

Perhaps I can best explain my view by an example which will also take us back to dream-interpretation. One day I was struggling to understand the significance of the sensation we sometimes have of inhibited movement, of being unable to stir, unable to have done with something, and the like, which appears so often in dreams, and which is so similar to the feeling of anxiety. That night I had the following dream: *I am going, very incompletely dressed, from an apartment on the ground floor up a flight of stairs to a floor higher up. As I go I jump three steps at a time, pleased that I can climb stairs so nimbly. Suddenly I see a maidservant coming down the steps, that is, towards me. I feel embarrassed, try to hurry, and then that sensation of inhibition appears. I am stuck to the steps and cannot move.*

Analysis: The situation in the dream is taken from everyday reality. I have two flats in an apartment-building in Vienna which are connected only by the main flight of stairs outside them. My consulting-room and study are on the upper ground floor, the living rooms on the floor above. When I have finished my work in the lower apartment late in the evening, I go up the flight of stairs to my bedroom. On the evening before the dream I had in fact gone this short distance in rather dishevelled dress, that is, I had taken off my collar, tie and cuffs; in the dream this had become a greater degree, as usual vague, of undress. Jumping the steps is my customary way of going upstairs, though here it was a wish-fulfilment as well, already recognized as such in the dream, for my ease in performing this feat reassured me as to the condition of my heart. Moreover, this way of going upstairs is the effective opposite to the inhibition in the second half of the dream. It shows me what needs no proof: that the dream has no difficulty in imagining motor actions being performed to perfection: think, for instance, of flying in dreams!

However, the flight of stairs I am going up is not that of my own house; at first I do not recognize it and only the person coming towards me enlightens me as to the place intended. This person is the maidservant of the old lady I visit twice a day to give her injections; the flight of stairs is also quite similar to those I have to climb there twice a day.

How have these stairs and this woman got into my dream? The embarrassment at not being fully dressed is undoubtedly sexual in character; the maidservant I dreamed about is older than I, surly and not at all attractive. The only answer I can think of to these questions

is the following: whenever I make my morning visit to this house, I usually have to clear my throat; the product of my expectoration lands on one of the steps. For there is no spittoon on either of these two floors, and I take the view that keeping the stairs clean ought not to be at my expense, but aided by the provision of a spittoon. The housekeeper, likewise an elderly and surly person, but, I willingly grant, with an instinct for cleanliness, takes a different point of view from mine over this matter. She lies in wait for me to see if I will again permit myself this liberty, and when she has established that I have, I hear her grumbling audibly. Then for days she will deny me the usual marks of respect when we encounter each other. On the day before my dream, the housekeeper acquired an ally in the maid. I had completed my visit to the invalid, hurriedly, as always, when the maidservant stopped me in the hallway and uttered the pronouncement: 'Doctor, you might have wiped your boots today before you came into the room. Your feet have made the red carpet all dirty again.' This is the entire claim the flight of stairs and the maidservant can make for appearing in my dream.

Between my flying over the stairs and spitting on the steps there is a close connection. Throat catarrh and heart trouble are both supposed to represent a punishment for the vice of smoking, which of course has given me as low a reputation for cleanliness with the lady in charge of domestic affairs in my own house as in the other; the dream had fused both into a single structure.

I must postpone further interpretation of this dream until I can explain the origin of the typical dream of being incompletely clothed. As a provisional conclusion to be drawn from the dream, I shall say only that the dream-sensation of inhibited movement is always called up wherever a certain context requires it. The cause of this dream-content cannot have been any particularly immobile condition of mine while asleep, for not a moment before I had seen myself leaping light of foot up steps as though to reassure myself on this question.

(d) Typical Dreams

In general we are unable to interpret someone else's dream if the person concerned is unwilling to yield us the unconscious thoughts behind its content—which is a serious restriction on the practical

utility of our method of interpreting dreams. But, quite in contrast to the individual's usual freedom to trick out his dream-world in his own peculiar way and so make it inaccessible to others, there are a certain number of dreams which almost everyone has dreamed in the same way, and which we usually assume have the same meaning for everyone too. These typical dreams are also particularly interesting because they presumably derive from the same sources in all dreamers and so they seem particularly well suited to provide us with information about the sources of dreams.

In dealing with these typical dreams, I find I am hampered by the chance circumstance that I have not had access to enough of them in my own experience. So I shall do no more than give a fuller assessment of some model examples in this category, and to do this I shall select what we call the embarrassment-dream of being naked, and the dream of the death of relatives dear to us.

Dreams of being naked or ill-clad in the presence of strangers also occur with the added feature of not being ashamed of this, and the like. But we are interested in dreams of nakedness only when the dreamer feels shame or embarrassment in this kind of dream, wants to run away or hide, and then is subject to the peculiar inhibition of being unable to move from the spot and feeling incapable of doing anything to alter the embarrassing situation. It is only in this combination that the dream is typical; in other respects its content may be involved at its core in all sorts of other connections and shot through with additional elements personal to the individual. What is essential is the embarrassing sensation of shame, of wanting to hide one's nakedness, usually by mobility, and of being unable to do so. I believe that most of my readers at some time will have found themselves in this situation in their dreams.

Usually the nature and kind of undress is not very distinct. We hear it said, for instance, 'I was in my shirt', but this is rarely a clear image. Mostly the unclad state is so indefinite that when it is related an alternative is given: 'I was in my shirt or underwear.' As a rule the deficiency in dress is not so bad that the shame associated with it would seem justified. For someone who has worn the Emperor's uniform, nakedness is often replaced by incorrect dress: 'I am in the street without my sabre and I can see a group of officers coming towards me', or 'without my necktie', or 'I am wearing checked civilian trousers', and the like.

