my right hand, my sister by the left. I want to let her climb upon the ladder and hold with one hand to the supports above me. Then I lose my balance and fall. I awake with my heart beating violently and fall asleep again.

4. I see my loved one. She is undressed to drawers and chemise. Her breasts stand out sharp and taut. Suddenly I notice that she has only one nipple, which runs down in a long stick. She takes the stick and moves the breast away, which now is merely an inflated pig's bladder in the form of a heart. I see a penis coming out from her vagina; I am disgusted. Then she has a cloak on and is

dancing. (An ejaculation seems to have occurred in this part of the dream.)

5. I come to a brothel; there I am asked by a woman to perform coitus. I say, "You have syphilis." I turn her round and observe on the anus nothing but pus and ulcers. I see pus running from the corner of her month. Then a second woman present says it was indeed quite satisfying; my semen was also running out of her vagina. I look at my penis; there are now fungus growths upon it, and on the glans bismuth in masses.

6. A buffalo is at the door and knocks. I shoot with a revolver. I am fit for field service. I am in the field. Fragments of shell have torn open the left under arm; in the openings is rubber or wax, which gives me great pain. I want to draw my revolver from my left trousers pocket, but it comes out with such difficulty. Then I come to a wood. There a snake suddenly rears itself straight as an arrow, clothed in a cat's skin: it twists itself out of the skin. Cats and lions are there, too.

I am an out-and-out masochist. I always feel myself ridiculous; where I am not, I consciously or unconsciously make myself absurd. I feel unhappy in my role of stupid fellow or puppet, but yet feel good (actually an attitude of defiance). Self-consciousness is lacking; I have a permanent sense of inferiority.

I have also ideas of castration. (If a member offends thee, cut it off... I have actually had the wish no longer to possess a penis or to tear it out (in the period of puberty).

Then am I holy (Christ neurosis). I might go everywhere as saviour, deliverer, benefactor. Force myself everywhere with my favours. Offer myself to all.

It may be that I have constructed my anal world philosophy in order to humiliate myself. My face seems to me like an asshole. I have the feeling that my clothes do not fit me. I am indifferent to my clothing and almost never change it. Fine garments are disagreeable to me. The purpose of poor clothes is to make myself ridiculous and expose myself to no temptation. The feeling of being a Bohemian, passing no tests, disgracing myself, is pleasant to me. It is no doubt a consciousness of guilt for my sins.

My sadistic fantasies often have reference to the breaking-in of a skull. I would like to butcher women like pigs.

MORE DREAMS

1. Some woman lies on the floor. An oblong piece is cut out of her skull (with an axe, by a large man). I hear the cracking of the skull.

The large man is my father. I remember that I looked on at the killing of the pigs and then thought: You could make use of the dead sow. Therefore I wish that the woman will not move at coitus. Every woman is to me a pig. I am also afraid that the partner might defecate and urinate at coitus. That comes from the fact that the pig defecates and urinates when it is butchered, when stabbed. I can never kiss a woman at coitus. Nor afterward... I have never imagined my mother's genitals as human; always like that of a cow or of a pig.

Naturally, also, a wish is concealed behind this fear that she will defecate. When I hear the cracking of boards which some one is striking, I always have to think of the breaking of a skull. This idea is not unpleasant to me. In the war I viewed many broken skulls with a certain feeling of pleasure.

My sadistic fantasies overtake me even upon the street, if a woman walks in front of me and moves her buttocks. If I see a girl kneel, I could fall upon her, strike her, and ravish her. I see also in my fantasies lions that fall upon a woman and tear her flesh to pieces.

Often the craving to strike a girl in the face is so strong that I can hardly resist it. I should like to seize her by the foot and throw her down. I could so smash her face with my fist that she would be unrecognizable.

The only man I hate is Carus, my friend who became a priest. Very likely, because he attained my ideal. He is chaste and lives according to the commandments of God. He is what you call my hate object. Otherwise I do not hate men, except at times my father and my brothers. I fall in love suddenly with men.

A painful erection took place when a physician introduced a catheter in treating me for gonorrhoea, and I looked upon him quite infatuated. I often have the feeling when eating meat that I am eating a dead body. I can then eat no more.

2. In the stable at home a cow is about to give birth. Mother and I want to assist. Father and brother are near; also my sister Marie. I see that the cow is going to die; the entrails are coming out; the belly wall is torn open. I try to stuff the entrails back into the belly. Then the cow springs up. Like a human being. I see a small dead calf on the floor. Mother and I hide in a narrow passage. I am afraid that the cow might trample upon us or bite us.

Pregnant women excite me. The sight of them at once calls forth an erection. I often saw my mother in this condition. I also when a child witnessed a birth with a sister of my mother. I had thought that the child came out of the navel, whereby the abdomen cracks, or out of the anus. It would be a satisfaction to me

to stab a pregnant woman. Now it occurs to me that I often consider my penis as a knife. I stick it into the woman. I would have no rival. I wanted to cut the child from the mother's body.

The sight of pregnant women produces a flow of saliva. Just so to look at dead bodies, manure heaps, faeces, a slaughtered animal.

Necrophiliac fantasies follow, and the story of a helper in the anatomy class who stole human fat to make himself soap.

3. I cut up an embryo (or a roasted chicken) and taste a bit from the intestinal region; I taste that it has putrefied. I reach it with my left hand to my sister. I leave merely my sister alive. My other brothers and sisters are killed and devoured (cannibalistic and necrophiliac instincts). I fear the vengeance of the dead.

4. It is frightfully dark and I am afraid of murderers A great fellow actually does shoot a bullet into my abdomen (navel region). He, too, sinks to the floor smitten with death, a severe shot in the lungs. I make an examination, hold my belly together, out of which runs colourless slimy fluid. I bandage myself, but the bandage is soon off. My godfather lies dead in bed. His wife says, "Do not look at him!" I push him a little, then his eyes move and all at once his whole body. He shows me a photograph on which is a dull-looking girl, who moves the muscles of her face. He says he would like to assure himself of offspring. He falls with all his covers upon the floor; first he lies toward the outside upon the edge of the bed. Then he dies again. I come back to the place of the murder. They want to take vengeance upon me. I am terribly afraid.

5. Cousin Annie and I are in our uncle's garret. She lies down with me in bed and I come at once under her gown. I perform cunnilingus, first upon the

abdomen, where a stopper comes out; then on the vagina, which resembles a pig's vagina. I go in with my finger, but do not go through. Besides this she has an aperture apparently due to an injury.

I hear the Bolsheviks coming. It is best to flee. I run to the left down the stairs, where a hole leads through the wall. I notice stairs which would have been nearer this opening. I get through with difficulty. A winding stair leads down and I think I can no longer get out; they will catch me and destroy me. I hear an uproar and music. Wake with fear. Very strong desire for urination.

V: COMPASSION

CASE NUMBER 18

Mrs. Helene X., a woman of forty years, pale, of weak constitution, but coming from a healthy family, complains of obsessive dreams and obsessive ideas, which are associated with a definite event.

It was in the spring of that year that she saw in front of the railway station at M., where she was waiting for her husband, a cattle transport. Oxen were being brought into the city on a wagon from the station. The animals looked tired and worn.

One ox among them with its horn broken off particularly struck her. The blood was running from the wound over the animal's muzzle. It was a fearful sight. Since then she is compelled to think of this occurrence, which pursues her even to her dreams.

She sees in her dreams large animal shipments, brought by means of the wagon to the slaughter house, or animals which are driven in herds to the shambles. She often dreams that she goes into a street and suddenly comes to a slaughtering yard. She escapes, trembling. She comes to another street. There also is a place of slaughter. Again she hurries away. There are shambles everywhere. Escape is impossible; she is surrounded by slaughtering places. She has dreams also where horses are being driven and rushed to death.

She is much distressed by the torture of animals. An animal is dumb and cannot defend itself. If she sees a loaded wagon which is being drawn by horses, she has to look the other way. She is in fear upon the street that she might meet another

ox transport. She rides in the electric cars with closed eyes so that she will not see anything.

She complains of a family of neighbours who live above her. They are inconsiderate and slam the doors with a crash. The two great sons are especially clumsy fellows. She is tired in the evening and is glad to rest, although in the dark she always has to think about death. Then come compulsive thoughts: How long must you still live? How long will it last?

These thoughts thrust themselves before her only in the dark and disappear by day.

She can relate but little from her early years. She was the oldest of seven brothers and sisters. From eleven to fourteen she suffered fear of dust and bad air. When she came home from school, she asked at once if the rooms had been ventilated. She thought she could always detect a close atmosphere. She could not stand the sight of blood even in childhood. She has never tormented animals; she was always tender-hearted and is still today. She can hear of no misfortune; she has to weep at once.

She married when she was twenty-two, from love, she believes. She had had various unimportant infatuations before marriage. She reaches an orgasm in coitus and is ostensibly completely satisfied sexually. She suffered greatly in the first years of her marriage from the unfounded jealousy of her husband. She was always given to brooding. She would become worried over everything and then had to lie awake as a result of speculating about each thing. She bore four children in the first five years of her marriage. The children are healthy with no trace of nervousness. What is more important is that she has had four abortions. She has had chronic catarrh of the apex of the lung and has repeatedly been in pulmonary institutions, so that four times interruption of pregnancy was absolutely indicated and was carried out.

She feels no particular self-reproach for the abortions. She was never especially religious, but goes sometimes to church and considers herself a good Christian.

It is distressing to her that she turns pale at suitable and unsuitable occasions. The first time (fourteen) when she met her godmother on the street. Now she grows white before every physician. Every examination agitates her. She has to pass through states of unspeakable nervousness before she goes to a doctor.

These states of nervousness appear on other occasions, too; when she is reading the paper and when doors slam. The outbreak of the war stirred her frightfully, and our defeat and catastrophe were the cause of depression, compulsive speculation (how could it have happened?), and sleeplessness.

Frequently everything on the street appears to her strange and altered. Her emotions seem to have died away; she no longer has the warm interests she had before her illness.

One day she rushes into my room sobbing and weeping. She can hardly be quieted and brought to speak. She has seen again before the M. station a cattle transport. It was so frightful! so cruel!

She tells me the dreams of the last two nights. They were again horrible dreams!

I am walking with my husband. Butchers meet us carrying bloody ropes, which probably they have used in killing. We turn. But again we come to a slaughterhouse. I weep bitterly and beg my husband to lead me with closed eyes

from the cruel region. We come to a house with a passage through it. My husband says: "Now you can open your eyes!" I see an ancient building. A picture hangs on the wall. I look toward it. Oh, horrors! it is an animal being butchered! I look more sharply at it. The picture melts away like a gray mass. I see now only a man lying there with a sword through his body.

A second dream:

A little dog springs upon me and gets under my clothes, I try to drive it away; it springs under my clothing up to my genitals. I lie down. I call a woman who is passing to help me take the dog away. I awake in terror.

A third dream:

It is a large hall. A church. A man is to be executed. But he may still be pardoned. These are the last moments. The people cry in great excitement: Do not put him to death! Do not put him to death! The news comes after all that he will be pardoned.

She associates all at once to the dog dream that she has practiced masturbation and has for a long time struggled in vain against the sin, until she has finally overcome it. But it comes to light that she masturbates at night, and then in the morning she is unhappy and sick of life. She seems to herself filthy and base. She believes that her present trouble is the result of self-abuse.

An experience of childhood (five) occurs to her in regard to the man with the sword. Her mother gave her a large book with pictures. She suddenly found one which represented a Chinaman who was cutting open his own abdomen with a

curved sword. She was seized with terror and flung the book away.

She was a remarkable child. She went to kindergarten (four), which was conducted by religious sisters. There was one nun whose eyes seemed to her frightful. She could not look her in the eyes nor could she speak a word in her presence. She simply was not able to conquer this fear, although the sister took great pains with her and was very friendly to her.

She is sexually numb since the occurrence in M.. She no longer experiences an orgasm, and she cannot explain this to herself.

She was horribly distressed in her sympathy during the war. Her husband would have been called to the front but was excused because he was urgently needed in the factory, which furnished war supplies. The exemption was however for three weeks only. It was a constant anxiety and she saw him in her mind wounded upon the battlefield.

Opposite her home was an emergency hospital. She saw the transports of wounded men and could also look into the operating room. These were frightful times, and she suffered unspeakably. She sympathized with the poor wounded soldiers.

Another characteristic dream occurs to her: I had to be curretted because of an abortion. Then it was not I, but my daughter Helene (fourteen and a half years old!). I was in despair and kept thinking: "How did the child come to this, and how will she stand it?" Her four abortions reveals themselves as severe traumata. If she sees a little child she thinks, "Your child would be as old as that now!" Or, "You might now have a child like that!"

Every birth was a time of terror. She speaks in detail of her fear of physicians.

Now come important disclosures, which give us insight into the psychogenesis of the parapathy. Her father was very irascible and whipped her with a hazel rod until she was fifteen. It was frightful to her when her younger brother was beaten. There was always strife at home. The father was brutal and reproached her mother if she was pregnant. "You can do nothing but have children!" She was whipped for trifles. Once because a spoon fell to the floor and she forgot to pick it up.

The torture of the dream world continues in undiminished force.

She dreamed:

I saw a large butcher wagon. Upon it an entire animal. The hide was taken off. I saw a wagon full of pigs and thought, "The poor things will now be taken to slaughter." Then I saw many people. They were standing around something. I came up curiously and saw a large hide. I thought, "There must have been some dreadful calamity." I stood before our old (valuable) bookcase. Suddenly the case turned into a glass wagon. It was a hearse. My thought was, "Then I will be buried." But the cabinet or wagon shrank. It became smaller and smaller. I thought, "How shall I find a place in this little wagon?"

While the first dreams contain motifs well known to us, the last dream seems to embody a pregnancy fantasy. We know that she reproaches herself because of the abortions.

The next dream confirms this point of view: I am in the church and want to go to

the altar. My sister-in-law says to me: "You have just been confined. You must pray first, then you may go to the altar." Each pregnancy was accompanied by premonitions of death. The last birth took place in a sanatorium. She should have gone to the operating room. She refused and had to be carried down. She clung to the door knob and was out of her mind with fear. It seemed to her as if she were going to be butchered.

She is very happy today that the Vienna society for the protection of animals has succeeded in having the authorities forbid the use of spiked dog collars. The poor dogs were so tortured by them. Yet she realizes herself that the newspaper reports of the afflictions and sufferings of human beings leave her cold. She broods the whole day over the cruel slaughter of animals. She imagines the horrible fear of death of the beasts which await their end. Why does not some one invent the means of putting animals to death painlessly?

They ought to be narcotized or killed with electricity.

She was walking yesterday with her little daughter. There are animal scales at the market place where she lives. She came there just as a horse was being weighed. She screamed and hurried away. The horse was probably going to be butchered. She rejected my protest that race horses were also weighed. No, it was a wasted animal. The next moment, however, she spoke of the beautiful beast with the wonderful eyes; how can a man kill a horse? Horses look at one so innocently. She can never forget the sight of this horse. A horse with its skin rubbed off or broken down by work awakens her pity. And then in her dreams she sees horses, pieces of their hide are cut out or whole portions of their bellies, and still they run around.

She lays it all to the impression received at the M. station. I ask for her first recollections, and I hear that bordering on the home where she spent her earliest childhood was a butcher shop. She always went there (four to five) when the oxen were slaughtered in the yard. But only once did she directly see the butcher

strike down the beast with a sledge hammer and then open the great artery at the neck. All the children of the village looked on with interest. Later she held her ears shut, closed her eyes tight, and cried: "Is it dead yet? Is it dead yet?" Not until then did she look on interestedly at the cutting up of the animal and the removal of its skin.

We get here the first hint of her sadistic disposition and the first important determining impression of her childhood. The next associations pass to the father, so that it becomes likely that the earliest sadistic fantasies were directed toward the father.

A dream:

I am walking along by dark, deep water. There are whirlpools at different places. I am afraid to look into the frightful depths of the water.

She states that she was already afraid of deep water as a child.

She remembers that even in her childhood she had a vision before going to sleep of deep, muddy, slimy water. The picture came to her before falling asleep and was painful to her. It is her own miry soul that she sees. The fear of recognition expresses itself in the dream.

Another dream may be traced to the need to purify herself:

I have washed the dirty linen and go to hang it up, but I am too late. All the lines

are full of other peoples' washing.

One sees that she has much dirty linen and it will be a difficult task to cleanse it.

An important experience of her childhood (six) occurs to her. Her mother read from the paper that an angry father had flung his child against the wall and smashed its skull. This story roused her greatly (A child is killed!). When she was in church, she was compelled to think of this scene.

Today, still, incense wakens the association of the crashed child.

The legends of bleeding saints and martyrs were likewise a source of excitement to her. For a long time she was unable to look upon the bleeding image of the Saviour.

Her fantasy life was exceedingly active. She was always thinking out wonderful romances. She was a princess; was boundlessly wealthy and possessed a castle with wide gardens.

The reality of her life brought disillusionment. Her husband tormented her even during her betrothal with his jealousy. Later in her marriage she was often alone for weeks.

His occupation as a traveller necessitated this. She helped herself through these periods of loneliness by daydreams.

Also the many illnesses.

Recumbent treatment at sanatoria increased the tendency to day-dreaming, so that reality lost all value for her.

She practiced masturbation very early but cannot remember what sort of fantasies she had with it. Now she is completely anaesthetic and often refuses her husband intercourse. He returned home a few days before after a long absence. She met him at the station. A tired, worn-out horse was being led by. Now her good spirits were all gone. She could not help crying. (She also weeps if she sees a covered wagon or a wagon with straw. There might be an animal inside.) How could she under such circumstances think of coitus? She wept and complained and turned her husband away.

Her compassion goes only to animals. She never thinks of sick people or children.

It is clearly explained to her, and she acknowledges it, that these animals symbolize her own life. She often says of herself: "I am like a tired, worn-out horse." Her many children were a burden to her. She wore herself out in the war. She would have been willing to have let them take from her the last child (fourth). The physician put off bringing about the abortion until it was too late. Now she has a charming girl of thirteen, who is her joy. She frequently says: "The other four – who were aborted – would perhaps also have been as dear and lovely!" At each birth she had the feeling: "I am an animal that is being led to the slaughter."

She is indeed the animal and identifies herself with animals. She has compassion for herself. She comes again into my room weeping and can scarcely calm herself. "Has she seen another animal transport?" "No – it is the shadows of the

past.”

Again her stereotyped dreams:

I was shopping. I was carrying many heavy packages. I come again before the old dark house. Gray walls. Everything gloomy. A large gate. I come through the gateway into the court. At the left they are again slaughtering animals. I draw my apron over my face. I do not want to hear or see anything. The parcels hinder me. Then I come to a high wall. There is a wooden balcony. I have to climb up. There are no stairs. I climb up with difficulty, and the packages are again in the way. Then I see children coming out of a hole, it is a stair. I come to the stairway and think that I had not noticed that there was a stair here.

Another dream:

I am feeding the birds in the garden. They all come without fear. Then comes a cat or an owl, large, spotted yellow and white, and eats the food. I want to drive the animal away and awake with beating heart.

It occurs to her with the second dream that every morning she does feed the birds in the garden. There is a cat in the neighbouring house that lies in wait for the birds. Once it injured the little blackbirds that had fallen from the nest. It had torn open the body of one blackbird. She had to kill the bird out of pity. (She shudders with horror and weeps.) It is the only time she has killed an animal.

Nothing will come to her regarding the first dream. I call attention to the fact that the packages suggest that she has some burden on her conscience. Now she confesses weeping that when she was seventeen she came to a house as child's

nurse. She wanted to be a teacher, but her father would not let her study. In this house she was seduced by the “master”. The affair lasted three years. She suffered extremely from jealousy. She could not look on when the husband kissed his wife. Later he withdrew from her. She believed it was because his wife had noticed something. (The wife was probably suffering from woman’s disease. A frequent excuse for marital unfaithfulness.) Now she hated the woman and had ideas of putting her out of the way. She left the house offended (probably only because the man no longer visited her at night). She never had felt anything with this man. She gave herself to him merely out of pity, because he begged so. He often met her later upon the street and tried to induce her to resume their relationship, but she proudly refused.

She had crushed this “dirty” story deeply within her, although she had confessed it to her husband. Now the jealousy of her husband is understood. He has often reproached her that she still loved this man. Perhaps he suspects that he cannot satisfy her as the first lover could, with whom, admittedly, she had no feeling.

She had only ideal relationships before this affair.

When she was thirteen, she was in love with an acolyte, who was fifteen years old.

She would imagine that he was dead and she would kiss him and he would gratefully open his eyes and whisper:

“I love you!” When she learned to know him, the charm had completely fled.

She was happy in her fantasies and envied no rich child. She had her own

paradise. She would lie down in the grass, and all nature would begin to speak to her. Her goldfish were her second world. She put flowers in the vases and thought herself a princess. She dreamed for herself a pure life full of love. It is true, her masturbation showed her that there was in her also a wild beast, and this wild beast she would slay at any price.

She considers herself bound in her marriage. Her husband is a traveller. She, too, would like to see the world and feels her children as chains. Many times a dull hatred toward her children arises. She had dreamed of a great love romance. She is growing old and stands in the critical period.

She will no longer experience the romance. She ought to separate herself from her youth and give up her dreams. This she is unable to do, and she rebels against the prosaic reality of life.

She complains of headaches, which appear even at night, when she wakes from her dream. There is really a severe pressure in the head, which corresponds to the repression of her original attitude of hate.

Her dreams show some variations:

I was in the home of the caretaker, who lives nearby. There were animals in a chest, among them an enormous hare. I shuddered at the thought that they would one day kill it and what the animal would suffer.

In a garden. I meet a butcher's boy. I think he is going to butcher and I call out: "Wait until I go away." There is a steep declivity; there are seats. I sit upon a seat and want to look into the descent. I am afraid and hold fast to the railing. I

have a fear that the seat might slip into the abyss.

It is the country. A gendarme is carrying a bound criminal. He has to go down a steep mountain and it is hard work. The criminal looks at me so sharply and peculiarly, I am afraid he might fall upon me. All at once it was as in a house, a room. The former young criminal is now an older man with a beard. His hands are quite bloody. He is a sick person. I believe I understand why they have carried him.

In these dreams the animal (hare) is for the first time disclosed as a phallic symbol with a clear reference to a castration complex.

She is afraid, however, to look into the depths of her own soul (seat on the slope). She carries around a criminal with her. It is very hard work, but in the dream she comes to the knowledge that she is not criminal, but sick. The choice of the word "skin" is significant. The skinning of animals, flayed animals, play a large part in her fantasies.

Today it is difficult for her to speak. She had a great many things to relate, and now lies there silent. Suddenly she raises herself and weeps bitterly. She cannot give the reason. She is questioned concerning her relation to her husband and cries out: "He does not understand me! I would not have told him what I have confessed to you. Yes, if he were like you!" (beginning of the transference). Then follow remarks concerning her oldest son (eighteen), who is frankly parathic, likewise her daughter, who suffers with night terrors.

She was somewhat calmer the next day. She mourns her wasted life. She seeks for a soul that understands her soul.

The animal dreams continue:

I saw a cat in our home. It was very beautiful and had a wonderful skin, like a fox. I was afraid and was looking for a way out. I said to my husband: "Look at the cat. The animal is so afraid." I open the door into the anteroom. The cat springs to the peephole and tries to force itself through the narrow opening. I open the door of this room. It is as if a second cat is lying bleeding on the floor of the corridor... A wounded animal. I let the first cat into the garden.

She has no associations to this dream. We see the motif of the large phallus (fox tail), which tries to go into a narrow hole, and again reference to a wound of the penis.

Second bloody cat (castration). We guard against giving an interpretation. The second cat reminds us again of the wounded oxen (bloody muzzle, broken horn).

She tells me weeping that she has read in the papers of the torturing of animals. The freight wagons are too heavily loaded, and the poor horses cannot manage the load.

More people should protest against the ill-treatment of the animals. People are so unkind. Everything only for luxury and gratification. And these modern women! They are all hollow, all want only luxury. They are powdered and rouged to entice the men. She shudders at the thought that her sons may be caught in the net of such frivolous women.

Here we come upon her hitherto concealed jealousy and upon a Phaedra motif, which perhaps plays a large role.

With a startling impulsiveness, she kisses my hand on leaving, before I can withdraw it.

Today she is fearfully distressed. It will be the end of the treatment. She breaks into tears and refuses any explanation.

I have already recognized in the kissing of the hand the beginning of the transference and explain this phenomenon to her. No, it is no transference! It is passionate love. She ought never to have come to me. She noticed from the first day that I was her ideal. I explain to her that she came to me in a condition quite ready for love.

The hour passes in explanations.

The animal dreams are now interrupted. She has instead a dream which she cannot interpret: I see my husband, carried wounded upon a bier out of a railway car. I am terribly excited and say, "At last!" I mean that at last I can take care of him. He says: "What do you mean? At last...?"

Now the truth breaks through. Her husband is also concealed behind the animal. She is playing with ideas of getting him out of the way. She is unsatisfied. Coitus is a burden to her. He does not understand her. She brings a number of complaints to show the deep rift between the husband and wife. He tyrannizes the whole house. Everything must go as he wants it. He strikes the children. He is a good man, but he is irascible. The days when he is away on his trips are a time of relaxation for the entire household. She dreads Sundays. She toys with the thought that her husband might be killed in a railway accident.

Now for the first time she becomes conscious that she has not loved him for a long while, and she confesses that hatred toward him does sometimes break through. She has displaced all her need for love upon animals. She loves the animal within herself, the gross sexuality. She admits with tears that she is burning with passion. It is no longer desire; it is madness.

She is quieted and reminded of the transference as a temporary phenomenon.

She begins to be rejuvenated under the influence of the transference. She again reads books, begins to interest herself in nature. The animal dreams have for the time disappeared, but she cannot travel on the train for fear of seeing animal transports in M.

Her dreams:

I have been bathing a child in the large tub. I was afraid that it would drown at my hands. I was thinking, I had not wanted to have a child and now I have one: now there is another one.

Here we see the old attitude of hatred toward the children, on the other hand the fantasy of having a child by me.

Second dream:

There was a sort of folk festival before our house. The people have set up a pole.

Upon the pole was a crucifix decorated with flowers and ribbons. I thought the master of the house was being honoured, because he had put in his house an antenna for receiving the radio concert.

No associations with the dream, only the radio antenna. Her sons are constructing a radio apparatus and planning the erection of an antenna. Her thoughts go to the oldest son. He is strikingly good-looking and tall. Again anxiety what his future will be like. The pole a phallic symbol. The crucifix a phallic symbol in pain.

The animal dreams have disappeared; she thinks of horses only very rarely. Yesterday she had a fainting spell out of doors. She lives in a new world of fantasies. In her thoughts she is always talking with me and tells me of her life. I am Christ to her – her saviour.

Her dreams are changed:

I saw in a dream a fiery, lively, black horse, which leaped over all obstacles. It was a glorious sight.

I was before some water which had a dirty, yellowish-brown bottom. My daughter went into the water, but came out entirely clean. It was a firm bottom.

On the one hand, thoughts of the possible fall of her daughter into sin; on the other, thoughts of the danger of the transference, which she wants to pass through unscathed. Her passion, represented as a splendid horse that takes every obstacle.

She dreamed:

I saw a horse that was hitched to a wagon. The load was too heavy, and the horse could not drag it along. Suddenly the horse reared. But it was fastened to the wagon with chains. After several vain attempts to free itself, it fell to the ground. It lay there in an unnatural position. I thought, "How can a horse lie like that?" The driver was very kind to the horse, stroked it and loosed its chains. Here the dream breaks off.

The interpretation is evident. She is the horse chained to marriage and her duties. She tries in vain to be free. I am now the conductor of her life wagon. I must be gentle with her and release her from the bonds of wedlock and of morality.

She reproaches herself for the strength of her transference. She had considered herself a cold woman. Now she feels a warm current running through her body. She torments herself, overwhelms herself with the most violent self-accusations. She is a miserable, contemptible person and I must thoroughly despise her.

She recognizes now that she has been torturing, and has suppressed, her passion, the animal within herself. Her struggle was directed chiefly against masturbation. She was so excited that she had to masturbate again, which confession she makes to me with resistance (I would despise her and never reach out my hand to her any more).

A second dream shows her resistance against the analysis:

I see a guinea pig, the skin of which has been removed in order to see inside it, and I say: "Why did the entire guinea pig have to be opened?"

It is the first animal dream for some time. But she had no terror with it. She is no longer afraid upon the street of the butcher wagon; the dreams of slaughter have disappeared.

The guinea-pig dream expresses her resistance toward the analysis and repeats the motif of the flayed animal.

She comes to speak of her first experience, after beating around the bush in all sorts of ways. She can never forget it. I point out that she had loved this man and must have experienced more feeling in his arms than with her husband. "He understood me better. He was a better person.

He also read good books and poetry and talked with me about them. But I have never forgiven myself the sin!" Now we know that she is still thinking always of this beloved one. I impart to her this opinion. She admits that she has a stereotyped dream in which she has intercourse with this man (who often in the course of the relation changes into her husband). The man's wife always appears and points her finger threateningly at her.

She confesses with tears that the man in question died two years previously. Her husband brought her the news. One would have thought that she would have felt it a release (the witness of her wrongdoing is gone). No, she was very sad.

Rationalization: He died so young and might have lived so many years longer (cause of death: pneumonia and not a railway accident, as I had assumed).

The ever-recurring dream shows that the desire for intercourse with the other man exists and is the cause of her anaesthesia in marriage. She weeps for the death of her lover.

Her compassion for animals is a pretext to be able to mourn to her heart's content.

Today as always, she is in despair. Her husband attempted coitus and she remained anaesthetic through it. The circumstance that she reaches the orgasm through masturbation proves that a specific fantasy dominates her.

The dream points in a definite direction.

I was standing by the window and watching a robin which I have fed all winter. To my horror I saw that the cat stood near. I frightened the cat away, but the robin kept following the cat as if fascinated.

The robin is her son. She is tormented by the compulsive thought that he will fall into the clutches of false women and be lost to her.

Another dream is occupied with the analysis: I see a pig which is to be cut up. It is already dead, and yet it is hard to think that a knife will be thrust into the animal's body.

Scenes from her last abortion occur to her with this dream. It appears that the

situation was felt by her at that time as a pleasurable one, and the butchering of animals represents the abortion and the removal of the foetus. The idea of the killing of pregnant animals is most painful to her. The animal dreams of slaughter have now disappeared. Many dreams are engaged with my person. For example:

I am going with my little one by Dr. Stekel's house. I want to show her to Dr. Stekel. He is not to be seen. It rains and I lift my dress over my head.

It is evident what little one she wants to show me. The lifting of the clothing before ejaculation is plainly represented.

She has again had animal dreams, which this time bring us a little further in the solution of the problem. The first dream reads:

I see a railway train. Forward and back are freight cars de signed for cattle. As in all my dreams the cars are covered with cloths. But one sees the oxen's heads looking out. I have fearful sympathy with the beasts, for I think what they must be suffering if the sun shines upon them and they are thirsty.

It is clear that she is the animal that suffers if the sun (light and passion) shines upon her. The next dream brings us much nearer:

I see a horse lying on the street. It is all bloody at its belly. Its genitals have been torn away or cut out. There is a great bleeding wound in place of the genitals. The horse has struggled wildly from pain.

I have suspected from the beginning that the broken horn had reference to a castration idea. I guarded against mentioning it before the material should bring proof of it. She defends herself from discussion of castration. She had never thought of such a thing. Nor has she envied men and has never been any nearer the thought that her genital had been cut away so that she is a castrated man. She brings an occurrence of her childhood as the sole recollection. She once saw an enormous dog, which came just then from a man who was known in the neighbourhood as gelder. The dog had been in heat and was always running away from its master. It was castrated, and she saw it running about the street howling and bleeding.

Another dream seems also to point to castration!

I see a large animal, a fish or a coiled snake. A bird had been pecking at it, for the animal was severely wounded and could not defend itself.

In thought she seems to be occupied with the phallus of another man. It is characteristic that the wife of her beloved has appeared again in her dream. I want to know whether the phallus of the first lover was larger than that of her husband, but do not hazard the question. She was again totally numb during coitus. Might there not have been thoughts of revenge present to castrate the faithless lover, to break off his member?

She has also a comforting dream which advises her to be satisfied with her "child" (read phallus).

I saw a child which had a very large head. I said to myself, "Your child is much better-looking."

She is unhappy that one sees upon the street animal transports. But she has to admit that she involuntarily is on watch for such sights. She reads a book so that she will not see them. Suddenly she is compelled to look out. She runs after sorrowful impressions and finds them, for she is seeking them.

She has also seen something beautiful, over which she makes a great fuss – an elegant white police horse, which pranced along proud and gay. She had to weep this time for joy. She sheds tears, that is, on every occasion.

She also hears the old blackbird screaming and runs out at once to see if the wicked cat is not prowling after the young birds. The young blackbirds are so awkward and leave the warm nest much too soon. (We recognize the relation to her sons.) She comes also to the lost paradise and to discuss the fall of man and is seized by the fear that her sons may be infected by a corrupt woman.

On an excursion yesterday she felt weak, had a slight dizziness, and had to support herself upon a stick. She lives now in a world of transference fantasies. Proof in the next dream:

I am in Dr. Stekel's laboratory. He has a beautiful slender sporting gun. I help him cram in the cartridges.

Another dream:

I asked my husband if I might go and dance. He consented. I put on my white dress and went out alone. Then I was walking toward the dance in the moonlight with you and was very happy.

Her husband is very jealous and does not permit her to dance (that is suitable only for frivolous women). She is passionately fond of dancing. Dancing has here a double meaning. The white dress shows the annulment of all previous erotic experiences.

Another dream troubled her very much:

I saw a large and beautiful funeral procession. The mourners sat in a sort of armoured car. It had only quite small gaps in it. I could not discover who was sitting in it. I was surprised that I was there without my husband.

She is burying her husband, of whom she now tells me that he is often in a bad humour in the morning and grumbling. She has often thought that she would no longer submit to him. By night he would be friendly and kind and in the morning he would find fault as if nothing pleasant had occurred.

A belated association to the theme of castration occurs, that she has been afraid of pregnancy. She went to a physician and asked him for a sure means, since everything up to that time had failed, and the preparations for coitus robbed her of every illusion. He recommended castration to her; that is, removal of the ovaries or ligature. She could not make up her mind to this. She has always been afraid of giving birth. As a young girl she had imagined adopting a child of some one else in order to escape the danger of childbirth. She is in general sensitive to suffering. The slightest pain is unbearable to her. She once had an abscess of a sweat gland. She behaved so badly at the dressing that the physician threatened to give up the treatment. The depression is already of longer standing than the occurrence at the station. She remembers that when she accompanied her husband three years ago to the salt mines, she sat before the hotel where they were stopping and wept bitterly, so that the people all asked what was the matter. She has to shed tears where nature is beautiful. She feels lonely and

misunderstood and has no one with whom she can share her pleasure. She was inclined to depression and anxiety. Her schoolmates once played the wicked joke: "Go home: your mother has died!" She hastened home; her mother was at work. After this she lived in the fear that the mother might die and leave her alone with her unkind father.

Although she does not want to look into the castration complex it appears clearly in her dreams: I take my guinea pig out of the box where it lives. The right hind leg is as if made of wood and falls off.

She had heard a few days before that my dog had broken his right hind leg. This event had greatly interested her. Nevertheless, we see in it only the precipitating element of the dream. The destruction of a phallic symbol plays a part also in the next dream:

I am in some deep water. It is like an ocean. I have to battle with the waves. Great ships are in the distance. There are frightful sea monsters in the water. It is dark and cloudy and I have trouble in moving forward. Suddenly the water is quite clear. Thousands of wonderful silver fish swim around me. They all rise up and stand erect about me. Some of them stroke my legs and I have a feeling of pleasure from it. There are so many fish that I have to trample many to pieces, which this time does not annoy me.

She struggles with her passions; she is threatened by wild impulses. She sees something common and debasing in sexuality. But her idea changes. She senses the delight of forbidden love.

Her transference is without bounds. She no longer goes to church. She has always been seeking God, but has never found Him. Now the physician is her god. She listens incredulously to the explanation that this is a transference.

She loves me and she knows that everything will come out right.

I make use of the transference to call her attention to the good qualities of her husband and to press more deeply into the psychogenesis. Her duties as mother are pointed out to her. She is led to renounce the great romance of her life and adjust herself to reality.

She rejoices that she now has such beautiful dreams. Her entire dream life is altered. As proof, the following dream:

I am taking a walk with my children. We come to a charming meadow with rich flowers in wonderful colours. The flowers are unusually large and with glorious blossoms. The children pluck the flowers. I say to them: "You ought not to uproot them. Let one of each kind stand so that the beautiful plants will not be exterminated."

It is possible that this dream, too, has relation to the castration complex. She can bring no associations. But she lives already in another world. She regrets that she has done so much work at home. A secret feeling of guilt seems to have driven her into the role of a maid. She would not have a servant, although her husband had repeatedly begged her to (perhaps jealousy for her two sons; a frequent motif). She knows that her life has been bungled. She lives without love and without understanding. She must give up her dreams of happiness in love, her great romance. She is reminded now and then of her old animal stories. She saw today in the region of the M. station a wagon in which animals were being carried. She did not want to look at it. But it drew her with magic, irresistible force to gaze at it. Then she convinced herself that it was a load of wood; she had hallucinated the animals.

Even as a child, moods of sadness were a necessity to her. She would suddenly burst into tears because she thought her mother loved the other children more than her.

I ought to explain to her why she is so anxious before she comes to me. I refer to the transference. She always comes with the fantasy that she is going to have some experience. She answers that she is so anxious before any visit to a physician; that is, she has the same fantasy with every doctor. As a child she was fond of playing doctor, and the play ended with a thorough examination of her playmates.

Now her fear of the physician is explained. The physician is her specific love condition. This makes clear the anxiety states in the maternity hospital "Lucina", which she describes in her own words as follows:

My Anxiety States At The Lucina

After having been confined three times at home, I decided to go for my fourth child to the Lucina. I reported there for enrollment. It was thirteen years ago. I did not sleep until after midnight, after a severe depression of spirits in the evening and lasting even into the night. About seven in the morning my little daughter woke me. I lifted her from her crib and in doing so discovered that the amniotic fluid had started.

The hastily summoned midwife advised me to go at once to Vienna to the institution. It was a cloudy, frosty day. My husband brought me to the Lucina. I was handed over to a midwife after I had been announced in the office. She was a young, very pretty person, yet she was not sympathetic toward me; she seemed to me cold and heartless.

It was very hard for me to take leave of my husband and it excited me very much. The midwife lead me, since the delivery room was occupied, into the operation room. The great hall was very cheerless to me and I began to suffer severe homesickness, a foolish fear; I felt as if caught in a trap. Unfortunately, a woman lay there in labour, and because no one was with her, I was very sorry for her.

The midwife pointed to a bed and said curtly:

“Undress and lie down!” Then she went away. I began to disrobe and had already taken off my shoes. Suddenly I decided to run away and go back home. I quickly put on my clothes and ran crying into the corridor. There a nurse met me and called the doctors. Now I begged and implored that they would let me go, inasmuch as I had no pains yet and could surely get safely home. Naturally, they did not grant my request, and they gave me bromide to quiet me. Then I was brought to the second story to my room. There I could not be prevailed upon to lie down, but ran distracted up and down my room intending by no means to remain here. Since the water was all the time coming away and there were no pains, I was very anxious, for at my last confinement the midwife had had to open the amniotic sac after I had been having pains for a long time. I was afraid of an abnormal birth.

Finally, at three in the afternoon, my husband came, hoping that everything was over, but instead he found me completely in despair and in tears, and I begged him wringing my hands to take me home again. My husband then fetched the physician whom I had privately chosen for treatment. He examined me and assured me that everything was normal and ordered a bath for me.

As my husband promised not to go away, I became more calm, and toward evening the first slight pains began and about eight o’clock the pressure pains.

Now began the most terrible part. I had to go down for the delivery to the room where by this time there was a vacant bed. I had discovered that next door in the operation hall the poor woman still lay and an operation would have to be performed. Then I was seized with a horrible fear. I screamed and held convulsively to the bed when the nurse wanted to take me down, clung to everything I could lay my hands upon, to the door knob, the banisters, and had to be dragged forcibly along. Downstairs in the passage, I seized also a water spigot.

I cannot begin to describe this terrible state of fear.

So must the unfortunate animal struggle and defend itself in its mortal anguish, which it feels quite surely in its soul when it is led to the slaughter.

Why did I thus torture and harass myself with fear?

When I ask myself exactly, I feel that it was not the dread of pain, but the fear that I should have to see near me frightful things with other women and that when I lay in pain I would have no one with me who loved me and would speak to me tender, comforting words, that only strange, indifferent persons would be there; this made me so frantic. I had borne greater pain patiently enough at home.

Strange to say, from the moment when I lay in the delivery room everything was a matter of indifference to me.

Two hours more and all was safely over.

My poor husband had gone through a frightful time with me that day.

*And my little one, whom I brought into the world that day, how I love her!
Perhaps because her existence stood in question, perhaps because I bore her
under such great terror, I have to love her more tenderly than the other children.*

*May thou, my dear little sunshine, find in life all that is lovely, all that is
wonderful! Give and receive happiness!*

We see in this remarkable picture the manifest identification with the animal. We recognize on the other hand the effect of the sense of guilt. She wanted at that time to have an abortion.

The physician postponed undertaking it and no one could be found later who would assume the responsibility. She had therefore wanted to kill the child! The sight of the blooming, very lovely child reminds her of the other abortions which she had to have performed.

The feeling of loneliness and of being forsaken stands forth plainly in her account. She no longer loved her husband and she strove inwardly against bearing children. Her piety was at war with the desire to bear a dead child. She had to believe therefore that God wanted to punish her.

The possibility that birth and abortion signify for her sexual events cannot at

once be demonstrated. Physicians were the particular condition for her love. Every obstetrician knows that the women whom he delivers are in love with him, at least that they are enthusiastic over him.

The dreams go more and more clearly in another direction:

I have been carrying a small child. I did not care for it and I thought, "My children are much prettier." Then I was upon a muddy, slippery road.

A comforting and warning dream. Look out for dangerous ways! The child is the offspring of the analyst.

This dream is the end of a romance in which the physician plays the chief part.

Very significant the next dream:

I had dusted the room and was standing high up on a bench with my legs bare. There came my husband and the family physician, who, however, did not look like our family doctor, into the room. The physician called out: "So you are working round again!" I sprang from the bench and threw myself upon the physician's breast and cried out: "I have to do it!"

She is proud of her beautiful calves. Here the physician has an opportunity to admire them. Also she has no secret from her husband; she kisses the doctor in his presence, and he makes no objection.

Her whole life has been spoiled through the jealousy of her husband. If they were on the train, she dared not look to right or left. When she was in the sanatorium for her health, he objected to a postcard on which other patients had subscribed their names. He suspected deceit and disloyalty everywhere. She had no opportunity to converse with other people. This explains to us her death wishes. If she made a journey with him, she could be sure that he would reproach her unjustly. She wept in lovely spots, thus in Venice at St.

Mark's Place, so that her husband said, "Why did you marry me, if you are so unhappy?" Her husband often lays stress upon his absolute faithfulness and seems to have punished his wife that he has not been able to live out his polygamous tendencies.

She reported one more animal dream:

I had freshly scrubbed the kitchen. There came in an animal, which was without a skin. The skin was very unskillfully drawn down, bungling gashes could be seen. Suddenly the animal changed into my daughter Berta. "You poor child! What pain you must be suffering," I cried out. One could see the grains of shot in her flesh.

Here we see for the first time that the animal is identified with that daughter who was born because of the refusal to perform the abortion. The daughter stands also for the sex organ, which has been unskillfully handled. The grains of shot mean the ejaculation. The skin drawn down, the loss of virginity before the marriage; that is, to the first lover, whom she cannot forget.

Yesterday she saw a horse which had welts. She suspected that the driver had beaten it, and she reproached him. In the course of the associations she comes again to speak of her husband, who has never understood her.

Her masochism appears now plainly as extreme will to subjection. She is deeply offended that I will not allow her to kiss my hand and that I protest vigorously when she calls me a god. She has need of an ideal, which she may worship and to which she may submit.

She has a characteristic dream:

I saw some one driving away a dog. I said to my husband, "How can one drive from the house so faithful and devoted an animal!" A second animal was there – a bitch. I saw the two performing the sex act and that they were not able to separate. I said, "Oh – they cannot get apart."

The dream has a story preceding it. Her husband had returned from a trip. She had a warm feeling for him.

Inasmuch as his mother had died early, he had had a hard youth. Now she begins to understand him. She takes an interest in his psychic life. She kissed him and said to him, "Are you happy?" He answered, "Yes, if you are well and I know that you love me!"

This made her think and after a while she said again, "I wish that you would tell me of your life, as if I were an analyst."

"I have no secrets."

“Every one has secrets. You do not know me and I do not know you. We have lived near each other, but not with each other.”

This he could not understand. But we see how she is correcting her affective attitude toward her husband. The physician becomes an indirect way to her husband.

This explains to us the first dream. She cannot drive her husband out of her heart. He is too faithful and too devoted. He is the old dog. She will nevermore give him up.

The language of the next dream is still plainer: Upon a meadow were wonderful flowers – a splendid bed of the most glorious colours. My husband permits me to pluck the flowers.

She feels guilty. She ought to have understood her husband better. We comprehend why she has burdened herself with so much work. It was an atonement for her thoughts of death. Yesterday she said to him, “I have never given you what you have expected from me!” Her husband protested and pointed to her virtues, her industry, and her model bringing up of the children.

The origin of her sadistic fantasies was in no small measure due to a museum where she had frequently gone as a child, in order to see the various instruments of torture. [In passing! When shall entrance to such museums be forbidden to children and adolescents?] She is always forced to think of one picture. The bowels were being reeled out of one victim and wound in a roll.

At church she always had the sadistic fantasy of the tortured child which we

have already mentioned. She could not pray as she should. She was always pursued by thoughts of being tortured. She wanted herself to be a martyr. She thought that the holy martyrs did not feel pain because God was their help.

Her whole life has been a battle against dust. She cannot bear to have the sun shine into the room lest one should notice the particles of dust. It is a picture of her dusty soul which she cannot endure. If the room was well brushed and swept, then she felt happy. Even her children were kept unnaturally clean.

The new thing is that she cannot be angry with her stern father. He was a restless work animal (her expression), never stayed long in one place, always hoped for something better from a change of locality, found fault that his work was not appreciated, was very ambitious, wanted to do a great deal, and yet accomplished nothing. She cries out, weeping:

“I was his misfortune!”

The motivation of this strange utterance is that her mother was pregnant with her and the father had to marry the mother for this reason. He was not happy in his marriage!

She again saw animals upon a wagon. She always has the thought when this happens: “The animals know that they are being carried to the slaughterhouse and would gladly spring from the wagon. But they cannot; they are bound.” Thus she is bound to her husband. She will never be free from him. She will never leap from the wagon.

An interesting animal dream shows that her unconscious avails itself of its own

symbolic language, the language of animals:

I see a large cow in a stable. Her head is bound with a white cloth. I say to her: "Will you not drink milk?" (I speak that way in reality to my guinea pigs.) The cow was enormously large. I leave the stable; the cow follows me. Suddenly she flops down on the floor. I think she has surely hurt herself. She was pregnant. I wake my husband. We come into the kitchen. The cow's head lies in boiling water, cut, the wound turned upward. I turn the head about and want to give the cow some pieces of roll. She snaps after them. I have stuck them in. The head was dreadfully cut up.

She remarks concerning the cow that cows always remind her of mothers. She is the cow and will give food to her hungry animal. She burns; her head glows; she is in love.

She wants to have nourishment stuck in. Her husband must be attentive. She must waken him.

Again allusions to the castration complex, to which she can bring no confirmation (fellatio fantasies?).

That was the only animal dream that was frightful.

One more dream, besides, of a beautiful horse: I saw again that beautiful, proud, white horse. He sprang with the rider over a deep ditch. Once. Then once again! Then once more. I was astonished to see how often the horse could leap. At last the horse had disappeared and I saw only the rider, who jumped over the ditch.

Obvious coitus symbolism. "Once again!" signifies the longed-for repetition of coitus. Finally the horse disappears and only the man remains, who likewise is a good jumper.

In another dream she is washing her linen. Her little girl is brushing her teeth and spits the rinsing water into her wash water, which irritates her very much. She cannot end the analysis if she keeps back the thoughts which relate to the children.

For the first time in a long while she feels again a "small" orgasm in coitus. She begins to speak of the unhappiness in her marriage. The old complaint, her husband will never understand her... This doubtless means: He will never entirely satisfy me!

She comes weeping into the consultation room. Depressing pictures of her married life. The husband has no understanding for his children. He drives them only to their lessons, permits them no pleasure, and is talking always of duty. The children are subdued if he is at home and breathe freely when he has again gone on a trip.

In the dream she was in a cellar with her son. She saw a mother mouse and five little mice. One little mouse was entirely cut open. Then she saw a pregnant woman on the street, who at the back was quite naked and covered with hair.

Although she was ugly, she had the sublime expression of a mother.

The woman is identified in this dream for the first time with an animal. She was very sensitive during the time of her pregnancy and expected that her husband would be doubly affectionate. The day before she went to the Lucina, she was walking with her husband and sister-in-law. The husband now talked only with his sister. She was hurt, cried half the night, looked for her love letters, and tore them all up. This explains to us her anxious state at the Lucina.

Whitsuntide holidays have been passed with relative tranquillity. Her animal dreams show a quite different character:

Many wild animals are running about in the garden. I have seen three from the cellar window. The one was a wild cat, the second much greater than a lynx, and the third a tiger. The lynx came to the cellar window and looked at me with burning eyes. I was afraid and tested the window whether it was well fastened. I pushed forward one more bolt. The animals were rushing about in the garden. Then it occurred to me that my little girl was in the garden. I screamed: "Berta! Berta! Wild animals are in the garden! Where are you? Hide yourself!" I awoke full of fear.

We see how she fears her own passion. The daughter is a symbol of her vagina. She would like to shove a bolt and assure herself against every chance of being overtaken by her unruly impulse. But wild, passionate thoughts and death wishes against the daughter rage through her brain at night, so that she seems to herself like a mad woman.

The death wishes break through again in the next dream:

I saw two hearses. There was very great traffic on the street, but the horses were able cleverly to pass through it. One horse looked around. It was so ugly and had a broad, misshapen muzzle. I thought, "this is fitting for the hearse".

The horse is her husband, for whom she secretly wishes a railway accident. She dishonours him and puts an ugly mouth on him. We hear at once why she does this.

Opposite them lives a dairyman, who is married to an elderly, unattractive woman and likes to flirt with the girls. He also once kissed our patient's hand, perhaps longer than was necessary. She noticed his advances and angrily repulsed them. But her husband pursued her with jealousy and believed that she went to the window to flirt with the dairyman. She met a young fellow on the street, who accidentally laughed. Her husband would have it at once that he had smiled at her. He would not have done that to a respectable woman!

Through such fault-finding and suspicions he has poisoned her life and made it impossible for her to be frank and open. It may be that he has felt that she is longing for love. Her last dream fulfils a desire of hers: I am in Dr. Stekel's room. It is very dark because the curtains have been dropped. I fall upon his bosom and nestle my head in the strong breast, where I feel myself sheltered. My son is in the room.

My curtains are never lowered and any one can look into my room. That does not suit her fantasy, and in her dream she for once has the room dark. Her son seems to be merged with me here into one person. We are the two love objects with which her fantasies are engaged at present.

She feels a weariness of life. Everything should be dark. She wants rest and deep night. She is wretched. She just now pities herself. Immediately she brings associations of horses. When it snowed, she had to think of the poor horses who slip so much. She was happy on Sunday, because the horses could rest. (She herself takes a good rest on Sunday!) Feeding the birds was also a compulsive action. In the morning she would run into the garden and fear that she was too

late; the birds would be suffering from hunger. She becomes annoyed at the sparrows, which devour the robins' food. (Other women will take her sons from her.) She believes the obsessive thoughts regarding the animal transports started with the transports of wounded which used to arrive during the night. Everything was so strange, so frightful, when the cars containing the many wounded men roared through the streets in the dark. (Presumably she wished her husband would go to war and be killed. This possibility is not openly expressed.)

She begins the session with vehement complaints against her husband. It is the tragedy of the wife with a jealous husband which she relates. Opposite her lived a captain who often had light girls visit him and was known as a woman chaser. He was always looking toward her window.

Her husband had noticed it and violently reproached her. She no longer dared go to the window. Once the officer spoke to her on the street. She trembled all over and cried, "Please let me alone!"... and hastened away.

Similar episodes were pictured in detail. Had she not had that experience before marriage, this would not have happened to her. But her husband was already morbidly jealous before he knew of this experience.

Her dream is significant:

I see a wide stream which is frozen over. An enormously broad waterfall is also turned to ice. All the streets and dams are torn away and covered with ice. Everything is frozen stiff.

She brings a picture of her congealed passion and love. When she is awake at

night, she imagines cows in a pasture. The cows are spotted and cheerful. Now she is compelled to think of their being sold and butchered and begins to cry.

This is the last remnant of her animal fantasies.

Otherwise she thinks frankly of her unhappy situation and the purposelessness of her life.

For some days the animal dreams have disappeared. Instead of them, evident transference dreams appear.

I brought you flowers. You held the flowers by the stove, and they burned like straw.

I am looking out of the window with you. Swallows are flying in the sky. I call out, "Do you not see the swallows?" You ask, "Where?" I scream, "So many, so many."

She is depressed. Life has no meaning for her. What has she to hope from life? I mention the children. After crying for some time she confesses that she is harbouring the thought of killing herself and the children. This plan seems to have been in her mind for some time. She is egoistic enough to want to take the children with her. Rationalization: The children need their mother. It appears that pity for the animals represents pity for her children, who have to be sacrificed. It is a gruesome punishment which she wants to inflict upon her husband. She is instructed that she will finally have to acknowledge that her husband is a good man and that he has suffered as severely from his morbid jealousy as she has.

She admits that she conceived the idea years ago of taking her life and “taking the children with her”.

Rationalization: “What would become of the children when I am dead!” The various animal fantasies were to conceal this fixed idea. Compassion for the children has prevented her from carrying out her purpose. She is forever attempting to make herself believe that she loves her husband. This life deception has now broken down, and she will have to take an entirely different attitude to life. She must learn to surrender her romance that she will have some great experience, and devote herself to her children. But she must also give up the heavy work which she has undertaken for penance and accept her husband’s offer to have help in the house.

She lives wholly in the transference. The long-restrained sexuality now breaks forth in full force. At times masturbatory acts, which bring some relief.

She dreamed:

I heard a pig being stuck. It was frightful the way the pig screamed. It was a particular pig which had been raised in her neighbourhood. The little porkling was decorated with ribbons; the neighbour’s children played with it; it was the household pet. She cannot endure the thought that the pig will be stabbed to death. It will be tortured by an unskillful butcher.

Such dreams always come when she is hating her children. The girls had wanted her the day before to go with them to buy shoes. She said, “Next week will be time enough.” The girls began to wail. She became furious. She saw red before her eyes and started furiously toward one of the girls, who ran away terrified.

She was afraid that she had wanted to strangle her.

She saw herself in a dream before a dirty glass of water. I told her to empty the glass and get clean water. She is sad that she has so much filth in her mind.

Today she again saw animals being led and was sorry; she had to weep. But the reactions are weak and only a lingering echo of her anxiety.

She hates the children when she feels them as fetters.

This attitude is made clear to her. She hates everything that reminds her of her husband. All his relatives are objects of her hatred. They are realistic individuals without heart.

An ungovernable passion comes to light. She has fearful thoughts. She would like to paint herself, colour her lips red, and go upon the street. She will not die without having learned to know passion. She weeps over her past life.

My allusions to her duties as wife and mother she rejects with scorn. "You are cruel! You are making fun of me. I thirst for love and you give me good advice..."

She remembers a scene in the second year of marriage. Her husband was unjustly reproaching her; he was again jealous without cause; she wanted to make an angry rejoinder, when the small child screamed. She became furious and at that moment could have choked it.

Freud's well-known statement that we analysts can merely change hysterical suffering into general suffering is confirmed anew. "Why have you destroyed my sympathy with animals? I was able then to cry it out. Now I weep for myself and my wasted life."

I am her god. She would gladly sit at my feet and lick the dust from my shoes. She must admire a man if she is to love him, must look up to him. She cannot respect her husband. She will atone for her "animal instincts" by a divine love and transfigure them.

Yesterday she refused her husband coitus, although she was trembling with excitement and longed for relief. She cannot love him. For he has destroyed her love. It is explained to her how unjust she is and that she overlooks her husband's good side.

Her need for revenge is stronger than her reason. If she becomes very angry, then she is obstinate also with me and attempts again to form pictures of the tortured animals.

Two horses were running behind a wagon and were fastened by a rope. The horses will certainly fall and the cruel driver will drag them on. Thus she paints the scenes which reflect symbolically her grievous situation.

I pass over a number of interviews which belong to the transference. I have to struggle hard against her devouring passion. She tries to obtain autoerotic satisfaction and gives it up as disgusting. But a wild, impulsive cruelty comes more and more strongly into play. She would like to kill all women whom I have loved or now love. She begrudges them their happiness. She struggles with

murder impulses and sees in my rejection of her a severe personal defeat.

A dream brings us further:

I see an animal wagon, which is covered with cloth. I am terribly excited. I will not look at it and yet have to look, as if a magic power compelled me. Then the wagon changes into a hearse. I see my sisters-in-law going in tears behind the coffin.

In this dream she has her husband die. In her fantasy she saw him going through a railway accident. This was her road to freedom. The scene at the M. station becomes intelligible. Her husband shall die! The sympathy for her husband and for herself is displaced upon the animals. The feeling of guilt has dragged her into the vortex of the parathy.

She is weary of life. What purpose has her life? The longed-for experience will not come. She has no more animal dreams, but she still revels at times in fantasies of pity. Today she saw on the railway a carload of cattle. The oxen were lowing. She thought that the animals were thirsty in the heat.

Why do not the wicked people give the animals water? She simply assumes, takes it for granted, that the animals get no water, because she has need of the cruel idea. She is naturally the cow which is thirsting for love and receives no water.

The animal dreams are gone. But there are other dreams which are equally frightful. The next dream as an example:

There was a hollow under the earth. The walls were of earth, but also boards. There lay a skeleton, as if of a human being. The flesh was scraped away. It looked like the bones taken out at butchering. They were quite fresh, bloody, with flesh on them. There was a second body there, which was split. I could see the brain very plainly. A voice behind me said: "Look, on the wall there is still fresh a bloody hand." I was afraid, as if I were a criminal who was to be tortured to death. I wanted to get out, but everything was securely locked. Then I was outside in the open; I wanted to go to a meadow, there was a steep, almost perpendicular stair. There was some one with me, who was going to help me. I said: "I shall have to climb up; I have the soup in my hand, and I will surely spill it." I was carrying something in a bowl; I could not put it away, and I was all the time disturbed lest I should spill it.

This dream has to do with a torture chamber. People were put to torment and she also will be tortured. (Connection with analysis, which is conceived as psychic torture and dissection. The brain lies exposed.) She has a torture chamber in her unconscious. Her original ideas were purely sadistic.

She begins slowly to perceive this. I demonstrate to her also the unreality of her love for animals. She is not a member of the society for the protection of animals. She has thought something of that but never enrolled. As a member she would have the right to interfere in a case of ill-treatment of an animal. But this has nothing to do with animals. She eats undisturbed the flesh of oxen which have been led to the slaughterhouse and which she so pities in spirit.

Suicidal thoughts are again manifest. Only the children keep her alive.

The next dreams throw light upon the transformation that has taken place in her:

I saw a bear which was confined in a narrow cage with gray walls. The bear tried in vain to get out of the cage. On the roof above lay a travelling basket. The bear sought to reach the basket and succeeded. It then tore the basket to small bits. Suddenly it was as if I were the bear in the cage. I tried to get free. Then all at once I saw myself outside the cage. A woman who resembled me hit the bear with a whip. "What are you doing there?" I cried. "The bear must be punished. It must be punished!" "The poor animal," said I. "It sees nothing but gray walls. It longs for freedom and air." The woman continued to strike the bear. I awoke with anger.

We see how she represents herself as a bear. Marriage is her cage. Her husband travels. This explains the travelling basket, which is still more comprehensible when we know that she will soon have to leave and would much rather continue the analysis. She administers the punishment to herself for her bestial desires and her sadistic attitude toward her husband.

In the next dream she appears, however, as a torturer of animals. She has thrown a cat out of the window.

The analysis is ended. She still has some compulsive actions, which remind her of the period of illness. If she goes by a yard, she has to look in to see if animals are being butchered.

But she is more quiet; she has learned to know herself.

Animals no longer have the excess value which they had assumed in her thought world before the analysis.

CASE NUMBER 19

Excerpt From The Letter Of A Sadist

“Just enough of myself for orientation: I am in my forties, married, and on good terms with one wife. I have had no illnesses worth mentioning. I have a good position as leader in a large enterprise. This is, I think, worthy of note, and I have thus far got on well with the people, although I am rather soft-hearted.

“I was an only child, but always had a playmate in a girl cousin three years older than myself, who rather made a slave of me. I was ruthless toward other children, as my parents have related since, and I can myself recall some such behaviour. My sexual life was not especially abnormal. As a boy I masturbated diligently without any particular effect upon me; then at about twenty years of age an older woman got hold of me, with whom I carried on a relationship smoothly, although without fulfilling all the fantasied expectations which I had attached to it. This was repeated until I learned to know my wife. After our marriage I had no extramarital escapades. I cannot complain of any disturbances in marriage worth mentioning, only even to the present time I have to masturbate perhaps every month or two, with which, in contrast with the childish masturbation, something like an inner reproach is associated. It is as if I were unfaithful to my wife.

“But now to the essential thing. I am quite conscious of sadistic impulses; I know that many times I intentionally injure people. Externally, however, I am a masochist, and my sexual life, too, apparently reveals the masochistic. You will see that most clearly from fantasies which I often have, particularly when I have not masturbated for a long time, which begin plainly as masochistic and then become more and more evidently sadistic. I will give them to you on account of

this transition. Sometimes I have also the same fantasies in dreams.

“I am, therefore, the slave of a beautiful young, powerful woman. Usually it is actually my own wife. I must do what she bids, unfasten her shoes, kneel before her, and kiss her feet. I must tickle the soles of her feet with my tongue. Occasionally she gives me a kick. And then – but always still at her command – I have to reach higher upon the legs. When she has had just as much as she wants, I have to stop. Naturally it ends in cunnilingus. Quite imperceptibly the fantasy now changes. I am still the slave and have to gratify her as she bids and stop when she wishes, but I have to leave off now, rather, when her orgasm is near, and she becomes more and more the distressed one. For as soon as she moans for gratification, I cease and let her implore. And besides I think up always fresh tortures. If she begs me for coitus, she has to masturbate me and I laugh derisively, instead of giving her the satisfaction she wants. And then she has to begin all over again, using every subtle effort to bring about an erection in me, and I torment her afresh and leave her unsatisfied. Not until she is half swooning from the experience do I thrust in the penis forcibly, so that she lies there as if dead.

“I could paint this fantasy still more broadly in all its detail, but I have without that given you the essence of it.

“I will merely mention further that I like to practice cunnilingus actually with my wife and that this fantasy first appeared, to the best of my knowledge, when I kissed the hand of my cousin on her wedding day, the cousin with whom I had earlier been on friendly terms.”

VI: A CHILD IS BEING BEATEN

There are a great number of paraphiliacs who have a strong erotic interest in the idea of a child being beaten, a theme already detailed by Freud. The following are cases from my own observation.

CASE NUMBER 20

Dr. Z. T., a physician of fifty-one years of age, visited me in the greatest despair. He was on the point of suicide, for he knew no other way out. The customary refrain: I was his last hope. It took but a little while before he had calmed himself; he wept steadily, but then pulled himself together and related the following experiences. He was the father of several fine children, had a splendid wife with whom he lived in the best of marital harmony. He had never been quite normal when young. He had always been greatly roused by the idea that a child was being beaten. It made no difference whether it was a boy or a girl. He will never be able to forget how he was a witness once when the teacher gave an unruly pupil such blows upon his buttocks with the palm of his hand that they resounded afar. He has had to think of this occurrence for years.

“Which part have you played in your fantasies? That of teacher or pupil?”

“Let me think. I no longer exactly know. I believe, of both. As I have said, these fantasies faded away later, because I wanted to know nothing about them.”

“How long did they last?”

“Really during my entire period of study. For I was a family tutor and had to support myself.”

“Did you strike the children under your care?”

“I confess that I often struggled with the temptation, for they were mostly naughty and I very easily fell into a rage. But I resolved very firmly not to do it, and I have never done it. I set my teeth and suppressed the powerful sexual excitement.”

“Which roused you more, a boy or a girl?”

“Again I cannot answer that so precisely. But I believe a boy. I imagined it as the supreme pleasure if he were stripped for beating and greatly humiliated... I always strove against these fantasies and was ashamed of them. I often thought, if the people knew what was passing in me they would despise me and no one would have anything to do with me. I guarded myself against books which are concerned with such situations and only once did I read such rubbish, which is widely disseminated. The impression was fearful and for weeks I could not rid myself of these vile fantasies. Then, however, I had the good fortune to find a girl whom I loved exceedingly. It was my present wife, an ideal nature in every way. I had already had some affairs before this and had always been very potent. It was so also with me in marriage. I have an exceptional wife, whom I worship and revere. I am devoted to my children. My oldest, a girl of nineteen, is studying medicine ... In short, until a few weeks ago I was the happiest of beings.”

“These whipping scenes have never been the object of fantasy during your entire married life?”

“I could not say that. I often thought of them, perhaps even every day, but I could ward them off. If I heard that a boy had been struck by a stern woman teacher, I was at once excited. I should like to have thought of nothing else. But I permitted myself no time to dally with the dangerous fantasies. Work was my best medicine. I have a large practice and many duties besides as health officer,

which keep me fully occupied. I have also a hobby, travel and foreign languages. I am always saving for a journey, which absorbs me so much that I am busy the year through with preparations and working out of plans. Furthermore, I learn the language which I shall need for my travels.

“So I was intending to go to England next year and extend and deepen my knowledge of English. I am particularly interested in speaking in foreign countries in such a way that the people will not immediately discover that I am a foreigner. There was recommended to me by a lady, where I was family physician, an English woman who was supposed to have an excellent pronunciation and was very intelligent. I began to take lessons from her a few times a week. I enjoyed every lesson. At first my daughter studied with me, but soon it became too hard for her, because I made such colossal progress. We were then alone during the hour. Now the inconceivable, the incomprehensible, happened. This English woman is already in her fifties, withered, lean, not good-looking. My wife is very well preserved and passes even today as a beauty. Yet I took a great liking to the English woman, so that for a moment I thought of giving up the lessons. My thoughts were always occupied with her, and I noticed that I was so excited before the hour that my heart was beating violently. Only I thought that this all came from my eagerness to learn and my desire for knowledge and shoved the interest upon the descriptions she gave me of the country and people of England. I soon came to know, however, that it was something else, but then it was already too late. One day she began to tell me of a boy who had been under her instruction in England. She said that in England the children were much more strictly brought up and received many more whippings. She plainly saw that this theme interested me greatly. I began to tremble all over and the blood rushed to my head. But she went on telling how the boys were undressed and whipped by the instructresses. I must have changed very much, for she did not stop speaking and I listened fascinated. Her eyes, too, lit up when she spoke of the punishments.

“From this day on there was no other theme between us. I fell passionately in love with the English woman, which shocked me and which had certainly not been anticipated by me. I could scarcely wait for the hour to come. She now began the description of how she would ill-treat and punish a boy who was in

her care. It was a beautiful boy of our acquaintance. This made me wild. From morning till night I could think of nothing else. I now suffered an obsession which simply forced all other thoughts out of my brain: I imagined Miss P. punishing this fine lad for some disobedience or other.

“With this thought I fell asleep, and with this thought I awoke: if I could sleep at all! Usually for hours I was in no condition to go to sleep. I tried to read, to attend the theatre, to go out in society. Nothing would do. I thought all the time of the English woman and always of this one thing, how she would whip this boy. I made an effort to talk with her more frequently. We really had then a love affair, without becoming sexually intimate. Her stories brought me to the pitch of excitement; also her eyes began to sparkle... We kissed each other at the conclusion of the conversation; I had at this moment the height of orgasm and ejaculation, and she, too, seemed completely satisfied with this sort of sexual activity and never wanted more. It was painful to me that I was almost totally impotent with my wife. I had always to imagine to myself the boy who was beaten in order to bring about an erection. I succeeded finally in this way in satisfying my wife, but had neither orgasm nor ejaculation in these acts. I was afterward frightfully exhausted and could not sleep, so that my wife attributed this excitement to my nervousness and wanted me to refrain, since marital intercourse seemed to all appearance to injure me.

“I experienced frightful remorse in the face of such kindly affection. I was ashamed and often wept by the hour that an overwhelming force had made me so unhappy. A thousand times in the night I resolved never to see the English woman again. I swore it by every sacred oath I could think of, even by the life of my beloved children. But when the morning came, the desire was stronger than all resolves and I again visited my teacher, who understood how to assume a majestic, repellent attitude, so that no one would have suspected that we were having a sort of love relationship. Furthermore, we never spoke of the perverse direction of our tastes, never of our love. She condescendingly permitted me to kiss her, as a mother is kissed by her child. I often imagined her as my teacher and soon had fantasies that she would chastise me like the small boy, if I could not recite my lesson. But I studied very diligently for fear that I might succumb to this desire. Recently, though, the correct answer would not come to my lips.

She thereupon said to me: 'Really I shall have to punish this naughty boy a little!' I began to tremble through my whole body and my teeth to chatter... She pulled me slightly by the ear and made as if she would strike me. I was so excited that I grew quite white and almost fainted. Then, frightened, she stopped the game. That was day before yesterday. I wrote and excused myself yesterday, giving as my reason an overburden of professional work, which I have never done before... And today I am with you. Help me! Stand by me! I have thought you might hypnotize me and so deliver me from the terrible suggestion of this woman."

CASE NUMBER 21

I will give this observation only briefly. It will further our understanding of the psychogenesis of impotence and afford us an interesting contribution to the history of love marriages. It concerns a judge of high standing, forty-two years of age, who found his way to me from Germany. A powerful man of muscular build, he introduced himself with the complaint that he was impotent and would gladly be cured of this dreadful difficulty.

He loves his wife and is unhappy that he cannot be a husband to her. He is father of four splendid children. At the question whether he had been potent in the beginning of the marriage he answered: "I was never potent during my marriage. I really do not know how I begot my children. I have made feeble attempts at cohabitation, but have never had a complete satisfactory coitus." Now one may not believe these statements unqualifiedly. Most people have not a clear knowledge of themselves in the sexual life and deceive themselves, subject themselves to hypochondriac autosuggestions. I shall never forget the time when a parathic visited me who suffered from the compulsive idea that he had too small a penis. It became evident in the investigation that he had an abnormally large member. So also men have consulted me for disturbances in potency, whose wives (in part very experienced women) were very well satisfied with the husband's accomplishments.

But our patient was right in his complaints. His wife, who accompanied him, confirmed that he suffered from such premature ejaculation that he was through in a second and she had never reached an orgasm. In later years even these modest attempts had completely ceased. The wife has become very parathic through these conditions. Not in a position to permit herself unfaithfulness, she has lived, like many of her fellow women, the life of a wedded martyr. The husband learned to know the wife ten years previously and was passionately in love with her. She also loved her husband and still loves him. She has the

greatest appreciation of his condition and the sympathetic attitude of a tenderhearted sister.

The man told me his life history and admitted “errors”, which in his opinion had nothing to do with the impotence. He was interested in his early years only in boys who were whipped. He did not know whether he also was beaten. He at least did not recall it. But he knew definitely that he was once witness when a fellow pupil was beaten by his father. He was seized at the time with violent excitement and was surprised that his member became erected. This picture – the boy who was whipped – has dogged him, and he has not been able to free himself from it. He came then to masturbation through a cousin and soon masturbated with the constant fantasy that he was present at such a scene. He was at that time ten years old. He does not remember sexual events that lay farther back. He has in general no memories of early childhood. This is a sign that he had many experiences and fantasies which he does not want to recall.

We will return later to his earliest memory. He masturbated, then, without scruple until his sixteenth year. He was taught about this time by an older colleague that onanism was very injurious and very dangerous; further, he ought to give up the vice. A frightful struggle now began, which usually ended in defeat. Still, there were intervals up to three months during which he did not masturbate. But the fantasies and the great interest in flogging scenes remained. He soon became interested also in tortures. All scenes in which an individual had to suffer through the power of another woke his lively interest.

He grew older and entered upon his judicial career without being able to give up his “vice”, as he called his masturbation. He began procuring books which described masochistic scenes. He ordered from a bookseller, whose address he found in a newspaper advertisement, some masochistic writings, which had a very demoralizing effect upon him and still more kindled his fantasy. After this first order he became a regular customer of this bookseller, who sent him without request all the new things that appeared in his firm. Other firms also overwhelmed him with sadomasochistic works. For this bookseller evidently

sold his address to other colleagues who handled similar books; he was as a result deluged with offers, advertisements, and books of sadistic-masochistic content.

Every new book led to fresh defeat; for he had to masturbate despite his best resolves. After each masturbatory act he was tortured by fearful remorse. He would burn the offending book and wanted to destroy every trace of his “perverse thoughts”. Then a host of obsessions appeared, which tortured him more than the paraphilia. He would imagine that he had not thoroughly enough destroyed the catalogue of masochistic writings. Other people could then be made wretched through his fault. Some other man might have found the trace of a book and then also ordered one; this one would then have contaminated others. Thus he would have been the source of unnamed misery and of many diseases. Indeed, it might come to pass that he would have to sit in judgment over persons who had become sadists through his means. He could not rest until he had reached another department, in which he had nothing to do with sexual transgressions. He thought seriously of taking his life or in some other way atoning to the uttermost for his crime. He began to concern himself with social provisions and to join societies for moral improvement. He worked with himself until he succeeded in mastering the masturbation.

He hoped however to be fundamentally cured through a great, pure, and strong love. Up till this time he had learned to know sexuality only in brothels and there he had always been impotent. He loathed these mercenary women. He sought salvation in the search for a pure woman whose love and faithfulness would purge him from sin and deliver him.

Then he learned to know a girl whom he worshiped as the embodiment of all purity. He hoped from her chastity, like the poor leprous Heinrich, complete healing and the cleansing of his sinful soul. In the first days of his engagement he was the happiest of men. The masochistic thoughts had all disappeared, as he hoped, never to return!

He was horrified at his vulgarity, when in kissing his betrothed he was surprised by an erection. He cursed himself and his sensuality because he approached so pure a girl with impure desires. He had to accustom himself to these erections; indeed he soon rejoiced over them, for they were to him a sure sign of his adequate potency. If he had previously had doubts, now he was sure of himself. He felt that he would not be impotent with his bride.

If he had been able to marry soon, everything would have been all right. Unfortunately, the engagement lengthened itself. It was he himself who discovered grounds for delaying the marriage; but the bride's family also insisted that she was still too young; they ought to wait longer; the time of betrothal was the most beautiful time of life, after that came cares – and other such customary phrases that parents like to utter when it is hard for them to part with a beloved child.

Then one time a thought flashed through him which threatened to destroy his entire happiness. He sat by his beloved and suddenly saw himself in fantasy kneeling before his future wife, who took a cane and gave him a thrashing upon his behind. Horrified, he took his departure without a word. He had desecrated his shrine. There was no atonement for this. How could he again look into her innocent eyes, hers, the model among all girls, the purest of the pure? He ran the whole night like a crazy person through field and meadow and only with difficulty came back to himself. He swore that his bride should learn nothing of his vice and should never be touched by it. This oath quieted him a little; he was able again to visit his betrothed, but after that idea he suffered from fear of the fantasy. He trembled lest a masochistic fantasy should again overtake him. His bride was exalted ever higher; she became his goddess, so that he could not think of attacking her divinity and “soiling her through his uncleanness”.

He married and was impotent on the wedding night. After some time he effected a caricature of coitus. Nevertheless, his wife became pregnant. It was not until recent years that he became totally impotent. His wife became seriously parapathic. She noticed that things were not well with her husband. She adjured

him to take her into his confidence. She heard him at night sighing and moaning. He must have something upon his heart that he would not or could not tell her. He swore that he had no secret from her.

He laid his depression to overwork at his office. He was also, like most of these people who are trying to forget, terribly industrious, and even at home sat bent over his books and papers studying. He was interested besides in numismatics and collected old coins, so that little time was granted his wife.

His wife's parathy became more and more severe, and she had to go to a sanatorium. She could not get on with his family. His mother and his sister reproached her that she did not understand how to treat her husband, until she finally confessed the misery of her marriage. Much good that did her! It was pointed out to her that sexuality was only a secondary matter to a pure German woman; she must do the best she could with such a "trivial" fault in a person of such excellent qualities and in so brilliant a position.

The husband, however, suffered more on his side than his wife and his family could suspect. He reproached himself most bitterly that he had made his wife unhappy. He had said nothing to her of his trouble; that had been a vulgar deception. She, pure as heaven, should never have given her hand in lasting bond to so sick and sinful an individual. He was a scoundrel, a criminal, and if it were not for the children, blooming, lovely children, he would have taken his life.

There were also, now and then with intervals of years – masochistic fantasies and acts of masturbation, succeeded by severe depression lasting for weeks. He made such careful note of these unlucky days that he knew exactly all the dates of his self-abuse.

He read then by accident in the newspaper of a process in which a teacher was

condemned to major punishment because of the flogging of a boy, inasmuch as sadism was recognized as the cause of his severity. This thought pursued him for months; he pictured to himself the entire process; became sleepless so that he went to a sanatorium. First he consulted a very famous professor, who declared to him that his illness was not at all masochism; in any case only a harmless form, which set his mind very much at rest. But the treatment did not help much, and afterward he was just as ill and impotent as before.

The impotence came to pass in the following manner.

He could always count upon a good erection, which however stopped at once when he wanted actually to make use of it. Some sort of an association forced itself in between erection and cohabitation. But what kind of an association was it?

We have indeed one point of departure in the fact that even in the period of betrothal he had a fantasy in which he was beaten by his wife. It was this fantasy evidently which entered in, and with this fantasy and the expectation of the whipping scene the erection came about. But all libido vanished immediately before the reality of ordinary intercourse. A small event supports this assumption. His wife was playing with him once in an innocent way. She seized a cane and gave him a slight blow upon his buttocks and said:

“This would do you good! A good sound beating!” The effect of these words was terrific. A fearful anxiety overtook him that his wife might carry out this proposal and he would be the slave of his paraphilia. He was horrified at the realization of his secret wishes and defended himself through fear and morality. He read his wife a long moral lecture. How dangerous it was to play with such thoughts!

One should not even make a joke of such things.

He was therefore impotent because he had not found the sexual gratification that was adequate for him.

One more factor comes into consideration, to which we must give closer attention. His wife had said to him in innocent naiveté:

“You must be in love with some other woman, otherwise you would not be impotent.” He was very indignant at this, for he was conscious of no unfaithfulness. He pressed his wife to tell him whom she meant. But she never answered. Yet once she cried out: “If you really want to know! You love your mother and sister more than your wife. The love that you have is lost there for me. These two women are my rivals!”

He sought in vain to talk her out of this “delusion.” She persisted in it... and she was right. He always stuck to his mother and visited his sister every month. She also came to him and always kissed him affectionately, which angered his wife and made her jealous. They were from his point of view only brother-and-sister kisses. But his wife suffered from these manifestations of affection, and she could no longer get on with her mother-in-law and sister-in-law in any way.

The patient had nothing at first to say concerning his relationship to his mother. Later he was able to give me very remarkable details, which I will pass over. I might mention one memory, because like a flash of lightning it illuminates his entire psychic constellation.

He slept – he had already been married for two years – once in the room with his

mother. At that time he had to masturbate – and not with masochistic fantasies. He thought of his mother as his wife and was surprised at the strength of the erection. The next day he could not look his mother in the eyes, and he had thoughts of suicide.

Now his conduct in marriage becomes intelligible.

Since he is in conflict with sexual ideas, indeed with thoughts of incest, the end of the struggle has to be the defeat of the ideas of sexual desire, which reach out to the mother and sister. He asexualizes the mother and thereby the wife. This asexualization takes place in two sorts of ways. The sexual object is debased. Or the sexual object is overestimated. In the first instance the man becomes a homosexual, who experiences disgust for all women, to whom all women are “junk”, who cannot understand how one could love a woman, how one could find pleasure in a woman. In the second case, the woman becomes a goddess and therefore unapproachable.

His own value is reduced to a minimum; the woman is exalted to heaven. One does not deserve such a woman; one must kneel before her and kiss her feet and the hem of her garment. Impotence then arises as a consequence of this feeling of differentiation between one's own inferiority and the inaccessible height of the ideal. Coitus is a desecration of the ideal, a sacrilege; even erotic speech seems like blasphemy. Many times both ways are followed. The patient passes through a homosexual stage, which he hides behind a paraphilia, and arrives then at the overvaluation of his feminine ideal.

Various recollections of the patient showed that he had associated homosexual fantasies with the idea of boys who were whipped. It never stimulated him to imagine a girl being whipped upon the buttocks. He had masturbated together with boys, and the cousin mentioned, who had led him to self-abuse, played a large part in his sexual life.

This idea of the whippeded boy contained on the other hand the functional representation of his psychic conflicts.

He was ill of the child, the boy. He was struggling against his infantile attitude. This the content of his fantasies. He should be a man and overcome the child within him! In masochism as in fetishism the pet fantasy has in it the shadow image of the psychic battle ground.

The analysis had to be broken off under tragic circumstances. The war came; our patient hastened to the colours and stood upon the list of the first victims. We were not able to penetrate the secret of his paraphilia. We had not been able to ascertain whether the deification of the woman had not sprung from a distrust and scorn of all women and especially of the mother. We are forced to think however that this powerful idealization of the woman may have other roots, also, beside the overcompensatory tendency of the “prostitute complex”.

CASE NUMBER 22

It has to do with a forty-year-old judge, who has remained unmarried and up to his fortieth year was potent only in a brothel. Thus far he had been able to meet his masochistic ideas triumphantly and easily to overcome them. He also withstood the temptation to have himself flogged by a prostitute. His thought was: "I can allow myself to be whipped and humiliated by one person only, whom I would recognize as my mistress and goddess. I have really a loathing of prostitutes. I consider them as a necessity. I have always been impotent with other women and all attempts with them have come to grief." At forty the man learned to know a violin artist, with whom he fell in love. He was now afraid that he would be impotent and came to me several times to obtain confidence. He could not undergo analysis, for he did not live in Vienna, but visited me only on the occasions when he came to see his betrothed, whose home was here. One day I was waited upon by the woman. She turned to me because her bridegroom did not seem normal to her. The adoration in his letters had reached a degree which terrified her. She felt that he fearfully overestimated her, and she was well aware that she was only an ordinary human being. But he saw in her an ethereal creature and was always insisting that she could have no faults. Everything about her was divine and of another sphere. She wanted to be loved as a person, with all her failings. She let me have a letter of her bridegroom as proof of his morbid extravagance, one which she had received the day before. It was one of many letters with which she was overwhelmed several times a day:

"My adored Goddess! Supreme of all earthly beings and messenger of heaven! I bow before thee in humility and permit my words to ascend to thee as the smoke of the sacrifice mounts to the altars of the eternal gods. Yes ...thou, too, art eternal! Thy beauty, thy purity, thy being, these are not of this world. I will kneel before thee and pray to thee, will kiss the hem of thy garment, and thou shalt pass over me, thy gaze directed toward the infinite distances. Thou walkest not; thou floatest! Saw one ever upon earth such motion as thine? Were there ever beings who moved so tirelessly as thou over the earth?"

“How shall I bear the thought that this angel is mine? That the divinity in thee has revealed itself to me? That it has chosen me, the poor, insignificant person, to bestow on him thy favour?”

“How shall I approach thee with earthly wishes, thee who art throned in radiant clouds inaccessible to the cares of earth? How touch this spotless purity with my base desires?”

“Hast thou been sent to me to raise me up and make me clean? Art thou the angel who openest to me the gate of eternity and with arms lifted high pointest the way to everlasting life?”

“Thine image stands before me and I pray to it... Never have I prayed more fervently! Thou must feel them, these words with which I seek thee and sacrifice to thee and incline to thee! Hold me dear and do not leave me!”

“I kiss thy tiny feet and the traces which the carpet hears of them. In everlasting adoration, Thy humble servant...”

One can understand that the sober and very logically thinking bride was shocked at this excess of devotion. She now endeavoured at my advice to inform him of various facts of her life, which ought to have brought him to reason. She had already had an affair with her piano instructor, in which it is true she had remained physically a virgin but had learned to know well the different variations of the art of love without complete coitus. She began to hint to him that her purity was not what he thought it; she, too, was only human; and so on.

He listened, but everything rolled straight off him. He did not want to hear it. He believed this meant nothing; not a speck of dust remained upon her; there were people who could not be defiled; and the like.

She was in despair at being so superhumanly worshipped. But inasmuch as the connection promised very good advantages, and she was besides actually much drawn to him, she married him.

He was completely impotent the first months. He proposed to her that they live in chaste wedlock like brother and sister. The most important thing in marriage is the mutual spiritual influence. Man is elevated through the sacrifice of his sexuality and undreamed-of forces stream toward him.

But she observed none of these unsuspected powers and urged divorce. Then the remarkable thing happened that he did not want to let her go and gave her entire sexual freedom.

He even discussed in detail with her the question which of his friends he should select as a household friend. There came about then a marriage unique in its kind. The husband continued to adore his wife as divine and loved her beyond measure, while one of his friends enjoyed every mundane delight which she could give. She then changed her friends.

This made no difference at all to the husband when he learned of it, and this man also pleased him.

It was evident that his homosexuality was satisfied in this way, while the asexualization of the woman advanced thereby more and more.

This case received illumination only when we were led through a dream to the mother complex.

I see my mother sitting upon the lap of a strange gentleman. She kisses him and grasps after his organ. Suddenly the strange man disappears, and the mother seems to be floating in the clouds like a goddess and smiles down in a kindly way upon me.

He enters upon the theme only with reluctance. His mother had been in fact an energetic woman, but also a saint.

She had often punished him with a rod. Ideas of being flagellated had appeared now and then.

Finally he admits also that he had earlier often busied himself with the fantasy that a child is being beaten. He was an only child and had never been present at the punishment of another child. He did not know how this fantasy had entered his brain. At last he confesses that the fantasy arose from the wish to be whipped by his mother.

The first time he received a beating because he had been unkind to an “uncle”. The father was frequently away on a journey and various “uncles” came to visit his mother.

He confesses to me under the greatest resistance that he has a memory that the mother kissed one of the uncles and that the latter had struck her upon the bed.

He must at that time have been three years old.

To be brief: His mother had a number of lovers and our patient had witnessed several erotic scenes. His first attitude was sadistic as a result of jealousy. Later he repressed all memories and made of the mother a saint. In his marriage he again sets up the infantile constellation. His wife is made a prostitute, while he still maintains the fiction of her being a goddess. The bipolar attitude toward the mother was transferred in its entirety to the wife. Impotence resulted from the stubborn retaining of the incest fantasy.

VII: A HAND IS BEING BEATEN

CASE NUMBER 23

Dr. Heinrich J., twenty-four years old, a literary person, comes to me for treatment because of impotence and a masochistic disposition. Attempts to perform normal coitus with women fail. He finds satisfaction only when his hand is beaten wherever possible with a ruler. Masturbation with the same fantasy. Not every hand stimulates him. The hand must be smooth and well formed, show no outstanding veins, and it must hang limp.

He refers this paraphilia back to an infantile impression.

He was six years old when he had to draw something.

A governess who was very tender with him and whom he loved very much was looking on at the drawing. He purposely drew badly. Then she snatched the pencil from his hand and struck him upon the hand and in fact just below the wrist, he felt at this a very strong sensation of pleasure.

He confesses, however, that an earlier experience may have preceded this, when he had also intentionally provoked the slapping. This governess had told him that he was a sleepwalker and, coming to her bed, had urinated upon her.

He had uttered the words while doing this: "That is fine!" He always studied at home with a tutor. He wanted to be slapped on the hand and always – even today – upon the hand hanging down, the limp hand. When he was ten, his longing was gratified. He vexed his teacher until the latter fell into a rage, and so he attained

his end. With it came an erection and sense of pleasure. At thirteen he took up masturbation by himself. He always imagined this same scene, or, much more rarely, blows upon the buttocks. He thought only of the hands of little girls. Even now the hands of men and women have no charm for him. He is a hand fetishist, but only for the hands of children and girls. Even a five-year-old child is able to stimulate him. The preferred age is at present twelve to fifteen years. The maximum twenty-four years. Beyond this age, the fascination ceases.

When he was thirteen they had a male servant whom he induced to strike him upon the hand. He went to the gymnasium soon after this and became infatuated with a fellow pupil, by whom he was often chastised. Other friends also took part in his punishments. He was bound with straps to the window, chained, placed on a low stool, then beaten, and so on. At fifteen years of age he read in a book of the harm of masturbation and the danger of masochism. He told his father about himself, who went with with him to a professor. The professor thought it was only “childish imagination” and had a long talk with the father. Some days later the parents made an excursion with him to a brothel.