The people in whose presence one feels ashamed are almost always strangers, their faces left indefinite. It never happens in a typical dream that they raise objections or draw attention to the form of dress which is so embarrassing to oneself. On the contrary, these people are indifferent or, as I could see from one particularly clear dream, stiff and solemn in demeanour. This is worth reflecting on.

Between them the shame and embarrassment of the dreamer and the indifference of the other people produce a contradiction of the kind that often occurs in dreams. After all, the only thing appropriate to the dreamer's feeling would be for the strangers to gaze at him with astonishment and laugh at him, or be indignant at the sight. But as I see it, this offensive feature is removed from the dream by wish-fulfilment, while the other, sustained by some power or other, remains in place, and in this way the two parts are out of harmony with each other. We have interesting testimony that this dream, partly distorted as it is by wish-fulfilment, has not been rightly understood. It has, of course, become the basis of a fairy-tale familiar to us all in the version by Hans Andersen,^{20*} and has recently been put to poetic use by L. Fulda* in his *Talisman*. Andersen's tale tells of two deceivers who weave a precious garment for the Emperor which is supposed to be visible only to the virtuous and loyal among his subjects. The Emperor goes forth clad in this invisible garment, and, for fear of the power of the raiment as a touchstone of their loyalty, everyone pretends not to notice that the Emperor is naked.

But this is the very situation in our dream. We do not have to be very bold to assume that as the dream-content was not understood, this provided a spur to inventing a guise in which the situation on the brink of memory makes some sense. The situation is thereby robbed of its original meaning and put at the service of other purposes. But we shall hear that a misunderstanding of this kind—of the dream-content by the conscious thinking of a second psychical system—occurs frequently and is to be acknowledged as a factor in the final form of the dream; and further, that similar misunderstandings—also within the same psychical personality—play a major part in the creation of obsessions and phobias. As for our dream, it is also possible to say where the material for this reinterpretation is taken from. The deceiver is the dream, the

²⁰ 'The Emperor's New Clothes'.

Emperor the dreamer himself, and the moralizing tendency betrays an obscure awareness that what is involved in the latent dream-content are forbidden wishes which have been sacrificed to the power of repression. In fact, the context in which dreams of this kind appear in the course of my analyses of neurotic cases leaves no room for doubt that what lies at the bottom of the dream is a memory from our earliest childhood. It is only in our childhood that we are seen in inadequate clothing by our relatives, as well as by strange nursemaids, servant-girls, and visitors, and in those days we were not ashamed of our nakedness.²¹ With many children we can observe that even in later years being undressed has an exhilarating effect on them rather than inducing shame. They laugh, leap around, and slap themselves, and their mother or whoever else is by reprimands them and says: 'Stop it! That's naughty! You mustn't do that.' Children often display exhibitionist pleasure in the wish to show themselves off: you can hardly walk through a village in the countryside around here without encountering a two- or three-year-old who lifts his little shirt to the traveller, perhaps in his honour. One of my patients has preserved a conscious memory of a scene from his eighth year in which, after undressing before going to bed, he tried to dance out in his shirt to his little sister in the next room, and the maidservant who was looking after him prevented it. Exposure before children of the opposite sex plays a large part in the early lives of neurotics; in paranoia the illusion of being observed while dressing and undressing is to be traced back to this experience; among adults remaining in the perverse stage there is a class in whom this infantile impulse has been raised to the point of becoming a symptom: the class of *exhibitionists*.

When we look back, this childhood where shame is absent appears to us as a paradise, and Paradise itself is nothing but the mass fantasy of the childhood of the individual. This is why in Paradise too human beings are naked and feel no shame in each other's presence, until a moment comes when shame and anxiety awaken and sexual life and the work of culture begins.* Now, dreams can take us back to this Paradise every night. We have already raised the supposition that impressions from our earliest childhood (the prehistorical

²¹ The child also makes an appearance in the fairy-tale, for in it a small child suddenly calls out: 'But he has nothing on.'

period up to about the end of our third year) demand reproduction for their own sake, perhaps regardless of their content, and that their repetition is a wish-fulfilment. Thus nakedness-dreams are *exhibition-dreams*.

The heart of the exhibition-dream is formed by one's own figure, seen not as a child's, but as it is in the present, and by the inadequate clothing, which looks indistinct, overlaid as it is by so many later recollections of undress or to please the censorship; then there are also the persons in whose presence one feels ashamed. I know of no instance in which the actual spectators of these infantile exhibitions reappear in the dream: for the dream is hardly ever a simple recollection. Curiously enough, the people in whom we did have a sexual interest when we were children are left out of all the reproductions found in dreams, hysteria, and obsessive neurosis: it is only paranoia which restores the spectators, deducing with fanatical conviction that although they have remained invisible, they are really present. What the dream puts in their place, 'a lot of strangers' who take no notice of the spectacle offered them, is virtually the *wishful opposite* to the one familiar person in front of whom one exposed oneself. Incidentally, 'a lot of strangers' frequently appear in dreams in any number of other contexts: as wishful opposites, they always signify 'secrets'. It is noticeable that the restoration of the earlier state of affairs occurring in paranoia also takes this opposite into account. One is no longer alone, one is certainly being observed, but the observers are 'a lot of strangers, left curiously indefinite'.

Moreover, in the exhibition-dream repression finds a voice. The embarrassing feeling in the dream is, after all, the reaction of the second psychical system to the fact that the content of the exhibition scene which it repudiated has nevertheless contrived to reach representation. To spare it this, the scene should not have been brought to life again.

We will deal with the feeling of inhibition again later. In dreams it is an excellent means of representing the *conflict of will*, the *No*. The unconscious intention is to continue the exhibition, the demand of the censorship is to break it off.

The relationships of our typical dreams to fairy-tales and other poetic materials are certainly neither isolated nor accidental. The poet is normally the instrument of the transformation process, but on occasion the keen poet's eye has understood it analytically and

pursued it backwards, tracing the poem back to the dream. A friend has drawn my attention to the following passage from G. Keller's *Green Henry*: 'It is not my wish, my dear Lee, that you should ever learn from experience the exquisitely piquant truth in Odysseus' situation when he appears naked and covered with mud before Nausicaa and her companions! Do you want to know what is going on in it? Some time, when you are separated from your homeland and all you hold dear, roaming in foreign lands, and when you have seen much and experienced much, when you are acquainted with grief and sorrow, are wretched and deserted, then at night you are sure to dream that you are drawing near your homeland. You will see it shining, radiant in the loveliest colours. Fair and gracious figures come to meet you. Then you suddenly discover that you are walking in rags, naked and covered in dust. A nameless shame and fear take hold of you. You try to cover yourself, to hide, and you wake bathed in sweat. As long as mankind has existed, this has been the dream of the sorrowful, storm-tossed man, and thus it is that Homer has taken that situation from the depths of man's eternal nature.'²

The depths of mankind's eternal nature, which the poet invariably counts on arousing in his listeners, are made of those motions of our inner life rooted in that time of our childhood which later becomes prehistoric. From behind the irreproachable wishes of the homeless man which are suitable for consciousness, infantile wishes break out which have become impermissible, and that is why the dream externalized in the legend of Nausicaa invariably turns into an anxiety-dream.

My own dream, referred to on p. 184, of running up the stairs, which turned soon afterwards into being rooted to the spot, is also an exhibition-dream, as it shows the essential elements of its kind. So it should be traceable back to childhood experiences, and knowledge of these should enlighten us as to how far the maidservant's behaviour towards me, her objection that I dirtied the carpet, helps her to the position she has in the dream. In fact I can supply the desired explanation. In a psychoanalysis one learns to reinterpret closeness in time as closeness in subject-matter. Two ideas, apparently unconnected, following immediately upon each other, belong to a unity which is to be inferred, just as an 'a' and a 'b' which I write down one after the other have to be spoken as a syllable, 'ab'. Likewise in relating elements to one another in dreams. The dream of the stairs

referred to is taken from a series of dreams, and I am familiar with the interpretation of the other items in it. This dream, surrounded by the others, must belong in the same context. Now at the basis of the other dreams around it there was the memory of a nursemaid who looked after me from some date when I was still being breast-fed until I was two-and-a-half years old. According to information I recently gathered from my mother, she was old and ugly, but very intelligent and competent. From what I may conclude from my dreams, she did not always treat me with the most loving care, and had harsh words for me if I failed to respond satisfactorily to her upbringing in cleanliness. So, in taking it on herself to continue this work of education, the maidservant earns the right to be treated as an incarnation of the prehistoric old nurse in my dream. We may assume that, despite her ill-treatment, the child was fond of this tutelary figure.²²

Another group of dreams which may be called typical are those in which a dear relative, a parent, or brother or sister, a child, and so on, has died. We must immediately distinguish two classes of these dreams: those where the dreamer remains untouched by sorrow, so that on waking he wonders at his lack of feeling; and the others, in which the dreamer feels profound grief at the death, indeed, expressing it even by weeping passionately in his sleep.

The dreams of the first group we may put aside. They have no claim to be regarded as typical. On analysis we find that they mean something different from what they contain, that they are intended to conceal some other wish. Take the dream of the aunt who sees her sister's only son before her in his coffin (p. 120). That does not mean that she wishes her little nephew were dead but, as we learned, it means the wish to see a certain much-loved person again after a long parting, the same person she had once seen again after a similar long interval at the dead body of another nephew. This wish, which is the true content of the dream, offers no occasion for grief, and that is why no grief is felt in the dream either. We note here that the affect contained in the dream does not belong to the manifest but to the

²² An over-interpretation of this dream would run: spitting [*Spucken*] on the steps would lead—since *Spuken* [haunting] is an activity of spirits—by way of rough translation to '*esprit d'escalier*'. *L'esprit d'escalier* means much the same as lack of ready wit [*Schlagfertigkeit* = (lit.) readiness with a blow]. That is a fault I really must admit to. Or was the nursemaid not ready enough with her blows, perhaps?

latent dream-content, and that the emotional content of the dream has remained free of the distortion that affected its representational content.

The case of dreams where the death of a dear relative is represented is different when emotions of sorrow are also felt. These mean what their content says: the wish that the person concerned might die. And as I may expect that all my readers' feelings and those of everyone who has had a dream of this kind will baulk at my interpretation, I must attempt to prove it on the broadest of foundations.

We have already explained one dream which taught us that the wishes that are represented as fulfilled in our dreams are not always current wishes. They can also be wishes that are past, over and done, overlaid or repressed, but which we are still obliged to credit with a kind of continued existence only because they surface again in our dreams. They are not dead as we conceive the dead, but are like the shades in the *Odyssey** who wake to a kind of life once they have drunk blood. That dream (p. 121) of the dead child in the box is concerned with a wish that was active fifteen years before and frankly admitted to be from that time. It is perhaps not unimportant for the theory of dreams if I add that at the basis even of this dream there lies a memory from earliest childhood. As a little girl—it cannot be said for certain when—the dreamer had heard that during the pregnancy of which she was the product her mother had fallen into a deep depression and with all her heart had wished the child in her womb dead. Now an adult and pregnant herself, she was only following her mother's example.

If anyone has a dream filled with grief that their mother or father, brother or sister has died, I never take this dream for evidence that the dreamer wishes them dead *now*. The theory of dreams does not make so great a demand; it is content to conclude that—some time in childhood—he *has* wished them dead. But I am afraid this qualification will still do little to pacify my critics; they may dispute just as energetically the possibility that they ever had such a thought, just as they feel sure that they do not nurse such wishes at the present time. That is why I have to restore a part of the lost inner life of childhood, according to the evidence that the present still has to show.