They took him as far as the corner of a street; then the father went with him into the house, where several girls sat in their chemises in a reception room. He selected the very best for himself, went with her into a room. She undressed completely, which intimidated him. He felt (and still feels) disgust before naked women. He was completely impotent.

He left; at the corner his father was waiting in the carriage... Heinrich reported to him his failure.

Even today he speaks quite freely with his parents concerning his sexual tribulations. (He is the only child of two healthy parents.)

He fell in love with a girl when only twelve years old. But he experienced his great, real love after graduation at seventeen. It was at a summer resort. There lived an old woman, whose companion was a former governess who had slapped him (not the one mentioned belonging to his childhood). She had the care of a thirteen-year-old girl, with whom he fell “madly” in love. He prevailed upon her to strike him, but he struck her under various pretexts always upon the hands; only once did he give her a gentle blow on the cheek.

He dictated to her other punishments also, into which the girl willingly entered. When they parted, he kissed her on the back of the hand.

This seemed to him a great sin. He never kisses the girls with whom he mingles in society. They are sacred to him, because they are confided to his care. But he instructs them in masochism. This is no sin. A kiss upon the mouth would seem to him a shameful betrayal.

He fell in love a second time when he was eighteen with the same result; then at nineteen with a girl of thirteen years, whom he called his betrothed and wanted to marry. He always arranged it so that it came to slapping of the hand and all sorts of small chastisements. It would sometimes be months before he attained his goal, but he finally reached it with every girl. In latter years he has been afraid of making himself ridiculous with being struck upon the hand and has forced the sadistic component, which will show him not as a boy, but a man.

His still-existing manifest sadism is directed against animals and is very unpleasant to him. He would much rather not speak of it. He has tormented animals in refined fashion.

He has allowed insects to perish in pitch. He has narcotized a mouse and dissected it. He has put live fish on the spit. His last sadistic act took place three

years ago. He cut off the legs and then the head of a living lizard.

He reproaches himself severely for these things. Everything that one does to human beings can be made good. But how shall he make reparation for these sins? He is a lyric poet by choice and has a very soft, tender heart. How are these contrasts to be harmonized?

He comes today in the greatest excitement. Now he has found a great love. It is again the true, genuine, only love, a cousin upon whom he has prevailed to allow herself to be slapped on the hand and to strike him. She is in bed today and at three o'clock has to receive a tutor. She is very lazy and her father will compel her to leave her bed. He would like above all to be there. He wants to be the only one who has anything to do to her. The father often boxes the daughter's ears, if he comes upon her reading an unsuitable book (Casanova, Zola, and others – the "child" is sixteen years old!). He should like to be there when she is punished.

He does not believe that there is help for him. He will by no means give up his peculiarity. He will experience the pleasure of being beaten. He does not want to change. He only wants to be at peace.

He is terribly perturbed when he thinks that something is happening with the girl and he is not there. He has already watched nights before her house. He loves her and knows that he is not loved. She will never marry him.

She wants to be rich and live in luxury. This he cannot offer her. She promises him, nevertheless, that she will always remain his friend.

He is besides so moral that he has felt himself in duty bound to tell her father of

his paraphilia. The father says, "That makes no difference" – and depends upon his influence to have his daughter play the piano a little and learn languages, which two governesses installed in the house have not been able to accomplish. But she understands him and his art. He whistles to the others; he wants only to please her.

The others may call him crazy. It's all one to him.

He used ether even as a child. His tutors and the servants tolerated the misconduct. But he believes he has ruined himself through masturbation. He is too weak. His cousin has told him that she cannot marry him; the children would turn out retarded.

He does not believe in his talent. His last poem always pleases him, but after two days he finds it horrible.

In the evening he will go to a piano teacher who strikes the children on the hands. This will soothe him and let him forget his cousin for a while. But he will never allow this innocent, harmless pleasure to be spoiled through analysis. He will keep the child's play at all events.

He feels himself extraordinarily quieted by the analysis. He has the certainty today and the sure confidence that I will cure him. He wants me to give him the imperative for the entire day. Yesterday he was with the teacher mentioned who strikes the children. There are always several men present, who are all sadomasochists like himself. He is ashamed when he thinks that they might know why he has come.

He has resorted to masturbation to-day. One is his unlucky number. I must assure him that he does not have to masturbate twice. He often masturbates ten to twelve, even sixteen, times a day. Formerly always with seminal discharge.

Today he does it in such a way that he holds back the ejaculation (masturbatio interrupta).

He holds his hand in his pocket and really is masturbating all the time, only he stops before ejaculation.

He dreamed:

I am present when my little cousin is beating the youngest. I am looking on and have a feeling of pleasure. Then my uncle comes into the room. I am ashamed.

I was together with N. He talked a great deal with me.

My mother stood in the room, her face turned away. She was insane.

Nothing occurs to him with the dream. He refuses every association.

He is always wanting to know whether what he does is immoral. He has a rule of conduct: to commit no immoral act at any price.

Today he doubts the success of analysis. His uncle has warned him against it. Moreover, he does not want to change.

He will not give up his pleasure in beating.

He was very much excited yesterday and masturbated twice, not for enjoyment, only to calm himself. He is frightfully superstitious. He has to knock twice with certain words to guard himself from bad luck. Last evening he held his cousin's hand. Doubts torment him whether that was not immoral. He was also in the church in order to quiet himself.

Often, when the church is closed, he has to perform some good deed so that in this way he can obtain peace. But he is, he thinks, not religious.

He does not believe in dreams. What sense can there be in what he dreamed last night?

I was going with the electric train in N. down the steep mountain. There were several cars there. Two of them fell into an abyss, because the brake had failed. The conductor was slightly wounded on his finger.

The only association he can bring to the dream is that once when he was a boy he had hurt a finger on the carriage door, because he had not been careful. It struck him even in the dream that the train had several cars, while in reality it consists of only one car. He has always had the unpleasant thought, when he has used the electric: "What would happen if the brake should fail just now?"

We recognize the functional significance of the dream. He has ugly passions and must always put on the brake. What would happen if he should slip off the track?

He is excited while he speaks of an accident, runs to the table, and knocks twice upon it to protect himself from the catastrophe. He had seen this done by his mother. He does not really believe in such nonsense. But once he had had bad luck after he had omitted the exorcism. Since then he will have nothing to reproach himself with. Maybe there is something in it.

He dreamed:

I take Mary [the cousin] to the governess [the woman who strikes the children in the presence of men]. I am frightfully excited and have a pulse of 120; I am giddy; I feel as if I should fall in a swoon and awake with violent heart beating.

He struggles plainly with the temptation to bring the cousin to the “governess.” He admits that he has such thoughts. But he thrusts them back. He was indeed afraid that he might injure her.

Mary is to go away and postpones the departure. He is genuinely unhappy over it. He does not like this change of program. He wishes the grandmother, who has delayed Mary on account of a cold, were dead.

He reacts in general very promptly with death wishes, if he finds a situation disagreeable.

He is in love with his own hand. It gives him satisfaction to contemplate it. If the hand is struck, he looks intently upon the spot that has been hit. When he is masturbating his eyes are upon the free hand.

He dreamed:

I had fastened cuffs and was glad of it...

He wears rolled ones at present. During beating the cuffs have to be laid aside or turned back. That is the only association he is able to bring. The cuffs attached to the shirt are the image of a rigid fixation. The second dream of the night agrees with this:

I am on Sylt. I have to reach a train and must hurry myself greatly. I have notes in my hand... Then I see the steamer. There is still time. I am with many people in a bathing establishment. We are swimming. I am swimming against high waves. I see then at the right an island, on which the waves are breaking, at the left a deep gully. I am walking with our chambermaid – it is the mother's maid – up a steep way. I have a splendid view over the raging sea. I see three breakers.

The chambermaid still takes care of him. She is thirty-seven years old. When she was younger, he would have her strike him. They have long ago given up that play. He would be ashamed of it now. He is a passionate lover of nature. It is his grief that his cousin does not care for nature.

He loves storms, snowy landscapes, walks by night, especially in the moonlight. He loves everything out of the ordinary, the unusual, the original. He will not be a Philistine. He will not live like the average man.

We can understand the dream only when we know that in dreams the maid becomes the symbol of the mother.

The mother is the unattainable one. She is the train which carries him away, the steamer, which he can still reach; she is the island on which the waves break. She is also his ideal and merges into the Virgin (the pure heavenly Maid) who leads him up the steep path to the height of knowledge, where he can look down upon his passions, when he has overcome them. The three breakers symbolize the three currents: man, woman, and child. He has remained the child. The chambermaid is called – significantly – Marie.

He dreamed:

I beat the chambermaid and felt no particular pleasure in so doing.

He denies that he has any erotic interest in Marie. She is on the contrary disgusting to him.

If we put the mother in place of the chambermaid, we understand that the matter is one of striking the mother. His first conception of the sexual act was a sadistic one: The father strikes the mother.

To beat means to have sexual intercourse.

But he has also denied his religion and sinned against the commands of God. His

feelings of guilt have their origin in the Oedipus complex.

Yesterday he went into a bar and had eight drinks. He counted first two, then two times two, then two times four. (He often goes up to thirty-two!) Then he wrote a confused letter to his cousin.

He was born on a twenty-second day. He affirms that this date is the starting point for his counting paraphy, but will give no closer information regarding his complicated system.

He has an extraordinary fondness for poisonous snakes; once as a boy he kept a sand viper secretly in a terrarium and put mice in front of it. He liked to watch the large serpents devour live animals. He has a passionate delight in observing the feeding of beasts of prey. He was until recently an enthusiastic hunter. Now he feels sympathy for the animals.

He would like to educate for himself a young girl of twelve years. He could strike her and punish her under the pretext of piano instruction. He never strikes without "secondary motivation". Then he fantasizes that he would train this girl for his mistress, which he naturally would not carry out, for his moral inhibitions are much too great.

His parents' hands are not to him sexual objects. They are "disgusting" to him. Homosexuality is likewise repugnant to him. He is instructed regarding the bipolarity of feeling and attitude. He describes his states of inordinate excitement.

He has as he thinks given up all compulsive actions and every superstition (from

fear of the analysis).

Analysis proceeds under great resistance. He remains passively resistant. He does not pay attention to his dreams; they are unpleasant to him and weird. He gives up his superstition out of fear that it might be analyzed. He reports circumstantially the happenings of the previous day and wants definite command and instructive advice.

He tells of the influences from his father, who always held it before him that it was immoral to obtain gratification in any way from a respectable girl. His father once made the acquaintance of an English woman who had a little girl of eight years. This little girl was brought up as his sweetheart.

He was introduced to her later; she was to educate him sexually. It did not reach that point. The girl fell lower and lower after her mother had been involved in a scandal process. She was infected, led a loose life, and was brought after the scandal into a house of correction, although too late – for she was already ill with syphilis. He then saw her again.

She was converted and became very religious. She tried to convert him likewise to the faith, in which she succeeded temporarily.

He is extraordinarily interested in prostitutes, seeks their acquaintance in cafés, pays for their innumerable drinks, and takes them to the theatre, it pleases him to be seen with a loose woman.

He speaks very unwillingly of a “system”. He was with Mary yesterday and he had previously arranged everything. Masturbated four times, drank four drams,

smoked sixteen cigarettes (four times four). Everything happened very luckily. Even numbers which are derived from two are lucky numbers. But for a while odd numbers were also lucky. He sees two parallel lines: even and odd numbers, and must sometimes jump from one side to the other. This is very complicated, and he can really give no precise description of it. It depends on his mood and inspiration.

Even numbers symbolize heterosexuality; odd ones, homosexuality. His vacillation between the masculine and the feminine attitude is explained from his love to the father and the mother. In the end he escapes decision, for he takes refuge in being a child.

He dreamed:

I was with Dr. Stekel and my father. Dr. Stekel said to my father that he was very sorry to have to tell him that he could not cure me. My father was very much grieved at this.

The dream shows a tremendous resistance toward getting well. He does not want to be cured and wastes the hour in relating his various extravagances. Yesterday he experienced a great excitement with Mary. He was telling her of the sadistic teacher – we will call her Madame Bertinger – and described at length all the intimate details of this salon.

Mary was indignant and said: “One does not talk of such things. One does them and says no more about them.” This stirred him greatly. He felt he had done something immoral. He had to make it right. He remembered that his father had given support to Katherina Steiner (a former prostitute, who had been innocently incarcerated for four years). The father borrowed 20,000 kronen, went to Mrs. Steiner, who lay ill, and gave the sum to her. Now today he is without

money.

He has an instructor of whom he is very proud. He permits himself to receive tuition free of charge because he cannot raise the money for the teacher, and sends the money to a former prostitute. He wants to be taught out of love and so arranges it always that he has to ask money of his father.

He has struggled with the temptation to go to Madame Bertinger, although she showed him the door the last time. He disavows her before others. She is offended at this. He will not have her notices brought him. He is afraid of scandal and the police. He learned to know her through an announcement: Strict disciplinary lessons, etc. One of those well-known advertisements which sadists at once understand.

Madame Bertinger has a peephole in the wall through which her customers may observe the punishment of the children.

She whips them upon the bare bottom. She has sadistic books and journals, pictures and photographs, for exciting the fantasy. Our patient had also given her some slight compensation, ostensibly of his own free will.

His father's behaviour is remarkable. He, too, was at Madame Bertinger's to check up whether he could find something for his son and whether he could trust his son to her. He looked upon the whole thing as harmless play. This father is a unique phenomenon. He hunts up girls for his son, who do not however please the son. Papa avenges himself for this and criticizes the ones which the son has selected for himself. It seems to be his endeavour to provide for his son sexually. They were together once with a procuress. She absolutely would not believe that these were father and son and said never in her life had she seen such a thing.

One can understand the father only when one knows that the son is his idol. Heinrich's wishes are law to his parents. He prefers to allow his son childish play in order to protect him from greater follies. He has therefore always been making an effort to cure the son by wanting to secure for him a normal sexual relationship. But he has been afraid his son might be infected or – which he looked upon as the greatest crime – he might seduce a respectable girl. Prostitutes are there just for the satisfaction of sexual need and protection of decent girls. The loose women and the paid relationship act as a compromise.

But the more the father wanted to force the son into the normal course, the more stubbornly did Heinrich cling to his paraphilia. He expected precisely in his infantile attitude gratification from his parents.

He was in love with his hands as a child. The hands were to him something alive. As if they were persons. He often thought he would like to go into the forest. Then he would be a bear and eat up his own hands. He often bit and sucked at his hands.

As a very small child he had also sucked his fingers.

He had however first-class strict governesses, who cured him of this bad habit. One of these governesses stayed a long time at the house. She threatened him once that she would nail his hands to the table if he was not good.

His reading is decidedly sadomasochistic. He has in his possession a large number of such books, chiefly of French origin.

Yesterday he was at a children's playground. He believes that all people who are interested in watching children's games are in some way paraphiliac. He was very happy because he could watch a very beautiful fifteen-year-old girl, who was punishing her younger sister.

At such moments he identifies himself with the child and with the older person. He feels himself into them both.

In N. he once saw a young man strike a girl upon the hand. The scene is indelibly engraved upon his brain. The youth was plainly a sadist, for he then chastised his younger sister. He led her around the corner, so that only the little one's cries could be heard. But this sufficed to excite him wildly and to make him infatuated with the young man. He constructed a fantasy in which a bridegroom and his bride were concerned.

He is interested also in lust murder, but believes that he could never commit such a deed. He is too compassionate and cannot bear pain, either his own or that of another.

He has made his sadism socially possible, inasmuch as he employs blows only as a means of discipline. The beating is used only when it is necessary. He now has a small pupil and is sorry that she is so good. He has no occasion to whip her and would not do it without cause.

One dream points to his latent piety He dreamed: S. was to have played his new opera for me. Mary was somewhere else and I wanted to call her. She was busy somehow in giving a tied parcel to a maid. She did it as if in this way she would become religious and this had not yet happened. Mary knew it. I awoke and called a name.

S. is a well-known composer, a good friend to whom he clings. He unites in this dream both components of his sexuality. The tied package apparently contains a prayer book. He should become pious like this girl and knows that he cannot. Both he and Mary knew in the dream that the girl would not become religious.

His friend's new opera is very gruesome in content.

He wants to draw Mary into his paraphilia, which is also evident from the fact that he likes so much to tell her of the Bertinger salon. But she saves herself through her faith. The tied-up package symbolizes moreover the secret of his paraphilia. He clings to his mother, and Mary is, like the housemaid, only a mother substitute. She gives back to the mother what belongs to the latter.

The dream is thereby hypocritical. The opera contains all incest conflict. As long as his mother is religious, his secret wish cannot be fulfilled.

He is at times tortured by remorse.

He perceives that his hypocritical method of education through beating is something pathological and forbidden by religion. But he cannot desist from it.

He would gladly transfer his paraphilia upon older persons in order to free himself from the children. But the former do not interest him. He delights only in youth.

He is fearfully excited. Today Mary has gymnastic exercises.

It might be that the instructress would strike her. He would like to be listening behind the door. He is very much roused in such a case. He listens to every sound and depicts to himself scenes which do not really take place. In one such state he lay for hours in the summer on the floor that he might listen. He would like to be present when Mary chastises her younger brothers and sisters. He might hear from the stairs, but he feels this dishonourable to this situation.

Boys in sailor suits excited him when he was small (five to six). He imagined that they were whipped. He insists however that he did not know what a sexual feeling is. He was “terribly unenlightened”. When he was twelve he asked his mother (!) why his member was stiff. He believed even up to his sixteenth year that children were produced through infection. One is touched and infected with a child. He often looked on and does yet today when his father takes a bath.

He would then have the idea that his own organ was too small, and he would never be able to satisfy women. He took up masturbation by himself without knowing what he was really doing. Nevertheless, he had a suspicion that it was something forbidden, for he never spoke of it. He was told even in his childhood that one did not touch oneself below.

He thought it was unclean. His mother used to kiss him upon his buttocks when he was defecating. This has happened until recently. His mother looked after his defecation, particularly whether he had a sufficient movement and what was the appearance of the stool. She wiped him until his fifteenth year, ostensibly because he was too awkward to clean himself.

His grandmother, to whom he clung with idolizing love, seems to have played a great part in the origin of his parapathy. She was tyrannized by him. He had at

home the rights of a despot. No one might touch him. But once the grandmother purchased two rods, a small one for the hand and a large one for the buttocks. He does not know whether she beat him. But he recalls that she told him how the soldiers were beaten and that she pictured to him the running of the gauntlet, which excited him very much.

He has a pronounced gerontophilia. It has now somewhat subsided, but it was formerly very marked.

His father, too, has struck him. Once on the hand with a violin bow, often upon the foot, never on the buttocks. He was flogged also with a riding whip. In short, he has undergone a decided training for masochism and for infantilism.

He has after a good deal of debate entirely given up Mary.

He professes to have now only one goal. He wants to get well and be rid of his paraphilia. He will obey me and be guided by me.

He tells of the mistakes which have been made in his education. He was beaten by his parents, who had never troubled themselves much about him. His mother gave him only blows on the head; the father struck him on every occasion. (In the first sittings he had stated that he was never beaten by his parents.) He would not stand this and even attacked his father, so that every beating degenerated into a wild scuffle, in which he had the satisfaction of "setting up" the father; that is, bringing him into the greatest excitement, so that he had to break off the whipping. He valued his father as an individual, but has, he says, no feeling for him. His everlasting whining makes him often despicable even as a person.

He repeats that he is in love with his own hands. He was even as a boy, and he was terribly afraid he would grow older and his hands would come to look like the hands of elderly people. He feared the veins would show. He wanted to preserve his childish hands. It is unfortunate that he must grow older.

He hates ugly hands; warts and chilblains are intolerable. The worst of all for him are bleeding hands. He cannot look at blood. Hands which fascinate him must be young and bent down from the wrist. Formerly he had another favourite position. This varies with his ideals.

The hand is to him the genital. He looks at a hand in a glove as a normal individual does at the entire clothed form of a person. The removal of the glove is exactly the same for him as undressing. A naked woman leaves him cold, while a girl taking off her glove exercises upon him a great stimulus.

He comes again to speak of blood. He can on the whole look at no blood but his own. It is disgusting to see people eat. He cannot watch even his own father eating. A table with people eating – he imagines a bird's-eye view of it – is outrageous. He thinks of the food and how it is then digested in the stomach to a hideous pulp.

He fights the entire day; he wants to go again to Madame Bertinger. He pictures the delights which he has enjoyed there. He has experienced there his most beautiful hours. Once she gave her daughter a spanking before him during a piano lesson; then they sat on the divan smoking cigarettes and talked for a long time of the scene. He insists that I shall permit or forbid him to go there, which I have refused to do. He fears he may get into court. He has already questioned a jurist concerning the point. The latter assured him of the harmlessness of his paraphilia from the legal aspect. Even his father thought he might go, because it would be better for him there than with Mary, where he is so excessively roused.

He has firmly determined in these days to be a different person. This resolution is supported by the fact that Mary has warned him that she will withdraw her friendship.

She is no longer willing to share his childish performances.

Although he has previously raved for hours of his great love, he bears this deprivation with relative ease. He needs another object and wants to get well by shunning analysis. So just as he renounced his superstition at the moment when he noticed that the analysis was approaching the roots of his system, so now he will recover his health by means of an affair, without sacrificing his fantasies and points of view. He makes the acquaintance of a girl, Elsa, in a café, finds her wonderfully interesting, at once devotes the whole evening to her, invites her to the evening meal, and so on.

After all sorts of misunderstandings he meets Elsa again, goes with her to supper, and then drinks a quantity of stuff with her at the café! He talks of an excursion, when the great event will take place. He stays up until late in the night, talking all the time but avoiding any action, although the girl gives him to understand that he will experience no resistance.

He dreamed the following night:

I bought an orange on the street and ate it up at once. It was very bad and did not taste good to me. I bit upon hard pieces without flavour, like iron or glass. I took them all out of my mouth.

The dream is clear. He begins to disparage the girl.

She is a street woman; he knows it; he will experience no pleasure with her. Splinters of glass were always his mother's anxiety. One might die through bits of glass or rusty iron.

He fears woman. Behind his paraphilia, fear of woman, dread of his impotence are concealed. He doubts whether he can satisfy the woman. He is afraid he will be disgraced. For this reason he always wants to pay. He does not feel himself to be a man who can woo a girl and fulfil her sexual desires. He would rather stay a child. If he strikes with the lead pencil, he is sure that the pencil will remain stiff. He avoids defeat.

We come after many resistances to the nucleus of his paraphilia. He believes that he has ruined himself by masturbation. He has no more true, no more thick, semen and produces only very little. It is entirely exhausted. He no longer has a strong erection. He is psychically impotent. He read books even when he was fourteen which suggested this nonsense to him. He knows "with absolute certainty" that he is impotent. For this reason, he clings to his paraphilia. He guards himself against the expected disgrace.

Yesterday he again visited the famous instructress, listened from an adjoining room to all sorts of scenes of punishment, and had to accompany this with masturbation.

He is afraid that through the analysis he might be delivered over to a woman, and he seeks his old childish pleasure.

Evident will to be sick.

He confesses with some resistance that he has imagined during masturbation other scenes than the striking of the hand. He fantasies that a hand is being knocked off.

He reproduces a gruesome description which he has read in a book.

Now the sense of guilt which is associated with the harmless fantasy and fact of hitting the hand is explained. His paraphilia is merely the rudiment of a distinct sadism. The striking of the hand means the striking off of the hand. This is the reason why he always prefers the position in which the hand is hanging limp.

He admits that sadistic scenes of this sort play a greater part than he was willing to acknowledge at the beginning of the treatment. But he considers these sadistic scenes as exceptions and forms of play, echoes of what he has read, while in actual fact they are the chief things. He has repressed his far-reaching sadistic inclinations and permitted himself the innocent striking paraphilia as rudiment and memory symbol (as shreds of reality).

Relation to castration was at first denied, but it was admitted that in his fifteenth year there were ideas of allowing himself to be castrated in order to conquer the morbid impulse.

If he really loves, he cannot be cruel. He would never strike off Mary's hands.

He can never watch his father when he gargles and then with effort brings out a bit of mucus. He believes that his repugnance toward kissing (he speaks of it for

the first time) is connected with this. He feels otherwise, too, a physical aversion to his father. He could never lie in bed with him, while with his mother it was very lovely. He often crept into bed with his tutors, never, as he thought, from sexual motives, but because it was so delightfully warm and cosy where they were. He liked also to take a dog to bed with him.

He was a fearfully naughty child. He exaggerated hysterical attacks and illnesses to frighten his parents, ate pieces of carpet, bored holes in new wall paper, slandered, lied, scuffled, and so on.

He stole his father's medicines (morphine) so that he might have them. He takes this opportunity to express himself frankly about me and finds much (negative transference) to criticize.

He still has a peculiar attitude toward his dreams.

They are to him unsympathetic and he does not believe that they have any significance. He doubts today that any one can help him. He is convinced once more that he is incurable.

He dreamed last night:

I had a tame starling. Possibly it was a mother with young ones. I fed them and was very kind to them. As if the starling was sick. It seemed to me like a personal friend.

I am walking with Madame B. and am crazy. I go into an apothecary's shop to buy some urotropin.

I am to go to Tannhauser and have forgotten the score. I am somehow prevented from going.

Before awaking, hypnopompic dream: I am cutting off the forward part (platform) of an electric car and eating it like a cream puff.

As a boy he was a hunter and shot at birds. The first birds which he killed were starlings. In this dream he atones for his wrong. He is friendly to the starlings. On the other hand, the starling is his dear friend, that part of his ego that wants to be blind. He will not let the starling kill itself.

In the second dream bit he is crazy. He takes urotropin. He often uses this to disinfect himself if he thinks that he has influenza. It is plainly a mental disinfection through which he passes. Here we find the first reference to his ideas of poisoning (urotropin = atropin).

Tannhauser represents the principle of penitence. Tannhauser was in the Venusberg and had to make a pilgrimage to Rome to atone for his sins.

Yet what are his sins? The last bit tells us that. He is a giant (Gulliver!), cuts himself a piece of the electric car, and devours it. He has cannibalistic impulses. He has when a child, as we know, eaten bits of skin from his own hand and devoured carpet. Now he would gladly be a vegetarian so that he would not eat the carcasses of animals (moral reaction against the cannibalism). Today he can neither fish nor hunt.

He should like however to shoot at people, if he had any excuse (for example, to defend Mary). He regrets that criminals do not have to be tortured before they are executed. He would first cut off their hands.

He has fantasies that he is witnessing the cutting off of the hands and then the head of a patricide.

We strike in these fantasies upon the central point of his parapathy. We see how the parapatric symptom unites pleasure and punishment, how it acts as warning and as stimulus.

His behaviour toward his father is treacherous enough. He feels best when his father is not there. He is remarkably shy in his presence. He is always trying to disparage him. His father is now no longer in the splendid position he occupied before the war and no longer has the means he had then. He complains at the hard times, which seems to the son womanish and childish.

His father's beatings, who is a kind-hearted man but a passionate one, have wakened his feelings of revenge.

He has wanted to kill his father or cut off the hands with which he has been struck. We see how the parapatric symptom has stubbornly maintained the old attitude as paraphilia. It is a continuous demand not to forget.

He dreamed:

In the neighbourhood of the Secession. I have heard that it is an orphan asylum for boys. I speculated whether there would not be whippings there... A club for good fellowship is to be founded. I was with Madame B. and her pupils. I should have joined the club, but I delayed. I notice that she will be angry if I do not do so. I wanted only to look at it. I was the only man. I put my name then upon the paper and heard that 150,000 kronen a year were to be paid. Somehow in connection with it I found Dr. B., the pianist. I played my songs before him. They pleased him. I had two wounds on the palm of my hand; the entire skin was off; I saw the raw surface; something was over it like a hide, a fleshy structure, so that I could not close the hand.

Near the Secession is a café in which for the first time he had been able to observe the doings of the harlots and might amuse himself with a loose woman. He sees instead of the Secession a large gray building like the supreme court. It is like a warning from his evil impulses. The orphan boys remind him of wicked thoughts (if your parents were dead, you would inherit the entire property!). Mrs. P., another teacher of song, with whom he has played, has a similar institute like that of the piano instructress Madame Bertinger.

But he does not enter. He hesitates; he will first observe. The piano teacher yesterday demanded a rather large sum of money from him, which was very unpleasant. He is always afraid of extortion. In this dream he is the only man among many girls. He has no comparison to fear. He can evade his impotence complex. But there appears to him Mr. B., a famous piano player and a very fine-looking, vigorous man.

Toward him, too, he shows himself the stronger. For he is composer. He plays his songs for him. Finally the dream passes over into an identification with Christ. He still has thoughts of being a saviour. He would suffer and endure that he might perform a great work for mankind. He also has stigmata on both hands, which are however much greater than those of Christ. He cannot fold his hands; he cannot pray. He is himself a god and will be worshiped. His impotence

manifests itself as voluntary asceticism and his paraphilia as protection against the dangers of sexuality. In this dream, too, he has to pay an exorbitant price. He had at his disposal 300,000; now his money has dwindled to 150,000. He has therefore to pay all his money (his entire love) for his paraphilia.

The Secession relates to his desire to emancipate himself from his parents. It is a matter of a mental secession.

He has often pictured himself as an orphan child. The familiar ideas of putting some one out of the way arise – the latent theme of father murder. The hands of a patricide are cut off as talion.

The first secession was the rising of the oppressed against those who afflicted them. Thus this spoiled child felt himself oppressed when the father struck him. He would then rush angrily upon the father, bite and scratch him and strike him in the abdomen, until the father as the stronger came off victor. He has repeated these scenes in his fantasy (he is the pianist who plays the old songs to himself). He wanted to atone for this and for a long time considered being a monk (the order represented as a club). He views the two great traumata of his youth as wounds upon the hand. The idea of being a monk led to the Christ parapathy.

He reports a number of sadistic fantasies. If he walks behind a man, he might shoot a bullet into his head or strike him down.

He has long denied every homosexual impulse. Now he admits that young men stimulate him and he should like to carry out on them all sorts of things. Naturally, only flogging scenes. But he would strike not only upon the hand, but also on the buttocks. He knows now that his mother has whipped him upon the buttocks, but believes that he felt no pleasure from it.

He was whipped by his parents upon every occasion.

The last time he received a box on the ear from his father. He had at that time a childish flirtation with a girl. His father thought he would have to marry the girl. A decent person did not do such things.

He was brought up in an incredibly absurd manner. A kiss was an obligation to marry. One must not become involved with a girl whom one did not pay. Whores were there for love; respectable girls wanted to be, and must be, married.

The entire freedom of youth was lost to him. He was afraid with every girl that she might want him to marry her and therefore he avoided them all. He held to his paraphilia out of spite toward his parents, who had given him this imperative.

He has in these days an evident flight reflex, wants to go home to his parents, ostensibly because there is a girl there who is very charming and he would like to see her before she goes away. The positive attitude toward the parents makes itself felt. He would gladly today sleep in a bed with his mother. But this would be nothing sexual, it would be only pure affection.

Three weeks of analysis slip by without our being able to make any progress. He insists that he is cured. He has no compulsion toward doing things in series, and the hand seems no longer to dominate. He seeks the acquaintanceship of girls and achieves with a prostitute complete coitus.

I do not trust this general peace. I notice that he dissimulates in order to keep his

paraphilia and to triumph over me. He brings no dreams or quite insignificant scraps, to which again no associations will come to him. He thinks he is through with his love to Mary, puts advertisements into the newspaper, and seeks for a suitable girl, but this is all done with so many precautions and protective measures that it can amount to nothing. He also masks the transference and pretends indifference. He is carrying on the same game with me as with his parents.

He announces himself as well. He has interest only in his art; he is very industrious; he does nothing foolish.

Then one day his father appears in Vienna. The entire picture changes. He has a bad relapse. He can do nothing, cannot play his music, and begins again to visit little girls whom he can beat.

His feeling toward Mary flames up again (displacement once more from the father; bipolar attitude: love and hate).

A dream brings us on the trail. He dreams he has been struck by a girl who had already beaten him many years before. This girl was wearing a bright-coloured necktie such as his father now wears.

The girl is a disguise for the father.

Now he recalls that as a boy he had the wish to be beaten by his father. He played various pranks to make his father angry. He behaves himself in these last few days in the same way toward me. He says disagreeable things to me in the hope that I will be severe with him. He has not masturbated now for six weeks.

Yesterday he yielded to the pressure. He performed masturbation once, then was afraid it was too little, fell into his series and carried through the act five times.

Today he recalls that he was punished in his fifth year by his father in the following manner: He lay in bed, the father lifted up his legs and turned him about and then administered a few light blows on his hind parts.

He wants a repetition of this scene. His obsessive series is the wish to live again through this pleasure-toned episode. This scene is mysteriously interwoven with that of his hands. He is the father and the child or girl becomes his infantile imago.

He confirms this opinion by imparting a number of details.

If he reads of a crime, he is afraid he might be taken for the murderer. He has fantasies also of mutual hanging.

Sometime ago he stole Mary's books of piano music, where it was noted in some places that she had not practiced. He had the thought that she would be beaten for this by the teacher and masturbated with this idea.

He is ashamed of his day fantasies and asks repeatedly whether he must tell them to me. He collects them now and is astonished how frequently sadistic fantasies appear, which interest him, he states, as something quite outside himself. He considers them as idle play which has no meaning for his mental life. One example among many. He has an uncle who is parapathic. He has heard that the uncle is very ill. Suddenly the fantasy comes to him that he might cruelly beat the uncle until he collapses. He brings me in his fantasies into connection with

Mary and other persons. Often the daydreams are very childish, mostly snobbish; he moves in the best society, is distinguished, and so on. He had the fantasy in childhood that his father had a cabinet with various instruments for flogging and torture. He had the wish to be beaten by the father upon the naked buttocks and tortured.

His mother sometimes punished him by striking his hands with her eyeglasses. He struggles against seeing the origin of his paraphilia in these chastisements and gives as the reason for his view the fact that his mother's hands were very antipathetic to him. The "hanging hand" was originally not necessary. Now he believes that the "hanging hand" must remind him also of the pendent penis.

The "hanging hand" therefore symbolizes also the impotence complex. He strikes a penis. He cuts off a penis (second appearance of the castration complex).

Treatment becomes more and more painful to him.

He cancels his appointments, comes too late, and suddenly finds that it is urgent that he go away. He cannot endure the heat in Vienna; the treatment makes him nervous. It has fulfilled its purpose, for the repetition compulsion has entirely disappeared. There is no longer any series.

I bring to his attention that he breaks off the analysis at the most important moment. He considers himself cured.

After a summer interval of three months he again takes up the treatment. It has gone so splendidly with him during the summer that his parents have looked

upon him as well. But he does not yet feel himself free from his obsessive actions.

He would be willing to give up his paraphilia only if I could promise him complete substitution through the normal. But he makes no preparations for procuring the desired or undesired normal satisfaction.

He makes use of the ordinary devices to destroy the effect of the analysis and make it impossible. Nevertheless, a great advance is made. It becomes evident that he counts the scenes when he was beaten by his father. He repeats that he had behaved badly in order to be whipped and admits that he is happy that he can no longer attain this end.

Yet he tries through all sorts of infantile tricks to bring about a whipping scene with me, of which he is not conscious and which he energetically denies.

It is important that this whole paraphilia really developed at the age of seventeen (after his father had slapped him). Probably it would have receded entirely if he had not found Stella, a charming countess, his first great love since graduation. He was seventeen and she thirteen. He was enraptured with her and was proud to be able to be in relation with a countess. She told him that she liked to whip her brothers and sisters. Once he was somewhat ill-behaved and she said: "I really ought to treat you as I do my sister." The first beating scene occurred at this time. She struck him. Later he rendered her this friendly service. So he returned to an infantile form of gratification, which under other circumstances he might have forgotten.

This love, which was his greatest and perhaps his only experience, suffered a violent end. The parents of the countess forbade their going together and found that he was not worthy by birth of a countess. For the first time the feeling of

inferiority took possession of him, the pampered and proud youth, omnipotent in his own family. He felt that he was not a full-blooded aristocrat and was angry with his parents that he was not a count.

He now seeks Stella in every girl. He still carries her pictures around with him.

Two great events were determinants of the regression.

First the circumstance that he was looked upon as not equal in birth, and secondly the fact that he had had his ears boxed by the father. Both things wakened the sense of inferiority and called forth the reaction formation.

To this must be added the fact that Stella was a little sadist and in that way responded to his infantile constellation.

He saw in her the fulfilment: the high-born aristocrat, the dazzling beauty, the sadist, and at the same time the ideal.

Reality tore him from these dreams. Now again he took refuge in his childish fantasies. He performed masturbation, always with the fantasy that Stella was striking him upon the hand or he was hitting Stella.

He tells me this at the last hour. We see once more proof of the significance of the recent experience. Without that experience with Stella he would surely have overcome his paraphilia. Masturbation firmly establishes the fixation upon the unattainable ideal, which can again take root as the mother imago on account of

its inaccessibility.

Every masturbation closes with a prayer to Stella and with the fervid wish that she might save him.

Mary was only a new edition (shifting of the affect) of Stella.

If he cannot have Stella, other women mean nothing to him. He seeks now only poor girls whom he can impress as an aristocrat. He cannot forget the former humiliation.

After this important disclosure he again shuts himself up. He plays the person who is going through analysis, in such a way that the analysis can make no progress. He is shown that the analysis must come to an end if he is not able to recognize and conquer his resistance. He drinks every evening, wine and stronger liquors, so that he is soon narcotized. It is forbidden him.

He fears the end of the treatment and makes some communications. He reports a number of obsessive actions, a ceremonial before going to sleep. The pillow and the covering must lie "slantingly". He kneels down before his bed and repeats "Our Father". Then he masturbates and repeats the prayer in the same position.

We know that as a child he was in love with his hands.

He was afraid that when he was older the blue veins might stand out as in his father. His mother often kissed his hands and praised their beauty. She indulged

him beyond all bounds. He must never lock the toilet. His mother came there to him up to his tenth year when he defecated and often kissed his buttocks.

He was wakened at night by the English nurse so that he should not wet the bed and frequently struck on his hands.

The hands might never be under the cover. He was warned against masturbation, and if he transgressed, was punished.

His masturbation at the present time is an attitude of defiance.

He always had a violent impulse toward freedom. He envied the wild animals and would gladly have been a wolf. He identified himself with Mowgli in Kipling's Jungle Book. He gnawed like a beast and bit like a wolf. He bit his grandmother in the breast, pinched his nurse in the arm when he sat upon the pot and she held him. He tortured animals and struck the heads off thistles with the fantasy of beheading people. He wanted to be a murderer, a famous criminal, an outlaw. .

The fact appeared more and more clearly that his sexual impulse had manifested itself powerfully in early childhood and his parents and teachers had struggled vehemently against it.

If he now furiously masturbates in series, he is thus avenging himself for all the prohibitions, and he counts the years of childhood in which he was inhibited through the imperative of those who brought him up. But he also counts the days which lay between the individual acts of masturbation when he tried during the religious period (seven to fourteen) to free himself from the habit.

He can relate nothing concerning the first masturbation fantasies. Later, however, pronounced sadistic fantasies appeared, which preceded the masochistic period.

The latter very evidently came after the repression of the religious impulses.

He is again agitated and insists that he will have to break off treatment. He is unable to continue; he must go home once more.

Another pause of four months. It has gone splendidly with him. He has cut down the masturbation very much, temporarily given it up altogether. Also he drinks no liquor.

Mary was a guest at their house this winter and they talked a good deal of love. She confessed her love to him.

Notwithstanding, he knows that she will not marry him. He thinks he is not healthy and rich enough (both not true).

He will go on with the analysis to the end.

I had so far conducted the treatment under a condition that was impossible. He did not want to lose his paraphilia (a child is being beaten) and wanted merely to be delivered from his morbid love to Mary. He wanted to be able to write poetry and work. We have attained both these ends. Now I place before him the

alternative: “You must have the will to be freed from your paraphilia, otherwise I cannot treat you.” He requests time to think and comes with all sorts of conditions.

The analysis proceeds out of scientific interest against my inner conviction.

He confesses that he still has “compulsion two”. He has to do everything twice. He urinates in two divisions, and so on.

He admits reluctantly that he loves the odour of the hand and often smells it. He is in love with the smell of his own hands. He dreads growing old. He would like to begin a new life. Some interesting dreams, which I will pass over.

The first intimations of the fantasy of the mother’s body come to light.

He dreamed:

I am standing before the ocean. Little girls are there. The waves rise higher and higher and I rejoice that portions of the dike are being destroyed, and I think I could not miss this beautiful spectacle.

A resistance dream. He does not want to give up his parapathy and the affect drama of his psyche. He continues to believe firmly in his impotence. He masturbates every evening and wonders that he has so little semen.

Before masturbation he smells his hand, he licks it (kisses it), sucks on it, and then regards it as transfigured. An act of masturbation is impossible for him without a moist hand.

He never kisses upon the mouth. He feels disgust at a damp mouth. He gives only dry kisses upon the cheek and never kisses the lips. The compulsion to do everything twice goes back to the wish to be reborn (twice born). He fears age and death. His first counting pertained to the length of his life. Now he counts so that he can be double his age. Then he reproaches himself. How have you squandered your life?

What have you got out of your life? He never, he believes, thinks of his parents' ages.

He reports for the first time his smell complexes, which usually play a greater role with foot fetishism than with hand fetishism.

Months went by before he confessed them to me.

Notice the contrast: While he cannot give a moist kiss, his own hand stimulates him only when it is damp from kissing.

He dreamed:

There is a kind of symphony. Like a most sacred one, folk pageant. N—, market for delicacies? I am with Mary and looking on. The effect of the crowd in

the open has pleased me very much.

N——. Many people were invited. Also the little F. I was sent out to purchase a hen.

I was with the three sisters and their father. It was ordered that I should give them piano lessons. The father had taken me and said that since he was present nothing would go on there. One of them tells that she has had piano instruction and given it up, because her father beat her.

I came to a beautiful old house, poetic. I came only to the gate.

Somehow again something about blows and then the close.

The religious tendency appears plainly from the first dream. Copper vitriol occurs to him in regard to the fowl which he must buy. He speaks at length also concerning the sister complex. He was afraid he might have a sister and determined to kill her as one kills young chickens or beetles.

Now he wishes he had a little sister so that he might beat her. A hatred arising in childhood drags itself from the sister complex into the present time. He treats girls like sisters, hates them, and harbours unconscious death wishes.

An afterthought comes to him while we are analyzing the dream. He wanted to go into the old house and feared that they would not let him out because he had struck the girls.

The old house is his mother. He had the fantasy of killing his sister in his mother's womb. He had only one anxiety in childhood, his mother might become pregnant.

Later he disguised this fear and took the attitude that he would be happy to have a little sister. It is true that he had heard repeatedly that his mother did not want more children.

One notices the contrast in the dream. He begins with a symphony in the open and ends with the attempt to press into the old house, where he might be locked in.

As the raging of the sea in the former dream represents his agitated psyche, so he symbolizes the symphony of his love, which he hears with Mary (Virgin Mary – Mother of God). The mother is the most sacred one to him and at the same time the object of his desire (mark. for delicacies). He was born in N—. Therefore also the birthplace.

He was always very jealous and wanted to have his mother for himself alone. An association with copper vitriol leads through vitriol to poison and to the poison complex. If the hens should lay and new chicks (sisters) should appear, he would poison the latter. Then follows the scene with the three sisters, which contains his secret fear.

More memories follow after a rather long dream analysis. The father whipped him a number of times upon the buttocks. He recalls a large box which played a great part in his childhood. He liked to hide in this chest (fantasy of the mother's womb). There were a number of sticks in there.

There was a table also in this room. Once the father undressed him, laid him on the table, and whipped him upon his naked bottom.

Then there were in his home two servants who were both masochistic. The first had him beat him and struck him upon the hand (eleven). The second was decidedly paraphiliac and was in love with him. He was an assistant servant over sixty years old. Heinrich beat the old man, threw him to the floor, pulled him by the hair, and gave him then as a reward an old pair of underdrawers to smell.

This servant was infatuated with the smell of the boy (twelve). He began at that time to practice masturbation. He does not remember whether the old servant was his instructor in self-pleasuring.

His mother came upon him once in Sylt (thirteen) after masturbation. She found a moist spot upon his shirt. He showed her the penis, which was not erect, and wanted to prove thus that he had not been masturbating. The mother was confused and left the room. She had threatened to tell the father everything, but she did not do it.

Mamma was always peculiar. She pinched and scratched him when she was angry.

His father had contributed a good deal to strengthening his impotence. He said to him repeatedly: It is a crime to marry if one has not first proved his potency and exercised it with prostitutes.

Heinrich has the two following dreams:

1. I make a trip with Mary over a snowy field. I cut my foot with a broad piece of glass and see the pool of blood like a ribbon.

2. I have to go to Trent. Then it was as if I were with Mary in Gomagoi.

He once made an excursion to Trent. He wanted at that time to go to Vienna with his wheel. He was tired at Trent and turned back.

Trent in this instance signifies the return half way on.

It occurs to him afterward that in the dream Trent was under water, and merely a dangerous, small footpath led along the water.

Thus appears the memory of something old, submerged. Only a narrow path. Then he thinks of the danger of the narrow way and that he had made a trip with Mary to Gomagoi. She had said to him while going: "I would not trust myself to lie with you in bed at night..." The associations now stop. But the broad pool of blood in the first dream points to the criminal complex. (The ice field symbolizes frozen memories and attitudes, at the same time the white bed.)

I ask him now:

"Do you know that a crime was committed upon Stelvio Pass?"

“No... I do not recall it.”

“Think a moment!”

“I know nothing.”

“A famous spot.”

“Yes – now I know. A man murdered his wife, pushed her into the frightful abyss. There is a stone on the road. I stood there with Mary and we read the inscription.”

Now the repression is lifted and a stream of associations follows.

He is a lust murderer and has the fantasy of murdering the woman whom he embraces. Originally it was the unborn sister.

Now it is his cousin Mary, also a sister imago.

Memories of having lain in the mother’s bed and having stuck his legs between those of his mother. Then a clear recollection that he was first slapped by his mother upon the hand because he had played with his organ. (Evidently a cover memory. He might have made an aggression toward the mother.) His father’s

riding whip, with which he was flogged, lay in the chest mentioned. Further memories follow, which all relate to blows from the persons who brought him up.

Again the memories suggest the connection between the forbidding of masturbation and the paraphilia. He received the first blows upon his hand with a glasses stem.

His repetition compulsion is explained from the wish to live through the scene again. He likes to use articles which are like the stem – a long pencil, a narrow piece of board – and has even broken his glasses by using them for striking.

The love scenes in his mother's bed appear together with this memory, so that we may assume a close connection between these two recollections. He repeatedly manifests the wish to be able to sleep again with his mother and believes that only the warmth and the skin contact were toned with pleasure for him, but that he never had an erection then. The erection was the alarm signal in his early years, and he was often examined by the mother to see if he had one. This explains the later scene in which the absence of the erection (thirteen) should prove to the mother that he had not been indulging in masturbation.

Again we strike upon the connection between the forbidding of masturbation and hatred. He had to hate the mother because she took his pleasure from him without giving him a substitute for it. The masturbation was thereby associated with the fantasy of lying in bed with the mother and clasping her legs. For he takes this position in masturbating. He grasps a pillow, crosses the legs, and presses them convulsively upon each other.

He dreamed:

I was first in Russia and then in America. I was, together with some girl, condemned to death because of revolutionary plots against the czar. I had wanted to murder him. A great court process. Every one was stirred. The public prosecutor and the judges wept after they had condemned me. It grieved them that I must die so young, but they could do nothing. I was led away by soldiers. I succeeded in escaping. I had to part from the girl, otherwise we should have been recognized. She escaped to the east, I to the west, to go to America. Now I found myself in flight. I knew if I reached the sea, I was saved. I experience in the meanwhile all sorts of exciting adventures. Soldiers inspect my false passport. I come through. I reach a suspension railway which carries me over the mountains, which are otherwise impassible. I climb higher and higher. One chain of mountains lifts itself behind another. I climb to a height of over 2,000 metres. Finally I see the ocean. I have to submit again to having my passport inspected before I may embark.

I pass myself as an Englishman, inasmuch as the Germans are hated. I have great difficulties and am even subjected to a physical search. Two officers are there. One of them wants to let me through; the other one mocks and thinks I am a criminal. A strange Englishman takes my part and speaks to me in English. I was an old acquaintance of his, an old chum.

Finally I get through and reach the ship, breathing freely. The ship has to overcome endless difficulties. First it passes through a swampy region, which is dry in places, so that we are in danger of being stuck fast. Then the ship mounts a height of 800 meters. It goes up upon the dry land and down with rushing speed. I am terribly frightened. Twenty minutes more and I am saved. Finally the open sea beckons. Criminal officers come upon a steam launch in order to search through the ship. An officer looks me in the eyes and says scornfully: "Are you not the murderer we are looking for?" I wake at this moment bathed in perspiration.

Such long dreams correspond to a day fantasy. The relation to analysis is

transparent. He is a patricide and I come upon his secret thoughts. He must at any cost escape me and in the end even speaks a foreign tongue in order to baffle me in my investigations. But we also see that he fears the reckoning at the Last Day and hopes to waken his judges to pity. He has suffered so much in life. The girl who is condemned with him is Mary, the mother imago. (The association leads by way of England, King Edward, to the famous ballad Edward. The ballad tells the story of a father-murderer who had committed the murder through the instigation of the mother and now has to flee over the sea.) The many inspections (fear of the truth) and obstacles are wonderfully represented. The ship is the course of his life, which leads through morass and dangers, but also his mother, whom in this way he finds again before he is born anew (America).

This dream contains at the same time a warning, for it brings before his eyes the great dangers of parricide and of flight.

The recognition of his thoughts of hatred reveals itself ever more clearly.

He had a frightful hypnagogic picture before going to sleep. He saw two statues. Their eyes seemed to be alive.

Burning glances like flashes of lightning came from their eyes. He awoke with his heart beating rapidly.

It is the woman of which he is afraid.

Then he slept again and dreamed:

I am in an ancient castle. I am standing above. There are a number of people there, my mother, too. We are to observe some nature drama, which I have seen once already, sunset. He then who looks at the sun sees the blue marvel and becomes blind. Finally the sun is in such a position that I can see the wonderful thing. It was not so beautiful as the first time, which I do not recall. I have to go home and must pass through a long corridor. I see there a tame vulture. (Or was it flying?) It seemed to me as if it were a dead vulture. Then I have to pass three lions. Two of them are tame; the third is very wild and roars. I am afraid. It strikes me with its paw upon my hand. I turn and look it firmly in the eyes. It becomes quiet, but I hasten away. I flee through a series of rooms. The doors have no fastenings. I hear the lions roaring behind me. Dr. Stekel tells me I need have no fear. Nevertheless, I flee.

When I am below, I am able to mount my wheel and ride away. I meet people, a woman and children. I warn them not to go up and say: "Beware. There is a savage lion up there." She wanted to convince herself. I wait now until she returns.

She comes back. She is terrified. I reproach myself that I have injured the management of the castle by saying that there was a wild lion above. The lady confirms me: "Yes, there is a wild lion up there." She came down quite terrified. I awake.

The wild lion is his passion. In the beginning of the dream he is with the mother and is going to pass again through birth. Also to look on while his mother undresses to go to bed (sunset). He escapes through a long corridor. There he meets the vulture, his father's phallus. The association with the vulture is the ballad of Edward, which he knows in the sketch by Lowe. Edward has slain his father. He admits death wishes toward his parents and relates all sorts of unedifying scenes from his parents' home (grandmother).

He experiences his rebirth in highly dramatic fashion.

He may go again into the old castle out of which he has come; he shall once more experience birth, the great miracle. But he who sees his mother naked, goes blind. (The associations lead to the blinded Oedipus.) In order to get to the mother, he must first kill the tame vulture. ("I have slain my vulture dead.") Three passions threaten him, which are represented as lions. Two of them have been put to death in the analysis, his homosexuality and his lust-murder fantasies. There remain yet murder of the father and incestuous love for the mother. I promise still to free him from these. ("Dr. Stekel tells me I need have no fear.") In spite of my assurance, he wants to flee. The woman and children again represent a duplicate of the mother, whom he warns of his passions. He now reproaches himself that he has given me too much information about his parents. When he flees, he is saved, but he warns women of his passions. The lady with the children is his future wife. In the transference the lady with the children is also my wife, whom he hates and out of jealousy would destroy.

The criminal impulses now come clearly into consciousness.

He confesses that he frequently feels the impulse to stab a person from behind.

He cannot see blood on a hand. That is loathsome to him. The hand loses every charm. Conversely, he imagines in masturbation that his hand is a piece of flesh. He is a wild animal. Moving his hand means that a wild beast drags his carrion booty from one place to another.

He emphasizes his feelings of inferiority. He is ugly.

He is weak. He can never please a girl.

Should he not break off the treatment? He could spend the money which he pays me for an elegant courtesan.

(Defiance because of rejection of the transference. I am not affectionate enough toward him!)

He had auditory hallucinations before going to sleep.

He heard the words: "Wait a while! Not yet!" He can give no explanation of this. The words express hope. He will yet reach his goal (the mother?).

He relates that in earlier years he thought during masturbation of bent stork's feathers, which really were hands. Then a voice called, "Murdered!" The story points to birth fantasies.

He dreamed:

I was with Mary frequently in the café and she behaved very improperly. She sat upon the men's laps and clawed at their beards, so that I was angry and struck her. I said to a young fellow, "You take her!" in order to insult her. The young man looked at me derisively and laughed.

I was with Mary and the children. We should have gone home together; we slipped away and went around in the city right and left. We caught the children in the house and instructed them what to say so that no one should know of it.

Then I was in a café; my money was all gone; I was 500,000 guildens in debt, was asked for payment, and borrowed from Mary 200,000 kronen. Then I was in a carriage. Mary was on my knees; she was small and not very pretty and said she belonged to me. I was sorry for her.

It was a restless night.

He is devoured with jealousy. If Mary speaks to another young man, he could kill his rival. As Mary is very coquettish, he suffers the tortures of hell. The café represents for him the school of harlots. Mary stands for the mother. The old jealousy fills his heart. He was jealous of every person who had anything to do with them. Mary often goes walking with her younger brothers and sisters. Here they are instructed to tell lies. He, too, learned very early in childhood to lie, which has now changed to a fanatic love of truth, which often goes so far as to be injurious.

It is unpleasant for him to acknowledge that he identifies the harlots with his mother. He wants to give money to them without demanding a return. If one thinks of money as a symbol of love, one understands the last dream. He takes love from the mother (money from Mary) and gives it to harlots. He displaces a part of the love upon prostitutes. But then begins the degradation of the mother. She is no longer the woman with the flashing eyes (see the statue dream), but she shrinks to a small unattractive child. It is not love that he feels for her, it is merely pity. The dream tells at the same time what he is doing in the scene of striking. He is the mother, and the child whom he hits is he himself. The mother should however be sorry for him and not treat him so cruelly.

She shall go all the way with him (run away) and never return again to the father.

He dreamed:

A physician makes an injection in the hand to make it non-sensitive. He makes it each time at the wrong place. I know where the right spot is. I do not tell him.

We see his resistances are very great. He confesses that he cannot think of life and love without his paraphilia.

He makes all kinds of ridiculous attempts to convince himself of his potency. He chose an ugly prostitute and then wondered that he had no great satisfaction. Penetration succeeded, then the erection subsided; he indulged a little in masturbation, the erection returned, and so he arrived at ejaculation with a weak orgasm.

He tells for the first time that the odour of the vagina is intolerable to him. He fears infections. He is afraid of the disgrace; in short, he has built a wall of obstacles around his infantilism.

The description of his first attempts is edifying. We already know that his parents brought him to a prostitute in a carriage. Now he adds to this that his mother had threatened him that she could never kiss him again, if he should have intercourse with a prostitute.

Fresh disclosures bring also the discovery of the castration complex. He had for a long time the wish to castrate himself because he wanted to be freed from his morbid (particularly the sadistic) sexuality. Such thoughts come when one wants to castrate another (talion). He does not recall castration fantasies which pertained to the father.

But he admits that the cutting off of the hand corresponds to a castration. The hand symbolizes for him the penis. That he knows quite well.

The dream brings us at the same time the significance of his homosexual attitude. He loved his father and his formula read: Either the father or the mother. I should give him the injection in the right spot; then he could get well. He expects a sexual act (pederasty), and that would help him more than my elucidations. For he is perishing with desire for the fulfilment of his secret wishes.

In discussing his not being able to endure the smell of the vulva, the remarkable fact comes to light that the odour of his hand reminds him of the odour of his mother's vulva.

This smell memory is so distinct it comes to him during the day like an olfactory hallucination. The scene in question now represents itself that he touched his mother's vulva because his hand then had a "lovely" odour and that he was slapped on his hand for this reason.

This memory is the most important determinant of his para philia. The hand is a living being; it symbolizes his childhood, the small wild animal that takes its pleasure without hindrance where it can find it and is then beaten for it.

But these blows are not painful and serve only to keep the memory images fresh.

The position assumed by the mother must also be mentioned. She leads her son

to the harlot who shall save him; she waits with the father at the street corner until he returns. But how could the effort succeed when she gave him on the way the adverse suggestion, "If you have intercourse with the prostitute, I will never kiss you again!"? She had thus given the very provocation for the attempt to fail. We learn again and again that fixations and paraphilias arise through the active participation of the parents. It is not impossible that this mother had tolerated the first play of her son and only dealt him the blows later when he was older.

The bitter struggle against the masturbation has its origin likewise, in part, from egoistic motives.

Yesterday he had to drink four glasses of vermouth.

He had already drunk three and found himself on the way home. Suddenly the obsessive thought came to him: You must drink a fourth. He went into a café and obeyed his impulse. The analysis gives the following facts: He had this evening seen three girls, spoken to two of them, followed the third into a café and asked her address. Now he went home and yielded to the impulse. The impulse arises from not being satisfied. You have not attained to the real thing. You still have to win the ideal (Mary-mother). He admits the thought of Mary; that of the mother he seeks to weaken.

Immediately, however, there follows a memory which confirms our assumption. He first performed masturbation on a chair. His mother often sat on the chair. He was impregnated by his mother (displacement).

He had the idea when a child that he might stuff his mother in order to have her always about him and make a rug out of her hair (that is, he could always tread upon her and lie on her). He delights in loosened hair. He has often taken down the mother's hair and plaited her braids. He likes to play with the hair of his

ideals. At times he has fantasies of cutting off the hair and putting out the eyes of all girls.

He fears his potency. He might become a lust-murderer. He is also afraid, therefore, of performing coitus while drunk. He is really never deeply intoxicated. His consciousness is always on guard.

He is forever picking his lips; he then smells the bits pulled off and eats them. He recalls that in his youth he suffered constant erections. The old servant mentioned told him that an erection should be so strong that one could hang a ball on the penis. As we already know, he frequently saw his father's penis when the father was bathing.

His first memory occurs to him: He was asked by the servant what he wanted to eat. There were two platters, one with roast beef, the other with slashed beefsteak. He said, slashed beefsteak.

He was pampered beyond bounds. He had his meals at table before his father. His attitude toward his father was one of defiance. He would never let his father know that his punishment hurt. His father used a riding whip, which he called the "silk thread". He loved this riding whip and often played with it when his father was not present.

This first memory is remarkable, and easily to be recognized as a cover memory in Freud's sense. The two platters represent father and mother. His love in childhood was bound with cannabilistic instincts. Just as he wanted to kill and stuff the mother, so he wanted also to eat her up out of love that he might completely incorporate her in himself.

The parents should be hacked to pieces and then devoured.

He was strengthened in this fantasy through the tale of Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The little fellow is more clever than the giant, who eats his own children. He also bites his thumbs first when he bites off pieces from his own hands.

He would begin with the hands, if he wanted to eat anyone. The striking with the pencil symbolizes the slashing of the meat to make it tender before it is to be eaten. He wants to eat up the little girls. He is a lion and a vulture; this identification helps us to understand the preceding dreams.

For this reason he warns the mother with the children. The lion will devour your children. That means: I might devour your children out of love. Various tales occur to him here, especially Little Red Riding Hood and The Wolf and the Seven Kids.

He dreamed:

Papa wanted to buy me a motor bicycle. It was in two parts. It was really also an airplane. The pneumatics were flat and had no air. My father showed me another motor bicycle, too, which was cheaper. I did not want to accept it for it was entirely of paper and did not suit me.

He brings as the first association the fact that his father had complained in his presence of his own impotence.

We now understand the flat tire and know that the airplane, which mounts to the heights, represents a phallic symbol. His father gives him only paper love. He merely writes affectionate letters. He craves more.

The second dream is still more important: I show Mary the books by Dr. Stekel. I cover over objectionable places, for example, masturbation. One especial case interests her very much: An old man who is in love with his servant. The history was printed in a remarkable hieroglyphic writing. Then we embraced and kissed each other. There were several people there. She then talked and flirted with other men, at which I was furious. It was at a concert. A symphony of Haydn was being played. Then we made up. A steward came in, who was at the same time a famous neurologist. I lay in my mother's bed. He said: "Why then do you lie in your mother's bed?" I answered that I slept elsewhere but used this room for washing and making my toilet.

He carries on a strange game with Mary. She acts coquettishly with him sits on his lap, bends over so that he must see her bosom. He lies upon her bosom. He takes care that no erection shall result, which nevertheless does often appear. He is usually jealous when she has piano lessons. It is an obsession that she will play badly and the teacher will strike her upon the hand. This thought makes him wild and restless. It is explained when one knows that playing the piano means for him masturbation. Mary is hit upon the hand for masturbation, by which he repeats his own original scene (identification with Mary). He would like besides to convert her in the dream to a freer philosophy (Haydn). She should read my books. His father had repeatedly impressed upon him that it was a fearful crime to have an erection with a respectable girl, to say nothing of going further. This corresponds to the Christian point of view. But he needs a new one, a heathen (symphony by Haydn). He assumes in the clinical history mentioned (love between an old master and a servant) that he is my servant, who subjects himself to me, and that I am in love with him. But Mary is also the mother. He lies in the mother's bed; he identifies himself with her and I come to visit him. He is ready for love. Since his father disdains him, the physician shall save him.

He confesses that he prefers to masturbate in a rocking chair. He smokes a cigarette, rocks, and plays with the penis with his left hand, while contemplating his right one. He is the child upon the nurse's breast and is rocked.

The hand symbolizes his childhood, himself as child.

He presses the legs together while masturbating in the rocking chair or forces a small pillow between the legs. We know the significance of this arrangement, of which he has previously informed us.

A fiction shines forth from the dream, to make the father love him. The original fantasy discloses itself at the conclusion of the dream. He lies in the mother's bed. He takes this place as the scene of his most important fantasy, to lie in bed with the mother where he can observe her at her toilet and her washing.

His obsessive ceremonial at going to sleep shows us that he is half conscious of the wrong of this fantasy. He has to put the pillow awry; that we already know. But with his large toe he pushes the chair into the same position. We know, too, the meaning of the chair. He arranges everything for incest. Then, the cover over his ears, he takes the embryonic position (mother-womb fantasy). He does not forget in his prayer, which he says first, to pray for the father's life, which represents a compensation for his parricidal fantasy.

A dream brings us the final explanation of his paraphilia.

I find myself in a dark cave, which has only one small, narrow window. A large man thrusts a stake in, because he believes a wild beast is there. He strikes me first in the region of the genitals. I hold my hand before the penis to protect it,

*and he pushes the stake against me. It was not really painful. I merely thought:
“When will he stop pushing?”*

He finds himself in this dream in the mother's womb and is thrust upon by his father (the gross fellow) at the genitals. He enacts this scene with his childish paraphilia, which thus, together with all its other meanings, represents a regressive fantasy back to the embryonic state.

The analysis is at an end. The system seems to have collapsed. The absurd day fantasies are destroyed. He is able to work and makes astonishing progress. He has obtained a prominent position and fills it to the satisfaction of his superiors. He will make his way and certainly accomplish important things.

He seldom masturbates and now is seeking the way to a woman. He has been advised to marry. His love to Mary is in its last throes, which he bears without pain. He is once more reminded distressingly of his paraphiliac past. Madame Bertinger is the centre of a scandal trial in Vienna. Important persons, even a distinguished physician, are involved in the affair. Madame Bertinger has beaten children and allowed the men to look on for money.

Heinrich had found out only later how far Madame Bertinger had gone and had never been present at these scenes. But the police will find his name on her lists. His kindness in giving her money will be bitterly punished. For Madame Bertinger has faithfully entered all sums which she received from Heinrich and added his name to them.

Conscious of his innocence, he admits the blows upon the hand. He has committed no further crime. Nevertheless, he is in danger of being drawn into this, because one of the children thinks he remembers him. But there is nothing with which he can be charged, and he escapes merely with the fright.

He comes to me again for treatment and makes the following confession:

“You know that I did not want to get well. I entered into the treatment at your suggestion that I come, and I intended not to let you rob me of the hand-beating. Furthermore, when you set the condition ‘either-or’ I left the door of retreat open. But now I want to be cured. I have resolved to be relentlessly honest and I beg your help.”

The third phase of treatment begins.

He makes the remarkable admission that the hand was originally repulsive to him and he was ashamed to speak of the hand. He felt a loathing for every hand. Nevertheless, he was fascinated by the story of a governess who had her hand nailed to the top of the table by a mischievous boy. He wanted to hear this story over and over again.

He contemplates his hand a very long time before going to sleep, whether it has hair, how the pores look. There is always one definite little spot on the back of the hand which attracts his attention and at which he gazes. He also strikes himself here, never anywhere else.

Suddenly two ridiculous things occur to him: a dog’s paw and large green leaves. The leaves disclose themselves as fig leaves; the dog’s paw symbolizes animal sexuality.

These associations betray the genitalization of the hand.

He is afraid of becoming bald. Hairy hands and a bald head represent age and he would like to be eternally young.

He shows a pathological fear of losing his hair.

He reports choice scenes in regard to his first visit to a prostitute. His father showed him a condom and demonstrated first to him on his finger how he was to use it.

Then Heinrich had to put it on before the father. After the attempt that failed he had to give a precise account how deep the organ had penetrated, and so on.

He believed that he had been robbed in this way of all that was precious in the forbidden and secret.

Sometimes now he feels that the whole affair with the hand is absurd, and he would be ready to give it up if he could find a girl to love.

He suffers again from his repetition compulsion.

Yesterday he drank four drams of spirits. If he does not do this, he has ill luck. It will go badly with him; everything will be against him.

He performs masturbation now upon a straight line.

He is careful to have the number of masturbatory acts remain always an even one. He indulges in the evenings and then in the morning, then he will have good luck. In masturbating, he holds the lowered hand with the the upper arm bent as much as possible so that he can smell the hand and eventually bite it. He admits frankly sadistic fantasies in masturbation: inquisition, torture, cruel punishment, but always with the qualification that the punishment is a just one. He should like to travel to a country where flogging has been made obligatory for criminals.

He cannot live without his parents, especially without his mamma, and yet he has a sense of confusion when he goes home. He would almost rather be alone. He knows that his fantasies are somehow connected with his parents, even when he pictures other persons to himself.

He speaks very unwillingly concerning his obsessions and his paraphilia. The hand is indeed for him a penis: he has genitalized it. He also feels a reluctance about talking of it, as if it would be a desecration of something holy. And he cannot imagine giving up his paraphilia. A woman is really disgusting to him. The kiss is an object of horror. It is pointed out to him that this attitude has its origin in the Oedipus complex.

Today we have first a homosexual dream, which surprised him very much for he is entirely indifferent to the object of the dream.

Then he enters extensively into his sadistic fantasies.

He would like very much to be Nero. Or an emperor in China, who had the right to torture and punish numbers of criminals.

He hates the vagina. If he had his way he could thrust glowing iron into it, pour molten lead or sulphuric acid into it, and destroy it. He is Jack the Ripper. He would like to cut women to pieces to see what they looked like inside.

He tells of a dream in which he saw his father handling his razor awkwardly.

In reference to this, recollections of seeing his father shaving and of having criminal wishes at the time.

The session today brings to light some important things regarding the psychogenesis of his paraphilia. There must have been a wish originally to go to some institution where flogging would have been the order of the day. Later his parents threatened that he would have to go to a reformatory if he did not give up his evil habits. This reformatory stood like a nightmare before his mind. The beating was then a preparation for the time at the reform institution. Its terrors are as nothing when he experiences the pleasure of the beating.

Freud's remarks upon "A Child Is Being Beaten" are supplemented further by the fact that here there was no sister, but that the boy, as we have already discovered, imagined he had a sister. First there was fear of the sister and then appeared the wish to have a sister. According to Freud, he should first have had the idea that the father would beat this imaginary sister. He cannot recall this. Possibly in the second period, in which he had the intense desire to be whipped by his father.

The new fact is that all girls were to him sister substitutes. Stella, as well as Mary, was his sister. His reluctance to use these girls sexually arises from the incest barrier. The sisters are also the younger editions of the mother.

Later the desire to be beaten by the father disappeared, and the idea that another child was being whipped by a teacher while he looked on appeared in the foreground.

He remembers his first sadomasochistic action. Upon the piano stood a letter weight, a block, and behind that a bust of his aunt. He looked at the bust and struck himself upon the hand with the block. This performance is easy to understand if one knows that the aunt is the mother's sister and represents her image.

He always offended the various persons with whom he came into contact, both in childhood and later, and when he went away from them would beg forgiveness. These scenes of reconciliation were pleasurably toned. The doing of the injury seemed all arranged in order to bring about the forgiveness (kiss of the hand).

He dreamed:

There were two girls, one rather pretty, the other ugly, both ordinary; they did not particularly attract me. I believe I have met them somewhere upon the street. Then somehow in a small house. One of them said the other might be killed with cocaine. I was very much afraid of both of them. I wanted to put them both to death. I gave one a blow on the head and scattered powder in the wound, which was like a socket... I see her again. The poison has not yet taken effect.

I am terribly afraid. Suddenly M-. I escape and run. A woman takes me on a wheelbarrow driven by a motor, which she is pushing besides. It cost 80,000 lire... Again in the small house. There live there a public prosecutor and an advocate.

I am accused of an attempted murder. The prosecutor asserts that my blows upon the hands are a simulation. I am a murderer and have already a number of murders upon my conscience. The advocate tries to defend me, but I have the feeling that I will be condemned and think: "At least the matter will have an end and I shall be safer in prison than outside."

Associations and memories which complete the picture of the parapsychy stream forth with this dream. An exceedingly strong criminal complex is unmasked. Heinrich is interested in poisons, has fitted up a laboratory, and manufactures potassium cyanide. He takes an interest in the poisons that can be rubbed into wounds so that the person affected will die and the murderer not be discovered. He has shown a particularly active interest in arrow poisons. He experiments with every kind of toxic substance. He has purchased animals and then poisoned them. He procured a syringe of his own and injected the poisons.

Between the ages of thirteen and sixteen he made the most hideous experiments. He bought animals, for example, mice, anaesthetized them and then dissected them. He laid the heart bare and tore it out. He cut the young from the belly and sewed the belly together again. All these operations were, as he says, performed under narcosis. Limbs were cut off; various incisions were made; preparations made of the bones; and all this not on dead animals, but on those anaesthetized.

He comes at the end of this information to speak of his father. The father is not very well; he has a presentiment that he will die soon, that he will have a stroke. Although he loves his parents, thoughts of death are always occurring to him.

He wants to be free and feels himself pressed upon by his parents. Yesterday he wanted to go to the house of Mr. L., of whom he had heard that he beat his children and one could hear from the stairs the children crying. He had been repeatedly in the stairway and listened excitedly if he could not hear a child being whipped. Yesterday he had the same impulse. But he thought of his parents and went into a café to drink liquor. He had to take four drinks.

This obsessive act may be explained by the death wishes toward his parents. The four drams are the exorcism which prevents misfortune. The number four is determined by the fourth commandment. ("Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.") The drinks remind him also of the poison. He himself has taken different poisons, in small doses, of course, in order to study their effect. There is not a poison or a narcotic the action of which he has not tested. He anaesthetized himself for some time with ether, which even his tutors knew.

He states that he had no erection with his vivisection.

It was only a scientific interest. He originally wanted to be a physician; a surgeon, in fact. His grandfather on his father's side had been a famous surgeon. His impotence is explained from his sadistic attitude. He would like to poison or strangle women in order to observe their death struggle. The girls in the dream remind him of girls whom he learned to know on the streets. He led them into the café and paid for their drinks probably with the fantasy of poisoning them. He would then have chopped off the hands from their bodies. The farcical scene reveals itself as the rudiment of an infantile fantasy: to inflict a small wound upon the hand with an arrow or knife that is poisoned. He was warned by his parents against blood poisoning, when he had cut his hand.

The blow upon the head contains a deeper determination. He had the habit of shooting birds. His father used to kill these birds by piercing their skulls with a feather and said that was the kindest way to kill birds.

Once he shot a rather larger bird, it might have been a raven (compare the vulture dream). The animal lay on the ground wounded. He then struck the bird on the head with a stick to kill it more quickly. At this moment he had a disagreeable vision.

The head changed into a hand.

The blow upon the hand represents therefore the smashing of the skull with a club or an axe.

He would escape his passions. But the means (a wheelbarrow) pushed by an old woman, who symbolizes his past, is a poor one. The wheelbarrow goes slowly. He also comes back to his past, and in the end the dream acts as a warning against his evil impulses. You will become a criminal yet, if you do not conquer your sadism!

The two girls are also the unborn sisters. He was often asked if he would like to have a little sister and energetically rejected the idea. He has already admitted that this thought occupied him greatly and that he had the plan of putting this little sister out of the world with poison.

It was over seven months before he brought himself to the point of relating his sadistic deeds and fantasies.

The paraphilia as obsessive parapathy reveals itself in this case with especial clarity through the combination of various obsessive ideas and obsessive actions.

Before masturbation the hand was rubbed on the open lips until it was damp; then he smelled of it. If he sees another person making a similar movement, even Mary whom he loves so warmly, this person seems disgusting to him and every desire disappears at once.

He now faces an important event in his life. He is afraid he might make a mess of it. For that reason he remains “upon the straight line”. This line revolves about the number four, while three is “frightful”, means bad luck, and corresponds to a crooked line. He goes back to his grandmother in interpreting the number four as a lucky number. He was between eleven and twelve when she died.

He lost in her the dearest friend he had on earth. There were four in the family before she died, afterward only three.

The grandmother lived in their home, but was very badly treated by his mother. The servants were instructed not to obey her. Grandmother was resentful toward her daughter-in-law, often cursed her and knew that God would punish her. She impressed upon the boy that all wrong in the world would be avenged. She was very patient and bore with his moods and his wrongdoing. He loved her for this, while he hated his parents to his twelfth year.

The grandmother then suffered a stroke. She was paralyzed, drawn, and could hardly speak. The stroke occupied his thoughts very much. It is woven into his hand beating (see the bird whose crushed brain changes into a hand). Heinrich had to swear at his grandmother’s deathbed always to walk in the right way and commit no sin. His father took down his oath in the presence of the dying woman. (The beaten hand, the hand struck off, have reference to the oath.) Perjured, the fingers with which a false oath has been sworn will be chopped off. The grandmother’s last months were fearful. She had a sadistic nursing Sister, who tortured her and treated her sternly. His mother thought it was all right; his father reproached himself bitterly after her death.

Both women (mother and grandmother) reviled each other to the boy, so that he was early dragged into the horrible family conflicts. The grandmother's death was a severe blow to the petted child. He lost himself in fantasies of revenge.

Then came the wish that the mother might die. At that time he arrived at two; that is, upon the straight line. If the father dies, that will be again a crooked line. These death wishes now express themselves in the obsessive series formation as remorse.

His hatred toward his parents had no bounds. The unkind treatment of the grandmother brought him to the attitude of defiance. He was forbidden to go to his grandmother. He would slip away secretly to her. He knew how to evade the tutor's watchfulness. It excited him then to be unjustly punished. He was beaten for trifles, while his actual misdeeds went unpunished. He was whipped for stumbling, blinking his eyes, stammering. That threw him into a violent rage. He could have killed his parents.

He cannot bear to have his father beat the dog. The dog is being treated as he was once. (He was coddled and yet continually punished for disobedience.) He believes that the dog is a masochist. The dog has erections, if it is shown the whip. He identifies himself with the dog. He himself also strikes the dog. The dog is the scapegoat of the family, the object of discharge for the family sadism. He feels it, identifies himself with the dog, and hates his father when he ill-treats the dog.

Anyone who has to do with obsessive parathics knows how difficult it is to bring them to a confession of their "system". They hold firmly to their system and months pass before they at last find it necessary to betray the more or less complicated structure. Our patient, too, used every possible device to maintain his system. The system disappears during treatment or it is concealed in silence.

This time he is in earnest and tells me about it. But new difficulties arise. He has forgotten the system; he cannot reconstruct it. The system is not rigid; it changes from time to time.

He must inform me, however, that he is again under the power of the counting obsession. This obsession proceeds in two series. The one relates to the drinking of liquor. The day begins with the morning, and the series closes with his going to sleep at night. The masturbatory series closes in the morning of the day. We know that he moves upon straight and crooked lines. The crooked ones denote bad luck, yet the opposite may be true. For the moment the crooked ones are unlucky. Yesterday he had eight drinks. To end with eight means luck. Always two and two. Now comes the strange thing. He has to admit a ninth dram. In that way he breaks through his system and conquers his superstition. The bipolar is evident in the formation of his series. He will and yet will not. Finally he accommodates himself to both currents. Great doubt arises when he orders a double dram (that means, a double portion in one glass). Is he to count this double Stanislaue as only one drink or as two? We see here how he arranges for doubt, which expresses his bipolar currents just as does the ninth dram, through which he now remains upon the crooked line.

It is incredible how many numbers appear in masturbation. Since he often practices masturbatio interrupta he may reach a very high number; for example, sixty-four.

He states that he has gone on to twenty-eight times a day with discharge of semen. Now he no longer attains such an advanced number, but eight to ten seminal emissions are nothing unusual. One naturally does not wonder that he mentions that the semen no longer has its former thick consistency.

He promises now to observe his system very carefully and tell me all about it. Yesterday the number nine seemed to bear relation to his old fear that his mother might become pregnant.

We receive new light from his earliest years. His strongest childhood love was a governess, Else H., who stayed with his family a number of years. She loved him “madly” and yielded to him in everything. She never whipped him in earnest. She was the first to slap him on the drooping hand. These blows were never painful, but always pleasurably toned. He liked them.

This Else was in league with the grandmamma and the object of his mother’s hatred, who was very jealous because of the patient’s affection for her. Else got up every night and put the sleeping boy on the chamber, paying little more attention to his penis than was necessary. He came to her in bed and would “ride”. Faint memory as if he had grabbed at her genital region and been much astonished at the hair. (The first counting obsession appeared when he learned to ride and it had the parathic clause: If you remain at the crooked line you will fall from your horse. First reference to the impotence complex, which later appeared as the fear of having injured himself through masturbation.) The first great trauma of his childhood was the fact that Else was dismissed because of the mother’s jealousy.

I mentioned as many as ten years ago in *The Language of the Dream* dismissal of beloved servants as a cause of the child’s attitude of hatred and defiance. We have here a striking example. (Else went away and for many years wrote him affectionately, until the day came when he no longer answered the letters.) He hated his mother at that time, inasmuch as she separated him from the two persons whom he loved. He believes that the counting obsession is connected with Else and her being sent away. Else taught him arithmetic and often repeated: “All good things are three.” They also played a game of counting out: one for me, one for you, and so on. Even numbers he is never able to give; he has to ask his mother. He thought she came to him when he was six and left when he was nine.

Later inquiry of his mother gave the information that Else took care of him from the fourth to the seventh year. The counting obsession may have been further

determined by a sort of wild game of counting before they went to sleep. They bid each other “goodnight” and counted who would be tired first.

Important illumination is shed upon the number sixty-four. His grandmother was sixty-four when she died.

Then new material is given. He attains the numbers through multiplication. This comes from his thinking: “I originated from my father, my father from my grandmother; one was contained in the other.’ He was always reckoning ages; he compared his age with that of his father. He has the sure belief that he will live to be sixty-four.

Yesterday was an unlucky day. Things went wrong early, and he connected it with his having remained at the number seven the day before. (He reminded himself of Else’s dismissal, hated his parents, and resolved to continue in his paraphilia.) Later he met a man whom he had learned to know in the Bertinger salon. He asked for the address of a beautiful young girl to whom he might give lessons and whom he might strike a little upon the hand. He therefore resolved to carry on his paraphilia and took a defiant attitude toward me and toward his father. Then in the evening he drank a double dram at the café and later took one drink in each of two cafés.

He could not go home. He was seeking something. Each drink meant a girl. Shall I, or shall I not? Various coffeehouses were visited, for he was looking at all the harlots and girls to find the “right” one.

A frightful feeling of inferiority the whole day through, which may have arisen from the fantasies which accompanied him.

Determination of the number eight: As a child I had to go to bed about this time. The parents it is true were not at home, but it was their fixed rule which had to be obeyed...

At last a result! The counting obsession seems to him unnecessary. He counts neither in drinking nor in masturbation, which now has far less attraction for him. He can no longer yield to his parathic fantasies. The matter of beating the hand seems to him absurd, childish, and disgusting. He wants to be normal and thinks of girls and women with whom he has recently become acquainted.

A dream expresses this thought and points to the infantile roots of his paraphilia.

Strauss directs the "Ariadne". I am looking for his wife in the auditorium. She wants to go and is offended that I will not go with her. I do not know what to do. Suddenly Strauss and I are standing before a liquid which has the peculiarity of turning things to stone. That which would otherwise have required thousands of years happens in a brief time.

His association to "Ariadne" is that in Strauss's opera Ariadne considers Bacchus the god of death, while he is the god of love.

We see the connection with his sadism. The god of death is at the same time the god of love.

We know that he has had death wishes against his parents. An infantile conflict is concealed here. It occurs to him subsequently that it is as if Strauss and his wife had been in conflict. His parents often quarrelled and he had been a spectator. With whom should he take part? In the dream he decides upon the

father. His mother had manifested suicidal intentions on account of the Bertinger affair. They ought all to go to death. He will not follow her. His heart is as stone.

The petrifications wonderfully represent the fixation within infantile occurrences, his psychosexual infantilism. He recognizes that it is a matter of such petrifications. Strauss stands likewise for me, the director of his life, who should lead him out of the labyrinth with the help of Ariadne's thread. He himself has long had the desire to become a conductor, in which the brandishing of a stick was a determining force. The dream has a clear anagogic tendency: his mother ideal disappears, and with the aid of knowledge he becomes well.

Could one believe it possible that the patient has still kept from me an important compulsive ceremonial? He admits today that the obsessive counting existed also in the toilet. It pertained to the number of pieces of paper one needed for wiping oneself. His father had given him careful instruction in wiping. One should never use newspaper. One must proceed with care, and so on. We know that the mother personally "cleaned" his anus up to his fifteenth year.

His obsession now is to remain on the straight line with the papers. Otherwise some misfortune will happen. The flushing of the toilet, too, has to proceed according to a definite ceremonial.

He begins to tell me of his anal sexuality. He often has an itching in the anus and has to scratch himself through his trousers. He does not like to go to a strange toilet.

Rationalization: his father's warning that one might get syphilis. He cannot urinate in a public urinal when any one else is present.

He was trained to anal sexuality. His mother herself gave him irrigations and suppositories, concerned herself greatly in regard to his stools. In childhood it was a pleasure to him to use the chamber before older people and have them look at him.

The obsessive counting in the toilet has ostensibly disappeared.

The patient makes a remarkable admission, which betrays the psychic masochist. "I need a misfortune in order to be happy." Yesterday he made the acquaintance of a girl who pleased him very well and who liked him, which seems to him incredible and like a miracle. At once the idea presented itself that he might strike the little thing on her hand. Coitus seems to him banal and commonplace, while his paraphilia is to him something extravagant and exceptional. He is really fighting against bidding farewell to his childhood.

This is connected with his pathological ambition. He wants to achieve something great but does not feel the power to carry it through. He has been accustomed since early years to having his way smoothed before him. He expects – foolish as it may sound – that I will promote his talent. I should recognize his artistic abilities and help him. He has never learned to look after himself, to fight for himself. All the world ought to love him. He measures love by the willingness to assist him.

He feels himself inferior and makes use of trivial occasions to immerse himself in this (blissful) sense of inferiority. A weight of guilt attaches itself to minor things.

His feeling of inferiority is the result of his sadism. His ideas of putting others out of the way and other criminal complexes feed the sense of guilt, which then is connected with every little matter. With this feeling of inferiority he

compensates his delusion of greatness. His paraphilia serves to postpone his life decision and to misplace the struggle, according to A. Adler's striking expression, to a "secondary scene of battle".

He brings supplementary information as to his ceremonial, rudiments of which reveal themselves here and there: that a cigarette is included in his drinking, which he also counts. He proceeds along a double line: first drink, then cigarette, and so on.

The meaning of this obsessive action is not entirely clear, but seems to be connected with a fellatio fantasy.

Like all these parathics, he is a bad hypochondriac.

Every pain makes him think of a dangerous illness. He attributes his ills to the drinking and to masturbation, but they really go back to his latent sense of guilt.

Yesterday he was in the café with a new acquaintance.

To his astonishment, he soon felt an erection. He endeavoured involuntarily to bring the conversation to beating. Thus he vacillated between the old and the new point of view. Finally he submitted once again to his "superstition". So that everything would go well, he drank two glasses and smoked two cigarettes, one after each drink. In order to get through more quickly, he threw the partly smoked cigarette upon the floor and acted as if it had fallen there. He considered it as a great step forward that he had the desire to go about with the girl, to kiss her, and to strike her. His fantasies during the last three years had been directed only to looking on. He did not want to do the beating himself, would perhaps

arrange it, but not carry it out himself. He was transformed to a sadist at the Bertinger salon. Madame Bertinger, he thinks, prophesied to him: "You will entirely change." His love to Mary was, however, chiefly responsible. He began, in addition to the conversations with Madame Bertinger and to reading, to be passionately interested in the fact that children are beaten for poor lessons or bad behaviour. He often lay on the floor for hours before the door where Mary was having instruction, that he might hear something. He sat afternoons and evenings upon the stairs, that he might at last perceive sounds which he might interpret as blows. He became jealous of Mary's past. Her father had whipped her and he was not present.

Teachers had beaten her (all teachers whip). He wanted to pass through his childhood again and be a child with her. In the fantasy, she was his sister who was beaten.

The tormenting excitement in which the new acquaintance with the girl throws him allows us to conclude that important tendencies are still concealed and will appear as inhibitions. He began to strike the girl upon the hand – as if in fun – and so provoked her that she finally struck back.

He has an inexplicable fear of normal intercourse, a horror which he cannot understand. The presence of the girl at once releases automatically the various obsessive acts, which he otherwise does not desire.

The dream analysis leads us to the investigation of the hidden tendencies. He dreamed:

I am dissecting a corpse and experience a strong sense of pleasure in so doing. I even cut up the hands. Someone tells me that the head, too, was dissected and that in this way the man's life history was disclosed. He must have suffered very

greatly. The idea that he is dead and knows nothing of these revelations is frightful to me. The dead person reminds me of myself.

The relation to analysis is clear. He is dissecting himself and also his hand paraphilia. The old (parapathic) individual is dead and no longer has experience of his knowledge.

We know on the other hand through his vivisection that dissection is his passion. The pleasure which he feels corresponds to his sadistic tendencies. Only he has as he believes never experienced sexual satisfaction in vivisection.

He was able to deceive himself in this matter and pretend that his interest was merely a scientific one.

The next dreams have to do with beetles: I have caught a dung beetle. It is a very wise animal. I read it something from a book. It flies away. I am unhappy. Then I catch a stag beetle. I seize it carefully by the neck from behind. It might bite me. I let it go without doing it any harm.

It occurs to him with the dream of the dung beetle that he has tortured beetles cruelly. He would tear out their wings and legs, stick them into glowing tar, and let them burn. The dung beetle is the girl, whom he has spoken of as a pretty beetle. The book is the "book of his life".

He has a certain respect for stag beetles. They impress him and he has even been afraid of them. They might bite.

It strikes me that he seizes the stag beetle by the neck, and I question him concerning fantasies of choking and strangling someone. He hesitates, then admits that he has strangled all the persons who had to do with his bringing up.

He often imagines that he is strangling someone, first as a joke and then more and more violently. Then he lets the strangling hand go. It is too late. The victim is no longer living.

He grasps the pendent hand at the wrist when he is giving the blows upon the hand, as if he were squeezing a neck. This squeezing and pressing is of importance for the bringing about of the orgasm.

In masturbation, too, the hand must be seized by the wrist in the manipulation and pressed. The hanging hand symbolizes the hanging and falling head, the wrist the neck; the striking of the hand, the caving in of the skull.

These are the concealed tendencies. He wants to choke a girl and is afraid that these sadistic desires might overpower him if he should perform normal sexual intercourse. The paraphilia guards him from his criminal impulses.

He admits under question that he playfully grasps Mary by her neck and presses it. He is not concerned really with girls' hands but first with their necks.

A great change takes place: He can no longer imagine with Mary the beating of the hand. He loves her as a woman.

He likes her odour, while that of other women is disgusting to him.

He speaks of his obsessive series. "Breaking through" plays the chief part. He breaks through the straight and the crooked series. Yesterday he drank two drams. Now comes the impulse to escape from the series. He does it by drinking a third glass. At once reproaches make themselves heard, and he drinks a fourth time in order to get back to the straight line.