Let us first look at the relationship children have to their brothers

and sisters. I do not know why we assume that it must be a loving one, for there are insistent examples of hostility between adult siblings in everyone's experience, and we are so often able to establish that these quarrels began in childhood or have always existed. But very many adults too, who are very close to their siblings today and support them, lived in a state of scarcely interrupted enmity with them during childhood. The older child has mistreated the younger, told tales about him, stolen his toys; the younger, in helpless rage at the older, admires him, envies him, and fears him, or turns his first conscious stirrings for freedom and justice against the oppressor. The parents say the children don't get on well, and cannot find the reason for it. It is not difficult to see that even the character of a good child is different from what would be desirable in an adult. Children are absolutely self-centred, they feel their needs intensely and aim quite ruthlessly at their satisfaction, particularly at the expense of their rivals, other children, and above all their brothers and sisters. But that does not make us call the child 'wicked'; we call him 'naughty'; he is not responsible for his bad deeds, neither in our judgement nor before the law. And rightly so. For we may expect that within the lifespan we ascribe to children, stirrings of altruism and a sense of morality will awaken, and that, as Meynert puts it, a secondary ego will overlay the primary and inhibit it. Morality probably will not develop at the same time in every child; also, the length of the amoral childhood period is different in different individuals. If this morality fails to develop, it pleases us to speak of 'degeneration', though obviously it is a matter of hampered development. Where the primary character has already been overlaid by later development, it can still come to the surface again at least partially, if the subject falls ill with hysteria. The similarity of what we call the hysterical character with that of a naughty child is really quite striking. Obsessional neurosis, by contrast, corresponds to an excessive morality, reinforcing the burden on the primary character as this begins to stir again.

Thus many people who love their brothers and sisters today, and would feel bereft at their death, carry ill wishes towards them in their unconscious from long ago, which can be realized in dreams. But it is particularly interesting to observe small children of up to three years old or a little more in their behaviour towards their younger siblings. Until now, the child was the one and only. Now he is told that the

stork has brought a new baby. The child inspects the new arrival and declares firmly: 'The stork can take it away again.' It is my entirely serious opinion that the child has the measure of the disadvantage it has to expect from the stranger. I was told by a lady close to me, who gets on very well today with her sister, four years her junior, that when she heard the news of the new arrival, she answered with the reservation: 'But I won't give her my red cap.' Even if the child did not reach this insight until later, the arousal of her hostility would still date from that moment. I know of a case in which a little girl not yet three years old attempted to strangle the baby in its cradle, sensing that no good would come of its further presence. Children of about this age are capable of jealousy, intensely and unmistakably. Or it can happen that the baby really does disappear quite soon, and once again the child is the centre of all the tenderness in the house. But then a new one arrives, sent by the stork. Is it not quite reasonable that our darling should generate within him the wish that his new competitor might meet with the same fate as the earlier one, so that things go as well again for him as they did before and in the interim? Of course, in normal circumstances this behaviour of the child to the later infant is a simple function of the difference in their ages. If the interval in age is greater, motherly instincts towards the helpless newborn baby will already begin to stir in the older girl.

Feelings of hostility towards siblings must be far more frequent in childhood than the imperceptive adult may observe.

In the case of my own children, who followed quickly on one another, I missed the opportunity to make observations of this kind. I am catching up on them now with my little nephew, whose sole reign was disturbed after fifteen months by the appearance of a rival. True, I am told that the young man behaves very chivalrously towards his little sister, kisses her hand, and strokes her. But I am becoming convinced that even before he is two years old he is using his ability to talk to criticize a creature who does, after all, appear superfluous in his eyes. Whenever the talk turns to her, he joins in the conversation and exclaims with displeasure: 'Too little, too little.' In recent months, weaned away from this contemptuous attitude by his excellent development, he has found different grounds for his admonition that she does not deserve so much attention. He reminds us on every occasion that offers: 'She hasn't got any teeth.' We all recall the story of the eldest daughter of another sister: six years old

at the time, for half an hour she kept asking all her aunts to reassure her: 'Lucie can't understand that yet, can she?' Lucie was her rival, two-and-a-half years her junior.

I have come upon the dream of a sibling's death appropriate to this intensified hostility in every one of my women patients, for example. I found only one exception, which could easily be interpreted as proving the rule. Once during a consultation I was explaining this state of affairs to a lady whose symptoms seemed worth considering under this aspect. To my astonishment she responded that she never had dreams of this kind. Another dream occurred to her which ostensibly had nothing to do with it. It was a dream she first had when she was four years old, as the youngest child at the time, and had then dreamed many times. *A flock of children, all her brothers, sisters, and cousins, were romping in a meadow. Suddenly they grew wings, flew up in the air, and were gone.* She had no idea what the dream meant. It will not be hard for us to recognize it as a dream of the death of all her brothers and sisters in its original form, very little affected by the censorship. I will venture to replace it with the following analysis. At the death of one of the flock—in this case the children of two brothers were brought up together as brothers and sisters—our little mourner, not yet four years old, will have asked a wise grown-up: 'What happens to children when they are dead?' The answer will have been: 'Then they grow wings and become little angels.' In the dream, in accordance with this explanation, all the brothers and sisters have wings like angels and—and this is the main thing—they fly away. Our little angel-maker* is left alone—think of it!—the only one left after such a great flock! The children romping in a meadow and then flying away from it is surely an unmistakable reference to butterflies, as if the child were drawn by the same combination of ideas as moved the ancients to picture the psyche with butterflies' wings.