The straight series signify in one determination good luck, the crooked ones bad luck. The straight are the good (Ormazd), the crooked the bad (Ahriman). In his psyche rages a continuous warfare between Ormazd and Ahriman. It is significant that his birthday comes on even numbers, while the birthdays of his parents have odd numbers.

The mother plays the chief part. Especially her thirty-seventh year, when her portrait was painted. The picture seemed to him beautiful and he thought to himself:

"Mamma is the most beautiful woman in the world." He reluctantly confesses that his mamma wanted him to be forever a child. She always considered him a little fellow and even a short time ago still took him upon her lap. He assures me that he never had sexual feelings thereby, but it was very pleasant. He embraces and kisses her very often. She now displays jealousy of Mary, is angry when he goes to her too frequently. She was very jealous toward the governess who was mentioned. This governess, as we know, contributed much to the origin of the obsessive counting. Her favourite word (in kissing) was: "All good things are three." Thereby a formula: conclusion-must-kiss. This formula often comes to his mind with the counting obsession.

The thing that is difficult for him to understand is the bipolarity of his attitude.

He loves his parents, especially his mother, and yet remains in the power of continual death wishes. (When they die, everything will belong to me.) He feels also that he will never be well if he remains a small child with his parents.

He masturbated last evening and this morning.

Suddenly came the wish to break through the series and to masturbate a third time. With this the original fantasy entered in for the first time: Mary should play with my penis! A simultaneous impulse to seize her below. We know that such an attack upon the mother was the starting point of the parathic crystallization.

The dream of last night plainly reveals the regression: I am with R. in the third gallery of the theatre. There is music on the stage. It passes. It comes once more. It is all as if in a cycle, in which the ancient returns.

Ideas of the theatre represent either memories or the world of fantasy. R. is a sadist who strikes little children at their music lessons and stands for his paraphiliac ego. The dream clearly shows that the old scenes return. It is particularly the scene from his third year, when he reached for his mother's vagina and was struck for doing so.

Now he reports for the first time that his mother often laid him over her knee and beat him. He had pleasurable sensations with this and remembers well the strong urinary odour of her lap.

The father also punished him in this manner, so that his head often came between the legs close to the genitals.

This explains his wish to be beaten. I will gladly permit myself to be whipped for the reward of being able to seize your genitals. His sexual excitement was so great that he did not feel the pain. He defended himself during the flogging and therefore had the opportunity of grasping the body of the person chastising him.

He well remembers the scenes when his father secured a new tutor. He listened behind the door. The father used to say: "You may not beat the child! I will attend to that myself."

But he wished very much to be whipped by all his tutors.

The analysis progresses to the decisive complexes. The dreams of last night bring new revelations:

I bore in my nose and bring out a bloody, disgusting piece of smegma.

I saw a wounded animal. It was bleeding to death. The blood would not stop. It bled from the neck, wings, or out of the head.

We come thus to discuss the blood complex. He cannot look at blood. He would only be able to see it if he were a surgeon and the patient were under an anaesthetic. He cannot see human beings or animals suffer. Pain is unendurable to him. As a child he would make little gashes in his hand and observe the wounds. The idea of sucking blood is repugnant to him. But he admits that the taste of blood is very agreeable to him and that the thought of a vampire has always been very thrilling. As a boy he bought himself leeches and tried to put

them on animals. He would have liked very much to apply them to his own body also. He had a horror of doing it. He would have enjoyed putting them upon some one asleep.

If he himself bleeds, he is ashamed. No-one should see him bleeding; no-one may see him if he is suffering. He wants to creep away somewhere like a wounded animal.

He slowly confesses that he has also cut up animals which were not narcotized. First the recollection comes as doubt. He may have done it. It was on the Riviera (twelve).

He and a playmate dissected live lizards.

Blood has always interested him. He liked to put blood under a microscope. Even the word "blood" contains something mysterious for him.

Now he lets his fantasies run. He first sees wounds which do not bleed. But then he sees himself boring a knife into the neck of a girl and turning it several times in the wound.

Blood from the mouth has always been of great interest to him. The kiss ought to be a bite, so that he could suck in the blood. Now we understand why the dung beetle runs away from him after he has read to it the book of his life. He is a lust-murderer!

The idea also of bloody entrails gushing forth out of the body fascinates him. He saw a number of bullfights in Bayonne (fifteen to sixteen). He knows now that he struggled with impulses to destroy his parents. He once threw a knife at his grandmamma. He pretended to be crazy. He often plays the part of an insane person, with the idea that after the murder he would not come to trial. He has wanted to poison the whole family and manufactured the deadly cyanide of potassium for himself in his chemical laboratory.

He thinks he must have inherited his sadism from his father. The latter had often told him that he saw red when he was angry. It is for this reason that he beats the dog so cruelly and has also struck him on every occasion.

He feels such rage within himself. Every opposition makes him furious. If he slaps a child or a girl upon the hand, neither of them may have pleasure in it. His satisfaction immediately vanishes. Nor may they be aware of his pleasure in it. Therefore he needs the fiction of the just punishment for poor lessons.

He comes to speak of the important problem of

“contact”. The beating is the touching of the body of another.

To be beaten means to be touched. It is this contact which rouses him sexually. The greater the resistance of his partner (the child defends itself, screams, kicks) the greater his pleasure.

Beating satisfies his need for contact. The contact is reduced to the “smallest” degree (contact minimum).

We see from the analysis how little exhaustive are the observations which Freud has made in his article, "A Child Is Being Beaten". They touch only upon one side of the problem, the question of incest. But they do not recognize that the specific scene represents a condensation of a complicated sadism, which comes to light only through the analysis.

He dreamed:

It was somewhere in Vienna. My parents were to leave in the evening for Russia. I have already gone away in the forenoon without saying good-by. They have departed for Russia without taking leave. I come back with certain stings of conscience and find money on a table. Notes to 500,000 and leaden coins to the value of 500,000. In all five millions. Also a note, if they never see me again, thus... I kneeled before a stove and put in a sort of roast. It burned. Suddenly the money was by mistake on the roast. I was frightened and took it out with great difficulty by means of a stick. Fear of burning my fingers. The money was saved with the exception of one coin, which had a hole in the middle and an excrescence at the side. Then I wanted to give this to the mint in order to exchange it for a new one. A person from the opera advised me to exchange it. Some one warned me against the mint, that the people were pleased when money was destroyed. But some one else advised me to do it.

He brings some supplementary information with the five millions of the dream. One million was for support, two for life, and two for the treatment. The tendency of the dream is clear. He wants to free himself from his parents. The parents' love is divided into a paper one and a metal one. The paper burns up easily. But this he saves (bipolarity of the tendency). The issue of metal reminds him of a dum-dum bullet (sadistic complex). The bullets destroy the body. They are also bisexually figured and show plainly the lingam principle. He is ready at first to burn up all the love. With this he falls into the danger of burning his fingers. He saves this love at the last moment and will now merely exchange the sexual love toward the parents. (I am the mint, for I will now recast him.) The

number five is connected with his masturbation. He still continues his masturbation and can only with difficulty overcome his series obsession. He said to himself today: "You are still masturbating once and you reach the crooked line. Let come what may." He is not conscious of the secret death clause (death of the parents).

But Russia is the country where people are beaten and killed.

He is now happy. Yesterday he crossed the market place feeling quite free and had the conviction that he would accomplish something good and worth while. He has all sorts of artistic plans and believes that he has conquered his sense of inferiority. The blows upon the hands seem to him absurd in reality, but he still makes use of these fantasies in masturbation.

He dreamed:

My colleague, Dr. J., was condemned to death together with his wife. I was very unhappy. It was the day of the execution and I asked him how he could bear it. Then he said: "I, too, can think of nothing." Then I am with the chief official; I have been announced and have to wait, and in fact I came into a room. That was an omen. A servant had had to do something with lead pencils. Then I was summoned. I spoke against the death sentence. I said: "I consider him innocent and the punishment is illegal!" He: "Do not mix in this; be glad that you have nothing to do with this. Would you entangle yourself with it?" Two girls were involved in the whole thing. Other surroundings. Café. I sat with them. Then I was suddenly in a corner of the room and was thinking of Madame Bertinger. Opera music in the room. Suddenly I heard that some one in the music room was in bed; this was Madame Bertinger. She requested me to kiss her. I said: "I will have nothing to do with you. I will be free."

It is interesting to note that he never dreams of his specific scenes. He affirms that he has never dreamed that he was striking a child upon the hand. That proves to us how little significance there really is in these scenes of beating on the hand. The dreams bring what is hidden behind the scene.

The functional meaning of this dream is clear. His parathic ego is condemned to death. But he wants to remain ill. (Yesterday he made a shy attempt to find a schoolgirl whom he could beat upon the hand.) He protests against this with his father and with Dr. Stekel (chief official). The two girls remind him of a girl whom he saw at Madame Bertinger's and of a girl whom he has come to know in the last few days. They are Mary and his new acquaintance, who should rescue him. But in bed lies the mother. We hear gradually of all sorts of tenderesses which the mother is always permitting herself. He is reluctant to inform me when the kissing upon the nates ceased. We conclude from his confused stammering that it is still going on.

The confession is significant that his mother even yet frequently kisses his hand. Kisses on the mouth are forbidden at home, since diseases might be carried that way.

This hand kiss of the mother is reflected in the beating scene.

The dream is prognostically favourable. It shows the release from the mother. One circumstance is of importance.

The patient states that he awoke with a strong erection. The execution of the colleague was to be hanging. He himself often plays with a cord and binds his neck, because he has heard that hanging and being strangled are pleasurable. The erection seems to be related to both, to the hanging as well as to the mother in bed.

A dream shows him in conflict with his paraphilia.

He dreamed that he had a severe wrestling match with Mr. R. – R. is also a sadist, with whom he has had long conversations concerning the whipping of little girls. Now he will overcome him.

An important determinant of his obsessive counting occurs to him. The death clause, which is always present, had not yet appeared for the complete explanation of the obsessive action. Now he relates that the custom prevails in his family to swear by one's life. The father says: "How is it going with you? Tell me the truth or I will fall dead." This falling dead is used on every occasion. The first obsessive acts were still bound with the death clause. Then this was repressed and the condition arose: Or there will be misfortune. This, too, was weakened and degenerated into the clause: Otherwise the affair will turn out badly. Now fear that something will not return dominates the obsessive action.

Those who do not return are the dead...

His mother brought him up systematically to be an everlasting infant. She often expressed the wish: "Oh, that you might be my baby always!" Or she said: "No, you will always remain a child! You will never grow up!" His delusion of greatness was just as systematically trained into him. His wonderful education was talked of before strangers. The child could do what he wanted to. The word was always: Everything was before him. He was the centre of the universe, around which everything revolved.

Naturally his cleverness was made much of and every saying of his was talked of the whole day. Now he is often subject to moods of dejection, because he

believes that he will never reach the highest peak and he can never be satisfied with a moderate success. Therefore he wants to remain young and wherever possible go back and begin a new life, so as to make better use of his early years as a preparation for the great end.

The appearance of the primitive reaction is interesting. Suddenly he is silent and refuses to tell me of what he is thinking.

“You will be angry if I say it!”

I assure him that I will not be vexed.

“I believe that you practice masturbation while you are sitting behind me. I have the impulse to turn and observe you.”

He is instructed that this is an infantile attitude, a wish that every one should play with him. He confirms this opinion by a wealth of associations.

Two dreams plainly reveal an anagogic tendency:

1. I am sitting on a divan with a girl and holding her hands. She says: “Why are you so childish and occupied only with my hands?”

2. I want to enter a villa. A huge dog rushes upon me. First he flies at my throat, then seizes my hands. First he snaps at them and then begins to bite. I do not

know what to do. Shall I call for help or deal with him myself? As he lets my hands free for a moment I grab his powerful jaws and hold them apart. He foams at the mouth. I consider: Shall I kill him? I am sorry for the splendid animal. I cry for help. A servant appears and shouts some words to the dog. The dog becomes friendly and wags his tail. I ask the servant: "Will he not attack me any more if I go into the house again?"

The first dream is transparent. The girl had Mary's features. The dog in the second dream represents his sadism.

It is very characteristic that it first attacks him at the throat. Afterward it occurs to him that he wanted to choke the dog.

One sees how the choking fantasy is displaced from the throat to the hands. The servant looks like me. At first he wanted to get over his paraphilia alone, now he accepts my help.

He had yesterday a sense of freedom and a joy in life long unfamiliar to him. He could take pleasure in little things; for example, the flight of birds. He would like to be free and go to sea for some time, leave his parents and begin a new life.

He breaks off with the girl. She is from a respectable home and he will not burden his conscience. He joined himself yesterday to another girl, who gave him the impression of a semi-whore.

He is full of ideas, might write a book. He now has insight into his mother's terrible mistakes in his bringing up.

An expression of hers is always before his mind: "After my death you must have my skin removed and have it dressed. It can lie under your desk so that when you are at work you will always have to tread upon it." Remarks superfluous.

He recognizes now the opposition between his parents, of whom he had believed that they were "madly" in love with each other. There were all sorts of disputes in which affect displacements occurred, which he now begins to see clearly. If the parents go on the electric cars, the mother rails so at Vienna, at social democrats, and so loudly that the people cannot help hearing, which makes his father very angry. He loves Vienna; she loves the country home, which he in turn hates. These differences have always existed and were perhaps the reason why the wife had to transfer to her son her need for affection, which proved to be the son's undoing.

He wants to get away – at any price. But he fears loneliness. The dread of lonesomeness, according to Otto Gross the source of all fear, binds him to his parents and to the parental home.

It appears from a dream of last night that it is very hard for him to separate himself from his mother. He has been working against this separation by informing his mother of his purpose. He will go to England for six months. It exasperates him to see his mother's grief and despair and to let her force him to remain here.

He considered his parents' marriage a happy one.

Now he comes to realize that it is unhappy. The father has often in their disputes cried out to the mother: "You will yet bring me to my grave! You will be the

cause of my early death!”

Death is the favourite theme in the family. His mother said to him in regard to the journey to England: “Wait a few years. We shall soon die and then you can do what you will. You will then also have money enough to be able to fulfil all your desires.”

It is evident that such words increase his serial obsession. His parapathy is the result of his bad education.

Remarkable facts begin to dawn regarding his relation to his mother. His paraphilia is also slowly collapsing.

Yesterday at a bar he made the acquaintance of a dancer who disclosed herself as a sadomasochist. He tried in the evening to perform masturbation and imagine that he was striking her hand. It seemed to him childish and absurd. For the first time the sadistic fantasies concealed behind his infantilism came to light, on which his idea of coitus was built. He experienced the greatest orgasm he had ever had.

He dreamed:

I was in a mountainous country. My mother had followed with murderous intent. I hastened with great difficulty down a mountain path, steep and rocky. I met two men. I knew they were enemies. As I went by I noticed that both were going in different directions in order to cut off my way. I kept on going further. I came in my flight to a niche in the rocks. I was within, hiding myself. Many people were pursuing me. Mamma came and a man who looked me in the eyes. At this

moment everything seemed ludicrous to me, and I thought it is all comedy. He did not betray me, nor did the others.

Legal process. I have to pronounce judgment and say that all may go free except two. Mamma has some difficulty. I believe I have set her free... I am in a garret with Mamma. Around the corner a room; Mr. H. had lived there. Mamma again wanted to kill me. I was very much alarmed. She wanted to do it with the poisoned ring. I said: "If you do not stop, I will ring twice so that the people will come." Hand on the bell. I did not press it, in order to spare her. She turned once more against me. I flee to R., call him, rouse the house. She reproaches me: "How can you go to R. ?" I pressed the electric bell in order to alarm the house and awoke.

We see in this dream how the image of the mother pursues him. She will destroy his individuality. She has killed something in him. What may this be?

Something that occurs to him puts us on the important trail. A Captain G. comes to his mind as one of the men who want to cut off his way and as the man who looks him in the eyes; he had been much at their house and had carried on a flirtation with the mother. He does not believe that his mother was unfaithful. But he had hated the man and observed his visits with suspicious jealousy. The captain played the piano a very great deal, which may have been a determinant of his passion for music. His doubt arises from the source: Am I my father's son?

This question is the root of every doubt. The captain died of syphilis. This explains why at times he thinks he must have a concealed syphilis.

Important memories come with this theme. He has a rich Jewish uncle by the name of Karpeles. His father often joked and pretended he was Karpeles's son.

“This is my young Karpeles,” was a common family jest.

There are two men in the dream who intercept his way. The significant question which is concealed beneath this is: Which of the two is my father? Karpeles is Mary’s father.

Mary might therefore be his sister.

New determinants of his obsessive counting are revealed. One of his four grandparents was a Jew, so that his father has remarked: “You are one-fourth Jew.” Now we see how he plays with the numbers two and four. If Karpeles is his father, there are two Jews among those preceding him; there would be then, parents included, two Jews (father and grandfather) against four Christians (three grandparents and the mother).

The straight and crooked lines gain new meaning. If he is the son of his father, he is upon the straight line. If the son of Karpeles, his origin is not from the direct, straight line. There is a crooked series.

His fear of marriage appears also in a new light. In the first place, his parents are unhappy. The question: Why does one marry if one is unhappy afterward? (a question which he put to me yesterday) seems justified.

A factor that weighs heavily is that the grandmother and the governess despised the mother. The grandmother called her a false, scatter-brained, pleasure-loving person, who would bring her son to the grave. The governess named her a harlot and man-mad. These words stamped themselves upon the boy’s brain. Why should one marry if women deceive their husbands and bring them to the grave?

We see that the mother actually has killed something in him: faith in the purity of women. The pull toward harlots (his passion for loose women) arises from the fact that he considered the mother a prostitute. He saves himself in the dream by going to R. This man is an artist and a Jew. He finds deliverance in art; he goes over to the Jews, whom his mother fervently hates. She is an anti-Semite, although his father was born of a mixed marriage.

R. stands also for Karpeles. The legal action is the subsequent investigation and condemnation of all the men who had anything to do with his mother. He forgives the men, but the mother he can never forgive.

Now we come upon the important determinant of his sadism. He hates women because he hates the mother as a prostitute.

It may not be superfluous to emphasize the fact that this is a matter of fantasy. I have often had opportunity to compare these harlot fantasies which relate to the mother with reality. They were mostly invented combinations.

The poisoned wedding ring of the dream refers to the captain's syphilis and to the infidelity. But he recalls that when he was beaten by his mother's hand he frequently was hurt by her ring.

The mother's unfaithfulness, also, is therefore fixed in the whipping scene.

He has a remarkable dream:

My mother gave me a key. She said: "The key will open all doors. You are now lost to me." She turned and wept, and I awoke with a feeling of infinite sorrow.

He now understands that the key to his paraphilia lies with the mother. She is in the habit of kissing him passionately, and he returns these kisses with equal ardour.

He naturally continues to believe, and he stresses this once more, that the kisses are not sexual, inasmuch as he has no erection with them.

The opera Walkure makes the greatest impression upon him. The scene where the door springs open. He has to weep. The scene is the glorification of incest... He is happy only when he is not in love. Then he can enjoy everything.

He rejoices that the electric trains are so clean and run so smoothly, that the birds are singing and the flowers springing up. If he loves, the joy of life is extinguished. The impossibility of attaining his ideal is the cause of a depression, which then takes full possession of him. His love must be conditioned by its being impossible of realization.

If a girl has had an operation, every sensuous charm is gone. His mother has been operated upon three times.

All the girls whom he has loved have been fictitious sisters and in this way rejuvenated images of the mother. And separation from the mother falls heavy upon him. He will go away tomorrow. He should go to Paris. Now the bipolarity

of his wishes in his serial structure reveals itself. Paris was the good thing, the straight line. But yesterday he masturbated just once and broke through this line. That means, Paris will turn out badly; I shall have to remain in Vienna; I cannot and will not leave my parents. Both of them assure him that they live only for him. He is their life purpose. Now he has masturbated only once. The first masturbation is always a sin, for which the good Lord will punish him. He takes away this sin through the second masturbation. This time he remained at the first time. Therefore this time God will punish him: he may not go to Paris. A punishment which accords with the desire of the Id (instinctive unconscious).

He has been now ten months with his parents. His mother speaks of it as the most wonderful period. But he knows that he can get well only if he frees himself once for all.

He has stereotyped dreams. He is behind the stage, and suddenly he is on the stage. He is seen. This means probably that he renounces his fantasy life behind the scenes and will at last actually take part, whereby he testifies to his fear of publicity.

Release from the analysis is a painful process. He arranges on the last day the relapse so well known to us analysts, the purpose of which is to force the analysis to continue. I remain firm and want to observe now how the analysis will prove itself. Nothing final can be stated as to the result, for the present, as far as his paraphilia is concerned. According to my opinion, Heinrich will have to marry in order to attain to normal intercourse.

Let us try now to carry the paraphiliac symptom back to the individual determinants. We were able to demonstrate:

1. An evident impotence complex. Fear of the woman.

- 2. Fear of death and psychosexual impotence.**
- 3. The feeling of inferiority.**
- 4. The striking of the hand reveals itself as the rudiment of a repressed murderous sadism.**
- 5. The hand represents itself as child.**
- 6. The hand is the mother and especially the vagina (odour of the hand!).**
- 7. The hand is a live animal, a symbol of his animal instincts (animism).**
- 8. The hand is a warning (father-murder).**
- 9. The hand represents masturbation, for which he punishes himself.**
- 10. The hand is used as a means of gratifying the cannibalistic instincts.**
- 11. The hand must not let his feelings of revenge be lost. Punishment for the parents, who have beaten him with the hands.**

12. The hand is bisexual and hides his homosexuality.

13. The hand cut off represents castration.

14. The striking of the hand symbolizes a fantasy of the mother's womb.

15. The hand is something sacred (his religion).

16. The hand represents his defiance (reformatory).

17. The hand is poisoned (poison complex).

18. The hand is the head (crushing of the skull).

19. The hand is strangled (choking fantasies).

20. The hand is sucked (vampirism).

21. He thrusts a knife into a girl's neck. The hand is the neck, the stick the knife.

22. The hand gratifies his desire for contact.

23. The hand reminds him of the hand-kiss of his mother.

24. The hand recalls to him the mother's unfaithfulness (the poisoned ring).

We see the unbelievable condensation of symbols.

Thus pleasure and pain, desire and atonement, doubt and faith, joy and punishment, longing and sense of guilt, defiance and obedience, instigation and warning, innocence and wrongdoing, youth and age, past and future, are bound together in one small scene.

The therapeutic result depends upon whether Heinrich will win the victory over family and childhood. The psychogenesis of the sadism as the outcome of unwise training comes clearly to light through the analysis. He who has read this attentively, will find all my theses sustained in it.

VIII: A WOMAN IS BEING CARRIED

This fantasy appears with many variations. The masochistic man revels in the idea that he is compelled to carry a heavy woman until he almost breaks down under the burden. The sadistic woman may manifest the same wish as a token of her domination and the complete subjection of the man. More rarely one imagines that one is carrying a child, or in association with zoanthropic ideas there is identification of oneself with a riding animal. The woman in riding clothes with a riding whip belongs to the last-named fantasy. This is related to the not unusual identification of a man with a dog which is harshly treated by a woman. This idea, too, may find outlet in the wish to carry a woman. One might trace this fantasy to the reversal of actual infantile situations. Children are carried around by adults, and exchange of roles is a daily occurrence in the paraphilia.

CASE NUMBER 24

Mr. A. V. has the fantasy that he is being bridled like a horse and will perhaps be used for riding. He may be led by a man, who may so strike him with a whip that he causes him no pain. He also has the desire to run around in the room and bark like a dog. He once carried out such a scene in a brothel and wanted to proceed with the game until he could in fun bite his partner in the foot. He cried: "I will bite; I will bite." He must have played his part very naturally, for his partner, a young and still inexperienced prostitute, began to scream and ran from the room. Her master came then and created a great scandal for the bashful man. Since this attempt, he has given up the realization of his fantasies. He came to think, through reading one of my articles, that this morbid inclination must be connected with events in his childhood.

He remembers that he used his father as a horse, hitched him up, and also urged him gently with the whip to run faster. He knows also quite definitely that his father often played the part of a dog for him and threatened to bite him. Now and then he would take the child's foot into his mouth and pretend he was going to bite.

A further analysis is for various reasons impossible.

But we see clearly how the memory is fixed upon the play with the father and carried over to the woman. It is a stubborn regression to the infantile, which in such cases manifests itself as obsessive act.

To this category belong the ridiculous case of the man who goes to a brothel to

have the prostitute stick a feather into his anus and then cries out cock-a-doodle-doo; the man who makes all sorts of childish noises and then begins to miaow; the case of a man who creeps around the room on all fours, growls like a bear, and must be beaten on the buttocks with a stick until ejaculation results with a great, bestial orgasm.

CASE NUMBER 25

Mr. M. I., a manufacturer, thirty-four years of age, complains of frightful attacks of anxiety, which make life a burden to him and make it impossible to remain in a large city. He suffers a heart parapathy, which manifests itself most unexpectedly. A feeling of anxiety suddenly overtakes him upon the street, his heart begins to beat wildly, and he feels death approaching. "Now you are going to die!" an inner voice says to him. His senses seem about to leave him, the pulse becomes rapid, cold sweat breaks out, the eyes protrude rigidly from their sockets. As soon as the doctor arrives and holds his hand, all the disquieting symptoms disappear. The physician must sit by him for a half to a full hour, until he is wholly calm. These attacks appear also at night and more likely so. The doctor may not go far from his home without leaving word where he can be found. When the physician went for a vacation into the Alps, the patient journeyed with him, did not permit him to go out alone for a second. If the patient went to the toilet, the physician had to wait outside.

This disagreeable illness prevented this gifted manufacturer from going to the metropolis and forced him to remain in a small spot where his abilities could not develop. But he was so used to the physician that he was no longer able to live without him. He suffered much more anxiety in Vienna and did not trust himself to go out unaccompanied by the doctor, while in his small native town he had a certain radius of action which he might traverse without fear. If he passed beyond this zone, it meant the development of the anxiety. The entire illness was, as in all these cases, fear of being dominated by the fear. His whole day was spent in dread that he might suffer another attack.

The patient remarked in regard to his sexual life that he had lived now for five years in total abstinence, because he feared that intercourse might do him harm, and because he might be seized with an attack while at a brothel. The physician would then have to be summoned to the brothel, the whole town would know it,

and he would be an object of ridicule. He has no relations at all with women; his disorder fills the entire day so that no time is left for women.

I will now give the exact description of the problem in his own words:

I am a manufacturer, thirty-four years old; unmarried; have suffered for perhaps the last ten to twelve years from anxiety states and palpitation of the heart, which naturally hinder me greatly in the carrying on of my business. My mother died in her eighties of pneumonia; was ill of diabetes during the last fifteen years. My father is living, is nearly ninety, relative vigorous, mentally very clear; so far as I know has never been ill. I come therefore from a healthy, long-lived family. My father conducted a fairly large banking business in the country, for which, however, he did not possess the necessary capital; was always involved therefore far beyond his powers, and was glad to place his cares upon various members of the family. He had the habit, further, of depicting his worries, no matter whether they were these business ones or those of a private nature, in far more gloomy colours than was in accordance with the facts. Thus, for example, I can remember quite well that I had to share these anxieties when I was a child of three or four years, inasmuch as I was present on many occasions when he was painting his situation to my mother or the older brothers and sisters in the most glaring light, only to have all the members of the family share in the demands which the situation made. The nursery in our home adjoined my parents' sleeping room, and frequently at night I had to hear my father describing to my mother his precarious financial position. On such days I always went to school much troubled, and even during the lesson hour I would think: "Dear Lord, why do you not help my poor parents?" Or if I heard of any one who had a prosperous business my first thought invariably was: "Why have not my parents the good fortune to have so good a business, so that they can be free from these everlasting cares and sleepless nights?" I might mention at this place that outside of the house my father was a very agreeable person; and especially at the tavern was he a welcome guest because of his sociability and because he gave no sign there of his cares even in times of the greatest financial distress. At home, however, it was quite the opposite! Neither my brothers and sisters nor I had really much of our youth. Our father permitted us neither to play nor to romp in the streets, as our companions did, nor to go on the ice or to go coasting like

the other children. Once we received a whipping because we tore our trousers, another time it was our shoes, and so it went. There was always commotion and whipping! Now, I come to the most important memory of my life! I must not leave one thing unmentioned, for I cannot measure the importance of this event. Whether this was in a dream or the thing really happened I cannot definitely say; in any case, I still see this occurrence before me today. It was long before my entrance into the elementary school, and I presume therefore that I was about three years old. My father took me with him into the bath, where I bathed with him in the same tub. After his bath he had himself licked on the anus, by whom I do not know, but in any case by a man; so much has remained in my memory. I can no longer recall what my feeling was at the time when I saw this. But the experience as such is always before my eyes. There were at the time ten brothers and sisters in our home. I was the seventh child.

Now after having passed my sixth year I was sent to school. I was a fairly good student. During the recess from ten to half past we were led into the school garden where we could jump and play. It happened there one day that I had climbed the athletic pole, and while I was holding convulsively to the top of the pole I experienced in my penis such “a feeling of pleasure”, so delightful and so sweet, that from now on almost every day, when we were taken into the garden, I at once sprang upon some of the climbing poles and clambered about until the “feeling of pleasure” had again come. I cannot say today how long I did this, but anyway it lasted a good while. I frequently spent my time at school and even in the first classes with the following fantasy: “I imagined people and especially my circle of acquaintances as if one of them were sitting upon another’s shoulder (at times I saw in my fantasy one of them sitting upon another’s head or his face); at the bottom, the one with the least means and above, the better-situated; I mentally pictured my position in this endless ladder as always higher and higher, and, if I remember correctly, this gave me a delightful sensation. I had no intimation at the time of “coitus” itself; I mean that I did not know how this act took place, for often when I heard pupils of the higher classes talking of it in vulgar terms, I would ponder over it, but could not yet form a correct idea of it. In the third class – therefore about nine years old – there was a whole society of us who produced “the feeling of pleasure” by spitting into our hands and rubbing our organ, in part for ourselves, in part for one another, until we obtained the desired result.

Riding upon my schoolmates also caused me at that time a sensual gratification. Thus in the third or fourth class at the elementary school, I might have been already ten or eleven years old, I had a fellow pupil who was in everything rather unfairly treated. He was, it is true, a stupid oaf and also had disagreeable traits, and on this account was snubbed by his schoolmates. One day I went to walk in the country with this friend. I spoke of our relative strength with the purpose of getting him to let me sit upon his back. While I sat there, I said to myself in my fantasy: "You have to carry me now even if you do not want to," or, better expressed, "You do not want to carry me, but you must." It was not a minute before I was aware of the feeling of pleasure. I even believe that I had a seminal discharge at the time. This fellow pupil, who, as I said, was somewhat looked down upon by the other companions of the same age, was glad to have at least my friendship; and this I abused when we went walking, when the above-mentioned occurrence was always repeated.

I entered the gymnasium after the twelfth year; when I had failed in the first form, my uncle took me into his business. Here I performed masturbation in this manner; I set up a sack of flour or the like in the storehouse, imagined this to be a man on whose back I seated myself, and did this under the greatest variety of fantasies (for example, as above with my schoolmate) until the orgasm again occurred. This procedure was repeated daily for a long time, then once a week; if I reproached myself, only once in fourteen days; then again more frequently.

I was not yet fourteen years old when I was sent to a tradesman in Vienna as apprentice. I was fitted out with just the basics; my father gave me ten kronen pocket money, wished me very good luck, gave me some good advice; then life began in the great city. At that time there was still no legal regulation of rest on Sunday, and so I was kept hard at work by my employer all week through from five in the morning till eleven at night. Only once in several weeks was permission granted for me to go out on Sunday evening after five o'clock. I stuck to this post about a year and a half, during which time I masturbated chiefly with a sack of flour, accompanied by the fantasies I have mentioned. I did not feel very contented with this position. I always had the thought before

me that I could do something better. I pitied not only myself but every tradesman; I saw in each individual a tormented slave who as to time had to drudge from early morning until late at night and scarcely earned enough to keep soul and body together.

I was just at the point of getting a better position when I was informed by my father that affairs at home had become so much worse that it was impossible for him to remain longer in a small place, and that for this reason he had decided to move to Vienna and set up a shop there for himself. This project was carried out a month later. My father bought a small shop, in which I had once more to go actively to work.

My father, brought up from the very beginning in a strictly religious manner, had been in the habit previously of closing his business on Sunday and going regularly to church, but in Vienna he had to give this up, for which he reproached himself most severely and, as was his custom, let his family feel it, too, in so far as he was always mourning and lamenting in our presence that it was no wonder things went so badly with him when he had sinned like this. He himself suffered very much from these constant lamentations, was mentally quite upset, and about six weeks before Easter firmly resolved until the holidays at least to live again in his home town. The business was sold within a very short time for a pittance, and we moved to our home, the father financially much worse off than before his first change of residence. He now conducted a small exchange in the same place where a year before he had been the chief banker.

A short time after our last moving I became ill, I believe with pneumonia. When I had recovered, I still had a trembling in my feet. If in a sitting position I placed the foot upon its point, a trembling of the entire extremity would begin. I had, I think, already observed this shaking of the feet during my stay in Vienna but had kept quiet about it to spare my parents, especially my mother, whom I loved above all.

Yet it concerned me very much. At the instigation of our family physician, I was now to go to a hospital in Vienna; for according to his opinion hospital treatment seemed necessary for this disorder. I was fitted out the very next day for the journey. In the railway carriage, I met a Mr. X. This gentleman learned from our conversation that I was going to a hospital and inquired after my trouble, which I described to him in as much detail as I could, upon which he said quietly to me: “My dear friend, you have indulged too much in masturbation, and this is the result; and it is nothing to make light of, for it is the beginning of consumption of the spinal cord!” Then he explained this disease to me in fullest detail.

Thus I came to my relatives in Vienna quite crushed, and consulted at that time Professors Krafft-Ebing, Neusser, and other skillful men, who told me that I was thoroughly healthy. Nevertheless, I suffered for some years from this mistaken conception, definitely believed that I had spinal-cord disease, and went to all the doctors in my native city with this idea. For if one or the other declared I was perfectly healthy, I was perhaps at rest; but in a few days I would again suffer from the false idea; I was always thinking that the physician in question either had not taken sufficient trouble with the examination or that he did not understand the case, and I simply went to the next one. I remember on this occasion an incident at the Neusser clinic. I was asked by an assistant during the consultation if I sometimes had palpitation of the heart. In my inexperience, I requested the gentleman to tell me what the palpitation was like; perhaps, I thought, I had had such beating of the heart already without knowing it. He said to me: “Then you very decidedly have not had it, or you would know what it is.” I went home that time at peace, but since then have thought of the palpitation of the heart together with the spinal-cord disease. I suffered perhaps three years from these imagined ills.

I was perfectly well from my seventeenth to my twentieth year. I masturbated during these years also – I could not leave it alone in spite of all my good resolutions.

Now I came into the army, where I likewise sought sexual gratification in

masturbation, but was, notwithstanding, perfectly well for two years and a half, and never once fagged out; the most severe exercises did not cause me the least difficulty. I must confess, however, that I often thought, "If only I do not die here in the army," or "If I merely knew certainly that in case of illness they would send me home to be taken care of by my own people." After about two years and a half I made the acquaintance of a comrade by the name of Y. I tried like every one else to escape military service through some means or other, for as much as I had enjoyed the army and army life at first, just so disagreeable was it to me later. Merely to refer to one slight instance, I mention that in the last year of service I dreamed once or twice that I had recently been enlisted, and I suffered so much during this dream, moaned and wept so sorely, that my comrades were seriously concerned about me.

I had this dream once several years after my discharge, whereby again I was in great distress.

My distress was so great merely from knowing: "You must under any condition remain still another year," that I often envied the cripple upon the street. And yet I had the most satisfactory period of service that could be conceived.

I enjoyed in greatest measure the favour of those over me, had undergone not the slightest punishment, had saved by means of an additional income several hundred kronen; but notwithstanding all this during the latter period I was continually occupied with the thought: "How can I get away from here?" One day G. told me that in his company a man had also wanted to get out of the army at any price and had drunk a great deal of black coffee; he then presented himself to the doctor of the regiment and was recommended by him for honourable discharge on account of palpitation of the heart.

I seized upon this means, drank at breakfast and after the noon meal perhaps a half a litre of coffee, and without feeling the slightest ill effect went after a time to the regimental physician and complained of pain in the region of the heart. I

mention once more that in reality I had no distress but was merely attempting to lie out of military duty. The regiment physician, Dr. D., examined me pretty thoroughly and finally said to the chief physician, K., who was present,

“Yes, there is something! The matter is not so simple!” upon which the chief physician examined me and said that he could find nothing.

The regiment doctor examined me again, confirmed his first diagnosis, and gave me some medicine, of which I was to take at first three drops a day, increasing to twenty drops and then diminishing the dose to three drops.

I heard from the regimental physician the word “heart neurosis”, which disturbed me, for I had seen once in a wax model a heart diseased from “sclerosis”, and now I kept on imagining my henceforth diseased heart in such a condition.

My older sister had died, perhaps six months before, so sudden a death that I could only explain it to myself as paralysis of the heart. Since then I have been thinking all the time that I should end like that and for this reason wanted more than ever to be sent home from military service, in order that in such a case I might at least die at home. I sat one day, it might have been about fourteen days after the consultation I have described, in the afternoon at the coffeehouse; at the table near by sat a singer whom I had frequently seen on the stage, and who had at such times pleased me very much, although she was married and no longer young. On this day and in this situation I was suddenly taken with an uncomfortable sensation in the region of the heart, which frightened me very much, for at the moment I saw before me the dreaded sudden death in a strange place – immediately thereafter I had for the first time palpitation of the heart, which still more strengthened me in my assumption that this was now my end.

It is interesting that a song which the singer sang on stage starts these unpleasant

sensations even today, and that formerly when this song or only its melody occurred to me I was likely to have a heart attack. That is, I see before me with this song the whole situation when I had my first palpitation.

I went at once to the barracks nearby and asked the inspection officer to send for a physician. It was about an hour before he came; he had me put in the fatigue room, where cold applications were made to the heart. Finally, after three to four days, I was transferred to the garrison hospital, from which after some days I received a leave of absence of eight weeks, of which I immediately availed myself.

I had scarcely reached home when my mother fell ill of a severe acute disease, during which I self -sacrificingly cared for her quite alone until she had completely recovered.

In the meantime, my furlough was at an end, and after returning to the colours I asked my regimental physician for a complete discharge, for my condition was in no wise improved. This request was granted, and I was permanently discharged with honourable mention.

I was now twenty-four years old and so far had never had sexual intercourse with a woman, but had always sought gratification in masturbation.

After fourteen days of rest at home, I took a position in a new factory, where I worked first in the office for a year and then was to be sent on the road. The firm moved its headquarters to Prague, from which place I worked exclusively, travelling for it. I covered merely the surrounding region and in such a way that I could spend the night at my home in Prague, inasmuch as staying overnight in a strange city, even when I had been in the place twenty to thirty times, was always hard for me; and when it was unavoidable, I was always happy if I found

an acquaintance in the same hotel. Almost always when I had to spend the night in another town I was taken with the most acute heart attacks. I went away relatively at peace on the days when, according to program, I was to be in Prague again in the evening; the journey presented great difficulties on those days when I had to remain away overnight.

I had, moreover, for years to hide this state of things as carefully as possible from my chiefs, for I was afraid that otherwise I should be considered inferior. I made the greatest sacrifices merely to be able to spend the night in my own home in my accustomed surroundings. It was not an uncommon occurrence to have to leave at four in the morning and not to return until midnight, to start again the next day at four. Another thing is interesting, that during the journey to any place I would often have these anxiety attacks, which would be followed at once by the palpitation of the heart, while on the return journey from this spot to Prague, that is the return home, I had no difficulty whatever. And one thing more, if I were travelling in the direction of my native place, then, too, I never suffered; on the contrary, I felt in such instances very well.

I have forgotten to state one thing, which perhaps is not altogether unimportant as regards the illness itself. As I have already mentioned, I always felt very well when during my sojourn in Prague I was journeying in the direction of my own home. This permitted a decision to leave my position and establish myself in my home town, from which place I should have only such a radius to traverse which would permit me to be at home every night, presuming that in this way my shattered nerves would be restored.

Alas! I was mistaken in this assumption, for after a short time, on every occasion when I had to travel from my own town to any other place I had the same feeling as at the time when I went from Prague to any spot which was in an opposite direction to my home. Only with this difference, that at the time when I still had my position in Prague I had to go in such cases, because otherwise I was afraid of losing my position, but feared still more that my employers might thus come to know my condition; while at home in these instances I often failed to make

the trip.

The conditions manifested themselves in the following manner: I frequently had something to do at some place near my own city, went to the station intending to proceed to this place, even procured my ticket; but scarcely would the train have drawn up before the station when I would be seized by the anxiety, would already see myself lying there helpless in the compartment, or see myself in the same situation at the place to which I was about to travel. The consequence was a violent palpitation of the heart. I would hastily take my travelling case and try to regain my home, attracting as little attention as possible, usually letting my ticket drop, because this happened so often that I could no longer trouble the ticket agent with the refund. But I would scarcely have my back turned to the station when I would in a few minutes feel quite well again. Often I regretted that I had been so wanting in energy. At times I had to go in spite of this state of mind, and it is worth mentioning that in such cases I did not have the least difficulty on the way back.

My condition has grown worse in the last two years in that I have not, generally speaking, been able to travel at all; or if frequently I undertook trips which simply could not be postponed I always had to be accompanied by my family physician.

While formerly I had been in the employ of some one else, relatives gave me the means soon to establish a small factory in my own town, for which I then travelled myself. I succeeded in introducing my products throughout the surrounding region, so that materially I am very well situated.

I might be a rich man, if I had complete freedom of movement. But I tremble at the thought of leaving my small native city, for the horror of all horrors for me would be to die or be ill in a strange place, if no one of my family were there. I must have some one near me who cares for me; I must have my old family physician with me. I cannot live among strangers! I am under the spell of the

familiar, and I know of no other person who so clings to his own home environment as I do. But only on account of the people who know me and whom I know. The thought is pain to me that I might lie ill in an unfamiliar room where no one knows me. I should prefer suicide to this. Anything that has its origin in my native place and from my childhood has a tenfold value for me. All that lies outside is practically worthless to me... I am a slave to the old and to the family.

Now it was not easy to obtain from this patient the completely truthful history of his sexual life. The patient believed at the beginning of the treatment that his sexual life was normal and had nothing to do with his illness, which was a pure "cardiac neurosis". But gradually the entire clinical picture was disclosed, and therewith a form of masochism came to light that belongs to the most interesting which I have had occasion to investigate,

He admits finally that he still masturbates at times and that he is of the opinion that his disorder is connected with masturbation. How often has he sworn to give up the masturbation and to be really abstinent. Many physicians have called his attention to the dangers of the practice, and yet he has not been able to stop it. He has indulged in it since he was a child; then there was a period from approximately his twenty-fourth to his twenty-ninth year in which he regularly had intercourse with women. He became impotent, gave up women, and satisfies himself from time to time by masturbation. He is dominated during this by a fantasy which he has never yet spoken of to any one.

He imagines that he has to carry a woman, or that some one else is carrying a woman and he may look on. He most prefers the fantasy that another person is carrying the woman while he performs cunnilingus upon her. It is always the idea of the woman who is being carried which excites his fantasy to the highest pitch. Masochistic ideas often rise. The woman desires humiliating love service, wants to be kissed on the anus, or he must lick her buttocks. At times there is a whole series of such women being carried by men, which he sees before him, when the bearer of the woman standing just before him performs cunnilingus upon her, so that a sort of serial dance takes place.

He has already several times tried to enter into a permanent relationship with a girl and has been engaged three times. Each time he drew back, and his “heart neurosis” gave him a welcome excuse. He could not drag a fine girl into his misery. He always imagined that he would carry the girl and let her be carried by some one else, which then led to masturbatory acts. His fear and his parapathy protected him from the brothel. He was afraid he would suffer an attack there, and the whole city would learn of it. Thus he has been able to remain pure and to devote his entire love to his mother.

He knows no other concern, aside from his “heart neurosis”, than his mother’s health. He has watched over her as if she were the child and he the mother. He entirely reversed the relationship. His mother had to remain in bed in the morning until he brought her coffee. She had gastric trouble, suffered from a stomach ulcer, and had to adhere to a rigid diet. He attended very strictly to it and would let no one else bring her her food. He still had five brothers, whom he knew how to remove from the mother’s spell. The mother was massaged after breakfast. This he took charge of himself.

He liked to play the physician and especially with the mother. He gave the colonic irrigations, administered the enemas, and carried out the stools during the severe illness, bathed the mother, and never left her side.

The whole town knew of his touching love for his mother and he stood therefore high in the estimation of all mothers, who praised him as a model son. Six months ago his mother was ill with pleurisy. He did not leave her bed; for fourteen days he did not take off his clothes; he treated her according to his own principles with cold compresses, even ignored the directions of the tried, and to him indispensable, physician, if they did not please him. He prevailed upon his brothers to have an expensive specialist brought from Vienna and severed his relations with one brother because he considered this measure unnecessary and would not share the cost. He forbade his mother to have anything to do with this son, and he produced the most violent scenes when she pleaded for him and

expressed the wish to see him again. He literally carried his mother on his hands! He carried her from her bed, into her bed, or upon the sofa; he would most gladly have carried her over every street which was uneven or dirty.

As I called his attention to the correspondence of his actions with his fantasy, he defended himself and said he never had a sexual feeling in connection with them and strenuously avoided dragging his mother into the circle of his fantasies. Now we very frequently observe with parapathics that they completely asexualize the object of their desire, lay upon it the taboo of disgust or of sexual indifference in order to deceive themselves and those about them as to their true feelings.

We see at any rate that in the fantasy it is a matter of reversal of an infantile relationship. He was carried about a great deal on his mother's hands, because he was rachitic and often ailing. Now he changes the situation about. He carries his mother on his hands and repays her all the love which he has received from her.

We now understand his parapathy thus, as if it should read: I will be a child again! He coddles the child in himself and takes care that it shall not become a man. He has been impotent for five years, that is, not a man, and he avoids all women. His illness already shows the infantile trait... the craving for sympathy and the exaction of other people's participation through the attacks.

His mother is now an old woman well advanced in years, the patient objects; but he has to admit that he revealed a strong gerontophilia even many years ago. He sought formerly at the brothel the very oldest prostitute and would today rather talk with old women than with girls. It is of greatest significance that in his fantasies very often old women play a part. This does not deny the fact that he is also much interested in children, young girls, who are not yet mature and whom also he would like to carry around. This phenomenon is the bipolar opposite of his gerontophilia. It is always the infantile which is represented through it. He is the child with the old person, the old person with the child. It is always a matter of an older person and a child. This is the fundamental principle of his fantasies.

The relation to his mother finds an interesting complement in that toward his father. The objection might be made toward an erotic conception of this relationship that it has to do with a strongly accentuated childish love. If this were so, the father would be enjoying the same treatment.

But here we come upon something new in our discussions.

He is a masochist. Certainly. But only toward women and the female sex. With men he is a sadist.

We have therefore before us a patient who has a double attitude: a masochistic one toward women and a sadistic one toward men. Let us look somewhat more closely at his relation to his father. His father is supported by him and now, since the bankruptcy of the last exchange house, carries on a small business in antiques. His son has strictly forbidden it. It might injure his reputation. The old man, however, wants to have his own money and takes pleasure in the trade. This causes numerous conflicts at home; the son screams at the father and the mother has to intervene.

Furthermore, the old man secretly speculates in the stock market and has in this way now and then a larger income, so that he becomes independent. Then he puts on airs, and rides through the town in a carriage, which brings his son to despair. He then waits until the evil day comes when his father is again thrown upon him and has to come to him because he is in need of money. These are fearful days for the poor father. He has to listen to a long lecture; his recklessness is held up to him. He had it so comfortably; he could live peaceably from the support which he, the rich son, grants to his parents. But the father has no consideration for the mother's illness, whom he will still bring to her grave.

So he manifests in his relation to his father, too, the reversal of the infantile situation. The father reaps what he has sown.

Thus his sadism expresses itself towards his father, who for a long time held him in such stern control. But fearful are the scenes when the son thinks the father has no regard for the mother's health. The father is tortured most through the mother. Indeed, the patient has thought out an ingenious system which permits him to harass the father from the noblest motives of filial love. Smoking first of all. The father likes to smoke his English pipe, cannot go to sleep if he has not smoked, must smoke after every meal. This has been strictly forbidden by the son since the mother's pneumonia.

The father must leave the house even in the winter to smoke his pipe outside. Once he smoked it in the entrance hall. The son was supposed to be away at business until later. But he came home earlier and found his father with the pipe in the hall. It was during the mother's convalescence after the severe pleurisy. He threw himself upon the father, tore his pipe from his hands, flung it against the wall, and screamed so that the neighbours flocked together, and the poor sick mother came hurrying from her bed. He then attributed her being worse not to his behaviour but to the smoking.

He wanted at that time to fall upon the father and beat him. But the father uttered a fearful curse: God would punish him for treating his father so badly and he would be ill-treated by his own child.

He is terribly superstitious, like all parathics. He believes that he is guilty of the death of a number of people.

If he wishes any one's death, it is sure to come sooner or later. He has cursed others and wished them serious illness. That, too, has come to pass. This belief

in the omnipotence of one's own thought is a form, like the infantile delusion of greatness, which ascribes to itself supernatural powers, and it has continued to a later age. He is lord of life and death. But he betrays his cruel attitude, which can be assumed from his interest in nursing the sick and in all sorts of injuries. Pity and good deeds are often only culturally-transformed cruelty.

He can look upon all kinds of wounds, he can bandage them, treat them; he is concerned for all the dead and seriously ill in the small city; he visits the people before death and lets them die after a definite time.

His sadism gives also many evident signs. He liked to go as a boy to the slaughterhouse, where he watched an uncle sticking the pigs, which caused him pleasurable sensations. He was always playing with the thought how it would be with him if the other brothers and sisters died, and he brooded over all sorts of plans to get them out of the way.

His masochism has also been developed upon a primary sadistic disposition.

Investigation of his repressed homosexuality brings surprising material. At first he does not want to know anything about it. He has a fearful disgust when he hears of such filthy doings. One ought to lock up all such swine and punish them severely. But gradually he admits that he has a certain aesthetic interest in good-looking men. Behind this aesthetic interest there usually lurks a sexual one. At last he recalls a number of homosexual experiences, partly with his brothers, partly with his playmates.

The father, too, played a great role in his childhood, and he originally loved him much more than the mother. His father had often taken him into his bed, always went with him to bathe, taught him, occupied himself very much with him.

The boy did not concern himself much about his mother. Then suddenly there came a period in which he lost all love for his father. His attitude toward his mother is to be attributed in part to defiance and serves in part to provoke the father, offend him, show him that one does not need him.

We come now to the discussion of the important infantile scenes. It is extremely hard to believe that he actually experienced the event mentioned. His father had actually had an anilingus performed upon him? Yet according to what I have observed and the confessions which I have received from men, I cannot dismiss it out of hand. I know many men who are so under the dominion of this paraphilia that they have renounced every other sexual activity. Why should not his father have his sexual idiosyncrasies? This paraphilia is in and for itself not much more unusual than any other. One hears but little of its existence because men are ashamed to confess this sort of sexual activity (active or passive).

But even if we take this memory as a fantasy, it expresses a strong desire: I should like to grant my father this friendly service.

The secret argot of perversion very strikingly calls this form of paraphilia “to like some one”. You may like me, is the “slang” request for this act.

A far more important fantasy, however, is concealed behind his conscious heterosexual one; he will not admit it to himself: He would like to render his father this kindly service; he would like to do everything for him. He loves his father and takes refuge in love to his mother out of defiance and because of rejected love. His father has another favourite son. This he evidently cannot forgive him. But we see once more how important it is not to take even the manifest incestuous attitude as a finished fact, but to seek after a parapatric attitude. He certainly has a strong inclination toward his mother. But he takes advantage of this fondness; he exalts it at the father’s expense as if he would say:

“See how I idolize my mother! How tender I can be when I love! All that you have forfeited!”

The father used to carry him on his neck. He must have felt there the first sensations of pleasure through the contact of his genital. The touching of the climbing pole woke the primary pleasure. This scene stands before his eyes!

He let himself be carried by a schoolmate because he could then play with the fantasy that he was being borne by the father.

His specific fantasy has therefore a bisexual character. Really a threefold one, for child, woman, and man appear in it.

His original fantasy was: I will be a boy and be carried by a man. He then transferred the love from the mother to the father. He altered the primary fantasy and let the man carry a woman. Indeed, he wanted to be the woman!

Such a reversal in the relation to the parents occurs very frequently and signifies the beginning of the defense against homosexuality. Only later is the boy displaced by the woman. But the fantasy actually reads: I will carry a man; I will be a woman and submit to a man. From this attitude through reversal a masochistic attitude toward woman comes about. He will subject himself to a woman. But this fantasy contains also the wish to yield to the woman within himself and be homosexual. He carries the woman around with himself and would like to perform all sorts of friendly services to the woman in himself.

Thus an understanding of his anxiety as to place grows in us. He is afraid of himself and of his homosexual attitude. He might succumb to the dangers of the

streets. He might be accosted. He might then become weak and be seduced to a homo sexual act. The fear is the guardian of his virtue and his honour.

And what does he then do when the desire becomes so strong that he is in danger of yielding? He goes to bed and has his loved one, the doctor, summoned. The presence of the physician calms him because the physician has to examine him each time “from head to foot”; because the physician strokes him and massages his heart. The attacks serve to extort from him these small homosexual proofs of love and to satisfy in small coin the unconscious craving.

His physician is now his love. His presence quiets the storm in his breast; the anxiety with which the desire is mixed disappears, and he is calm until the longing precipitates a fresh attack.

So far has the psychological illumination of the case succeeded. Now a feeling of guilt reveals itself in the patient, which forces him into the illness. He is the prisoner of his disorder, has renounced woman. But he had also become an ascetic in smoking and drinking. He had begun to go to church now and then and had spells of religion, which so far had been totally foreign to him.

Gradually, in rather long conversations, there came to light an offense which had oppressed him greatly in latter years. I have already spoken of his wrong to his father. He had also been guilty of much toward his brother; his brother was a ne'er-do-well; he had to go to America and from there asked for money. The patient did not send it, and they had been already three years without news. That rested very heavily upon him and there were moments in which he reproached himself for this heartlessness, the more so because this brother was his mother's darling and his mother in her fine feeling avoided speaking of him. But he also had a sister who suffered from epileptic attacks, which he did not want to acknowledge. He considered her illness as simulation, because she always had an attack when she had a task to perform which she did not like. He had a remarkable relationship with this sister, in which were mingled aversion,

jealousy of the mother's favour, and sexual desire.

It happened that this sister one evening suffered an attack in the neighbourhood of a small pond and was so unfortunate as to fall with her face in the water, so that she was drowned. He was summoned by the country people to the place of the accident and arrived with a brother. They found the sister dead. It was already late in the evening, and he sent his brother into the city to fetch a carriage, while he remained with the sister.

Horrible thoughts now came to him, against which he had to defend himself with all his might. He lifted the sister up and carried her alone from the water all the way to the street. He carried her just as he carries the women in his fantasy. He was angry with himself that he had violent erections, and the thought tried to take possession of him that he should rape the dead.

This had happened ten years before the treatment. He believes that he had already had his masochistic fantasies before, but cannot definitely remember. In giving such evidence one is subject to great deception in memory, for patients gladly conceal the origin of their fantasies and want to repress the incident which set them in motion.

We see that his paraphilia represents an obsession, in which the libido unmask itself as punishment for a definite occurrence. His fantasy means: Do not forget what you wanted to do and how near you were to being a great criminal! You do not deserve the delight of possessing an ardent woman and should not attain to such a goal until the memory of the dead sister, whom it may be you drove to her death, has been wiped from your brain. Woman was taboo to him through association with the mother and the dead sister.

Man was, too, because he had set himself on the defensive with all the fibres of

his ego against the homosexual currents.

The paraphilia was the way out of the confusion. It secured him his chastity and reminded him continually of the most evil hour of his life. He became a child and behaved as a child.

A final surprising determinant of his “carrying fantasy” came to light in the analysis in the form of a pregnancy fantasy. He identified himself with his mother and bore his sister in his body. A cleverly utilized aërophagy gave support to this fantasy and afforded an organic basis for the heart attacks.

Striking improvement soon followed upon the finished analysis. The patient was completely free from his anxiety, and the physician lost his best patient. He soon became engaged to a charming girl and is today the happy father of several children. The sadistic fantasy totally disappeared and gave place to normal feeling.

**IX: A CASE OF COMPLICATED PARAPATHY WITH SADISTIC AND
PARANOID OBSESSIONS**

CASE NUMBER 26

Reported by Dr. Emil Gutheil

Mr. Alpha, an engineer thirty-two years old, whose interesting analysis I am about to describe, came to Dr. Stekel begging for help. He finds himself in a desperate situation.

Having a position in a large chemical laboratory, he is unable to fulfill the duties of his post because fantasies and all sorts of obsessive conditions prevent concentration of his mind upon his work. Besides, he is tortured at times by nervous gastric troubles, compulsion to sleep, and depression, which make it impossible for him to finish work upon his dissertation, as well as to study in general. He is on the point of suicide unless some one helps him out of the chaos. He has already consulted several physicians, among them the physician of a sick-benefit society, a specialist, and finally a well-known psychiatrist, Professor P. He has been treated through medicine, diet, and hydrotherapy. All without result.

His situation seems to him particularly dangerous for the reason that in manipulation with reagents in the laboratory, the impulse often rises in him to escape from life through poison.

Dr. Stekel, to whom he turned for help, gave the case over to Dr. van Dishoeck, a Holland pupil then with him, but the latter, leaving Austria about that time, was unable to do more than begin the analysis. The case was referred to me after van Dishoeck. The analysis, which I carried out under the direction of my teacher Dr.

Stekel, after 102 sessions, with many interruptions, of which we will speak later, reached a successful conclusion.

The First Communications

An important factor came to light in the very first sessions.

The patient told me that all the symptoms which he had reported thus far were of secondary importance to one single one which was bringing him of late to sheer despair; this was the absolutely irresistible impulse to murder his wife. He entreated me to save him, for he frequently had to use all his energy to suppress the desire to choke his wife – especially during the sex act. At every difference of opinion with her, he feels the impulse to fling himself upon her. At best he is able to reduce the compulsion to a few slaps, which he gives his wife, when the agitation passes over. He feels contrite and remorseful after such states of excitement and occupies himself with thoughts of suicide, but usually falls into a peculiarly deep slumber, which often lasts the greater part of a day.

I learn that he not long ago married a girl with whom he had carried on sexual relations for some time, and who had become pregnant by him. The outbreaks of rage of the sort described did not appear until after marriage. His wife had borne a girl a few days before. He had no paternal feeling; on the contrary, the murder impulses now extend even to the infant.

Is the wife attractive? – No, she is actually ugly. Her mouth reaches from ear to ear, her nose is broad, her neck is disfigured by a goiter. She is a woman of the common people, while he is an academic person, son of a former officer, and on his mother's side even from the nobility. She brought no money to the marriage and lives from the salary she gets from a subordinate position, which merely supplies her personal needs.

Why did he marry? In order to have a regular object for sexual intercourse. He is tired of the continual seeking for a sexual object. The women make it difficult to break off acquaintanceship; they sell themselves as if they were jewels.

The man always has to be the exploited one. The first paranoid idea comes gradually to light: The women should be put to death. They have unlimited power over the men. He expands over this subject: The women have power over his mental tranquillity, for it is they on whose account he has constantly to be sexually excited. He has to be always thinking of them and chasing after them. They know that nothing can take their place, and they present an unbroken front against the pitiful male sex. Suffering themselves to be merely supported by man leads them always to apply themselves to making the least effort possible in the struggle for existence. Man has to wear himself out, and it rests with woman simply to deny him the only joy in life, sexual gratification.

He finally produces fantasies (particularly in the latter period) in which he himself is a woman and so follows the path of least resistance. He permits himself to be managed by men, sells the sex act for its weight in gold (prostitute fantasies), he “exploits” the men, and so on. He knows that such thoughts are absurd and he will have to remain a “man” for all time. Nevertheless, this makes him furious. He would like to drive the women together into great heaps and in the turn of a hand reduce them with machine guns to a bloody mass of corpses.

When I express surprise that the question of the relation of the two sexes is of such vital interest to him, having admittedly already found his sexual object, I learn the following remarkable fact:

His marriage is no ordinary one. He made a written contract with his wife that 1. he would pay nothing toward the household expenses, but would be responsible solely for the lodgings and the maintenance of the child; 2. he is free at any time

to break faith and 3. to get a divorce whenever it suits him. He as well as his wife left the Catholic Church before this “marriage”, in order that they would be able more easily to secure an eventual divorce.’

Alpha has made free use of his permission to exercise sexual liberty, yet he has not succeeded in entering into a permanent relationship, for here again his parathic symptoms (obsessive sleep, outbursts of fury, and so on) have stood in the way. On the other hand he is dominated by the idea, despite his slight share in the household management, that his wife asks too much money; she has undertaken to compensate for her unfavourable position in the contract through small pilferings of money; and more of the same sort, which afforded him occasion for the obsessive actions mentioned.

The Actual Conflict

It is evident that Alpha entered into marriage with his girl, who was neither pretty nor rich nor of good family, in a typically parathic manner. The marriage was for him an attempt to be rescued from the bonds of the parathy (tendency toward health!) carried out through unsuitable, because at the same time parathic, means. Alpha himself sees that throughout the entire period he has not been actually clear whether he is married or not. The relation to his wife suggests this in two ways. Her pregnancy, as was soon revealed, was decisive for his resolution to marry the girl.

Why had he made her pregnant? Through carelessness. He “just positively” had no preventive with him, so he had intercourse “without” it. The consequences soon followed. He was not surprised and accepted the whole thing as more or less a matter of course. Only that he altered his original purpose to consider his relation to the girl as temporary and concluded the marriage agreement of which we know.

The specific pathological situation from which he was rescuing himself in this marriage was not at first known to me, although in the early hours of treatment the knowledge dawned upon me that the marriage in this form was untenable. But I said nothing as yet to the patient about it.

We will now turn our interest to the patient's environment.

His Father

He was an active officer, but had to give up his profession because he had married a girl who, although of noble birth, was nevertheless poor and could not bring the dowry prescribed by the public treasury. He became first a private tutor, then after his wife's death a man of independent means, and finally after successful speculations a stock broker.. The marriage was an unhappy and stormy one. He became nervous, gave way to outbreaks of fury, in his anger often smashed up the furniture, and the like. The boy was psychically influenced in the most unfavourable manner through the conditions at home. Alpha has retained an unpleasant memory of a scene in his earliest childhood: he sees his father quarreling with his mother in the greatest excitement and then go to the wall and strike against the wall with his head. Alpha even at that time considered this an unworthy manifestation of the father's weakness toward the mother.

His Mother

She was two years older than the father. She was the unlimited mistress of the home, for she possessed more experience with life and more practical sense than her husband. She bore her son (our patient) in the second month of marriage, a token that she had been made pregnant before marriage. I mention this for it appears that the patient, who discovered this (sixteen to seventeen years old) in the marriage certificate, considered this the immediate cause for which his father

had married his mother. At any rate, this circumstance gave him cause for thought, and yet he shrank from putting a direct question to his father in regard to it (source of doubt). The mother died at the age of fifty-three, in the patient's twenty-fifth year, in a paralogic state.

Brothers And Sisters

The patient had two sisters, Erna and Helene. The first was born when the patient was between four and five years old and died at fifteen of tuberculosis. The latter came into the world when our patient was between fifteen and sixteen and now lives with the widowed father in a beautiful home in a choice part of the city.

Anamnesis: The First Experiences

His memories go back to the second and third years of his life. He was interested in heaven and the angels, who his mother told him were children who had died. Alpha expressed the wish likewise to be an angel and begged his mother to chop off his hand so that he could go to heaven.

This strange bit of information found its explanation in the course of the analysis; however, it has no more than the value of an hypothesis, inasmuch as the more detailed circumstances from this earliest period of childhood are no longer recollected by the patient. He can perhaps recall that in the first years he was frequently reminded by his father not to hold his hand at his genitals; also the cutting off of his hand was sometimes suggested to him as a possibility. It happened, furthermore, that about this time a neighbour's child was run over by a freight wagon with the result that both legs had to be amputated. The child died after the operation. It is therefore possible that these experiences taken together were determinants for the child's strange idea and the playing with the penis fell

into association with losing the hand and dying.

The assumption that the boy even at that time was willing to give up the pleasure for the happiness of heaven has much to be said for it and would be of importance for this reason, because it would mean that for the childish mind the idea of sexual pleasure (playing with the penis) and of dying had already formed a fixed relationship. As a further result we should have here the fact already familiar to us that the patient with a compulsive parathic type of reaction, considers the sexual impulse in itself as a burdensome constraint. For if the said connection between sexual pleasure and dying was actually present in the patient's earliest years, we then understand his profound antisexual attitude, upon which later analysis came and which was disclosed as an opposite pole behind his external craving for love.

Another experience (four to five) may be noted here.

A nurse was playing with the boy by a window and played the game of holding him outside the window, which caused great fear in the child. He can never forget the strange feeling of floating over the depth below. It is interesting that shortly after this, as it were to rid himself of this primary fear, he would often hold his rocking-horse out of the window and once even flung it down below with evident satisfaction. Here lie the first traces of the parathic sadism. Parathic, because here already may be seen a clear psychic transformation of the primary traumatic material. For the space of one moment the boy in danger of his life was dependent upon the kindness or the ruthlessness of the person caring for him. Yet this moment was sufficient to make conscious to him for the first time in his life his own inadequacy, his dependence upon the grown people in his environment. Toward the rocking-horse he was the stronger, lord of its "life and death".

We see in the child's strange play with the horse a parathic reversal of the passive emotion of pain into an active pleasure (Freud), a powerful correction of

the relationship, I and the environment, in regard to the feeling of power.

At the same period the boy attempts to bite the girls with whom he plays, for which he has to be frequently punished by those who take care of him.

Conditions in the home environment contributed first of all to the transformation of the child's normal (primary) sadism into a parathic sadism.

The First Impulsive Actions And Attempts At Repression

The irritable and nervous father was roused to all sorts of injustice toward the mother and the children and became early an object of thorough hatred to our patient. When his sister Erna arrived, he turned his hatred against her. He would have no rival in the house. This was the reason why he could not look at her for weeks after her birth and only after long coaxing by his parents decided to make the acquaintance of the infant. His entire love, which until that time had been concentrated upon his mother's person, was shaken by the birth of the sister. He began to doubt the mother's love, although after this event as before he was really the acknowledged favourite of the mother. Nonetheless the boy courted the favour of his parents unceasingly through the years that followed and he sought to win their interest in a way already parathic. He often would say he was tired, when they made excursions or on other occasions, and let his father carry him on his arm. He wished for himself a "severe illness" so that he might positively know whether he was still the object of his parents' care.

There should be mentioned further from the sixth to the ninth year the anal erotism and exhibitionism and, further, in the eighth and ninth years a peculiar desire to be chastised by the father (masochism), which had its beginning in the father's demand that the boy should present himself voluntarily for punishment for a misdemeanour, a demand which was made upon the boys also at this time

by a teacher.

We notice during the same years a strong increase of religious feeling in the boy. He goes to church every Sunday, prays constantly, and so on. The influence of a priest was decisive here, a certain Father K., who had a marked suggestive effect upon the children. The patient recalls from the period of instruction discussion of original sin and of the Fourth Commandment, which stamped itself rather strongly upon him. It seems thus as if the boy was seeking at this time to achieve a process of fundamental psychic healing, as if the unruliness and want of control of the earliest years of childhood tried to find perfect peace. But it was evident that the manifestations of these years represented parathic attempts, furthered by the religious influences, to oppose to the pressure of the antimoral impulses correspondingly strong barriers. We find in this period (nine to ten) extensive power fantasies (which found so much greater expression the more clearly he saw that he was physically the weakest among his playmates), but at the same time also many flagellation fantasies. Every possible infantile tendency appears here and betrays his powerful instinctive life: sadomasochism, peeping, exhibitionism (the penis slips out of the opening of his trousers and he “has not the courage” to attend to it, because his sister is looking at him...), kleptomania (stealing candles from the churchyard), and pyromania. We see that the oscillatory amplitude between the manifestations of his instinctive and moral egos is a significant one, which gives us a clue to the nature of his parathic.

Homosexual Traumata And Attempts At Repression – Masturbation

In the eleventh to the twelfth year the patient was seduced into homosexual play by the pupils of the boarding school which his father conducted at that time, and was abused in a passive form (sodomy). He gave particular attention to this kind of sexual activity and produced from this time on (twelve to thirteen) fantasies of denying himself “the girls” who resisted him when he tried to approach them sexually, and yielding to passive homosexuality. Yet his attitude to girls is still so far “normal” that he can have relationship with them without the obsessive states which are later associated with them. The homosexuality remains until most

recent times in the latent condition.

The patient's disclosures of his attitude toward woman in these years are interesting and I will let them follow: "I was not afraid of woman in any regard up to the time in which I learned of her sexual role. I thought: That is not a boy, that is a girl, of whom you need have no fear. But from the moment that I discovered the sexual relations between woman and man, woman became for me an enemy, something mysterious, significant, before which one must be on one's guard..."

In the patient's twelfth or thirteenth year, his sister was ill with lung disease. About this time his religiosity came to the fore a second time. He wanted, for instance, to be a monk.

He begins masturbation in the thirteenth or fourteenth year under the instigation of the boarding-school pupils. The fantasies, which at first were concerned with the normal sexual act, gradually take on a pathological character. Thus we see in this sexual period the fantasy of urination in the mouth as a preliminary to masturbation, the fantasy of looking from underneath at a woman defecating (mother), as it were from the toilet bowl (identification with the toilet), and other such things. The patient already at this time feels his sexual impulse as a burdensome compulsion, as also the need for urination and defecation, and is always endeavouring somehow or other to exclude and suppress these necessary interests. To be obliged in the end to submit to the impulsion to these physiological functions means for him then an indescribable feeling of pleasure.

An onanistic fantasy from the patient's boyhood illustrates this:

"Since I usually performed masturbation in the toilet (in accordance with my fantasy at that time), a higher civil or religious authority had placed the stay in

the toilet under control, and one had to obtain a ticket which gave the time (five minutes) at a sort of ticket office from a man in uniform, by saying, "A ticket for a stool." If one was not through in five minutes, one was drummed out and had to stop before the onset of orgasm. One might, however, get a second ticket "for hard stools," which allowed ten minutes, in which one could avoid the restriction. If one still was not through, one was treated as above. Both the idea of the forced giving up of the end pleasure and the circumvention of the limitation prescribed are toned with pleasure.

In his fourteenth year the patient spied upon his parents' coitus. He practiced masturbation at the same time, as he says, "vying with the father." He then follows the development of the mother's pregnancy. He gets some intimation that the parents' attempt to effect an artificial abortion has failed. The patient finds himself in a permanent state of excitement. The masturbation has a pronounced masochistic character and is accompanied by urolagnistic and flagellatory fantasies – a condition which would seldom be observed in this intensity with a parapathic. (Nothing of a paralogy can yet be determined; only symptoms from a later period lead one to suspect schizophrenia.) School achievement at this time reveals nothing striking. The self-consciousness of the patient is seriously impaired by a disfiguring skin disorder (acne); comrades deride him calling him the "pimple king"; girls avoid his company.

Building Up Of The Parapathy – Birth Of The Second Sister – Death Of The Sister Erna

The patient consciously, in his fifteenth to sixteenth year, turned the incest fantasies, concerning the mother and sister, to masturbation. In the same period occurs a conflict of serious import to a boy, the doubt whether he is the son of his father (family romance), a doubt upon which Stekel lays great weight in the investigation of parapathies in which obsessive states predominate. Two sexual traumata occur in the same period: the father surprises him at masturbation and warns of premature spinal deformation, and not long after this there is an experience with the sister Erna, who grabs him at his penis. He defends himself

against his sister's desire, later to reproach himself for a long time that he had neglected a favourable opportunity to come into sexual contact with her.

The birth of his sister Helene, which took place about this time, was a further great event for the boy. The hatred which he had already revealed against the former rival was turned now to the second one. Sadistic ideas relating to the child alternated with masochistic acts, which he performed on his own body. The following urolagnistic performance among others was carried out by the boy. He balanced himself by his hand over the bowl in the toilet, his bladder overfull, let the urine flow, while the pleasure gradually increased, and tried to catch it in his open mouth. A desperate struggle was carried on against masturbation; attempt at coitus (seventeenth year) failed because of total impotence (fear of sexual disease). The morality curve rises so far from this time that one might speak of a marked piety on the part of the patient.

When the patient is nineteen years old, Erna dies at the age of fifteen. The boy, who believes in the omnipotence of thought, considers himself the murderer of his sister. He recalls having thoughts of putting her out of the way even a few hours before her death. He now fantasises about the making of a chemical discovery for the destruction of the tuberculosis bacillus, which, as he has heard, produces this disease, and so to rid the world of it. He manifests in general a great interest in chemistry and sets up at home a small laboratory, in which he spends his leisure time. Some later attempts at coitus with prostitutes and servant girls succeed.

He reaches his twentieth year during the mental processes described. A gonorrhoea should be mentioned from this period, acquired with a prostitute and disappearing after six weeks of treatment. Then he passes through the war in military service feeling fairly well.

The Latter Years – Death Of The Mother

In his twenty-second year he returns from war. The field service was painful; he was always trying to “crowd himself down”. At home he breathed freely. Yet he was nervous here and unsettled and visited several physicians, who quieted him. Sadism stands in the foreground of his fantasy at this time, directed against the entire female sex.

He loses his mother when he is in his twenty-seventh year. He is calm and composed; one day after her death he indulges in masturbation with the fantasy of strangling a woman during coitus. The parathy becomes more serious, while a great number of obsessive states appear. Alpha offers himself voluntarily to a socialistic defense formation, ostensibly to find some goal in his psychic chaos; begins, as he puts it, “to act the fascist and the demagogue” and feels in this role extremely well. He fantasises riots, a bloody putting down of the rebellion; then follows a period of reflection, when he begins to study. He imagines, however, that he can study only when he is “at ease with his sexuality”. And that is impossible in the face of his parathic condition.

At this time he becomes acquainted with his present wife, with whom he finds a certain stability; he soon resolves to marry her (twenty-nine years of age) and takes up his residence with her. He breaks off at the same time his relations with his father. He cannot, as he says, get on with the latter. The ground of their dissension, as I learned later, was that the father could not or would not yield to the son’s constant demands for money.

The Analysis

It brought to light without much difficulty the Oedipus complex.

The patient confessed to frank incest fantasies with and without masturbation. They concerned the mother as well as the sister. (Women who were mothers were characteristically not dragged into the sadistic fantasies, in which he allowed women to be destroyed in multitudes.) The words of the mother, for example (the patient at the age of fifteen or sixteen), in regard to the nursing of his sister Helene had a pronounced pleasurable effect upon him: "From this bosom you both have drunk" (the patient and Erna). Alpha used the idea of sucking at the mother's breast as onanistic fantasy (relation to fellatio fantasy). The analysis also discloses a mechanism which rests upon the identification of the patient with his father in relation to choice of partner and helps us to understand why the patient always feared that he would be exploited, subjugated, deprived of his own will by woman. When Alpha learned of his too early birth, he formed a (quite likely!) theory that the mother had forced his father to marry against his will because she had already allowed herself to be impregnated by him. At least this was the way he tried to explain the unhappy life together of his parents.

The woman forces the man to marry; this was the terrifying spectre which had its paralyzing effect upon him in all his sexual undertakings, after he had had a glimpse of his parents' marriage certificate. He tried to make his sexual ideal different from that of the mother. If the mother was eager to rule, he sought for himself a "little slave", as he expressed it, a modest creature who would be pleased with everything he did; if the mother was proud of her origin and thoroughly undemocratic in feeling, then he was drawn "underneath" to the level of the people, where he felt himself at home. He sought the negative of his mother and revealed thereby lack of freedom in his love choice, an erotic dependence upon his primary sexual object. He found himself in the same tragic situation in which all those find themselves who are compelled to change their original love attitude in the border of the Oedipus complex into an attitude of hatred, as a consequence of a disappointment on the part of the primary object (mother). It is due probably to accessory factors through which constellation of the libido then appears in any one case; but if there is – as here – an amalgamation of a primary love with a secondary hate, then we have the disposition for a sadistic parapathy.

Alpha speaks bitterly, for example, of the pain, the shame, and the hatred which he felt on being required once by the mother (eighth or ninth year) for some misdemeanour to allow himself voluntarily to be punished by her in the presence of a stranger woman. The pathogenic character of this punishment is not far to seek: it was the beloved mother from whom he had to receive willingly the chastisement!

The disturbed love attitude toward his mother resulted also for the patient in a change in position toward women in general. He was afraid of women; this fear receded the sooner, note well, the more ugly the women were. Inasmuch as he estimated them all according to the mother's qualities, he believed among other things that woman grants a favour to man in the sexual act and is exclusively the yielding partner. He had to suffer doubtless under the ugliness complex (acne), yet the analysis showed that he had nothing but unhappiness with women. He left most of them alone, or he so conducted himself that he took from them also every pleasure in intercourse with him. Thus often when he had to wait longer than ten minutes for his friend at a rendez vous he would fall into such a rage that he would be forced to slap the girl even upon the busiest streets. Again and again he saved himself from this compulsion, under which he suffered himself, by hastening home and falling into a deep sleep. This behaviour falls into the chapter of impulsive actions, to be more profoundly considered later. I might simply remark here that it had no influence whatever upon his relation to feminine objects in many cases, that the ill-treated women in question again and again kept up the relation with him, and that in spite of all these proofs of their devotion, Alpha always had some new argument ready as to the falseness of women and their endeavour to secure power over the man. The identification with the father worked here – as has been said – to form complexes.

In absolute identification with the father he, too, got a girl with child and permitted her then to “force him to marry”. At least he was always reproaching his wife in his parathic condition that she had compelled him to marry, although in the analysis he rationalized the conclusion of his marriage as due to the “difficulty in making a love choice”.

Anyone who is familiar with the significance of this external compulsion for the parathic will be able to value this factor also in the patient's behavior. Alpha's attitude toward the problem of being forced was a bipolar one. He arranged for himself on the one hand a forced situation, for, through the half-intended begetting of the child, he made it necessary to enter into a marriage likely from the beginning to fail; on the other hand he remonstrated against this external compulsion by the (internal) obsession of his murderous impulse. The inner compulsion must release him from the outer one: a typical parathic reaction. He called his daughter significantly Helene, as the father had named his.

We must not forget that from the moment of the sister's procreation, upon which he spied, he lived through her birth.

He performed masturbation while his father was engaged in coitus, as he said, "vying with the father". He therefore participated in imagination in the conception of this sister.

And now he has his own Helene.

The parallel which I have drawn here is not unimportant. It explains to us a part of the "as-if" system of the patient, which he set up over every problem of his life.

He says himself regarding this system, toward the end of the analysis in a moment of fuller self-recognition:

"It seems to me as if in my entire action I followed a secret principle of yes and no. Whatever I undertake is at the same time good and bad, at the same time

moral and immoral, binding and releasing, positive and negative...In the end, I doubt the value of what has been done and find myself practically at the starting point, striving anew to find a way that will be good, moral, liberating, positive..." His marriage, concluded not from any deeper desire, was such an "as-if" product. Alpha was married – the famous contract assured him, besides, complete sexual freedom. He had a sexual object – the latter was also of such a sort that it could not concentrate the patient's full libido upon itself. At all events, the bond sufficed to lend to the fiction of having been forced a "shred of reality" (Stekel).

As we became clear concerning the deeper connections of the actual conflict, we brought to Alpha's attention the pathological aspect of his marriage, but especially the arrangement of the compulsive situation which inclined him to impulsive action. Alpha saw that formal divorce as an end to his marriage was absolutely necessary for the putting aside of the severe actual conflict. Inasmuch as the formalities of a divorce had been already prepared by him in detail, it did not take long to separate the two unhappy persons, upon which the psychic condition of the patient was obviously much improved. He set up a bachelor apartment, and it seemed as if we were over the worst.

The remarkable thing then was that Alpha, after some unsuccessful attempts to make new acquaintances, went back to his divorced wife, entered with her into a sexual relation, in which he remained free from most of his former obsessive acts. They lived together now in harmony; Alpha worked upon his theme for dissertation and devoted himself to the education of the child. It was plain to me that the removal of the compulsion toward the marriage had in this case carried with it the necessary psychic disburdening, but at the same time I knew that the change which had been brought about was only of a superficial nature and the real pathologic agencies remained untouched.

What sort of instinctive forces were these? Analysis revealed here a complicated parathetic construction. The mother fixation has already been discussed.

The Oedipus situation was given up at an early period, when the primary love object (mother) became an object of hatred and fear. This attitude is beautifully maintained in the following dream:

I see myself in a hilly country. Everything is bathed in sunshine. I am to climb a height, as if I wanted to build a house there. A woman is standing upon the elevation. Splendid, like a queen, Greek goddess, or an Amazon. I do not trust myself up there. The woman's shield glances in the sun, so that I have to turn away my eyes.

I believe that the patient's relation to woman cannot be more truly represented. His ascent to the shining heights of love, where he might establish himself ("build a house") is prevented by the idea of a well-defended, threatening woman ("queen, goddess, Amazon"). He does not trust himself upon the height. At the same time we find here in the picture the idea of woman (mother) in association with the idea of "being above," a relationship which, as we have seen, signified a fateful situation for our patient.

He fears the domination of the woman.

The primary hate object (father) becomes secondarily one worthy of being pitied, in the same way a suppressed creature, his love object (father fixation). To please the father, to win his approbation, his favour, becomes his most earnest wish, as one of his dreams also shows us: I find myself with my father eating. A postman comes and brings my (good) school report. I am praised and feel very proud. Father boasts of me before the students.

The constellation we have mentioned as within the Oedipus complex forms the basis of the patient's latent homosexuality.

The homosexual experiences from his boyhood prevented on their part a total repression of the homosexual component, so that a large portion of the stream of libido remains withdrawn from the feminine object.

A dream:

Find myself in a room with a colleague T. and an older man with side whiskers , who is however quite uneducated (a man of the people). Both T. and I are undressed. T. sits on my legs facing me, holding my phallus between his legs. He has no phallus, so that mine may be in place of his. It is not in erection at first, but then gradually. T. struggles against fellatio. Then he does it. I watch him bite into my organ with great pleasure...

Association to an “older man”, God the Father, who sees the act.

The interpretation of the dream may be spared. The words: “has no phallus, so that mine may be in place of his,” as well as the “biting into” show relation to the active and passive castration complex, concerning which we will speak later.

The masturbation fantasy from the patient’s fifteenth year is also homosexual.

A masturbatory fantasy from the twenty-fourth year: Am a billionaire, have my own house with the cellar arranged for sadistic orgies. I abduct a lady in an automobile, bring her to me, and compel her to go into the cellar rooms. The woman is seized there, strapped to a chair, and whipped. She is angry at being thus taken unawares, but her cries of pain are of no avail. Orgasm.

This fantasy is elaborated in a sadistic-masochistic sense.

We must keep before us that our patient, like all individuals undergoing an extensive splitting of consciousness, possessed in his parathic states a well-marked ability for identification and projection, that he therefore on one side experienced much in his own ego which pertained to external objects; on the other side, was able to displace a part of his personal affect upon external objects or upon the totality of things and express a conflict between the “moral ego” and the “instinct ego” in the relationship, “egouniversality”. His masturbatory lust-murder fantasies (for example, strangling of the female object, with orgasm) and the lust-suicide fantasies (for example, disembowelling fantasy with masturbation) are also equivalent, according to this explanation. We find, too, frequent fantasies which contain mutual lust and murder.

Our patient struggles desperately against the outbreak of his criminal tendencies. His profound splitting of consciousness (he carries on conversations out loud with himself!) makes this fight an exceedingly difficult one. If the impulse to lust-murder overtook him, he would usually seek refuge in sleep, of which he also asserted it was for him an equivalent of suicide.

The patient says concerning this sleeping of his:

“If a woman stands me up at a rendezvous or on other occasions, when I want to suppress my impulse to do something in fury to her, then I hasten home and lie down to sleep. I would much rather commit suicide. It almost seems to me as if I were enacting suicide through sleep. I once had the impulse to take my own life (this idea is a very pleasurable one for me), and I wanted to take cyanide of potassium. Instead of this I took paraldehyde and saved myself through sleep. I feel in sleep as if I were hidden: sleep seems to me like a welcome place of refuge which stands open for me in every unhappy situation and in troublesome

thoughts.”

Twice the criminal impulse was so strong that he was no longer able to withstand it. The first time it happened like this:

A girl of his acquaintance came to him to ask him to prepare some potassium cyanide for her brother, who was a photographer. As this girl had long suffered from depression, Alpha conceived the suspicion that really the girl intended suicide. Two symptoms at once appeared in him: a nervous diarrhea and the obsession to indulge in masturbation with the fantasy of a girl taking her own life by poison. He had promised the girl to prepare the poison for her and now had to pass through severe mental conflicts in his laboratory not to carry out her wish, because of the suspicion mentioned.

He decided to give her another powder so that he might learn her purpose, and finally furnished her with sodium nitrite.

How great was his consternation to learn soon after this that the girl had committed suicide with potassium cyanide! A new double situation had arisen for Alpha which left every door and every avenue open to the doubt whether he had actually given her the sodium nitrite or perhaps – by mistake – potassium cyanide. Is he the girl’s murderer or had she procured the poison somewhere else? This question has never been answered and has remained, ever casting up anew the floods of guilt to drive the mills of his parapathy, unsolved at the bottom of his psyche. And from time to time merely a watchful dream like the following throws him into a state of acute terror:

The second experience was fully as unpleasant as the other.

A young girl came to Dr. Stekel one day and said that she had just saved herself by using all her force from being strangled in the clutches of our patient. She had previously learned from him that he was having treatment here and now begged to be advised what she should do. Dr. Stekel explained to her as much as was necessary, and I then learned from the patient that the girl, when he wanted to have coitus with her, had offered resistance, and in a rage he lost control of himself and began to choke her. While she was with Dr. Stekel, he was fast asleep.

Alpha has an immoderate desire to make good. The will to power residing in every person attained an excessive pathological degree early in him as a consequence of his physical inferiority toward his companions of the same age, as well as of his ugliness complex. Alpha has developed fantasies of unlimited power over his environment. He is also wholly infantile in this, and in his fantasy places himself back in the time of his being "sole ruler". For he felt it bitterly even in his school days that "at home he was the Lord Himself and in the school a nobody." The strongest motive force in these fantasies came from the thought of his father's loss of power.

He wanted to be at any price a man of force.

His nose played a great part in his ugliness complex. He imagined that his nose was too long. He did not get rid of this idea until through a cosmetic operation he had his nose made to suit him.

One might speak here of a castration complex (displacement from below to above), but another interpretation of the exaggerated reaction on the ground of his slight defect in good looks seems much more plausible.

The patient states thus that once (fifteenth to sixteenth year) he found in his

mother's drawer a photograph of an officer who had a strikingly long nose. He immediately conceived the fantasy that the officer was an archduke and a former lover of his mother and that perhaps he was the illegitimate son of this man.

Analysis showed that he had undergone the operation chiefly for the purpose of removing once and for all the stigma of his "illegitimate" origin. This way of considering it (I have long ago pointed to this motive force in the nose complex) explains also the excessive affect toward the small defect in beauty.

It is significant that he never spoke to his mother of the picture of the officer which had such vital interest for him and so preserved for himself a constant source of doubt.

His will to subjection is just as strong as his will to power. The patient describes the transformation of the will to power into its opposite in the following manner:

"I was whipped so often that I did not know how else to help myself than to try to conceive the punishment as something pleasant, especially upon those occasions where I had to submit myself voluntarily to chastisement. The unpleasant character was thus stripped from the punishment and the latter made morally absurd. As time went on, I changed the pain consciously and purposely into pleasure and at last experienced the latter at the mere thought of blows." A dream illustrates this:

I am in the waiting room of a doctor who has discovered a new method of treating parapathy. He goes under the finger nail with a needle and in this way gets an electric contact with the nerves. The doctor appears – she begins the operation and says: "It will hurt!" I say: "Not without ethyl chloride!" and think: We chemists ought to deserve something. She goes to the cabinet and comes back with a huge syringe. I say: "Now wait; I see we can't do it that

way!” and want to fetch the ethyl chloride myself. I kiss her good-bye, very heartily, and think: “That is the way the women are, first they want to torture you, then they are kind.”

“It will hurt,” is said here by the female object, who is identified with the analyst (transference). It is a question of getting rid of the pain. Since the woman is not able to do this, the patient does it himself, not without remarking that the women who “want to torture one” then become love objects.

The will to submission was also a reaction of conscience. We should not forget that Alpha, despite his wide-reaching infantilism (perhaps really on account of it), was religious. Indeed, we were able during the investigation of his daydreams to determine that he would several times a day repeat mechanically the words: “And forgive us our trespasses” or, “And lead us not into temptation.” His frequent refraining from food was also religiously determined, imposed upon himself in order to “starve out his instinct”.

The gastric symptoms from which he suffered frequently were often regular sensations of hunger. We have to seek therefore one root of our patient’s gastric disorder in the religio-ascetic tendency, which led to fasting. We will take this opportunity to confirm the fact that the religiosity which is met with in our patient has an important function to perform in his psychic economy: he needs it as a restraint for his overpowerful antisocial impulse.

His dream again affords an illustration: I am in the primeval forest. A high board path leads through the wood. It is a yoga road. A man with a beautiful full black beard and a host of disciples (fellow pupils?) are treading this way of penance. I hasten before them out of curiosity and desire for knowledge. Suddenly the path is at an end, hanging free in the air at a height of about twenty metres; I therefore return and leave the pilgrims. I reach a lower spot, spring into the thicket, and climb to earth. I do not reach it, for suddenly this picture is interrupted and tigers, lions, all the creatures of the jungle, swamp, malaria, and so on, arise as

the dangers of the earth's surface.

The dream interprets itself. Will to power ("I hasten before them") and atonement; height and depth; further, the struggle which our patient carries on against the bestial and morbid in his own nature, all find plastic representation here.

The cannibalistic complex belongs also to the sadistic manifestations. We recall the patient's behaviour in his earliest years (biting). The parathy caused a regression back as far as these years. We find even in the sixteenth to the eighteenth year masturbation fantasies in which cannibalistic scenes appear.

One such fantasy from this period reads: I am very rich, have a submarine boat. I carry off women to a lonely island in the South Seas. The fantasy seems too immoral; I change the woman whom I have just carried away into a rather old, fat prostitute. I have hewn out of the rock on the island a place where I can take up my abode; there I flog the prostitute and afterward commit cannibalistic acts. First I cut off the breasts, after some days pieces from the anal region. Finally the prostitute is killed (choice of prostitute because at all events it does no harm with such a person). Here ejaculation.

Variations of this fantasy:

(a) Similar local situation. Find a shipwrecked person on the beach. She is cultured, intelligent, refined (like my mother). I bind her, whip her, and in the end rape her. I would let her live, but I am afraid that she will betray me. So I cut off her tongue and eat it. Then stab the bound woman through the heart. Ejaculation.

(b) Suicide of a woman before my eyes out of despair for her misfortune. Ejaculation.

In this connection the following impulsive action of the patient may be considered:

Whenever his wife spoke of hunger or thirst, he felt as if he must kill her. I traced this, supported by the material, upon the pathway of a cannibalistic reflex, a conception which in my opinion does not fall outside the picture.

Analysis showed that the cannibalistic complex, the idea of having indulged in human flesh, constituted the further root of the nervous stomach disorder.

This complex, too, which demonstrates the measure of his psychosexual regression, as the analysis revealed, had its deepest root in the attitude toward the mother and sister.

What do we learn from the analysis of the symptoms of regression in our patient?

His psychic regression occurred in a phylogenetic as well as in an ontogenetic sense. A phylogenetic regression (atavism) is represented, for example, by the patient's sadism associated with cannibalism; atavistic is also his custom of giving inanimate objects human names and treating them as if alive (animism). Thus, for instance, he had a harem of musical instruments, which he had gathered together in a sort of collecting mania. A bugle horn was called Poldi, violins had the names Erika and Mizzi ("blond and brunette"); the mandolins and guitars also had their human names. Alpha could play but little, but he was

always buying new instruments, in the hope that sometime he would master them.

We may observe the ontogenetic regression in the fantasy of the mother's womb. Many things testify to its existence. Even the manner of sleeping, which the patient retained up to the present, was significant. He lay drawn in a heap (his knees touching his chin), covered over his head; chairs had to be placed around his bed, or he would push the table up to the edge of the bed. Pleasurable fantasies of being buried alive also belong here; thoughts, furthermore, of being born again; finally, the sleeping obsession, which meant for him the happiness of being hidden and of total oblivion to the world.

A phenomenon of regression is also the widely ramified and intense infantilism, which we have presented in detail.

Results Of The Analysis

We have learned to know in the course of the analysis so many of the patient's manifestations that fall outside the picture of the ordinary parathy that it seems not unimportant to ask whether and in how far we may have a paralogy here before us.

I incline on the basis of the material to the opinion that this is a borderland case between a parathy and a paranoid form of schizophrenia. For the paralogy speak:

(a) the breaking through into consciousness of most of the pathological complexes, as, for example, the Oedipus complex, cannibalism, and the like;

(b) the absolutely egocentric emotional attitude toward the world about him;

(c) the, for so long a time, unmodifiable character of the ideas: “Women have power over my well-being,” and “Women will not grant me pleasure of their own free will, therefore I have to destroy them”;

(d) the attacks of rage;

(e) the far-reaching splitting of consciousness.

Indications against assuming a pronounced paralogy:

(a) absence of intellectual gaps;

(b) the correction of the paranoid obsessive ideas as the effect of analysis.

We must distinguish two groups of parathic phenomena, which are antagonistically opposed to each other in accordance with the law of bipolarity. The active component alternates usually periodically with the passive, while the former, because it is antisocial in its direction, falls under repression to break through again if a pathological situation arises. We find in the entire development of the case no point of time, or almost none, in which any sort of a middle course was taken (for example, neither sadistically nor masochistically). The affects swing from one pole to the other, and according to the amplitude of the affect there is a more or less crass development of the individual symptoms.

The patient came to us for help in an unbearable situation: we must save him from his murderous impulse.

Everything seems to assure us that this task has been accomplished. We have indeed seen that he was about to yield to the pressure and as a consequence to be thrust from human society. The course of the analysis revealed to us that our conception of the pathogenic role of the marriage contract was a correct one. After we had removed the artificial compulsion of his marriage, the hostility of the patient toward his wife shrank to a minimum. He gave up for the second time living with her and continued at last in a relationship with a girl fairly satisfactory to him. He is thinking of marriage at his own level with a loved object.

X: CASE HISTORIES

CASE NUMBER 27

A sadistic woman.

Mrs. N. L., a beautiful slender woman, twenty-eight years of age, with sharply chiselled features, put herself into my care because of a difficulty which had brought her into the severest conflicts. She is the wife of a high aristocrat and lives a great part of the year upon an estate in the neighbourhood of a small town. There she leads a blameless life at the side of her husband, and no one who visits her or knows her at home would suspect to what fearful passions she has yielded.

She can stand it at home and with her husband, who idolizes her and grants her every wish, six months at the most, then she has to go to a sanatorium or to a large hotel on the Riviera or to Switzerland, to some house where a large company are gathered together in a free and easy manner. On the very first day of her arrival she makes a survey at table of all those present and... But at this point, I should like to have her speak for herself and of herself:

“...And I observe at once which of the gentlemen present will be my victim.”

“You mean, will fall in love with you?”

“No, I do not mean that. Fall in love... that is a mere trifle. No... I am a sadist. I seek the victim whom I am going to whip...”

“And you always find him and at the first glance?”

And have you never been in a sanatorium where you did not find a victim?”

“I always find one. I usually find several victims. I have never yet been in a sanatorium where I have not secured a partner. But listen further: I exchange but one look with the gentlemen. I look at them all. My first glance is serious, cruel, and stern. Then I notice in many a man a sudden cringing and I know it at once! The man will be my slave...”

“How does the acquaintance then come about?”

“Oh, that soon happens. Sadists and masochists have a secret language. I might say a secret alliance with secret customs and secret agreement. We speak to each other after the meal, and the first rendezvous is usually arranged then. We say not a word of what we are going to do. I say to him harshly: ‘Come this evening at nine or ten o’clock to my room!’ I give him a masterful look and go my own way, with no further word to him. If he wants to talk, I shake him off like a dog that would make itself a nuisance.”

“And he comes?”

“He is sure to come at the appointed hour. He certainly comes! Then I have him disrobe completely, while I remain dressed. I permit him neither to approach me, nor do I allow any caresses. He has to obey; he undresses and throws himself at my feet. Now I strike him with the riding whip as hard as I can and as long as it

is possible without being heard. He moans with pain or pleasure and writhes at my feet. Oh, I have seen at my feet proud, renowned men, shining lights in their profession, grateful and kissing my shoes with gratitude for the blows. I strike until their flesh is bleeding.”

“Do you experience great pleasure in this?”

“Of course. Yet not so much as later when the man throws himself upon me and wants to possess me. Then I look at him scornfully, ridicule him. I notice how he squirms with passion, how desire robs him of the last vestige of masculine dignity. He begins to beg, to whimper, to twist and turn before me, pleading for the chief gratification. I remain cold, and this triumph affords me a voluptuous pleasure such as I can never experience in normal intercourse with my husband.”

“And he goes away without having possessed you?”

“Always!”

“Have you never found any one who will not do so?”

“Oh, yes, many a one has first writhed in pain and then wanted to be strong and use force. Such a one succeeded beautifully. I was stronger than he and threatened if necessary to scream and cause a scandal. Many a one I have driven out of the door with my whip and forbidden him ever to come again. Believe me, these men then run after me like dogs. I could have asked anything of them; they were utterly in my power.”

“And have you never succumbed to your own desire?”

“No; this desire – you mean I suppose for sexual union – no longer exists then for me. I have it with my husband and now and then also with other men. Yet what is this feeble pleasure which I feel in normal intercourse compared with the indescribable bliss of such a sadistic act? The orgasm reaches such a height that I could not feel a stronger one. My whole personality seems exalted; I seem to be proudly uplifted, at one with all my forces. And I have found that one has power only over the men to whom one does not completely surrender. All these men are my slaves even today and run after me. Because they have never possessed me, because they are always consumed in ardent desire for me, because they have learned to know my severity and longed afterward to enjoy also my tenderness.”

“And what do you expect from me and my medical art?”

“I want to be delivered from my illness. I have heard that people can be changed through hypnosis. You will ‘talk out’ of me this crazy sadism. I am falling now into wretched embarrassment. In the sanatorium where I was last, a woman next door heard the cracking of the whip and seems to have observed something through the keyhole. I was ordered by the director to leave the house immediately. Think if that comes to the ears of my husband! My reputation and my position in society are endangered! I want to be freed from my perversity – at any price whatsoever. I want to be a normal, healthy woman...”

I have reproduced the conversation because it affords us a surprising glimpse of the actual conditions of life and reveals also what frequently is going on behind the scenes of a sanatorium, and in what manner most wonderful cures take place.

Naturally, hypnosis is not to be thought of in a case like this. Nothing but a

rather long re-education through analytic effort can be crowned with success. But one is often in a position, through knowing exactly the situation, to give good advice and point the way to another mode of life.

So it was in this case. A thorough anamnesis brought to light very interesting material. The patient had really always been numb at coitus and had been able to bring to it only weak libido by the aid of fantasies. On the other hand, it was discovered that even in early years she had had lesbian relations with friends for a fairly long time. She was always infatuated with beautiful girls and the kiss of a charming friend is sweeter to her than that of the most attractive man.

In fact, her strongest orgasm was associated with the kiss of a proud friend, for whose friendship she long had to pursue.

This friend remained cold and unapproachable for a long time, until one day they met each other and kissed. This kiss is unforgettable for her even today!

She often dreams that she is a man, goes walking in men's clothes, has wished to go through a campaign as a soldier.

She is bisexual with strongly marked homosexuality, which, however, is now strongly suppressed. She firmly resolved to be a normal woman and married her husband for this reason. This conflict with her own masculinity, to which she denies her libido, expresses itself in the specific scenes which she is always bringing about. She chastises a man and allows him to languish and faint with desire. It is the man in herself on whom she inflicts the punishment and whom she crushes, allows to perish with longing.

CASE NUMBER 28

A sadist.

Ferdinand K., a youth of twenty-one years, was a constant source of anxiety to his parents, whose only child he was.

Pampered and spoiled by father and mother, he became a genuine tyrant in the home, whose will had always to be done or there were frightful scenes. In their perplexity the parents sent the boy away from home when he was sixteen years old.

They heard only good of their intelligent son from his teachers and his boarding-house mistress. He learned readily, then entered a business, where he likewise gave satisfaction in every respect. But his uncle had in the home town a large and very profitable store, was already tired of work, and was looking around for a successor. Ferdinand should be the one.

They thought he had now passed through his years of indiscretion and it would work. He came home, went into his uncle's business. There was peace for only a few weeks; then the old scenes were revived, but they took on much worse forms than previously. Formerly he had only wanted his desires to be gratified. Now he expected his mother to divine his wishes. If she gave him the correct advice he was calm, but if she advised him wrongly there were frightful scenes.

He would begin to strike wildly about, fall into unspeakable rages, and threaten

to do something dreadful.

One Sunday morning Ferdinand was still in bed, and his mother came into the room with his coffee. He had been wishing to himself that his mother would bring him his coffee in bed. But she put it as usual on the table. He leaped out of bed in his shirt and flung first the cup and then the whole breakfast to the floor, so that everything broke in a thousand pieces. Then he demolished the chair. And now he began systematically to destroy the entire room, until there was not a whole object left in it. The attack was like that of a raving maniac. I met him in this state. He had gone back to bed growling and stayed there quite negativistic, would answer none of my questions. He turned himself toward the wall and was silent. All that his mother could say was that the evening before he had been very nice to her. He lay down upon her bed and gave her a kiss. It had already become plain to me what the young man wanted. The whole comedy with the coffee cup that should have come into the bed was a symbolic displacement of great desires upon small ones with symbolic affect value. The real thought was: "Oh, if my mother would come into bed with me and be unrestrainedly affectionate to me! Why does she not discern my secret wishes? I can never tell them to her. She must come to me and must discover them." His inner thought as his mother set the coffee upon the table and not upon the bed was: "She will never come to me in bed. I hinted to her last evening what it was that I wanted. But she does not want to understand me, because she... does not love me." And now all the demons of hate are let loose. Only love that has been rejected can be so ferocious.

We have really no right to speak of sadism if ruthless actions have been performed toward persons concerning whom the feeling is neutral. Sadism means cruelty toward individuals whom one loves!

Hate and love are bipolar forms of expression of one and the same feeling, only with the distinction that love endeavours to subject the partner through pleasure, and hatred through pain. "If you will not love me, then you must feel the power of my hatred." The chief thing, however: "You must feel me and feel through me

and occupy yourself with me...”

Cruel actions toward persons concerning whom one is indifferent betray a serious mental disturbance. They lead us to conclude that there is social and psychic inferiority. The smashing of objects is a substitute action and actually takes the place of killing the mother. How many deeds of violence have been prevented through such symbolic discharge of energy! Let us turn back to our patient. I advised the mother to send the son from home. Experience had proved that separation from the parents worked very favourably upon him. But that would not do now, they thought. They had tried to do this, but the youth did not want to leave home. Then I counselled a heroic measure. The mother and perhaps the father should go away, and the patient ought not to know where they were. The poor mother had the force to follow my advice. She quickly packed a small trunk and stole out of the house by the back way, so that the young man should not notice it. Never have I experienced anything that has shaken me more! A mother who had to flee from her only son! She hastened to the railway station and visited relatives in another city, where she hid herself for several weeks.

The son’s conduct was very interesting. He got up, dressed, and locked himself in the toilet, which he would not leave. The father trembling asked me what he should do.

Should he not implore him? Should he use force and have the locksmith summoned? The boy threatened to throw himself out of the window if he did that. I was able calmly to advise the father to leave him alone. He was really playing with his parents’ hearts and would quiet himself if he noticed that no-one was troubling himself about him. He came out of his fortress after six hours, went into the room, and to the table.

He asked for his mother. He heard then that she had gone away and would not return for a year. Where? No one knew; she had not wanted to tell.

Now I witnessed the strongest example of stubbornness that I have ever seen. The young man stood for thirty-six hours – thirty-six – before the table, did not move, would not eat, gave no response to his father’s words or his pleading, nor when the other members of the family addressed him.

Like a statue Ferdinand stood there and did not move.

He may have felt hunger and weariness. But the pleasure of the thought that his father must be suffering still more helped him over the severe period. Again the weak father wanted to telegraph the mother to come back and even beg the son’s forgiveness. But the uncle, instructed by me, remained implacable and dragged the father away, so that Ferdinand remained alone the entire night. I do not know whether he lay down and went back to the table only when he heard footsteps. Whenever a servant came in, he was found in the same position.

Finally, after thirty-six hours, his defiance was broken. He ate greedily and was persuaded to leave the city.

He went abroad and was entirely compliant with his father’s wishes. He took a position; there was again no fault to be found with his industry and obligingness. But he still wrote never a word to his mother. A long, affectionate letter came each week to his father. He accepted no money from home, nor did he want any mention of his mother made in the letters.

His hatred toward her, the poor innocent woman, who had given him his whole life only her self-sacrificing love, was ineradicable. Away from home he was well. He was sick merely when his relations to his parents were in question. He was “parent ill”, as I should call it.

CASE NUMBER 29

Symbolic lust-murder.

F. M., an officer of thirty-four years of age, has intercourse with prostitutes in a remarkable manner. He is impotent with women, and a bashfulness which he cannot overcome prevents him from forming a relationship. From time to time he has an irresistible impulse to visit a prostitute. He is in indescribable excitement; he is trembling and shaking all over. He always comes to the brothel resolving this time to have intercourse in normal manner and to conduct himself normally. But at the moment that he is alone with the prostitute an inexplicable fear seizes him which is stronger than he. He is afraid to be alone with her and explains that he would much rather have intercourse with her if she would call one of her colleagues. She does so. Often he grows quiet, especially if the onlooker is very forceful. But if the person summoned is a delicate, weak girl, he needs still another woman. Then he performs coitus without special orgasm, pays, and leaves the house depressed, dissatisfied, ashamed.

This strange manner of behaviour is not his wish, but belongs among the forms of sexuality, and its existence today among savages demonstrates to us its significance. It is to be explained as the transference of one upon two to bring about an orgy (pluralism). (Certainly such a number of overtones are also present in the libidinal desire, because the pluralism likewise of the act in the family, limited to persons in which it may have expression, suppressed in the other members, becomes in all its strength a common act of a number of individuals. The orgy is the participation of the children in the parents' sexuality, the expression of the effort to transform sexuality to a social play.) It is much more, as this patient's dreams prove, the case of a lust-murderer who fears himself and is afraid that in the orgasm he might strangle or stab his partner. He needs the presence of the women for his own and the girl's protection. It is for this reason that only the strong girl is a sufficient protector. He never, generally speaking,

stays alone in a room with a woman. He is immediately seized with a nervous trembling, which he cannot explain for he has no intimation of his paraphilia. He belongs also to those people who do not notice their dreams. He merely knows that every morning he awakes with a dull, heavy head.

He cannot at first orient himself. He staggers to the washstand and pours cold water over his head. It is as if his head were swimming, as if he would suddenly fall to the floor. Violent headaches torment him till late in the morning. All persons who do not control their dream life and are not willing to know what is going on within them manifest such symptoms.

One often hears such people say that they never have dreamed. That is of course nonsense.

Everyone dreams without interruption the whole night through, beginning to dream the moment the eyes are closed, usually even a few minutes before (hypnagogic pictures) ; one dreams on a while after one has awakened, often for some seconds, frequently long minutes (hypnopompic images). But persons who during the night live out their wild suppressed instincts, especially their criminal nature, make a great effort in the morning to forget what they have dreamed (Freud's repression). They first have to come to themselves, repress the images of the night, and permit the thoughts of the day to triumph over those of the night. The moment of repression they feel as a giddiness or a pressing back. On the other hand this repression produces the symptoms of pressure in the head: individuals have the feeling as if a band were encircling the head, as if something were trying to come out and force itself through the skull, as if the skull would burst, and so on.

Our patient had these manifestations, but he could report nothing from the dreams of the night. Now a certain training belongs to the observation of dreams. Most people dream, give very fleeting attention to the dreams, and have forgotten them in the morning. Even when they have been requested by the

physician to notice the dreams, they perhaps wake in the night, repeat the dream, say to themselves: “You need not write that down; you have remembered it very well”... and the next day the dream is completely forgotten.

It requires a great effort of the will to give attention to the dream, when the entire psychic apparatus is so arranged as to forget it and at once repress it.

Our patient, however, was a man of iron will. He undertook to seize his dreams and started on a chase after them. It was more difficult than he had imagined. But at last he succeeded, and the whole series of dreams unrolled itself before my eyes. I had told Mr. F. M. nothing of his illness, nor had I imparted to him what I suspected behind his pathological performance in the brothel. The first dream which he brought me read:

I am quite alone with a girl in her room. She is lying stabbed in a pool of blood. I am afraid that I may be considered the murderer and flee from the room. A watchman notices me and says: “You have bloody hands.” ... I defend myself and say I have killed a chicken. He looks at me suspiciously and lets me go on.

Further observation showed that almost all his dreams were of this type. They always had to do with a murder which had been committed upon a prostitute; there was always a court procedure in which he had to prove his innocence.

Finally childhood memories appeared which strengthened the assumption that it was a case of infantile murder fantasies.

He used to cut up dolls with a knife and imagined while doing it that the blood ran upon his clothing. He had day fantasies also as a boy in which he cut out the

female genitalia. He belonged to those children who always want to see how people look inside. This was what he was always thinking about and seeking for. He became a medical student and would have liked to do operations. But he fainted away in the dissecting room. He could not look at dead bodies and blood.

There has been since his youth a strong repression of the sadistic impulses, with transformation of them into horror of blood and disgust with everything connected with it. He could not eat rare roast beef nor look on when a chicken was butchered. Nevertheless, after his one year's voluntary service in the army, he performed duty as an officer. I saw him also before the war, into which he went with tremendous enthusiasm. Now he could put his sadistic disposition at the service of the fatherland.

Only three weeks after his first engagement he returned, presenting the typical picture of war parapathy: fatigue, depression, bodily weakness, listlessness, insomnia, sensitiveness to light and every sound, tendency to weeping.

He was no longer able to sleep after the first battle, in which he had distinguished himself. His conscience plainly could not further endure the libidinal charge of his military activities. In his brief dreams he was always seeing himself thrusting his sabre into the enemy's belly, and even by day he was constantly pursued by such visions. The condition passed away after three weeks; he became composed, and as an instructor of recruits certainly performed equally valuable service for his country.

He had lost his fear with prostitutes and had long given up having witnesses present. It was one of those rare cases in which simply a short treatment and enlightenment sufficed for the cure. He saw at once that I was right, and at the close of the treatment handed me a wonderful, very sharp Norwegian knife.

“Permit me to give you this knife with a confession and as a souvenir of the subdued murderer of women. I have always had this knife concealed upon me when I have gone to a prostitute. I had, to be sure, a motive for this. I might have to defend myself, if another man should attack me. I know now that this would have been the weapon with which I would have done the murder. I know myself now and need neither weapons nor assurance through the presence of others.”

CASE NUMBER 30

Sadism against animals.

Mr. K. H. always has a fowl with him when he goes to a brothel. This fowl he has to strangle before the eyes of the prostitute; then he throws himself upon her and performs coitus with a great orgasm. Without the bird, he is completely impotent. In this case the fowl plays the role of the prostitute.

He must strangle a living being, wring its neck. In his fantasy he does it to the prostitute, whereupon the pleasure-toned coitus ensues. Insistent questioning brings no knowledge of the connection existing here. He thinks only of the chicken and never of the woman. But finally he gives way and confesses that he had such fantasies already succeeding puberty, but without the fowl. He observed all women's necks, and it interested him to wonder whether their necks could be twisted. He attributes the origin of this passion to the reading of Zola's *L'Argent*, where a scene of this kind is depicted. He was sixteen years old when he read this story.

One frequently hears such statements from sadists or masochists. They acquired their paraphilia through the perusal of some work. This is naturally not correct. The scene had this effect upon them because it was already latent in them. They were attuned to the fantasy. The anamnestic examination of our patient's early years shows in fact that he had in his childhood a great interest in the wringing of the neck, and he remembers that a fairy story in which a twisted neck played a part made a great impression upon him. He had entirely forgotten these infantile scenes. Only through the analysis did they come to light. He also remembers that he tore all his sister's dolls to pieces at the neck. His mother informed him, when he wrote and asked her, that he had threatened at the age of four to wring the

neck of his little sister as he had once seen it done to chickens. Thus a strong infantile impression was mixed with a comedy of displacement, which he had to repeat over and over again.

The infantile impressions were forgotten, the woman became the secondary person, and the fowl was apparently the chief object. That is, he no longer was aware that his original tendencies were toward the murder of a woman. This idea was entirely repressed and belonged to those forbidden things which he did not wish to see. The character picture was filled out through his being a strict vegetarian and the fact that the sight of raw meat, such as may be seen in meat shops, produced in him a feeling of disgust and nausea. (There are many such people; they are all sadists with repressed thirst for blood.)

I have emphasized the fact in my work upon fetishism that the preference for those who have had limbs amputated rests upon a similar mechanism. It is the principle of a “finished thing”. I know several such specimens. In this case, too, the original idea was: I should like to cut both legs off a woman. Later, however, this idea was set aside and the desire for some one who had suffered amputation was rationalized through her gratitude and greater pleasure.

Sadistic symbolic actions belong to the most remarkable phenomena of sexual psychopathology. A remarkable case, the knowledge of which I owe to a prostitute, has its place here:

CASE NUMBER 31

A fifty-three-year-old, very elegant man is known among her associates as the sofa stabber. He goes only to those prostitutes who know his mania and are not afraid of him. He undresses himself, murmurs all sorts of wild but completely unintelligible words, throws himself upon the sofa, and stabs it through ever so many times with a knife. Then brief coitus, after which he lies for some time as if unconscious...

Numberless are the cases in which a slight insignificant action betrays the sadistic fantasy. There is the man who must always hold in his hand a ball of newspaper when he performs coitus. He squeezes this ball hard before the orgasm comes. Now it is a man who would like to choke his victim. Another parathic presses his partner's arm until she has to cry out. The arm symbolizes for him the neck.

Others seize the throat and pretend in fun that they might or should like to strangle it. I have already spoken of the love bite. It belongs almost to the inventory of normal love. But I know cases in which the bite has to be a bloody one if the orgasm is to be attained. Gnashing the teeth during coitus betrays the cannibalistic fantasy, which expresses itself also in the words: "I love you so much I could eat you up." The necrophiliac desires the absolute immobility of his partner.

The woman must resemble a dead person, for only thus will the orgasm come.

CASE NUMBER 32

The confession of a repressed sadist and chronic masturbator.

I was my parent's second child. My father was twenty-seven years old when he married my mother, four or five years younger. His most outstanding characteristics: Energy, restless activity, besides a slightly choleric temperament; as a merchant so upright and with so little consideration for his profit that after the first indifference to material things, he saw with great concern the bad course of business gaining ground. Such impressions of the seriousness of life had their effect very early upon me, strengthened through the always clouded brow of my father, who never once in the family circle (beside me, one sister about two years older and one two years younger) was free from the pressing cares of business. I had no sunny childhood. I spent delightful hours mostly far from home surrounded by my playmates. My mother, a gentle, kind-hearted person of a profound nature, but reserved, never showed her great love to us children but restrained her feeling as well as her caresses. She, too, was surrounded by life's seriousness. Yet she was always ready to yield to our childish wishes, often greatly to our hurt. Too earnest for my years, I was held up to their children by our acquaintances as a model because of my "good manners", which were almost as charming as those of a girl. I showed more feminine characteristics than masculine ones at play, also. I preferred games that demanded great patience rather than courage and boisterousness. Yet there were occasional exceptions. I was a very lively boy, who passionately loved to read or to hear fairy tales and was seized with longing when I heard music. But evil impulses also soon appeared, thus a great tendency to steal, a habit which was cured only through stern lectures on the part of my father. I had to promise never to steal, and it was my proud ambition never in spite of all temptation to break the "word of honour" which I had given, and of which I was vainly proud. I remember plainly, furthermore, to have noticed passing sadistic impulses at the age of six or seven. I attacked a younger child and felt great pleasure in ill-treating him. A second instance occurred in my thirteenth year, where I tried passionately to beat a girl of eight to ten years from the neighbourhood (or to pull her hair). Then

these desires also disappeared. But then began the most troubled period of my life thus far. In my thirteenth year I commenced to masturbate with mechanical stimulation of the anus. I soon (even in my fourteenth year) began to feel the physical effects of my repeated masturbation and even psychically I suffered indescribably. I was afraid my secret might be discovered and began likewise to suppress the desire as it attacked me, for I had to consider it something very bad, reprehensible.

No-one knew anything about my torn and harassed state of mind; no one, not even my parents, had any idea how much I was suffering. When frequent nocturnal ejaculations set in after this, I now thought myself very severely, perhaps incurably, ill; I was too modest and shy to confide in any one, much rather fearfully guarded my “secret”. When alone I prayed to God in childish faith for healing, for deliverance from the ejaculations, which I regarded as a “discharge” that would endanger and shorten life. I wept in secret, implored, wrung my hands before God, promised never more knowingly to abuse myself, and waited in vain for my prayers to be answered. Then I began to doubt God’s goodness. I became a brooder and soon a convinced atheist. I sought through distractions to overcome the inner discord; I had been learning to play the violin since I was eleven years old, and now I practiced with real fervour.

At school I had become from a mediocre, a good student, and in the upper gymnasium very good, student; I was held up by my professors before every one as a pattern in “deportment” and in achievement. I felt myself frightfully miserable; I envied every other “healthy” person; I was afraid my life could last but a few years, and then my parents would have to suffer the loss of their only son, of whom they were so proud. I naturally felt great need of intercourse with school fellows who were at the same level with me mentally. This had a very good effect upon me; through walks together, as well as reading and talking, I was withdrawn from occupation with myself, and the greater duties which devolved upon a pupil with my advantages left me less time to think of myself.

So I did a good deal for my intellectual culture, but nothing for my body, which

– no wonder – did not develop as it should have done. I purposely refrained from everything which was not of intellectual value; and if I was troubled by discomfort, for example, in the urinary organs, I always thought that my “illness” would make itself known in the course of time; and if this were not the case, I would later, after leaving this small provincial city, seek a cure in Vienna of a famous “professor”. I sustained myself with this hope. I had lost all pleasure in life and kept myself alive merely for the sake of my unsuspecting parents and sisters (as I perhaps only made myself believe!). Music and literature constituted the only interests of my life, and I was very much occupied with them in my leisure time. I carried out everything that I undertook with painful thoroughness; and still I would think that I had never worked carefully or thoroughly enough. I suffered a total lack of self-confidence in every direction. I had a very slight opinion of myself; only in matters of feeling did I consider myself superior to my colleagues, and I was inwardly very proud of my great sentimentality. I was, it is true, respected by my fellows as a great student (no doubt despised by many a one), but yet decried as keeping aloof, because I could not endure the obscenities and sexual allusions in speech or the braggings of the others. I could not bear the great crowd with their coarse jokes or speech frequently connected with sex, so I withdrew more and more to “decent” “uncorrupted” friends, to whom I often poured out in a passionate manner from an overfull heart my thoughts and emotions. I had such great need of love and understanding. Differences arose easily between me and my most intimate friend, whom I reproached with indifference and disloyalty in friendship. Still I was never without ample relationship with those of like mind or similar in feeling. Yet I always considered myself physically abnormal in comparison with my companions and tried to adjust myself to my lot, as well as I could. I dared not think of intercourse (sexual) with women, as like many associates of my age, I considered it something denied me and possible only to one who was “well”, so little did I know of sexual things!

Important then for me was the removal of my parents to the large city of N. Here I came into a new environment, saw new things, was bewildered by the glitter and magnificence of the great city. The noise and the promenades made me so healthily tired that for a long time my imagined illness was forgotten; at first, indeed, I even believed myself cured. So much more violent and painful was the effect of the relapse as soon as I was familiar with life in N. Then began the same petty, harassing anxieties about my physical health which I had had two

and three years before: irregular bowel movements, imperfect digestion, rush of blood to the head, and other nervous symptoms accompanying anaemia.

All this brought me well-nigh to despair; I again believed my life was in danger or would soon have an end. As I now laid my sufferings to my stomach, now blamed my digestion for them, and was besides anxiously concerned not to let the outside world discover them, I soon became a hypochondriac, was weary of life, cursed it, and suffered furthermore hideous tortures of remorse for my earlier “immoral” life, which was responsible for my misfortune. The physical ills faded to give place to the mental condition. I lived constantly in anxiety and fear that my sins would be discovered, and those were perhaps the most distressing moments of my life when (in the eighth form) the impending examination of all the students by the school physician was announced. Yet this was rather superficial and did not extend, as I had feared, to the “heart and kidneys”. My bodily condition, which manifested itself in bad posture, loss of flesh, and so on, corresponded with my unstable, despairing mental state. It was not so bad in the winter, and in the autumn, too, I was very comfortable.

I was able with energy to master even the psychic depression which sometimes threatened to overpower me; but the summer brought me again completely beyond control. This was the worst time for me, while the spring, despite lonely walks, really did me good.

Thus I suffered for two years even in N. without knowing what was actually the matter with me. My acquaintances and relatives considered me anaemic and believed that this explained everything, when inquisitive persons wanted to know why I looked so badly (for years my appearance had continued bad). In July, 1914, I passed my final examination with distinction. But every “outward” success pained me, it had thus no influence at all upon my health. And then came the most terrible thing of all: the World War broke out, in August.

There was little room in my thoughts for my personal well-being, when I first

came to Vienna in 1914 (autumn), for it was necessary to find the means for subsistence for my family, who had fled with me before the Russians. I gave lessons and perhaps overexerted myself in so doing, yet I felt incredibly fresh and sound; the ceaseless activity gave no time for sombre moods. My family soon had to go to Bohemia to a small town permitted them by the state as a place to stay, and I remained alone in Vienna in order to pursue my studies (philosophy). Things went very well with me; I was proud to be able to keep myself above water in Vienna through my own power; my reports to my parents as to my condition were always very encouraging. I had in fact plenty to do to maintain myself and be able besides to carry on my studies to a slight extent.

In the second year of the war, however, the absence of my family, the need for affection, for understanding, for companionship, came fully to consciousness; I began to feel lonely, so frightfully lonely amid the millions in Vienna, and unhappy! No real intercourse! At the university scarcely more than an acquaintance or two. I could unburden my overflowing heart to no-one and yet yearned immeasurably for love and some one to understand and share; unfortunately, it was very difficult for me because of my self-depreciation to make new acquaintances. I therefore remained alone. And again I felt continually unwell; in the morning I would awaken unrefreshed (through sleep), but fearfully tired, wretched, and cast down; I had no energy and little or no ability for work. I gave my entire attention to absorption in myself and believed that I had discovered various diseases. I had excluded the sexual from my circle of thought for three years; I had no thoughts of that sort; at the most I suffered some tortures of remorse for my past and reproached myself most bitterly that I was responsible for my unhappy condition. The self-accusations increased and also my scorn of myself, to such a degree that I avoided looking at myself in the mirror. I washed and combed without a glass, thus neglected myself, and was for a long time the unhappiest mortal upon God's earth. Frequent depression in body and mind sapped my peace and energy. I was no longer in a condition to work uninterruptedly, so sorely was my life spirit crushed by the continual dejection. I regarded my life as utterly without purpose, useless, and odious; but I had no right, as long as my parents were alive, arbitrarily to cast it away. So I had to endure further, "condemned to torment ever new".

I worked in order to stupefy myself, to get out of myself, for I saw that activity was the best thing for me. But alas if I paused, or if I fell once more into my own hands! I raged cruelly against myself at such times and had to flee anew from myself. Still, even a slight occasion, for example, the telling of a sexual experience on the part of an acquaintance or friend, sufficed to stir me in my deepest depths and to make me feel for days ten times more severely my inadequate, “abnormal” condition. I had an unconquerable horror and repugnance toward sexuality in every form; I was fearfully disgusted at it. And besides I had not the most primitive actual enlightenment in sexual things, had always avoided instruction regarding it, whether orally (through colleagues) or written (through books), and had carefully defended myself against it. My life was disturbed and disquieted essentially by the fact that I was not clear about my illness, its cause and form – I had first realized a few months before the truth that I suffered from “sexual neurasthenia”, further that I had sexual desires concealed within me. Delightful evenings at concerts and theatres brought temporary excitement and distraction into my haunted life. Evenings with a home quartet, where I played the first violin, were able to divert me very much and raise my sunken confidence in myself, but this did not last long.

And if it meant that I had to play before someone or if (in my studies) I had to speak in public before a number of people, I went through hours of fearful anxiety (that I would fail or physically collapse), and tormenting feelings of tension and stage fright overtook me and made me their resistless prey. I could do nothing about it; all my valiant struggle against it in no way improved the situation. Instead of paying little attention to this sort of thing, I gave too much consideration to these “false sentiments” and states; I plunged myself into brooding over them, deeply and unconsciously, in morbid fashion, injurious as this might be. At times, however – it did happen, though seldom – something like an obscure life impulse protested in me, especially after some small success, for example, in my studies, against the morbid depression. I would resolve heroically to be “well” through the energy of will, which would succeed for a certain time under favourable conditions. But then there would follow again periods when I was crushed and feeble, when my physical weakness bound even my will in chains.

One time, in a particularly “light moment”, when I was afraid of a violent relapse, I concluded with trembling and hesitation to trust myself to a physician. Never has anything been so difficult for me as this going to the physician. I could neither eat nor sleep, could find no rest; all my thoughts revolved about the confessions that were before me, a hundredfold difficult to make. I was afraid also to be turned away by the doctor on account of my depravity. Yet, happily, my fears were not realized; the human kindness of the physician gave me courage, and I freed my so heavily laden soul in a torturing confession, but one that brought relief.

I now learned for the first time that I was suffering a severe neurasthenia, but otherwise was “quite healthy”, and the completely astonishing thing that I would also cause all my nervous symptoms to disappear by later marriage. Thus far I had always assumed toward the female sex a position of awe and admiration, but never one of desire. I could not bear to have a girl look at me who might be sitting opposite (for instance, in the library); it always produced in me the most painful confusion. I would blush, become restless, fear my uneasiness might be noticed; I would believe I was being laughed at, mocked; I thought I was being observed by others and smiled at; and I became still more ill at ease, so that I tried to get out of the situation as quickly as possible. This was repeated almost every day; I really suffered a sort of delusion of persecution. Finally, I could not visit the library without violent beating of the heart and anxiety; indeed, after a few minutes’ vain attempt to work I had to leave it again (with face burning red).

This, too, depressed me very much. I was just as constrained and uncertain in the presence of girls near whom I happened to sit during the lectures. I always considered that I must seem unsympathetic, even repellent, for which reason I never even made any attempt to approach the young women who were my fellow students. If, however, chance brought us together, we got on well; I was somewhat less embarrassed in going around with my acquaintances, often made a better impression upon them than I had thought. Thus my self-confidence was in a certain measure strengthened. And after the consultation I have mentioned with the physician, which put new life into me (I discovered that I was a human being like many other human beings), I diligently sought female society for harmless entertainment. I was often very awkward and confused, because the

forced character of my action was a great obstacle. I was myself almost aware of the design in it, was disturbed. It was very difficult for me to struggle with my shyness, my irresolution. And I still live in conflict with these inhibiting factors in my life. I knew very well that I would have to become different; instead of a fearful, bashful, young man, always probing deeply and deliberating, a free, cheerful, light-hearted, active, and somewhat easy-going person. I would have to rid myself slowly of my habit of “melancholy”.

This did not happen. Everything was and is yet just as hard, even the things which others find easiest. The body will not obey the mind, which is always ready to overcome its reluctance and develop, but is withheld by physical resistance from higher flights. I often plunge myself into a situation for which courage would have failed me had I clearly deliberated, yet the too great consciousness of my action has then a paralyzing effect upon further development of the project and destroys for me the fruits of what was at first a “success”. Thus I often suffer from an excess of reflection and consciousness in things which are really matters of instinct and should be approached more impulsively.

At the present I am suffering chiefly physical ills with a relatively quiet mental condition, as in the winter 1916-1917, when the whole time (October to May) there was hardly a day in which I did not feel myself extremely weary, without energy, and for the most part unable to work. This excessive predominating “minus” in energy shortly before an oral examination, that is, under the pressure of necessity, gives place to an astonishing “plus”, lasting but a short time, of energy and eagerness to work, which has seemed to me rather pathological. It was a contrast like that frequently produced in the head (brain) through anaemia and congestion.

The “minus” then proved itself permanent; I was usually very easily excited, always moody, could not stand being stared at, blushed at every slight occasion or at none at all, in the spring and summer could not quietly and without fear pass the benches in the parks filled with strange persons. Severe unexplained

beating of the heart disquieted me and often all night long permitted no sleep to visit my weary eyes. I would either not sleep at all, or I slept so soundly that I got up in the morning just as dead-tired as if I had not been asleep. And then I was fearfully timid, could not bear a stranger about me, only those whom I knew, with whom I could speak. I preferred being alone, but was unable in my sleepy state to study or to read. It had to be merely the newspaper or something humorous, light. So much the greater was my vexation, that I had to lose so much valuable time without making progress in my studies, or if not this, without doing something else useful. That distressed me very much! The mortifying feeling, also of having remained behind the others in my development toward an independent, energetic man, at twenty years still so childishly bashful, afraid of the world and awkward in the situations of life (like going about with people and especially with the other sex), inexperienced and without energy; this has pressed very heavily upon me.

If I thought of the future I was in despair, for although according to the doctor's verdict I was "quite sound" and need have no fear for my life, I still saw that under such difficulties and physical perplexities I would never make anything of it. The reading of Feuchtersleben's *Diatetics Of The Soul* had a good effect upon me. My concentration upon intellectual work did not diminish for six weeks and the newly revived flame of life burned clear.

But gradually, perhaps I had driven too hard in one direction and overexerted myself, the symptoms of nervousness reappeared, disturbing me greatly. So I am still suffering from the fact that I can never count upon myself; that means, I begin something one day with pleasure and delight, but the mood for it is gone the next morning or perhaps a little later. Therefore the frittering away in my work. Furthermore, I am afflicted with excessive shyness and embarrassment; the physical states of weakness cause me on their part discomfort, absent-mindedness, want of resolution.

I might force myself to continuous work (especially in the vacation) and lose myself in it, satisfy myself by unwearied toil, if I were not tormented from time

to time with doubts whether it would be healthful to live like that, that is, only among “dusty books”; whether the “call of life” should not be heard by me, too, though I must confess once more that the longing for life is greater in me than my skill in finding my way into life.

Periods for rest, that is, holidays, I cannot bear, although I am frequently in great need of thorough relaxation, and nothing but work wears me out. I am very fond of study, but it may be that this intensive, concentrated work, whereby the will is often forcibly put upon the one object and held there, is too much of an effort for me. I feel tired the whole day, but am not able, in spite of my weariness, to sleep in the afternoon. I notice the blood pulsating riotously and am compelled to wait for refreshment until the night’s rest. Just when sleep would be most welcome, because I long for it in my exhaustion, is just the very time that it will not come.

Thus I pass many sleepless nights and am naturally not then ready for work during the day. Very often what will not let me get to sleep is a palpitation of the heart not very strong but yet active, which is not unpleasant to me, although it appears inopportune enough as a hindrance to sleep. The physical and psychical condition the day after are as variable as the sleep. At times I am very anaemic, feel very badly, apathetic and listless; at night again excited, the blood rushing wildly in my head, yet very eager for work. But I scarcely do a bit of work before the congested state of the cerebral blood vessels causes pains in the head, which last the entire day.

And so I am always longing for a mean equilibrium between mind and body which would make it possible for me to bring my studies to an early conclusion and allow me to feel my life as something else than a burden and annoyance, rather as an opportunity to perform my part in the great sphere of work for the world and humanity, for the good of myself and of my fellow men.

The analysis of this patient showed bondage to the sisters, strong homosexuality, and a repressed sadism, which was found to be derived from

the original jealousy toward his sisters. The feeling of inferiority was only the result of his sadistic fantasies, which at first were directed against his family and later transferred to other objects.

CASE NUMBER 33

Mr. A. B., twenty-six years old, from healthy ancestry, physically sound, suffers from masochistic fantasies which make him incapable of a real love. He would like to subject himself to the woman he loves, perform menial services for her, worship her as a goddess, kiss her hands, lick her feet.

He was in love with his cousin when he was fourteen years old, whose hand he kissed. She seemed to him like an unearthly being. He believes he had masochistic fantasies before this. The relation with the cousin still exists. He comes to her, throws himself down before her, kisses her feet.

Yesterday he found her in bed. He threw himself upon her feet, which he kissed for half an hour.

He began masturbating when he was eighteen.

Always the same fantasies with it. In this year he attempted coitus with a prostitute. He had the same feeling of reverence even toward this venal person. Potency and ejaculation stated as normal, although he always plays a passive part in coitus.

He has had intercourse. twenty to thirty times since then. He is unhappy because his mother wants him to marry and he feels incapable of marriage. He has never been in love. He cannot call the feeling for his cousin love. The cousin is a siren. She is only "playing" with him.

He believes that he wears me. He has very thoroughly pictured the treatment to himself. I would, so to say, "tickle every thing out" of him. He has never been understood. His father never understood him. "He is not my equal intellectually. My mother is everything to me. I spoke with her ten years ago even about my masturbation, told her everything. Naturally I did not relate the masochistic fantasies. I have an exceedingly great need of love. I am as sentimental as I can be. I always think that I bore people.

Except with my mother; there I do not have this feeling." His cousin is an actress. She knows his weakness and plays the goddess. If he kisses her feet, he has an ejaculation.

Disillusionment sets in immediately after ejaculation.

He becomes ill-humoured, domineering, indifferent, and despises the woman whom he has previously worshipped so ardently!

He is always lonely and lives in the past, his gaze directed backward.

Last night he had a wet-dream. He was having intercourse with a woman. This means that he lay near a woman; she touched him and at once it came. He never has dreams of an actual coitus, but always these touching dreams.

He cannot remember the face of the woman in the dream. He has not seen the face at all. "After such an emission I am tired, suggestible, my head is foggy, I have pain in my neck; even in waking from the emission I am the next day worn-

out, absent-minded, unable to work. It is a lost day.” Why does he never dream of coitus, but always of playing, of kissing the hand? He hates society, from which he feels himself totally excluded. If he has been with a girl once, the second time he does not know what to say. He is shy, never utters questionable witticisms, treats every woman, even prostitutes, like women of high rank.

He still believed in the stork at twelve and a half years! He thought at that time, when his sister was born, that the stork had flown through the window; and he told his comrades at school, who laughed at him. Was very angry when they did not believe his story. When he was enlightened by his fellows at the age of sixteen, he cried out: “I do not believe that of my parents!”

Why does he observe himself so painfully? Always wondering what sort of an impression he is making upon other people, what they are thinking of him. He would like to be the centre of every society; everything should revolve about him; he would like to shine, distinguish himself, be prominent. He would gladly be a salon lion.

It is his pride that he was in Paris, where he succeeded in living chastely for a year. But he likes to tell his present associates of the dissolute life he led there, brags of the fictitious conquests which he never made.

He likes to go to the moving pictures. Wants to learn there how to conduct himself and impress women, how to win them. He wounds his vanity by frequently committing some childish stupidity and making a fool of himself at the office. He felt quite differently in the army. He was officer, commandant of a company; the uniform raised his consciousness of himself. Now he has sunk back to being a nonentity. He felt better in Paris.

The pinnacle was the four weeks which his mother had spent with him in Paris!

His whole sojourn there had been only a single preparation for the mother's visit. He would always think: You will show that to Mother! You will take your mother there! Seven months passed awaiting his mother.

Alas! at home he does not treat his mother well. He is always in a state of irritation, screams at her, is the tyrant of the household (protective measures against excessive tenderness).

He has again had a nocturnal ejaculation! And what a "loathsome" dream went with it:

I meet an ugly fat woman on the street. We go walking in the country. I seize her by her bosom; she opens her legs; I reach in and already feel the discharge.

The woman impresses him, as he remembers her, as shapeless and bulky. A Parisian girl occurs to him, who was in love with him and roused him to go on excursions. It came merely to kissing. He never went further. He has too great respect for women. He has treated none but servants like the woman in the dream. He had at that time a number in the house with whom he played. But there was nothing else because a premature discharge took away his manhood. He says to me: "If I have spoken with a young man, I meant to say girl, I easily reach a fantasy with ejaculation." I call his attention to the slip of the tongue.

You want to say that I am homosexual! I was often taken for a "cold brother". It frequently happens that I am accosted by men...

He has feminine features, a broad pelvis, a somewhat feminine nature. He affirms that he does not recall a homosexual impulse.

We may assume a strong feminine attitude. His great love to his mother has led to an identification with woman, which is manifest in his entire bearing. We may expect later disclosures which will show us that the old, hateful, shapeless woman of his dream is there to conceal other forms in the way of contrast. We guard ourselves from imparting anything of our suspicions to the patient under analysis, so that we shall not influence the course of the latter.

The greatest resistances develop in the analysis. He sees already that I am not going to be able to help him. He is a lost soul. Last night he had the most disgusting dream he has ever had in all his life. The analysis is at fault.

“Tell me the dream!”

“No! I will not speak of it. You will think I am in love with my mother.”

“I have never yet spoken with you of your attitude toward your mother.”

“That makes no difference. I feel that you will speak.”

Finally, after long urging, he tells me the dream.

I am lying in bed with my mother. I kiss her feet and she plays with my penis. I

am lying with my head toward the feet. I go from the feet higher and higher and kiss the knees. I wanted to kiss still higher and woke with an ejaculation.

He finally acknowledges that he has from time to time had similar dreams. I refer to the fact that he is always saying that the cousin “plays” with him. He considers this only a form of speech and does not mean anything.

He stays away without any reason. I had been cautious and said nothing of bondage to the mother. But it forced itself upon him, and he took to flight when the knowledge came to him that the woman whose feet he wants to kiss is the mother.

Those who are not analysts will find it hard to grasp how much these patients cling to their paraphilia. They have good reason to shun the analysis.

CASE NUMBER 34

Confession of a latent sadist.

I was born February 28, 1894, as the son of a higher official.

I had two brothers within the course of three years. At five years old, I went to kindergarten and after attending it for a year, to the primary school. My nourishment since childhood has been simple, yet good and sufficient. I was violent-tempered and selfish, so that I was sometimes punished with a beating. My brothers, too, were often chastised this way, and if I looked on while they were being whipped a prickly feeling went through me, a sort of voluptuous pleasure, which I experienced more strongly if the blows fell upon an exposed portion of the body. I had the same or similar sensations if animals were beaten in my presence, or if I read or heard tales of cruelty; for example, of torture upon the rack.

I still remember from the period of the elementary school that I once had great satisfaction in sticking a piece of wood into the anus, and I did this to my brother as we lay in bed. Another time I undressed in a concealed place, not so much to look at my sexual organs as to touch with pleasure the rectal region. Neither event was repeated. When I had finished my course at the elementary school with very good results, I entered college. A strong religiosity developed during the first years of college, although no one forced this upon me. I fulfilled to the letter the requirements of my confession, absorbed myself in devotional exercises, and spent a great deal of time in church. I avoided at this time occupying myself in any way with sexual things, whether in speaking or in reading, and remained profoundly ignorant in this respect until far in the college period. The only enlightenment which I had was given me by a friend, who

explained the act of coitus in very primitive fashion. I allowed myself to be persuaded in the fourth class (1908) to enter a society which existed among a number of students but which is strictly forbidden by a disciplinary regulation of the intermediate school. This imitation of the student life of the college at first pleased me, but soon it disgusted me, and I now lived in continual fear of being discovered and made to answer for it. Various circumstances compelled me to remain in spite of my aversion to the whole affair. Thus I lived for four years in constant agitation. I was embittered and lonely.

Association with the other members of this society influenced me no further, and I was little liked. I had had no sort of relation with girls during my entire intermediate school period. I was very shy and constrained toward the female sex. Furthermore, I had no occasion to go or to speak with girls and stuck closely to the school, which does not like to see one going about with persons of the other sex. It happened only once that I was in love, if I may call it that, quite shyly and at a distance. This was in 1910 and of very brief duration.

I studied diligently but had little physical activity. I also read a great deal. It was in the fifth class (1909-1910) that I borrowed a book one time from our school library and read it, *Der Leutnant von Hasle* by Heinrich Hansjakob. The hero of this story goes in the end to a monastery, where he performs devotional exercises and penances; such as, for one thing, striking himself with a small chain. This roused me and I did likewise with a leather strap. I repeated it and liked it more and more. These self-tortures soon became a source of gratification to me and I became ever more skillful in the invention of ways of torture. Inasmuch as I persuaded myself that my perverted practices were only an “exercise of penance” and “hardening”, I deceived myself as to the dubiousness of this form of action and went on with it. I did not know at all how to explain it, but in carrying out this self-abuse I became sexually excited (erection each time).

I abused myself in every way possible. I beat myself with straps, cords, lashes, in which I had tied knots or woven thorns or needles. I treated my legs thus, my body, but especially the buttocks and back. Since the noise caused by the blows

might have been heard, I usually went at a late hour, when every one was asleep, to the toilet, where I shut myself in and undressed in order to give myself up to my passion. I would look in the mirror after the act was performed and was glad if my back was full of bleeding spots. I still kept up the self-tortures while I lay in bed. I would lay sharp-edged pieces of wood under the buttocks, fasten my limbs with twine and the like, place a cord provided with short sticks of wood about the loins and draw it tight. I liked particularly to do this: I would draw a knotted cord or such a strap through between the legs and the anal opening and fasten it, pulled taut, before and behind to a cord which I wore about the waist. I did this sometimes even in the day. If I went to walk in the woods alone and unobserved, I found pleasure in sticking thorns or bits of wood obliquely into the anal aperture. I became more and more cunning in the carrying out of torments and the devising of new ones.

Thus I remember once dragging stinging nettles between my legs. The impulse for doing these things came over me when I sat at my books in the evening and gave me no rest. Finally, I became an unwitting masturbator. When I lay in bed one night, it occurred to me to draw a strap supplied with knots sharply between the legs. Repeating this I felt a pleasant tickling in the urethra. This sensation appeared when I stimulated myself with a rough piece of wood with my legs spread wide apart.

I liked also when bathing in the brook to move the water rapidly between my extended legs. My dark passion reached its highest point in masturbation, which I actually performed only a few times, after I had devoted about a year and a half (1910-1912) to it. I gradually came to recognize my errors, and this knowledge has been increasing up to this day. The following event gave it impetus: As we were led once from school to confession, the priest asked me in the confessional whether I had practiced self-gratification. I did not know what to say, for I did not understand the question.

I began to consider and finally looked it up in an encyclopedia. I did this now frequently and so obtained extensive sexual enlightenment and became

convinced, though not all at once, that I had indeed practiced masturbation. I ceased now from my sin and tried to live a pure life. I also consulted the encyclopedia more and more concerning sexual things. I withdrew myself thereby more or less from others, became reserved, and occupied myself very closely with my studies. But the results of my course soon showed themselves. I noticed now and then pain in the head and very often had erections, frequently on the slightest occasion, as, for instance, while lying on the sofa in the afternoon after eating.

Having passed my final examinations with conspicuous success, I came in the autumn of 1912 to the university in Vienna. The evil symptoms multiplied.

Continual erections appeared, even while walking on the street and especially when I went to bed at night. Pustules showed themselves upon my back. These appeared in my face, too. I had great fear of sexual diseases. I attributed my skin disorder to syphilis; likewise, I was very much disquieted when I frequently felt a burning in urinating or even could not pass the urine. I therefore visited physicians, who reassured me. I often felt that the urinary aperture was moist. Then again I would discover that my bones were rubbing at their joints, which happened especially when I had been sitting for some time. I often felt pain in the lumbar region, then again disagreeable pressure upon the shoulders and back. A certain feeling of dizziness occurred when I lay down and got up again, or if I stooped over; for about a minute everything was turning about me. I broke out easily in perspiration and became readily confused. I often suffered severe fits of depression and was then wholly in despair. I slept fairly well, despite all these symptoms, and was glad to sleep; then I knew nothing of the world.

I lived quite alone, avoided my fellow men as much as possible, and occupied myself eagerly with my studies.

The first year in the university passed thus, and I again took up my studies in the autumn of 1913. I still feared I might be syphilitic and even more when, during

the last months of 1913, I discovered on my penis inflamed hair follicles. At the beginning of 1914, I consulted a dermatologist, who examined my skin but attributed no great significance to the various impurities on it. It is true I had said nothing to him of the cause. Severe and lasting constipation appeared at this time, which exists more or less even now. I often thought I had to empty the bowels and yet there would be no movement. I also recall that at that time a nocturnal emission occurred once every three weeks. Otherwise the nervous difficulties were less marked, which perhaps is due to the fact that I was living with a number of fellow students, taking athletics, and sleeping pretty well. I was still very shy toward members of the female sex. I fell in love at a distance with a girl in the beginning of 1914, but did not venture in any way to approach her. When I was at home for the Easter holidays in 1914, I became enamoured of a young lady with whom I was personally acquainted. I had hopes of some return, but it did not come to anything serious, for I was too timid and my parents did not at all approve of her. I forced myself, therefore, to limit my interactions with this girl and finally parted from her, a matter which I soon much regretted.

The second year of college also passed in earnest study, and during the vacation following I used to bathe assiduously in the river, swim, and take sun baths. The war breaking out during these holidays, I exerted myself actively to become a soldier and found myself in the general levy in October ready for service in arms. But to my great sorrow, on presenting myself I was declared unfit. This hurt me very much and even today I have not yet completely reconciled myself to it.

I returned to Vienna at the beginning of November to pursue my studies. I found myself again after this in a very depressed mood. I stayed in my home town during the Christmas time. A local eruption, which itched violently, spread over the upper left side of my back, probably in consequence of being chilled when I had to spend the night in a hut during a mountain trip. Although this eruption caused me no further difficulty, it again led me to the fear of syphilis.

My state of mind continued to be more and more dejected after the beginning of

1915. The night ejaculations occurred more frequently, at an average of one, often two, a week. I lived in continual depression; fear of insanity and other such things seized, me. Often I slept badly or very deeply, but in the latter case was not refreshed. General fatigue and lassitude got hold of me, and I believed that I was at the end of my forces. Slight physical exertion caused nervous suffering, and study was no longer stimulating to me but became almost loathsome. The future seemed to hold no prospect for me in spite of my success hitherto, and finally the wish forced itself before me that my life might soon have an end. I frequently felt so hot that I thought I had fever, but then again cold chills would run over my back. A prickly feeling appeared in the upper part of my back as a constant disagreeable sensation. I further seemed often thoroughly dissipated, and my knees appeared to give way under me. The nocturnal emissions ceased perhaps the beginning of March, but frequent sexual excitement occurred. By the middle of March the condition I have described had reached its peak and it continued at this state for about five weeks. I thought I could explain these symptoms to myself as the effect perhaps of the inoculation I had had; or it might be that I had caught cold at night, for even in the cold winter I always slept by an open window. My troubles were somewhat less by the end of April. I find even today a certain satisfaction in the thought that I shall be able to end my life in a useful manner sooner or later on the battlefield. I am still in love with that young lady with whom I quarrelled in the long vacation. I became reconciled with her at Easter, 1915, but, alas, I stand no more in intimate relation with her.

When I contemplate my life, I have to see that I have sinned greatly, and although I would gladly consider marriage, yet I cannot guard myself from wondering whether, because of my condition, it would not be better not to marry, for I would pass on my illness to my descendants and thus only bring harm to society. I now hope that at the next mustering of troops I shall be found fit for service and the period in the army may in a certain manner bring me health.

CASE NUMBER 35

A case of mental sadism.

Arthur T., thirty-two years old, complains of his inability for concentrated, purposeful work and of his impulsive manner of action, and begs me to free him from this condition. He cannot deliberate over anything and cannot await result.

Everything he does is done impulsively. From time to time he rouses himself to such impulsive actions as can be performed without reflection. Otherwise he is incapable of resolution. He fritters away a good deal of his time, plays with his keys or with the dog, goes walking, waits for his meals, or dreams of great future successes that will make him boundlessly wealthy.

He is of medium size, strong, shows no signs of degeneration of any sort, and comes from a healthy family.

He is married for the second time and loves his wife exceedingly. Sex life normal, potency uncertain, sometimes premature ejaculation, often no desire for weeks, now and then great desire with little potency.

His life history is very interesting. He came to America as a small boy with his parents. His father was a tailor, who soon found work and earned money. He was seven years old when he lost his father, whom he loved dearly, by an accident. The father was run over by an automobile. His mother found herself in great need. He remembers that there was not even a piece of dry bread in the house.

So the little child went to a policeman and complained of his troubles:

“My mother is hungry! Give us some bread!” Food was sent to the home by the police. Thus he early on revealed his unusual energy. He did everything he could to earn money.

He was a wild youngster, running about on the streets with all the little gamins, who mocked him on account of his Russian Yiddish. This skylarking became second nature to him. After he had earned his bread for some time as messenger boy, he became a boxer. As such he was for a long time invincible and greatly feared. Although he was really only of moderate strength, he was able through his élan to force down all his opponents. He brought home money and had enough left to lead a reckless life.

He visited houses of ill repute and resorted to dens, which was to be fateful to him later on. He learned to know there all kinds of ruffians hiding from the light, housebreakers, thieves, murderers, with whom he made friends. He himself seemingly has never committed a crime.

He finally gave up boxing to become a dealer in jewels. He proved so good that he himself became a well-known connoisseur of diamonds and was a valued force in this field.

He made himself independent and earned a good deal of money, until an unfortunate marriage threw him out of his course. He married a Christian, which did not please his religious, bigoted mother. He soon discovered that his wife had deceived him. A child which she brought into the world during marriage proved to be a lover's child. He at last got a divorce and fell in love with his office clerk, a dainty blonde woman. She was unhappily married, was divorced, and he was able soon to take her in marriage. But he has lost his luck since then.

The diamond business went from bad to worse, so that at last he had to leave America and try his fortune in Europe. But he has no patience at all with his business and is always thinking of his homeland.

He corrects his first statements in the next hours. He relates first why he had to leave America. His bad luck was the association with the underworld ruffians whom he had learned to know in the saloons. He knew that some of his friends had committed a great diamond robbery. He had had no part in it. But the police trail led to him, and he was arrested. He was three months in custody without betraying his friends. He would have been able to obtain his freedom the first day, but he considered it his duty in honour to keep silence. He was at last set free. His present wife had meanwhile conducted his business very successfully, but soon a fresh misfortune threw him from his path. He had to give up the diamond business, for his name was discredited.

He tried all sorts of things. He hired a restaurant but could not keep it and became finally proprietor of a cabaret, in which his early friends from the underworld assembled. One of these friends one day gave him valuable papers to keep.

He passed these papers (national bonds) further; the next man wanted to invest with them and was arrested, because it was a case of stolen papers (the value amounted to 1,500,000 dollars!). This man stated that he had received them from Arthur T. The next day he was in all the newspapers as possessor, that is, as thief, of these papers. He was again under examination, and again he would not betray his friend.

He was provisionally given his liberty. That proved dangerous for him. For his friend wanted to remove the person who knew his secret from the world, and had him waylaid by three masked men when he was going as usual about three in the morning home from the cabaret. Three revolvers confronted him at a dark street corner and the cry "Stop!" made him immediately come to a halt. He was taking

a couple home with him in his automobile. While one man held the married couple at bay with a revolver, he had to get out and was dragged to a second automobile by the other two.

He allowed himself to be pulled along but noticed that the automobile was padded inside. While one man was opening the door of the car, he tore himself loose and fired a shot from his loaded revolver at the highwayman. Both men hid behind their automobile, and now began a wild shooting. (Merely the thought flashed through him, What will your mother say when she learns of your death?) The noise brought several policemen, who began shooting on their part (a daily story in America). The three thugs quickly climbed into their car and rushed away. He was saved. He, too, departed before the policemen arrived, for he had many reasons for wishing to have nothing to do with the police.

He now knew that his life was gone if he remained longer in the city. He still wanted to have his revenge before he left. He lay in wait for his famous friend, and with his revolver in his hand compelled the man to climb into his automobile. They rushed far from the city to the country. He gloated over the fear of death in his one-time friend, his present foe. But he no longer had the heart to shoot him down. He allowed him to escape and the next day left the city to go to Europe. He had his business sold. His name is now dishonoured for all time. He can never again enter his old business. And he mourns for his mother, whom he loves above everything else and to whom he has brought so much sorrow.

He tells me of a strange characteristic, from which he would gladly be free.

If he learns to know any person or speaks with any one at all, he imagines that person in a position of suffering: dying, sorely wounded, maimed, groaning, lamenting, or uttering his last sigh. He gloats then in imagining the tortures of this person.

It makes no difference whether it concerns a friend, enemy, or an unknown person. The obsession always arises.

He does not know when it began but thinks that it has become stronger in the last years since the unfortunate experiences.

He recollects no occurrence which gave rise to this attitude. Nor did he see his father, who met with the accident, when he was dying.

Another remarkable peculiarity has as a result that he hates women after he has been having intercourse with them.

He could choke them and is glad to run away. He has never perceived this hatred toward his wife. But she, too, inspires him with feelings of aversion in the morning after waking.

He can never have coitus with a woman in the morning. He feels then only a boundless disgust, which he rationalizes by saying that women have a bad breath in the morning. He has never had intercourse with a woman more than once in the night. Hatred, loathing, and even the impulse to run away make themselves felt immediately after coitus.

The mother is really the only woman whom he loves deeply and well. Nevertheless, it is impossible for him to be kind to her. From a distance he writes her the most affectionate letters, but when with her he is gruff and always has something with which to find fault, although he knows that his mother idolizes

him. He was formerly very jealous of his brother, who is an idler and a ne'er-do-well, because he believed that the mother favoured him. He has discovered in later years that he himself is the sole ruler in her heart. His brother married and then very seldom came to see her, with which today he bitterly reproaches the brother.

His stepfather – his mother has married a second time – does not come into consideration. He is for the mother only the man who earns the money. He was frightfully jealous when his mother married again. He listened sleepless on the wedding night and was much excited as he heard various suspicious noises. Some months later he was so excited eavesdropping at a coitus that he rushed furiously into the room and cried to the mother: “It is a shame that at your age you must still do this.” His mother must have answered him in her excitement: “What have you to say then, you lousy fellow! Come on and show that you are a man.” He has often had to think of these words, but does not believe that they roused him sexually and that he took his mother’s invitation seriously. (He was thirteen years old at the time!) He knows that it was out of love to her that he gave up boxing. She was opposed to this profession and said it was not proper for a Jew. Nevertheless, he always received her blessing when he had to fight. She was always warning him and putting difficulties in his way. He resolved once to fight without her blessing. He had been unconquerable until that evening. But this time he suffered his first defeat and through an opponent whom he had already knocked out five times. Without her blessing he was weak and defenseless.

After this disaster he gave up boxing. He sacrificed it to his mother.

He has repeated dreams in which he is exchanging shots with an opponent. Last night’s dream reads: I am in a room in which many rats are running around. I shoot at the rats and kill some. Then out of the depths a hand is stretched. I shoot at the hand.

Asked about homosexual experiences, he admits that he performed mutual masturbation with his younger brother.

Also “coitus” between the thighs had also occurred. He remembers no other homosexual events nor any other paraphilia.

I interpret the rats as evil thoughts which pursue him.

Then he brings me the following confession. He was thirteen years old when his stepfather brought to the house his two daughters from his first marriage. There was little room in their home, so that he had to sleep in the same bed with his seventeen-year-old stepsister and his brother. It came to regular coitus with the stepsister. (He believes that he performed the coitus always in an impossible position. The sister lay behind him. He evidently condenses in one scene experiences with the brother and the sister.) The sister became pregnant and bore a child. The child was brought into the world in a small neighbouring city. There lived a doctor who wanted to adopt a child. The child was laid before his door and the result was as desired. The child was a welcome gift to the doctor; he received it as his own.

One would suppose that such a bitter experience would have taught him and his parents a lesson. But he again slept with the sister in one bed, and she became for the second time a mother through him. The second child was given over to a foundling home; it was a girl.

He often dreams of becoming a rich man and then seeking both children, revealing himself to them as their father, and adopting them.

He has a remarkable peculiarity. If he sees a girl, for example in a street car, who seems to be kindly disposed toward him, he does not address her. But her image follows him for days. Then he visits all the places where perhaps he might see her. He is always thinking what he may have lost in her (he seeks a lost ideal).

He has a strong craving for affection. He fell in love with a little girl when he was twelve years old. Even today he is easily inflamed again. It is always Christian girls that he loves. His first wife was a Christian, and in the absence of his wife he again fell in love with one of this faith. He tortured her unspeakably, and it gratified him to make her cry.

Girls whom he loves must not be Catholics. He hates Catholics and loves Protestants. This seems so much stranger because he owes the greatest kindness done him to an Irish (Catholic) family. We know that he was seven years old when his family was starving. Their neighbours were a Catholic family, father, mother, and daughter, and her lover, usually drunk. The little fellow was always being sent for brandy and was richly rewarded. He was also fed. It is true he saw there scenes which he should not have witnessed. Sometimes he observed the lover having intercourse with the girl while sitting there... His attitude toward this family was bipolar. He envied them and hated them with the full hatred of the poor and the recipient of gifts. .

He admits homosexual fantasies. He often imagines that he is sucking out a man's penis. He has had active relations only with his younger brother. He has indignantly rejected various homosexual overtures.

Some more misdeeds occur to him in regard to the "rats".

The first time that he was in jail there was among the prisoners a policeman who had ill-treated his wife during her confinement. One day the other prisoners fell

upon the man and pummelled him. The man lay helpless on the floor. The picture of the tortured man, upon whom he, too, had dealt hearty blows, pursues him in his fantasies. He does not remember whether he had sadistic fantasies before this scene.

He is always restless and impatient. He must have everything at once. If he orders food at a restaurant he cannot wait until it is brought. His wife calls him a "one-tracked" man. He can never embark upon two things at once. He must wait until the first enterprise is finished.

His mother plays a large part in his fantasies. To make her rich seems to be his secret goal.

He presents a large number of actual facts which hinder the smooth course of the analysis. He seeks every possible escape. He has to go away on business, has important concerns to attend to, until at last he is confronted with two alternatives, either to permit himself to be analyzed or to pursue the way of his fantasies. He decides upon the analysis and now definitely remains in Vienna.

His wife has left him. She came to see that she did not love him. He bore the heavy blow with a fair degree of calmness. Her conduct before her departure made it easier to give her up. She humiliated him and talked in an ugly fashion, saying among other things, "You are a contemptible puppy." He cannot forgive that. This explains to us the following dream:

I have strangled a woman. She screams loudly. I believe it was my wife.

He admits that he has repeatedly indulged in similar fantasies. He thinks also

when with persons whom he loves, for example, with his mother: "What sort of face would she make if I should suddenly seize her by the throat?" Other thoughts pursue him: "What would Mr. N. say if I should all at once strike him in the face with my fist? What sort of a face would he make then?" The sufferings of others interest him, and he imagines every person in some distressing situation or other.

Another dream has a certain significance:

I was going up a steep stairs. Suddenly the stairs ceased and I had no ground under my feet. I was about to fall into an abyss and awoke with fear.

He brings a long story as an association. He deceived a man who owed him money, in order to get back the money.

He told him a fabulous tale, that he was going to Europe to sell the stolen papers (bonds), and created a Mr. X., who does not exist. Now he receives daily telegrams from his victim and fears trouble. He is afraid of being arrested and of losing the ground under his feet.

It is interesting that the choking fantasies manifest themselves by the law of retribution in all sorts of respiratory difficulties. He frequently has choking sensations in his throat, his collar is too tight, he has to clear his throat, and he fights for air. Slight symptoms of asthma at times show something of the power of his bad conscience.

He dreamed:

I have to pass through a frightful struggle with a man. I waken bathed in perspiration.

He is in conflict all the time with his criminal impulses. He has fantasies that he sees his mother dying and suffering. At the same time he longs for his mother and regrets that he has given her so little money, while he has scattered it with full hands for his wife. He cannot understand why he has always so tormented his mother although she has never reproached him. He often came home drunk from the saloon; he reviled her in vulgar manner and found fault with her upon every occasion. Twice he married a Christian in order to punish her. He was jealous of his stepfather and of his brother. Now the knowledge slowly dawns upon him that his jealousy drove him into both his unhappy marriages. He recalls the love scenes between stepfather and mother and understands why he has such an interest in hearing sounds in an adjoining hotel room which are uttered in the love act. He is repeating the impressions which were made upon him when a child (sexuality of the adjoining room).

His conduct with women is remarkable. He sees some girl. He is charmed. He runs after her. He often discusses a rendezvous. But he never keeps it. He is happy at the last moment not to have his desire fulfilled. He has to overcome an inexplicable feeling of fear. Several motives for such behaviour appear in the analysis. He is always seeking the mother and sister; he seeks a man – and he is afraid of his own sadistic impulses.

He saw his wife in a dream. She told him that she had married again. He was terribly excited and awakened with violent beating of the heart.

The associations of the dream lead to his mother and to her second marriage. He relates a number of episodes that bear witness to his frightful jealousy. One time he came home. It was before his mother's marriage. He found the door of one

room locked. The future stepfather was in the room with the mother. He was at once suspicious that they had been doing “something forbidden”, and later he carefully inspected the bed in every fold and every spot to see if there was any proof of coitus.

Every morning he would observe his mother critically to know whether she had a “hot night” behind her. He hated her at these moments and could have killed her.

We now understand his hatred of woman. It is a result of a torturing, unavowed jealousy.

All women remind him of his mother. Therefore he could kill every one of them after coitus. He imagines in fantasy during his act of intercourse his mother in coitus with the stepfather.

His behaviour to his mother also becomes intelligible.

He loves her warmly. Indeed, he admits that she is the only woman whom he actually loves, and he hates her because she married the stepfather and betrayed him so painfully.

He hates his stepfather fiercely. He used to lie in his mother’s bed before her second marriage. He dimly remembers all sorts of love scenes. A man came to their house after the death of his father who was poor and cared more for drink than was good for him. He rocked the younger brother and performed many services, received for this food and sometimes lodging. The patient saw in him a lover of his mother and hated him, as well as the brother, who was an

unwelcome rival because later he might also lie in the mother's bed.

In his thoughts he always lives with his mother.

Suffering always from premature ejaculation, he has devised a means of diverting himself. He thinks during coitus either of his mother or his sister. His sister has a very dark complexion. He chooses only dark girls. His wife was the only blonde with whom he could cohabit (differentiation).

We know that never in his life has he been able to perform coitus twice in one night. The impulse toward strangers sufficed only for a short time, and then he turned away from them and back to his infantile ideals.

He struggles with thoughts of suicide. He sees no way out from his present situation. He is hurt that he has lost his wife, and he has to confess that he himself is at fault. He began to neglect her immediately after the wedding and look around for other women. He had an affair with another girl and sent his wife to Europe so that he would not be disturbed.

They were together one night before her departure.

While before that she had been frigid, so that he believed he had reason to desire other women, she yielded herself, despite previous scenes, with such ardour that he cannot forget that night. He does not know whether she wanted to show him what he had lost in her or whether it was feminine artifice to bind him forever to her.

He dreamed last night:

I was in a barber's shop and was being shaved. I was talking all sorts of nonsense with the barber. Thereupon he cut me in the lip with the razor, so that I felt my teeth through the hole. It was as if he had cut in me a woman's vagina. He first denied he had done it, but finally admitted it.

The dream plainly reveals a homosexual attitude. He is no longer a man; he is a woman and can use his mouth as a vagina.

He denies everything when questioned concerning fellatio fantasies. He acknowledges having played with his brother. The brother took his penis in his hand, while he played with the brother's member. He does not recall fellatio.

Suddenly there occurs to him a young imbecile. They used to pay him a few pennies for fellatio, which he knew how to perform very skillfully. The experience with the defective was allegedly forgotten. He cannot remember fellatio with the younger brother. He has always said of the brother that he was indifferent toward him, he despised him, or he hated him because he neglected their mother.

Today he confesses that he loves the brother very much and often longs for him. The brother married at twenty years, shortly after his own first marriage, merely to imitate him. But he is now in a bad relationship to his mother, because the daughter-in-law and mother-in-law cannot tolerate each other. He would gladly have his brother come to Vienna, if he were unmarried.

He dreamed:

I was creeping out of a house in Ch. through the cellar. I went up and down to the coal hole. The door behind me was closed, so that I was caught. I was afraid of N. He will find me and kill me. I thought: "He can come in only through that coal grating. If he sees me, he will surely discharge his revolver and perhaps hit me." I was certain to starve or to be suffocated, and I lay down to sleep expecting to die thus from exhaustion or by a murderous hand.

This dream reveals a serious situation. He cannot return to America, where his mother lives. His enemy N. would try to put him out of harm's way. On the other hand, we see an evident uterine fantasy, which he confirms for me.

His daydreams are reversions to embryonic life. N. stands also for his father. He often thinks of his stepfather and becomes greatly excited. He is always excited, always immersed in his dream world.

He has the desire in the theatre or restaurant suddenly to cry out and create a scandal. He wants to draw attention to himself. He informs me of the remarkable fact that he has been able artificially to produce attacks of rage by pumping up his affect. He has simulated all sorts of diseases to make his mother attentive to him. He would suddenly produce fainting fits or epileptic attacks, asthma, and similar conditions, so that he could then have all kinds of wishes granted. He was shown such excessive tenderness by his mother in his early childhood that he can never forget that happy time.

He again has a dream:

I am in Dr. Stekel's consultation room and am being analyzed. I am lying in a bed. Dr. Stekel afterward lies down in the bed and dies. I go into the outer room,

where a number of patients are waiting. I want to prepare them first slowly and say: "The doctor is busy. The gentlemen will have to wait." Only after a while do I inform them of the fact of his death.

He has me die. In a second dream his uncle dies, the head of the firm with which he is working at present. Nothing holds him longer in Vienna. He can go at once to America, see his wife and visit his mother.

He wants himself to be an analyst. He will treat the patients after my death. But the most important determinant is revealed when he comes to speak of his necrophilia. He had as a child the fantasy of using dead bodies for sexual purposes, especially fantasies of lying with his mother at the moment of her death. As a reaction to these wishes, he now suffers from fear of death. He cannot go to a cemetery. It seems impossible even to attend a funeral.

His thought sadism is connected with his necrophiliac tendencies. He manifests his primitive reaction toward all persons. He can most easily satisfy it upon the dead body, for he always acts according to the law of least resistance. It happened that in his second marriage he performed no coitus for two months. He explains this as follows: I came home and the first thing was that my wife said: "I have a fearful pain in the loins." I saw in this a resistance to coitus. (The man had a correct intuition. For his wife, who was first analyzed by me, admitted to me that she used the pain in the loins to defend herself against coitus, in which she usually remained numb.) At this moment my desire was all gone. I felt something like hatred arising, suppressed the feeling, and went to sleep. For this reason I often have great satisfaction with a prostitute. I know that she will offer no resistance. For I am afraid of myself. I might become violent and I do not know what I might do to my wife at such a moment.

He corrects a false statement, which explains his hatred toward men. His father was not the victim of an accident. He had suddenly deserted the mother. The marriage was unhappy. They were always quarrelling and the father reproached

the mother with unfaithfulness and frivolity. He disappeared one day and never came back. The mother had evidence sent her from a Russian rabbi that her husband had died in Russia, to where he had returned. Thereupon she could marry again. The father must be living and have married a second time. He hates the father thoroughly, although he preserves fond memories of him from the first seven years. He sees in him the cause of all his misfortune.

He transfers the hatred from the father upon all older men.

He acknowledges fantasies in which he goes to Russia to shoot him.

Other fantasies are concerned with the step-sister, with whom he has begotten two children. She is now married.

He dreams that her husband dies; she comes to him and keeps house for him. Naturally, they then resume the old relationship. They search for the children. Since in the fantasies he is very wealthy, he can offer the children a new life and declare himself as their father.

The third group of fantasies occupy themselves with his mother. The mother must leave the step-father and live with him. He always chooses among prostitutes the mother imagoes. He tells of a prostitute with whom he found the greatest satisfaction in his life. He describes her in detail. He can never forget her. The description corresponds accurately to the smallest feature with that given of his mother. He realizes himself that the prostitute was a mother imago and admits that he has often masturbated with the fantasy that he was lying with the mother. Incest dreams with ejaculations came regularly every two months. In his daydreams he is with his mother and makes right every wrong he has done her. For she was always kind and good to him, although he tormented her cruelly after her second marriage.

But then he becomes conscious of his hatred toward his mother. Why had she married? Why had she deceived his father? Why did she have an affair with the man he mentioned? Women were always false and bad. None of them could be trusted.

The Irish girl of whom he has told was also unfaithful.

He saw other men go to her. He himself loved this girl and at the time formed the hypothesis that all Catholics are false.

His thought sadism has its sources in a variety of complexes.

He hates in men the stepfather and his actual father.

But he also hates the man who deceived him with his first wife. These persons thrust themselves behind the visible masculine objects. With women, the hatred is directed principally toward the mother. The sister, too, is a traitress because she did not wait for him, but married. The Irish girl and the first wife likewise come into question as hate objects.

CASE NUMBER 36

Zoanthropy and sadism.

The case of a marine officer, twenty-four years old, essentially healthy, who entered into an affair with the wife of a comrade, in which he had never been able to succeed. He suffered premature ejaculation. Actuated by a desire to help himself, he procured my book on impotence and studied it. The loneliness of his life in port during the war woke his interest in analysis. He studied all my books, analyzed himself often for hours of the day, and brought much material to light. But the disorder did not improve. He decided after the war to study medicine and become an analyst. He first sent me a report of his life so that I might begin his analysis.

My Dear Doctor:

What I know of my sexual life from my earliest childhood is as follows:

Sexual things interested me greatly at an early period. I meditated upon the origin of a human being when only eight years old and had the notion that every girl slowly formed a child in her body. I thought that each one of my female schoolmates already carried around with her a tiny foot in her abdomen and the child was growing further in her. (I am the son of a high official whose post was in the country and so there was from childhood a distinction in me between us children and those of the poor people. If the latter talked of sexual things at school, they would not let me hear, remarking: "You may not know that." Only, one or another would tell me something now and then.) Before I came to Vienna

at ten years old I knew nothing of intercourse and its consequences, but that little children come from the female sex I was somehow aware; from what source my knowledge came I do not know. The sight of an idiot who had fallen from a chair taught me that women “underneath” are different from men. I remember yet today that this occurred directly after the first school confession. I was very religious up to my eleventh year. Perhaps after seeing the repulsive hairy spot, following upon the confession, I reproached myself, for this is still so plainly in my memory at the present time. After this sight I crept under our servant girl’s chair in order to see the “hairy object”. At one time I imagined she, too, had a “bone” like the men. I was therefore not quite clear about it. I tried by all kinds of questions to get the maids to tell me how we were different; they said, only through the dress. I liked to talk with my comrades who went the same way to school with me of the member, urine, and stool; I told them marvellous stories from books I had at home regarding the origin of the urine and faeces in the scrotum, boasted frightfully, and took delight in the play of my fantasy. I liked to play “animal” with my brother and a friend, in which we – or at least I – would let the penis stand out (that was as a boy of seven to eight years). When I urinated, the friend would behave wildly, racing about and emitting animal sounds. Once my brother and I in the bath “milked” each other’s scrotum. Apropos, I was very fond of playing “animal” until the thirteenth or fourteenth year. Best of all “birds”. Other wild animals throughout my earlier years, to the distress of my grandmother, who was always telling me that the people would consider me crazy because of my stupid behaviour and noise. Later I often played animals by myself, especially when I masturbated. I would imagine to myself in bed (thirteen to fourteen years) that now I was an animal; I would creep around the bed for some time on all fours, my penis would stiffen, and the hand would do the rest.

Once when a boy of six or seven, we wanted to pierce a dung beetle with a needle, and my member became stiff. I liked to play stabbing in general – we had chickens but were not allowed to look on when the fowls were killed – I cut a chicken out of paper and then played stabbing it. These would be memories from the period before ten, when I was in the country. One thing more: Secret feeling of pleasure in touching the sexual parts of a cow. Yes, and once I made a girl from school come with me behind some bushes and show me her sexual parts and had the idea of putting a leaf into the opening. Then we came to Vienna. Meyer’s Lexikon and my new associates soon initiated me into

everything. My greatest desire was to perform coitus. I soon fell in love with a girl who lived near, but who was displeased with me when she heard elsewhere that I talked of “filthy things”. I tried to persuade another girl. But I talked much too much and hesitated to come boldly out with what I wanted to do. I was less embarrassed once before an older woman. She, however, ridiculed me or mocked me. I had more confidence toward our servant. She was very devout. Nevertheless, she was willing to let me – the eleven-year-old – uncover her beautiful breasts – I still recall it now with pleasure. I lifted her skirt and was able to get a glimpse, despite her struggle and relative strength, of the pubic mound. I took out my erect penis but did not get it in, because the girl was sitting and remained in this position. She would not permit coitus, although I begged for it. I often threw her to the floor, but never succeeded. At that time – I was not yet acquainted with masturbation – I tried to make copulatory movements between the cover and the seat in the toilet, hollowed out an apple and tried with it. Both without result.

My neighbour in school had his hand in my pocket, and this naturally had a hole in it. He manipulated my penis, and if the professor – I was in the gymnasium even at ten – had not stood up just then, the gratification would have occurred for the first time; I already had an intimation of it.

Unfortunately, the hand had to come out of the pocket. In Vienna I once played “laying eggs” with my brother. We both had erect organs. One copulated with the other by anus, sprang out of bed, and laid eggs in every possible place in the room. Then we went back to bed so that we might copulate again. Then the “female” got up again and laid eggs.

When she had laid, she went back to bed and the “male” covered her again (only by indication). We kept changing the roles of male and female.

I came again when I was twelve from Vienna to the country.

Our new maids were very much embarrassed at my smartness, and I became more and more shy and “better-behaved”. But coitus still remained my ardently desired ideal. I then entered the gymnasium at H. There we were under the tyranny of the priests. One might not speak to a girl; I knew no-one. I learned at H. at the age of thirteen the art of masturbation, which I very ardently practiced. Often with a second person. In school, in the theatre, at home, yes, even once in a church. When I was about fourteen, I was taught by comrades the injuriousness of the practice, and I began to fight against it. Every day I would say to myself:

“Today will be the last time.” I also had the childish fear that the “sap” must be all there at one time and later in marriage I would have only half of it or even nothing in the “eggs”.

And when once I was indulging in masturbation for the second time in the day and only a little fluid came out, I thought, “Now I actually have no more.” But a friend – likewise a confirmed self-abuser – consoled me: the thing was always being replenished by the blood. Now I masturbated at intervals of a few days, but each time I resolved to be chaste. I envied many a student of the first class his innocence! One of them, indeed, made upon me such an impression of his angelic purity that I – of the fifth form – often went walking with him, although I naturally had a quite different mental horizon from his.

While masturbating I imagined desirable girls, even once my mother’s sister and once Mother herself. I was becoming less and less bold about setting forth upon actual sex, although my fantasies elaborated the most daring plans in this respect. In the upper gymnasium I went about with girls and had three more or less unfortunate love affairs, but never thought of sexual intercourse, although when walking arm in arm and in kissing there would be erections. I believed that the girls were so respectable that one did not induce them to have it.

Then one day I discovered a better technique for masturbating; namely, through imitation of natural coitus.

Every gymnasium student possesses a large Latin and a large Greek lexicon. Put a piece of sackcloth between, and one has a vagina of the strongest muscular power. Would you believe that never in any natural act which I have ever yet performed have I had such tremendous feelings of pleasure as in this

“book masturbation”? Can you explain this to me? Perhaps because the women whom I imagine while masturbating are exceedingly more beautiful than any real women and because I am disillusioned by the reality, as has been the case in the brothel. I have not been in the brothel now for a long time and have resolved – it is very easy for me to do – never to visit one again. As to the frequency, I can say that it often happened that for a period of several days I would masturbate once a day. It was very seldom twice a day. Often, on the other hand, I could hold out for fourteen days. Not longer, although I always believed that I had now conquered my “vice” for all time. In the eighth class, a comrade called my attention to a new procedure; that is, in principle to indulge in self-gratification only every eight days. Besides, one gave one’s word of honour to a friend to hold to it, but to confess the opposite with a remorseful heart. I lived one month according to this, but as I broke the promise once more, I was too much vexed to bind myself again. For masturbating, I liked best to undress myself so that I was quite naked; otherwise, too, I liked to undress, which I frequently do still today. I have had to masturbate in the holidays because my parents cut off every intercourse with girls. I was instructed in the last years at the gymnasium as to the consequences of sexual diseases and therefore for a long time avoided going to a brothel. At the end of the eighth form, we were “scientifically” enlightened regarding everything in a lecture by our school physician. His discussion culminated in the assertion, “Abstinence has never harmed anyone.” Besides, I was almost ill at his graphic portrayal of syphilis; after the lecture I was pale and yellow. But this kept me, when I was finally free from home, a long time from visiting a brothel.

I suddenly stopped masturbating as much as before, when I reached the course for marine candidates and was among many comrades. I believed that I had overcome the habit. But now when I have my own cabin, I see the reason.

I was but little alone and unobserved. For when I came into possession of the cabin, masturbation again started. I do not defend myself against it, since I have come to know your conception of it. I am perhaps seized with regret afterward, when I think that by it I may be lessening the feeling of pleasure for the real sexual act.

Now at last to the natural thing. Once in Pola when I was nineteen, I plucked up courage to perform the sexual act with a condom. I needed a very long time with the first attempt and had much less satisfaction than with the books (that occurred to me during the act!). The next time it came very quickly, but the pleasure was not so great as with the books. The bodies of the prostitutes greatly disappointed me.