Now perhaps someone will interject: 'Granted the hostile impulse of children towards their siblings, but how could a tender infant disposition reach such heights of wickedness as to wish its rivals or sturdier playfellows dead, as if every offence were only to be expiated by the death penalty?' Anyone who says this is not taking into account the child's idea of 'being dead', which has only the word and very little else in common with ours. The child knows nothing of the horrors of decomposition, of freezing in the cold grave, of the terror

of endless Nothingness which the adult's imagination cannot bear to contemplate, as all the myths of the world to come bear witness. The fear of death is unknown to the child; that is why he will play with the terrible word and threaten another: 'If you do that again, you'll die, like Franz!'—which makes his poor mother shudder, for she may be unable to forget that the greater part of mankind born on this earth will not outlive the years of childhood. Even at the age of eight, back from a visit to the Science Museum, a child can say to his mother: 'Mama, I love you so much; when you die I'll have you stuffed and set you up here in this room so that I can see you for ever and ever!' That is how little the child's idea of being dead resembles ours.

To the child, who is, after all, spared the scenes of suffering before death, being dead is much the same as 'being away', no longer disturbing the survivors. The child does not distinguish how this absence comes about, whether on account of a journey, an estrangement, or death. If in the prehistoric years his nurse is sent away and his mother dies a while later, the two events as they are uncovered in the course of analysis overlay each other in his memory. That the child does not miss them very intensely in their absence is something many a mother has learned to her sorrow on returning home after a summer trip of several weeks, when, in response to her enquiries she has to hear: 'The children haven't asked after their mama, not once.' But if she really has made the journey to 'That undiscovered country from whose bourne | No traveller returns',* the children will seem to have forgotten her at first and they will begin to remember her only *in retrospect*.

So if the child has motives for wishing another child away, there is nothing to stop him giving this wish the form of wanting him dead, and the psychological reaction to the wishful dream of death is evidence that, despite all the differences in content, the child's wish is nevertheless somehow the same as the consonant wish in the adult.

But if this wish for his brothers or sisters to die is explained by the child's self-centredness, which makes him see them as rivals, how are we to explain his death-wish towards his parents, who are for the child the givers of love and fulfillers of his needs, and whose preservation he should wish for simply from selfish motives?

We are led to a solution of this difficulty by our experience that dreams of a parent's death most frequently concern the parent who

shares the same sex as the dreamer, so that a man mostly dreams of his father's death, a woman of her mother's. I cannot set this up as the rule, but the predominance of the pattern I have indicated is so distinct that it requires to be explained by a factor of general significance. Put crudely, it is as though a sexual preference were established very early, as though the boy saw a rival for love in his father, and the girl in her mother, and removing them could only be of benefit to the child.

Before this idea is rejected as monstrous, let us take a good look at the real relationships between parents and children. We have to distinguish what the cultural demand to honour our parents requires of this relationship from what daily observation tells us is the case. There is more than one occasion for hostility hidden in the relationship between parents and children; the conditions for creating wishes which will not pass the censorship are present in abundance. Let us dwell first on the relation of father and son. It is my opinion that the sanctity we have accorded the Ten Commandments blunts our perception of reality. Perhaps we do not dare to notice that the greater part of mankind put themselves above obeying the Fourth Commandment.* At the lowest levels of human society as much as at the highest, parental respect habitually yields to other interests. The dark tidings that reach us in myth and legend from the primeval days of human society give us some idea of the power of the father and the ruthlessness with which he wielded it that is most disagreeable. Cronos devours his children, rather as the boar devours the mother-sow's farrow, and Zeus castrates his father and takes his place as ruler. The more absolute the father's rule in the ancient family, the more the son as rightful successor is forced into the position of enemy, and the greater his impatience to come to power himself through the death of the father. Even in our middle-class families, by refusing his son his independence and the wherewithal to support it, the father is helping to develop the natural seeds of enmity in him. The physician is often enough in a position to notice that in his grief at the loss of his father, the son cannot suppress his satisfaction at gaining his freedom at last. The father habitually keeps a rigid grip on the remnants of the dreadfully antiquated *potestas patris familias* in our society today, and every writer is sure of making an impact if, like Ibsen, he pushes the ancient battle between father and son to the foreground in his plot. The occasions for conflict between

daughter and mother arise when the daughter grows up and sees her mother as her wardress while she herself desires her sexual freedom; on the other hand, as her daughter blossoms the mother is reminded that the time has come for her to give up her own claims to sexuality.

All these relationships are plain for everyone to see. But they do not take us any further in our aim to explain the dreams of a parent's death in persons whose honour for their father and mother has long been something sacrosanct. Moreover, our previous discussions have prepared us to expect that the death-wish towards the parents will derive from earliest childhood.

This assumption is confirmed by our analyses in the case of psychoneurotics with a certainty that excludes any doubt. We learn from them that sexual wishes in the child—insofar as they can be called that at such an early stage—develop very early, and that the girl's first affection is for her father, and the boy's first infant desire is for his mother. Thus the father becomes an intrusive rival for the boy, as the mother does for the girl, and we have already explained in the case of siblings how little the child needs for this feeling to lead to a death-wish. As a rule their sexual choice is already determined by the parents' preferences. A natural inclination sees to it that the husband will spoil his little daughter, the wife take her son's part, while both of them—as long as the magic of sex does not upset their judgement—will be strict in their influence on the little ones' upbringing. The child is quite aware of the preference and rebels against the parent who opposes it. To be loved by the grown-ups means for him not only the satisfaction of a particular need, but also that he will get his way in all other respects too. Thus the child follows his or her own sexual impulses and at the same time perpetuates what the parents initiated by choosing between them along the same lines as they did.