I recall only two that pleased me, and with whom after a short time I quickly performed the act again. After some time I no longer used a preventive, but prophylaxis. Slowly I became aware of the weakness of the satisfaction, also that I did not want to cohabit with the woman the second time. Once one of them reproached me: "You are impotent!" I was afraid now of that. But when I returned to Vienna the next time, I was able with a prostitute who was somewhat finer to perform coitus five times in one hour. That comforted me again. I have already described fully in my last letter my most recent experiences – with the woman that I love I am almost impotent! I enclose a dream, which has excited me very much:

It seems to me that I am about to run aground with my ship or with one in which I previously embarked in the harbour of Pola. Half asleep I look out of my cabin porthole and gradually notice that we are not yet moving. I was already fully awake, and under the influence of the dream my heart was beating violently.

I have learned from you to see much behind simple dreams, but what could so simple a seaman's dream signify?

First Session

Sexual things were of lively and lasting interest to me even in my early childhood. It struck me once directly – for example, during a sojourn in Vienna which brought me into the society of my cousins, girl and boy, and diverted me through many kinds of entertainment and amusement – while I was performing the natural functions that for several days I had not thought of anything bad.

I must more exactly describe a detail which I have already mentioned to you.

My earliest sexual life was in part active (in practice), in part investigation in nature. I was often in the company of an older boy. We played animals; I crept around on all fours – which I often did in later years in bed at night – and had an erect penis while doing so. I had of course exposed it, which I also liked to do sometimes later before my comrades. In fact, even on the ship at the age of twenty-two I liked to leave my cabin open in summer; I wore no shirt, and if I became entirely uncovered in my sleep, no one could make any objection. (He does not know that he lies there quite naked.) Of course, I was secretly pleased if someone said to me in the morning he had seen all “my charms”. I never took much trouble even before the servant to be sure that my nakedness was properly covered. I preferred to masturbate totally naked.

You see, I am an exhibitionist.

So we played animals. At another time I urinated – or was it my friend? – and he or I uttered thereby whinnying noises. I remember in the navy seeing a man once in bathing trunks urinating. I had distinct pleasure in watching him. Now comes a memory to which I do not give absolute credence. It has come to my mind in a quite remarkable manner. We had somewhat longish bread in the navy. Although once I was already satisfied and might just as well have used the rest of the bread at another time, I was compelled as if by a magic power to eat the very last “tip”. Then I lay down on my bed and thought a psychological motive must be concealed behind this compulsion. And all at once a memory arose with a certain plastic clearness that an older boy had one time in a definite spot in the garden stuck his penis into my mouth.

Before this memory came to my consciousness, I had frequently yielded to a peculiar sort of masturbation, which seems to stand in relation with this possible experience. It consisted in laying myself naked on the floor and lifting the feet and lower part of the body. My penis was now over my face, and I would now masturbate. A further memory relates to my sadistic disposition. I tortured a dung beetle and thus had an erection. That was the case always in later years when, for example, I tormented a fly. I remember once playing with my brother in the bath, each milking the other, at which the maid caught us. I have told you in my life history the ideas I had of human origin.

Once I took a schoolmate behind a wooden partition and looked at her genitals. I bid her urinate. But she had just before attended to her needs and could not therefore gratify my wish. I took a blade of grass and laid it in the opening and told her she must always put it back again if it should fall out.

Now I came to Vienna. I should mention first that I liked to go around in the neighbourhood of the toilet, evidently with the intention of watching people at defecation. I once had the misfortune that my papa was in the toilet and somehow saw me. He went after me in the garden and armed himself with a switch, to be sure, a weak one; whether he whipped me at that time, I no longer remember. I was soon taught in Vienna where children came from. I also read

about it eagerly in the encyclopedia. It seemed to me once, because of a displaced marker, that my papa must have come upon this study. I was seized with the desire to perform coitus. I played father and mother with a little girl. She had to lie down and I pressed her upon the abdomen, which was to symbolize the sexual act. She evidently understood my game well, for she lay down again and wanted me to repeat it. The game of the laying of eggs, which I have already described, belongs in this period.

Chance brought me into contact with a labourer who was large and strong. I should like to have seen his penis. But he told me of his prostitutes and said that I must take an interest in that, not in his penis. Once an old woman met me in the woods. I begged her to let me perform coitus. She would naturally not consent. I made more progress with our servant. You already know of these experiences.

I had a sweetheart at that time, a girl about my own age, but the love was purely platonic. The servant with whom I had made the attempt at coitus which I have related remained behind in Vienna when we left in my twelfth year and died a few months later in the bloom of youth. Often in coitus with prostitutes of a slender build I have had to think of the pelvic bones and I have an indistinct feeling that perhaps behind this is the thought of that girl's skeleton. My sexual life stands from my thirteenth year in the sign of masturbation. I still wished for coitus perhaps, but I had grown too bashful. I liked best to be masturbated by another's hand.

It happened accidentally that my mamma and, I believe, my papa, too, discovered my habit. I was sitting one day before a brochure and was masturbating over the most beautiful women which were in it. Mamma entered the room; I did not see her, but really I believe that she saw my exposed penis. That happened also with Papa. One evening he walked up and down before my sleeping room and might have seen me masturbating, which I practiced in a very reckless manner.

I found him the next day in the library before a volume of Meyer and thought he was looking to see what one does with children who have become addicted to self-abuse. But aside from a passing remark concerning a handkerchief soiled with semen (“pretty thing”), neither he nor Mamma ever said anything about masturbation. It is true that Mamma’s sister asked me in a rather pointed manner why I looked so poorly and my brother (who at that time had not yet taken up masturbating) so well. I believed that I noticed that this was connected with my discovery of masturbation.

I had little satisfaction in my first coitus with a prostitute. The woman seemed to me despicable in contrast with the servant girl who had died, whose vagina, well-covered with hair, came to my memory.

All the sex acts, which followed at fairly long intervals, chiefly with prostitutes, were characterized by premature ejaculation and slight feeling of pleasure. There was at one time a long interruption, the cause of which was fear of failure. I had proposed to a prostitute that she let me perform coitus while she sat on my lap. (Dr. Stekel has pointed out to me the similarity of the situation with the first attempt at coitus, which failed.) I noticed immediately that this did not work. Since then I have had fear of a disgrace.

Sometime later I had a dream:

I sat upon a bench among a great number of people, who did not notice me. A red-cheeked girl sat on my lap, and I tried to bring her vagina onto my penis.

The red-cheeked girl was according to one association Mamma. I interpreted the dream as the fulfilment of the wish to sit upon Mamma’s lap. Directly through the analysis of this dream I had the certain, almost proud, feeling that I could now calmly go to the prostitute with whom I had nearly disgraced myself. No

sooner thought than done! She was no longer to be found, but I went to another, to be sure merely with the usual rapid, weak result. Coitus with a chambermaid at a hotel and later with a married woman was accompanied by inhibitions.

Second Session

Dr. Stekel believes that the masturbatory act, in which I ejaculated from above into my face, is associated with a fantasy of the mother's womb. Thereupon another fantasy occurs to me. I had the idea of creeping into a large basket and there masturbating naked. I related more of my desire for animals. Even in early childhood I touched the vagina of a cow. At twenty I once wanted a cow to lick me with her rough tongue. I tried once to have coitus with a donkey and another time with a goat. Once I got a dog to lick me. I was frightfully cruel to it afterwards. I was almost ashamed before it that I had let it lick me.

Dr. Stekel asked me what it really was that led me to analysis and is of the opinion that I fled from the married woman with whom on account of my impotence and from desire I had practiced cunnilingus. This does not seem so to me. The actual reason was as follows: The woman's husband once praised my cheerful disposition. I answered him that this was only grim humour and all on the outside. Since he knew that recently I had again been engaged in religious studies, he referred my melancholy demeanour to a preoccupation with metaphysics. But I thought to myself: An actually healthy young man is not interested in religious things. Dr. Stekel referred to my consciousness of guilt as the source of the compulsion to be busied with religion... I did not love the woman. It was a tremendous farce that I was carrying on. At the end I could no longer disguise the fact as at the beginning. She reproached me that I did not love her any more. I thought to myself, I have never loved you. Dr.

Stekel asked me if I have ever loved. I believe I have really loved only the maidservant. All my other love affairs were distinguished by boundless extravagances, which alone are signs that they were not real love. The one goal

of my relationships was that I should be loved; I was indifferent to everything else. This hunger for love has its roots in jealousy of my brother. He is better-looking than I and is preferred to me. My aunt's sister once said to me: "No, my dear boy, how lovely you were as a small child and now what have you grown to be." I attribute the beginning of my shyness and the loss of my freedom and ease to this remark, which offended me very much. The jealousy of my brother created in me the effort always to equal him. My choice of profession, for example, had its origins in the desire to enjoy the same admiration as the brother, who had been in the navy earlier.

Dr. Stekel adds to this that the striving to seek the brother himself was also a determinant. It was actually a comrade of my brother in whose company I was first clearly aware of the homosexual impulses. My efforts to copy the brother bordered almost on the ludicrous. In cutting wood one has first to separate the wood into equal parts. I noticed that he had a sure eye for measurement. Now I practiced with portions of given size. I once mentioned that my greatest pleasure would be to fly. But what is further from me? Merely because my brother had always been enthusiastic for flying, I presented myself among the aviators.

Third Session

When I was ten years old I masturbated with an apple for want of a natural vagina. Papa seems to have noticed that I visited toilet all too often.

It struck me once that the long space between the two lexicons symbolized much more the slit between the buttocks than the vagina. I therefore once masturbated purposely with homosexual fantasies. Thereupon an intensive sensation of pain occurred at ejaculation along with the pleasure; it was as if I had pieces of glass in the urethra. From that time on the book masturbation was associated each time with this painful feeling.

It has frequently happened during a dream analysis that I have had an erection with certain thoughts. I had it with the analysis of the dream of the girl who sat upon my lap; I masturbated, sitting, with great pleasure.

Two years ago, after coitus with a hotel maid, I had painful erections for many hours in spite of successful ejaculation. The same phenomenon occurred in the night after the first cunnilingus. I had to masturbate twice in the night with great feeling of pleasure, thinking of the pubic hair of the servant girl, although in the time previous to this I had indulged but little in self-pleasure.

Yesterday I wrote to the woman, with difficulty – I did not know what to write, for it did not come from my heart. I said at the close: “I hope we shall soon meet in oral intercourse.”

It has often been noticed by my associates that I frequently lick my lips.

My love to Else is a distinctly spiteful love. I set up her picture in the room at home. Not out of desire, but merely to annoy my parents, I visited her in L., remained away from home a week, and went afterward for a day's visit to my native place, L., without telling my parents where I was actually going. I pretended to them it was my entrance into the national defense. I did not inform them where I really was until I was in L. Later I was seized with remorse and wrote a letter begging their forgiveness.

Else's reproach that I had “no humour” was also a reason for my decision to take up analysis. That is one of the chief differences between me and my brother. I was lively in my early years; the parapathy has made me serious. I wanted to get my humour back again.

I tried to prove my love to Else by being very generous with gifts. I had bought some material for her birthday. Before I had presented it to her, I received an inquiry from the family at home whether I had not wanted to procure some material. I was sure at this moment that neither Else nor the people at home would get the goods. But finally I gave it to Else, solely to prove to myself that I was not inwardly dependent upon my family. After purchasing a Christmas present I would have an intensive feeling of indifference. My parents are strict as to economy. I could have used the money very well which I spent for the gift. I did what I did only out of defiance.

I once had to spend the night in a room with a comrade who had strongly sensuous lips, and I could not sleep at all.

I imagined once that I had inflammation of the testicles and made cold applications of sackcloth. I believe I was copying the wearing of the monthly napkin. Another time I considered bits of sebaceous secretion on the penis to be signs of primary syphilis and believed that I would have to confess to Papa. A later association concerning this proved that I had the unconscious wish to show my penis to my father. Now and then I have imagined that I do love Else. The motive of my first student love was the coveting of the happiness of being loved. I saw a comrade being welcomed by a girl at the railway station and envied him his great love.

Fourth Session

I will first report some thoughts and fantasies which relate to the person of Dr. Stekel. Dr. Stekel accompanied my first confessions of the occurrences of my sexual life during childhood with the expression "how interesting". I thought to myself, "You say that in order to entice more from me." Dr. Stekel charged me to write these notes concerning the treatment on one side only so that they could be printed.

I thought something like this, “You may tell that to someone else, that this will ever be printed.”

I always wore my marine cap obliquely on my head. When my attention was called to it, I would always test whether the cap emblem was directly above my nose. It revealed itself that the cap was always a little bit displaced to one side. The erect penis is always a little to the left with me. I shoved the cap, a penis symbol, always toward the right, as it were to correct the physical defect. I intended to tell Dr. Stekel this. The fantasy attached itself to the idea that Dr. Stekel would have me show him the organ and through some sort of manipulation provoke an erection.

I have very often cherished the fantasy that Dr. Stekel would treat me free of charge. It was somewhat difficult to tell him this.

I studied Haeckel and Darwin in the vacation after the sixth class. I occupied myself also with Kant’s theory that we have no proof of the reality of the external world. One day this theory awoke to life in me. I doubted everything. Is this a sausage? Is this a leaf? The day after, I was seized by the obsessive idea that I must slap my father. The superficial reason why the idea arose is as follows: Our professor of religion had dismissed this theory of Kant with the remark that one need only give its supporter a box on the ear. If he made any objection to that, one could remind him of the unreality of his sensation. I now came upon the notion of scattering my doubt of the reality of the external world through Papa in the manner spoken of. The deeper motivation of this idea, which finally was carried over to everybody and which troubled me for more than a year, is this: cheeks symbolize the buttocks, and the blow is really a caress.

I am a doubter in everything. I am subject to change of views. Now monarchist, now socialist, now communist. I am not capable of standing firm for any cause.

I liked to invent sexual experiences before others; would tell them that I had a girl and sucked her breasts.

I was able to bring about a good result in the “book masturbation” when I imagined the lexicons enlarged like an enormous pubic mound. Or even if I thought to myself that the two lexicons were a child which was sucking my penis.

I liked to masturbate in a small sailboat.

I was numb the first time Else practiced fellatio upon me. I should have liked best being licked on the perineum.

Being familiar with the principles of analysis, I offered to analyze a friend for his homosexuality. I was with him once alone at night and felt a sort of fear at his confessions.

The fact that I want to go to the Roumanian marine is explained through Else’s returning to Roumania after the peace. I even spoke for some time of a desire to marry her.

Nevertheless, I believe my love for her is not a genuine love.

Fifth Session

For the first time I have not brought with me the report of the previous hours. For the reason, as Dr. Stekel discovers from one of the following dreams, that I am not going to assist Dr. Stekel to more fame and money through my notes, which are to be printed. Dr. Stekel tells me that no patient has yet been able to write down his analysis. Just on that account, thought I, I will do it.

I give Dr. Stekel now the following four dream pictures:

1. A torpedo boat is in a dock like a swimming school, moored between palings. It seems that I pilot the boat. As if we steer through a series of rooms, I wind my way along; I still see the turnings plainly before my mind's eye. I am dissatisfied with my pilot. He veers too far around for me. Then it is again as if we were in the dock. I see then at the edge of the dock the right pilot. I look down at him and call to him intending to order him to the helm. The poor steersman with whom I was dissatisfied is a former schoolmate. He is a somewhat melancholy person because he – as I have learned – lost his father at an early age. His mother had an affair with a certain person, was killed, and her dismembered body hidden in a cask in a cellar.

2. In the second dream I enter a room. Behind a sort of screen is a lighted desk, at which some one is sitting, presumably my father. I leave the room again.

3. I am in a garret. I say to my father that the Israelite N., a former schoolmate, has bought an automobile for 3000-4000 kronen. He does not believe it.

4. I am disputing with my father and mother across a table. I call out some insulting word which ends in aka.

Dr. Stekel instructs me that a resistance has called forth this wealth of dreams. The first dream represents the analysis; the rooms are the individual chambers of my brain. I am the bad pilot, and the thoughts of the fate of my comrade's mother symbolize the criminal instincts in me.

The second dream conducts me to an affair in which my father plays a role, but I again draw back.

In the third dream I should like to do the analysis myself so that I do not have to sacrifice my savings to Dr. Stekel (3000-4000 kronen).

Sixth Session

We take up the dream in which I was quarrelling with my parents across a table and call out to them the insulting word ending in aka. I associate uraka, urine. It reminds me of an inhibition in urinating once when I visited a urinal with Papa.

I morbidly watched my urine when I was eighteen. I wanted to have the urine examined. It was impossible for me to urinate in the receptacle for the purpose. Now at the beginning of the analysis I often have to urinate in the night.

I have been told that I had the habit regularly of going to the toilet after severe night terrors. Once at home I walked in my sleep; I went, the bed cover over my back, from the first to the ground floor and to the toilet. One time, sixteen or seventeen years old, I succeeded in getting sight of my father's penis. In childhood I was always watching the toilet and once had the ill luck to be

discovered by my father. In my seventeenth year I was seized one time with the fear that I squinted. Now I attribute this fear to my having cast stolen looks in childhood at things which I should not have seen.

The report breaks off here, inasmuch as the patient's notes come to an end. They became ever more scanty and passed over the most important things that we had discussed thoroughly.

CASE NUMBER 37

It concerns the forty-year-old analyst, M. K., who has a remarkable anti-masochistic attitude. He does battle orally, in writing, also in societies and through personal propaganda, for the right of woman. What he cannot endure is a masochistic attitude on the part of a woman.

He could murder a man who treated his wife sadistically. But he understands very well how one could be masochistically inclined toward a woman; he considers such an attitude as the desirable one. This fundamental idea dominates his whole thought. He is a champion of mother right, believes that all social problems would be solved without difficulty through the establishment of the supremacy of women. His books, mostly bulky projects which remain solely in theory, frequently deal with the triumph and the final liberation of women. He could at once fight a duel for an insulted woman, although he is an opponent of duels and otherwise devoted to anarchistic ideas. He desires freedom in every form. But not for all people and only an individual freedom. Thus he has an unquenchable hatred toward all homosexuals, in so far as they are pederasts. If he were king, he would imprison them all, burn them, annihilate them.

Therefore a special form of freedom which would pertain only to those who fit his system. Homosexuals are an abomination to him because they despise women and make them superfluous.

This strangely affective attitude toward the homosexual man in itself betrays a strongly repressed homosexuality and demands of us that we investigate the relation of his worship of woman to homosexuality. There is many a Don Juan and enthusiastic admirer of women who is really latently homosexual and tries in this way through a false enthusiasm to divert himself from his real sexual object

and to bend his leading sexual tendency forcibly into another direction.

We will therefore try to find out what is the character of this man's sexual life, and how he has come to transpose the homosexual impulsive forces into the extremely heterosexual.

He is born of completely healthy parents and has no sort of hereditary handicap. His father, a famous sculptor, took the greatest pains with his education and sought to plant in his mind the germs of all that was noble and beautiful; his mother, likewise. Both parents are of high intellectual and ethical standing and have devoted their whole strength to the education of their only child. The latter early on revealed a pronounced will of his own, which made his bringing up exceedingly difficult. His crass egoism manifested itself in his being unable as a child to share anything, not even love.

He wanted everyone only for himself: father, mother, and also the grandmother. He was very happy and good, affectionate and obedient, with each one of these persons when he was alone with that one. But he would not tolerate it if he was not the object of attention in his environment. Unfortunately he learned to know jealousy also among those who brought him up and in its most unpleasant form. Mother and grandmother were jealous of each other and the question, "Whom do you love better?" was more than once put to him.

A disposition toward jealousy developed inevitably in the child mind for two reasons: first, because the disagreeable conflicts over his love brought him constantly into strife; on the other hand, because he himself was exceedingly jealous and the wish for sole possession gave spur to all his criminal (sadistic) impulses. The overcoming of the infantile criminality meant for him, therefore, the overcoming of the jealousy. Jealousy was the central problem of his childhood.

A strong homosexual inclination toward the father brought him early into an attitude of defiance, which led him completely to differentiate himself from his father and to construct a world philosophy antagonistic to that of the father.

He had therefore two contradictory ideals: one was identification with the father, which sprang from his love toward the father (unconscious life goal), and the other differentiation from him (conscious life goal). The guiding line of the latter was clear without knowledge of its origin, while the other was secretly hidden. Inasmuch as a part of the energy gathered about the conscious, another part about the unconscious, motive, a splitting of the ego was bound to result, which may form the basis of any parathy and as a further result lead also to schizophrenia. The greatness of his "inner conflict" was expressed by the polar tension between identification and differentiation.

The path of heterosexual activity was not pursued with any considerable energy for a long time. The autoerotic course of action remained the only one until the thirtieth year.

The prostitute was a source of loathing to this man of high intellectual standing, while his overvaluation of woman protected him from seeking gratification in relationships easily formed and easily dissolved. The first woman, a girl, who already had some experiences behind her, won him without difficulty by acting aggressively toward him. He represents the familiar type of men who are potent only when the women seize them by the genitals. (This springs from the tendency "pleasure without guilt" and the specific feminine attitude in the strife of the sexes.) It was he, therefore, who was won, and he readily permitted himself to be won. But his secret morality, which directly contradicted his conscious anarchistic philosophy, the ideas which are differentiated from those of his father, permitted him to accept all the consequences. He offered his hand to the girl and married her. But he first made an agreement with her which was sacred to him, and which corresponded to his entire view of life.

They were to conduct a marriage free from jealousy. If another person should attract one of them, this one might possess that person. That need be no ground for mutual reproaches.

This contract was to be a sign of a progressive, liberal world philosophy. In truth it served to exclude jealousy from the marriage. It was the secret acknowledgment that through jealousy he could become “frightful”. It was from this that he wanted first of all to protect himself. The compact was an assurance against his criminality. Another motivation was as unconscious to the patient as the first: in this manner he was able to satisfy his homosexual impulses. His wife’s lover was then in a certain measure his lover. For as a consequence he tolerated as his wife’s lovers only such men as pleased him, tolerated them only when he knew of them. He had to share mentally in the enjoyment in order to forgive.

Escapades of his wife of which he learned only later he bore very ungraciously, considering them as actual unfaithfulness and breach of mutual confidence.

It is no wonder, since this patient had two things to repress, his criminality and his homosexuality, that he was a morphine addict. Morphine or alcohol are narcotics for these unfortunate individuals and make life possible for them. He did not spare the morphine and was able to live only if he took large doses of it. Otherwise he was tortured by anxiety states of the most painful sort. We have often enough stated emphatically: Fear is the fear of one’s self. He was afraid he would succumb to his original sadistic attitude if he was not inhibited in his aggressiveness through morphine and unable to yield to his fantasies. These, like the fantasies of the opium smoker and the hashish eater, substituted for the poverty of life the fabulous exuberance of the dream world.

Now his wife had entered into the pact perhaps more through his urging than from her own conviction – into a pact that would have been very satisfactory to many another woman. Plainly, in the tacit hope that love would help her over all

temptations; glad furthermore that despite her former life she had become the wife of a physician of high reputation and talent. She had saved herself in marriage, which she had already mentally renounced. But she was not long to enjoy the pleasure of being an “honorable married woman”. For the sick man soon urged an experience. He wanted to test her in accordance with his ideas. If anyone wants to become acquainted with a classic description of this sort of man, let him turn to the well-known memoirs of Frau Wanda von Sacher-Masoch, the wife of the famous writer Sacher-Masoch. This man, too, masochistically inclined toward women, and after whom Krafft-Ebing has named the paraphilia of subjugation, for many years continually urged his wife to commit adultery. He thirsted for such an experience. He hoped to obtain from her unfaithfulness fresh incitement to his productive work. It was his homosexuality which urged him to this step... So it was also with our patient.

He had but one theme during the first years of marriage, the wife’s unfaithfulness and, likewise, his own. But she must make the start. Soon some unimportant officer came within his ban. At her husband’s urging she took with him the great step which was to unite them all three to a higher companionship. M. K. lay in his bed alone, feverishly excited, and masturbated. Then he waited for his wife and wanted to know whether she still desired him, having had the other one. This was the great test for his narcissism and of her love. Would she return to him after the other man and find satisfaction in his arms? She came and was again his, whereby he experienced a great increase of the orgasm. This increase came from the influx of homosexual impulses, which M. K. naturally did not perceive, but attributed to the greater love and gratitude because she had returned to him.

But the beautiful relationship between the three was not to last long. The officer proved himself unworthy of his high mission. He wished to have the woman only for himself and could not adjust himself to this strange sharing with the husband. The first experience passed without clouding the happiness of the marriage. Soon, however, there were affairs which showed plainly that M. K. merely made use of his wife in order to possess his friends. He brought, so to speak, all his friends to her. No friend had any value for him until he had possessed his wife. He likewise made the effort to possess himself of the wives

and sweethearts of his friends.

It will be clear to any one with insight that this form of polygamy must lead to a psychic collapse of all the participants. For M. K. had to suppress all impulses of jealousy, and he was able always to suppress them if his wife's lover each time was his friend. He was always able to arrange it that persons not sympathetic to him were excluded from this community. He discovered in them ugly traits; he confirmed pettinesses of character; he convinced her of their ignoble qualities; in short, he brought it to pass that his wife should separate herself from them and refuse them coitus.

The affair first became complicated when he at last found a woman who meant much more to him than his wife, and his wife preferred a certain friend – we will call him Arthur – to him. Arthur was a parasite of M. K. He lived upon our patient's ideas and his money; he lived with his wife; he even sought to approach his mistress, this, in fact, according to the wish of the patient, who expected from this union a special stimulation of his beloved.

A complete collapse occurred. His wife turned wholly from him. And it happened this way. When she was pregnant the first time by him, he noticed in her a womanly resignation, which he interpreted as “frightfully masochistic”.

She was grateful to him. He had made her an honourable woman; now she would bear him a child. She thought: “Now the temptations are at an end. Now we shall find each other; he will be mine only, and I shall belong solely to him. She yielded herself completely to him as a woman. Now I shall be the mother of his children and a respectable woman. How I love him! How I love him! How I can love him for the first time!” He could not bear this and spurned her love. He wanted to see her only as mistress of him; he wanted to subject himself to her and live near her at least with equal privileges. Such a submissive wife filled him with fear and disgust. Thus he completely lost this woman. She really never returned to him.

What was more important to him than the physical faithfulness in marriage was the mental community. His wife should have understood him, discussed with him his thoughts and projects, his gigantic plans. She was not at all interested in his books, and his philosophical and psychological-analytical conversations left her cold. He wanted to make an anarchist of her. She would not be converted. An anarchistic friend, who became her lover, attended to this conversion, which promptly took place, for women do everything for men whom they love. M. K. had to take more and more morphine.

He was inwardly unhappy over the faithlessness of his wife and of his mistresses. He wanted in fact to be the only one!

His boundless narcissism longed for some one constantly to admire his genius, an admiration which his wife had not brought him. This tore the two persons utterly apart.

He had found another woman in whom he could completely unfold. They understood each other without reserve, and he owed her his most delightful hours and days.

But she soon became very melancholy. He had the desire also with this woman to bring her into relationship with the anarchist – with Arthur, who, meanwhile, had become the illegitimate husband of his wife.

He could not rest until his lovely friend was also Arthur's mistress. He promised himself from this an enormous improvement in her condition. Evidently the friend, a woman of good position, could not forgive him this.

It is in the nature of woman that she can deceive a man if her feelings demand it, but that she can never in the world forgive his voluntary abdication in the interests of another man. It is the severest injury which can be done to her feeling of self.

The parathic condition of the friend did not improve after intercourse with Arthur. On the contrary. Her depression assumed ever more severe forms. Her effort to enter into M. K.'s intellectual life was in vain. How could she have found her way among these contradictions?

She took her own life.

She was not the only woman whom M. K. had plunged into wretchedness. He not only ruined his women psychically by forcing them to unfaithfulness and polygamy, but he made drug fiends of them. He did not rest until his mistresses, too, seized upon morphine or opium, which he preferred latterly.

The more he entangled himself in these dangerous affairs, which required so much self-deception and repression, the greater his need of the sweet poisons, which put him into a state of ecstasy where he could forget.

What had he to forget? It is evident that he himself could not bear this severe burden of his conscience and his narcissism.

For behind his apparent absence of jealousy, there was concealed a pathological jealousy with the infantile formula: to have all beloved persons for oneself alone.

He had understood how to turn his pain into pleasure, which represents indeed the sign of a true masochism. On the other hand, his entire system was designed to torture his parents with refined cruelty. Here his boundless sadism might vent itself, and it found in them objects which were defenselessly sacrificed to it. He first sought to convert his parents to his philosophical point of view. As he soon saw the impossibility of achieving this, he let them bear the cost of his philosophy.

They were always having to pay for him, to smooth things over for him, and some new scandal was forever threatening them, even if they had some months of rest. Beside this, there were the exorbitant payments for his friends, whom he had to support absolutely or to “rescue”, and so on.

XI: SELF-MUTILATION AND SELF-ACCUSATION

CASE NUMBER 38

A Russian professor of philology, a great man in his profession, came to me one day to be cured of his various disorders. He made a woeful impression. He described himself as the most unhappy man in the world. His whole life long he had been pursued by ill luck. He had already been analyzed twice (by laymen) without result. A mental disease had broken out during the first analysis, classified by the psychiatrists as paranoia. He had lost his position because of this and was now without a situation. The tears ran in torrents down his pale cheeks during this recital.

His wife was his only joy; she had stood by him in his heavy hours and saved him from the greatest acts of folly. He had learned to know her in a remarkable manner. He had been sent by the Russian government to study the Chinese language on the spot in order then to teach Chinese at the university. He did not want to be alone in China and married a girl who had formerly been a pupil of his and had been interested in languages. He went by ship from Vladivostok first to Japan. His wife already deceived him upon the ship with an officer. Then she died in China of yellow fever. He reproached himself that he had caused her death because he had given her too much champagne.

His first wife had been in correspondence with a German woman. They exchanged letters in order to perfect themselves in this way each in the foreign language. (It was still before the war.) After his wife's death he finished his studies in China and went to Germany to continue them in Berlin and to marry his wife's unknown correspondent, with whom he himself had entered into an exchange of letters. He actually accomplished this marriage after overcoming severe resistances. Both then went to Russia. There the events took place which I will reproduce in the patient's own words. At the end of the analysis George – so we will name him – delivered me his notes, which I will reproduce here literally that we may understand his case.

DEAR DR. STEKEL:

My analysis is coming to an end. I willingly pass on to you, after our seven months' work, the following notes. You are at liberty to make use of this manuscript in whole or in part.

I know that your work is for the welfare of mankind and gladly contribute my bit to your life work.

I am a Russian by birth and university professor of modern languages and Sanskrit. I am now fifty-two years old, married, without children. I lost my father when I was eight years old. He was a musician and had besides a small shop, which my mother conducted. He died at a hospital for the insane of multiple sclerosis. My mother hanged herself when I was engaged in my studies in China. I was thirty-two years old at that time. I was the oldest of five brothers and sisters, four boys and one girl. I seem to have had a very bad inheritance. My oldest brother, a poet and waiter (a strange combination!), showed repeated signs of paranoia and was three times interned in an asylum. The next brother, an advocate, died as the result of a streptococcus infection after an injection with a syringe. (The needle must have been unclean. His murderer was our family physician!) This brother was not at all nervous; at any rate, he was the healthiest member of our family. The third brother, a highly qualified worker in metal, had been condemned twice for exhibitionistic acts, was also under observation for some time in a psychiatric clinic. My sister is married to an orchestra conductor and has two healthy boys, whom she has never beaten and never intimidated with threats. Three of her children died of intercurrent diseases.

I had been treated before I came to you by two analysts, who had had very little experience. Their knowledge came from the reading of analytic works. Thus two years ago I put myself under analytic treatment by Mr. N. My most important

symptom was an unconquerable fear that my students might hiss at me; they might play all kinds of monkey tricks (miaowing, crowing, and such things).

My condition grew worse during the treatment. One day I received an anonymous letter which bristled with vulgar, insulting words. They belonged chiefly in the category of urinary and anal sexuality (“Lick my asshole... I will piss on you... you whore’s son... you filthy beast.... your position will soon be made clear to you... You want to be a professor? You are a common shit-in-the-pants ...”). This letter was without a stamp; it was stuck in the small letter box which was affixed to my institute.

One may imagine my agitation. Anna, my wife, was of the opinion that it could only be a trick of the boys. The writing was disguised. It was all in large printed letters.

I believed it could only have been one of my pupils.

My suspicion was directed toward a strapping fellow whom I already hated because he was the largest and strongest of my students, while I unfortunately am weak, sickly, and small in size, which has always increased my sense of inferiority.

After a few days a second letter came, later a third, and a fourth. I went to the rector and demanded a thorough investigation. I turned to the police, even hired my own detective. While my letter box was being watched day and night, the daily papers received a flood of insulting letters which made my person the target for derision and slander.

They were all written in large Latin characters, but in the Russian language. Protest was raised that a man like me should be a university professor. I was imbecile as a result of secret sexual excesses, I neither had the ability nor was I worthy to be a teacher of youth.

I now proceeded to a counterattack. I accused the student, had him brought before the rector, and told him to his face that he was the writer of the anonymous letters. He stubbornly denied it. An expert in graphology believed he had discovered some similarities with his writing, but was unable to reach any certain conclusion.

The investigation was without result, but I was so disturbed that I had to petition for a leave of absence, which was granted me. I began myself to study graphology.

Gradually the terrible knowledge dawned upon me that I had written the letters myself.

It was a mystery to me why I had done it. The youth whom I had accused pleased me physically in an extraordinary degree. I have learned only with you that homosexual motives must have played a part, so much the more likely as there were many allusions to homosexuality in the anonymous obscene letters ("You arse-lover, you," and so on).

I might add to this that in the first analysis I repeatedly played the part of an insane person and was often on the border of insanity. My wife received a basket of eggs from a friend in the country. I would not let her use the eggs, for I thought they had been poisoned. A friend at the club drew a medicine bottle from his pocket and was going to take a spoonful. I screamed at him:

“Do not drink it! The medicine is poisonous! There is only one person here who is immune to poisons – and that is George.”

Thereupon I drank the entire bottle at one draft.

I was enthusiastic over analysis. The analyst had discovered my Oedipus complex, of which I will speak later.

I wanted now to explain everything by the Oedipus complex.

But even at that time the castration complex seemed to have played a great role. The threat of castration had been made also in one of the pamphlets (“Wait, you dog, you – you will have your cock and your balls cut off! Such a cur should be castrated!”). This threat was in the last of the anonymous letters. The letter threw me into an agony of fear. The student in question was now a terror to me by night and day. In my agitated fantasy I would see him climbing through the window and carving off my genitals with a large knife. The thought never came to me that I might defend myself.

Resistance seemed to be entirely excluded. I did not learn until I came to you that I wanted to play the part of woman toward this fellow.

I retired to solitude in the country. Anna had to pass through a severe time with me and fought like a heroine against the insanity which was coming upon me. Then I went to another analyst, who devoted many hours of the day to me and held me completely under his spell. I was his willing tool and saw a god in him.

I read nothing but analytic books.

Naturally, your works came also into my hand. The war was over. I possessed some trinkets which, with some other valuables of my own, I sold and came to you seeking a cure.

Here I first learned to know myself completely, and I submit the following notes to you out of gratitude:

My Father

My father was my ideal. All fathers are at first the ideal of their children. What was my greatest satisfaction? To march by the side of my tall, erect father and stretch myself as much as possible and then to dream that I was already as tall as he: we were wandering shoulder to shoulder and chatting about the important events of the world and discussing great universal problems. In my dreams he seemed cool and unapproachable despite my great yearning to love him and confide in him in every respect. I should like to have told him that I had always been loyal to him and that my mother had done him injustice when she complained of his cruelty. I always said to myself: "Quarreling arises from fault on both sides. The one party cannot always be solely to blame." In fact I often protested to my mother and felt like a small hero if I defended my absent father when he could not speak for himself. The last affectionate look which he cast upon his children when he was taken away to the asylum remained with me as an imperishable memory, a look of mingled pity and reproach. I have wished for his death. But when, like a brave soldier, he spoke a kind word (with the bearing of a heroic warrior, unbowed by fate), when I saw him before me overcome, cast down and yet courageous, my scorn vanished.

Since that time I have thought every authority which has stood over me, teacher,

commander, rector, priest, and analyst, should share his lot so that I could have compassion upon them and show them my condescension and magnanimity – but only after their downfall! Thus I feel toward the German emperor, of whom I dreamed last night.

I could now be gracious to him and say to him that I have always recognized his great talent and his surpassing power.

Now that he is deprived of his strength (castrated?) I could not be so base as to gloat over him, but I should like to show him how generous I can be.

I know that I felt myself partly responsible for my father's internment. Mother and I discussed together what protective measures we should take. It was much better to know him as mentally diseased in an asylum for the insane than to bear the shame of his being put in prison for crime.

At any rate he was a sick man, and one could regard his illness as an excuse for his frightful cruelty. Away with him!

Anywhere where he could no longer torment the mother and children! That was the problem. It was done under the pressure of circumstances, but I felt later torturing stings of conscience, as if I had been the only one to blame. He always wanted to subdue me and break my will. My mother could not permit it. She stood between him and me – often at the risk of her life. He was fearful in his rage.

After his departure I wanted to take a position and become the head of the family. This was my fantasy. It happened somewhat differently. Mother packed

up all her possessions and went to live with her parents, far away in another corner of Russia. Letters came from the asylum from my father which angered my mother. He frequently mentioned that he would like to see her again. But my mother hated him and would not hear of it. My pity, my stings of conscience, my fear, were mingled with a hatred instilled by her. But I had to speak a word for him now and then: "I am sorry for the poor man! He could not do otherwise! And are you not a bit at fault?" Then she would turn her anger upon me. It seemed that I loved him more than my mother. The other children all stood with her. I was alone, and I felt like Daniel in the lions' den, between wild beasts who would gladly have torn my father to pieces. Riddles of the soul! As long as he stood threateningly over me, I, too, could have ripped him to shreds. It now occurs to me that I often had the burning desire to play with his genitals. To take the large phallus in my hand and also to caress the enormous testicles, which, so soft and mobile, rolled hither and thither. My father's genitals were to me something powerful, wonderful, and made more impression upon me than the little I could find out about my mother. I had always been impressed by the "he" in man and animal. If I could not be a man like "him", at least he must stand beside me and support me with his manhood. I also expect assistance from Dr. Stekel, and if I may accompany him upon his walk, which, alas, is seldom the case, I have the same feeling as when, a tiny fellow, I moved along proudly at my father's side.

I am convinced that my father looked askance at the demonstrations of tenderness which I stole from my mother.

I was always in fear that he might surprise us at our scenes of affection. I often wept to excite her pity. She took me to her breast and rocked me to sleep. I do not remember that my father ever took me upon his knee. Probably he did do it. I have a faint recollection of running my small fingers through his sparse beard, of pulling it, and the head moving from one side to the other. Then he bites my hands and my ears, while his beard tickles my face. I remember very well his taking me to the toilet because I was suffering from constipation and he wanted to get me to move the bowels. When I sat on his lap, I did not want to get up and could have no movement.

For this reason I am still constipated when on the train, sat upon the soft plush chairs. Father taught me how to press so that the stool would come. He did this several times. I liked it very much, until one day he told me that I was big now and could do it alone. I know that I often complained to my mother in later years of my constipation. Evidently I would have had her help me as if I had been still a little child. I cannot remember whether she ever did assist me. She certainly gave me much good instruction how to overcome the difficulty. Memories of her enemas are very clear. I see her as she greased the syringe with vaseline, and I still feel how it hurt when she was unskillful. She also used her finger to empty my rectum.

My Relation To Religion

I was always dominated by the idea that priests are hypocrites as regards sexuality. My mother planted these ideas in me.

My father, too, was a man free in his religion; he had a sort of pantheism and did not believe in eternal punishment. He believed that we would doubtless be punished, but certainly saved later. My mother did not trouble herself much about her faith. But once she heard a travelling preacher, came home, fell into violent weeping, and thought she had not led us in the right way. We prayed in common at meals and before going to bed, and I promised to read every day in the holy Scriptures until I had read them through. I did this faithfully. I prayed every evening. Then I prayed for the spiritual welfare of my whole family. I faithfully said my prayers every evening. But then I abbreviated them and many times forgot them, until at thirty years of age I finally stopped.

About this time I began to smoke.

I always felt a sense of guilt on this account. The old church hymns often come to my mind before I go to sleep.

My mind seems to have been always praying, even when thinking of my first innocent love. My prayers were not sincere. I prayed for my brothers' lives and inwardly wished for their death. I wanted to be the only one in the family who achieved anything great and whom the mother warmly loved.

I have not yet related the history of my unhappy love. I only was to blame that our hopes were not realized. But I had the secret belief that we should meet in another world. Karola was the name of the girl, of whom I made a saint that I could worship. She became the object of a religious ceremonial. I erected in my heart a sacred shrine to her... She was my eternal secret. I never sullied her image with sexual desires.

I could have possessed her, but I never touched her. I reserved her virgin body for our bridal night, so that we might both drink the new wine of virgin love from golden goblets –

without shame, without reproach. The long period of self-denial should enhance the joy of possession. Hymen's bond should unite us and give us the right to an ecstasy of love such as only the wildest fantasy can picture.

I have always envied priests that penitent Magdalenes have told them of their sins. Other motives, too, gave my envy no rest. Priests may eat and drink well. I was envious of their beautiful, long black cloaks. Everything that the priest does is sacred and sanctioned by the Church. Children to whom he gives a father's care are sacred. How I have wished to be a preacher and to scourge the community from their sexuality through portrayal of their sins! I would have made of my pious lambs inmates of a harem in my fantasy. The feeling of being

able to watch over and control the sexual life of my flock, and particularly of the women, was extraordinarily coloured with pleasure. Come to me, all ye unsatisfied little women and I will give you rest: the rest of peace and of the poise which comes after yielding oneself and after the orgasm, so that one could die because one feels in a moment all the bliss for which one has pined in vain.

But the love that Jesus taught us was something purified and conceivable only to the spirit which has overcome obscene earthly love. The highest love is that toward God, and how could that be sexual? Sexual love is vulgar – I think of what the boys have told me and what they did at school. It was frightful. They threw us to the ground, opened our trousers, and looked at our member. How they boasted that they had thrown the girls to the ground! If I had raped the teacher, I should have been put in prison. Drinking, smoking, card playing, and going with harlots – these are the sins. All earthly pleasures must be sins. The fiddle is the instrument of the devil; it leads to sin. First the girls dance, and then feverish with desire they lie down in the grass with their best-beloved. How often have I run away from church and gone with the other boys to the woods! But the itinerant preachers, these old sinners, threatened us with fire and brimstone. We would go straight to hell. Then I was terrified and exerted myself to go regularly to church. (I recall dreams in which the preacher pointed his finger at me and threatened me with an evil end if I did not find the right way. I wanted to flee from the church and every time was brought back to the place, and the preacher's finger was directed toward me, until I awoke bathed in perspiration. Such dreams came also in the last year.) Going to church and orgies were closely associated in my childhood. I remember another itinerant preacher, who pictured the fearful consequences of drunkenness and painted in glaring colours his own sad drunkard's life. I thought to myself that his former life of sin was certainly more attractive than the calling to preach to old hags or masturbating callow youths, telling them that they should renounce all the joy of life and prepare themselves for heavenly bliss.

But these sermons were forgotten at the wonderful fairs, the bright points in my life. Grandfather had a booth where he sold gingerbread, sweets, and tobacco. He had also a small panorama where I could see scenes from the Turkish war. I was the crier and considered myself of no slight importance. There were many

puzzling things about the fair; my curiosity was lively and could not always be satisfied.

About the eleventh year I began to speculate about the purpose of life, about death, and the beyond. For a long time the word “death” threw me into the most fearful excitement. I begged Mother not to speak of it. She respected my wish. She knew that I was a nervous child and did everything she could to enliven me and keep me occupied.

Often when I was working in the field I was seized with the fear that the world might go to ruin. That would be the judgment day. Destruction of the world! My sense of guilt had foundation. I had once put verdigris in some milk in order to kill my brother; at another time had almost thrust out his eye. It was no accident, as I pretended; it was done purposely!

Here memories make themselves felt which I cannot bring up. Resistances. The fear of death appeared at a time when I mortally hated my brother. About this time, the travelling preachers made a fearful impression upon me.

Another experience made me quake. I was working in the field.

Suddenly my mother uttered a cry that would freeze one’s marrow. She had been working in the straw and had thrust her fingers upon a snake.

It was dreadful to watch my mother shaving my father (eight). I must have had the wish that she would make a clumsy movement and cut his throat. I asked her if she were not afraid to shave my father. Father always slept with his revolver under his pillow. He threatened that he would shoot any burglar. I have an

unclear recollection that he also threatened Mother with the revolver. I was afraid of his razor and his revolver and trembled at the thought that he might shoot Mother. I know that one day Mother was fumbling in a drawer. Then a friend of Father's came and after a heated dispute took the revolver away with him. I have carried a revolver myself only for a short time, and was always afraid it might go off and I might shoot someone. I once spent a night with a Japanese girl. She had, like all Japanese women, a small vagina and I fitted her very well. But I had the fear that Chinese and especially her Chinese lover would threaten me. In the morning some men went by my house cursing loudly. I sprang out of bed and fired some shots into the air through the open door of the outer room. My Chinese servant, who was as faithful as a dog, rushed yelling into the room. I thought I had wounded him. But he had screamed only from fear. I was afraid later that the revolver might discharge itself and kill me. I tried it in a boat, as a dolphin appeared. Three times the weapon failed; then it went off and hit the noble thing, which, wounded, danced about the boat for a time until it disappeared. I reproached myself for this. It was the last time that I ever used this revolver. After my wife died I was in despair. My friend P. hid my revolver. I have never seen it since. P. feared I might commit suicide. I doubt that I would have done it. For my love of life and the feeling of freedom were stronger than my consciousness of guilt.

I returned home to Russia. I bought a new revolver and shot at dogs which barked at the moon and disturbed my sleep. There may have been twenty of them... One was merely hit in the spinal cord. I found him the next morning before my house paralyzed and I charged myself with cruelty.

Perhaps I identified myself with the animal. (He barked at the moon in an ill humour, as I do.) I also shot rats if they came into my room or ran across the yard. Once I killed a bear, cut out its claws, roasted it over an improvised fire of coals, and ate it. I brought a part of my booty home. Friends came and I was invited to a bear roast.

I was afraid it might have been poisoned; I did not eat a bit of it, and pretended I

was unwell.

Back, however, to religion. My mother vacillated between faith and atheism. She did not bring me up to believe, but made use of religion when she saw a vice or the beginning of one in me and preached to me like a regular priest, of morality, righteousness, and the like. My faith in her was considerably shaken through certain small things. I was jealous when she decked herself out to visit a friend of our family. Why did she dress herself so that her breasts showed through her thin blouse? I was jealous and suspected the sexual. Then an important experience. She had promised me a ruble if I would wash the dishes for a month. I did it very faithfully. When the first of the month came, she put off paying me. I never received the ruble, and I have never been able to forgive nor to forget even to the present day that she deceived me. I lost faith in her word at that time. Perhaps that was the reason that I did not send her money from China when she asked for it. Then I saw how in the shop she would so treat spoiled, rancid butter with salt and other ingredients that she could sell the mixture as fresh country butter. I always have this picture before me, and it has disturbed my belief in my mother's sincerity and the honesty of people in general. Neither could I understand how she could assure me that I was her favourite child, while she often emphatically stated to my brothers and sisters that she loved all her children equally. Since that time, justice and equal right for all have become my fixed idea. Nor did I believe in her purity.

Once after my father's death she had a debt to pay. She went to a neighbouring city and borrowed 100 rubles from an advocate. This money she was never asked to repay. She said she had signed a note for it. I doubted this and was of the opinion that my mother had sold herself for the money.

I used often to wonder how my mother had enjoyed life before her marriage. Why was father so unhappy? Even before analysis I interpreted her relapses into a fanatic religious belief as the result of an evil conscience. These home devotions were a torture to me, and I was glad when they were gradually given up. My intimate friend at that time was a priest's son. His father was an ascetic,

but his mother had an evil reputation. She often teased me and said I would be a good tradesman. The son would make fun of religion and tell me the most incredible things regarding his relations to country girls, and the like. At first I wondered that the son of a priest could be such a sinner, but then I listened with pleasure to his filthy stories. Later my ascetic tendencies came again and again to the fore. Drinking is the vice of our people. I began to drink early; after being drunk I would solemnly vow never to drink another drop nor to smoke any more; I would backslide and then renew my attempts to live in total abstinence.

A religious psychosis finally developed, when I arrived at the years of puberty. Death, hell, the devil, eternity, the last judgment, were objects of my brooding speculation.

I deserved death. But I wished death to so many others! For example, I was afraid of the barber. He might lose his reason and cut my throat. Spirits of those whom I had slain in my fantasy appeared in my dreams at night and in waking hallucinations. I must confess that I have carried on homosexual play with my brother F. I was the seducer. Or was he? But I (fifteen) envied him his larger penis and wanted to emasculate him. I killed his soul! Now I could wish that he would wrestle with me and overcome me. Then I should know that he is a man. But he is crucified upon the cross of parapathy. It is a frightful thought to have emasculated one's own brother. Last night in my dream I castrated Dr. Stekel.

I should like to emasculate all rivals who are superior to me in any way. Only then would I be merciful to them when they were in my power. They shall no longer be men who with deep, powerful, imposing voices deceive women by means of wooing words of love, words with which they prove themselves to the women as whole men. I want to be the only man in the world, the only one who has the right to emasculate. I would gladly deprive all men of their manhood, so that the women would have no-one but me to whom to go.

That is what I am like within! Could anyone believe that I actually wanted to be

a priest? Mother often told me that I had fine white hands like a parish priest. Genuine religious feeling was implanted in me by my grandparents.

With them there were many sermons and long prayers, and I had to go with them to church. I know that even now I am pious in my inner nature. I brought my Bible with me when I came to Vienna, but I have never once taken it in my hand.

Mother corrupted my childish faith. She used to say that she would not leave her daughter alone five minutes with a parish priest. Then again she would believe in the priests. This is the distraught person I have become.

My Sexual Life

How can I find the way that leads out of this labyrinth of my sexual fantasies? How bridle my ambition, which is closely bound with the sexuality? It is my desire to climb to the highest level of aristocracy or plutocracy. I should like to have my palace, my motor car, receive rich patients and hear the confession of their sexual orgies. I want to destroy all my opponents. I should like to be Lenin and should like to condemn everybody to death. Off with their heads!

I am cruel. I was cruel even as a child. I tortured insects before I killed them. I tore the wings from flies, pierced butterflies with a needle, and fastened them alive upon the walls. I wanted to catch snakes and tear off their heads as the other boys did, but I feared they would bite me.

I tweaked the cats' tails until they cried out with pain and writhed in my grasp. I would torment animals in a cage. If I tortured any animal to death, it fascinated me to watch how long it could live. My sport with earthworms was to cut them

in pieces, smaller and smaller until they no longer moved. Or I would stick them with needles until they died. I would tear one or two wings and legs from an insect and take delight in watching the maimed creature trying to get away. I caught wasps, tore out their sting or laid them upon hot irons; I picked out their sting and pulled off their heads. The ticking of the death beetle terrified me. Some one had told me its ticking meant death. I always feared that I might fall asleep and never waken. I might die and go to hell. I did not go to sleep unless my mother was in the room.

I love to fight. Biting and scratching give me more pleasure than kissing and stroking. I tormented my brothers horribly as long as they were too small to offer resistance. I pinched them and liked to push them out of bed with my buttocks. It gave me the greatest satisfaction when they cried.

Then I would bid them not tell Mother or I would revenge myself fearfully. And they never dared tell anything. I was often afraid that they would betray something to Mother. I knew that she would give me a terrible beating. I do not like to think how brutal I was with my brothers. But cruelty is a necessity with me. It is a part of my nature. This is the wild, biting, and raging beast in me! If beautiful eyes will not smile upon me, I want to scratch them out. I am like a cat; my cruelty is deep and hidden. No one knows what it will do the next moment. According to my mood, I may love or torture, and no-one knows why I am thus or so. Cat, dog, and man are a sort of trinity to me. I love to watch the fight between dog and cat. The cat climbs the tree and spits and snarls at the dog, which cannot climb after her.

I also liked to cut up live fish and observe the beating of the heart. Vivisection was a great and supreme pleasure. I rationalized my cruelty as a child: the small animals feel no pain; as a grown-up I made myself believe the scientific end justifies the means. I might consider as a remnant of my cruelty the habit I have of scratching myself often until I bleed. I did everything I could think of to my brothers. I would pull their ears, and I believe that the misshapen ears of one of my brothers are due to my mistreatment. But I can also report masochistic

pleasure. It gratified me when grown girls held me as a little boy, swinging me by my ears over the ground, one on each side, which my comrades admired as a great deed. I can only vaguely remember these scenes (eight to nine). I also found my delight in tormenting girls, squeezing, pinching, and tweaking them until they were submissive. I should have liked to tame wild savage beasts of women and make them my slaves. Just as my father did with my mother. He once threw her to the floor and kneeled upon her. She was at his mercy.

Cruelty gives the greatest pleasure in the sexual life.

See how the cock works at the hen with its beak, when it mounts the hen! Or how the stallion in heat strikes the mare with his hoofs! Or the bull! Observe once how cats fight to secure the greatest enjoyment from their passion! Does the cat want to push away her partner, the hook-shaped penis is thrust forcibly into her vagina as if it would tear it asunder.

Think of that, you old woman! If you do not give yourself willingly, I will rend you by force. I think of the bull's spike.

It is sharp and long, like a fine-pointed pencil. If the cow is not willing and turns her vagina hither and thither instead of opening it, he sticks it where he pleases. He may tear open the belly and kill the cow. Therefore yield, you stubborn women! It will be better for you not to struggle but to submit to your fate! Yield or die: if you scorn love, you must feel its pains.

My mother once said of a neighbour that she was not satisfied with the vinegar she had bought. My father flared up and cried: "I will make vinegar of her!" This outcry still rings in my ears when I see a woman who offers resistance.

I will make vinegar of her! I will finish her! The next time she will be as gentle as a dove! I want to torture all women whom I desire and who do not take notice of me! God preserve them from my fury if they come in my way! Perhaps I would not torture them, only frighten them and show what I might be capable of. Love me or you will suffer! You, too, Dr. Stekel, defend yourself against my revenge! Love me or you will suffer!

“And if you’ll not my brother be, I’ll cave your skull in, don’t you see!”

My masturbation fantasies often have to do with torture. My orgasm is increased if I have a sort of pain in the foreskin. This is the everlasting contrast between pleasure and pain. I am proud that the pleasure outweighs every pain which accompanies the act. Here sadism and masochism are united in me. I want to torture and be tortured. The joy in being tortured is secondary. It arises from wanting to torture.

A thousand small symbolic actions reveal to me my latent sadism. I catch myself tearing a leaf from a tree and biting it into small pieces. I likewise tear every piece of paper as small as possible. I make of the paper a living being and imagine that the paper suffers pain. Everything wants to remain whole and does not want to be rent asunder. The quartering and the wheels, all the refined cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, as I have seen them in pictures, fascinate me mightily. I have sought in vain for a book which would give me an exhaustive view of the torture chambers of the Inquisition. If I cannot torture people physically, I will try to do it psychically. I can harass them mentally and torture them so that they groan and writhe with agony. I would grind and sharpen them through the terrors of the soul and let them blanch and quake as with the anguish of death, if I could tear the covering from their filthy and ugly souls. How I envy Dr. Stekel that he is an analyst. I believe he is too good for this calling. A true analyst must be a sadist. Maybe the most of them are sadists and are glad when they can keep their victims in the screw-vice of the transference. An analyst pleases me better than the massacring Turk with his bloody curved sword in his angry gleaming teeth, who rushes upon his victim with the lust of the robber and

murderer. My own delight is the torture of souls. Be good to me or you will come to feel my power!

I am now gentle with all animals. If I should kill a flea, I would do it quickly so that the poor creature should not suffer. I never intentionally tread upon a beetle when I am walking. I am glad there are so many automobiles, for I cannot bear to see a horse drawing a heavy load. I at once identify myself with the poor beast, with every suffering animal. Animal stories are my passion. If I see a rough driver beating his poor old horse, I could take the whip from his hand and beat him as I saw him striking his beast. And I have been as cruel myself! Once I built a fire on the back of a turtle and watched the creature running round helpless. Then I thrust a stick into its inwards and observed its death struggle.

I also tortured my mother with refined cruelty. It was after the last examination at the university. I came home sorrowful and depressed and wept. She asked me how the examination had turned out. I gave her no answer. I contemplated her mental distress, for I surmised that she believed the worst.

Then I uttered a cry of anguish and told her that I had failed.

Oh, how she wept and how unhappy she was! I exulted in her misery because I could thereby measure her love to me. I allowed her to suffer for a long time and then told her the truth: I had passed my examinations brilliantly. First to behold her agony, her despair, her gloom, and then the delightful contrast of her joy over my distinction, that was a gratification that I could have paid for with years of my life!!!

I love contrasts. I am a fanatic as regards contrast. It filled me with enthusiasm when grandfather thrust the glowing iron into the cold water, so that it hissed loudly, steamed and roared. The glowing iron paid for its defiance; it had to bend

to the water. I could wish that a woman would spit upon me in hatred while I held her fast, clasped her with arms of iron, overpowered her, and did to her what I would.

I should like to overcome men and castrate them, crush their testicles so that they would be sterile. I have done this mentally to one brother. The other would not submit. He had to die, because I killed him through the omnipotence of thought.

I am suspicious, for I know myself too well. If any one smiles at me in a friendly way, I conceive that there is poison behind the kindness. If I smile at others I am afraid that they will detect my internal hate, which lurks behind my smile. I approach them, look into their eyes, play with their hands, while I should like to scratch their eyes out. I imagine I am a cock and can pick out their eyes with my sharp beak.

Or I am a bull and thrust my horns into their bellies, so that the bloody entrails gush out! I am an animal! Thus I played with my brothers and uttered animal cries. I struck them with my fists and roared. Or I bit and barked. I should now like to be a goat and push after the women and cry "Meek, meek!" I often played this with my sister.

God! What hypocrites men are! I am here in a hotel and meet many people. I try to win everyone, flatter everybody, and speak friendly words; I make compliments, I admire, I am courteous. I subject them to me through my kindness. I tame them and they are slaves to my friendliness.

But behind this mask is concealed my boundless will to power. Sometimes the cruelty breaks through. I give a friendly thump, but it is so brutally done that it causes pain.

I did this yesterday walking with Dr. Stekel, when he began to speak of my sister. That was unpleasant to me. He has come upon things which I have hidden from him and from myself. I gave him a thrust out of joy at the discovery. He at once recognized the true motive and declared that I might never go walking with him again if I touched him. He knows too much of my true motives.

Early Sexual Life And Fantasies

My earliest childhood is hidden in the mists. There are very many experiences which float before me like an "as if". I can not clearly grasp them. Two figures engage my attention: our maidservant, Marescha, and my sister Anita. Marescha was an ugly, dirty slut, but a clever. I suspected my father of having sexual relations with her. We also had a sort of relationship; everything is obscure and unclear. I only know that I was always the passive member. Marescha seems to have taken the initiative. I see myself lying between her legs.

I feel her playing with me underneath. I approach her vulva with my tongue. The strong odour stupefies me. I am experiencing a strong affect while I write this, and I am trembling over my whole body. I want to repress something.

Could this unkempt, filthy woman attract me? Why not? Dirt has always fascinated me. I am a mysophiliac and a pronounced anal sexualist. I often have an itching in the anus and have to scratch myself. I like best to bore with my finger in the anus. I am only ashamed to do it. I also bore around my nose and observe the mucus with interest. I delight in the smell of old toilets. I was always interested as a child in who had been to the toilet before me. I could make diagnoses from the form of the stool. Once there was an enormous diarrheal discharge, which disquieted me. How could I discover the author of it? From whom came the great heap? This was an achievement! Who could have believed it possible that a tiny female could have laid such a giant egg?

If I void a large mass of faeces on a cold day, I feel that I have given off a part of my inner warmth, and a shudder of sadness goes through my body. If I cannot be in the mother's warm body, I want at least to keep my heat for myself. I was looking one time at a photograph of myself: I said to myself, "You look as if you've shit yourself!" Yes – I am a mysophiliac. In my fantasy I steal about places where excrement, filth, and rotten things are, where there is foul odour. I also wear my linen until it stinks and is dreadfully dirty. I excuse myself in my own eyes that clothing becomes soiled so quickly. I rationalize that there is no good toilet paper. But I know that I seek the odour of faeces and therefore do not properly clean myself. In my dreams I am even a coprophage, an eater of shit.

Back to Marescha. Why the devil do I avoid the theme? Well, now – she was dirty, but her buttocks and pubis were voluptuous. She had soft hands. What did I do between her legs? I played with my little fingers, went into her "mouse hole", and she seems to have had great satisfaction from it.

We had a magnetic attraction for each other. And we had no other wish than to carry on forbidden play together. She was a woman and still young. And I felt at that time neither fear nor inhibition.

I know now why I really want that one thing, to have women take my penis in their hand and play with me. I do not want anything else. Shall that be a satisfaction, first to have to take the trouble to find where the opening is and then overcome the difficulties of penetration? How sweet, on the contrary, if the tender velvety hand grasps you and brings you to the orgasm without your having to make any effort! The whole body quivers with ecstasies which no poet can describe. My entire sexual life is based upon these dark, misty recollections, the repetition of which I crave.

I do not care for naked women. It is a much greater satisfaction to lift a woman's

skirt and to discover how the leg grows more and more fully rounded the higher one goes.

Then the dark, warm, snug, downy mouse's nest – with its warm and ruttish slime within. The hand rises higher and higher. I touch everything, I smell everything, even the sweetish-sour odour which stupefies me. I see myself between Marescha's legs; I smell her anus... I lick it clean.

The devil! All memories are hazy. Nothing comes clearly. Everything is a "perhaps". I now get a scene. She is playing with my penis and testicles and produces for me my first erection. I smell... and now I know why I am disgusted with my wife's odour. The disgust has now entirely disappeared. It was repression. I know now how easily disgust changes to desire. I could now drink the vaginal juices like fine wine.

In my fantasy I even swallow my own semen. Why have I loathed oysters? I know now what lies behind the loathing. Now I know why Marie in the hotel where I lived first excited me so greatly sexually. Was she unwashed? So much the better. I do not want her clean. If everything is washed away, there remains no fragrance and no sweetness.

I hope she will not bathe. It was this which drew me so strongly to the filthy Chinese women.

I protest on the other hand that men and women bathe too frequently! It takes away something from their personality.

They say you have got to eat a peck of dirt before you die, anyway. Of course

you never believe you have eaten the full allowance until the last moment of your life. There should always be a certain amount of good clean dirt, just as there should be a bit of garlic rubbed into the cooking, while a good deal would be disgusting. I am beginning to see why I have such a disgust for a bit of black or a spot of any kind in my food. My poison complex is mixed up with cunnilingus and fellatio in this way: To believe I can get poisoned by the penis or vagina is a defense measure or a protection against my impulse to do so. Fear of venereal diseases is a perfectly good reason, of course, in reality. But why should I be any more afraid of exploring with my tongue the dark luscious recesses of her vulva than those of her mouth? I am eager to have the time pass and yet eager to go on in these delicious fantasies.

Marescha was a big erotic influence right at the beginning. My attitude to Marescha is a double one. She is to me both mother and Marescha. She mothers me, is of uncertain history, and is doubtless cunnilingable, if you will allow me to add a new word to the already large pornographic vocabulary to which I have introduced you. I believe I would have been a good teacher of a language-pornography. But this will do for today. I hope I can be decent today while getting over this infantile debauch with Marescha.

Five Unpleasant Experiences

1. Last year in K. I invited my English class to go with me to see an exhibition of modern pictures. I dismissed my audience and went to the gallery. I was very disappointed that none of my pupils appeared. I was afraid then of those who attended my lectures. I know now that some of them excited me homosexually. I could not call a single student by name, and I offended a woman student who was a bugbear to me because I addressed her by the name of the young man who was known as her friend. At the end I lost every bit of assurance and believed that the pupils were making sport of me. I was happy when I did not have to go to the lecture.

2. My mother laughed at me when I tried to put the great logs of wood in the yard in order. They were too heavy for me. I looked round once and caught my mother smiling. Since that time I have been afraid that anyone might laugh at me. When people are laughing in a restaurant or on the street, my first thought is that they are making fun of me.

3. I was always fearful that my clothing was somehow in disorder or that I was improperly clothed. I had once in Paris purchased a seat for a play and did not know that at the theatre one had to wear a dinner or frock coat. The ticket-taker turned me away and told me that I could receive my money back at the box office. I was fortunate to get my money again without receiving a drubbing. I hate elegant men because I cannot myself be elegant. The shabby clothes which I had to wear in childhood were the cause of this attitude. I hated a friend because he wore a coloured handkerchief where it could be seen and made fun of him. Inwardly I envied him.

4. The flakes which fall from the head to the coat collar annoy me very much. For this reason I never wear dark clothes. (Then I think they make me stouter.) Flakes are a sign of bodily decay and of age, just like my false teeth, which suddenly clack and crackle if I try to take a large bite. God – I try to control this. But I hate the word try. I have tried too much. I hate what is false, and I have so much that is false on me and in me, false teeth, false eyes (my glasses), false soles (my supports for flat feet). I am weary of the struggle. I feel myself inferior, mentally and physically. Dr. Stekel says I have lost courage. But have I not every reason so to do?

5. The fifth disagreeable experience is proving hard to recall. I know there were five. I am standing up and smoking. I am thinking of the five fingers during masturbation. Suddenly it occurs to me: The fifth commandment! Thou shalt not kill! Whom have I killed, whom have I wanted to kill? My brothers' first names have five letters, my sister's name (Anita) also five letters. My wife, too... Did I want to kill her? Wilde says that each one kills the thing he loves. I know that she often stands in my way. I have wanted to poison her. Dr. Stekel has

interpreted some of my dreams as dreams of a poisoner. The dream with the blueberries which look like belladonna, and which my wife eats despite my warning, was the first of these dreams, and it was plain enough. I feel wild hatred in me. I feel that I am a fighting nature. My suicidal tendencies are murderous intentions directed inwardly. Yesterday I feared that F. S., to whom I was teaching English, would kill me because I dismissed him. Why? Because I wanted to kill Dr. Stekel.

Why have I now a sensation of giddiness so that I cannot think further? I would rather kill him than let him take from me my sister ideal. He has discovered my life plan. He has found out that I want to live with my sister. I once made a passing allusion to the fact that I had played with my sister.

She held my penis in her fine, soft hands. I will never forget this feeling of pleasure. Never! Never! Never! Dr. Stekel thinks that Marescha has taken over much that relates to the sister. She was my great love. But if I want to think further what I did with her, all is hazy. Did I possess her?

Cunnilingus? Fellatio? All fantasy; I only know how I came at night to her sweet body, how she played with me and I with her.

I want to kill Dr. Stekel, because he wants to separate me from my sister. I want to kill every one whom I envy and who stands in my way. Yesterday I saw a bashful youth in the theatre with a charming girl. I could have flung him into an abyss so that he would have fallen into the depths with a cry of fear and been dashed to pieces. He will not advance in life anyway, and if he is broken to bits, everything is at an end.

To kill is a deed of kindness. You free men from their suffering. They want to die. I will help them to do so. My thoughts lose themselves in a labyrinth. Whom

will I kill?

The resistance against knowing is too great. But I feel the anticipation, a psychic joy, let us say an orgasm, at the thought of killing a person at the moment of supreme pleasure, at seeing how he trembles with delight, how the ecstasy of the last violent orgasm shudders through his entire body – and he then no longer moves. He has granted me the highest satisfaction and will give it to no other person!

My Appointment To The University K.

I was strongly resistant toward accepting the position. I once missed the train; entered the wrong train. I considered the place unworthy of me. I should have received the first place at the first university. It was really a college for the education of priests, therefore not really the right university; and on the other hand I feared contact with the priests, to whom I was always drawn. They were too much like me with their repression of hideous sexual fantasies and their craving for power, which vented itself upon trembling sinners. These priests! I envied them and hated their stinking feet on Sunday morning.

I arranged my life there comfortably enough and after some conflicts I was able to idle about to my heart's content.

I was my own master. I could make a display of my own knowledge without taking the trouble actually to instruct the pupils. I really wanted to bury myself alive there. I was not afraid of my colleagues. Each one had his own dirty linen to wash. If they had had anything bad to say about me, I should have been able to repay them in their own coin. The great man who had founded this place of culture with his millions had obtained his money through fraudulent advertising. And with the other authorities I played cards and made friends.

Nr. told me that the students called me a “poseur”. That hit me. I admired the man who had the courage to throw my faults up to me. Nevertheless, I never forgave him.

At the outbreak of the war came the penal inquisition.

I was a pacifist and relied upon the czar’s message of peace at his accession to the throne. One day I received a summons to the secret police council. I had married a German. I said that I was a good patriot, but could not alter my conviction as a pacifist. In the end my answer was found to be a sufficient excuse, and I was released with a warning to be guilty of no agitation against the war. I had the feeling that I had proved myself a hero.

(In reality I was equally anti-German. I could not forgive the German invasion of Belgium.) But my wife was able to change my sentiments and I sought to defend the Germans among my comrades. The result was that I received an anonymous document which promised me a good beating.

I lived in fear during the whole period of the war that I might be denounced and imprisoned or banished to Siberia. My wife fell ill at that time and was operated upon for appendicitis. A friend of mine met me at the hospital and invited me to his home. There he threatened me with punishment and banishment if I did not get a divorce from my wife, the filthy “Kraut.” I hastened back to the hospital and told my wife everything. (Did I want to kill her?) I suffered frightful fear then that the Russians might poison her in the hospital. (Evident wish!) She stood between me and my native land. I think the time was like the situation in which I defended my father against the severe attacks of my mother. I was also jealous. I suspected that my wife was in love with the doctor, for she blushed in mentioning his name.

I suspected a man who had massaged her, and whose visits she had denied herself because he had wanted to go too far. Had she told me the whole truth? About this time a professor of philosophy was talking with me about psychoanalysis. I was at once enthusiastic and requested him to analyze me.

He had not yet analyzed any patient and hesitated a long time. Finally he undertook it. The effect was startling. I felt as if new-born. I told the rector that great events had taken place in my life. I began to love the whole world. I was gracious to my pupils and had soon become a favourite professor. I allowed them to recite poems, explained everything, and was in truth a playmate to them. New pupils came to me, and every one enjoyed the class. Teaching was a pleasure. I was in a continuous state of maniac excitement.

Suddenly the obsessive thought came over me that my wife had committed suicide. Every time that I came home I expected to find her hanged or poisoned. Then came the affair with the anonymous letters, which I related to you the first day. They caused me unutterable anguish at first, until I discovered that I myself was the writer of the letters. I now felt guilty that I had so cruelly tortured and accused a student.

I have many proofs that I myself wrote the letters. Later I put myself into a trance and wrote automatically the same letters with the same writing and in the same order. Everything had been forgotten! How could I have done that and repressed it?

I remember only entering a shop and buying ordinary paper and cheap envelopes, the cheapest to be had. Many months later I found that same paper and a similar envelope unused in a lower drawer of my desk, when I was putting it in order.

(While I am writing this confession, I fall again into a similar dream state.) I stared at the paper for a long time! So then! I was the anonymous letter writer! Then I was given leave of absence from the university because of illness. The papers received anonymous letters (written by me) in which teachers and pupils protested against this injustice. I began again to doubt. Had not someone else written the letters? Then came the painful graphological investigation. I thought of turning to the greatest authorities. I also wanted to go to Petersburg and have my health tested by the first psychiatrists. My “id” did not permit this folly, although my wife requested it several times by letter. I had gone back to H., the city of my youth (a regression to the land of my childhood). I now lived nine weeks in H., felt as fresh as a fish in water. I got up every morning at five o’clock and went walking in the bitter cold, analyzed all my friends and acquaintances, scattered sunshine everywhere, cast longing looks at lovely womanhood. My wife wanted me to come home. I delayed, for this was the happiest period of my life. I felt the omnipotence of thought and of my smile, the magically healing power of my hands, which needed only to touch in order to cure. I was Christ. I feel like that this minute. I can slay my foes and heal my friends. I made thorough investigation of my father’s life, searched through registers, questioned all the people who had known him, spoke slightly and recklessly of his faults, until an older man, an acquaintance of his, thought I had gone too far. I invited myself as guest of various people, whom I must have wearied more than I entertained with my droll behaviour; marched many kilometres through mud and rain to a seventy-three-year-old woman (despite my sore feet!) in order to analyze her. I was going to cure the whole world by psychoanalysis; an aged cousin who for years had been confined to an invalid chair, an old alcoholic monk.

I was happy and saw no cloud in the sky. I even wanted to give public lectures and preach in the church, and I created a sensation in one society with my farewell speech.

I went to another small city, where a friend had already read a number of books on analysis. One of his female students had also become interested in the new

science. I analyzed him and her out of love, for a half a ruble an hour. I fell in love with my patients and had to resist violent sexual temptations. I could relate much more from this period, but will pass over it.

I accepted a position at a well-known university. I enjoyed my new work and hoped to be able to use my analytic knowledge in teaching. Only one thing disturbed me, that a former colleague had lost the position because he had had all sorts of homosexual experiences with the students. (As Dr. Stekel has proved to me, my fixed idea was to instruct my students in masturbation.) The professor in question had often talked with me in K. of masturbation and stated that he had cured many unfortunate youths by explaining to them that masturbating was harmless and necessary. (His perversion I thought was fellatio, as a colleague told me, but it turned out that it had been a matter of “mutual masturbation”.) I was to take his position and feared that I would be considered in the same boat with him.

Correct! At the first meeting I was asked about B. and had to admit that I had heard of his “filthy doings”.

I reproached myself inwardly that I had not defended him and resolved to say nothing about psychoanalysis.

Nevertheless, I permitted myself to be led to disclose to a comrade that I had been analyzed and that analysis had been very useful to me in teaching. It depressed me very much that he then made a few disparaging remarks about analysis. I made the same mistake in my instruction as in K. I was dreamy and lazy, did not concern myself about my students’ progress, and brought it about that the number of attendants was reduced from 140 to a quarter. I will say nothing of other errors and follies; it would lead too far. The greatest act of folly was the meeting of the students once a week at my home (analytic evenings). There was much discussion of sexual problems, choice of profession, graphology. These evenings were for me a homosexual fantasy orgy. I was shy

and confused when I met on the street those who had participated, especially when I left the college. I was afraid they would ridicule me.

There was a charming girl among my students, the daughter of an influential man. I was not satisfied with her progress and attempted to help her through psychoanalysis. I spoke to her of her fixation upon father and brother and advised her to give up her studies. She wanted to move me to let her pass her examinations, which I indignantly refused.

I know now that I wanted to win her love through the analytic transference. Then I hated her, because I could see no success to my wooing. I had to yield finally because her father's influence was so great that the rector and the dean gave me to understand that the girl must pass. This affair made me quite beside myself. I mentally analyzed the rector and the dean and found every kind of hateful complex in them. I analyzed their wives and established absolute frigidity. Naturally all in my fantasy. I believed I could pierce their souls as with eagle eyes. I discovered criminal impulses in them. It was a displacement and projection of my own complexes upon others. For at this time I was under the dominion of my poison complex. I considered myself immune from poisoning and believed my wife would be poisoned.

I studied all the analytic literature. One of Dr. Stekel's books also came into my hands. It was at once clear to me that he was the only one who could cure me. I gave up my position before I should lose it and went to Germany. I spent the last days before my departure as if in a dream. I was oblivious to everything, and my wife had to look after it all.

The whole journey all at once appeared like a farce to me. In the railway carriage I played cards with people I did not know and lost a heap of money. I wanted to gamble away all my money – that was clear to me later – and drive my wife to despair and suicide. When she reproached me, I proposed to her that we divide our money. I therefore prepared myself for a separation. I did not want to give

her any of the money I had earned. I hated her relatives and behaved in Germany like a fool. I talked of nothing but analysis and suddenly went to Vienna to visit Dr. Stekel.

CASE NUMBER 39

A case of parapathic and paralogic self-mutilation.

Otto F. was sent for observation to the psychiatric clinic in Vienna, February 17, 1921, under order of the supreme court for criminal affairs. The proceedings in regard to participation in a robbery were ended upon advice of the court psychiatrist.

The patient had injured both eyes during detention with splinters of glass, after having made the attempt previously to hang himself in his cell.

F. was born in 1890; married; a merchant. His childhood was affected by very unhappy family conditions.

His mother had on the whole paid little attention to him; when he was three years old, he went at her wish to live with the mistress of a boarding house and remained there until the beginning of his school years. According to the father's statement, the mother was a "rabid woman with a fearfully sensual disposition"; she had beaten the patient a great deal, frequently also about his head. She lived very badly with her husband; disputes which degenerated into scenes of beating were the order of the day. She deceived him again and again and that before the eyes of her child, before whom, as the father said, she "was in no way embarrassed". Later attacks of rage, which grew more and more frequent, together with these scenes, led to divorce. The woman is now living in another city and there, although already fifty years old, leads a "very immoral life". The father is a quiet, staid, modest, not unintelligent man, frequently somewhat

nervous. Two of the mother's immediate family were "perhaps mentally diseased". at any rate very nervous, but nothing more precise could be learned concerning them.

A surprisingly large number of memories are still today at the command of F.; from the period when he lived with the boarding-house mistress and from the school time succeeding this. But few contradictions appear in his accounts of these years, either in regard to the content of the experiences or their chronological relationship. Furthermore, all his statements were in everything essential confirmed by his father. F.'s sexual curiosity was awakened early. He sees himself at the age of three playing with other children at the washing trough, when he undresses a girl completely and feels her genitals. At night when he sleeps with the boarding-house keeper, he "tickles around on her". At four years of age he has his first erection, and has presumably already begun masturbating. He remembers clearly that when he was six he had a lively interest in what was in the abdomen, but especially in the female genital parts. Once he even wanted to cut open the belly "to see what was inside".

When he came back to his parents' house in his seventh year, he directed his interest most of all to his mother. He always observed from the next room when the father rubbed the mother, then he masturbated while imagining the parents' coitus. In these years there was frequent mutual touching with girls of his own age and attempts at coitus with a servant; "this was at that time almost daily". He had always to think of the mother while doing this; he had already the wish, which later appeared still more clearly, "to do with his mother just what his father did". He also had to be thinking all the time why his mother did not go away from the father; he could take the father's place with her. When he was seven years old the mother often made his looking poorly an excuse for leaving home with him. She would then meet a man whom she kissed. When the patient saw this for the first time he was very sad: "It was horrible to me." Later he learned to like the man, for the latter gave him so many presents. If the mother went to sleep at a hotel with her lover, she always took him along into the room, but first made him drunk. He would then be on the watch, look into the window to see if he could not observe something. "I had at the time a peculiar feeling; I was myself very much excited." He attended school very irregularly, was a poor

student, ran after all the girls.

“He would have liked best as a little fellow to have gone over his own mother,” his father said about him. When he was fourteen, his mother finally drove him from the house. He became an assistant at a shop, but never remained long in any position. He was frequently in the intervals without work and was then furnished with money by the father without the mother’s knowledge. At times he supported himself as a pedlar. He was punished the first time by the law when he was sixteen for picking pockets; some years after, because of robbing of show windows, he was condemned to ten months’ imprisonment. He had seen the key to the shop hidden, and “I suddenly had an impulse to steal, which I had to follow.”

Two years later he was again condemned for the same crime. Stealing gave him delight; he had a decided feeling of pleasure and could not resist the temptation to do it.

His first normal coitus occurs in his seventh year. The first woman with whom he had a fairly long relationship was a widow who had four children and was about twelve years older than he. The patient was fond of her, although she was very jealous and frequently created unpleasant scenes. This woman’s seven-year-old daughter was always coming to bed with him and playing with him, but there was never any sexual intercourse with her. From 1912 on he again lived with an older woman, who was portress at a brothel. This woman forced him to have intercourse with her; but he did it with reluctance, for she was repugnant to him. Then for the first time he craved sexual relation with little girls. He had, it is true, two years previously been approached by a twelve-year-old girl who had already been sexually abused by her father. This interested him. She offered herself to him, and he would have been very glad to have had intercourse with her, but at that time he was too much afraid of the law. In the years that followed the patient became more and more nervous; he himself and those about him suffered from his frequent excited states.

He married two years ago, “to rid himself of the old woman”, and since then has worked as salesman in his wife’s store. He had acquired syphilis shortly before the wedding and has been treated since with repeated injections. He was always very brutal with his wife; there have been frequent scenes and he has beaten her a good many times. For perhaps a year now the irresistible impulse is continually seizing him to have sexual intercourse with female children, and several times there has been actual coitus with such little girls. The patient has often reproached himself for it and has tried to fight against the impulse, but is always worsted in the struggle. Frequently also quite old women have exercised upon him a strong sexual stimulus. F. has often been impotent with his wife, but toward children is sure of his potency.

Meanwhile he has masturbated often, at times even excessively, in the last months always while thinking of little girls. In the dreams of the last months a scene repeats itself in which he is having sexual intercourse with his mother. For some time there has been a compulsion to burn money. The patient has yielded at times to this impulse. He cannot say why he does it (“it is foolish... it is a disease”). He judges in the same way the obsessive impulse which has appeared again and again in the last year to throw himself or his wife from the window. “When I am standing at a window I have to hold on to myself that I do not jump out.” The patient also makes foolish purchases, which are away beyond his means and have many times brought him and his wife to embarrassment. He knows no reason for so doing. “It just came over me.” He repeatedly manifests suicidal intentions, speaks also of the fact that he must blind himself so that everything shall seem to him as in a dream. He was arrested shortly before Christmas, 1920, for a considerable purchase and during detention wounded himself severely in both eyes with splinters of glass, so that when received in the clinic he was almost entirely blind.

F. is approximately oriented as to time and place in the clinic, is clear and well ordered. He is sometimes rather irritable, suspicious, sometimes also a little supercilious, tends to vacillation in mood. He sits for the most part by himself, has little to say to the other patients. He does not complain of his blindness; one has on the contrary the impression that he is well satisfied with this condition. He is well endowed intellectually. There is a traumatic cataract on each eye; the

clouded masses of the lenses have protruded into the anterior chamber. Patient is almost totally blind. The one pupil, still easily visible, reacts promptly and amply to light and accommodation. There is ankylosis of the left knee joint. The right Achilles reflex is absent. Otherwise, somatically nothing noteworthy.

F. gives as a motive for blinding himself the hope that if blind he would have rest from his sexual longing for children. He wanted to spare his wife further unpleasantnesses. He was always having to think he ought to tear out his eyes. "How did he come to think of it?" "It just came to me of itself." Then F. began to interest himself in the question "whether blind people also are capable of an evil deed, whether they are also so rabid." Several blind piano players whom he has learned to know "have old ugly wives and yet live in harmony with them." One of his friends who has been homosexual and has also had relations with little girls has become blind, after an unsuccessful attempt at suicide: "He has lived happily and in peace since then, and has rest from the impulse." F. admits when questioned that the thought of blinding himself came to him long before these experiences of others.

Since blinding himself the patient feels "so calm, so happy, much better than for a long time". During the whole period of his sojourn at the clinic, landscapes and tapestry designs appear vividly before his senses. They reveal themselves quite independently of his will, but he acknowledges their subjective character. They all have in common the quality of peace, tranquility: "I see beautiful pictures, green landscapes, mountains and valleys, tapestry patterns. I have such a feeling of happiness in my head; I see hills, trees; it is so quiet... The tapestries have different lovely colours, chiefly dark red." He believes that he will now be an entirely different person and no longer entangle himself in questionable affairs. In his thoughts he is frequently with his family. At first after the blinding F. still longed now and then for little girls, but in a few days he was completely free from such thoughts and his inclination and interest began to turn more than formerly to his wife. When she comes to visit him at the clinic, he is particularly affectionate and kind to her.

Psychoanalysis was begun with the patient, which, however, had to be broken off after the third session on account of his energetic refusal to be treated further. I will report here just one dream from the analytic material obtained, which in many respects is very revealing and is sufficiently transparent even on the basis of our brief effort at interpretation. The dream reads:

I dreamed that I had stolen trousers. I was afraid that I would be pursued by the police. They were short trousers, like the Styrian trousers; they were deerskin trousers. A woman was there in the shop; the woman was talking of gray shoe leather.

This occurs to him: "My wife had said that she was going to have something made of leather, shoes; that was this week." He had several times in the last days had a sexual desire for his wife. The animal leather had felt like the wife's sexual parts. "Formerly I would willingly have stolen what came to my hand, even many years ago. I have taken little things, scissors or what lay upon the desk. I had a satisfaction in so doing, even a direct pleasure. I usually gave the stolen articles back later." He was sorry in the dream that he had taken nothing better. He had a second dream the same night: I was in a butcher shop; there were pieces of meat of two or three kilograms in weight. I was afraid that I would have to take them. Then I went into the anteroom and took a piece. I put it in a rubbish box where there was much paper, dirty paper, and thought I would fetch it away later.

On the twenty-seventh of February, F. was committed to the state insane asylum "at the Steinhof" and from there after a few days sent home.

Analysis of this case suggests similar cases in which blindness represents a retribution when the eyes have sinned. The case of Goffin is worthy of notice, which may have been that of a schizophrenic. The dissolute but religious man, fifty-two years old, heard the voice of God, which said to him: "You have sinned with your eyes, have seen your daughter's

maidenhood; tear out your eyes which have seen the offense.” Other patients refer to the Biblical saying from the Sermon on the Mount: “If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee.” Hartmann recognizes the fixation upon the mother, considers the older women with whom the patient cohabits as mother imagoes, and alludes also to the blindness of Oedipus, as well as to displacement from below to above (castration complex).

XII: ANALYSIS OF A MASOCHIST

CASE NUMBER 40

Mr. Ladislaus K., a merchant, thirty-eight years of age, consulted me because of impotence. I discover in the course of the discussion that he is an extreme masochist. He is enthusiastic over stout women whose buttocks are well formed. He would like to debase himself before these women and perform for them the most humble services they could command. He allows himself to be flagellated and thus comes to ejaculation, or can then achieve coitus. Without preceding masochistic scenes he is absolutely impotent. With tender women he is absolutely impotent. Analytic treatment is recommended to him. He points out the impossibility of coming to Vienna (he is a Pole) and postpones the treatment until a later time. I receive from him after four months, before entering upon the treatment, the following very characteristic letter:

The genesis of my later erotic life lies perhaps in the age during the early years of indiscretion. A certain shame, if not fear, of strongly developed women. Masturbation began in the sixteenth year. Object of fantasy: a strong, good-looking woman whom I often saw and whose buttocks I always observed. In my fantasy I performed for this woman, belonging – I mention in passing – to a family of some importance, menial services which related chiefly to anal erotism. Moderate masturbation, often not for weeks; never twice a day! From this time forth there existed for me a fetish in the form of well-developed feminine buttocks. I had relations (not sexual!) with young girls without erotic thoughts; rather, somewhat shy. Mask: either sullen visage or uncivil behaviour.

At nineteen, my first coitus with a prostitute. Erection only with manual support of the woman. Next coitus fourteen days later. Independent erection. Fantasy excluded.

Masturbation becomes less frequent. The morbid fantasy revived whenever I saw a “suitably” corpulent woman.

Motive as above. At the third or fourth coitus with a prostitute erection took place strongly without assistance. Coitus normal – but accompanied with results. I was much too little “enlightened” and had perhaps acquired a gonorrhoea without knowing it. I have overcome some “smarting” in the urethra.

I do not recall a discharge. I masturbated off and on, until suddenly after a fall from a wagon – this was almost two months after that coitus – I suffered inflammation of the left testicle. Therapy: ice bag. Here ends the first phase of masturbation, even if not all the time.

I have become still more bashful than formerly. The curse of the bad erotism continues its work. Women with well-developed forms are the field of my further fantasy. I read Dr. Retau’s *Selbstbewahrung* [Self-preservation] and was treated by letter from Leipzig with pills (camphor).

Sexually, completely indifferent. I forcibly repress the masochistic thoughts, come off and on into the hand of an advertising female masochist. Thus it goes for almost a year and a half. Suddenly I have a discharge. Consult a doctor.

Diagnosis: gonorrhoea – I have had no sexual intercourse for a year and a day! Protargol, pills, and so forth. Result: pain in the prostate. Therapy: massage. Total result: neurasthenia simplex – cold-water cure. Further sexual abstinence. After almost two years I again force myself to coitus with a prostitute. Great preparations... I have had coitus – I come off conqueror – afterward considering the price! The second time it is difficult – the third time – failure! Age: twenty-two.

The spectre of the “old eros” makes itself felt, but I am, although only apparently, stronger. I suppress with force the “certain thoughts” as long as all goes smoothly. Again I am thrown back. Two women from the Vienna street life have bewitched my fantasy, and at twenty-three I am almost where I stopped at twenty. To be sure, I have what might be called normal intercourse with prostitutes, while my fantasy remains before and afterward morbid. I must interpolate here that I had nervous states (insomnia, exhaustion, and the like) in the period of my complete sexual abstinence and the various quack treatments. Nothing, however, so annoyed me as the circumstance that one day I could not urinate before some acquaintances. This condition has lasted unfortunately until today – that is, fifteen years – and is painful to me.

To avoid prolixity I will pass over to the third phase of my sexual life; that is, the one where the “fantasy” gradually became fact. I began to handle the buttocks like the face. I have performed menial services for strikingly strong and good-looking prostitutes, yet have never sunken so low as perhaps to taste faeces or urine. There are intervals of months where I have apparently lost the masochistic impulses, yet they appear again, chiefly when in an ill humour called forth by some chance event.

About ten months ago I spent the night in a hotel and had as neighbours a pair of lovers or a young married couple.

I heard the woman moaning and had erections, thought of myself in the man’s situation, and should have been able to perform coitus on the spot. This night was my fate. I have done nothing but masturbate (with masochistic fantasies), after refraining for years. This case remained unique! A month later I learned to know a prostitute who saw through me and whose “slave” I became, as Sacher-Masoch repeatedly describes it. I shudder in writing! Here my excitement reached its high peak. This prostitute bewitched me! I could not wait to be with her. I will describe the procedure: I came; she assumed the pose of “mistress”. I licked her entire body, chiefly the buttocks, even the anus; then I performed

coitus. For two months I have not seen the prostitute, have since then had “normal” coitus with “an adapted fantasy text”.

I have become calmer; that is, now in beginning the writing. Much as I am still drawn today to the paraphilias, I always feel afterward disgust and loathing of myself.

Normal, pretty girls please me very well; I have been almost happy when I have had a dream with normal erotic experience and an ejaculation following it. But that has been very seldom! I have felt equally unhappy after an absurd perverse dream. Such dreams, too, have been rare.

At present I am afflicted with a heart affection, which surely has nothing to do with my erotism. I want to know from a conscientious physician just this:

Whether I can have normal sexual feeling in order then to be able to marry. Or if I am too old for that and must resign myself, I would also be satisfied with that.

I fear nothing more than “airy castles” and disillusionments!

I want the truth; I believe I am strong enough to bear the truth. I would a thousand times rather hear that my condition will not change appreciably than the opposite, if future events should give the lie to the latter prognosis.

He comes to the treatment ever in a state of doubt. Whether such a person can be cured? Whether he is not a wretched degenerate?

After long hesitation he confesses a dream which displays all the signs of transference (primitive reaction).

I am lying in bed with Dr. Stekel and have an emission. I think to myself, now I shall know whether I will ever have children.

He awakens and has no ejaculation. He believes he will have no children; his semen never comes out normally, and it has a peculiar consistency. If he has intercourse with a prostitute, he has a very severe cramp simultaneously with the orgasm. There comes only a small drop and afterward while washing the real semen runs out. He formerly would squeeze the organ in the middle during masturbation so that the semen should not come out.

It grieves him very much that he cannot urinate before others. Sometimes he cannot urinate in a public urinal even if he is alone. If he is urinating and an acquaintance comes near, the urination stops and he experiences a severe burning.

His masochism had its beginning in his sixteenth year.

There was in his native city a very buxom woman, built like an Amazon. He was told that her husband surprised her in unfaithfulness and in his anger threw a slipper after her. This story excited him very much. His fantasy elaborated the scene in countless variations.

One time he was walking on the street behind her. The thought came to him of

kissing her buttocks, wiping her at defecation, performing anilingus upon her, and so on. He was then conscious of his masochism for the first time.

Masochistic literature brought him ever deeper into the labyrinth of masochism. He even went as far in his fantasies as coprophagy. At the same time he was dominated by the longing for a pure girl, who should deliver him from his paraphilia through a normal coitus. To his misfortune he met in the brothel at A. an experienced prostitute "Rosa," who knew immediately how to treat him as a masochist. She bid him energetically to perform anilingus for her; she insulted him in obscene fashion, continued this behaviour during coitus. He was completely under her spell. He once made a journey of twenty-four hours to reach her and intended to carry out the masochistic procedure twice this time. But after the first time he felt so wretchedly that he had to go to a hotel; he suffered a severe heart attack, which the physician did not recognize as an anxiety attack, or he certainly would not have made the diagnosis "dilatation of the heart" and treated him with injections of caffeine.

Since that time he has suffered a severe cardiac parapathy. It is plainly a case of reaction of his moral ego.

He has suffered since childhood from an obsessive laughing, which has often brought him into the most painful situations. He was once on the point of being prosecuted on account of a religious disturbance, because he laughed out loudly during worship. (This shows us the attitude of the rebel, which is contrary to the superficial picture of the "slave".)

For some weeks he has had violent pains in the left hand, which radiate from the heart. A physician confirmed a very high blood pressure, ordered a strict diet, and forbade him to smoke. Then he went to a radiographer, who could not establish anything organic and advised him to consult me.

Thereupon he recalled our first consultation and decided to come to Vienna.

Today the pains are stronger again and “he cannot stand it much longer”. The pain appears most severely upon moving.

He had two dreams:

I see a blue silk carpet and think this will be best for Os. As if the carpet had to be exchanged.

I am in a dwelling. There are two prostitutes. I can do nothing with the first. The second sits upon me with her buttocks turned toward me; she sits upon my erect penis. She dragged me about in this position on the floor. I had to kiss her leg.

It occurs to him with the first dream that “light blue” is his favourite colour. All blue attracts him. His clothes in childhood were blue, and blue is the colour of the sky. His association with Os is a river by Baden-Baden. He is reading now a novel *Die Blonde Gefahr* [The Blonde Peril] which has to do with three blonde girls who are dangerous to every man, so that they are called the “blonde peril”. The story is laid partly in Baden-Baden. He associates with Os Rosa also, the name of the three prostitutes who were dangerous to him and occupied his fantasy to a great extent. He knows every house of ill fame in the cities where he has stopped. In Vienna he has visited the brothel “Madame Rosa”. He enters upon an “exchange” in every house. He substitutes for the prostitute a fantasy figure.

His favourite fantasy is: He is a servant to a personage in high position, for example, a count. The latter compels him to have intercourse with a hateful

female (daughter, sister, wife, of the count).

For a long time he carried on this fantasy in relation to the Archduchess J. She was a very strong woman and said to be very imperious. He wanted to serve her as slave. Many a prostitute became in his fantasy the Archduchess J.

He brings, also, much material with the second dream. The first prostitute was too quiet for him. The second was passionate. When he was twenty-three, he kissed a prostitute upon the buttocks for the first time. It happened like this. When he was twenty-one he resolved to give up masturbation and for two years lived in complete abstinence.

Then he met a prostitute in the Prater in Vienna, with whom he had perfectly normal coitus. This was the greatest triumph of his life! But the second time, after a few days, his potency was already weaker, and the third time he failed utterly. Now followed another ascetic period of three months. After this he became acquainted with a buxom prostitute who seated herself upon his member and produced a great orgasm in him.

One time he sat in the theatre next to a shapely woman. He was so excited that he had to leave the theatre and hasten to the prostitute just mentioned. In his frenzy, he kissed her this time upon the buttocks, imagining to himself the woman at the theatre. The connections with oral sexuality are plain. He knows Latin and recognizes Os as the mouth.

When he loves, he is madly jealous. He also guards himself from normal coitus through fear of pregnancy, of evil rumour, legal processes, and so on.

He dreams also once or twice a year of normal coitus. After such a dream he feels as if “new-born.” The succeeding days are festive days for him.

He never had paraphiliac dreams in earlier years. Only later did the paraphilia press into his dream life.

One physician advised him, when he implored help against his paraphiliac dreams, to read my book *Die Sprache des Traumes* [The Language of the Dream] (an absurd piece of advice!). He dreamed the first day after reading it: I am at a circus. A very beautiful blonde girl is to perform feats. She is strapped upon a horse. At the moment that she leaves the horse and flies through the air, I have a horrible fear that she might fall, and I run away. ..

He finished reading the bulky volume in three days.

The death symbolism especially (interpretation of this old dream later!) excited him very greatly.

He dreamed last night:

It is like a drill. Horses run about with flayed skin. I cry out: “Morituri te salutant, Caesar!” Then one horse after another is laid upon a block and his head cut off.

I will pass over the deeper determination of the two dreams and point out merely the relations to his paraphilia.

The latter is symbolized as a horse. He is strapped to this horse (his impulse). He cannot imagine his life without this illness. We see the function of his paraphilia as self-protection. Analysis is performed in the second dream (drawing off the skin so that what is within becomes visible) and one fantasy (horse) after the other slain. We observe, further, the first indications of a sadism, which will probably soon come to light.

A child fantasy occurs to him in connection with the first dream. The emperor is looking out of a window while he is swinging upon a high swing. Swinging is a great means of enjoyment even today. Railway travel produces pleasurable sensations. He is glad for every trip on the railway.

He has strange thoughts before going to sleep. How would it be if when you awake tomorrow morning your parents should be dead?... He admits for the first time sadistic traits. He also reaches erection and orgasm when he beats the prostitute. He is often rough in business and sometimes toward his parents. He resolves not to irritate them but to represent a certain event as different. Then he relates it in quite unadorned fashion, so that his parents are greatly excited, and he later reproaches himself for it. He tortured his sweetheart, the stenographer, in cruellest manner. If he loves, he becomes cruel. He can be gentle with prostitutes, because they are objects of indifference to him.

He does not smoke at present. But he misses it. Smoking gave him the fiction that he was a man. He has to smoke on the street after a masochistic procedure with a prostitute, otherwise it would be noticed that he is a masochist. Masochism is to him something feminine. He cannot be a man. If he knew that he could show himself a man to girls, he would perhaps be able to give up prostitutes.

He is a masochist because he believes that he would be impotent with

“respectable” girls.

He feels himself completely isolated. He cannot bear to have sexual allusions made in society. He becomes pale, stammers, so that he thinks the people recognize that there is something rotten in his mind. So it does not please him if a man tells a joke in company. (It is the greatest perversity if a woman boasts of her popo [buttocks]). The word popo makes him turn white and he is discomposed. He avoids all words which contain the syllables popo (po-et, popular, po-lar, and so on). With this he has a mania for writing any number of times the word popo or forming long sentences in thought, in which the fascinating word appears with countless attributes.

He has confirmed the fact that educated persons say many more filthy things than uneducated. This makes every society impossible to him. The uneducated bore him, and the educated he fears for the reason mentioned. The result is that he is a hermit.

He is afraid of mice and especially of rats. After the experience with the cousin's wife, he had the hallucination of a mouse and could not sleep all night from fear.

His nurse was very stout. He considers his nurse and his mother his infantile models.

He attributes great significance to one experience (fourteen). He was walking with a friend outside the city.

They saw an exceedingly fat gypsy. His friend said: “You could sit on her arse!” This idea began to pursue him. He elaborated an anus fantasy: He would meet a

husky woman and she would put him without ado into her anus. Naturally, as a child he believed that children were defecated from the anus.

He therefore suffers a modification of the fantasy of the mother's womb. He finds himself in the female anus.

He goes home every week for two days. Ostensibly, for business reasons; actually, because he cannot live without his family. He therefore spends two nights in the parental home.

He suffered nightmare during these two nights and screamed so loudly in his sleep that his mother heard it. She came to his bed and woke him. He can not recall the first dream. He dreamed the second time that his father slowly approached his bed. At this moment he screamed. It was really no cry. He could hear it himself. It was as if a cat had miaowed. He heard his mother say: "Now he is screaming as he did last night," and yet he could not stop.

He is questioned whether his father had ever threatened him with castration. He denies it. After thinking a while he states that his father had the habit of playing with little boys, and that he would reach after their genitals with a gesture which might mean: "Now I will take that away from you!" He saw him playing that way with his younger brother (who is dead). The father may have played with him, too, in this manner.

After the nightmare dream, he has a second dream: I was in Wiesbaden with a friend from Berlin. It was in a café restaurant. My friend had a dispute (with the musicians). He was very energetic. I seemed to myself like a miserable nobody. All at once there came a waiter (serving man?) with two dirty, worn admission cards. The colleague spoke harshly to him: "I will give you two good slaps!" (perhaps he slapped him). He looked at me as if to say: "That is the way a man

behaves!” I still seemed to myself like a nobody.

The colleague is a strong, very enterprising man, who has a relation with the wife of his director. In the dream he was about ten heads taller than the patient. This colleague had once (at fourteen) masturbated before him and boasted that he did it four times a day. In spite of this he is now a healthy and a highly potent fellow, while the patient himself feels miserably impotent.

This colleague represents in the dream his ideal ego. He would like to appear like him and be able to conduct himself thus: a complete man. He feels himself a child. He trembles even today before his father, with whom he cannot establish a good relationship. The father has never shown any concern for him. He reproaches his father in his thoughts as responsible for his illness. At times he feels hatred toward the man who begot him. The father is a strange man. He will often not say a word for days. Then he will suddenly roar like a wild beast. The colleague reveals himself therefore as a father imago. The mother reproaches the father gently. “You act as if your son were still a little lad of fourteen!” Moreover, this “lad” has brought the business to its high position, which the father does not want to acknowledge. He is jealous of his son’s success. His mother is the opposite of his father. She is a patient sufferer and has often said that the father was an “unfeeling man”. (“I have had a difficult time with him.”) Four brothers and sisters died before he was born, one afterward. He has often puzzled his head as to who was to blame for their death. The parents are related by blood.

Perhaps this was the cause. He is dominated by a constant yearning for love. He has found love only with his mother. As a boy he cried all day when he had to leave his parents at home. His whole affection belongs to his family. Nevertheless, his being at home is often a torture, because there is tension between him and his father, which sometimes escapes in feelings of hate, followed by passionate thoughts of revenge.

He has had a fearful evening. He felt himself lost and struggled with suicidal ideas. His hand pained him horribly. (Evidently he reproached himself because of his accusations against his father.) He comes again to speak of the father. He believes that the father did not want to see him. He certainly did not grieve over the loss of the children. He is a money man.

He begins to tell of his studies. He was considered a prodigy. Every one thought he had to be a scholar. So at ten he went to school at P. The parting from his mother was very hard. In school he was lazy and inattentive, so that at the age of fourteen he failed in the fourth class at the gymnasium. He had a depressing sense of inferiority. Then he went to the commercial school. The experience with the stout woman and the fantasy attached to her of cleaning the anus belong to this period. Masturbation began here and with it a significant improvement in his condition. He became suddenly the best in the class. He buried himself in Faust and showed at the time an inclination toward mysticism. He also commenced to smoke. Gradually there began a struggle against the masochistic fantasies, against smoking and masturbation. He revealed a distinct change in character. He became cowardly, began to blush and to stammer. At the same time he took delight in lying and carrying out small deceptions. The obsessive laughing was also becoming stronger. (There set in evidently a fight over the feeling of superiority.) Again a typical dream:

I was with a business friend, who received me very coolly. A prosperous-looking young man (his partner) told him something about a purchase. I was envious. They talked of the business. It had to do with a case of eggs or yeast. "We will then look after this together!" said the business friend. I seemed to be wretched.

The merchant is a well-known libertine. The merchant's partner represents his "ideal ego". The business friend is his paraphiliac ego. He compares himself with the young man (his ideal) and seems to himself very small. The yeast is for growth (anagogic tendency). But he wants to do the business "together". He does not want to give up his paraphilia.

He knows but one place where he feels secure and hidden: bed. The bed is his fortress. He takes refuge in bed when things go badly with him. He is afraid of people. He believes that he has a dissolute face. If he is unhappy he comforts himself by eating. He then becomes a glutton. Thus he forgets his unhappiness. He thinks that every one is laughing at him. He has such a bashful look. Watchmen observe him because he behaves so strikingly (paranoid delusions). His sleep is wretched. At home he woke up perhaps ten times. Now here in Vienna, since he is being analyzed, he sleeps splendidly (incestuous impulse as disturber of sleep?).

He cannot kiss the hand. He considers this as a sexual act and becomes embarrassed.

His mother has very strict moral views. He manifested an early-developed sexual instinct. At five he wanted to marry his aunt. He said then: "I cannot marry you. Every brother must marry his sister."

He and his sister often played parents and had in their play children like father and mother. Sometimes they struck each other.

He is absurdly superstitious; Friday and the thirteenth are naturally unlucky days. If the left eye itches, it denotes good luck; if the right eye, bad luck.

He is very awkward with girls, can never find by himself the entrance to the vagina. He did not trust himself to perform coitus with a "better" girl; he would surely have been impotent, he believes. As a result, he was driven to prostitutes. A blonde prostitute called Kamilla pleased him best; he had intercourse with her several times normally. Then she asked him to kiss her on the buttocks. He acted as if frightfully offended and left. The next day he visited her again, but could not find her. At that time he still had the power of resistance; now he is

completely in the claws of the prostitutes. They know his passion. He waits on them, carries out their chambers, allows them to insult him. With the illusion of being their servant and slave, he falls into sexual ecstasy.

He dreamed:

I broke my walking stick, did not know what to do, and wanted to have the stick cut off. I came to an old woman whose son wanted to do it. She laughed at me. I thought it was too bad about the beautiful cane; perhaps I could have it put together again.

He had bought a fine stick a few days before, recommended to him as mahogany. In the dream it was an ordinary piece of wood, whitish green within like hazel. The connection with his potency is plain; he has questioned whether I (represented here as an old woman) will be able to cure his impotence. Asked again about the castration complex, he first denies it and then admits that he has had a remarkable fantasy which has repeatedly engaged his attention. He is a eunuch in a harem. A wonderfully beautiful girl is brought to an old and ugly sultan. He has to undress her and lead her to the latter. At the moment when the aged sultan rapes the beautiful girl, he has an orgasm with masturbation.

All the stories of rape in the war excited him very much. He has one more recollection which is connected with the castration complex (eighth year). He was playing in the bath with his penis when his mother said, "If you do that your member will come off and you will die like your uncle Ottokar." This uncle Ottokar was a legendary person and occupied his fantasy very much. He passes from castration by way of circumcision to the Jewish complex. He has suffered very much from anti-Semitism. Christians seem to him like gods. He has his masochistic fantasies with Christians. He also wants to serve only Christians. Once he had intercourse with a prostitute who pleased him very much and for whom he performed every masochistic service. After she told him that she was a Jewess he never came to her again. His father is a bigoted, devout Jew. The

patient still shows a rudiment of religiousness. He keeps certain feast days and fasts on the Day of Atonement. Sexual scenes often occur to him precisely on this day. Thus he sees on the Day of Atonement in his ideas of penitence a beautiful naked woman who disrobes in the canopy bed. Father and sister seem to him on such days as sexual beings, while he tries at other times to asexualize them. He has to admit that strong fixations are present in his family. The sister depends greatly upon the father, he upon the mother. Morbid, also, is his reverence for the imperial house.

Emperor, father, God, form an authority complex, to which he has a bipolar attitude. Just as on the Day of Atonement he insults the Deity through sexual pictures, so he has degraded the father to a sexual object. He sees clearly that his sister is fixed upon the father; he feels his fixation upon the mother, but he is psychically blind to his fixation upon the father and sister. In the dream he acknowledges that he has shattered his manhood. He will not become entirely well; he will only stick the cane together. (The cane is also a symbol of his parapathy.)

Today he is greatly depressed. He had a hideous dream: I was with a prostitute, She seated herself with her buttocks upon my face; I was to kiss and lick them. I awoke in terror and with violent erection. Was awake for half an hour. Then the same dream continued. It caused an ejaculation. I awoke again. I felt shame and physical pain. I cannot recall the prostitute's face.

He was with his old family physician, who had forbidden his smoking, and told him that Dr. Stekel permitted him to smoke and that he had "only" a cardiac neurosis. The doctor discovered that his blood pressure had improved from 175 to 135; this improvement was a result of nicotine abstinence, and he read him a long lecture about the harm of nicotine to the capillary vessels. He absolutely must not smoke!

He is naturally shaken again in his faith in my art and doubts that I shall be able

to cure him. He relates a series of different occurrences which all show that he himself has staged his humiliations and defeats. He thus arranged his doubt also by visiting the family physician.

He always has infinite pity for himself. If he hears music, he is moved and has to restrain his tears. His mother was once a good singer, but his father would not tolerate having any one sing in the house. Singing was a crime.

We will return to the woman in the last dream. I ask him to give associations with the woman whose face he did not see. He hesitates a long time. Then there occurs to him the “first” woman with whom he had paraphiliac excitement.

From this first woman he comes to speak of a woman with brown hair and finally, in a roundabout way, of his mother.

He has the need of sharing every pleasure with his mother. Even with prostitutes, he often has to think of his mother. “What would my mother say if she were to see me?” Or: “Would you have coitus if your mother were now dying?” In short, he is always seeking some indirect way to think of his mother.

He was fixed upon his mother even as a child. He always wanted to sleep with her. In his sleep he often moved down so that he touched her on her back. He resolved as a boy never to marry, for he could never love any woman as he loved his mother. When he was in love with the girl, he noticed with terror that he had forgotten his family. Otherwise his sister’s birthday was an important event for him. He was weeks selecting her present. This time he bought her a parasol in haste without giving it consideration. During this period he seldom wrote to his mother. Therefore he gave up the relationship. He felt his love to his mother and sister disappearing. This was a thought which he could not bear.

He always finds a bridge to the mother complex. If he sees a dashing young fellow, he thinks obsessively: “His mother must have gorgeous buttocks!”

He had a dream ten years ago, of which he still thinks with horror. He saw himself as a poor old bachelor with glasses, drinking coffee all alone and living upon the mercy of others.

The same night he saw himself alone upon a high mountain and heard a voice: “This is the day!” He shuddered at that time at the thought of being left alone and decided that if his parents died he would share life with his sister. She would likewise be single, and they could live together.

His sexual plan of life is closely bound with his sister.

He dreamed:

I had my chin operated upon. A nurse was present. The doctor took a paper cup, such as are used with beer pitchers, and put it on the chin. He said: “The little fellow will be good. This must not be taken away.” The nurse said: “That will heal.” It was not to be pulled off. An uncle was there. I was very much pleased that the nurse praised me and thought I was a brave boy.

In the dream he is again a child. The thing with which he was bandaged looked like a sponge. He also heard at the operation the words: “The little fellow will be brave and will behave nicely.” The relation to the analysis is plain. I am to bandage him, and he will not tear off the bandage. Bipolar tendency: to keep the

paraphilia (protective binding) and not renounce the infantilism.

Circumcision occurs to him in association with operation. He often betrays the wish for castration when he says: "It would be better if I had no testicles!" The operation reminds him of lathering for shaving.

The associations with operation go back to his childhood. He was a delicate child and very much pampered.

A number of girls and women vied in caring for him, called for him, went walking with him, contended for his love, and so on.

Now follows important information as to the psychogenesis of his paraphilia. He remembers first (four to six) a buxom, blonde girl named Rosa. The prototype of all blondes. She taught him to speak words backward. Thus he knows that he said opop for popo. She played with him, and he has a definite recollection that she misused him for her sexual excitement.

Then a second Rosa comes to his mind (seven to eight), who was always giving him sweets. This was the daughter of a man who had ruined his father in business. She ended later as a notorious woman of the world. She was sexually paraphiliac even at that time, and it seems that this girl, too, used the handsome boy for her own purposes.

His ideal between eleven and twelve was a coarse woman of fifty. He imagined her naked in the toilet, where in fantasy he kissed and licked her buttocks during defecation. She was a Christian. The subjection to a Christian woman appeared first at that time.

He had a brother also (ten). He used to shake him in his cradle and torment him. The boy died by accident. He makes a significant statement: "I do not know whether I am my brother's murderer."...

Another brother born later died shortly after birth.

Things are very bad with him today. He has "birth pangs", trembles all over during his confessions, feels like vomiting.

He says then: "Anilingus is the only perversion that gives me complete satisfaction." Finally he remembers Rosa III, the buxom girl whom he addressed as Miss. Her mother said:

"You may say Madame to her." That excited him wonderfully.

The dream also shows clearly relation to the sister complex ("This must not be taken away").

He goes home as usual on Saturday.

He cannot explain the following phenomenon. He feels very well on the journey upon the train. He talks with two women. Not until one of them stooped and he saw her imposing buttocks did the old fantasies reappear, of which he soon became master. He left the train to go home. At this moment his heart began to beat violently; he felt tired and exhausted; his knees trembled; he could scarcely

climb the stairs that lead to his dwelling. His small travelling bag seemed terribly heavy, his hand pained him.

He is afraid that his sister has some intimation that he is being treated for a paraphilia. His mother, too, seems to know something. His father greeted him so coolly that there was a crash soon.

His mother is jealous. His sister spies upon him. At the time of his sole love affair, she had found a note in his pocket and told his mother of it, who then did not fail to admonish him. It was after this that he began to treat the girl badly and drove her from the shop. He was unhappy for months afterward and wept on every occasion. Her place might not be taken nor her machine used by another typist.

Thus he had interfered with his own recovery. He had sacrificed his love to his mother and his sister. He had not a single morbid thought during the period of his love (six months).

He dreamed:

I was in a car with a dark girl (or woman). I was very awkward. I wanted to be courteous, but whatever I said was so tactless that the woman was offended. She exclaimed in the meantime: "I protest! This is an outrage! You will have to atone for this!" We dismounted and were in a garden. Her attorney (or her father) was also there, to whom she related the whole story to the minutest detail. I was afraid. I had indeed meant well. But she interpreted it all badly. I feared being imprisoned for three months.

He is actually afraid of his awkwardness. A travelling acquaintance furnished the occasion for the dream. A woman invited him to visit her. Of what use is this conquest, which seemed so improbable to him – like a dream – if he is impotent? The meaning of the dream tends to show that his fantasies force themselves into his speech. He would like always to be saying vulgar things, making sexual allusions, which his moral ego forbids, so that he prefers to keep silence.

Further associations lead to the mother, of whom he says that she is easily offended.

He comes to me in a disheartened mood. On the way he felt again the pain in his hand and had palpitations of the heart. Besides, he is seized with frequent need to urinate. He wanted to urinate in a public urinal. He could not. He tried to force himself and could produce only a few drops. In the end there came a slimy mass.

I suspect homosexual fantasies. At first he denies, then admits, that he has during urination a slight burning and tickling. He had previously been thinking why he had to lie down when with me.

He first denies homosexual attitudes, but has to acknowledge that as a student (seventeen) he had a remarkable experience. He was giving lessons to a handsome lad. Things were not going well. Then he took the boy one time upon his lap, thought of the boy's mother, who was one of his ideals at that time, and masturbated.

This occurrence was repeated several times.

He comes then to speak of his childish performances.

He likes to go into an amusement park where there is a grotto railway. He can stand there by the hour watching the train go into the dark cave. It also excites him when the dragon devours the witches. Riding on the grotto train is pleasurable toned. This has to do with a uterine fantasy.

The psychogenesis of his masochism becomes clear when one knows that he has valued his mother more highly than his father. The mother was well educated, played the piano, was of good family. The father was a simple person.

And yet the mother was the father's willing slave.

He differentiated himself from his father and thought:

“If I had such a wife, I would serve her and lick the dust from her feet!”

Licking plays a great role in his life.

He is enlightened as to the significance of his homosexual component. He comes to the session completely changed. He has passed through twenty-four hours without palpitation of the heart or pain in the hands. He was at the opera in the evening. His neighbour was a slender woman and pleased him exceptionally well, without his being burdened by the paraphiliac ideas. Then he thought: “Would you be potent if you married her?” And he answered himself: “No!” He has fearful anxiety concerning the bridal night. He would never survive a disgrace.

He dreamed:

I was in the theatre. It was toward the end of the performance. The iron curtain came down unexpectedly. There was the stillness of the grave in the theatre. Some one said: "Probably we are being submerged." I thought: "Either there is a fire, or it is a political revolution." I was not excited. I wondered in the dream that my heart was not beating violently. I awoke and again wondered that I had no palpitation.

This dream shows that he wants to end the analysis.

The iron curtain shall fall, and the memories shall sink away...

The bipolar tendency expresses itself in the second fantasy: He will fall in love, to which even the overture to the opera points, and there will be a revolution in his heart. The old tyrants will be dethroned.

He is reticent in the analysis. He would like to marry if he could find a woman who would take the place for him of mother, sister, father, and the analyst.

Then he relates an occurrence in Berlin. He was carousing with a friend. They both tried to go into a room with a girl. He was to begin first and was impotent (resistance against the homosexual impulses).

He had an excited day yesterday. He saw by chance upon the street an

enormously stout woman. He immediately had the impulse to run after her and fantasised himself entombed within her anus. He climbed into an passing tram in order to save himself. He regarded this flight as a great victory over himself. Later he saw people he knew and ran from them, because he had a “ghastly” face. He calls this face a “soiled” face.

It comes to light that he identifies his face with buttocks.

He lives in constant fear that something may have happened at home. If he is going home, he is tormented with the thought: Someone has died! This someone is usually the father, sometimes the mother or the sister. He sees only one possibility of freeing himself from his family: death. If the parents die, he will be free – and will remain alone with the sister. Thus his attitude toward the members of his family is bipolar. He then atones for his thoughts of hatred and denies himself what he strives for most: love.

He had a good time with his people. First he visited a fatherly friend and told him that he is being analyzed. (He presumably was hoping that the man would advise him to stop the analysis.) The friend, the husband of the cousin mentioned, counselled him to go on with it. Then he had a rather important discussion with the sister. He asked her why she did not want to marry. She thought that was her affair; he could marry; she would not bind him. In the night he dreamed:

I am at the railway station. A tradesman, tall, pale, with a black cap like Wagner's, offers a case which is a sure means against sadism and masochism. I am embarrassed at first about buying it. Then I buy it. All the men in the carriage sit with such a case, which opens and then represents a book.

His first association with the case is a silver case which is used as a wedding

present (his sister's wedding?).

With the man, Richard Wagner occurs to him and his favourite opera Tannhäuser. He is now, in fact, in the Venusberg. He is moved chiefly by the scene in which Tannhäuser leaves the Venusberg and the shepherd pipes his spring song. But he is accursed like Tannhäuser. The man is death. His parents have to die, his sister must marry; then he will be free. The case is also the coffin.

He passes through a severe crisis. Every step has to be pondered, questioned, made with an effort of will. The spectre of terminal apathy comes more clearly into the open.

He wants to separate himself from his parents and cannot do it. He is occupied in every decision with this important one.

He dreamed twice and had two ejaculations. He recalls the second dream:

I was with a kind-hearted, well-bred prostitute. She had in the dream features like the picture which I have formed of my mother as she may have looked in her earlier years. Absolutely nothing would happen. Then she sat down upon the earth. I had to sit by her. Finally the erection took place. I felt ejaculation after a few moments and awoke.

He associates scenes where he played on the ground as a child. Yesterday he received a letter from his mother. It seemed to him cool and indifferent. He then wrote in the greatest agitation an insulting letter home. He was particularly vexed that his mother wrote of a consignee who owed money that his letters

were empty. This expression irritated him, because he found her letter empty.

He raises his right hand before going to sleep and stretches it toward the side of the bed. He seeks the mother and sister. If the hand and arm become weary, he is able to go to sleep (symbolic resolve always to do the right thing and to dream).

He recalls (eight to nine) that he slept for a number of nights with the cousin, the older friend and counsellor, in the same bed. Once he awoke and was very wet, but not from urine. He believes that his cousin ejaculated over him. He was frightfully ashamed at the time and dared not look his cousin in the eyes.

Now the theme concerns his mother. He praises her virtues and cannot understand that the mother was identified in the dream with a prostitute. A motivation for this association is still lacking. But this connection explains his wretchedness after intercourse with a prostitute. I go back to the Richard Wagner dream. I ask him what he knows of Wagner's life. He comes at once to speak of the Geyer hypothesis, that Wagner was not the son of his father but resembled the family friend, the painter Geyer.

The dream before the last can be understood. All women are false and deceive their husbands. The heavy case, which changes into a book (book of life), contains the secret of his origin. I do not pursue this trail but wait for new material.

He dreamed:

I was in the company of friends in Vienna. The question was raised what was the German expression for "gas". I said "blähungen" [flatulence].

He suffers from flatulence. He seems to stage his heart attacks by means of gulping air and is then distressed with flatulency. His father is given to frequent passing of flatus. Although he knows that the latter is an old man, he feels offended thereby. He seems to have a strange attitude toward flatus. He was once with a prostitute who produced flatus for his benefit. He pretended to be insulted, his libido disappeared, and he left. Another prostitute did the same thing. The reaction was very different. He had a remarkably strong erection and performed coitus with great satisfaction.

All functions of the anus are objects of his fantasy.

He has played with the fantasy of having women defecate in his mouth. He identifies himself with the toilet and envies the toilet that it can see women's open anuses as they defecate.

He would like to observe fat women defecating, but has never dared do it.

He has often been told that he has large buttocks. This makes him very proud. He admires his buttocks in the mirror and often smacks himself upon his rump; likes also to caress it fondly (narcissism).

His entire thinking is coprophiliac. There is a cake in Vienna which because of a dividing depression reminds him of buttocks. He can never eat this cake.

He was in the bath yesterday and douched his rectum for so long that he almost lost consciousness. He had a wonderfully delightful feeling and wished the bath

would last forever.

During the entire day he is driven by a mania to buy all sorts of things. He bought himself under linen, suspenders, perfume, soap; in brief, he fitted himself out for an act of love. After buying he regretted his purchases, but while doing so he had a sense of pride (displacement of affect: he plays the part of a male prostitute).

But he plays more than this. He plays with his face.

He is always making the “soiled face” in company. A slight allusion to sexuality and he is finished. Then at home he has an irreproachable countenance. He compares his facial expression to that of a “stuck bull”. He saw at the cinema a toreador stabbing a bull. The wounded animal had the same expression. The patient has, as he says, “calf’s eyes”.

Everybody must take him for an imbecile. Only at home among his own people or if he is in his stronghold (his room) does he lose this forced expression. He observes himself in the mirror all day long. His first glance in the morning is toward the glass to know whether he is looking well or ill, what sort of a face he has. He puts on a face that resembles buttocks.

He dreams:

I am at home. Mobilization is taking place and I am called to the colours. My Berlin friend says resolutely: “I am not going!” Another man says: “My God, one has to enlist.” I do not know what I ought to do. My mother is profoundly unhappy and in despair.

Mobilization means marriage. He should marry. The Berlin friend is a rabid bachelor, which explains his decided refusal to marry. The second person is married. He is a Christian who has married a rich but unattractive Jewess. The patient has plans: "If I do marry, I will sell myself to a rich woman. My mother will be unhappy in any case." He observes himself constantly. If anything is the matter, he has cloudy urine or his testicles are shrivelled. Yet he feels himself very happy in his illnesses and is pleased that he no longer fears his paraphilia. He flees from life's responsibilities to bed. Convalescence is always very pleasant to him.

This is connected with the petting he experienced in childhood. When he was ill his mother took him into her bed.

Nevertheless, he often hated her. He saw her in his fantasy having breakfast in a luxurious room while he remained in a shabby one. He always had the feeling that his mother kept the best from him.

He confesses a grotesque fantasy. He imagines a couple having coitus in which the woman lies upon a child so that it is smothered. His leading motive is "evil mother".

His mother was thus an evil mother in his fantasy. He made her this. He seems to be concealing a motive. Why did he make his "good mother" an "evil mother"?

He dreamed:

I was walking in the graveyard in my nightshirt. A priest said I should not go there. Then I met a funeral procession. My father was being buried. Then the priest said: "Now you may go."

I awoke and had a severe nosebleed. I was glad. For I have heightened blood pressure and my physician has repeatedly advised blood letting.

Then I went to sleep and dreamed again: I was in school and was accused of copying. I was angry that the injustice was done me. I wanted to call out to the schoolmate who had made the accusation: "Coward!" I wanted to prove to him that I had not copied, but did not know how to do it. I awoke and thought: "The dreams tonight are gloomy."

I went to sleep again and saw myself upon the balcony of the old house in Prague. Everything was veiled in dazzling white snow. I said: "I believe that it is good."

It occurs to him with the first dream that he never goes to a cemetery. He is afraid that then someone in his family might die and he would have to go there frequently.

The priest is from the village where he was born. He was a friendly man who often sent his mother books to read. His father was not to know anything about it. Further associations would not come. He admits, it is true, that he thinks every day of his father's death.

Here we come upon the first suspicion of the mother, which explains the association mother-prostitute. The priest was extraordinarily kind to him and

adored his mother. The relation was doubtless purely a spiritual one. But the boy had a secret from his father. This allowed him to think and assume the worst. It explains also his fear of marriage and his preference for Christian women. A Jewess had deceived his father and with a Christian. He would take vengeance upon his father if he married a Christian.

The reverence for woman is the overcompensation for despising her. If he makes his mother a prostitute, he can also make a lady of a prostitute.

Various things were brought forward which confirmed this complex.

He admits in regard to the copying dream that he has always played a role in life in order to avoid humiliation. He plays the part of a blasé man of the world, in order to conceal his lack of ability. Thus he plays in life a thousand parts. He is always copying.

He associates with snow that he would do a good business if it would snow. The dreams give evidence actually of a regression. His father will die while the son is still young, the latter will then perform the father's tasks and sleep in his bed (white linen).

The dream brings the theme of unjust accusation. He has suspected his mother, who is as pure as snow. He has done her injustice. He should bury the old matters (graveyard). The snow shall cover everything. Why does he brood over the mother's past? Why has he two versions of his mother, a black and a white? He should at last bury the old one and turn to life's tasks. But he borrows a scene of the past; he copies.

The next day a fourth dream suddenly occurs to him, which he wanted to relate yesterday and had entirely forgotten: I had the desire to see my fetish woman; that is, a stout business woman in the inner city. I went to her place of business. Her sister was there instead of her. She is dark like a gypsy. She stooped to pick up something. It was only when I saw her buttocks that I knew it was not my fetish woman. But she was indignant and said: "I am afraid. This is a bad person!" Upon this she ran away.

This dream depressed him very much. He does not want to believe that he returns to the sister as a substitute for the mother. He relates his various defeats. He had made the acquaintance of an attractive saleswoman. She pleased him very much, and he entered into relation with her. He invited her to go with him to the theatre. He went to her shop to fetch her. Suddenly she had lost all charm for him. She looked old and worn. "She is probably infected. She surely has a brother.

The brother is a man of noble family. He would make you responsible. You are an unlucky fellow! You will become infected with her or impregnate her. She will make complaint and you will have a trial on your hands. You had better not make a beginning."

Thus the tendency to depreciation was at work within him, until in the end he fled and went to the theatre alone.

Some graffiti in a toilet, which said something about fifteen girls with fat buttocks, drove him from the building. He doubts whether he can be well.

The dream brings the two editions of his mother, the good (white) and the evil (dark – a gypsy) and shows plainly that his paraphilia goes back to the mother.

He listens incredulously and doubts. He does not want to see the truth.

He has surrounded himself with a wall of inhibitions, which are to make marriage impossible for him. His condition of potency is that his partner must seize his penis.

What respectable woman would do that? He tests every woman and every girl upon the ground of this primary reaction. He disrobes all women in his mind and has with each one the thought: "Could I be potent with her?" At once comes the humiliating response: "Impossible! She would never make the necessary attack!" He went to the city where he had the exciting experience with the prostitute. He sought the locality where the brothel stood. He looked for the prostitute in the city and would have been happy if he could have found her. But the brothel was closed and in place of the Maison Pohl stood an elegant Hotel Metropole. He dared not enter it. In the night he dreamed:

There was a great feast. A physician (Dr. Stekel) showed me that he had a new walking stick, really a new handle. He was much delighted. I hastened away.

Then I was with an artist; I believe it was a sculptor or Dr. Stekel. There was also a little fellow there who said: "My mamma has a large backside. We could give it a good whipping!" He ran to fetch his mamma. I at once in the dream imagined the large buttocks and awoke with such an erection "as the world has never seen".

Then I am again on the street and am to go to Dr. Stekel. I arrive about half an hour too late. There are a great many people in the waiting room. Dr. Stekel comes out and calls to me: "See; that is my man!"

We find between two transference dreams, in which he expects a “handling” by me, a dream in which a mother appears who is going to whip her boy. (The sculptor is also an allusion to this.)

The original attitude toward women and to his mother was sadistic. He wanted to strike them. He recalls that he once chose a small, weak prostitute and went with her to her room. He beat her a little and was able then to have coitus with good potency.

The last dream excited him tremendously. He is good for nothing the next day after such dreams. He wandered about in the city, began finally to eat greedily, drank first wine, then a bottle of mineral water, and smoked a cigar in defiance of death. Then he felt so weak and exhausted that he went to his hotel and had to go to bed. He imitated the first anxiety attack in Aussig.

Now it becomes plain why he chooses very strong prostitutes for himself. He wants to subjugate himself; he fears his sadism. And behind this sadism toward the prostitute is concealed the hatred toward his false mother, who kept the best from him.

He hates prostitutes after the masochistic acts and insults them mentally... He directs these insulting words really against his mother.

Yesterday before going to sleep he was in a remarkable state. As if an incubus were on him, as if he must fall into a swoon. He half lost consciousness and then saw me standing by his bed, bending over him and feeling his pulse.

A truth is trying to force itself upon him, and he represses it. He flees into love toward me – into the transference.

The homosexual component – so long overlooked – makes itself still more strongly felt. He was chasing after prostitutes yesterday, but not one of them pleased him. He wants to love a girl; he no longer wants to repeat the old experiences.

He reports that he is able to urinate before men if he several times repeats the word “semmering”. As association he relates the fact that he has resolved if he marries to take his wedding journey to the Semmering; which means, if I marry, I need not fear homosexuality. The associations ring and semen also lead to marriage.

Yesterday he sought a prostitute, as if in a frenzy, that he might perform normal coitus. At last he saw a suitable candidate. He followed the prostitute for an hour. A violent struggle was raging within him. Finally he said to himself: “No! this dissolute life must have an end. You will embrace only one woman, whom you love!”

The last two weeks of the treatment mean a permanent struggle against the patient’s former systems, which, however, are being steadily demolished. The interest in stout women with well-formed buttocks is gradually receding into the background. He decides to seek a friend. After all sorts of tragi-comic adventures, in which each little step appears to him like a victory, he meets a sympathetic girl. He has been with her in the coffeehouse hardly half an hour when violent pains set in in his heart and arms. The analysis shows that he had previously had the thought: “What would your mother say, if she should see you sitting here with a girl?” Now there comes to light the noteworthy fact that his mother suffers from arteriosclerosis. Her cardiac pains radiate into the left arm. His suffering signifies therefore an identification with the mother and appears as a warning if he departs from the path of ordinary virtue. He has a secret notion

that he will only begin to live when his parents are dead. For this reason he is always in fear that his parents might die. He wants indeed to live – and wishes for their death. On the other hand, a secret life plan exists to live with his sister after the parents' death. This idea is slowly conquered. He is able now to go home without having to think in the train that someone at home has died.

This notion has prevented him from forming an intimate connection with a girl. The old formula read: "You will begin to live, when the parents have died!" This formula has changed into a second one: "When you begin to live, your parents will die!" This explains his fearful dread of coitus.

A second assumption was hidden behind this formula, which bound the parents' death with the possession of the sister.

The nature of the patient changes after suitable enlightenment. He takes fresh hope and decides to seek for a girl. He chooses the method of advertising. He receives as many as fifty communications. He selects the woman whose style and handwriting are most appealing to him. He sends her a ticket to the Burgtheatre. So he cannot miss her.

His agitation before the rendezvous cannot be described. He wants to run away; he passes through the most frightful states of anxiety; he is impatient and cannot wait for evening to come; and of course arrives too late at the theatre.

His disappointment in the object-person he meets is extreme. After such disillusionment he will not seek further. But he resolves to make a second attempt, although such a thorough failure as he is ought not to begin such a thing. Behold! This time he has good luck; he meets a charming, sympathetic, modest, cultured, and sensible girl. He has no objection to her except that she is not "his type". She is blonde and thin and is lacking in precisely that feature

which forms the greatest attraction for him. She is his sexual antagonist. And yet! He feels himself drawn to her; he has violent erections in her presence; he is sure of his potency. He becomes freer.

He no longer observes his face, whether it looks “soiled”; he laughs and talks gaily and cheerfully. She is willing to give herself to him. But he postpones the final act. He wants first to learn to know her, feel sympathy for her. Soon, however, he says to himself: “It is more than sympathy. I am in love with the girl.” He must again – as every week – go home; he is tranquil upon the journey, has no fears of death, no heart pains. He even performs a heroic deed, for which formerly he would not have had the courage. He speaks to a woman in the carriage; she enters into conversation and before leaving (at a small station) gives him her address. He must visit her sometime; her husband has gone away for several months. His heart swells with pride! He, the man with the anus-face, has won a “respectable” woman.

Now he is sure of himself. He is proud and self-confident, knows how to impress his girl. He has made himself free for this Sunday, and this shall be the wedding journey. Everything is ready; the rooms are booked. He is to meet the girl at the railway station. Why only at the station, I ask? There are several reasons for this. He is not worried and believes now in his cure. The erections when near the girl are painful, and he is consumed with desire to possess her.

Now comes the puzzling story to him; from the explanation and analytic clarifying of which he has withdrawn. The girl was not at the station. He waited in vain for some hours; he sought the girl at home; she could not be found; she had gone away over the Sunday.

He finally meets her on Monday. She shows him a letter in which the rendezvous had been cancelled. The postmark proves that she received the letter on Saturday while at work and that it had been posted that day. The patient stands before a mystery. Who knew the time of the rendezvous? Who knew how he subscribed

himself? This was a thorough mystification! The girl reproached him; he reproached her. She had made an excursion with a girl friend in place of her lover. He questioned her on her honour and conscience whether she had told anyone anything about it, which she vehemently denied upon her oath. She reproached him that it would have been best for him to have come and got her. He believed that she had had the letter written in order to free herself for the day and to have an excuse. This was not likely, for later she was always patiently at his disposal.

I recognized at once that the patient had written the letter himself, evidently in a sort of trance, in order to escape being made well, which assumption he energetically disputed, calling himself an unlucky fellow of the first order.

With this experience the analysis ended. He had no other theme than the girl and his bad luck. His desire vanished with the distrust. He lost the violent erections. He went with her after two weeks to the Semmering after he had fundamentally depreciated her, and had no erections in her presence. The result of this wedding journey, against which I had earnestly advised him, was a lamentable one. He spent the bridal night without being able to produce an erection.

He disregarded my warnings and still clung to the girl, because she was no longer a danger to him.

I had explained to him that he could not be well unless he would separate himself from his family. He promised to take every step to make himself independent. I had likewise recommended marriage with a girl whom he really loved. He should leave all experiments alone. Despite my warnings, he continued to make the attempt with the depreciated object – naturally always with the same failure.

For some time I did not see him; then came a letter of misery that he was again in a condition of relapse and had taken up with a prostitute. This role pleased him best, because he might maintain his former attitudes.

XIII: CANNIBALISM, NECROPHILIA AND VAMPIRISM

I see my child falling from a window.

I see my child run over by the electric car and the blood gushing high.

My mother shall break her neck!

My brother-in-law shall break his neck, and his little boys, who have annoyed me very much, shall perish in the snow like dogs.

I am afraid my husband will become insane.

I am in a brothel and am having intercourse with many men and shall be sexually infected.

I shall be raped by soldiers.

A young king lets me undress completely and when he has ravished me, he ridicules me.

I had sexual intercourse with a peasant youth and when he had ravished me, he struck me because I was afraid.

I have had coitus with a dog; the housemaid laughed at me.

I reproach myself because I have killed a watchman who wanted to lock me up.

I have cut off the penis of a former admirer, and I fall in a swoon when I see the blood.

My child shall die, for it is impudent and vulgar.

All my brothers and sisters are killed and burned, and it is a matter of indifference to me. I particularly wish death to my brother, for he has never concerned himself for the rest of us.

I am facing an operation because I have an abscess in my abdomen.

The friend of my brother-in-law threatens me with the kitchen knife because I will not allow him to ravish me; then he marries someone else.

I have often feared to be alone with the child; I am afraid I will eat it alive.

I have had a sexual relation with my former admirer and have borne a child, which I have killed. A man has come and wanted to denounce me. I have killed him with the knife, buried him secretly in the field, and destroyed all traces by which the crime might be discovered.

When the bell rings, I am afraid that the police have come to get me.

All people are alike to me; I am wishing evil shall happen to any of them.

I begrudge my sister-in-law her husband; for this reason I have wished his death.

I should like to be God and play with people's fate.

I hate my husband fiercely because he does not understand my illness, and I should like to destroy him.

I should like to rip off a man's penis and stick it in my vagina and let it grow there further.

My mother told me of a rabbi who was so strong that he smashed houses and men to pieces; I should like to do the same.

She told me further of a legend that Jesus in the temple flew to the roof. Now there was a rabbi there who thought to himself I will be still more

clever, and he flew still higher; then he urinated upon Jesus, who fell down.

I, too, should like to do as the rabbi did.

I should like to be as tall as the Stephan tower so that I could see in all the houses.

I should like to build a tower of Babel and see what God and the angels are doing, also whether they are sexual beings.

I am envious of everybody and have evil thoughts about them all. I am always seeing them in my mind as becoming mad or sick.

But I suffer so much that I have already suffered for all mankind.

When I have read about cannibals, I have put to myself the question whether I could eat human flesh. I have always felt then a severe nausea. Now I often imagine that I am eating human flesh and feel the same disgust. I should like best to be a vegetarian. I always have to think of the animal corpses.

I have the feeling many times that I could bite my child. I often bit when I was a child, if I was naughty.

I often think of the graveyards and how the dead bodies are rotting in the

ground. I should much rather be cremated.

I should like to cut off a dead man's penis and have it sewed fast to my pubis. I should like to be a man.

I should like to rob a dead man's soul before it went to heaven and turn myself into a man. I would then seduce all women.

I want to taste every man and every girl, to see what their flavour is.

I am a vampire. I come by night and suck out people's brains. I often believe that a vampire has sucked out my blood and my joy in life.

I should like to wallow in corpses. I want to be stronger and stronger. I know that the dead bodies cannot defend themselves.

I should like to torture people, even after they are dead.”

–Fantasies of a melancholiac

CASE NUMBER 41

The analysis of a melancholiac

Patient S. J. is a girl of twenty-three years of age, a student, foreigner, coming from a provincial city, Slav, the second among six brothers and sisters, brought up in traditional moral strictness and therefore without any sexual enlightenment. Nothing to be mentioned regarding somatic or other hereditary ill.

The patient states that a year previously, just after the death of her mother, of whom she had had the care, she was seized by an irresistible sadness, which is accompanied by complete loss of the joy in life, of ability to work. The patient dwells in a profound depression, which gives to her entire bearing a striking monotony.

She spends her day complaining bitterly of her lost health.

The patient shows a strong inclination to rationalization. Every new symptom that appears (or that is related again) is immediately explained by her as “of course” and “natural”.

“All my ills began with the loss of my dearly loved mother. She was the only being to whom I clung with all my feeling. Since her death I have lost all pleasure in life. It is so, of course! She was very ill the last months and I was her nurse: the over-exertion, the grief, the anxiety for my mother’s life – they

exhausted my powers and now I lack every bit of energy for living. So it is quite 'natural' is it not? Even if one still possesses so much energy, it may be exhausted and so one is unfitted for life."

This effort to explain has mingled with it also a transparent tendency to contradiction, to which something of a querulous nature is joined. It often seems as if the patient opposes to my interpretation a categorical, rather blunt "No", only to work out the same for herself in her own way as something "natural" "self-evident". The patient discovers this herself in later sessions, when she remarks:

"I know well that all that you say may be connected with my unconscious processes. The conscious conviction of the opposite is not decisive enough; my 'No' has thus no foundation. And yet I have to say 'No'; I can do nothing about it."

This compulsion to explanation and contradiction makes the impression of an ever-returning, burdensome attempt to end the conflict by the way of parathy and betrays at the same time a "wanting to hold the physician at a distance"; it is a tendency to depreciation at work from the very beginning and functioning as resistance. As if she had wanted to say to me: "Although we will occupy ourselves diligently with my complexes, I hardly believe that you will be able to reveal to me anything new, or unknown to me." In the further course of the analysis this original attitude along with the transference elaborates itself to a position stubbornly maintained by the patient. She splits the analysis into a conscious (official) one, in which she denies everything without exception; and into an unofficial, more correctly unavowed, one, in which the patient tacitly gains understanding of various things and accepts much. The further analytic material bears witness to this unadmitted progress of the analytic therapeutic effect. Thus the dreams become more numerous, press into ever deeper layers, direct themselves to the main theme (original conflict), present new problems, attempt new solutions. The monotonous picture of the melancholia is enlivened with a number of somatizations, the denied transference manifests itself now and then through an unforeseen move. We will come back to this.

The first sessions pass in endless repetition of the monotonous complaints. Some of them receive special emphasis from the patient:

“I have no joy in life. The world has no attraction for me, but seems to be worthless. Do not misunderstand me. I do not at all wish to say that the world is bad. On the contrary, the world is good; I am the bad one. I am dissatisfied with myself, therefore I cannot enjoy the world. Everything is beautiful, uplifting, satisfying, but not for me. I who know of the loveliness of the world yet remain cold to it. I seem to myself unworthy of life.”

“Whom do you blame?”

“I blame myself for not having been strong enough to be able to bear the illness and death of my mother. Others, too, undergo many a misfortune, yet they endure it steadfastly. Why have I been so weak; why could I not maintain my health? I am at fault! Every person should be able to keep his health; I have lost mine; that is my wrong.

“How could I have changed so in the course merely of one year? It is unbelievable! I was never before as I am now. Before this I was different, totally different! I no longer know myself. I seem a stranger to myself. It was not so at all formerly; it was so delightful in me and about me. Why have I lost my former nature? Only I myself am at fault!”

The patient is tormented with the distressing feeling of the “strange” the opposite of the *déjà vu*. She comes in her comparison of “formerly” and “now” upon a third something; in her effort to see herself clearly within she finds a foreign body, has an intimation of the splitting, despite the too-far-reaching

identification with her chosen object.

We will now pass to the groups of dreams.

We have learned to know and to recognize that there is a kind of dream which we might call “prognostic”. These dreams permit only limited insight into the individual threads of the parathic network, afford no key interpretations regarding the development and establishment of the parathy, and are unfavourable for obtaining associations.

Yet they represent upon the functional path a plastic picture of the instinctive tension and of the play of forces. They pass judgment upon what is endopsychically perceived. Such dreams aid us in finding the leading orientation, for they disclose the abnormal, specific colouring of the impulsive direction of the paraphilia.

Our patient put a number of such “dreams” at our disposal, indicating the abnormal sadistic instinctive trend at the foundation of her parathy.

Dream I:

I find myself in a room with a gentleman. He is leading by two chains, one in each hand, a dog and a cat. The animals are very beautiful, yellow in colour. Then the man steps with one foot on the dog and one on the cat, delivers them cruel blows, rages, becomes furious. He evidently wanted to kill the animals. I could not look at the horrible scene, wanted to go out, but the man closed the door and took out the key. At last he took the dog in his arms, cut off his ears, and gave the ears to the cat to eat, which it did. I pounded on the door,

screaming: “Open the door; let me out of this room; I am suffocating; air, air!”

Interpretation:

The patient would not bring any associations. We will content ourselves with the following remarks: The blows, the fury of the man, his cruelty, the animals, should represent, as strife in a dream usually does, an inner fury, the entire internal struggle. The man is then to be understood as the impulse, dog and cat, two impulsive tendencies mutually devouring or excluding each other, the more precise configuration of which cannot be derived because of the absence of associations. The whole action and behaviour of the man, the choice of symbols (animals) point to the strongly sadistically coloured instinctive life, which may be also the direction of impulse represented through the dog and cat and the final result of the struggle. The defense of the patient as observer (the man stands for her as active participant), the closed room, the chains, the suffocation, suggest the patient's reactionary attitude arising from the censoring (conscious) personality and determining the extraordinary repression. She is compelled to descend to the subterranean, secret torture chamber of her own psyche and to be a spectator by night of the sorry drama of her soul. She carries within herself the rock of Prometheus without being able to escape from herself except by circumventing consciousness and falling into a monotonous melancholy, deeply laden with a consciousness of guilt. This would be the functional interpretation. We must, in a more deeply determined layer and supported by other dreams, and associations to be mentioned later, conclude from the severed ears, from the key which the man carries himself, a castration motive. But we recognize especially in the devouring of the ears the abnormal sadistic-cannibalistic impulse, the tendency to incorporation, and the oral stamp of the melancholiac, to which we will bring many more contributing facts.

Dream II:

I dreamed that I found myself in my nightgown and barefooted upon a railway

track. Unexpectedly the train came, which must run over me. I began to run forward to save myself. I could not turn into a side track, for right and left flowed deep water, out of which many crocodile heads with wide-opened jaws stretched threateningly. I thought in my anxiety: "I cannot run as fast as the train, so my only way is to lie down on the ground so that the train may pass over me without injuring me.

Associations:

"I remember a passage in Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamasov* where a youth to prove his courage lay down upon the tracks in the same manner as I did in the dream. He wanted to defy fate.

"He confessed afterward, however, that at the moment when the train rushed upon him hissing and roaring he was seized with indescribable fear and regret. Any one who has once gone through such an experience will be wiser in many respects for the rest of his life."

The patient will not leave the Karamasov theme, and the following associations pass over into an exalted enthusiasm for the youngest of the brothers Karamasov (Alioscha). We will here, as in the preceding dream, true to our purpose, enter into no detailed interpretation of the dream but only stress the general orienting features. The analogy with the earlier dream is striking. This dream is a different kind of representation of the same theme. The hissing train is like the raging man, the crocodile heads like the dog and cat. Here, too, the dreamer in despair seeks in vain for a way out. She finds it in "lying down on the ground"; that means, she escapes the solving of her problem through repression and flees into a silent, impenetrable magma of sadness, under which unbridled, asocial thoughts are teeming. The patient, familiar with Slavic language, knows the expression: "Lower than the grass, deeper than the water." Gypsies and a chiromancer have told her: "Under your gentle, passive exterior a volcanic nature is concealed." The Karamasov association material shows how in the

dream (beyond the conscious censorship) the patient is clear as to the most important meaning of the dream. The nightgown, the bare feet, would be indications as to the fundamental basis upon which the problem is engaged. Water has a particular significance in this patient's dreams and always appears with her in close connection with further erotic symbolization. We will merely refer to the relation of the dream to the treatment: the patient adapts herself in part to the analytic self-knowledge; she lies down upon the ground after a course of reasoning ("the only means", and so on). In reality, during this period the monotonous melancholic mood with its incessant self-accusations is being permeated with a number of somatization symptoms. This is perhaps to be considered a favourable "somatic progression" after the regression which has previously taken place: the patient complains that her eyes are too deeply sunk in her head. (This somatization phenomenon discloses itself later as one conditioned by the prostitute complex. The patient questions herself repeatedly whether she really has the eyes of a prostitute, blue-flecked, circled, half opened, seductive, and the like.) She awakens in the night and remains one or two minutes long "paralytic"; that is, she cannot make a single movement until she turns upon her right side. For some time she has been waking in the night with attacks of suffocation, which are relieved by the opening of the window.

Dream III:

I enter a large house; it is a gymnasium. I notice in the second storey, as I go through the corridor, a lion in the door which leads into a classroom. I approach it. Many people of both sexes are in the classroom, who have climbed upon the benches and other pieces of furniture in their excessive fear of the lion. It seems as if I have "known" this lion, and it has also "recognized" me again. I kneeled down quite close to it and clasped its neck in my arms. This was the only way in which I could lead it from the room. It licked my face. At this moment the thought darted through me: "If it does not recognize me, it will crush my head with its teeth." But it knew me. I then locked it in another room so that the people needed no longer fear.

In order to avoid repetition we will go no further into the general meaning of the dream. The only noteworthy thing is the representation of the inhibiting repression (she locks the lion in so that the people need no longer be afraid), the forced parathy, but at the same time the feeling of superiority and of pride on the part of the parathy in her secret source of satisfaction, in her hidden shadowy world in contrast to that of the banal Philistine. The Adlerian “under-over” theory finds no confirmation in this dream: the patient is under, but the sense of superiority is however very clear.

It is also not to be left out of consideration that the patient had suffered in her school years an aggression from her music teacher. As a musician he had a fine head of hair. Thus the lion scene may be related to him.

An evident father-mother fixation comes to light from other dreams. The lion which she knows can therefore be related to her own impulse or to a condensed imago figure (the licking). One more final dream of this sort:

Dream IV:

I was boarding a train, which was so full that I had to stand on the step. It was an excursion. Then I found myself upon the locomotive. The train had to pass an exceedingly narrow place. I asked myself: “Will the train be able to go through without danger?” I was anxious. Yet we passed over very fortunately. From my position I could observe the wonderfully beautiful way. We came safely to the station.

Again the same dream: danger and the overcoming of it. The locomotive is a symbol of the dangerous instinct, which she here will absolutely conquer.

The patient brought also religious dreams of gloomy content, which did not give the impression of individual accessions of morality but represented a protest and warning of the total guiding personality against the abnormal impulsive configuration.

Dream V:

I came an hour too early into the consultation room. You were angry. I excused myself. In order to pass the time, I went with the electric car to see the surrounding country. As I climbed down the hill, I had to pass a bridge which led between two mills. The bridge had terraces. Then a little girl came toward me. She warned me to go on or something would meet me which would terrify me. I turned back. Other boys and girls also turned back, all very much frightened. I climbed down a hill and noticed that the sky was lowering, the wind was rising, a severe storm was coming. I tried to return to you as rapidly as possible in order to have a roof over my head and be able to shelter myself from the storm. But not to come still too early, I asked a man how late it was. He did not understand German. I repeated the question in French. The man answered he was happy to find some one who understood his "father tongue" (the usual expression is however "mother tongue"). Going by a church we met two girls in mourning, weeping for their mother who had died.

There appear clearly in this dream: Resistance (she comes at the wrong time and uses the analyst merely as a protection against dangers); representation of the female genitals and coitus (small bridge between two mills) ; the girl appears upon the bridge; the terraces, the church, the storm, the hill, purely sexual symbols. She tempts the analyst, shows him how one may make better use of the hour. Then the incestuous wish (father tongue, dead mother, whether it is still not late). Nevertheless, the religious voice, the urgent warning against passion, seems to us the fundamental feature.

The patient feels herself ensnared in the sexual labyrinth and sees the bad

weather coming upon her. She seeks with the analyst shelter from the weather; that is, the transference love shall preserve her from her prostitute tendency.

Dream VI:

It seems as if I have killed someone. In flight I spring upon the roof of a train. As the train speeds faster on its way, I leap upon a very small bridge without a railing. I wonder that I can walk upon such a narrow path. Then I hear a watchman's whistle. Next I am with a girl dressed in black. We enter a gloomy way, which leads into the mountains. There are no trees round about, no grass; the sun does not shine; nothing but rocks, dreary and waste. We come to a shed. There a number of galley slaves are working. Among these people the poor child quenches its thirst.

Interpretation: The small dark girl is to be understood here also as the sexually symbolic characteristic feature of the dream. The bridge, as in the former dream (bridge and mills), is the “to be or not to be” of her own instinctive constitution. (“How can I walk upon so narrow a way?” – expression of the danger arising from within.) The patient herself enlightens us in regard to the latter part of the dream.

She comes by a very roundabout way to the theme “Raskolnikov”. She is struggling with murder impulses.

We will turn now to the most interesting group of dreams. We begin the series with a striking key dream:

Dream VII:

I was married to a man whom I neither liked nor could respect. But he was very rich. I climbed into my automobile; it bore me away very rapidly. I thought: "Many have loved me; I have also liked many people; but I shall now not be able to enjoy anything of mutual love." I had the feeling of a "half happiness". I noticed that the way led downward. Then it was no longer an automobile, but a splendid carriage. I was driving the horses myself. The way led ever deeper and deeper. Then I came to a park with very dark avenues. I wanted to turn into an avenue which curved to the left, but the horse was fractious and pulled toward the right. Then I drew the reins with all my might toward the left, but the carriage took a zigzag course. It was no longer a horse, but a little dog which I was driving with the reins like a horse. The road went down still deeper and deeper. Then we came into a tunnel, in which clear water was flowing, so that one could plainly see the stones at the bottom. With the reins in my hands, leaping from stone to stone, I came to the opposite shore of the stream and in this way reached an amphitheatre made only of rock. There we met a woman. (I had the feeling that this woman was myself.) I stood still in order to observe her. The woman seated herself on the ground. Near her lay a man who had been killed. I did not know whether the woman was the murderess. She ate something and said to me: "I shall eat the heart of this man!" I stooped in order to see better. I saw how the woman laid the head of the dead man upon her lap; then she tore out the heart and devoured it to the last bit. I saw the opening through which the woman had torn out the heart. Now the man made some movements. The woman let him go, for she plainly feared his vengeance; she wanted to go home. I explained to her how to find the way: "You go forward, then left, then again forward, then right, and now forward, so you will reach home." When she had disappeared I felt pity for the man and carried him with the aid of a peasant woman out of the tunnel into the open. Here we found some houses with terraces, people working; the sun shone brightly. I said: "Here one has much sun, and it is a pleasure to work."

It seems likely that this extraordinarily condensed dream (key and developmental dream at the same time) must be transposed to appear intelligible, and thus: while the first part up to the little dog belongs to the later course and elaboration of the already-existing parapatric nucleus, the tunnel portion relates to the primary trauma or primary problem of the parapatry and represents also

the essential nature of the melancholia: sadism, cannibalism, and incorporation. The fantasy of the mother's womb is plain enough in the face of the familiar symbols (tunnel, river in the tunnel, the going out into the sunlight, the looking on at a scene concealed before God and man, the self-observation with doubling of the personality, the winding way which the woman has to traverse in order to reach "home"). Possibly we have here a condensation of two unconscious pathological thought formations, the uterine fantasy with the Noah complex. This association seems so much the more plausible because the two thought structures mentioned still possess a common motive; namely, the flight from painful reality, the longing for an ideal situation, where the values of reality and external law are enjoying a truce. The functional and symbolic significance of the mother's-womb fantasy should be understood not only as an ontogenetic gravitation in the nature of memory toward the one-time-experienced state of almost complete absence of reaction, but much more as an active psychic achievement, the striving to think oneself artificially into a situation which annuls reality but affirms the complex world. The parathic seeks in the fantasies of the mother's body not absolute Nirvana but the adequate, symbolically given place into which he can transport his inner world and where he can nurture it in pure culture. Amniotic fluid and the waters of the Flood are symbols of isolated solitude and introversion.

We have stressed the importance of the mother. We have learned from other dreams and manifestations of the patient that her brother must also play a decisive part in the parathy.

The patient only reluctantly recalls that her older brother was very fond of her when she was nearly sixteen years old. He would very often kiss her and embrace her passionately. She felt that they were not brotherly kisses, but absolutely sensuous ones. The mother noticed and found fault. She would therefore avoid him. He asked her as often as he could to go walking with him. He always selected for these walks quite retired spots or lonely paths through the wood. She frequently asked him why he chose such walks as these. He was also very jealous, so that he drove all young men and suitors from the house. He sent away by lies one young man who was courting her, of which she knew nothing until several years later.

The patient does not admit that she felt anything for this brother. On the contrary, this is precisely the brother in whom she is not interested in any way, while the younger one is her favourite (displacement?). I refer to certain dreams: 1. She is plucking unripe fruit with her brother; 2. She scuffles with her brother, whereby he becomes small. 3. She dreams she is suffocating in a room; he must open the door. 4. The brother becomes small and jumps into the river, with which she says it was very dangerous; she had with this the feeling that she had been there before. 5. The patient's parlour maid has left; she is in despair, but the brother's servant comes; the servant puts everything in order. All these dreams point to the fact that the dead man of the key dream also represents her brother.

“Why did you agree to go with your brother on these lonely walks if it was painful to you?”

“It is only ‘natural’ to walk with one's brother; I was always a lonely and reserved nature. I used to shut myself in my room for hours and sing; melancholy songs I liked very much. My father did not like it if I sang or played an instrument. But I played on every instrument possible. One of my brothers called me for this reason a gypsy.” (The patient often sees herself in her dreams as a gypsy.)

“Do you understand why at the beginning of the treatment [the patient had been at that time already somewhat enlightened] among the thousand memories of your life it was always just this one which arose: it was upon an excursion in the mountains during the vacation when a student killed by mistake a girl student, believing that he was shooting a swan, and then the very great despair of the brother of the girl who was killed; he even wanted to commit suicide?”

“That explains itself; it made a strong impression upon me; for that reason I remembered it.”

“Do you see then no connection between the brother and the fact that in your dreams and recollections a remote mountain region or wooded country appears again and again, at which you are fearful? Once you saw there a snake with its head squeezed off; a second time you were gathering flowers with long stems; you cried out: ‘They are all for me!’ A third time you came upon a petroleum well, from which you feared that you and the woods around you might go up in flames.”

“I know what you want to say, but I have told you repeatedly that everything that you conjecture of my feeling for my brother seems to me impossible, even absurd; I cannot believe it; I do not feel it.”

“If you do not deny the connection and have even learned to see it, how else would you explain it?”

“I do not know; I cannot explain it; it seems to me simple and natural. I cannot believe concerning it what you tell me here!”

After several days, during which the patient was seized with a veritable “dream diarrhoea”, we return to the key dream.

“I have already explained to you repeatedly; I cannot go more carefully into it now, but I should like to know your opinion in regard to another process of thought. Pay attention! Your complaints are chiefly: ‘Why have I not been able to keep my health? – I am the one at fault!’ ‘Why have I lost my former nature?’ ‘I have really never lived – and I am already losing my bloom!’ ‘How beautiful I was once!’

“It may be that these sayings are displaced and inverted complaints of which you have already learned to know many examples. They will then relate to a person decisive for your childhood, your brother, and would simply say: ‘Why was he not bold enough and ready to take the decisive step which I as a woman could not take; why should I fade without having experienced love? He is the one at fault; as long as he was unmarried, it would not have been impossible.’ All the bad symptoms of your illness have occurred in the last three years; that is, since the brother’s marriage.”

“If you only knew what a painful impression this theme always makes upon me.”

Thus the patient defends herself stubbornly against discussion of the key dream and the brother theme. But the analysis always goes back again to the brother. It is he whose heart she devours in the key dream.

If we want to form an idea of this key dream, it reads: the patient dreams herself into a situation woven of the uterine fantasy and Noah complex as the adequate ground upon which she can realize her otherwise unthinkable wishes.

She loves in the narrow physiological and literal sense. What she would like to have, she will actually “have” in the true significance of the word; she devours, she incorporates her object and bears it from now on within herself, so that this assimilated object can no longer be an “object”. As emotional activities concerning this point, the other relations between the projected and projecting ego do not count. This is perhaps the reason it is so difficult for her to follow the indications of the dream symbolism, more or less to accept the interpretations; for this reason she meets all my explanations with the “beautiful smile of the ignorant”. It would be for her like asking her to look at her own forehead without a mirror.

The purely symbolic form of expression is not to be overlooked: she is as greatly fixed upon her brother and he belongs to her as completely as if she had once taken his heart to herself forever. A further determination: he shall rather be dead than belong to another woman. The sadistic colouring of the action needs no discussion.

The other parts of the dream signify the development of the parapathy and interest us here but little. The auto (onanism) impulse; she is only half satisfied, “half happiness”; at the end onanism is no longer sufficient – the automobile changes into a carriage; she wanders, she goes in a zigzag course, she goes down; for the proper living out of her life nothing remains but a little dog. The awakening dead person is also the beginning of discovery and the recognition of the fixation.

She is afraid of the man’s revenge; she is afraid to recognize her sadistic-cannibalistic sexuality. The tunnel section is easy to understand as a prologue, a preliminary story. I might, before we pass on to another dream, allude once more to the fact that the incorporated object (the brother) is drawn into a situation similar to the fantasy of the mother’s body; uterine fantasy, Noah complex, and the projected territory of her own unconscious enter here into a comparison. The patient descends into a secret treasure chamber in order to live out her life. (I refer to the first dream, in which as symbol of incorporation the ears of the dog were devoured.)

Another dream of our patient which also may be reckoned with the group of incorporation dreams is the following:

Dream VIII:

I am going down the stairs at school; a boy accompanies me. We come upon a dead man lying on the stairs. The boy takes something from the dead man. I ask him to show it to me; the boy says it was a watch, the like of which is not to be found in the world. Then he shows me the watch. It is spherical in form, the one case of gold, the other of glass. Meanwhile the boy lets the watch fall to the floor. The works fall from the case. The one piece (works or cover?) cannot be found for a long time; finally it is discovered under the door.

The similarity of the leading motive with the earlier dream is plain enough. Symbolically the ticking of the costly, unique watch is like the beating of the particular precious heart in question. Functionally, she takes something carefully from an apparently dead man, as in the tunnel. The two covers signify the repression, together with the resistance.

The dropping and falling apart of the watch – the threatened self-knowledge and the giving up of the fiction. Here, too, the patient returns to her childhood, descends. The essential thing, however, is the functional taking to herself of an object which belongs to a defenseless man. Deeper layers we will here pass by: Electra complex, experiences in sleep, and other things.

Let us now turn to the “red” dreams:

Dream IX:

I was stopping with my mother at a summer resort. I returned from a walk. I drew near the mirror to straighten my hair. But I stopped suddenly, stared, so astonished and terrified was I at the amazing appearance of my eyes. I came closer to the mirror. I turned myself a little sideways so that I could see better what I had in my eyes. But then I noticed a man who was observing me from without through the window. I covered the window with a cloth and returned to

the glass to see what was in my eyes. I saw then that my eyes were full of blood. Heavy drops of blood fell from my eyes. I tried to wipe away the drops of blood with my handkerchief, but the blood kept on coming. As I made a movement with my left eye, the pupil(?) came out of the eye and seemed about to fall to the floor. I made various movements to bring it back to its right place. I was in terror and despair and thought, "My God, I shall be blind," and I ordered the chambermaid to call my mother. My mother came in, began to put the room in order, and sang while doing it... I lay upon the divan, sad, without moving. Finally I said: "Mother, just look at my eyes." My mother came closer to me and was astonished at the appearance of my eyes.

Interpretation:

The patient's melancholia had begun ostensibly with the mother's death. The mother had suffered with her heart for many years, died from this, and spent her last years in bed. The patient was her nurse, was chained to her mother's sickbed, and thus saw her most delightful years pass away, while her feminine charms were fading. The patient had attempted to redeem this sorry situation through an excessive willingness for sacrifice to her dearly loved mother. She was always ready, among other things, to go without sleep for nights at a time. She was not conscious of the conflict which arose from this (death wishes!). Even just before the mother's death the patient objected strongly to an injection of camphor prescribed by the physician because "in such a condition the dose could not be correctly estimated and the mother might be poisoned (bipolar attitude – she was afraid that her mother might be saved!). The apothecary had told her that it often happened that the heart was too weak to bear the injection.

The patient had first to be removed so that the injection could be given secretly. The next night the mother was dead. The patient had the idea in the morning that the mother was really still quite warm. When they laid her out, she feared that she might be buried alive. The patient once asked me if I had heard of this, and if I believed that once in a while by mistake people who appeared dead were put into the grave alive (uterine fantasy?). A year before the mother's death she had

become attached to a man for the first time and temporarily for the last time. She loved him so much that she confessed her love to him. She found no love in return. At her mother's burial her only consolation was that she would certainly find one from "him" among the letters of condolence. Her hope was illusory. He did not write a line. This was the final blow.

It became clear to her after the loss of the beloved man and the marriage of her brother that her mother had meant everything to her, and that with her death life had lost all its worth. The melancholia had set in at that time.

The associations prove the bipolar attitude toward the mother. She was with her mother once at a summer resort.

The mother fell from a donkey upon which she was riding and broke her leg. She had to remain in bed a long time.

"How did this unfortunate accident affect you?"

"I was unhappy over it. The sadness took possession of me for the first time then. Or no, it was not at that time."

"You had already suffered from the depression?"

"No; at that time it was not really depression. The genuine sadness began with my mother's death."

“Tell me more exactly about this period of your life.”

“The first depression appeared during another summer. We were also in the country. The mother was walking alone on the street and was in danger of being run over by an automobile. But she was rescued. That made so fearful an impression upon me that I was ‘melancholy’ for a month. But that was nothing compared with the present time. At that time I was still happy in life.”

We see clearly even the first depression as a reaction to the death wish.

We might bring the following dream fragments as supplementary aids to the interpretation of these dreams: 1. The mother appears in the dream, weeps, and calls her to herself. 2. The dead mother said to her: “I knew that my illness would not kill me, but that it would slowly ruin my daughter’s life.”

The patient is enlightened in the course of the next sessions concerning the unconscious death wishes toward the mother. She categorically rejects every such explanation, but listens with interest.

The interpretation of the dream must be extended thus. The man who listens is at the same time death, whom she had repeatedly summoned; the analyst, who sees what is taking place within her; and also her conscience, her conscious instance. The mirror, too, has this last meaning and also stands for the analysis. She covers the window with a curtain (resistance). The final portion of the dream, the mother “began to put the room in order and sang while doing it”, while she herself lay sorrowfully upon the divan, has a number of determinants. First we must recognize here an expression of self-scorn. She is not worthy of any one’s pity or sympathy in her trouble, so evil are her unconscious impulses toward her mother. This is to be seen in the detail that she wipes away the blood, which continues to come. One thinks of Macbeth and the Biblical motive: “For though

thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me...’

The scene mentioned above denotes in the second place a further self-reproach. The mother believed that everything was in order, well arranged, and had no idea what her daughter close by had in her eyes (her head). Then this most important part of the dream represents an inversion.

What the patient wanted to say here she did not trust herself to state plainly even in the dream; therefore she turns it about.

She is not the heartless one, who cares little within about her mother’s fate, but the mother does not behave as a mother should. The mother is heartless (motive of the taking out of the heart and of the broken watch). The patient also becomes heartless through identification with the mother.

Then this scene means also preparation for dying. The mother orders her affairs, arranges them for the long, long way, and sings thereby the song that accompanies it, the song of eternity. The patient herself is the dying one; “she lies motionless”, and surrenders to the mother before the journey, confesses everything: “See, Mother, what I have in my eye.” The onlooker is also Death. The dream in this connection is the Last Judgment. The bleeding eyes stand for her sadistic impulses, for her sadistic instinctive attitude toward her mother (see the next dream). The precious, the only, the irreplaceable – the pupil, which she loses – would go to a fixation object. It is doubtful whether the beloved man she mentions is this object for several reasons, which cannot be discussed here, but which have been discovered in the patient’s analysis. This love was far rather a fruitless attempt at spontaneous healing, which failed. The summer resort probably is connected with the resort where her complex-determined relation to her mother threatens to break through.

It cannot be further discovered whether this dream refers to a definite experience (defloration, through displacement from below to above; beginning menstruation; reproduction of an infantile motive), because the patient brings no material to support this probable conjecture.

Now for the second red dream:

Dream X:

I find myself upon a balustrade on the second storey and am watching what is going on below. Many soldiers are moving in the yard with guns. Two officers then enter leading between them a third officer. The latter is condemned to death, but not as is customary in military tribunals to death by shooting; he is to be guillotined. He is in parade uniform. His face is gloomy, earnest, but beautiful. The executioner is waiting in an adjoining room to behead him. All at once I notice my mother among the soldiers. I ask some one why my mother accompanies the soldiers into the execution room. I am told she wants to dip her right hand into the blood of the condemned man. How can she look on at such a frightful scene? It will break her heart! I cry out. Still the mother goes in. I withdraw and merely hear now that they all call out to my mother that she may do as she pleases.

We will bring two more dream fragments to help us in the interpretation: 1. The sultan says that I must be willing to be the mother of his six children [the patient has exactly six brothers and sisters]. 2. A man asks me whether I will be the mother of his children. As we are talking in the hall, my mother appears in anger and sends me away, tells me I have nothing to do here.

The following associations are only in part attached to this dream; others arise from further motives in the analysis. Her father was a reserved man; he never got

on very well with her mother. He was somewhat morose. “He never understood me and was really the cause of my not being able to do anything with my craze for music. Our neighbours one time were going to separate and sold the furniture of their home. There was among the pieces an old small upright piano. I longed to possess it. I begged my father with tears in my eyes that he would buy the piano for me, but he would not. I used often to shut myself away and sing sorrowfully alone in my room.”

It was at this time that the patient suffered the aggression from her music teacher. He was an older man. She trusted him. Once he had her come into his sleeping room instead of the instruction room. He embraced her, kissed her, touched her breasts. She was in the first moment stunned, defenseless, without will, then tore herself free. She then to her sorrow gave up all music. (Presumably this teacher has appeared in her memory as a father imago.) The patient was then enticed by a friend to play and touching of the genitals, but she says she rejected these things. References to masturbation are frequent in her dreams. But she says she has never masturbated. The guillotining leads us to the often-mentioned castration complex (revenge upon the music teacher and her brother!).

We must add here two more short dreams, which also refer to the castration complex:

1. I am resting after a long walk upon a hill. Then I see a stick lying there. As I go to pick it up, I notice that it is a snake with its head squeezed off. Then a man approaches who says it is I who have squeezed off the head.

2. I was in the sleeping room and noticed that something was moving under the bed covers. As it crawled forward, it was a snake. I thought to what danger any one is exposed who sleeps here. I took tongs to kill the snake by squeezing off its head. But I realized that the snake could injure me with its tail while I was removing its head. I tried to call a second person, who should meanwhile pinch off the tail.

(Fantasy of coitus with three, two women and one man? Fantasy of the penis squeezed off during coitus? The tongs symbolize the legs in connection with the most frequent form of feminine masturbation, through pressing together of the legs.)

We see in the dream mentioned above the castration complex. Yet this dream is much distorted. In the first place she displaces upon the mother, as so often in her dreams, what she herself really wants to do. Through transposing from below to above, cutting off the head signifies castration.

The dipping in of the hand relates to the coitus fantasy. The three officers, “two leading between them a third”, plainly depict the male genitals. The looking on of her mother, that is, her own looking on, may point to an experience of spying (although it is true the patient cannot recall anything of the kind) upon the basis of which a childish theory of coitus, of course strongly coloured sadistically, has been elaborated, for the realization of which she craves. The flowing blood, the pinching off of the tail, are constituent parts of this coitus fantasy. The ceremonial preparation for the execution may represent the emotion, the anxiety during the spying. The adjoining room, the standing high on the balustrade, again signify peeping. She wonders that her mother can thus look on. Then she hears how her mother is called to satisfy her desire. She withdraws, but with a “protesting superiority”.

This all reminds one of the indignant reaction of growing girls who surprise their parents at coitus. (How can older persons engage in such filthy things?) This voice of forced deprecation is quite clear. She envies the mother, because it is a matter of a quite different execution. Other features run through the dream fabric. Her brother is also an officer. She lets him lose his head on her account, but the mother stands as an obstacle in the way, as everywhere; and then comes a disguised expression of scorn, a desire for revenge directed toward the mother, in a very confused form of utterance.

Repetition of a stereotyped motive: She would rather have her brother dead than to have him go to another woman.

Let us pass on to the last dream, which reveals the same feature of the sadistically stamped Electra attitude, that of the melancholiac toward her mother.

Dream XI:

I find myself in the home of “the” parents and have the feeling that they are my own parents but at the same time utterly strange people. Beyond the window there falls upon me the shadow of my father’s daughter, who is moving there. The father, that is, has forbidden her the house; she may not enter it. I go out to comfort her, despite the father’s command. He notices me and slaps me. Then the father divides his money (bank notes) between me and another of his daughters. As the father hands me the bank notes, he adds what is to be purchased with the money; that is, this million for shoes, and so on. I receive ten millions, while the other gets twelve. I am indignant at this. Then I notice that the sister is rigid and her face has bright red blood running over it. I feel pity.

Association material:

“You spoke of strange and yet your own parents; where is the mother in the dream?”

“I do not know; I did not see my mother.”

“Were you ever beaten by your parents in reality? Have you been slapped?”

“No, my father never whipped me, nor my mother either, or only once; that was really not a slap, but a push on the shoulder. This was on account of my sister. I was very indignant at the time, for I was innocent. I no longer remember the details of the occurrence, but do know that my concern was chiefly that they would not believe me that I was innocent.”

“How old were you at that time?”

“Ten or twelve years [ten or twelve millions!]. I had the same feeling at the time as yesterday in the electric car when the conductor would not believe me, but suspected me.”

It is of importance now to mention an occurrence of the day before, which may have the value of a symptomatic action preceding the dream. We will reproduce the event just as the patient related it at the beginning of the present hour.

She came a whole hour too late (she is generally punctual) and only noticed it when she was already near my house (she had swallowed up the entire hour). In the face of this, the patient decided to go for a walk in the Türkenschanz park near. But she overlooked the fact that her monthly ticket had run out; the collector demanded as a penalty that she pay four times the amount; she was angry that he would not believe that she “actually” had no intention of abusing her rights. She therefore visited the two cemeteries close by, because she likes to read novels there.

Then the patient tells of a passage in a novel, the name of which escapes her, like this: Following a shipwreck, a prince who was among the passengers, and who had his leg broken, is rescued by a girl telegraph operator of the station on the nearest island. The authorities on the island are informed of the prince, who presumably had lost his life, and they will not give credence to the latter's statement regarding his origin; they are more inclined to believe that he is delirious.

We come here upon the family romance. Is she her father's daughter? Is she the actual child of her parents? (tendency to destroy the incest barrier "brother-sister"!).

She says unexpectedly, her voice trembling:

"Do you know what happened last night? I awoke in the night and found two bedbugs in my bed. I suddenly felt such delight in cruelty that I decided not merely to kill the bedbugs but to torture them. So I took a needle, impaled the two insects on it, and let them lie, meaning to convince myself in the morning whether they were still alive. But when morning came I found neither needle nor bugs. The latter had carried away the needle, and now I fear that they will come again with the needle. I was cruel this time, I admit it. I wanted to be cruel."

Back to Dream XI. Interpretation:

The self-same Oedipus attitude is in the dream of the strange parents who are yet her own. She lets the mother be driven from the house by the father. She ostensibly comforts the "older daughter" (mother?), is slapped by the father (displacement from beneath to above; that is, fantasy of congress with the father). The division of the money has to do with the same theme. The second daughter may be her sister, on whose account she received a thrust at her

shoulder, and also her mother, who as such is really absent from the dream. She allows the sister-mother figure to bleed, die, and then feels pity for her. The associations which accompany this dream are much more important, because they grant us a survey of the infantile basis of the parathy. The patient seems to have had two sexual objects, father and brother, in chronological succession. The episode with the push in the shoulder which she received because of her sister may be a cover memory related to her attitude toward her mother as rival and obstacle. The feeling of being innocent also shows this character of the cover memory, just as the bipolar attitude toward the mother does. The sense of innocence is in this case identical with the theme mentioned, “not being believed”.

The old conflict with the mother came to a crisis through the illness and had indicated in advance the entire parathic structure. Thus the death of the mother became ostensibly the starting point of the melancholia. The unfortunate love will have been the attempt to free herself from the fixation after the marriage of her brother (homosexual attitude toward the mother is also present). The sadistic character lends to the parathy its fundamental tone and repeats itself in the entire picture in the form of individual arabesques. Cruel sadistic fantasies have become the specific condition of her sexuality, and upon this basis her other social reactions take place.

A third early-infantile feature, peculiar to melancholia, reaches still deeper than these two, the family conflict and the sadistic trait. This is the literal, strictly physiological, transformation of the idea of loving into incorporation, devouring, appropriating to oneself, through cannibalistic or absolute identification. This makes difficult the lifting of the repression and impoverishes the ability for projection, both of which should give us points of departure for pursuing the particular material repressed, the theme objectively to be considered in the analytic situation.

I should like here to call attention simply to one interesting phenomenon called “displaced mourning”. Her melancholia broke out after the mother’s death and

might easily be explained from the moral reaction to the death wishes. But we see still another motive: marriage of the beloved brother. It is very likely that she was deflowered by this brother. Her resistance in the treatment may arise from the conscious determination not to reveal this occurrence. At any rate, her life plan was to share the brother's life! This life purpose could not be accomplished. The depression appeared as a reaction to the loss of the brother. She had sacrificed her mother without having reached her goal.

We shall frequently come upon the same mechanism in the analyses of melancholiacs: disillusionment in love and fantasies of revenge which follow thereupon. The original attitude of hatred of primitive man makes itself felt, is rejected by the moral ego, and a splitting of consciousness is inevitable. The disappointed, deceived, sorrowing heart craves vengeance.

This revenge goes even beyond death. The root of many necrophiliac acts is an unsatisfied desire for revenge.

Before we turn to these complicated cases I will give a simple example.

There are individuals who miss no opportunity to look upon dead bodies and like to wander about graveyards.

The following case affords some interesting details:

CASE NUMBER 42

H. Z., a doctor of philosophy, thirty-four years old, suffers temporary impotence, which is discovered in analysis to be the inhibition of sadistic impulses. He has been for years a firm vegetarian. Meat reminds him of the dead bodies of animals. He has some infantilisms which plainly reveal a cannibalistic root. He chews his nails and is always biting his hands and his lips. Both hands are bitten sore on the same spot. He bites off little particles of skin, which he eats. He is sexually potent only when he can insult the woman, whom he always chooses upon the street. He is always threatening to do something to her. He is roused chiefly by women in mourning. He relates his masturbation fantasy only after long resistance: He has coitus in a death chamber. The woman is weeping over the loss of her husband. He rushes upon her and rapes her. Despite her sorrow, he brings her to an orgasm.

He likes to go to funerals because they excite him sexually.

He looks mostly at the sorrowing women, at which, in spite of internal resistances, he is compelled to masturbate.