The signs of these infantile affections in children are, most of them, usually overlooked; a few can be noticed even after the first childhood years. An eight-year-old girl of my acquaintance took advantage of the opportunity offered when her mother was called away from table to proclaim herself her successor: 'I'll be mama now. Karl, do you want more vegetables? Do help yourself, please,' and so on. A particularly gifted and lively girl, not yet four years old and particularly transparent with regard to this aspect of child psych-

ology, declared point-blank: 'Mummy can go away now. Then daddy will have to marry me and I'll be his wife.' In the life of children this wish does not in the least exclude the child's tender love for her mother. If the little boy is allowed to sleep close to his mother when his father is away, and when his father returns he has to go back to the nursery to someone far less to his liking, then a wish could easily form that his father should always be absent so that he can keep his place near his dear, sweet mama, and one means of achieving this wish is obviously if his father were dead. For one thing his experience has taught him: 'dead' people, like grandpapa, for example, are always absent, and never come back.

Although such observations of small children neatly fit the interpretation I have suggested, still they do not have the same persuasive power that the psychoanalyses of adult neurotics have to convince the physician entirely. When neurotics tell me their dreams in this respect, they do so with introductory material of a kind that makes interpreting them as wishful dreams inescapable. I discover a lady one day in low spirits with eyes red from weeping. She says: 'I don't want to see my relatives again; the sight of me must fill them with horror.' Then, almost without transition, she tells me that she remembers a dream but of course she doesn't know what it means. She dreamed it when she was four, and it goes as follows: *A lynx or a fox is going for a walk on the roof, then something falls down, or she falls down, and then her mother is carried out of the house dead*, at which she weeps bitterly. I have scarcely informed her that this dream must mean a wish from her childhood to see her mother dead, and that this dream must be why she thinks her relations are filled with horror at her, when she promptly offers some material to explain the dream. 'Lynx-eyes' is a rude name she was once called by a street urchin when she was a very small child; when she was three years old, a tile fell from the roof onto her mother's head, so that she bled heavily.

I once had the opportunity to make a close study of a young girl who was going through a variety of psychical conditions. In the state of raving confusion with which her illness began, the patient showed a particular revulsion from her mother, struck her and swore at her whenever she came near her bed, while at the same time she remained loving and obedient towards a much older sister. There followed a lucid but apathetic condition, with very disturbed sleep;

in this phase I began her treatment and analysed her dreams. A vast number of them dealt, in more or less disguised form, with the death of her mother; in one dream she was attending the funeral of an old woman; in another she saw herself and her sister sitting at table in mourning. There was no doubt as to the meaning of these dreams. As she improved further, hysterical phobias made an appearance; the most tormenting was that something had happened to her mother. Then, wherever she might be, she had to hurry home to convince herself that her mother was still alive. This case, in combination with what I had learned elsewhere, was very instructive. It showed the variety of ways the psychical apparatus has of reacting to the same initiating idea, translated, as it were, into many languages. In her confused condition, when, as I see it, the second psychical agency was overwhelmed by the normally suppressed first, her unconscious hostility towards her mother powerfully affected her motor activity; then, as she first grew calmer, and her turmoil was suppressed and the power of the censorship restored, this hostility had only the field of dreaming left open to it to realize the wish for her mother's death; as this state of normality grew still stronger, it created the excessive concern for her mother as a hysterical counter-reaction and defensive phenomenon. In this connection, it is no longer inexplicable why hysterical girls so often cling to their mothers with such extravagant tenderness.

Another time I had the opportunity to see deep into the unconscious inner life of a young man whose obsessional neurosis had made him almost incapable of living; he could not go out into the street because he was tormented by the fear that he might kill every passer-by. He spent his days sorting out the evidence for his alibi in case he should be accused of any murder that occurred in town. It goes without saying that he was as moral a person as he was highly cultured. The analysis—which, by the way, led to his recovery—revealed the basis of this painful obsession to be murderous impulses towards his rather too severe father, which to his astonishment had expressed themselves consciously when he was seven years old, though of course they derived from much earlier childhood years. After his father's painful illness and death, when he was thirty years old the obsessional accusation appeared, transferred to strangers in the form of this phobia. Anyone capable of wanting to hurl his own father from a mountain-peak into the abyss below cannot, to his way

of thinking, be trusted to spare the lives of those less close to him; so he is quite right to lock himself up in his room.

In my experience, which is already very extensive, parents play the main parts in the inner life of all children who later become psychoneurotics. Being in love with the one parent and hating the other belong to the indispensable stock of psychical impulses being formed at that time which are so important for the later neurosis. But I do not believe that in this respect psychoneurotics are to be sharply distinguished from other children of Adam with a normal development in their capacity to create something absolutely new and theirs alone. It is far more likely—and this is supported by occasional observations of normal children—that with these loving and hostile wishes towards their parents too, psychoneurotics are only revealing to us, by magnifying it, what goes on less clearly and less intensely in the inner life of most children. In support of this insight the ancient world has provided us with a legend whose far-reaching and universal power can only be understood if we grant a similar universality to the assumption from child-psychology we have just been discussing.

I refer to the legend of King Oedipus* and the drama of that name by Sophocles. Oedipus, son of Laius, King of Thebes, and Jocasta, is abandoned as an infant because an oracle had proclaimed to his father that his son yet unborn would be his murderer. He is rescued and grows up as a king's son at a foreign court, until he himself consults the oracle about his origins, and receives the counsel that he should flee his home city, because he would perforce become his father's murderer and his mother's spouse. On the road from his supposed home city he encounters King Laius and kills him in a sudden quarrel. Then he arrives before Thebes, where he solves the riddle of the Sphinx as she bars his way, and in gratitude he is chosen by the Thebans to be their king and presented with Jocasta's hand in marriage. He reigns long in peace and dignity, and begets two sons and two daughters with his—unbeknown—mother, until a plague breaks out, occasioning fresh questioning of the oracle by the Thebans. At this point Sophocles' tragedy begins. The messengers bring word that the plague will end when the murderer of Laius is driven from the land. But where is he?