Analysis shows that it is a case of displacement from the dead to the mourner and the fulfilment of an old fantasy: killing the father and taking possession of the mother. He likes to quote Diderot as saying that a man who grew up wild without the influences of civilization would slay his father and rape his mother.

Fantasies also of coitus performed in a coffin can be traced back to reading of sexual literature of this sort. There are also instances in which animals are

employed for the expression of the sadistic impulses. Men bring animals to brothels to do to animals what they would not dare to do to the woman. Kothe ("Sodomy And Sadism With Animals," 1914) had an opportunity to witness a case of sodomy and seven cases of sadism with animals. All the cases were attributable to the fact that the offenders were under the influence of alcohol. The case of sodomy concerned a pig, most of the cases of sadism (five) were with mares, one was a heifer, and one a bitch. This last case was plainly reminiscent of a lust murder. The she-dog was killed by having its throat cut, the abdominal cavity was opened in the middle line from the sacral cartilage for about twenty centimetres so that the intestines and abdominal membrane protruded from the opening. There were a number of incisions with a knife on both the right and left sides of the thoracic region. The incisions in belly and skin showed no bloody borders. The case was spoken of by the author as a sexual sadism, although spermatozoa were not found in the genitals nor was there any violent injury of the genital to be demonstrated.

The next case furnishes a contribution to this theme:

CASE NUMBER 43

F. J., a medical student, twenty-four years old, is conscious of his sadistic attitude toward woman. The mere sight of blood rouses him. His greatest satisfaction would be to bite a woman and drink her blood. He has only one possible way in which he can transform his craving to reality. He performs cunnilingus on menstruating women. A prostitute whom he frequently visits for this purpose told him that she has some regular customers who take pleasure in the same passion. It is worthy of note from the story of his childhood that he was sexually excited through his mother's urine. At five years old he tasted her urine and later did this with particular pleasure if it was polluted with menstrual blood. He tried as a child to catch young chickens and wring their necks. He attempted also to tear them apart. He sometimes drank the blood of the dismembered animals.

It is interesting that he is perpetually occupied with death. He has sketched his own obituary a hundred times and devised all sorts of such cards for the various members of the family.

He was horrified, when dissecting for the first time in anatomy, that he suddenly had an erection because the corpse was naked. He had an impulse to dissect the genitals first, but did not do it because he was ashamed before his colleagues. These erections appear when he is watching surgeons and gynaecologists operate. The sight of large wounds also excites him sexually.

He is thinking of giving up medicine. Analysis is rejected by him as useless, for he considers his condition congenital. He will perhaps have himself castrated, but he has not yet had the courage to renounce his manhood.

The necrophiliac tendencies do not always appear so plainly.

Sometimes one sees them coming to light after the death of some beloved person. There are historical examples (in the Hapsburg family) that men were not able to separate themselves from the coffin of the beloved wife and even took it with them upon their journeys. One man told me in analysis that he was tortured with erections when he kept the death watch at the bier of his wife. The temptation to take possession of her was so great that he fled from the room in order not to yield to it. It is characteristic that for a year he visited her grave almost every day and even today carries on a great sepulchral worship. Another person takes advantage of funerals in order to press against women and so obtain an orgasm. The orgasm usually appears when the coffin is lowered into the grave. In his dreams he is often having intercourse with persons who are dead. They seem to him alive in the dream, but still it is as if he knew that they are dead, for he wonders in the dream that he is having sexual relation since they are already dead.

CASE NUMBER 44

I was with a sick woman yesterday who has already asked my advice three times. She has vomited everything for a month continuously with the exception of certain piquant foods, so for the first two times I prescribed cocaine and other additives. All without result.

Only yesterday, when I had been called the third time, did I look for the “motor” with the patient. She has been a widow for three years. She was married to a lawyer of this town, X. Her husband was almost always ill, impotent, and she was really only his nurse. She is fifty-three years old. For eight years suffering from crippling arthritis. She was once very pretty. Was admired by the whole town for her beautiful hair. She is outwardly religious, devout, goes to church every day. She has always thought her illness would go to her stomach and so cause her death. She is childless. Just a month ago she dreamed that she saw her husband, he embraced her, kissed her, lay down with her in bed and performed regular coitus, as never in life, and which ended for both of them in an indescribable orgasm. She awoke early with serious nausea and had the impression that she had been made pregnant by the dead husband. “Think of it, Doctor!” she said, “sleeping with a dead person, being impregnated by a dead man, and bearing a child at the age of fifty-three; is that not horrible, is it not disgusting; would one not vomit?” I obtained this confession from the woman after various searching remarks and much cross-questioning, a confession such as I have never before heard from any patient! I quieted my patient and left her in a good frame of mind.

We see here a typical example of a necrophiliac act in a dream, in which a wish fulfilment plays a part. She remains faithful to her husband; she does nothing contrary to the laws of the Church and of morality; but she experiences at last what she has never before experienced, a complete orgasm; she becomes pregnant and is no longer alone.

We will now turn to some older cases well known in literature, but which have not hitherto been explained analytically.

Dr. Epaulard gives in his work *Le Vampirisme* (Lyons, 1901) a penetrating description of the case of “Sergeant Bertrand”, which affords one of the most interesting contributions to the problem of the paraphilias.

CASE NUMBER 45

The outer life of B. is briefly as follows: Born in Voisey (Haute Marne), 1822. He comes of a good peasant family.

One brother is living and is healthy. Two children have died.

The inheritance is questionable only in respect to a maternal uncle, who was mentally ill when he died.

B. himself was never seriously ill. He was very sensitive to new impressions as a child, and also very excitable.

He went first to the seminary, until he entered the army. He rose to the position of sergeant. Was considered a good soldier and had a rather large independence also as paymaster.

He got on well with the people with whom he had to do. He was religious; at least he did not permit others to ridicule such things and also did not like obscene talk. He was chivalrous toward women. But while he seemed outwardly respected and virtuous, even very praiseworthy, his sexual impulse led him along precipitous paths.

He masturbated from his earliest childhood. He began to dream of women from

his eighth or ninth year.

From this time on he began to be strange. He would flee to the most secluded depths of a wood and remain there the whole day in deep depression. And this would happen once or twice a week.

He masturbated as often as eight times a day when he was thirteen or fourteen.

But even the sight of a piece of feminine clothing would excite him. His masturbation fantasy was as follows:

“I imagined I sat in a room where I had women in my power. After I had gratified myself with them and entertained myself by torturing them in every conceivable way, I imagined them as dead and committed upon their bodies every sort of desecration. The thought of seeing men’s bodies mutilated was very rare, and caused repugnance.”

“Since I had no human corpses I sought for the bodies of animals, which I mutilated just as I did later human bodies. I slit open the belly and tore out the entrails. Then I looked at them and masturbated. The result always was that I went away and in fearful shame promised myself I would never do it again. But the impulse was always stronger than my will. Thus I treated the bodies of animals of every size, from a horse to cats and small dogs.”

In 1846, at the age of twenty-four, B. began to use living animals. Three times he caught a dog, killed it, and then, as with the dead animals, tore out the entrails with great sensations of pleasure.

At the end of 1846 he had already reached the idea of disinter ring human bodies. But it was not until 1847 that he carried out the thought.

He himself describes the first grave robbery. He was walking with a friend at mid-day when they came by chance to the cemetery of their garrison. A half-filled grave spurred him to invent some pretext to leave the friend and return later to the grave, which the gravediggers had not yet filled. In the most horrible excitement, without thinking that he might be seen – for it was in broad daylight – he tore open the grave with the shovel and began in a frenzy, for want of another instrument, to strike into the dead body with the shovel. He made such a noise that a workman who was busy near the graveyard came in curiosity to the entrance. When B. saw him, he laid himself close to the dead body in the grave and remained quiet for a short time. While the workman was bringing the authorities, he covered the corpse again and left the cemetery by the wall. Trembling and bathed in cold perspiration, he sat in a small wood for hours, in a state of stupefaction. Then he awoke from his paralyzed condition: all his limbs were as if beaten black and blue and his head “quite weak”.

Two days later he dug out the grave once more with his hands, but now on a rainy night. His hands were bleeding, but he dug until he had the lower part of the body exposed; he tore it into pieces and then closed the grave once more.

Now the necro-sadistic acts followed at shorter or longer intervals and he masturbated in five instances two or three times each, when he would touch with his left hand the viscera or some other part of the body. This was in June and July, 1847.

In November, 1847, after a long abstinence, for the first time he disinterred a body and performed coitus. The body was that of a sixteen-year-old girl. The ecstasy was terrific; for a quarter of an hour he tried upon her all the arts of love

which he used with his living mistresses, as if she, too, were alive, including cunnilingus. Then he mutilated her like the others.

In March, 1848, he has coitus with four dead women.

His instinct finds new forms of expression. He splits the mouth of the corpse, cuts off the limbs, and leaves no portion of the body whole. He wants to hack to pieces and contort the severed parts (“I wanted completely to annihilate them!”), and at the end he again masturbates.

He was shot at on the sixth of November, as he was climbing the wall. Yet this did not deter him from his goal.

For the first time he cut out the genitals and slit open the left leg. “The satisfaction was greater than before.” After this last case, which, to be sure, was soon followed by his arrest, his impulse, as he said, began to abate.

He had also dug up a number of men, which happened however, as he said, by mistake, especially in the burying ground for suicides, when he was on the search for women’s bodies. He once had to disinter twelve or fifteen men before he found a woman. He gave them in his rage perhaps a blow with the sabre, but never masturbated; on the contrary, he felt disgust.

He denied quite emphatically that he had ever bitten the corpses, as one expert had stated.

It is interesting that B. had intercourse with girls wherever he was in garrison, whom he always “satisfied” completely. Different ones wanted to marry him. When then the impulse came, which was perhaps every fourteen days, and announced itself with headache, he would follow his necro-sadistic (necrophiliac) cravings. Nothing could stop him. Shots from the watchmen, automatic guns which were set for him, the worst weather, the swimming of moats in midwinter, lying by the hour in icy cold and wet, nothing could hold him back. He was finally so severely wounded by an automatic gun, which went off as he was about to climb the cemetery wall, that he was apprehended; and the desecration of the graves, which had been an evil rumour for some time, was explained.

He frankly admitted everything under the influence of the surgeon who was caring for him, Marchal de Calvi, even that he was not at all sure that he would not do the same thing again. He kept stating also that the destruction of the bodies, not coitus, had been his chief motive.

I call attention principally to the severe fits of depression in this case. They help us to understand the psychogenesis of the depressions, which represent a reaction of the “moral ego” against the “instinct ego”. (“I weep because I am dissatisfied with myself.”) The ideal ego rejects the impulses which are pressing forward to action. (“But I weep also because I realize that my wishes cannot be fulfilled.”)

It is very likely that he accomplished his necro-sadistic acts in an epileptic seizure. Some details of his account point to this:

“It was mid-day. I was walking with a companion in the country. We went out of curiosity to the cemetery, which lay along the road. Someone had been buried the day before. A sudden shower had driven away the gravediggers, so that they could not complete their work and had left their tools lying near the grave.

“At sight of this the darkest thoughts came into my mind; I felt severe pains in my head, my heart beat almost to bursting; I was no longer master of my senses. I sought a pretext to go into the city, got rid of my companion, and hastened back to the graveyard. Without paying any attention to the labourers at work in a neighbouring vineyard, I seized a shovel and opened the grave with an activity of which I should not have been capable at any other moment. I had already dragged out the body. In the absence of any other instrument sharp enough for the mutilation of the corpse, I grabbed the shovel and with a fury which I cannot explain to myself I beat upon the body. The noise attracted the notice of one of the labourers. I hid myself in the hole. He hastened to the city to inform the authorities. I took advantage of this moment, covered the corpse again with earth, and sprang over the wall.

“I trembled in my whole body. Cold sweat broke from every pore. I fled into a wood near by. Despite the rain, which had been falling for some hours, I lay down in some bushes, and remained in this position from noon until three o’clock in a state of complete insensibility. When I awoke from this stupefaction, my limbs felt as if they had been pounded and my head was very weak. This condition always returned when I had undergone an attack of the madness.

“The seizure would overtake me as a craving to destroy. It came every fourteen days and began with severe headache.

“Two days later I returned at midnight to the graveyard. This time I found no tools and dug with my hands. They bled, but nothing could stop me; I felt no pain. I could not free more than the lower part of the body; I tore it to pieces and then closed the grave with my hands.” We see clearly that he finds himself in a pathological affective frenzy. We shall have more to say concerning this frenzy in the chapter on epilepsy. On other occasions he masturbated several times near the corpse, which shows us that some other passion lurked behind his necrophilia. He does not want merely to dismember dead bodies; he wants to have sexual intercourse with them. He says of the orgasm which he experienced

with the act of corpse-rape: “I cannot describe what I felt at this moment; no delight that I had ever known with a living woman could compare with this pleasure!”

A concealed homosexuality betrays itself in his behaviour toward male corpses. He wounds some portion of the body with his sabre (castration), but he does not resort to masturbation. On the contrary, he feels a great loathing.

His conduct toward women is interesting. He says:

“I have always loved women madly; I have permitted no-one to insult them in my presence. I have everywhere had young and charming women as mistresses, whom I have completely satisfied and who have yielded very willingly to me. As proof of this, some, although of rich and distinguished family, have wanted to follow me. I have never touched a married woman. Indecent talk has always offended me. I always tried to bring the conversation to another channel, when such a theme was broached in my presence. I was brought up to be strictly religious; I have always cared for religion and defended it, but without fanaticism.

“I have always loved to destroy. My parents would give me no toys when I was a child, because I broke them to pieces. In later years I could never keep any object, even a pocket-knife, longer than fourteen days. Then I would ruin it. It seems to me that I would buy a whistle in the morning and break it in the evening or the next day. Once in the army I came to my room drunk and broke everything to bits that I could reach.”

This case cannot be explained psychologically. The circumstance that a brother and sister had died when he was still a child might perhaps throw a light upon his condition.

Children are often jealous of the brother or sister who has died, when they observe that the parents mourn for it. One of my patients, who revealed this jealousy of a dead sister, had a dream which reminds us of the deeds of the patient just discussed:

I find myself in a churchyard. The atmosphere is gloomy and mysterious. It is raining in torrents. It is as if my mother were there. I hear her weeping and sobbing. "Why are you crying so?" "Because you are a naughty child. Your sister would not have treated me so badly." I am seized with an unspeakable rage. I throw myself upon the tombstone and wrench it out with superhuman power. There are flowers on the grave. I tear these to bits... and awaken with a violent ejaculation.

The fear which many parathics have of the dead and of the vengeance of the dead corresponds to necro-sadistic instincts. The terror of savages of the revenge of the dead is also a testimony to this, so well described by Levy-Bruhl.

One will find in such cases a pronounced fear of spirits and ghosts, which is a self-defense against necrophiliac acts. The case history which my assistant Dr. Miroslav Schlesinger places at my disposal brings us an interesting contribution to this problem:

CASE NUMBER 46

Mr. J. L., a student at the college of international trade. Twenty-one years of age. Somatic findings entirely negative.

Patient states the difficulties which led him to consult a physician: his head distresses him constantly; his thinking is not clear. He has the feeling as if something were revolving in his head; incapable of any concentrated work. He is always brooding at his studies, although he is not always aware of what he is thinking. But it draws him compulsively into the world of dreams. He has in his whole body the feeling “of an inner friction and a tension”, which he cannot more closely define. He sleeps restlessly and broods even in his sleep. The condition many times becomes intolerable. Then he hastens to the street and runs about aimlessly as if he had something pressing to attend to. He studies only with the most supreme effort of the will, obliged to struggle with strong feelings of displeasure. He is occupied with suicidal thoughts and will shoot himself if analysis does not deliver him from his tormenting states.

His day fantasies are mostly dreams of ambition and power. He has had one goal in mind for years: to attain to higher intellectual ability so that he can accomplish something stupendous or make some great invention; he wants to achieve something special in life. The thought of being a mere professional person and submitting to the banalities of every day makes him helpless with rage. He feels the inadequacy of his personality for realizing his ideals.

This makes him unhappy and incapable of life. He suffers frightfully from his sense of inferiority. He is plagued with doubt whether he has chosen the right path. Everything that he does leaves him dissatisfied; he always has the feeling that he is missing the essential in life, that which makes it really worth living.

His studies seem to him trivial and unimportant.

Such is our patient's condition at the beginning of the analysis.

Family Conditions

The patient is a village boy. His father, a village merchant, professes a world philosophy which is free, non-religious.

The inhabitants of the village are all strictly Catholics and openly disapprove of his father's irreligious attitude. The patient's mother, a very bigoted woman, brought up her son from his earliest childhood strictly according to the laws of the Catholic Church. The patient soon noticed the contrast in the father's and mother's relation to the Church. The marital disputes which arose on this ground were not concealed from him. They could not help being fateful for his psychic life.

The patient is the second-oldest son. He has besides two younger brothers and two younger sisters. The existence of the two youngest was kept from me until the third month of the analysis. Questioned as to the reason for this secrecy, the patient thought he was ashamed of them. After the birth of the second youngest sister he fled from the parental home (at nine years), broke into tears, and screamed: "It is a shame to have so many children in one home!" This period was a turning point in his life and the beginning of his parapathy.

Significant Life Events

The patient's memory goes back to his fourth year. His first recollection is a sexual experience with his child nurse. He awoke one night lying upon the girl, who was playing with his penis. He later often had death wishes toward this maid.

His maternal grandmother died about this time. The patient remembers very well having said at that time: "My mother has died, for everything which belongs to my mother, belongs also to me. I and my mother are one." Although such an utterance attributed to a four-year-old child needs much reconstruction as to psychology and form of expression, it does nevertheless seem to betray a strong identification with the mother. He slept in the same bed with his mother at that time and had the thought of dying with her, so that neither should outlive the other. He often behaved in bed so aggressively that he had to be reprimanded. In the later years there was a random promiscuity in the sleeping customs between parents and children. The patient passed through a childhood with the village children rich in sexual play of all sorts. There was a general attempt, among other things, to have coitus with the earth, for they bored holes in the earth and then imitated coitus. Memories of mutual masturbation, homosexual scenes, fellatio, and so on come to his consciousness without particular resistance. He believed according to his infantile sexual theory that children arose from "the foam on the water". He received sexual enlightenment from his playmates in his seventh year.

Remorseful thoughts appeared at about his eighth year as a result of plays of a sexual nature, and they grew more severe.

The religious conscience began to set up its veto. He turned away completely in his ninth and tenth years from his previous manner of life. He went to the city, where he attended the gymnasium and lived at a boarding house with strict Catholic methods of discipline. His mental conflict, which broke through for the first time with the scene of jealousy at the birth of his sister, was made ever keener through his religious conscience and manifested itself in an ever-increasing number of parathic actions and symptoms.

He chastened himself in the first form of the gymnasium by slipping stones into his bed to prepare himself a hard couch, for a long time did without his evening meal, and so on. As a consequence of reading a book of enlightenment, a syphilophobia made its appearance and with it fear of insanity. Thoughts of hatred toward his father, upon whom he put the blame for his weak physical condition, appeared and established themselves with the baseless assumption that he had inherited syphilis from his father.

Soon the mania for brooding and speculating set in, which began with doubt of the existence of God. This doubt, which his religious conscience necessarily conceived as something vulgar and unclean, seems to have found its parathic expression in his syphilophobia. It was the atheist father who had “infected” him with doubt of the existence of God. The tendency to speculation gradually extended itself to all problems of life, became more and more distressing, attaining in his seventh class at the gymnasium to an almost unbearable degree.

The warning of an uncle against masturbation seems to have played a large part at the turning point in the patient’s life already mentioned (ninth to tenth year). The uncle extracted from him the promise to give up masturbation. The patient apparently was able to abstain until the fifth form in the gymnasium. Then the same uncle came again one day and bade him, on the ground that he wanted to discover from his semen whether he had kept his word or not, to show him his penis. The patient dared not resist, believing also in the possibility suggested, and was the victim of a severe sexual attack. The uncle produced ejaculation manually. His cultivated asceticism collapsed from this day on. The patient could no longer withstand the impulse to masturbate; on the other hand he reproached himself most bitterly; in short, he fell into the typical psychic conflict concerning self-abuse.

He succeeded in suppressing the masturbation after a fearful struggle lasting for years, and then felt worse than ever.

It is worthy of remark in connection with his masturbation that the patient had the habit of counting while performing it. He saw in the number reached when the ejaculation came the measure of his sexual power. The association of counting with sexual activity arose in the period of his infantile sexual play, when the children during the partner's fellatio would count so that their own turn would not be shortened. He often had to pray also during the act of masturbation. We see how closely his sexual activity is bound with religion. The reverse was also true: he would be praying, become suddenly weary of it, and turn instead to reading the Bible or to obsessive counting, when erotic pictures would force themselves before him.

He conducts himself as a stranger toward his brothers and sisters; he speaks hardly a word with them. The following dreams reveal plainly his attitude toward them: I am at home and considering whether I shall be caught if I put my youngest sister out of the world.

From a longer dream:

Her son was an officer; I felt vexed and envious at this. We were not on good terms.

It should be mentioned with this dream fragment that his brother was an officer.

He is jealous of his brother who manages affairs at home. He often thinks: "If you amount to nothing, you will look after your mother's farmyard. It is a blessed work to till the earth in the sweat of one's brow." He has a great longing for the soil. "The labour of the fields is the only true work; everything else is of lesser value and stability, while the earth is eternal."

The patient lives in constant anxiety for the welfare of his father's soul, fears for him the everlasting tortures of hell, and considers himself called to save him from them. He promised to pray a quarter of an hour every day for his father's salvation and to become a priest. His relation to his father has always been a very strained one: fear of his authority and sternness kept him always at a certain distance from him. A large part of his thought life has been occupied with the attitude of his father toward religion. He bore in his heart the profound belief in the dogmas and commands of the Church which his mother had implanted in him. His father's example sowed the corrupting poison of doubt in his soul and gave him the material for the building up of his parapathy.

Nevertheless, he is always anxiously waiting for his father to go to confession that the uncomfortable atmosphere which has lain between his father and the other inhabitants may be dissipated. Death thoughts concerning the father have appeared. He wished at the beginning of the war that the latter would go and never come back. His father had to join the colours soon after this and was away from home several years. Those were precisely the years in which his parapathy became fully developed. Behind the severe religious struggle in which he found himself was the primary psychic conflict: the Oedipus complex. Day fantasies of being the deliverer of his fatherland and sacrificing himself for the welfare of his country are attempts due to the law of retribution to displace his attitude to the father upon a social goal. He considered his mother always a saint, "like the Mother of God". It was his mother's wish that he should be a priest, and he saw in the priesthood the ideal for his future. The mother forced his asceticism upon him through a vow that he would not marry during her lifetime. He promised to become a priest, since he hoped in this way most readily to obtain the salvation of his father's soul.

He slowly conquered his conscious religiousness under the influence of a world view depending on natural science; he stopped confession and prayer. Yet the faith of his youth is indestructibly rooted deep in his emotional life. He often is suddenly compelled to pray. He has a second secret guiding purpose beside that of becoming a farmer: to be a priest. This is the reason he has no pleasure in his

studies; for this reason he cannot do concentrated work. He lives in the belief in a great historical mission. He underrates his life from the standpoint of this fiction and can find no satisfaction in it. Having still a great task to perform, the thought of being a mere professional man is intolerable. The essential core of his great task and historical mission becomes slowly visible during the analysis. More and more clearly the picture unrolls itself of an extensive Christ and saint parapathy. The patient catches himself on sleepless nights in hypnagogic hallucinations in which he is awaiting a revelation. A voice shall tell him what he is to do. (He does not however hear voices.) He believes himself Christ, and his great task is the deliverance of mankind. The following day fantasy plainly reveals his secret delusion:

I see in the yard at home a candelabra; I hang upon it. The blood flows from my nose and mouth. Suddenly I am drawn up higher and higher; I am dead and am changed to a dazzling crystal.

The fantasy speaks for itself: He is Christ on the cross and is enacting the Golgotha scene and Christ's ascension.

His pure Christ soul finds symbolic expression in the dazzling crystal. "I see... at home" shows us the source of this fantasy. He often has the feeling of an extraordinary power and believes he can lift himself into the air. A part of his dreams become comprehensible only when one knows that they repeat Biblical scenes. The following dream among others:

A stream. I wanted to go to the other side. A wagon with horses stood in the middle of the stream and prevented me from passing through the water. I come to the wagon and have the feeling that I will now drown. I support myself on a staff and go quickly over the water, dipping my staff in and drawing it out...

He has superhuman powers. Like Christ he, too, can pass over the water. His instinct (wagon and horses) is felt as an obstacle between him and the other shore (true religion).

The dream brings him at last a wish fulfilment. He often dreams of water and flood; it may be that this is connected with the wish he often had as a child: to come once more into the world. The elaboration of this wish leads to the fiction of living still unborn in the mother's womb. A number of dreams and day fantasies support the assumption that he is given to uterine fantasies. In bed he creeps entirely under the covers; sleeps rolled up like a foetus. A large number of the fantasies which relate to this will be mentioned later. He has suffered sometimes melancholic states. Then a "feeling of mournful well-being like the memory of some vanished loveliness" comes over him. He brings a plain dream of the mother's body with obvious symbolism:

A cellar in my uncle's house. Behind, a dark and fearsome grotto. I was reading a book there in which was the history of this grotto: "A savage lord dwelt here in hoary antiquity; he lived here his life long." I wanted to get out and reached after a wooden handle on the wall so that I could swing myself out. It was dangerous. All my brothers have come out quietly; I only wonder that it is so painful to me. I call the older brother to help me, swing myself energetically. The handle moves. My brother warns me to be careful, for the handle is the memorial of my uncle's first Mass.

His grand-uncle was a priest. He was his ideal. The grotto is at the same time functionally the symbol of his religious parapathy, which protects him from the sinful dangers of life.

His present life is a pain to him. He would like to be born again, come out from the place from which his brothers came forth sound. He would like to know the history (family romance) of his mother (grotto).

Still more concealed impulses come to light as the analysis proceeds. The patient reveals himself as a strong sadist and necrophiliac. He likes to take solitary walks in graveyards; there he feels very well. He remembers a dream in which he was desecrating the body of a dead aunt. He has day fantasies of going to graveyards, digging up graves, violating women to the sound of music.

He had as a child the torturing fantasy of lying shut up in a coffin and fighting for air, of being buried alive, and the like. Here the necrophiliac fantasies are joined to those of the mother's womb. He has the sensation with headaches as if a marble slab were pressing upon his head. He fantasises a scene in which he is buried with a revolver, shoots through the earth above him to obtain air (fantasy of tearing open the womb from within). He wants to be buried in a primeval forest between water and trees and dream on there in semi-consciousness.

The following dreams betray unmistakable necrophiliac complexes:

I am going by a graveyard. It is unevenly sunken toward the middle; it is not enclosed. Close by a cultivated field. Large potatoes are lying on the ground near the cemetery. Then I think of the Last judgment, when all the dead will arise toward the centre of the graveyard. I think: "Is it not frightful that the graveyard is not surrounded by a fence?" And the dead bodies serve as fertilizer for the potatoes. Then I go upon the field and think how unfruitful this field is; nothing at all grows here.

The affect in the dream lies in the fact that the graveyard is not enclosed. The dreamer revolts against the endopsychic perception that the safeguard (fence) against his necrophiliac impulse is wanting. Dominated by his necrophiliac complexes, he neglects his other intellectual interests that lie outside this complex (graveyard). "How unfruitful this field is": the patient is so absorbed in his daydreams that he has no time left for his studies. This mental ground bears

no fruit. Only the fruit fertilized by the necrophiliac complex (dead bodies) grows (large potatoes).

Dream:

The body of a girl is laid in a coffin. About her stand her youngest brother, several boys, and I. As we were about to place the cover over her, the youngest brother drew a diary from under the cover and remarked: "I had almost left my life history there."

The rooting of his infantile history in the necrophiliac complex is revealed by this dream.

He is not only Christ; he is also Satan.

The law of bipolarity is very beautifully manifest in his Christ parapathy. He also identifies himself with the devil, as the following fantasy shows:

At the head of a band of devils, I am storming a city, and I make myself the sole ruler. I take vengeance on all those in authority, former professors and priests. The professor of mathematics has to instil the whole of mathematics into a deaf person. Priests must learn pornographic books by heart. The most alluring nudities stimulate their senses, while, securely bound, they suffer the tortures of the damned. They are flayed alive, my parents are beaten to pulp, people are trampled underfoot, and so on. All the sins which are listed in the Bible are put into action under my leadership. Churches are profaned, and transformed into latrines, money markets, and brothels. Suddenly my illegitimate son appears (I have none) and takes over the command himself.

The last bit of the fantasy betrays the secret family romance: doubt of paternity and the thought of taking the father's place. Inasmuch as he identifies himself with Christ, he is of course the son of God.

His cruelty expresses itself also in the dream: I plunge into rushing water and am afraid of going over a waterfall or being crushed under a mill wheel.

Being broken on a wheel, we see, also occupies his fantasy.

A number of promises have so far been mentioned. I might summarize all his vows and oaths, which have brought his life to a chaotic system of obsessions:

1. Vow to become a priest if he is cured of his brooding speculations.
2. Vow to become a priest if he is delivered from his fear of syphilis.
3. Vow to become a priest in order to save the father from hell
4. Vow to cut off his little finger if he does not cease masturbating (castration).
5. Vow to say a blessing for every curse.

6. Vow to renounce woman and live chastely if he succeeds in accomplishing some great thing.

7. Vow to have intercourse only with his own wedded wife.

8. Vow to live singly as long as his mother lives.

9. Vow to build a chapel if life fulfils for him his ideals.

10. Vow to devote his life solely to the salvation of his father's soul.

11. Vow to repeat daily a (extra) blessing if the father goes to confession.

12. Vow to pray a quarter an hour a day in case he gets well.

13. Vow to remain abstinent for three years in order to spare his semen.

Our patient suffered from the irreparable division in the parents' point of view. He wanted to make a synthesis of these two attitudes in his psyche. This failed. He himself was lacking in the force to take his stand upon either side. The following dream makes this situation plain: A fierce fight is raging in our village. I flee to the graveyard and lie down in a deep grave to await the end of the struggle.

It is the conflict between faith and free thought, which is always going on silently in the parental home. He is unable to choose either side and waits to see what fate will bring.

His permanent state of tension, his inability to work, and his lack of decision can be readily understood through the complexes analyzed.

His brooding is really a masked prayer. He began with doubt of the existence of God, with which he attempted to discharge the compulsion to prayer. His promise to pray for a quarter of an hour daily he felt as a burden. He substituted for it reading from holy books and later speculating over religious questions; that is, he metamorphosed his praying into brooding. He has often felt that thinking means as much as praying for “thinking means knowing God’s wisdom”.

The pleasure reward through his complexes, the powerful effect of his vows, constitute serious hindrances in the process of cure. He succeeds but slowly in extricating himself from the thicket. His secret asceticism prevents his happiness. He is afraid to learn the complete truth, as the quotation he brings me from Lessing discloses: “It is better to be seeking the truth one’s life long than to find it.” However, the investigation of his fictions and the withdrawal from his day fantasies succeeded for the most part so far that he drew nearer to actual life. The future has still to prove his ability to live.

CASE NUMBER 47

The necrophiliac impulse in dreams

A physician who is being treated by me because of premature ejaculation has a wet-dream. These dreams are, as we know, of the greatest importance. They reveal to us the sexual lower voices that appear as hindrances to potency. The dream is worthy of note in every respect and reads: I find myself upon the ocean. I am to go upon a war vessel. The mighty vessel lies without upon the open sea. It has no masts and there seems to be no machinery. In order to reach the ship, one has to pass over a long jetty and then board a small boat, which will bring one to the ship. Two vessels are lying before the jetty, which have to be passed in order to reach the latter. Upon the first ship, which I board, there is a girl to whom I pay no attention. I go over the deck and find myself suddenly in the water. The water comes to my knees. Someone says: "Formerly the girl's father pressed any one's trousers when they had been wet; today he is too proud to do it." I go back to the shore; the girl follows me. Suddenly the ships disappear, and a tongue of land thrusts itself into the harbour. I see upon this piece of land a splendid procession. First ministrants with banners, then an altar canopy, a priest bearing a monstrance, then many people, all sombre in ceremonial garments. Then I see a coffin. I press backward close to the girl and awake with an emission and a strong orgasm.

It is impossible for me to give here the entire analysis.

I will merely reproduce those details which lead us to our theme. The girl is the daughter of a tailor who fitted out the patient with his military uniforms. The tailor had a charming little daughter, who was ten or twelve years old when the patient first saw her. He returned after five years and found a blooming beauty.

The tailor gave him to understand that he would be very glad to marry his daughter to a doctor. He is rich, and the girl would receive a handsome dowry. The tailor long ago retired from business; he no longer needs to press trousers. The girl has died. The patient is married and has various difficulties in his marriage, although his wife is an excellent person. But he is enamoured of buxom figures; his wife was well formed as a bride, but she is now frightfully thin. He has her die in the dream. It is her funeral that he sees here. This burial is for him a festival. He celebrates it in his own manner. The ship without mast or machinery represents functionally his hopes. He wants after the analysis to begin a new life, to make a name for himself as an analyst; wants to devote himself to an academic career. But he feels that he is a wreck. Will he be able to carry out his plans?

It struck me that the patient is committing an act of blasphemy. He gratifies himself by watching a procession.

Starting from this point, I inquired as to his attitude toward dead bodies. It appeared that in the war he could never look upon the corpses. He had fear and horror of them. Dissection also (especially in pathological anatomy) was an abomination to him. He is very kind as a physician with the sick and wounded. Inspection of the dead is anathema to him, and he gets out of this duty as often as he can. The sight of the dead in the war was harder for him to bear than the cries of the severely wounded.

Now comes a remarkable association. He went with his parents on an excursion into a neighbouring town. They saw there a funeral procession and heard that it was the body of a woman who had been murdered by her husband. It was a peasant, who had killed his wife in an open toilet while she was defecating. He thrust a sharp stake into her from below, into the rectum or vagina. This event had much engaged the boy, who was ten years old at the time, and greatly fired his imagination.

He then comes to speak of his fear of graveyards and recalls that as a student he had frequently visited the graveyard with his first betrothed. The girl's mother lay in the burial ground. She had committed suicide. The cause was a necrophiliac act which had been performed upon her daughter. A sister of our patient's bride had died. A necrophiliac had been guilty of this atrocity. He dug up the bodies of young girls, cut out their genitals and ate them.

When the mother learned of the violation of her daughter, she took her own life.

Thus the material of the dream leads us deeply into our subject. We understand why he touches the girl from behind (memory of the impaling of the peasant's wife). The seeing of the bodies symbolizes his necrophiliac impulses.

Next, we come to the repulsive theme of vampirism. Dr. A. Epaulard reports the case which he himself observed: Ardisson, the vampire of Mui.

CASE NUMBER 48

It concerns Viktor Antoine Ardisson, born in Muy, 1872, who, after following his necrophiliac desires unobserved for perhaps nine years, was convicted in 1900 (or 1901) through the cadaver of a child found in his dwelling. The frightful odour of this cadaver had brought the attention of the neighbours to its presence.

A. was an illegitimate child, his father unknown, his mother with a very bad congenital disposition. Violent and disorderly, she once struck the child heavily on the head with a stick; according to the stepfather, the mental weakness of the son was perhaps due to this.

This stepfather, a notorious thief and procurer, of tainted genealogy, was deserted after a few years by his wife, A.'s mother, and remained the only one to bring up the young Viktor.

A. was presumably healthy; nothing can be determined as to convulsions and bedwetting. In school, which he often shirked, he passed as a limited, but not unduly mischievous, pupil.

We read concerning his sexual development that he felt no sexual impulse until puberty. He masturbated frequently, when he felt like it.

In masturbation, he drank his semen, "because it would be too bad to have it go to waste." He proposed marriage to the girls of the place, but was ridiculed by them. It is not proved that he ever thereupon tried to rape a girl.

As a substitute, he would follow the girls when they went to urinate, lick up their urine, and masturbate at the same time. He did not conceal his doings. “Why hide?” said he. “Am I doing anything bad?” Furthermore, he earned money in the town as a homosexual “fellator”.

He denies having committed acts of pederasty and sodomy and says also that he has never thought of them. He has moreover performed normal coitus. Still he does not remember the first coitus, and as for the consequences of the act of procreation, it is all the same to him. But he insists that he performed coitus with his mother when the stepfather was away. They always slept three in a bed, the mother between the father and son. Unfortunately, no dates are given. During his military service he had an affair with a plump, well-built girl. This is very important, for we find that A. first sucked at the breasts of all the women whom he possessed, alive or dead, even of his stepfather’s women.

The first outbreak of vampirism arose also through the wish to see the breast of a girl, of whom he knew that her breasts were very beautifully formed.

The procedure in his necrophiliac acts is as follows: If he knows there is a fresh female corpse in the cemetery, he reopens the grave, climbs into it, and uncovers the body. The age plays no part. All ages have been represented, from a three-year-old child to a woman of sixty years.

Then he sucks at his victim, performs cunnilingus.

Sometimes, not regularly, he has coitus also with the body, but always only once (except in one case).

He would have liked to take the bodies to his home, but he did that finally only with the head of a grown girl and with the corpse of a child of three and a half, which then was the cause of his betrayal.

He is described otherwise as quiet and modest.

Adapts himself to all circumstances by which he can live and endures also the mockery of others. He knows nothing of dependence, even upon the stepfather. In regard to the girl in Bonifacio, he remembers only the first name and the breasts.

The only anxiety he expresses in prison is: "They are not coming to cut off my penis?"

The frightfulness of his deeds does not appear to him.

He knows nothing of pangs of conscience.

Religious feeling is indicated. He has a prayer book and a small angel of burnt clay, as well as a bit of grave ornament, which he brought from the burial ground.

He was otherwise a regular worker. He drank little.

He had no money for that. If the occasion offered, he would get drunk.

In 1892, his stepfather took over the office of gravedigger in X., and soon Viktor A. took his place and held it until he entered the army.

His food was as inferior and strange as could be. He lived on garlic, cucumbers, radishes, under some circumstances grass; and for meat, rats and cats. Here, too, A.'s wretched poverty played a role. Their house had a bad name through the whole street because of its foul odour. They slept in straw in a garret stiff with dirt and excrement.

So in 1893, he presented himself for military service.

He would become there better in size, have regularly a full stomach and a good bed. He met with a great deal of chaffing in the army; the chief of his company soon considered him a dolt! But he was no bad soldier. Only several times he went away without leave into the country surrounding the garrison (epileptic fugues?) and came back quietly when discovered.

Just once he wound sackcloth about his head and continued to repeat, in spite of all that was said to him, "I am not a soldier!" Finally he deserted, worked for a week at a timber yard, always in uniform, and was finally arrested in his home town.

How did A. come to necrophilia?

He was at that time twenty years old, for some time a gravedigger and without a sweetheart. He buried a girl with beautiful breasts. He dug her up again. He sucked on her body and wanted to carry her away, but she was too heavy.

He had used in this way, before he went into military service, perhaps ten bodies in the graveyard.

Whether he had sexual intercourse with dead bodies also in Bonifacio, the place of his garrison, is not known. He had at that time the affair with the girl with the large breasts.

Captain T. states, however, that the cemetery there was easily accessible and that a young girl was buried there during A.'s sojourn, uncovered according to the custom of the country.

After his return to N. without a mistress he disinterred and made use of a large number of corpses; but he cannot determine their number.

He remembers only one because she had such beautiful breasts, and he copulated with her cadaver several times in the same night, something he did not otherwise do.

He then gratified the desire to take the bodies home with him, once in part, the head of a pretty little girl of thirteen, whose entire body was too heavy for him, and once completely, by bringing the corpse of a girl of three and a half.

A. had been fornicating with this child corpse for more than a week. Decay had proceeded so far that rectum and vagina formed only a single opening (“cloaca”).

The stench was so horrible after eight days that he no longer ventured to touch the body.

He was probably awaiting the death of another girl that he might bring home her body.

The father, however, who until then had attributed the stench to the filth or faeces which the son had deposited in his garret room, found the cadaver as he was seeking for a wicker bottle. A.’s arrest followed.

Physical examination gives normal results, interesting merely in this respect: the nail of the little finger on the left hand is very long (to brush the ashes from a cigarette, out of coquetry). The arms and particularly the hands show a constant trembling, which increases when observed or in the course of the day. At times scarcely noticeable, under certain circumstances it is sufficient to prevent his holding an object firmly. The tremor does not increase in a state of sexual excitement.

The trembling in the legs is also very marked when the leg is stretched out unsupported. Very marked movement of the patella. Speech is slightly quivering, but otherwise correct and fluent. Genital organs normal, rather small; the prepuce fairly long covers the glans without projecting beyond it. Erections are not frequent in prison; he seems quiet in this respect.

Search is made in vain for signs of physical degeneration. There is on the other hand a general anaesthesia; a very strong puncture must be made, especially at the trunk, to produce pain.

His impulses and manifestations of will are no stronger apparently than in normal individuals, but the check is wanting, the ability to decide what is good and what is evil.

Memory easily fatigued.

The author could not learn anything regarding certain absences on the part of A.

Cunnilingus was his passion. He performed it on the living and the dead alike. He made use of the wretched creatures who shared his stepfather's bed. He seems, however, to have cherished the superstition that with this sort of caress one could wake the dead. He expressed his surprise that the dead did not respond. (Someone had told him that the dead can speak.) He was not bestially cruel to them like Bertrand, who was possessed by a fiendish impulse to destroy. The dead seemed to inspire in him a sort of physical admiration. He embraced them, gave them the tender name, "my little bride". He kept for a long time the head of the girl of thirteen that he had brought home, and which underwent a kind of mummification, kissed it and called it "my bride".

It should be noted once more that his genitals were small. He revealed plainly a castration complex. His only fear in prison was of castration. Perhaps the cutting off of the head was a substitute for castration. The bad example of the stepfather had its effect, as Epaulard rightly stresses. He was a notorious thief and rogue. He associated, after his wife had left him because of his brutal conduct, with beggar women, whom he picked up on the street and who then shared his bed.

The devouring of his own semen, a sort of autocannibalism, is a paraphiliac symptom which I have fairly frequently observed in hypochondriacs who are afraid of dissipating their life force. A., too, thinks “it is a pity to let so valuable a material go to waste”.

This is a typical case of sexual infantilism in a slightly imbecilic person. Signs of epilepsy, absences, hallucination, night panics, were not observed. He spoke vividly in his dreams. What he said, Epaulard has not told us. This might have given us a key to his nature.

Epaulard comes to no certain conclusion in his writing as to the heredity, yet in the larger number of cases the parents seem to have been neurotic or alcoholics.

The clinical histories of which Epaulard makes use are very incomplete; nevertheless, nervous stigmata like epilepsy, debility, and imbecility are repeatedly given. He points to the possibility that necrophiliacs in orthodox regions take part at burials in the ceremony of the last kiss. Custom also prescribes at such places that the body shall be beautifully dressed and borne to the grave uncovered.

Some other examples from the general literature:

Sadism–Violation of Dead Bodies– Alcoholism

The city magistrate Kulmbach reports a certain Alb. Beyerlin who used a dead woman for sexual intercourse, then slit open the abdomen, cut out the breasts

and sexual parts of the corpse, and still carried them in his pocket the next day.

The forty-three-year-old man had a troubled sexual past. He was known from his youth up to be forward toward women and exceedingly lecherous. He had been under various accusations for immorality.

He gratified himself in later years after separation from his wife through excessive masturbation. He expressed to his acquaintances the idea that he could “disembowel women”, at which he would push up his coat sleeves and make corresponding movements.

His wife was syphilitic and a prostitute of the lowest sort. He also admitted sodomy.

He was a hard drinker of beer and carried out his instinctive actions after alcoholic indulgence.

The cutting up of the flesh afforded him the greatest voluptuous pleasure, while he cannot explain why he hid the pubic parts on his person.

His behaviour in the house of correction is exemplary, and although all his acquaintances are afraid of him they state that he is not a liar, nor is he vindictive or cruel, and he lived on good terms with his wife.

Necrophilia-Sadism-Cannibalism

Fritz Rheinisch informs us that a man, a labourer, first gratified himself sexually upon a corpse, then in a fury hacked the body in pieces, and took away with him the severed breasts and genital portions of the body, including the anus. Later he threw these parts away. He was in a continual state of excessive sexual excitement. He had previously sodomised a goat. The woman in question had stimulated him when she was alive without his ever having been able to have coitus with her.

The example from Maupassant, concerning whom Dr. Pillet has published penetrating studies, proves that even persons intellectually of high repute may perform necrophiliac acts.

“Maupassant gave the impression of a beautiful, large, and strong man, but appearance was very deceptive. The writer suffered frightfully and was very ill. The great writer belonged to the category of epileptics. He took cocaine, ether, intoxicated himself with hashish. In this way he appeared extremely brilliant and revealed nothing of the symptoms which characterize a person tormented with severe migraine, and yet he suffered frightfully. He was a victim of insomnia, of pains in the head and eyes, which hindered him from working in the evenings and increased gradually to progressive paralysis of the ocular nerve. This makes his attacks of melancholy and his strange cynicism only too intelligible. As to the errors into which he fell at the last, it is related that one day he had a piece of human flesh brought to him from a corpse that was being dissected and ate it raw. He was able thus from his own experience to affirm that human flesh was absolutely tasteless.”

CASE NUMBER 49

A case of ideal vampirism

Mrs. Z. was referred to me for analytic treatment on account of “insane nervousness”. Her nervous excitement had become continually worse during the past eight months, and at present she has not an hour of peace the whole day through.

She sleeps badly, weeps often in the daytime, is depressed; occasionally there are outbreaks of rage, in which she violently insults her husband and child. Her mind is, in her own words, “shut up in a deep, dark cave where nothing lives but slimy creeping things, where here and there a bluish light flickers and only the moans of beasts break the gloomy silence.” The patient’s outer appearance corresponds to this picture so plastically given by her: snake-like, with reptilian eyes and similar movements. In other words, she actually resembles one’s conception of a vampire. We will tread, in what follows, inside the den of a vampire; we will search it and in the end deliver the soul imprisoned there.

The patient is a singer and dancer by profession, thirty years old, born in England of a Red Indian mother. The father was of mixed race, Portuguese-French. No inherited ills, no significant disease previously. The parents moved soon after her birth to a West Indian seaport. Her mother died when she was three years old. She remembers clearly that she had to be dragged forcibly from her mother’s deathbed. This experience has remained her most vivid memory up to this day. She lost at that time the only love in her life. A grim hatred was kindled at this unhappy loss. This hate has become in later times a mighty flame directed to all persons.

She spent the next twelve years with an aunt, whom she could not endure. She cherished constant death wishes toward this aunt; the aunt was worth nothing in comparison with the idolized mother; she had only one advantage – she was alive. The patient was trained for sadism in her aunt's house. Violent quarrelling was the order of the day. An older boy cousin suffered epileptic seizures. Her own cruel nature soon manifested itself. A younger girl cousin was frequently ill-treated by her, often very seriously. She looked upon dolls as human creatures and tore them to pieces. Her favourite game was to take out their eyes and roll them around in her mouth. She felt particularly happy when she could watch the slaughtering of cattle. The sight of blood delighted her. To complete her education in sadism, she was frequently an interested spectator of the various brutalities practiced by the black labourers about the harbour.

She came to Holland at the age of six, where she attended the public school. But she was a pitiful student, as she always felt so fearfully lonely without her mother, for whom she never ceased to yearn. A daily-recurring fantasy at this time was that she saw herself painted as a tall, dark woman, dressed in black, sitting upon a high rock at the seashore, her face buried in her hands, as if in profound thought or sorrow.

Life was almost unendurable. She hated her relatives more and more and entertained plans for poisoning them. Her dark complexion became an obstacle to friendly intercourse with her schoolmates; they called her "the negress". This intensified her hate and made her still more lonesome. After eight years of misery her father put her into an English boarding school. This change made things no better, for there, too, she was avoided by her schoolmates. They called her "the Indian". This humiliation was intolerable to her, and she attempted suicide. She was taken to London, where she spent the next six years – until her twenty-third year – with her father.

She hoped that she would be able now to live with her father in peace, for she had at last found a person who must feel affection and liking for her. She was

soon disillusioned. Her father was a ship's physician. The greater part of the year he was away on trips, and when he was in London he never laid aside his air of official dignity. He never gave her that fatherly affection which she so urgently craved.

Very rarely he went with her to the theatre or to a concert.

She could not make acquaintances because of her dark skin colour. So her life was fearfully monotonous: if she did not have to go to school, she remained alone in her room, infinitely alone in the great city of London. She often saw at night a white apparition, a woman passing through the room with a violin in her hand. This was her mother, who came to the child as her only companion in these years of loneliness.

Thus many a fantasy which later was of special significance, was born of these endless hours. She admired her father beyond measure, although he never paid attention to her. We shall have more to say of this.

She lived like this for three years and then sought consolation in the movement for women and later in Christian Science. But this did not interest her for long. She found another form of distraction, lesbian love, and entered into a relationship with a dancer of her own age. Under this girl's influence the patient herself became a dancer and singer. The homosexual affair lasted about a year. The patient shortly after learned to know a young man and became through him the mother of an illegitimate child. This brought about estrangement from her father. She had betrayed his trust in her; she had always pursued his love in vain, and now he thrust her in anger from him as dishonoured. We can understand the patient's lament that she never learned to know what it was to feel happy. She always felt herself alone in the world, and no-one cared for her after the death of her mother. The world was hostile and heartless and therefore she hated the world. She suffered under the presence of people and civilization; she always wanted to go away and be alone.

Hatred was, as she said, her only weapon against a despised world. Vampirism developed out of this all-embracing soil of hatred as the very flower of her hate.

Her father had never spoken to her since the occurrence that caused their separation. He died two years afterward, apparently of a “broken heart”. The patient actually believes that her conduct had its share in his death.

Her strong bondage to her father comes plainly to light from the following dreams:

Dream I:

I was looking over the sea on a stormy night. A ship appeared. Just as it reached the coast, it turned westward and sailed away. I saw a man standing irresolutely on the stern. I thought it must be dangerous there; nevertheless, I ran over the deck to reach the man. Yet there were so many obstacles that I proceeded but slowly. Many people were looking at us. Suddenly the man disappeared. I awoke in a depressed mood.

Interpretation: The patient is struggling ceaselessly regarding one man, her father; but it is in vain, for he is far away; gone west, a symbolic expression for death.

Dream II:

I am walking in New York. I admire the enormous buildings. I have to give a great deal of money in all directions. I climb to the top of a very tall building – there seem to be many stairways in it. Finally I come to an elevator which has a door of iron bars. Then I see myself sitting in a room and putting on one of my father's socks, I believe on the left foot. It was very large and reached away above my knee. It was blue and red.

Interpretation: This dream permits us to look through the iron-barred door into the secret chamber, the deepest corner of her psyche. The precious bond with her father lies concealed in this chamber. The stocking is a well-known sexual symbol. It does not fit; it is drawn on the left foot – this signifies love to the father, which is morally not permitted. Yet her love to him is unalterably faithful, as appears from her associations to red (= love) and blue (= loyalty). The father is her secret God, which is also clear from the following observation. Before she goes to bed, she often says the words “ancient father”. This is a fragment of an inner prayer and a devout testimony to the supreme position of the father in her heart. The following information further confirms this dream interpretation.

She often speaks of likeness to her mother. She is able through identification with the mother to make it appear not a shameful thing if her father should have wanted to enter into intimate relations with her. She misspoke herself once during the session and said “my father's child”, when speaking of her own child. She meant to say “my child's father”. She then admitted that she had often had the fantasy of having a child from her father's best friend (father imago).

Her strong libidinal desires go out toward old men. To put the tongue into the anus afforded her the greatest satisfaction.

This act is that of the greatest debasement conceivable and shows how measureless her love to her father is: she will do anything, even the most humiliating service, to prove her love. Many of the old men with whom she has gone and with whom she has had sexual relations were over eighty, which meant

a difference of about fifty-five years in age. She also noticed occasionally that she was particularly satisfied in homosexual acts if she gave herself up to the fantasy that she was the father and the other woman was herself. This fantasy created a relationship to the father, which she had so ardently desired in her girlhood.

She went to Holland and after the birth of her child (in her aunt's house) she entered a ballet, where she appeared as dancer until her marriage, three years later. The conclusion of the marriage must be considered a belated obedience which she paid as tribute to her father's command. He had attempted to force a marriage with her lover when she was pregnant with the illegitimate child. She refused. She married a man whose previous life was a matter of indifference to her.

Her marriage was a wretched one. Her husband was himself a quite unusual parathic, and his parathy increased that of the patient. He also hated people and his attitude reacted upon her, so that her fearful hatred impulses were still more intensified. She was exceedingly jealous. She told me she had always been afraid that she might meet him on the street with another woman, for she would then not have been mistress of herself. She did once actually see him with a woman. She controlled herself until she reached home, but then she had a fearful outbreak of fury. She felt that she could murder her husband, "smash in his skull and tear out his eyes and brains". She was so excited that she had the feeling as if she were "swallowing blood".

We come with this to her vampiric nature, the craving to drink or suck blood, which are included in the word vampire. Her fantasies are "bloodthirsty", and make "the blood curdle". They revel in cruelty and vengefulness toward a hated world. I will present here the various fantasies which have been brought to light from the depths of her mind.

Her thoughts and waking dreams are occupied chiefly with the theme blood; she

thinks and feels in sanguinary figures. She speaks of blood as the symbol of love, hate, anger, and passion. She meditates upon the difference between animal and human blood and considers how blood looks if its colour is removed, whether it is a watery fluid, and so on. A frequent question is how the body looks when all the blood is withdrawn. Does the body become pale and at the same time cold, does it become smaller? and so on. If it rains, she imagines it is raining blood. The idea of blood streaming down in radiant sunshine produces in her a transport like an intoxication. She would like to suck and swallow blood but does not trust herself to do it, for she will not cause anyone pain. She leaves it to the food testers. She cannot drink red wine on account of its close relation to blood, but she is passionately fond of blood oranges.

Her thoughts busy themselves in playful fashion with an embryo in brine or the body of a small child. She has read of a woman who after an abortion kept the waste-product in a glass vessel. She had the same thought at the time of her pregnancy. Now she has a sense of guilt because of her wish for an abortion, for to her an abortion is a murder. She believes that she does not love her seven-year-old son because he does not resemble her father. Her hate often rises to thought of murder. She wants then to kill her own son, not with a knife, but with her “bare hands”, to “wring his neck”.

She has the same criminal impulse toward her husband. She wants to murder him, strangle him, and keep his body with her in her room. She has had similar fantasies toward her relatives and some of her past lovers. It would have been a very valuable thing to her to have possessed the dead body of her father, but her mother’s skull would have been the greatest pleasure of all. She has thought of various things to do to the corpses of her husband and former lovers: chew the raw flesh but not swallow it, in order – as she says – to get the taste of the blood. She would like to suck the juices from the body, gouge out or tear out the eyes, roll them around in her mouth so that she could feel their roundness and softness. Then she would fill the sockets with blood. She asks herself what colour the eyes have after death.

She prefers sucking blood, which she might take from the hollow of the clavicle, to normal coitus. Coitus and death are close together for her. She believes that she would have to die if she reached the orgasm. For that reason during the act she lies as still as death and only wishes it to be over soon.

The penis seems to her like a dagger and intercourse as if she were being stabbed. She likes best to perform anilingus, particularly with old men. She is afraid of herself at fellatio, because she often feels the impulse to bite off the penis and testicles. She often has the idea of cutting off and burning up her husband's penis. Many times she loves her husband passionately: if he is submissive "like a child in her arms".

But usually she wants to be badly treated before sexual intercourse, and then she falls into great sexual excitement.

The following is a typical fantasy: She imagines one of her former lovers; she squeezes, pinches, strikes his face with her fists until it is a pulp. Yet she inflicts no wound upon him.

She throws him to the floor and strikes him and thrusts him violently with her feet. Finally she performs fellatio and anilingus. Then she desires him to tear the clothes from her body and beat her severely, throw her to the floor, fall upon her with overwhelming force, and finally perform violent cunnilingus.

She says that only so could a man satisfy her. For this reason she inclines toward lesbian love. But then she suffers from fearful sadistic impulses. She is not content to manipulate the female organs, introduce her "hand up to the wrist" into the vagina, but these "harmless" things are also associated with the most frightful fantasies. Many a time she has had to stop suddenly because she was afraid of being overpowered by her impulses. She asks herself anxiously what

she might do if a young girl came into her power, docile and willing to submit. She says literally: "I should like most of all to kiss her breasts... and then tear them or bite them off... and then eat them. I would tear out the vagina, the uterus... and the rectum. I would eat all of them and with them the inner portions of the thigh which border on the sexual parts. I would then tear her belly open and "fondle" the viscera – take them out and put them back. I should like to feel their warmth. Finally I should want to suck the blood from the side of her neck." The patient has often had the thought of killing a girl and doing all this to her – but the manner of death she has never clearly considered. She has repeatedly grown faint during intercourse with a young girl at the idea: "Tear out everything - rip it to shreds!" She often has the fantasy: "I should like to get into the uterus or the rectum – lie there a while and then break further into the abdominal cavity, where I could tread upon the viscera with my feet. I would at last find my way to the heart and there drink the heart's blood – pluck out the heart and perhaps eat it up. I should like to press into a man directly behind his testicles. I want to rampage about in his body until I come to the chest and there, too, drink the fresh blood from his pumping heart."

All these bloodthirsty fantasies were contained in the following daydreams in apparently innocent form. The analysis was able to bring the concealed stream of sadism to the surface.

These daydreams are characteristic:

1. I have a house full of young girls; they have all been well brought up and are very beautiful.

2. I am seeking out lovely young girls for the white slave trade. I bring them to my home and treat them very well. I have a kind of harem.

Behind these fantasies lies the sadistic monster, vampirism. She looks upon these girls as her victims, every day another one. Every morning she seeks out one and tears her in pieces...

These fantasies had their origin in the London period when she had her first homosexual affair.

She sees herself in her fantasies as an extraordinarily beautiful woman surrounded by many lovers. She yields to each lover for a certain period, then she kills him. No trace of him is left. She has destroyed twenty of them thus. One of her fantasies is this: There come as suitors a young and an old man. She entices the young man (her child's father) to murder the old man (her father). Later she slays the young man and lives in solitude forever in a beautiful palace.

The patient's mood has improved toward the end of the analysis; her hate fantasies have diminished. She dreams of a young man who brings with him an aged physician (father imago), because she is very ill. The doctor falls desperately in love with her while he is treating her. After her recovery they marry and live very happily.

The patient is now convinced that only an old man can make her happy. She fears sexual intercourse lest she should become pregnant. That would be the revival of the painful experience which was fatal to her father: the birth of her illegitimate child. She will not go any more to women: homosexual love no longer affords her satisfaction.

After all the machinations of the demon that dwelt in her soul had been discovered, she could see that an inextinguishable hatred had been devouring all her capacity for life and shedding misery and despair about it. She reflected. Her fantasies had driven her into madness. A short time afterward she left her

parapathic husband and has been able since to maintain herself and child through a suitable occupation. She is reconciled to life and awaits happiness, if she learns to know an agreeable older man. The monster, the vampire in her, has been tamed and rendered harmless. Here endeth our encounter with the soul of a vampire.

One will comprehend that in a disposition such as our female vampire, a favourable opportunity can ignite the latent impulses. There are many individuals among the cannibals and necrophiliacs whose occupation is connected with dead bodies. It is naturally very probable that their tendency has been the decisive factor in the choice of profession.

The twenty-three cases of sexual gratification upon dead bodies cited by Epaulard in 1901, belong to the following occupational classes:

I. Corpse-washers. coi.

II. Mendicant friar. coi.

III. Priest. coi.

IV. Nobleman. coi.

V. Imbecile, 27 yrs. coi.

VI. Medical student. coi.

VII. Nobleman. coi.

VIII. Gravedigger. coi.

IX. Medical student. coi.

X. Gravedigger (Ardisson, the vampire of Mui). coi.

XI. Journeyman, 23 years. coi. m.

XII. Assistant in anatomy. coi. m.

XIII. Tramp. coi. m.

XIV. Sergeant (Bertrand). coi. sad.

XV. Marshal of France (Gilles de Rais). coi. sad. cann.

XVI. Scribe. m. sad.

XVII. Gardener. coi. m. sad.

XVIII. Unknown profession. coi. m. sad.

XIX. Jack the Ripper. m. sad.

XX. Tramp (Chemineau). coi. m. sad.

XXI. Unknown profession. coi. m. sad. cann.

XXII. Vinedresser, 24 yrs. coi. m. sad. cann.

XXIII. Imbecile. m. sad. cann.

[coi. = Intercourse was performed. m. = The victim was murdered. sad. = The victim was mutilated. cann. = Portions of the body were eaten or the blood drunk.]

We are not astonished to find among the twenty-three cases two students of medicine, one assistant in anatomy, and two gravediggers, and further one washer of corpses.

The case of I. P. L. Hulst may yet be mentioned in regard to the theme of choice of occupation and paraphilia.

It concerns a man E., appointed assistant gravedigger, who by his own admission had disinterred twenty bodies of children. The female bodies he violated, while of the male he cut off the genitals, which he threw away. The Swiss psychiatrists Caspari and Swaep found: Slight imbecility, infantilism, intelligence of an eleven-year-old boy, epileptic seizures. It is interesting that in his nineteenth year E. had experienced a great disappointment in love. He felt himself repulsed by women, had no luck, and said he had cohabited once or twice normally. Masturbation since childhood, in which often a "spirit" appeared to him. This spirit or the devil had instilled the necrophiliac impulse into him, against which he had struggled in vain. He gives as the second motive for the necrophilia the fact that girls always repulsed his attempts to approach them. This had driven him directly into the necrophilia. His father was violent-tempered, reviled and cursed at home; sometimes there were blows for all. Then his father would lock himself in a stall and bugger a goat. He masturbated either before or after touching the corpse, but does not seem to have had erections. Castration of the boys' bodies shows clearly that he had directed his original impulse against his father, whom he wanted to castrate and from whom he feared castration.

We find the remnants of sadism and necrophilia not merely in the brutal acts of desecration and tearing asunder of dead bodies, not merely in the severe symptoms of parathies, but also in the small actions of every day and in trivial practices. Dr. Missriegler is at present working upon the preparation of a vast amount of material of unusual interest, written by a well-known poet, but absolutely not designed for publication. This highly talented person underwent an analysis from interest in psychology, although he is in no wise abnormal. Out of gratitude for the analysis, which penetrated to the very deepest repressed complexes, he placed the journal at the disposal of my colleague, Missriegler, and will permit him to publish those portions which appear of value psychologically. I may introduce here a small part of this, which refers to necrophilia and sadism, as my colleague has presented it.

CASE NUMBER 50

We obtain the first detailed reference to the content of his unconscious sadistic fantasies from a novel, unpublished, which he wrote when he was eighteen. His cousin, with whom he was once in love, plays the leading role in the story. The homosexual component also finds very clear expression in it. Two friends, physicians, love a girl, who is the cousin of one of them. But he gives her up, for she stood in the way of his ambitious plans, and leaves her to his friend, although he knows that she loves him and he also loves her. He talks himself into loving an influential girl of means, marries her, and becomes a famous operating surgeon. The cousin marries the friend. But not all his success, not all his work, can stifle his feeling; he seeks her again, and now the following scene takes place. He has been trying in vain to draw from her a confession of the love which has continued to live in her. Then he receives a telegram that his wife, whom he had left at home sick, is in danger of her life. I can best reproduce the extract:

“Come in here, Anton,” said Anna, who had picked up the telegram, softly but earnestly, pointing to a door. “May I read it?”

He nodded. “Your wife’s condition is much worse, operation likely. Come immediately. Professor Ganter.”

They were alone, and he looked dumbly into her eyes.

She understood his question and said nothing. But as he was about to hasten to her, she cried out as if she would drive from her a fearful thought: “No, no! she

will not die, no! And even so, my husband lives. Holy Virgin, help me!" She had quickly hidden her face in her hands. Slowly he drew her hands from her eyes and asked softly, almost hoarsely: "Was that the desired answer? You still love me?"

"Go!" said she and stepped backward.

His hand made a movement as if he would press her to his heart, and a sharp glitter flashed in his eye. She remained inexorable. The bitter hateful feeling again arose in him as at the time when he had waited in vain for her. It constricted his throat, and he swallowed something loathsome, which tasted like blood. Then he turned without a word to go out. Once more he turned at the door. She stood there in the room at her full height, a soft transfiguring light of joy at the victory won suffusing her countenance and mingling strangely with the pain in her features. The light fell through the window full upon her figure, the sun's rays brightly caressed her shining hair and seemed to linger in slow ripples upon it, but in her eyes glistened two precious pearls through the veil of her lashes. It was a picture to restore youth to one grown old. He rushed toward her with a cry, embraced her, kissed her wherever he could, on her brow, cheeks, lips, though she did not move; the more she resisted, the more violently he pressed her to himself and closed her mouth with his maddened kisses. It was as if blood were before his eyes, while he only panted again and again half-suffocated: "You do still love me, still love me, still love me?" He did not see that her face was torn with grief, that she was unable to answer him; he was sensible only of her despairing resistance and stifled every sound upon her lips; half beside himself he pressed her heaving, convulsive breast to himself. Her striving became ever weaker; once more she summoned all her strength and then hung powerless with eyes closed in his arms. His paroxysm had now subsided; he swayed and had to support himself upon the edge of the table.

Anna fell upon the carpet at his feet. With panting breast and wide-open eyes he stared at the beautiful woman, who lay as one dead before him; pale as a corpse was her face. One spot only upon her forehead was blood-red, there where he

had kissed her: a brand upon her.

I have found this fantasy of a lust murder a number of times in analyses, but our poet completely rejected it until we came upon it again in a dream.

The dead woman bears the sign of the kiss. We find the same stigma in a further work of the man, which reveals the deepest layer of his sadism. It has its place in the same setting as in the novel, in the life of a physician.

It has always been his great desire to become a surgeon; external circumstances have compelled him to take up another profession and achieve success as a writer. The poetic story, which also is outstanding as a work of art, is this:

WIEDERSEHEN

Two attendants brought a corpse – a fresh one, in coarse gray linen bound, By its string swung a ticket bearing the number seven hundred and fifteen. “Doctor,” said one, in business tone, “legal case, autopsy, poisoning,” and slid the dead upon the oaken table; the head close-wrapped fell back with a thud.

“Ah, well,” I said, “at seven my report.” I stood alone, in clean white gown, throughout the room a faint, fine smell of blood; the glittering knives and scissors seemed to smile. I loosed the coverings from the face and started back.

A face familiar once. Who was she? I leaned half dreaming at the table’s edge,

bending above her; I looked, perplexed, and stared into the half-closed eyes of grey. The arm across the withered bosom stretched.

Students are singing: *vita nostra brevis*. A lovely child accompanies them at the piano, blonde tresses, eyes of grey.

She laughs and jokes and plays and sings and kisses. Then arm in arm I walk with her beneath the trees; she laughs and jokes and kisses, mad with joy.

Was that a dream? The darkness of the evening, crowding upon the walls, draws them together: I scarcely see the dead; but from the window a feeble ray of pale and trembling light falls on the face now white and faded. Faded? O God, O God, once fair as May, once warm when I – and all at once I press my burning mouth upon her lips and kiss them, kiss them, kiss them as in frenzy; and all the sweetest names I know I cry cajoling, sobbing, pleading, in her ear.

The right one? Ah, perhaps! And she must bear me! Upon her lips two dimples glow, formed in the past? Formed now? But surely formed by me, by me! And why did we then have to part? While I alone pursue the way of thorns: the people call it the life of a physician known to fame? And what has been the path for her?

Yes, she has withered; I feel it on her bosom. So we must meet again and here? Here, where I as doctor cut her flesh apart, the body which was mine! A frenzy of desire runs through my veins, once more, once more. In horror I draw back: a desecrator of the dead? Wide is her eye with its own staring gaze.

They found me raving in the morning on the floor.

This unveiled necrophiliac fantasy, despite its secondary artistic elaboration, does not deny the connection with the primary original fantasy as the memoir gives it: the meeting again with the dead sister, upon whose mouth are visible the traces of the teeth from his kiss.

XIV: THE EPILEPTIC SYMPTOM COMPLEX AND ITS ANALYTIC TREATMENT

I published my work *The Psychic Treatment of Epilepsy* in 1911 and came thereby to the following conclusions:

1. Epilepsy is more frequently a psychogenic disorder than we have hitherto believed.
2. In all cases it manifests a strong criminality, which is rejected by consciousness as unbearable.
3. The seizure is a substitute for the crime, therefore perhaps also a sexual act that is a crime (self-protection).
4. The seizure frequently arises through fear of God's punishment and symbolizes guilt, punishment, and death.
5. Pseudoepilepsy is curable by means of analytic psychotherapy. It necessitates long periods of treatment, inasmuch as the splitting of the personality has proceeded to a very great extent.

Choking provokes in certain individuals feelings of pleasure and even an orgasm. There are also those for whom choking represents their adequate

satisfaction (lust-murderers). This is attested also by the fact that in those who are hanged there is frequently erection and ejaculation. Thus there are masturbators who make use of choking and self-strangulation for their pleasure.

CASE NUMBER 51

A psychopath, twenty years old, mild, sensitive, uncontrolled, somewhat weak-willed, but well-endowed, with a rather feminine cast in his psychical and physical health, delicate physical constitution, strong sexual impulse, coming especially on his mother's side from an evidently degenerated family, fell ill at the age of eighteen and a half shortly after his final examinations with a long-protracted influenza with slight catarrhal symptoms and certain nervous manifestations.

Following upon this, gradual development of a not very serious akinetic-hypertonic syndrome with restriction of movement and motor retardation, slight rigidity of the arm, anomalies of posture, respiratory disturbances in the form of tachypnoic attacks, disturbances of sleep, and psychic anomalies after an intermediate stage characterized by weakness of will, apathy, lack of initiative, loss of sleep, and gradual development of the respiratory disturbances, while at the same time an unfortunate love affair greatly depressed the patient. In consequence, suicidal thoughts and, after a year and a half of suffering, attempt to strangle himself. He noticed thereby a feeling of pleasure; and after this there was very frequent impulsive repetition of the attempts at strangling, in which a sort of orgasm appeared, and in the carrying out of which all inner and outer restraints were recklessly cast aside. Failure of all therapeutic measures. At the same time querulous and fault-finding in behaviour; later more apathetic, irresolute, often foolishly infantile; transitory brief reactive depressions; total neglect of self; except for the pathological impulsive action, absence of every incentive.

Attempts at strangulation continued for more than a year with varying intensity and frequency, alternating somewhat with the respiratory disturbance. At times pronounced tetanic seizures. After the choking impulse had continued for over a year, it was removed through repeated hypnoses, and the psychic disturbances

improved. Slight signs of amyostasis still exist.

The patient noticed at once with the first attempt at strangulation a feeling of pleasure. It was a voluptuous sense of giddiness, like the feeling that overcomes one on a height.

It was a feeling coming instinctively from the unconscious.

“I need that sense of giddiness; I must have it!” The most beautiful moment is that just before he discontinues the strangling. In this moment the patient presents an orgasmic excitement. This may be considered a case of masked masturbation, while the patient insists it is not a sexual feeling. The fact in this case is suggestive that the regression set in when he suffered grievous disappointment in love.

Unfortunately this very interesting case was not studied analytically. No inquiry was made as to the presence of active tendencies toward the strangulation of others. The case seems to me, however, to reveal plainly a type like the epileptic; that of patients who experience in themselves what they want to do to others.

The appearance of fantasies of strangling and strangulation with masturbation after someone's death is striking, as in our next case.

CASE NUMBER 52

A girl of twelve, illegitimate. Mother nervous, frivolous, died when the child was eleven and a half of pulmonary tuberculosis with fits of suffocation. The child thus far had presented nothing unusual. Soon after the mother's death she changed psychically. Inattentive. Her schoolmates noticed in school that the patient choked herself, which she finally did boldly even during class. Attempts at discipline, threats, stern measures, did not help; on the contrary the choking became more frequent, probably fifteen to thirty times a day. She crept under the bed, under the stove, hid in the closet, in order to be undisturbed. The skin of the neck became torn away; a plaster collar was of no use; she forced her fingers under it, and the choking continued. Medication failed. She was put for several months in a strait-jacket, but no sooner was it removed than the choking began again. Physical examination revealed nothing special, nor did the child present any psychic anomalies. In strangling she grasped her throat with both hands, tried to surround it, squeezed and pressed the soft parts and the larynx together as much as possible. The pulse would at the same time rise from 76 to 100, respiration was accelerated, the face reddened. Pupils were enlarged, glistened; then cyanosis, breathing became rattling; often the eyelids sank; legs were stretched out, feet flexed outwards.

The act lasted twenty to forty seconds. Then relaxation; the child laid the head to one side, remained for some minutes in this position or fell asleep. In hypnosis the child said that she had eaten some pancakes the day of her mother's death, after which she was sick. In order to vomit she had pressed her throat, at which she had noticed the absence of pain and found that such pleasant sensation arose from her stomach upward that she almost lost her senses. She often repeated this and always felt this delightful sensation. Later she was obsessively compelled to do it if she thought about it.

Hypnotic treatment brought improvement, though not complete cure. Twice later

tetanic convulsive seizures in the arms were observed.

Haas observed a young captain who reached an orgasm in a peculiar way. He twisted a towel about his neck, into the ends of which, provided with holes, he slipped his feet; by bending the hip and knee joints and by stretching his legs he brought about strangulation and orgasm. He was found one day in this situation choked to death.

I know some cases which belong here. I also know the type of men who must slightly choke their love objects to have an orgasm. Masturbators usually enact the strangling on their own penis. We must assume that we are dealing with a primitive hate reflex. The weapon of primitive man was the hand. He could strike or strangle, the latter much more surely bringing about his opponent's death. This type becomes cyanotic in the convulsion, of which I will speak later.

CASE NUMBER 53

An official of thirty-three years of age, an accountant in a large bank. He feels that this position is too low for him. He has taken his doctor's degree and had wanted certainly to become bank director. He is one of four brothers and sisters; he envies the others and in part dominates them through his illness. The course of his illness is mild. He has one convulsion in two or three months, always in the evening or the morning. The next day he feels as if "newborn". All is fresh and pure within. He calls his seizures his "crises" and feels even some days before them a slight depression and a sickness of the stomach (both premonitory signs are frequent).

He seems to present a transfigured countenance sometimes in the seizures.

The first attack at the office occurred after a "renewed" humiliation in business (he was passed over at a promotion). Before this he had concealed his disorder. Now it was known to his chief and his colleagues that he was an epileptic. He had arranged the seizure so that he would lose his position. He was referred to me for treatment after a sojourn in a sanatorium had made his condition worse. The seizures now came every week. Complete recovery after three months of treatment; the details of the analysis will be published in another place. I will merely mention one of the patient's dreams:

I am swimming in a pool, which continues to grow narrower and passes into a canal. I come to a small place, where I force myself through a grating. I come to a meadow where many naked people are running about in the sunshine.

This patient experiences in every seizure a rebirth.

The forcing himself through the narrow canal and through the grating symbolizes birth. He comes into a new country – paradise.

Most of his dreams are of similar type. He presents otherwise, too, every sign of a uterine fantasy.

I call attention on this occasion to the importance of the dream analysis. If one gets an epileptic to remember and relate his dreams, one obtains a profound insight into his unconscious psychic life and the motives of his seizure.

Dreams are often recalled which have preceded the attack.

One then knows how the patient seeks to escape the “specific epileptic constellation”, how the substitute satisfactions come about, or how he takes his first steps toward his secret goal in order that he may finally experience in the attack the wish-fulfilment or the warning. One will find in every good analysis such a key dream, with which one can solve the riddle of the epileptic symptom complex. This key dream then often contains the various motives, so that the condensation work of the seizure may also be recognized.

The epileptic commits a forbidden sexual act

A large number of the hysterical seizures belong here. The coitus fantasy is a forbidden act to chaste virgins. Normal coitus may be experienced in the

convulsion. Much more frequent, however, are paraphiliac acts: cunnilingus, homosexual scenes, especially incest, active and passive scenes of rape, orgies, zoöphiliac scenes, and so on. Many of these fantasies are sadistically coloured, so that through them we arrive at the next category, which I consider the most important:

The epileptic commits a crime in his seizure

The greatest regression takes place in these cases. The patient sinks to the standpoint of “primitive man”. One may assume this regression to go back many thousands of years and to remove all the inhibitions of civilization.

The most fearful sadistic paraphilias belong to this category: vampirism, necrophilia, cannibalism, lust-murder, the sadistic frenzy for blood that manifests itself in massacres.

These bloodthirsty tendencies frequently are clearly expressed upon the patient’s own body. Thus I do not regard tongue-biting as accidental, but as the desire to bite and suck blood. The convulsive clenching of the fists often expresses the impulse to strangle. There are those cases which we have just mentioned that become cyanotic because they press the tongue like a wedge against the gums.

This sadistic impulse shines very clearly out of the next case.

CASE NUMBER 54

A physician, thirty-one years of age, married six months ago, suffers severe attacks of rage, which appear only in the presence of those whom he loves. (The only exceptions were the storming assaults in the war, which twice precipitated the same outbreaks.) After the attacks, which often last two hours, there is total amnesia for what has happened during the seizure. The seizure was described to me by his wife as follows: The motive was apparently a slight one. Previous history: The patient's mother opposed his marriage. The wife had to obtain a divorce before she could marry the patient.

She sometimes sees her former husband because her child was granted to him. The patient is as he believes not jealous.

There are differences between the wife and mother, although the parents finally adapted themselves and acknowledged the marriage.

Now the scene: The wife made a remark about the pudding the mother had made and which did not taste right to her. The patient began to roll his eyes. He rushed upon her with his hands clenched and began to revile her: "You slut!

You filthy whore, you! You good-for-nothing, miserable bitch!" Then he forced her into a chair and remained by her threatening with balled fists. "Do not move or I will throttle you!" Both of them continued in this horrible situation for an hour without moving. Then the wife observed that her husband was exhausted. She arose and threw him upon the sofa which stood near. He lay there for an hour quietly, his eyes wide open, but with his hands no longer clenched. After an

hour he came to himself. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He asked in surprise: "What did I say?"

He listened in astonishment to her description. She dared not tell him the whole story. To him it was as if she were relating the experience of someone else. He is otherwise exceedingly gentle and mild, very fond of his wife. He is just as devoted to his mother. There were formerly differences with his father. Now his father is suffering from arteriosclerosis, and he is afraid to excite him. He might have a stroke. He has never had a seizure in his father's presence.

The father knows nothing of his illness. But he has had attacks frequently when with his mother. He finds himself evidently in an excess of affectivity.

This case brought me the solution of the affectivity which was its cause. Jelliffe and White have pointed out that in such patients the energy is heaped up, suddenly to find its discharge. We do not need the energy hypothesis to explain these occurrences. The patients are apparently individuals with lesser affectivity, mild and kind. But within they have a strong resentment; the affects are blocked. Then a discharge of affect takes place, an explosion. The apparent indifference and absence of affect arises from the fact that the patient explodes only if his specific complex is touched. The kindling spark may be a quite insignificant matter, as the pudding in the case before us. But the criticism of the food touched the important mother complex. It was a criticism of the mother. The differences between mother and wife were the reflection of his internal conflict. Fixed upon his mother, he attempted to transfer his sexuality to the wife, whom he had married because – not although – she was a mother; the specific condition of love was that he had taken her from some other man (father imago). But inwardly the conflict was not settled. It was a further burden that because of shortage of housing he had to continue living in close quarters with his parents. He rejected sharply and harshly many of his mother's words that contained criticism of his wife, but they remained within him and produced their effect there. To this was added the sadistic basis of his character. Although he was a medical student, he enlisted with the combatant troops. This was not enough. He

volunteered for the assaulting troops, those exposed to the greatest danger. He twice had the same seizure in the field. He no longer remembers what occurred in the charge. The affective furor was too great. Had he killed men, strangled the enemy, satisfied his thirst for blood? He does not know. He came to himself some hours after the assault. He does not remember to have killed a man in the field. But he did not ask those under him what he had done.

He was evidently afraid to learn the truth.

He put himself at last in my care because he feared that sometime he might commit a crime in his seizure. He did not know that it was a matter of an “epileptic equivalent”, as in those whom Cestan describes: “Persons who unexpectedly are guilty of a misdemeanour and only at times are eccentric, immoral, extravagant, or criminal, and at the same time completely absent-minded.” Here the epileptic crime approaches the obsessive actions of exhibitionism, fetishism, and kleptomania, except that in these cases it is only most rarely that there is so complete an amnesia. The affective frenzy and the impulse are common to both forms.

Magnan reports the case of a young woman who put her bed in order as soon as she was overtaken by the epileptic giddiness. She laid the pillows to one side, her child to the other. Without thinking, she piled the pillows upon the child so that it was smothered to death.

We here approach the states which have found their best expression in the frightful running amok of the Malays.

Tropical madness and prison madness are similar conditions.

The patient is in the greatest excitement; he screams, reviles, tears and smashes everything within reach; rushes upon his unfortunate victim; is the prey of fearful hallucinations, which set free horrible acts of destruction and cruelty; while in his excitement his temperature rises, the tongue becomes dry and fissured. This furor may last hours or days. Then the patient grows quiet, but his mind continues to reel for some time. Afterward, total amnesia for everything that occurred during the attack.

In these cases the conscious moral ego is overpowered by the criminal impulse. The epileptic symptom complex is to be considered solely as a self-protective mechanism. The patient collapses in order not to have to commit a crime. The self-defense does not function in these cases. The affective frenzy sets in before the moral ego can bring about the fall.

CASE NUMBER 55

The situation concerns a couple recently married. The wife reports that she awoke one night hearing peculiar movements on the part of her husband such as she had not heard before.

He struck her with terrible force. Fortunately she was able to ring, and a servant hastening in saved her from the terrifying situation. The scene was repeated a second time. She was able to save herself in time from her husband's violence. The patient knew nothing of his attacks, but said that he had suffered for years from attacks of dizziness.

Epileptic crimes are characterized by special brutality. One man of thirty-eight, gentle, kind-hearted, and charming in disposition, manifested a deep love toward his wife. One day – without any particular reason – he killed her in the most horrible manner, throwing himself upon his victim. He smashed in her skull, her ribs, and cooked her liver and other organs. After the deed had been committed, he went to bed and slept profoundly and quietly. All memory of the crime was gone when he awoke.

We see here the plain outbreak of cannibalism, which we can so often demonstrate in the fantasies and dreams of epileptics. Fortunately, such deeds are rare and the moral ego sets itself energetically in defense against the “sadistic id”.

I will summarize my experience: Many cases of epilepsy may be cured by analysis, many improved. The so-called epileptic character is the character

of the parathic.

There is no epilepsy without epileptic seizures. The epileptic seizure occupies the central position in the epileptic symptom complex. This attack is in many cases psychically conditioned. Only analysis can lay bare the psychic motives of the seizure.

XV: ANALYSIS OF A CASE OF EPILEPSY

CASE NUMBER 56

Mr. Lamda came to me for treatment four years ago, not because of his epileptic seizures, but because of a paraphilia that had already brought him several times into disagreeable situations. He was a urolagnist, in whom the impulse to urolagnia appeared in the following manner. He would try to slip into a woman's toilet room or from a man's room observe the urination of women. He felt even in this act of observation a strong sexual excitement, which forced him to masturbate or manifested itself in ejaculation. He also tried to force his way into the woman's urinal and then, if any of the urine remained in the toilet bowl, he would drink it, dipping it out with his hand, with the greatest feelings of pleasure. He experienced another gratification of his paraphilia by waiting behind bushes until some woman passing would there attend to her needs. He would then rush to the spot, lick up the urine with his tongue, and had a particularly voluptuous sensation if some earth remained between his teeth so that they grated upon it. (It is remarked in passing: Mr. Lamda stated that he noticed with regret that he had a number of like-minded rivals, who knew one another very well.) Before treatment he was impotent toward woman, always requested urination of prostitutes, but only in the rarest instances tasted their urine. He had a feeling of disgust for bloody urine. This patient suffered severe attacks, which appeared chiefly at night. According to his father's description they took place in the following manner:

“He would utter a piercing cry and begin to strike about fearfully with hands and feet. A twilight state lasting several days would then often succeed the convulsion; I frequently observed this in the patient. He gave the impression of one slightly intoxicated and always betrayed a leaning toward a certain year of his childhood. It was not the same each time, but the period between eleven and fourteen years was always reproduced in the dazed condition.” The diagnosis “epilepsy” had been made concerning this patient by different approved psychiatrists. He was in such a reduced condition through large doses of bromide when he came to me for treatment that he was almost incapable of any work.

Psychoanalysis produced at the beginning an almost magical effect. I attributed this brilliant result not only to the psychic disburdening, but also to the freedom from bromide.

His acne disappeared; his appetite improved; he began to appear flourishing; and his quiet, sedate manner impressed every one. It is impossible for me to give here the whole analysis. One thing revealed itself with certainty, that he was perhaps the greatest sadist that I had ever had occasion to meet in my analytic practice. He revelled in blood-splattered, sadistic fantasies which, as is always the case in such persons, alternated with masochistic ideas of being bound, beaten, tortured, or burned.

I considered the situation before treatment after this manner: Inasmuch as the paraphilia had progressed so far, a much more serious crime, a much stronger paraphilia, had to be carried out in the seizure, if it was a matter of repressed impulses. In other words, the paraphilia of the urolagnia had developed as an offshoot of a much stronger pathogenic complex; the breaking through of the entire complex created an attack, since the complex was rejected by consciousness.

I will attempt to give the most important results of the analysis, as they came to light in the course of the treatment.

It was clear to me that the patient performed in the drinking of the urine some symbolic action, the meaning of which must be discovered. He begins his communications as follows:

“I have a frightful loathing of perspiring women. I can scarcely remain in the

proximity of a sweating woman.” Here he misspeaks and says “slimy women” instead of “sweating women”.

It seems therefore that sweat and slime have certain connections which do not appear until later.

His next association is:

“I feel disgust also before a slimy vulva. A woman who is having her period is a horror to me. I can never drink the urine of a woman if it is bloody. My mouth puckers with disgust.”

We already see one line between sweat, mucus, blood... I have called attention in *The Language of the Dream* to the significance of the symbolic equations. All excretions stand for one another in the dream. The paraphilia seems therefore particularly to be related to the drinking of blood...

His earliest memories are interesting. The first goes back to the period between his second and third years and reads:

“I was in the care of some person or other awaiting the return of my parents, who were at a fair. I had at that time clay toys, a doll of clay, a clay hare, with which I was playing. I was angry and broke all my toys.”

The first memory shows the child’s strong destructive instinct. Even at two years old the child is playing the killing of animals. For all these destructive tendencies

of the child betray his latent cruelty. The cause of the anger may have been the absence of the parents. The second memory goes still further back. He considers it the very earliest:

“I was lying between my parents and wanted to urinate. My father set me upon the pot, the edge of which was a little rough. I cried, and my father was afraid I had been hurt. He woke my mother and reproached her so severely that she wept.”

The second memory shows us the relation of urination to the parents. He believes that he remembers dimly that he had cut himself behind and that this was the reason his father was so vexed.

A further memory from the fourth year, which brings before us the first sexual impulse of Mr. Lamda.

“The maid hid me under her skirt so that I had my head between her legs.”

Also somewhat later:

“I am playing under a rattan chair. The maid is sitting in the chair. I feel a wetness and accuse the maid of having urinated over me.”

Most of his next recollections have to do with urine.

It is not therefore to be wondered at that he wet his bed until the tenth year.

Even now in his attacks he wets his bed, which is very disagreeable to him, for he is fearfully ashamed before his family. He is often in despair on this account and struggles with suicidal ideas. What he would like best is to be shot by a woman. He has often played with a revolver and was always thinking of a "water shot" into his mouth. He sticks everything into his mouth. He has the bad habit of sucking everything, lead pencils, pens, cigars, and so on.

His first dream during treatment is important:

I picked up a girl of our acquaintance as if I were going to carry her. I was very much excited in doing so and felt great pleasure. I kissed her, sucking upon the mouth. I awoke with violent beating of the heart.

A similar dream recurs often:

He is floating in the air and sucking at the breast of a female being. It is as if he had wings.

It occurs to him with the dream that he often carried his sister about. He remembers clearly how the birth of this sister was told to him when he was three. Sucking has always played a great role with him. As a child he was afraid of vampires, which come in the night and suck out the blood.

The meaning of both dreams: He is a vampire that sucks the blood from his

sister.

Blows from his mother gave him sensations of pleasure. He fantasises situations in which he is struck by women.

At the age of four he found a stone in the garden that was divided in the middle and looked like a pair of buttocks.

He carried it around with him many months and often looked at it. A short time after this he had a remarkable experience.

He saw a lovely girl and was so fascinated that he could not say a word and only gaped at her. At six years he was in love with his governess.

Somewhat less innocent was the next occurrence of which he has preserved the memory. His two sisters, his brother, and he were playing doctor. They stuck a spraying apparatus into the younger sister's anus and blew air in until she screamed. Then they laughed immoderately when the air was blown out with a loud noise. He played a great deal in his seventh year – he was in the country – with two girls.

They touched the sexual parts and urinated before one another. The next winter the brother, because the patient had struck him, told the mother about all this play. The mother was very angry; he was beaten, which again gave him great satisfaction.

He was very timid especially before going to sleep. He was afraid to get up again, fretted for his parents, and refused to go to sleep because of his fear. He could be quieted only with difficulty.

He liked to watch girls urinating, even at the age of seven. He showed the girls who wanted some of his baked cakes his buttocks and said: "Here are the best cakes." He performed his first urolagnistic act at the age of eight. He became enamoured of a very beautiful boy. He saw him urinating in a meadow and licked up his urine.

Suddenly another thought comes to him. They often secretly caroused together in the gymnasium. When in their songs the question came to him, "Brother, what's your sweetheart called?" he always gave his mother's first name A religious period of extraordinary intensity begins in the eleventh year. That is comprehensible when one knows that the intermediate school in which he was trained was a religious one under the supervision of priests. This religious period lasted until the fourteenth year and changed apparently without motivation into an anticlerical one. But we shall see that in this case, too, the inner religious current is of great significance. Religious motives were always mixed with erotic ones. Thus at the time of his piety (thirteenth year) his favourite fantasy was: He imagined a chaste, very devout vestal, who must be a virgin. He adored her in such a manner that he allowed her to urinate into his mouth.

This identification with the chamber returns in many of his fantasies. He is either a toilet or a chamber pot. It is the old infantile envy of the objects which may see everything. He wished also to be a flea or another tiny insect; he would have liked to in this way observe the various phases of defecation, urination, and coitus. He is a voyeur of the first degree, and even looking at urination affords him a great sense of pleasure.

He has a particularly strong increase of libido if he is afraid of being seen or caught. Seeing and being seen have great significance for him. He can

masturbate with the fear of being caught at it. He had an ejaculation even at twelve years of age at a school task in which he feared he was not prepared.

He began to masturbate at seventeen and defended himself in vain against self-abuse. He would succumb almost every time. He suffered headaches and various gastric disturbances, which seem to go back to an aërophagy. A doctor whom he consulted advised him to give up masturbation and go to women. He tried coitus the first time with a prostitute at eighteen. The erection came with difficulty; he had no particular sexual urge, felt a great loathing. A memory occurred to him at the time, which he could not tell me until today. It ostensibly goes back to his second year:

“I was standing by a gate-like bridge of a city wall, and held by the maid I looked down upon a great surface of water. Upon the water was the head of a person drowning, who was calling for help. I asked what was the matter with the man and the girl said: ‘He is drowning!’”

We may consider this memory an autosymbolic representation of his internal struggle. He is in danger of drowning! The servant girl represents in his dreams always the pure Maid of Heaven, Mary. He is in danger of perishing, and only Mary can save him. He manifests a great devotion to Mary, which is still to be discussed.

The conflict between sensuality and piety continues to rage with undiminished force. At eighteen he fell in love with a boy whom he saw naked in the swimming school. He repeatedly had the desire to perform fellatio upon him, but dared not propose it to him.

The rectum claims his attention a great deal. There is always an itching at the anus so that he has to stick objects into it. Perineal cramps occurred when he was

nineteen, which were frightful. They were bound with feelings of anxiety, for he believed he had cancer of the rectum. He became hypochondriacal, suffered undefined feelings of fear in the evening, and separated himself from others. He was already a recluse at twenty, avoiding the society of his friends. At nineteen he tasted his own urine for the first time.

It was not unpleasant, but caused him violent beating of the heart. He did not begin drinking women's urine until later.

The urine of his own family, however, disgusted him. His trouble became worse and worse. He sneaked about in all the public toilet rooms, tried to observe the women, then dipped a cloth in the bowl and sucked out the urine.

He has wished since he was fourteen – he recalls it now – that boys of whom he was fond would urinate into his soup.

It is significant that he stuttered for a time at six years (evil conscience!).

He brings various dreams which all permit me to infer a strong resistance. He falls asleep during the analysis or is overtaken by a feeling of dizziness. He comes about half an hour late. He was reading the paper in the coffeehouse and was so interested that he forgot me. He is very unwilling to separate himself from his infantilisms. He reluctantly admits his day fantasies. Yesterday he was fantasising that he was in the body of a white horse that was being ridden by a young woman he knows. He has often dreamed that women sit upon his breast and use him for a riding animal.

He always has the feeling: "You must already have experienced that! You must

have been there before!” Today he is fantasising that at the final examination, he hands over his tasks to girls and is compelled to hide in the toilet so that he will not be discovered. It gives him the greatest pleasure to think out such situations. A remarkable dream last night, which occupies itself with his paraphilia:

I found myself in a wood in which there was a toilet. Two or three girls were standing before the toilet. I assumed that one girl was inside and waited until she went. Then I wanted to go in and drink her urine. But I noticed that the toilet widened, and lengthened through lattice bars, so that above it looked like a cage. A poorly dressed woman was working around above and outside men were watching what I was doing, so that I did not dare enter.

The dream may be recognized as the direct continuance of his day fantasies. He is always in fear of the police and of being locked up, when his father would learn of his disorder. For this reason he has the constant wish that he might find a means to make himself invisible. He would also like to invent a toilet closet fitted up with reflex mirrors so that he could undisturbed observe women at urination and defecation.

The dream is a uterine fantasy. He finds himself with his two sisters in the mother's body and drinks their urine.

The poorly dressed woman represents the midwife, and the men are his supposed fathers.

He is always imagining that the urine stream from the woman takes the place of the penis. The defecating woman is also the woman with the penis.

He now recalls a number of scenes where a servant girl quite unceremoniously urinated or defecated before him.

He was five years old at that time. An older person (he believes it might have been one of his many aunts) performed fellatio upon him at a still earlier age. He often went at six years old into the drawing-room and imagined that Satan was there, against whom he must defend his whole family. He did this with ejaculatory prayers and was glad that all his prayers were so effective.

The next dream again has to do with an infantile situation and shows that everything concerns seeing and not being seen.

I am in a room where there is a sofa that cannot be seen because of a board wall. One of my sisters goes behind this board wall to urinate, while the other, clothed only in her chemise, urinates from a crib (the bed changes into a sort of sandy surface). I see her before and behind quite naked and ask her if this does not annoy her, at which she answers: "It makes no difference to me."

This dream helps us explain what has gone before.

The cage is the crib, an important memory of childhood. The dream reproduces the scenes from childhood. The sandy surface arises from the fact that he often has to "enjoy" the urine mixed with sand or earth, when the crunching upon the sand adds a great deal to the pleasure.

The connection of his paraphilia with the sister complex becomes ever clearer.

I will interrupt the report of the sessions. The dreams treat typically of the same constellation. The resistances increase.

New seizures are constantly taking place, which keep him weeks from the analysis. Some significant dreams stand out from this difficult period. One of them is:

I was on my way to a certain narrow street with my uncle. To shorten the way we passed a number of houses with thoroughfares, which I still do not recognize, and in this manner reached our desired goal with astonishing quickness; this, as already mentioned, was a narrow street and crooked, which, however, seemed very familiar to me. Without any transition we were in a sort of crowded quarter. In these alcove-like spaces, which, as stated, communicated, because there were no walls between, lay on plank beds in a long row a number of sleeping men, all in ragged clothes. The entire space was brightly lighted. I was rather troubled at the sight for I noticed no person in charge (no watchman or the like) and we, that is, my uncle and I, were in better clothing, so that I was afraid that something might easily happen to us in such company; and at the same time the fact that we were visiting this locality merely out of curiosity might in itself rouse the anger of these people. But my uncle led me on. At the end of the row of sleeping men, there lay by himself upon a plank a somewhat better-dressed man, who fixed my uncle with a hostile look and said to him: "Ah, you are an assassin." Quite at the end of the passage was the toilet, consisting of two places. It was built into a semicircular arch; the intervening wall which separated the two places, as well as the doors, was of wood. My uncle opened one of these doors and showed me the toilet, making at the same time some remark relating to the latter, which I do not any longer remember (I believe he spoke of two pots or potties). I answered: "Yes, I believe that, if two wanted at the same time..." Here I broke off the sentence. The toilet which I saw was made of strikingly white wood (the association forces itself upon me here, alabaster and alum) and was not soiled, a circumstance which seemed very remarkable considering the surroundings. As my uncle and I left the locality described I remembered that one of the better-dressed men – as I afterward recalled, I saw later more respectably dressed men, whose facial expressions also led one to think of better-situated persons, who therefore did not at all fit with this

environment – had said to my uncle that he was a “stabber”. I asked my uncle what he could have meant by this word. He responded that that was a man who allowed himself to be influenced, particularly by older women. “So a slave to women,” I answered. The latter discussion seems to me the more remarkable as even in the dream the association “deflowerer” pressed itself upon me in connection with the word “sticker.”

I will pass over the interpretative possibilities, and turn to the situations that betray to us the sadistic direction of his instincts.

We will consider the puzzling figure of the uncle. I first regarded it as a phallic symbol, because I did not at that time know the representation of the parapathy in the dream and its personification. The uncle is the dreamer himself, as all persons in the dream are split-off figures of the dreamer.

The uncle symbolizes the parapathy, the illness, the criminal in him (the uncle is a butcher).

The row of ragged men refers to a den of criminals or a jail. For this reason the absence of the watchman makes him uncomfortable. The watchman symbolizes consciousness, which watches over the savage instincts and prevents them from entering daily life. He fears the anger of these ragged criminals. The ragged criminals represent his criminal thoughts. Thus they lie dormant in his psyche (functional interpretation). He fears that the anger may be stronger than his reason and his reflection (he is, significantly, a jurist!). He might be overpowered by the criminal impulses.

And now comes the betrayal. One of these thoughts calls the dreamer a murderer. “Ah, you are an assassin” (a stabber)! The white wood, alabaster, refers to a white body.

It is his favourite fantasy to thrust a dagger into a white female body, white as alabaster. The uncle then gives him the explanation for stabber in such a way that he understands it as one subject to women.

We see in Lamda most beautifully how the sadist changes from fear of his violence into a masochist. When Lamda goes to a woman he humbles himself in every possible way. He has been able to convert the sadism into masochism because he symbolically subjects himself to the woman within himself. His homosexuality indeed plainly forces itself through in the dream and forms the basis of his scorn of women, which he then transforms into an apotheosis of woman. It is impossible for such persons to evaluate normally. They can only oscillate between the two extremes, because the extremes are the bipolar modes of expression of one and the same force.

Stabber, woman's slave, deflowerer, these are the most important associations which the dream binds together.

The woman's slave is only the reverse of the master of women, the man who determines the life or death of a woman, who has her life in his hand. This is the murderer, who possesses her entirely and reveals himself to her as the lord of her fate and dismembers her, as if the Devil wanted to destroy what God has so splendidly constructed.

The uncle is significant, for he had conjectured in him a lover of his mother ("If two wanted at the same time...") The mother, whose body is white as alabaster, is at the same time suspected and defended. The mother (here represented as the toilet) is not soiled. The father, who let pass the mother's unfaithfulness, is made the object of scorn as a slave to women. The many sleeping men in this dream are men who have slept with the mother.

The next dream affords us further insight into his mental life:

After various changes of scene, which I can no longer remember, I found myself suddenly in a mountainous landscape, a bare stony ground, a valley, set only with scattered dwarf pines the further horizon again bordered with bare walls of rock. A man was walking at my right, a gun in his hand (Papa?); before us a deer in flight. My companion at the right took aim and fired, and although the poor beast fell by a dwarf pine after the first shot, he sent two or three more bullets after it. I saw the precise spots in the body where the different bullets had entered; they all struck behind the left shoulder blade; that is, the animal upon its flight, which at first had been straight ahead, probably compelled by the character of the ground, had taken a left direction shortly before it was hit by the first ball. We approached the dying animal, and at sight of the animal I remarked to my companion: "I really had imagined such a hunt quite differently." The body of the deer became while we were looking at it larger and larger, greater than that of an elephant, so that the height of the breast – I mean by that the distance from the breast bone to the spinal column – was finally as much as a metre and a half. The left side of the breast turned toward us was completely denuded of skin and ribs so that lungs, parts of the liver and of the stomach, could be seen in their correct anatomical position, but not covered with blood, not twitching, without movement or life, just as in a wax preparation for purposes of demonstration or instruction; nor did the individual soft parts and viscera show the warm, soft colour of an animal body, but rather the glistening colour of varnish of such a preparation without a correct reproduction of the actual tone; as is usual so that the preparations for teaching purposes may be readily distinguished. But beneath the lungs the whitish-yellow intestines gushed forth from the figure in serpent-like movements; yet they, too, not covered with blood, but clean and washed, as they might perhaps be used for sausage casings by a manufacturer of sausage.

In this dream the wish makes itself known to see the inside of a living being. His father is in fact a passionate hunter. Here is revealed the inherited disposition to sadism.

That hunting is a well-known mask for sadism has been stated so often that I need not repeat it here. One might also call hunting a vent for sadism, and my analyses of hunters have always been able to confirm this for me. The deer here symbolizes woman, whom he is forever chasing in his fantasies. His father's hunting of the deer might give the original point of departure, to which his sadistic fantasies are then joined. We recognize his mother, who appears in the latter part of the dream as a female elephant. The phenomenon of growing in the dream frequently relates to a pregnancy. The gravid mother was a constant excitement to him. He still lives in the fear that his mother might again become pregnant. He considered his younger brothers and sisters always as troublesome rivals and occupied himself in many fantasies with their death. His relation with his younger brother at the present time is such that they never exchange a word, although they are thrown together. Not that they are officially ill-disposed to each other, but they never speak together... except the most necessary words and these only in the presence of the parents, who are much grieved that the brothers cannot feel kindly to each other. He is engaged with his sisters in all sorts of scuffling, which represents playful discharge and tentative preliminary attempts at murder. They wrestle in irritation with each other, then he throws them and says: "So – now you are in my power, your life hangs upon my mercy," and so on.

The sadistic fundamental attitude expresses itself in this play. All his dreams end in a fight in which he falls into a rage.

A number of important memories: He was five years old and was playing in the garden with a small roe, of which he was very fond. A man came and also played with the deer; suddenly he drew a knife from his pocket and stuck the animal in the breast. It was in fact the butcher, who had been commissioned to kill the deer. He then skillfully removed the viscera.

Here is an event which perhaps had a very powerful influence upon him. For he is always thinking of cutting open and stabbing and is actually the typical

woman-murderer. He is forever running away when with women for fear that he might do something. The urine takes the place of blood. He craves the blood of his feminine victims. His favourite food as a child was blood. Blood pudding or a cake made of goose's blood. A few days ago a vision of a lust-murder arose when he was with a prostitute. He hastened away in horror.

His evil conscience is betrayed by another phenomenon: fear of every watchman!

Other fantasies which appear rather plainly are those of the mother's body. He is still in his mother's body, which appears in the dreams as horse, chest, press. The absurd infantile conception of observing everything from his mother's womb recurs in day fantasies and dreams. I reproduce here some of the patients notes concerning his dream life:

I found myself in room fitted out with shabby elegance, at first clothed (with the dim memory of having entered by a dark vestibule and over a badly lighted stairway) and later without my clothing; I lay there in a bed. Two men came by with a girl from the streets and went before my eyes into a chiffonier which stood in the room, which then began a rhythmic swinging, upon which I had the feeling that coitus was going on inside it. Suddenly, having had during the whole performance an oppressive and uncomfortable feeling, I looked at the sheet of the bed in which I was lying and noticed that it was soiled with blood spots dried in, as well as with some yellow slimy spots likewise already dried on; upon which I sprang from the bed in disgust, fully dressed again, and remarked with a feeling of relief that at the same time an oldish, shabbily dressed woman (procuress? landlady?) appeared with a key, as I supposed, to liberate those who were imprisoned in the chiffonier, from whom I in my person also expected to be freed. Here the dream ended.

I awoke in somewhat worse physical condition, had to suffer the whole day torpidity of the stomach and intestine and from five in the evening also

occasional attacks of giddiness. I was in a bad humour and about noon, as well as toward evening, had a great inner disquietude (craving for sensation? libido?). About ten (or half past), in falling asleep, I felt as if I had been beaten in all my limbs, which usually is the case only when I have irritated my nerves through sexual excitement for an entire afternoon and half the night. Nevertheless, I soon fell (admittedly, after masturbating) into a profound refreshing sleep, from which I did not waken until seven o'clock. I dreamed again in two parts. From the first section of the dream I remember only that in the dream I was arranging and registering my own dream experience, which was again rather vague and disconnected, and that I found that the ordered dream was still so void of connection or of reason that I thought to myself that you, Doctor, would have a good laugh over it.

The second part of the dream of the night had the following content:

I am sitting in a coffeehouse reading the Frankfurter Zeitung. Then the waiter comes to me and asks if the journal is free and simply takes it from me without waiting for my answer and gives me the Berliner Börsenkurier; I grow furious, call to him, call the cashier, make my complaint; the cashier drags the waiter by the hair; I myself sometime later fall upon the waiter, strike him several times in the face with clenched fist, in which I have the feeling that a diamond ring (although have never worn such a ring – for years have worn none at all) must scratch the poor waiter's face until the blood runs, and say to myself: "I am in a rage." (I can as little recall a corresponding face in the dream, that is, the torn and bleeding countenance, as that I saw the public, although I had the uncomfortable feeling of performing my heroic deed in full sight of the public. The waiter, strange to say, offered no resistance.)

Then I call for my "bill" and explain to the cashier that I will never visit this place again. The clerk excuses the conduct of the waiter, saying: "Please to know that the waiter has debts; someone else has just given him money for a drink; and from a person who is in debt one may expect anything." Even in the dream I had then the sense of having committed an unworthy deed, one which,

alas, could no longer be undone; and I breathed freely when on awaking I recognized that it had all been only a dream. The present day has been much more favourable as to my physical condition than the two preceding ones.

These notes are interesting because the conditions which preceded the attack are similar to those described. This time the seizure was cut short by masturbation. Such a listless, torpid mood usually ushers in an attack.

The dreams are exceedingly interesting. The chest of drawers as symbol of the mother's body is a familiar one. It is important that the dreams are constantly mentioning blood.

The waiter is he himself. He strikes himself because in childhood he had burdened himself with heavy debts. The cashier in the dreams represents death demanding expiation.

The drink money again betrays his paraphilia. He is a vampire and would like to drink his victim's blood. This is his trespass (debt), and for this he must pay.

His hatred comes clearly into evidence in the second dream ("I am in a rage"). We see also the debasement of the mother, who is represented as a procuress. As a child he would sniff about in the linen from his parents' bed and was much excited if he discovered there spots of blood or mucus.

He then hated his parents – particularly his mother.

He is small (the waiter) and hates all who are large, especially his brother, who is beautifully formed.

The chest symbolizes also brain case – the parapathy.

The mother should save him from his illness. The idea has become fixed in his brain that his mother has two men. The second is the uncle, who plays so important a part in the dream of the assassin.

Has he observed coitus between his mother and uncle?

Some significant memories: At five he liked a picture in his picture book: a boy overeats with some French rolls so that his belly bursts. This fear that his belly might burst recurred again and again, the last time when he was twenty.

We already know that the fear is the penalty for wanting to open the belly of others. He is indeed Jack the Ripper.

Dreams of fire and fear of burning are frequent. He inflicted burns upon himself at the age of fourteen, presumably to punish himself and to die a martyr's death.

He dreams that his mother calls him and takes him with her in her bed.

In another dream he tears himself from a poorly dressed woman, whose face is still youthful, oval, pale, but otherwise without expression, who betrays in

appearance and gesture a bold familiarity. He struggles with her and succeeds in escaping her clutches and embraces.

Every struggle in the dream is also a conflict with himself. We observe how masculine and feminine tendencies are at war in the dreamer. He wants to free himself from his femininity (“I have torn myself loose from her”) and he is furious that he cannot be a complete man. To be a man means for him to be a sadist and to kill the woman! For this reason he has to flee into his femininity in order to secure himself against the crime.

I will pass over the other meanings of the dream. They would carry us too far from our theme.

But who is this “poorly dressed woman, whose face is still youthful, oval, pale, but otherwise without expression, who betrays in appearance and gesture a bold familiarity”?

Only one who is familiar with the deeper religious symbolism in dreams will recognize behind this the Virgin Mary, who warns him against crime, guards him from committing incest upon his sister or from murder. And deeper still, his mother is concealed behind the picture, which unites in one image the prostitute and the Blessed Virgin.

He is outwardly an atheist, like all sadists, and inwardly a devout person. He attends church to delight himself in the music or to ridicule the pious people. He would much rather blaspheme in the churches or seek there some erotic adventure. But his strict rearing in regard to the Church – he was a pupil at a Jesuit institution – had entered his marrow.

Much might be related of the connection between sadism and blasphemy. The reading of the works of Marquis de Sade, particularly of Justine, teaches one plainly enough. There is portrayed the Devil's Mass, there is set forth the stupidity of those who let priests lead them around by the nose. Hatred toward woman is at the same time hatred toward the Deity.

In woman, faith is put to the torture and vanquished. But only apparently. The religious feelings of guilt continually reappear and demand the transformation of sadism into masochism. Masochism is submission to the woman and to religion.

If one wants to know the day fantasies of such a patient, it is a good thing to have him construct an "artificial" dream. This request must be made of him unexpectedly, so that the patient cannot prepare himself and build up a falsified dream which conceals from the physician the most important matter.

Lamda was asked one day to give me such a dream and rattled off a day fantasy. He spoke so very rapidly that I could hardly follow him.

Here is the product, which we will now put under the psychologist's lens:

"I see a glazed bowl, which changes to the upper part of a brainpan. In the part of the skull made visible by the removal of this brainpan the brain can be seen white, bloodless, as in a corpse. The brain begins to move and takes the form of sea foam, from which a Venus is born. She climbs a pedestal and becomes the well-known Cnidian Venus without arms, which stands in the boudoir of an American millionaire. The boudoir is empty. The silk curtains of the canopied bed are thrown back. The bed makes the impression of having recently been left by the woman sleeping in it. The bed and pillow still bear the impress of the body. A negro enters the boudoir, takes a drinking vessel from the washstand, and holds it between the legs of the marble statue. The marble statue urinates.

The negro drinks the urine and then betakes himself to the bed of the multimillionaire woman and sticks his head under the cover. He is surprised by his mistress during this procedure, who inwardly is flattered, but outwardly plays the stern mistress and attacks and stabs the negro with a hatpin. The negro submits passively to it all, sinks upon his knee. She stops suddenly in her attacks and begins to suck the gushing blood from the wounds upon the bared upper body of the negro. She again springs up: 'Phew, the devil! You stink!' She then drives him out and stands by her toilet table, still furiously excited. Her husband comes in and says: 'What is the matter with the negro? He is bleeding! He even has tooth marks on his flesh! Have you perchance bitten him? Very well, you may do this with that disgusting fellow. But not with me. Such a perverse taste!'

"She: 'You are a milksop! You are no man! Indeed, if you had such muscle, if you could do anything, it would be worth while to concern myself with you. I will have nothing to do with such a miserable creature as you. Keep quiet!'

"He: 'Ah! so that's the way the matter stands. Yes – you know that in times past you have demanded too much of me. I would have let all this pass, too, which you have done with this fellow. But you have not dared, and I have not dared to make any such advances to you'."

Just consider that this fantasy was related in two minutes and that Mr. Lamda's entire day is filled with such fantasies! Moreover, this fantasy is one of the mild ones.

Most of them are bloodthirsty, rioting in tortures and blood.

The fantasy begins with an open brainpan. A thought as it comes into being is presented to us in a functional image.

That which has its origin in the brain, the brain-born thought, is Venus, the goddess of love, the wife as mistress and divinity, before whom the mortal must bow down. The negro is the dreamer himself. His black soul, his passions, the devil within, are represented in this symbol. In him the man and the woman dispute over the evil spirit – the parapathy. The woman suppresses the illness and stabs it with a pin, sucks out its blood, and the man looks on. Then comes the distressing admission, “You are no man! You are a milksop; you have no muscle!”... That is his misery. He is a small weakly person. His delusion of greatness demands great deeds of him. The sadism is often the revenge of the weak, merely the appearance of greatness. Power supplants greatness; in fact, power is greatness. The woman who is slain by him must feel him as great.

Again that old motive: the wife who deceives her husband. The mother was unfaithful to his father with a dark man (the uncle was dark – the father blond).

Thus we see from this fantasy how the various currents of the psyche strive among themselves and how the unconscious longs to do that which the negro did. But in his consciousness he can be only masochistic. In order to give expression to his sadism, in order to kill a woman, in order to be master, he has to take refuge in his seizure. The attack is equally important for him as the discharge of his homosexual tendencies. He has two kinds of attack: one in which he is a complete man and a criminal; another in which the woman within him triumphs and he subjects himself to the man.

For his urolagnia conceals his masochistic attitude toward the man, particularly the father. Thus we learn from this analysis the same thing as from those which preceded: how the original conditions become reversed and how appearances may deceive also in the manifestations of the parapathy.

Childhood Memories

He produces all sorts of gruesome memories. A dead cat which was found hacked to pieces behind the house; the killing of fowls at home, at which he liked to look on; the mangling of a goose by a savage dog; the drowning of a young person, which he witnessed, but without participating.

He attributes his illness to the petting lavished on him by his aunts. I have repeatedly called attention to the significance of illnesses in childhood, because they create the desire to be sick. The illnesses of brothers and sisters are also important, inasmuch as they are the source of envy and severe conflict. Lamda relates in this respect:

“At the age of six I had whooping cough and partly that the other children would not be infected, partly because my parents did not consider the country doctor skillful enough, I was taken to Vienna to my grandparents and aunts.

During my illness I showed myself very selfish and headstrong. My grandmother and aunts bore all my ill humour with truly angelic patience, while my grandfather, on the contrary, protested that my female relatives were letting me tyrannize them. It was at this time (my second sojourn in Vienna occurred a year later, when my younger brother was ill with scarlet fever) that my aunt read to me, presumably to occupy me during my illness, the tale of Hop-o-My-Thumb or a tale of elves. The word ‘hop-o-my-thumb’ remains vividly in my memory even now; I probably constructed for myself a feminine counterpart, a little female hop-o-my-thumb! My fantasy was at that time very much engaged with this creature, and my thoughts ran riot with it.

But I liked particularly to dwell in imagination upon the substances excreted by the body. I can recall quite definitely that I did not at that time distinguish clearly between defecation and urination and thought of the excretion as a single act, perhaps carried out as in the bird; that is, from a so-called ‘cloaca’. The form of

the substance excreted was in my conception something the form of bird dung, only more consistent, perhaps like the little heap from the earthworm, and without the specific odour of human or of bird excrement; presumably, which is suggested by the sugar-box which I thought of as the place of its deposit, sweet and pleasant. The sugar-box in question was made of thick, blue-green glass. It was at that time my pet object, which is remarkable inasmuch as a childish fantasy would not otherwise be readily seized by such an object.

“At this period I was not only self-willed, but petty and pedantic, for, as Mamma has frequently remarked in later years, I am now the exact opposite of what I was earlier. No one dared move one of my possessions from its place when I was a child, and I would be thrown into a passion if I discovered the slightest disorder among my things. Now I am neither petty nor stingy nor envious of those better situated; nothing is more objectionable to me than dogmatism and fanaticism; and no one is more ready than I to acknowledge willingly another’s superiority, indeed even with a certain respectful submission.”

We see here a trait of character which is seldom absent from the picture of the epileptic personality: the over-emphasis of the sense of possession. These children have a strong consciousness of having things, will not share their toys with brother or sister. They envy the other children in the family or elsewhere all that is theirs. They would like to have everything. Later this peculiarity often manifests itself in the overcompensation of generosity and lavishness.

The obscurity that lies over his childhood begins to lighten. Details come more and more clearly to mind which at first seem quite unimportant, but on closer investigation reveal great significance.

“Second or third year. I was standing in the evening as twilight was coming on with my brother in a passage at the side of our house and was looking toward the garden wall.

Suddenly I noticed a head looking over the wall. I was very much frightened at this and called my brother's attention to it. My brother began to cry loudly, upon which my father appeared and punished me for having unnecessarily frightened my brother and led us both into the house. I felt the punishment as unjust, for I actually believed I had seen something which inspired me with great fear.

“A memory which is perhaps still older than the preceding: I was standing alone before the door of the house. In front of the house was only a small yard, inclosed on two sides by boards, which I should now consider one and one-half metres high.

“Suddenly some little pigs sprang over the fence at the right, first two or three and then a whole drove. I fled to my mother in terror, who was just then coming to the door.

“At the time when my parents were in the country, there was at that place a very attractive teacher. I still remember the following conversation between my father and mother. Mamma: “Yes, but they will not stay there so long again.” Papa: “The gate will simply be locked in the evening and that is all there is to it.” I must have concluded from the words which preceded or followed that this dialogue referred to an evening party at which the teacher was also present, and I supposed at the time that the company had to be detained so long chiefly on account of the teacher. I was already in love with her (perhaps three years old) and could quite understand how this could happen.

“I still remember the following episode from my first year at school. We had a piece assigned us to read in which a brother and sister find themselves in a dark place, a cellar, I believe. The sister wants to take advantage of the darkness to steal, but her brother tells her that God sees everything even in the dark, and therefore she will be punished just the same. The sister is persuaded by this

brotherly warning not to steal. The teacher whom I have mentioned added gratuitously to this moral tale that the sister later gave the brother a little picture out of gratitude. I wondered how the teacher knew that, for there was nothing about it in the lesson book.

“I once had to stay after school, I have forgotten for what reason. The teacher was all alone with me after all the pupils had gone; I was very angry and cried; instead of making my letters in orderly manner, I purposely made them badly or made ink spots; I believe that out of anger I could not even retain my urine.

“Now, as I look back, this seems to me an attempt to provoke the teacher to actual punishment. That is, the use of the rod was at that time still common, and whenever one of my schoolmates had a taste of it, there was almost a certain envy at work in me, which was however strongly suppressed.

“My sleep last night was again filled with school dreams, which I cannot recall. I dreamed toward morning that I was on a ship, where I was listening to a conversation between the pilot and captain, according to which the ship was in a very dangerous channel and at any moment might strike upon a reef. One of the men said that nothing could be done; they would have to keep this course.” The first memory shows plainly the character of a cover memory. It contains the guilt and punishment. The head which appeared over the garden wall looked like a head chopped off. We know indeed that small children frequently manifest the impulse to cut off the heads of their brothers and sisters. The meaning of this memory is: I wanted to chop off the head of my younger brother, but I feared the punishment of the Heavenly Father.

His relation to his brother is still as bad as can be. The brother did not amount to much and went to America. That was the best and the happiest time for Lamda. But two years ago the brother returned and took his place in the parents' home. Lamda's attacks have lasted for two years. His illness must be connected with the murderous purposes he nourishes toward his brother.

He could not hate him so if he had not loved him. In fact, he recalls various scenes which all, characteristically, took place in the toilet.

A further determinant of the first cover memory is the fantasy of the mother's body. He lies with his brother in the mother's womb and there sees his father's head (glans?) appear. All persons who are dissatisfied with their life long to be back in the uterus. Lamda, too, belongs to those who would like to begin a new life.

The second memory of the pigs may be a symbolization of a definite idea: the swinish (sinful) thoughts break in upon a pure innocent child.

The memory permits us to conclude that he has experienced "swinishness" concerning his mother (the pigs spring over the wooden fence). The father seems to have reproached her severely.

The episode with the pretty teacher shows us how closely children observe the smallest details. It was for Lamda an accepted fact that the father like himself was in love with the teacher. Every one must love her because she is so beautiful.

The third memory has to do with God's punishment. God sees everything and punishes everything. Fear of being seen is peculiar to him in a marked degree.

The fourth memory reveals to us an attitude of defiance to the charming teacher and the attempt to force her to blows by his naughtiness.

The dream, however, shows the patient in conflict with himself. He propounds to himself the question whether he is steering the right course and answers himself that he could not do otherwise now; he will have to hold to this course.

We recognize that his parapathy represents security against his criminal sexual instincts. Instead of blood he drinks urine. Yet, if he has thus expressed and transformed his sadistic impulses, why does he then need the epileptic seizures?

We learn from an association of the patient, which in discussing the seizures refers back to the brother's return and the fact that he had a great deal to do with the sisters. The brother was very musical and played duets with his sisters and also played the cello beautifully. The patient felt himself neglected and brooded upon revenge. But he had an infantile fixation upon the family and loved his sisters above all else in the world. He was jealous of all suitors and would have none of his friends come to the house. He liked to scuffle with his sisters, when he would throw them upon the bed and press them hard. He was very angry when I forbade this play. He considered it not at all sexual. He did have to admit that now and then in such romping he had erections, which the sisters could not help noticing in their intimate contact.

The first seizure was on a New Year's night. He had gone out with some comrades, while the sisters had gone with the brother to the theatre. The murderous impulses seem to have troubled him very much at this time as a consequence of the jealousy. His inner imperative cried: "Kill him." He put himself on the defensive at every turn. He came half drunk into a coffeehouse wanting to read there for the second time an article on "Freedom of Will and Logic", which had interested him very much. The author denied freedom of will and pointed to man's instinctive actions. He could not find the article, so that he spent two hours searching in the coffeehouse and looking through all the journals. Finally he found it in a supplement. He had given himself the command, "You shall not go to sleep until you have read the article." A senseless notion with displacement of affect. It should have been: "I will not go to sleep

until I have killed my brother.” He found it and went home. He feared the freedom of his will and yet had to commit the crime. He accomplished this in the dream. That night he had his first seizure, which was followed by a rather long amnesia, in which he was afraid of all officers of justice.

Now the way was open and in the dream he could be Jack the Ripper. The attacks have continued for two years.

They appeared in his twenty-sixth year.

I saw him after a seizure. He heard tones, voices, phrases, which he “could”, or rather “would”, never repeat lest he should betray his secret. He only knew that in his attacks he gnashed his teeth frightfully, as if he were grinding up bones.

His tongue was coated after a seizure, as if he had overeaten, and his abdomen distended, as if it would burst.

His recollections show that the tale Little Red Riding-Hood has made a great impression upon him, also the Wolf and the Seven Kids. He has always been greatly excited by stories of the devouring of little children or kids. His cannibalistic instincts break through in the attacks. Also in his urolagnistic seizures he eats earth and sand with the urine, when the crunching of the sand produces feelings of pleasure (Mother Earth!). The words that he remembers after the seizures are enigmatic and resist analytic interpretation, for he can bring no material for enlightenment upon them.

He describes such a night in which a mild attack has taken place:

“Before a quarter to five in the morning I was half awake; noticed that I was grinding my teeth; stopped therefore at once the gnashing of the teeth; had further the vague feeling that I had previously had a vivid dream and felt that it was the same as, or very similar to, all the dreams which had gone before, the content of which I could not recall when I awoke. I had moreover the sensation as if I had had rather clear insight into my momentary physical condition (distended stomach and intestines) and as if I would have (at my disposal) some means (a psychic capacity?) with which to meet and change this condition, at which there floated before me the ideas ‘substitute’ and certain numbers, like ‘tenfold’ and ‘twofold’. I then became fully awake, and it was still before a quarter to five; I lay awake then about three-quarters of an hour and again fell asleep.

“The dream that followed was this:

“I had to go to the daughter of the porter of the Burgtheatre to take a French lesson, where I met my older sister, who had an important communication to make to this daughter of the porter. She made her a long visit in doing this, so that my French lesson was spoiled.

“The further content of the dream, which was very vivid and in which my brother also played a part, has escaped me. Neither can I define more precisely my emotional relation to the young lady mentioned; I believe, however, that it was a more self-confident one, based upon a certain feeling of security, than I have formerly manifested toward the female sex. The dream ended with the following fantasy:

“I was standing at the back of an automobile, which was uncovered; two ladies were seated in the front and my brother was driving the car. I was afraid that he could not guide the car and wanted to go forward to do it. At this moment, an

awkward movement which I made threw my brother from the car. I did not know what to do; the automobile rushed on with the greatest speed. My older sister screamed: 'Where are you taking us?' I awoke with fright and violent beating of the heart."

The expressions "substitute" and "tenfold" may be understood when we know that he is suffering because his brother has taken his place with the sisters. This New Year's Eve in which he experienced the first seizure was the first he had spent without his sisters. He has a modest supply of funds from his father. The brother has spent ten times as much in latter years through his journey to America. The younger sister appears in the dream as the daughter of the porter at the Burgtheatre, the older one in her own form. The French lesson evidently refers to fellatio and cunnilingus. His feeling of inferiority has disappeared in the dream; he has a great sense of assurance. But only for a short time. Then the automobile dream gives evidence of the fear of his instinctive impulses. He kills his brother and goes on with the sisters.

The two ladies are his sisters. He is afraid his brother will lead the sisters astray. The mother favours the brother; she is a procuress. He could devour the brother out of rage. His hatred is revealed in dreams in which the brother and sisters are carrying a corpse or the brother is seriously ill or wounded; in further memories, which have to do chiefly with blood and dead bodies.

Even as a child he could not eat the skin from the milk. He had and still has an unspeakable disgust of bits of such skin in his coffee or milk, which may even cause vomiting, because he thinks of the eating of human skin. He was for a time a vegetarian.

A very interesting report concerning last night:

“I had rather a bad night: flatulence, slight local headache in the left temple and restless, disturbed sleep; for a short time I was grinding my teeth.”

Dreams in which he spies upon his sister's urination are fairly frequent. Much more improper situations appear, but he is usually disturbed at them. The inhibition is always symbolized in the dream by some disturber. Similarly, uterine fantasies manifest themselves in the most varied forms. He is in an iron foundry where a man sticks his hand into the molten metal, and there is a hissing and sputtering. He sits within the furnace quietly looking on. He is in a strange toilet, where he can see everything and urine and filth pour over him. In another situation every member of the family is observed at the most intimate functions. In all his fantasies he is in the mother's body and is the small Hop-o-My-Thumb of whom his aunt told him.

Here he can answer the important question who is his father.

As a child he manifested an extraordinary interest in pregnancy. He has grotesque fantasies of pregnancy, which one would infer from his distended abdomen. A great loathing takes possession of him in the presence of gravid women. He can never look at them. Yesterday he saw a pregnant woman in the Prater and experienced without any reason a violent anger toward her.

“I believe that I was furious even as a child because I was going to have a rival. I have passed through such an experience five times at home, for there was one sister who died immediately after birth. I used to have all sorts of fantasies in which I cut open the abdomen of a pregnant woman. The thought of Caesarian section was always very exciting to me” (memories of tales in which the belly was cut open).

Yesterday he visited a prostitute. It seemed to him that she was pregnant. She

admitted it when he questioned her.

Thereupon he saw red before his eyes and made his escape.

A seizure during the night. After the attack, total amnesia for the night and even recent years. He speaks very rapidly and a great deal. He is again a child of about eight years. Passes through a number of childish scenes from this period... Hears bells ringing and prays as he prayed when a child.

Afterward the excitement slowly abates. He reveals enormous loathing, which manifests itself in complete loss of appetite. He can eat no meat. Gradually memory returns.

He knows that he had the impulse to stab the prostitute and drink her blood. He should have liked most to bite her directly at the throat.

Great improvement after this attack. No seizure for six months. The formerly fearful, intimidated person begins to have a better attitude; he manifests energy and joy in life.

Gradual increase in potency. Appearance of orgasm with coitus. Heightening of all mental functions.

Nothing more heard from him, for the patient has left Austria. The last letter announced that his childish urolagnistic acts have been long since overcome.

The first thing that impresses us as we look back over this case is that though it is one of distinct masochism, of desire to serve, of idolatrous worship of woman, it reveals itself primarily as a sadism. Lamda is full of criminal instincts. He is really a cannibal; urine is for him a substitute for blood, earth for flesh. He is a vampire who would like to suck the blood of others. He is religious and seeks in piety a protection against his passions. He now passes through all sadistic scenes in seizures, after which there is amnesia for the simple reason that he dares not know what is happening in him. The plainly infantile character of his illness reveals that the assumption of criminality in the child is a correct one. He is once more a child and again as unclean and cruel as a child.

He is fixed upon his family in love and hate. The condition of his recovery was separation from his family.

It is worthy of note that the seizures fulfill a variety of fantasies, which sometimes are combined. He has different types of attacks, the motives of which are blended. We will call attention to the most important:

- 1. He kills his brother.**
- 2. He does sexual violence to his mother.**
- 3. He performs cunnilingus upon his sisters.**
- 4. He is a pregnant woman and is overpowered.**

5. He is a vampire and sucks blood.

6. He is a cannibal.

7. He experiences his death.

8. He experiences his birth.

9. He is a martyr and suffers death by fire.

10. He is Christ and ascends to heaven.

11. He is burned in hell.

12. He is in his mother's womb and bites off his father's penis.

13. He cuts open the mother's abdomen while she is having intercourse with another man (uncle).

14. He is himself a chamber pot or a toilet into which the excrement is discharged.

In many seizures he realizes several of these fantasies. He kills his brother, rapes his mother, slays his father, is killed, and passes through the Last Judgment.

The transition from masochistic action to the epileptic attack is an interesting feature of this case. The patient's strong intellect and the will, so rare in epileptics, to triumph over the illness, even though opposed by a strong will to be sick, were elements favourable to the prognosis. Cure was facilitated through the circumstance that the brother left home before he did and moved to Munich.

The basic motive was the jealousy of his brother. It is curious that he later affirmed that he saw plainly before him the coitus scene between brother and mother and could not believe that it was a matter of hallucination. But it seems that he had spied upon a coitus scene between uncle and mother and that the brother-mother picture represents only a cover memory.

Lamda withdrew from analysis before all the puzzling things in his case could be explained. He made a rapid recovery and took a position abroad in order to escape the dangerous environment and the probing of the analyst.

XVI: MISCELLANEOUS CASES

Education toward cruelty begins, sadly, in the schools; it sets in during the tender age of childhood. The child has a tremendous desire for cruelty, which is abundantly satisfied through the variety of fairy tales. Struwpeter and others are basically sadistic books. I do not know whether a revision of the tales is possible or necessary. At any rate, they should be administered only in small portions.

It seems to give adults satisfaction to tell children cruel and gruesome stories. Their own sadism evidently forces them to be always picturing sadistic scenes. This is the secondary premium of sadists when they have to occupy themselves with children.

The theme of the mistakes in education cannot be exhausted in this book. It can be merely indicated. I should like to bring one example which will call to our attention the influence of a child's tale:

CASE NUMBER 57

A patient's report

When I was six or seven years old, I was playing with my older brother, who lay sick in bed. My mother's nurse called with her daughter, a girl from sixteen to seventeen years of age. The latter came in to us to give my brother a little of her company, and when she saw me she said to me: "Death will come to you and cut open your belly, and take your intestines and wash them under the tap outside!" I sat transfixed. When my mother called me and handed me a piece of money (I do not know for what) it fell from my hand; she spoke rather sharply, "Be careful!" and asked for a glass of water. As I was about to give it to her, it slipped from my hands; then she slapped me, because she thought it was carelessness. When evening came I saw in the pattern of the wall paper, in every arabesque, a death's head, many hundred; and behind every door a skeleton was lying in wait for me. I screamed with fear, lost the sense of touch, speech, consciousness, and had to be waited upon like an infant. This continued for six months; I was with my grandmother during this time and she cared for me with understanding and patience. It seems to me that there was one bright moment in between – I see a table, a lamp burning upon it – I myself crouched upon a seat, taking a bitter medicine. And then the first clear impression: A moonlit night, in which the light broke through a milky-white pane; I was probably afraid of it, for my grandmother took me upon her arm, carried me to the door, opened it, and said: "No, my child, do not be afraid; it is the kind moon; see how beautiful its light is." Thus I returned to consciousness, though I suffered many, many years from anxiety; which caused me even as a young wife when my husband was away from home to telegraph him to come back, I could not stand the fear alone. Then I read your books and thought this fear has with me, too, its roots in childhood; I recalled the terrible period and was then freed except that now, after years, feelings of anxiety have appeared for a short time through a severe inner experience.

That girl died soon after at the age of seventeen.

Fairy tales are frequently the nucleus of a sadomasochistic fantasy. This fantasy may slumber in the brain and be reactivated through later reading.

I could bring simply countless examples to prove this assertion. I will cite just one striking instance of the effect of reading, because it affords interest in another respect.

CASE NUMBER 58

Mr. N. M., fifty years old, suffers from youth a severe paraphilia, the germ of which is to be sought in a sadistic fantasy. He imagines women being impaled through the anus after refined tortures. His masturbatory fantasies always end with the scene of impalement, whereby in the moment when the pale is driven in the orgasm appears, together with the idea that the tortured woman falls in a swoon. The impalement takes place in groups. The women, often mother and daughter at the same time, are first sexually excited and tortured. Torture with feathers is an ingenious form. The women stripped naked are tickled with fine feathers until they are almost dead. They are naturally bound and unable to defend themselves. A brutish negro rapes them. The daughter is deflowered before the mother's eyes. The mother is at the same time violated in the presence of the daughter by vagina and by anus.

The patient has indulged in masturbation since early childhood almost without restraint, often three or four times a night. He has never performed coitus, although he has been married more than twenty years. Intercourse with his wife consists in kisses and play, in which for a long time he was afraid to touch the vagina. He was analyzed three years by Freud and considered it a great advance that after the analysis he could look at the vagina and touch it. But his wife is still a virgin! He is exceedingly religious, attends church faithfully, and feels his fantasies as a grievous sin.

Notwithstanding this piety, he is a womanizer who very often deceives his wife. He enters into many relationships, in which there is never coitus. His erections are very strong, the penis well formed. He is very proud of this organ and often observes it with satisfaction before the mirror. But he dares not submit this valuable instrument to a feminine object. He hates and despises women, without being himself clearly conscious of this attitude. The hatred appears plainly only in his masturbatory fantasies.

He feels like a child, despite his fifty years. He is highly gifted, reveals even great talent as a writer, has published several distinguished works, manages a bank with great energy and forcefulness, and discloses besides a marked infantilism, in which the narcissistic component comes particularly to light.

While in the analysis by Freud the Oedipus complex was discussed as the responsible factor, it in fact becomes manifest that he is pathologically fixed upon his father. He remarked that his father plainly favoured the five sisters who succeeded him, among the six children, of whom he was the oldest. He hated the sisters and his mother and early harboured the wish to have a woman's place with the father.

We then understand why the anus constitutes the central point of his erotic fantasies. The vagina seems to him ugly, moist, repellent, evil-smelling, while he attributes to the cleansed anus the qualities of a beautiful and pleasing organ. He also suffers from constant twitching in the anus, has to scratch himself, introduce the finger, and so on. The impalement is a reversal of a sodomistic scene with the father. He is the woman and the father's penis impales him.

He believes his fantasy is derived from a book which came into his hands by chance.

It was a history of the world by Alvensleben, in which the impaling of the Duchess Romilda is described. The leader of the Avars besieged the city of Friuli, of which Romilda was the duchess. Romilda sent word to the leader through a messenger that she would surrender the city to him if he would marry her. He accepted the condition. The city was plundered; the inhabitants in part slaughtered, in part taken prisoners. The duchess was permitted to sleep with the chief of the Avars for one night that he might keep his word. The next night she was delivered over to twelve subordinates, who viciously raped her. The third

day she was publicly impaled. The picture represented her sitting upon the pale.

It was this picture which formed the starting point of the fantasies of impalement and was used for a long time as the sole masturbatory fantasy. The patient became then the king of the Avars; the women, his victims, changed and often were ranged in order, from ten to twenty. We know that such a series of objects often serves merely to represent one single object.

This object was the mother. The patient remembers distinctly that once on a journey he cried out fearfully at night, stood up in his crib, and was punished for it by one of his parents. It is very likely that he observed on this occasion his parents engaged in animal-fashion coitus. In characteristic fashion he is always introducing this situation into his coitus fantasies, which now and then appear.

A second book was also fateful for him.

An English hook, *The Way of a Man with a Maid*, fell into his hands after Alvensleben's history.

He calls this book his second great misfortune, for it added to the impaling scene the "torture with feathers". The content of the book is remarkable enough. A good-looking man lures women into his home. The women disrobe and are lightly bound. Then he begins to tickle them over the whole body with a fine heron feather until they faint away. Not until then does he perform coitus. The women are so thrilled by this treatment that they come again and again and even induce their friends to undergo the torture.

These two books formed the nucleus of the fantasy, which was more and more

elaborately developed through the reading of other literature of the kind.

We succeeded in the analysis in demonstrating that similar ideas had already existed in childhood. He was often tickled until he cried out. He also stuck all sorts of things into the anus, in which manner he once wounded himself. Thus the fantasy of impalement goes back to an infantile experience, the tickling fantasy to the parents' foolish play.

The two books mentioned reactivated the entire circle of ideas.

It is particularly pictures which have a stimulating effect upon fantasy. It is very rarely that sadomasochistic books are not illustrated. Strange to say, censorship permits these works to pass unmolested, while sometimes difficulties are thrown into the way of scientific books or real works of art.

Flogging and whipping are also connected with man's sadistic nature. The obscure sexual desire is rationalized. Very few parents and educators will admit that they have pleasure in it. One often hears the untrue statement: "The whipping hurt me more than it did you!" These words merely reveal the masochistic feeling of oneself into the place of the victim and are to be considered as the expression of the pleasure in pain.

Parents and educators who beat the children entrusted to them commit a crime toward the children and toward the state, because it scars the children for life. Only those freely trained are actually free. And we urgently need free men and women.

The next case shows us how far a stepfather's sadism may go. It is from the life

of an artist:

CASE NUMBER 59

V. was under the care of his mother and aunt until his eighth year. Then his mother married again, and at once there was jealousy and hatred between stepfather and son. The child was punished for the slightest fault, so that he had marks upon his body. When he was encountered laughing, the stepfather, who had forbidden him to laugh, laid him over a bench, the upper part of the body bent forward, the hinder part upward, and pushed with his heel on the child. He was sent to the country in the summer, the stepfather's brother going with him as tutor. If the boy forgot at night to place his slippers before his bed, the covers were dragged off and he was beaten with a horsewhip. Half asleep he would stumble up terrified and stammer out a question as to what he had done. Then the uncle would ask: "Where are your slippers?" When at the age of thirteen he was unable three times to do a task, the uncle bade him undress, tied him to the bedpost, struck him with the whip, and had the daughters of the house file past him. The boy, who wanted to creep out of sight, had deep wounds on his wrists where the ropes bound him. To be locked in the cellar or the garret without food was a light punishment. At school his teachers were charged to be "strict" with him; at that time he attended the "Piaristen school" in P., notorious for its high-handed methods.

Whenever he had a bad report, the frightened child would wander all day through the streets, wishing he could take his life; but at the last moment, restrained by his love for his mother, he would return home. The mother could speak with the child only secretly in the night when the stepfather was asleep. Once his landlady wrote from Königsberg where he attended a trade school (there was no question of his desire or fitness for a profession) and complained to the stepfather that the youth, now seventeen years old, was engaged in "lewd practices". The stepfather arrived unexpectedly in Königsberg, tiptoed into the room, where the young man sat absorbed in a book, gave him a frightful blow on the ear, and said, "That's just for greeting!" The lewdness consisted in this: He lived on the third floor in a narrow street and opposite on the ground floor was a sort of detention room where arrested prostitutes were lodged. The boy saw that

it was dark below while light where he was, and he caught the light in a mirror and reflected it down to them. The girls laughed and made merry over it; he wanted nothing more. At twenty, after finishing his studies, he obtained a position in Trieste; he had escaped his tormentors, but now he became aware of the compulsion of his hated profession. He had wanted since he was thirteen to become a painter. He quarrelled with his stepfather and remained in secret relationship with his mother. The mother later brought about an external reconciliation, and he received the means for study: he was able to become a painter.

I am convinced that this brutal stepfather lived in the belief that he had really filled the father's place and acted as a true pedagogue. If the victim of his hatred and of his sense of power is today a famous painter, he ascribes it to his bringing up. But he will never admit to himself that he is responsible for the fact that this artist is an absolutely broken man, incapable of life. He is impotent, suffers from anxiety, profound depression, and total weakness of will. Hatred toward his stepfather conditions his entire life and is inextinguishable.

Next, I must reaffirm that most analysts overlook or fail to evaluate adequately the significance of religion in the dynamism of the parathies. Masochism never arises without participation of the religious forces. The sadist becomes a masochist as the result of a deep religious sense of guilt, turning the original sadism against his own ego.

One will find in all these cases an evident amalgamation of the specific scene with religious motives.

Just as religion is permeated with sadistic motives (cannibalism, necrophilia, bloody sacrifices, and the like), so is the paraphilia quite as often combined with religious tendencies. I will mention only the epidemics of religious flagellation, the self-scourgings of the saints and the tortures of the martyrs, the vast number of cruel ideas which are instilled into the minds of children in the way of

religious instruction. It is unnecessary to waste further words over this.

In such cases, only analysis can penetrate the patient's family history. Unfortunately, there are many physicians who imagine that they can deliver a sadist from his psychic illness through a physical operation. Such a case is given here briefly:

CASE NUMBER 60

A twenty-four-year-old sadist told me that he did not know until his seventeenth year that he was “perverted”. Forel’s book, *The Sexual Problem*, fell into his hands at that time.

He knew after reading this book that he was a “pervert”, and in fact a sadist. He now immersed himself in works of this sort. Hirschfeld’s *Sexual Pathology* led him to consider going to Berlin to consult Hirschfeld. Hirschfeld referred him to Rohleder. He turned in full confidence to the noted sexologist to hear there and to be persuaded also from his books that his was a “congenital” disorder. Diligent reading of Rohleder’s works confirmed him in this idea. Finally, treatment of the testicle with X-rays was recommended as the sole means of deliverance. The pubertal glands must be stimulated to greater activity. This treatment showed no results. Testicle implantation was then advised. The patient sought for months until he found a man who sacrificed his testicle for the sum of 25,000 gold marks. The celebrated surgeon Professor P. performed the operation. Half of the testicle was sutured in the inguinal region, the other in the scrotum. The patient awaited in vain the disappearance of his sadistic fantasies.

The celebrated Professor P. wanted to perform a second operation upon him. This time, too, he was ready to submit to the proposition. A friendly physician then advised him to go to Vienna and visit me.

The first statements revealed themselves as falsifications of memory.

Analysis showed that the sadism had probably been elaborated in his

seventeenth year, while he read Forel at fourteen. But up to his seventeenth year he was able to carry on his life and make good progress in school. It was not until later that he lost his ability to live, gave up his studies, and had no particular success in anything.

When he was about seventeen years old his father married a second wife. The patient's attitude toward the stepmother varied between love and hate. He confesses that he liked to exhibit himself to her, once showed her a wound on his thigh in order to have her see his penis, which was in a state of erection. Besides after his mother's death he had an affair with the housekeeper. At eighteen he allowed himself to be flagellated by another housekeeper and flagellated her.

Finally he admitted incestuous relations with his sister. A homosexual-masochistic attitude toward the father came to light as the basis of his disorder, the father having often whipped him when he was a child. Many sadistic scenes were always copying a whipping incident with the father, to whom at that time he had sworn eternal vengeance. His whole life was determined by this tendency to revenge, which was strengthened by jealousy when the father remarried.

He entered into the relation with the sister after the father's second marriage. He crept every night into her bed.

She permitted him every form of caress (cunnilingus, and so on) except coitus, from which she defended herself in order to preserve her virginity. My predecessors had no suspicion of these conditions. The most important root of his sadistic fantasies proved to be the wish to rape the sister. He lives the whole day long in his fantasy world, in which his family has become his harem. He runs incessantly about the streets and seeks the sister. His ability to work is completely lost through his daydreams.

In short, the patient needs a psychic reeducation and will be completely cured at the end of the treatment.

I will not go further into the details of the patient's history. We see plainly the influence of a book (Forel's) in his fourteenth year. The sadistic fantasies hitherto latent and suppressed are again reactivated. This experience is typical and repeats itself in his clinical history.

We must consider that everyone passes through a more-or-less marked sadistic period in his childhood. The reading of a book (often the greatest trauma) can like any other trauma mobilize the infantile attitude.

I might give here just one such example which will show us how a late trauma may have a serious effect, if it creates a situation parallel to that of childhood.

CASE NUMBER 61

Mrs. N. V. suffered for ten years from agoraphobia. Two analyses without result. In the third analysis carried out by me, it appeared that the agoraphobia had broken out in her seventeenth year after her sister's father-in-law, a man of seventy-two, had made a sexual attack upon her. Analysis revealed an earlier trauma with her father, with whom she had played in bed, whereby he became excited and his member erected. She played with it until an ejaculation took place. The father suffered afterward with severe agoraphobia and gastric parapathy. The trauma was repressed; it was, so to say, encapsuled as an "embryonic psychic cell". The later experience first led to the thought that the father might repeat the old play. The reality coefficient of her father fantasy was equal to zero before this trauma. She had no suspicion that an old man could have sexual desire. After the trauma with the old man, the coefficient rose rapidly. If the old gentleman, why not her father? Then the fear broke out as a protection against her own wish.

We must seek out the nature of the fantasies and daydreams if we would understand this. We recognize the severity of a parapathy from the polar tension between the conscious and unconscious attitudes. The unconscious maintains certain fictions, while consciousness recognizes the impossibility of realization of the fantasies. This is the extreme case. This extreme constellation leads to the paralogy, which is the only thing that can make the impossible possible. In the parapathy the fictions have a certain reality coefficient, which is usually very small: The sexual guiding line in the last case was: I shall be my father's beloved. She behaved in her childhood in accordance with this; and the father strengthened this fiction, for he gave her a ring which she logically regarded as an engagement ring. She grew older and had to learn to recognize that the fiction could not be realized. She began to make truce with reality. She sought a father substitute and fell in love at fourteen with the school director. It was ostensibly an ideal love with no demand for the fulfilment of desire. To her horror a friend informed her that her ideal had an affair with one of her schoolmates. There was a girl in her class who had to repeat a class twice because of defective

intelligence, so that at seventeen she was still her fellow pupil. This girl (Anna) was pretty and well developed. She learned of this girl that the director, abusing his position, had made her his mistress. Anna related everything in detail to the friend of our patient. The friend could not come fast enough to tell our patient all about it. She learned the following details: The director had been a widower for six months. He had Anna come to his home under some pretext or other and carried on with her all sorts of sexual performances. (The director had to give up his position later, when the affair became known.) The patient was indignant and her love extinguished. But she was in a state of anxiety when alone at home with her father. Why? Because the reality coefficient of her fiction (you will be your father's beloved) rose with force. If a director, the highest authority in the school, dallies with a pupil, a father can do it with his grown daughter, if he has already done it previously. She was however able to overcome these first anxiety states. It was the trauma with the seventy-two-year-old man that permitted the reality coefficient to shoot upward again forcibly. Now for the first time every means of self-defense had to be brought into action. Now she became seriously ill. A characteristic symptom was the desire for an operation.

Three organs were prominent in her illness; liver, heart, and lungs. She urgently desired an operation for gall stones, although the diagnosis was more than doubtful.

Besides, she suffered from difficulty in breathing and fear of suffocation.

A determining childish trauma was revealed in the fairy tale Snow White, which she had read any number of times and had also seen at the theatre. She identified herself with little Snow White. (As is known, the hunter cuts the liver, heart, and lungs from a young boar, which the cruel stepmother then devours.) The motive of little Snow White is repeated many times in her dreams. The mother became in her daydreams the evil stepmother. The fear of being buried alive (Snow White is apparently dead in a glass coffin) was the source of the respiratory difficulty. I will publish the analysis elsewhere and merely refer now to two motives: the significance of a cruel fairy tale as nucleus of a masochistic fantasy

and the phenomenon of pain-pleasure. The patient complained all day long of pains and urged an operation.

There was a great deal to be operated upon and she wanted to have it all done, gall bladder, umbilical hernia, which existed only in fantasy, a prolapse, which in no way called for interference. She longed for a surgeon because other doctors did not understand her and considered her pains as simply “nervous”. The most important thing for her is the care of her illness. She has a nurse with her all the time, suffers much, seems to herself very interesting in her suffering, and talks of her illness all day long.

This illness is felt as pleasurable. I cannot conclude my discussion of the sadomasochistic complex without mentioning how strong the masochistic component is in many clinical pictures. We find this pleasure in pain appearing very clearly in hypochondria, because of the narcissistic attitude of the hypochondriac. I have repeatedly called attention to the frequency with which pain serves to hide a secret pleasure and to give opportunity for indulgence in a definite fantasy. Physicians unfortunately know too little of these facts. Every year I see a number of patients in whom the most unbelievable operations have been undertaken, while analysis is able to determine the presence of a parathy in the centre of which is the pleasure in pain. The pain conceals a secret delight and at the same time represents the voice of conscience (self-punishment!).

The following case may serve as an illustration of these remarks.

CASE NUMBER 62

Mr. I. G., from Roumania, thirty-two years old, strong, of healthy parentage. A brother eleven years older is healthy. He lost a sister ten years younger several years ago through a bad influenza. He has suffered since his sixteenth year from a very strange disease. Having gone to sleep, he is awakened after three hours at the most by a violent pain. The pain disappears as soon as he sits up. He then has to stay up for a while. Then he lies down again, when the same thing is repeated. On account of this disturbance of his sleep, he never has more than five or six hours a night. He recalls that he suffered in the same way when he left home at eighteen to study in Germany. To be sure, he does not know how long before this the condition may have existed. All medical art has been in vain. The internists have been able to find no cause. A surgeon advised an operation. The left kidney was exposed because a renal stone was suspected. The operation was without result. Six months ago a second operation was undertaken. The Vienna Medical Clinic gave the following report of this:

Renal artery causing renal colic through compression of the ureter. For twelve years pains in the left kidney, but only in recumbent position, especially at night. Restriction of fluids delayed, increased drinking accelerated, their appearance; connection with the amount of diuresis spoke for intermittent hydronephrosis. By suspension of the ureter the obstruction appeared rather in the upright position; with formation of valve of ureter the altered bodily position exercised no influence. The obstruction must therefore be of such a nature that it changes its local relation toward the ureter with the physiological lordosis and with the disappearance of the same in lying down; for this reason there was thought of an abnormally situated renal artery crossing the ureter from the inner side, changing its position with the change in form of the spinal column. The operation, consisting of bisection and ligature of the artery, confirmed the diagnosis.

This operation also was without result. On the contrary, the pain even increased and as an ill result a pyelitis appeared, a remnant of which still exists. The reading of one of my books led the patient to think that it might be a case of parapathic disturbance. He decided to submit to analysis.

I was able to determine in the first sitting the remarkable fact that he always awakens at night with an erection.

His disorder dates from a time in which he shared a bed with his sister. They slept together from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year. He believes that nothing occurred. But he does remember masturbating while lying near the sister.

He stroked his glans lightly so that she would not hear. He masturbates even today. Reluctantly, to be sure, because he has observed that after masturbation the pain is worse.

He was seduced to masturbation by a schoolmate at the age of fourteen and has imagined only girls he knows while doing it. His first attempts at coitus in his twentieth year were failures. The ejaculation occurred at the moment when he touched the woman. Later he was able many times to perform a second coitus with good potency. Although in later years he had occasion to have frequent intercourse with a widow, he broke off the relationship because he was afraid of bringing the woman into ill repute. He is in this respect exceedingly moral, although he admits that he is not at all religious and was a complete atheist even at seventeen years.

Later in Germany he became an adherent of monism. He even intended to translate Haeckel's works into Roumanian.

His mother was very devout and was always entreating him to go to church. He had to take Communion after his second operation, according to a promise, that he might thank God for his recovery. He has, he says, never enjoyed petting. But he clings fondly to his mother. His father died three years ago. He often disputed with his father over religion in order to convince him that there was no God. He lay between his parents in the marital bed until his seventh year. It is worthy of note that the pain appears on the left side, and that his mother as well as his sister lay at his left. Both were very strict morally. This moral strictness has remained with him.

Morality was trained in him, and for this reason he cannot bind himself to any relationship. He has also observed that the pain becomes stronger after coitus, which the doctors tried to explain to him as due to hyperaemia of the kidneys.

His first dream reads:

I wanted to enter a church. There were three dogs in front of me, which disturbed me. I wanted to drive them away so that I could get into the church; I could not do it so went in with the dogs. I was looking for my mother. A priest showed me where she was. I came up to her. She wanted to embrace me. I repulsed her because I was afraid she would crush my new clothes. My mother thought that was only an excuse.

The dream reveals the evident relation of the religious complex to his parapathy. We see also the dogs as symbols of his passions and notice that his mother plays a large part in his illness.

He did in fact pass through a very religious period in his youth. He left his parental home very unwillingly and had all kinds of fantasies as to how he could manage to remain at home.

He suffers tremendous excitement when in intercourse with a woman. He is afraid of being discovered.

Particularly fear that his mother and brother may find it out.

This fear creeps over him even in Germany, when he is several days' journey away from his family. He steals to his mistress like a thief, leaves his house by a roundabout way with collar turned up, hat down over his eyes. He behaves like a criminal who finds himself slinking along byways. The explanation is simple: he behaves as if he were going to his sister, as if he had had forbidden intercourse with her.

He admits that he has at times dreamed of such an event, which leaves a fearful impression upon him.

He seems to be indissolubly bound to his sister. He tells me that in his region curses are the order of the day in which sexual commerce with the mother and sister is charged or threatened. These curses became a matter of every day during the war. He could never utter them, and they also gave him a very disagreeable feeling.

He speaks of a strange manner of sleeping. He has a remarkable cramp in his abdomen. He draws the abdomen in when he goes to sleep and draws his feet up to the abdomen. His companions have often said to him that in his sleep he scarcely breathes, but looks like a dead person.

It is a violent cramp of the diaphragm which takes place in his sleep. His bladder and bowels are likewise convulsively contracted. He awakens in pain and has to urinate. Although there is strong urinary desire, he can discharge but a few drops (at the most a teaspoonful). This cramp of the diaphragm seems to be the cause of a hyperaemia of the kidneys, which explains the twisted renal artery.

What is the cause of this cramp of the diaphragm? I had an idea that there must be a memory picture of when he lay by his sister and masturbated.

He admits that he always suppressed the gasping which appeared with the orgasm after masturbating through a forcible drawing in of the diaphragm, so that the sister would not notice his orgasmic breathing.

Lying on his back is impossible. Severe pains appear at once. He always lies on his right side. It is the same position that he kept when he lay by the sister, who often complained that he left her no room. He stretched the buttocks forward ostensibly not to touch her at all, but in this way brought their buttocks closely together.

He tells me two characteristic dreams, which he had noted several days before the treatment began, at the advice of an acquaintance.

I was in Roumania in an open bath out of doors. There were open cabinets for undressing; a woman had undressed near me, but I had no interest in her. I was waiting for some woman. I looked around several times and began to take off my clothes. I saw after a certain time that she was coming. It was my latest mistress. She came near and went away again. I did not know whether she had seen me. She was dressed in black and had flowers in her hand.

I saw a man leading a dog by a leash. A second dog was joined to it sexually. They could not be separated. I asked myself how the man could be so shameless as to drag along two dogs in such a situation. I followed him as he went on. He came to a yard. So far as I could see, he tried then to separate the two dogs.

There occurs to him with the first dream that he had once seen his sister naked in the moonlight. He went downstairs to urinate and saw her entirely uncovered in the sultry summer night. He looked at her, then said to himself, "This is a sin!" and carefully covered her again. He thinks with the flowers that he often brought his sister flowers. Once he got them for her in the spring in very bad weather, which pleased her very much. The woman in black is perhaps the dead sister. Bipolar tendencies (to see her and not to see her) are expressed in the dream. In the second dream he is the man who drags along a memory image: copulating dogs. The picture shows him bound to his sister. The sister did not marry until late; was thirty-one when, after much hesitation and delay in choosing, she married a widower at her father's bidding. The marriage was not happy.

He has been without pain for three days. Last night he again felt pain, but only in front in the abdomen. We know that the pains have always been connected with an erection. The process is this: he awakens in the night, feels an intolerable pain, and at the same time has a painful erection. At the moment that he springs from his bed, changes the horizontal position to a vertical one, pain and erection disappear.

It is now clear to him that he is haunted by sexual memory pictures, and that in his dreams he is plainly lying again by his sister. Every horizontal position rouses a sexual association. He affirms that only in two instances does he have better nights

First, when he is out in company in the evening and talks upon any theme whatever in an interesting manner, whereby he is in an emotional state. Secondly, if he is in a strange house where there is no chamber pot, so that he

cannot get up. (The toilets in his part of the country are all out of doors.) In the first instance he is plainly diverted from his fixed idea. In the second, the idea of the “strange house” destroys the association father’s house-sister.

While formerly he could not lie on his back nor upon his left side (in this position his penis might have touched his sister), now he can do so without any trouble. I conclude from various remarks of his that there is a homosexual component and learn that in his eighteenth year he slept with a young fellow with whom he formerly had masturbated. He naturally asserts that nothing took place in bed. But he admits that all sorts of homosexual acts occurred between fourteen and seventeen. The youths also lay upon each other and imitated coitus. One boy thrust his penis against his abdomen, possibly just at the spot at which he experiences the most violent pains.

A rather long pause occurs in the associations, then he says: “My relation to my brother is absolutely natural; we were always shy in speaking of sexual things. This seems to be so much the more strange as I recently received a letter from my mother which made a great impression upon me. My mother thought that perhaps my chaste life was the cause of my illness and advised me to marry soon. But I cannot marry, because in the first place I am impotent and in the second place I am of the opinion, or, better, I was of the opinion, that coitus would make my trouble worse.”

Explanations concerning homosexuality brought about a violent reaction. He again had a bad night and severe pains. The resistances increase and are reflected in two dreams.

I go into church and remain standing somewhere behind. Some one calls to me to come nearer. As I go forward the priest comes, approaches us, and brings something in his hand (Holy Communion?). I have not fasted. But there were upon a platter meat and bread, and he said: “This is meat and bread from the region from which the boy comes.” I have eaten and think: “I must pay for this

for it is a poor district and this is given to receive alms." I feel in my pocket and find nothing.

I come upon a street and see Dr. Stekel leaning on a wall and surrounded by people. I come nearer and want to tell something (dreams?). The crowd is muttering among themselves. A girl asks me: "Is that the well-known Dr. Stekel?" I say: "Yes." She asks: "Why do you relate everything? They say in the city that he is too one-sided." I: "My dear young lady, that is not true; he is a psychologist and if he is also biased, that is necessary for new ideas."

He had severe pain and a strong erection after the first dream. He sees in the first dream besides the priest a boy, whom he recognizes as a fugitive from Macedonia. He was a poor ragged boy. With this two traumata from his early years occur to him. He was five years old when he was enticed into a wood by older tattered boys. One boy performed pederasty upon him and compelled him to take the penis into his mouth. This boy often made fun of him later, so that he complained of him to his father without mentioning what had happened.

He was lured into a storehouse by a man in his sixth year. The man set him upon his lap and held him as in a vise.

Then he attempted a sodomistic act and spoke his sister's name. He screamed so that the man had to let him go. He often saw him later and hated him fiercely.

When he masturbated near his sister he pressed upon his penis from behind so that the semen flowed off into the bladder. (This is a practice often made use of in his region by the wives to prevent impregnation.) He felt with this a pleasure, which was mingled with the pain.

He was very religious until his fifteenth or sixteenth year. The first dream also refers to this. One passage in the Bible particularly made a lasting impression, the creation of Eve from Adam's rib. He imagines that woman was cut out of the left rib.

He once played theatre in his childhood and took a girl's part. He must have looked like a real girl.

The second dream expresses the resistance to the treatment. The girl resembles his sister. Different people have warned him against the analysis. One has to talk only of filthy things. We see clearly in the first dream that something has taken place with a boy for which he has not paid. He feels his guilt. It appears that he himself is the boy. Has his older brother done something to him? Or do cannibalistic instincts hide behind the dream? He brings no associations, so that we have no means of knowing.

He feels the pressure now from both sides and remembers definitely that the pain began originally as a dull sense of pressure. Besides, he always has a scaphoid hollow in his abdomen. He often drew men with such abdomens when he was a child and felt that this hollow was indecent.

He had most severe pains once when the woman with whom he had a relationship lay upon him.

He admits that this was the first time in his life that he had inserted the penis. The shaft was much too large and particularly the glans so broad that he could never introduce it, however many times he tried, despite the use, as he says, of vaseline. He has therefore a feeling of inferiority and believes he cannot marry. How could he deflower a narrowly built virgin?

He also complains of pain when the foreskin is retracted, because there is then an unbearable tension in the penis. He has erections only in the evening, when he is no longer at work, but the actually painful erections occur only at night.

Sometimes an inexplicable feeling of anxiety overtakes him as he goes to sleep, followed by a chill. He cannot give the cause.

He brings the following dream:

I am standing in a room with two comrades, and my sister is present. The door is open and a wolf hound appears from without. My sister provokes the dog so far that it finally becomes so aggressive that it is going to bite her. One of the men in the room is its owner and bids the dog be quiet. The dog draws back, but does not become entirely quiet and continues to growl. At last it does nothing, but I begin to find fault with my sister. "What are you doing? Do you not see that it is no dog, but almost a wolf? Why do you irritate the animal? It could devour you." I am very much annoyed, my whole body trembles with anger because she has done this, and I see myself in a mirror or in my mind's eye and see my lean unshaven face. I think: "Now my whole treatment has gone to the devil." I awake from anger. Neither pain nor erection on waking.

It slowly becomes clear to him that something has occurred between him and the sister in sleep. Had she played with him and touched his penis? Could he have attempted coitus and been suffering ever since with an evil conscience and a compulsion to repeat the attempt? We hope that the further sessions will bring light.

The first night without pain! He awoke about four in the night and could not go

to sleep again from excitement and joy. He had the following dream:

I am in a harbour building with many compartments. I am there with a shoemaker who has worked with my uncle. He has an ox and wants to load the ox upon a ship. We wait for the ship and I go in advance out of the compartment. I see at this time that the ship has drawn near to the wharf. It begins to move away. I notice that the man will miss the ship and not be able to put his ox aboard. I run back to the room where he is. I run from room to room, a very complicated labyrinth. I cannot find him and awake in excitement.

He has some more important things to tell me in the analysis. He will do it before the ship leaves the harbour. I suspect a flight reflex. And indeed, he suddenly surprises me with the information that he has to go away. He finds all sorts of rationalizations why he must take to flight.

In regard to the shoemaker, a characteristic scene from his child hood occurs to him (fourteen). He had a gymnastic apparatus and was showing the shoemaker's apprentice how the trapeze was used. The apprentice was afraid he would fall. He assured him and showed him a false hold. The apprentice tried the turn, fell so unluckily that he hurt himself and carried away a deep wound. He still bears a large scar on his face.

This scar also represents a trauma of which the patient carries the mark yet today. He is seeking in the labyrinth of his mind for the traumatic event that he may find it before he leaves. He cannot impart it. To be sure, some other important memories appear. He sees before him a cellar in which he was locked. The only time in his life. His father had punished him for some misbehaviour. What it was he does not remember.

Then he recalls various scenes from his childhood.

He played with boys and girls, looked at their genitals. Once his older brother surprised him, but did not reproach him.

Then it suddenly occurs to him that at a later age (nineteen to twenty-one) he was alone in a strange city with his mother and they shared the same room. Here the memory breaks off.

The analysis stopped. The patient said he had to go home at once. He is now firmly convinced that his illness is only psychic in origin. But he will not recall certain events of his early years. He promises to come back soon. I doubt that he will. I believe that he will not. He has good reason to run away. There are evidently memories arising which will be very painful to him. He is satisfied with the results thus far.

He is more than happy. He can sleep again and has no pain.

It is interesting to consider this patient's reactions in relation to the analysis. I calculated upon eight to twelve weeks for the treatment. The patient could not agree to that.

He had lost too much time with the operation. Could I not cure him in four weeks? I refused. Then he sent me different ones of his acquaintance, among others a girl who represented herself as his "betrothed". I was implored to make the attempt to cure him in four weeks. I should begin; he would return in a short time. I yielded finally out of interest in the case. The result was that the patient broke off the treatment after two weeks because the pains had ceased and he could sleep. My warning against overestimating the temporary success was not needed. He went home, felt very well at first. He wrote to his betrothed that she

should come to him and he would marry her. She only could make him well. When the girl refused to undertake the journey upon the uncertainty, he wrote reproachful letters: it would be her fault if he was not entirely cured.

He suffers severely from inflammation of the urinary tract, while the disturbances of sleep have disappeared entirely.

A few more remarks upon the case. It is interesting that the patient had consulted perhaps three dozen physicians.

Not one of them had inquired whether he awoke from sleep with erections. Not one of them had any suspicion that this might be a case of sexual disturbance.

I have still to add that the patient had never accomplished a complete coitus. He rationalizes this by saying that his glans is too large and that the women would suffer pain, since his penis, according to his statement, is very large. This does not accord with the description of his last affair. He had a mistress whom he often visited at night. He had then painful erections. But he thrust only the glans into the vagina and did not dare to press further. He rationalizes the visit at night by saying that his mother might learn of it.

Yet he has to confess that his mother has written and recommended coitus.

He imitates the procedure with the sister. We may conclude how far intercourse with his sister had gone. It seems to have been a matter merely of immission of the glans. The fear of the mother becomes thus comprehensible.

If his mistress is a sister imago, the fear is that which he had when he carried on his practices with the sister.

It may be assumed that still more serious traumata have occurred. There is no sense in indulging in assumptions.

His strange disturbance of sleep found complete explanation.

The operation was unnecessary. That is perhaps the lightest censure that one can utter in this case.

We see from this case how important a knowledge of disturbances of sleep is for the analyst and the practicing physician. Inquiry must be made in all similar disorders of sleep as to erection and urinary desire in men, as to urinary desire and moisture of the vagina (perhaps itching) in women.

The internist should always think in such cases of a sexual disturbance.

Surgeons, too, should occupy themselves more intensively with their patients' psychology. There are indeed many patients who are seeking for the pleasure of narcosis, of operation, of subsequent treatment, and so on. A drastic example may be given:

CASE NUMBER 63

Unnatural desire for operation as a manifestation of masochism

Virgin, twenty-two years, who had undergone the following operations in the period from 1911 to 1918: March 1, 1911: opening of a pharyngeal abscess; March 2, 1913, appendectomy; October 3, 1913: cholecystectomy and choledochotomy; March 4, 1914: laparotomy (duodenolysis); June 5, 1914: opening of abscess on right foot; January 6, 1915: gastroenterostomy; October 7, 1915: extirpation of tumour of right hand; February 8, 1917: operation for periostitis of left foot; March 9, 1918: extirpation of a lipoma on the right leg; October 10, 1918: laparotomy (adhesions); December 11, 1918: extirpation of the thyroid because of an insignificant goitre. The patient comes from a family with a bad neuropathic genealogy. Menstruation began in the fourteenth year. No sexual intercourse; no masturbation. No menstruation since February, 1918. Patient reveals evident signs of masculinism. Sex organs normal. No pathological nervous reflexes. Mentally the patient is more masculine in development. Tendency to abstract thinking. No ethical or intellectual defects. The patient's pathological psyche is revealed through some of her poems, which are dedicated to the operating surgeon and the essential content of which is best expressed in the strophe from Heine selected by the patient for the heading: "Rapture of torment and bliss of pain, The hurt and the joy alike unmeasured." It appears from the patient's confession that the desire for operation has a pathological basis; she simulated unendurable pain so that the surgeons treating her would be moved to operate. The author explains the case, through analysis of the patient's admissions, as a totally conscious inclination for surgical operations manifesting itself in aggravations and also in simulation of pain and other symptoms. The ground of this unnatural tendency lies in the inclination to passivity and desire for pain, as a result of sexual feeling – algolagnia. The psychic symptoms and the anomaly of the physical organization (masculinism, absence of normal inclination for sexual intercourse) permit us to consider the case as a characteristic manifestation of masochism. It is of practical significance that the physician may be easily misled by patients who suffer from this form of

sexual psychopathy.

We learn from this case that the operation takes the place of a sexual act. I have had frequent opportunity to observe that the dream of narcosis represents a scene of sexual violence on the part of the operator. The situation is often one of a sadism directed within, the content of which is a brutal scene.

It is interesting to note the masculine character of his patient.

We see confirmed once again the connection of the sadomasochistic complex with homosexuality. Homosexuals want to be forced to heterosexuality through an act of violence. One best discovers these attitudes when one listens to the onanistic fantasies of one's patients.

A collection of these fantasies would be a valuable work. The inexperienced person can scarcely form an idea of the wealth and bizarre character of these fantasies.

A grotesque example which shows us the operation fantasy in association with the homosexual attitude is the following masturbation fantasy of a sadomasochist:

There was once a man who wanted fame at any price; but since he was intelligent and cool-headed he first tested all his chances. He decided then to become a rich man by means of an entirely new erotic attraction. Distinguished by nature with a large snub nose, he took a kitchen knife and cut it off. After this he had made by a medical man an exact model of a vagina. Next he had the old nose scientifically cauterized and the spot enlarged circularly. An artist then

carved an exact vagina in it. Thus fitted out he went to a brothel and had coitus performed in this vagina. But inasmuch as the nose was quite high on the head, he had both legs removed directly beneath the hips so that his size was reduced one half. He was much better fitted now for coitus. This device was hailed in all Europe and America as a wonderful discovery.

This fantasy helps us to understand another species, paraphiliacs who long to be castrated. In such cases – they are not so rare – it is a matter of feminization by means of an operation. Certainly men who sell a testicle for a Steinach operation are in part parathics, who in this way have a castration wish fulfilled.

I could mention a large number of severe cases of parathy which have been operated upon without sense and without result. I will cite just one as illustration of the “operative frenzy”, published in the *Journal de Psychologie* (1924, No. 7) under the title: “The Problem of Surgical Interference in an Organic Disease with Hypochondriac Tendency”.

CASE NUMBER 64

Mrs. M., thirty-eight years old, fell ill in January, 1916, that is, eight years ago, with gall-stone colic, which recurred twice in 1918. Shortly afterward a physician confirmed constipation and distension of the abdomen. This condition changed from day to day, according to whether she was more or less constipated. She described her condition: "One could believe a child might walk around in my abdomen." Further symptoms: headache and fear of insanity, fear of unmotivated impulsive actions. Since 1917, for example, she had been afraid she would kill her child. This fear was precipitated through the portrayal of a similar case in the journals. Anxiety dreams at night, nightmare, attacks of obsessive laughing.

Consultation of a number of physicians without result.

In 1919 a doctor in Paris diagnosed chronic appendicitis. She was operated upon 1919. Not a sign of improvement. Returning home (June, 1919), she was hardly able to perform her household duties and seldom left her house.

She was examined in October, 1919, by X-ray and very carefully otherwise. She was told that she was suffering from intestinal intoxication (autointoxication) and that her condition would be incurable unless she would have an operation within two months. She refused at first to have one.

The difficulty continued unchanged; fresh examination gave a suspicion of an abdominal tumour. She suffered alternately from constipation and diarrhoea which appeared after meals.

On July, 1920, a total colectomy was performed. No improvement. The next physician made a diagnosis of enteroptosis and ordered an abdominal binder. Another wanted to send her to Vichy for disorder of the liver.

Her material situation changed and she was obliged to work. She worked fifteen months at the sewing machine despite her pain.

August, 1922, psychotherapy was attempted in a hospital, which at the beginning brought improvement. She soon came into conflict with the house regulations, became sleepless, and after some weeks left the hospital, dissatisfied, in which Dr. Mignard had treated her. June, 1923, another sojourn of twenty-five days at the hospital. Treatment with adrenalin and opium. The treatment excited her. Crises appeared: attacks of rigour, heart palpitation, humming in the ears; her condition grew worse from day to day.

At the end of July, 1923, anxiety states, especially in the morning after leaving her bed. Obsessive acts. She had to make the sign of the cross, although she no longer attends church – except on important feast days. “When her nerves give out” she is despondent, she feels the impulse to throw herself from the window, to attack people, to strike them. The feelings of anxiety arise from the stomach and give her the sensation of becoming insane.

She came again to a clinic in 1923. She makes the impression of an old woman, has deep furrows in her face, which even in repose bears the expression of extreme suffering. She complains of buzzing in her ears, flashes before the eyes, headache (only by day!). Nightmares of gloomy content torment her. She is in a state of constant excitement by day. She is without will, thinks only of her illness, and occupies herself solely with her symptoms. She cannot bear the noise her son makes. He makes her head “split”. She is afraid she might throw him from the window.

Spots show in the X-ray picture at the right of the vertebral column. Diagnosis: gall stones. The third operation is performed. Result: not a trace of gall stones.

Her suffering is unchanged. She is worse at the hospital than at home, where her life seemed so unendurable that she begged to be admitted. She is in a dream the whole day; her head is empty; she is negativistic and returns no answer. She knows, she is fully aware of it, she will never be well again.

The slightest diversion lessens the pain, which she designates as an “inner hurt”, as constant irritation. The pain now radiates to the left side toward the pelvic colon. An aperient, like belladonna treatment, at once brings on chills.

The headaches appear especially in the morning, are some times located in the neck, sometimes at the top of the head, and often accompanied with nausea and feelings of anxiety. The fear of doing something against her will (obsessive actions) persists. She never has any complaint against the physicians who operated upon her.

A radioscopy reveals the presence of the stones already once discovered (dark spots!). After the last X-ray examination she refuses any further investigation. The condition is so much worse that such is also impossible.

The two doctors are of the opinion that the pains and the hypochondriac ideas of the patient are organic in origin.

Such pains are very frequent in dilatation of the caecum and the right colon.

Colectomy was unsuccessful because other portions of the intestine had become distended under the influence of the constipation. The constipation was the result of vagotonia, which must alone be held responsible for the pains in the head.

Both physicians question whether a new operation is not indicated and express the fear that it might have an unfavourable effect upon the patient.

The “psychotherapist” Hartenberg advocates in the discussion that follows removal of supposed kidney stones through surgery. Briand, too, is for operation. Finally the authors repeat the question: Operation or not? Hartenberg has no doubt of the answer and Delams summarizes the opinion of all in the words: The organic disease forces us to the decision.

This is a case of a severe parapathy expressing itself in physical symptoms (somatization). It seems to me doubtful whether kidney stones are actually present. In no case do they determine the clinical picture. It is astonishing that not a word is said of the patient’s private life, her marriage, her mental conflicts. The picture of obsessive parapathy shines clearly through the symptoms (obsessive laughing, obsessive impulses, obsessive actions, furthermore feelings of anxiety).

It is emphasized that the woman with remarkable patience never complains of her operators. One observes plainly that an immanent sense of guilt urges her to operations. There is no doubt in my mind that another operation will make the condition considerably worse. The patient, who is completely introverted and lives in the hospital entirely in her daydreams, is a lost case.

Psychotherapy should have been able to save her. But is an analysis possible in a hospital where the phenomena of transference and jealousy develop such insuperable obstacles?

I cannot, unfortunately, avoid speaking here upon the important theme of “the sadism of doctors”. Doctors are only human, and as such are bipolar in love and hate toward mankind and their patients. It makes sense then that all physicians should have themselves analysed; first, in order to learn about analysis and make use of that knowledge in their practice, and second, to conquer and sublimate their own sadism.

POSTSCRIPT

The sadomasochistic neurosis is the sickness of an evil conscience. It seems strange at first glance that these illnesses are not known to consciousness, that religion has not overcome them. Their often absurd hatred toward religion, their exalted atheism, betray the overcompensation of an opposing current. I may mention the hatred of priests of a Marquis de Sade, whose portrayals of subtle cruelties and paraphilias alternate with tedious and wearisome tirades against the clergy.

No one writes an Antichrist who is not secretly a believing Christian. Our patients behave like antichrists, but they preserve for the most part their chastity, they shrink from sexual intercourse, and mask their weakness through an external technic of cruel aggression. Thus they afford a caricature of our disrupted times.

Behind the mask of culture, the primitive attitude of hatred is concealed. But, likewise, behind the sadistic beast is hidden the anagogic tendency to overcome the beast. The inner struggle is projected outwardly. Hatred toward the family becomes hatred toward oneself, and hatred toward oneself rises into hatred directed toward the whole world. The paraphilias are projections of the internal laceration.

A strong feeling of inferiority is characteristic of all these patients, arising from the endopsychic recognition of their own asocial natures. Many of our patients have been trained to a sense of inferiority, others acquire it through social prejudices. I have already spoken of the sadism of the cripple. Here belongs also the sadism of illegitimate children, the sadism of the unfairly despised. (A beautiful example is the case of the vampire: Number 49.) Where society sows

hatred, it reaps paraphilias.

The best prophylaxis for these paraphilias lies, as I have already said, in education. What society needs is a campaign against envy and jealousy. If we reduce the different cases of sadomasochism which I have presented to one affect, we strike upon jealousy and the preparedness for jealousy.

That individual is jealous who has not found satisfaction in love.

Our patients are all incapable of love and consumed with desire for it. They transfer this condition to the entire world about them. They crave recognition and sympathy and act as if they had no desire for them. They are all ambitious, but too weak to carry out their ambitious plans for a great historical mission. Thus envy and jealousy drive them into the role of the revengeful person and the penitent one. They feel themselves cheated of their desired happiness and allay their pain in the pleasure of the wrong they can do themselves and others. The compulsion of the external world creates an inner compulsion.

Every pressure produces a counterpressure.

So long as this world is sick, there will be sick people.

VAMPIRISM, CANNIBALISM AND NECROPHILIA; CASTRATION AND
AMPUTATION COMPLEXES; GENITAL MUTILATION; BESTIALITY AND
SODOMY WITH DOGS; IMPALEMENT FANTASIES; CRUCIFIXION
COMPLEXES; UROLAGNIA AND COPROPHILIA; ANAL FETISHES;
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