... Where shall we hope to uncover
The faded traces of that far-distant crime?*

The action of the play consists now in the gradually intensified and skilfully delayed revelation—comparable to the work of a psychoanalysis—that Oedipus himself is Laius' murderer, but also that he is the son of the murdered king and Jocasta. Shattered by the abomination he has in his ignorance committed, Oedipus blinds himself and leaves his homeland. The oracle is fulfilled.

Oedipus the King is what we call a tragedy of fate; its tragic effect is supposed to depend on the contrast between the all-powerful will of the gods and the vain struggles of men threatened by disaster. What the deeply moved spectator is meant to learn from the tragedy is submission to the will of the divinity and insight into his own powerlessness. Consequently, modern dramatists have tried to achieve a similar tragic effect by weaving the same contrast into a plot of their own invention. But the spectators have looked on unmoved as, despite all the efforts of innocent humans, some curse or oracle is fulfilled. The later tragedies of fate* have failed in their effect.

If *Oedipus the King* is able to move modern man no less deeply than the Greeks who were Sophocles' contemporaries, the solution can only be that the effect of Greek tragedy does not depend on the contrast between fate and human will, but is to be sought in the distinctive nature of the subject-matter exemplifying this contrast. There must be a voice within us that is ready to acknowledge the compelling force of fate in *Oedipus*, while we are able to reject as arbitrary such disposals as are to be found in *Die Ahnfrau* or other tragedies of fate. And a factor of this kind is indeed contained in the story of King Oedipus. His fate moves us only because it could have been our own as well, because at our birth the oracle pronounced the same curse upon us as it did on him. It was perhaps ordained that we should all of us turn our first sexual impulses towards our mother, our first hatred and violent wishes against our father. Our dreams convince us of it. King Oedipus, who killed his father Laius and married his mother Jocasta, is only the fulfilment of our childhood wish. But, more fortunate than he, we have since succeeded, at least insofar as we have not become psychoneurotics, in detaching our sexual impulses from our mothers and forgetting our jealousy of our fathers. We recoil from the figure who has fulfilled that ancient childhood wish with the entire sum of repression which these wishes have since undergone within us. As the poet brings Oedipus'

guilt to light in the course of his investigation, he compels us to recognize our own inner life, where those impulses, though suppressed, are still present. The contrast with which the chorus takes its leave:

... behold: this was Oedipus,
Greatest of men; he held the key to the deepest mysteries;
Was envied by all his fellow-men for his great prosperity;
Behold, what a full tide of misfortune swept over his head. (p. 68)

this admonition refers to us too and our pride, who have grown so wise and powerful in our own estimation since our childish years. Like Oedipus we live in ignorance of those wishes, offensive to morality and forced upon us by Nature, and once they have been revealed, there is little doubt we would all rather turn our gaze away from the scenes of our childhood.

There is an unmistakable indication in the text of Sophocles' tragedy itself that the legend of Oedipus sprang from that ancient dream material which contains the painful disturbance of our relations with our parents by the first stirrings of our sexuality. Jocasta consoles Oedipus at a stage where he has not yet learned the truth, but is troubled by the memory of what the oracle proclaimed. She refers to a dream which many indeed do dream, but without—or so she thinks—its having any significance:

Nor need this mother-marrying frighten you;
Many a man has dreamt as much. Such things
Must be forgotten, if life is to be endured. (p. 53)

The dream of having sexual intercourse with the mother is dreamed by many today as it was then, and they recount it with indignation and amazement. It is clearly the key to the tragedy and the complement to the dream of the father's death. The Oedipus story is the imagination's reaction to these two typical dreams, and just as the dreams of the adult are filled with feelings of revulsion, the legend too is bound to include the horror and self-punishment in its content. Its further revision derives from a misleading secondary revision of the subject-matter, which seeks to make use of it for theological ends. (Compare the subject-matter of the exhibition-dream, p. 186.) (The attempt to reconcile divine omnipotence with

human responsibility, of course, is bound to be defeated by this material, as by any other.)²³

I cannot leave the typical dreams of the death of dear relatives without adding some words to elucidate their general significance for the theory of dreams. These dreams present the very unusual

²³ Another great creation of tragic poetry is rooted in the same soil as *Oedipus the King*: Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. But the change in treatment of the same material reveals the difference in the inner life of these two cultural periods so remote from each other: the advance of repression over the centuries in mankind's emotional life. In *Oedipus* the child's wishful fantasy on which it is based is out in the open and realized—as it is in dreams; in *Hamlet* it remains repressed, and we learn of its existence—as we learn of a neurosis—only through the inhibiting effects it produces. Curiously, *Hamlet* has shown that the overwhelming power of modern drama is compatible with the fact that we can remain quite unclear about the hero's character. The play is based on Hamlet's hesitation in fulfilling the task of revenge laid upon him; what the reasons or motives are for this hesitation the text does not say; the most various attempts at interpretation have not been able to identify them. According to the view argued by Goethe and still dominant today, Hamlet represents the type of human being whose power of action is paralysed by the over-development of the activity of thought ('sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought').* According to others, the poet has attempted to portray a pathological, irresolute character close to neurasthenia. However, the drama's plot tells us that Hamlet should certainly not appear to be entirely incapable of action. We see him in action twice, once in sudden passion, when he stabs the eavesdropper behind the arras, the second time purposefully, indeed cunningly, when with all the insouciance of a Renaissance prince he dispatches the two courtiers to the death intended for himself. So what inhibits him from fulfilling the task laid upon him by his father's ghost? Here again we have at our disposal the knowledge that it is the particular nature of this task. Hamlet can do anything—except take revenge on the man who removed his father and took the latter's place beside his mother, the man who shows him his own repressed infant wishes realized. The revulsion that should urge him to revenge is thus replaced by self-recrimination, by the scruples of conscience which accuse him of being, quite literally, no better than the sinner he has to punish. I have translated into conscious terms what is bound to remain unconscious in the hero's psyche; if anyone wants to call Hamlet a hysteric, I can only acknowledge that it is an inference my interpretation admits. The sexual revulsion which Hamlet expresses in the dialogue with Ophelia is congruent with it—the same sexual revulsion which was to take increasing hold of the poet's psyche in the following years, reaching its extreme in *Timon of Athens*. Of course it can only have been the poet's own inner life that confronts us in *Hamlet*; I note from the work on Shakespeare by Georg Brandes* (1896) that the drama was written immediately after his father's death (1601), that is, when Shakespeare's mourning for his father was still fresh, and when presumably his childhood feelings towards him were revived. It is also known that Shakespeare had a son called Hamnet* (identical with Hamlet) who died young. Just as *Hamlet* deals with the relationship of the son to his parents, so *Macbeth*, written in much the same period, deals with the theme of childlessness.* Incidentally, just as every neurotic symptom, even the dream, is capable of over-interpretation, indeed demands it, if we are to understand it fully, so every truly poetic creation will have arisen from more than one motive and more than one impulse in the poet's psyche, and will admit of more than one interpretation. What I have attempted here is only an interpretation of the deepest layer of the impulses in the psyche of the creative poet.

instance of a dream-thought formed by a repressed wish escaping any censorship and entering the dream unaltered. There must be quite special conditions to make this fate possible. I think these dreams are encouraged by the following two factors. First, we cannot think of a wish more remote from us than this one; we believe that to wish that 'would not occur to us in our wildest dreams', and that is why the dream-censorship has no weapons against this monstrous thing, rather as Solon's laws were unable to decree any punishment for parricide. Secondly, however, it is just here that a remnant of the day very frequently comes halfway to meet the suppressed and unsuspected wish in the shape of a *care and concern* for the life of the dear person. The only way this concern can enter the dream and leave its mark is by making use of the congruent wish; but the wish is able to mask itself with the care and concern which has come to life during the day. If we take the view that all this happens more simply, that we are only continuing at night and in our dreams what we are concerned about by day, then we are just cutting off these dreams of the death of someone dear from their explanation, and holding on unnecessarily to an easily soluble puzzle.

It is also instructive to pursue the relation of these dreams to anxiety-dreams. In the dreams of the death of someone dear the repressed wish has found a way of escaping the censorship—and the distortion it imposes. Then it is unfailingly accompanied by feelings of pain or grief in the dream. Similarly, an anxiety-dream only comes about if the censorship has been entirely or partially overcome, while on the other hand the censorship is overcome the more easily if anxiety is already present as a current sensation deriving from somatic sources. In this way it becomes obvious what tendency the censorship pursues in exercising its office and practising dream-distortion: it is *in order to prevent the development of anxiety or other forms of distressing affect*.

In the previous discussion I spoke of the self-centredness of the child's psyche. I shall pick up on this with the aim of suggesting a connection: that dreams have preserved this characteristic too. They are all of them absolutely self-centred; in all of them the self, our own dear self, makes an appearance, even though disguised. The wishes fulfilled in them are invariably this self's wishes. Any dream said to have been called forth by interest in another is only a deception and a show. I shall submit to analysis a few examples contradicting this assertion.

I

A boy not yet four years old relates: *he saw a big dish, with vegetables and a big joint of roast meat on it, and all of a sudden the meat was eaten up whole, all in one piece—not cut up. He did not see the person who ate it.*²⁴

Who can the stranger be, whose sumptuous repast of roast meat fills our little one's dream? What the boy experienced on the day of the dream is bound to enlighten us on this score. For some days he has been on a milk diet prescribed by the physician; but on the evening of the day of the dream he was naughty and as a punishment he was not given any supper. He had endured a fast of this kind once before and behaved very bravely throughout. He knew that he would get nothing to eat, but he also did not dare to give the slightest indication that he was hungry. Upbringing is beginning to have its effect on him. It is already expressed in his dream, which shows the beginnings of dream-distortion. There is no doubt that he himself is the person whose wishes were directed at such a lavish meal, of roast meat in fact. But since he knows that this has been forbidden him, he does not dare, as hungry children do in their dreams (compare my little daughter Anna's dream of the strawberries, p. 104), to sit down to the meal himself. The person remains anonymous.

II

I dream on one occasion that I see displayed in a bookshop a new volume of a particular series in binding for connoisseurs, which I usually buy (monographs on art, world history, places famous for their art, etc.). *The new collection is called: 'Famous Speakers' (or 'Speeches') and the first volume bears the name 'Dr Lecher'.**

In the analysis, it seems improbable to me that the fame of Dr Lecher, the never-ending speechmaker of the German Obstruction in Parliament, should concern me in my dreams. It is in fact the case that a few days ago I took on new patients for psychological treat-

²⁴ The sheer size too, the excessive abundance, scale, and exaggeration of dreams, could be an infantile characteristic. The most ardent wish of children is to grow up and get as big a share of everything as the grown-ups; they are hard to satisfy; do not know the meaning of 'enough'; insatiably demand the repetition of anything that has given them pleasure or tasted nice. They only learn to moderate their demands, restrain themselves, and give in to others though the cultural process of their education. It is well known that the neurotic is also inclined to immoderation and excess.

ment, and am now compelled to speak for ten or eleven hours a day. So I am that kind of never-ending speechmaker myself.

III

Another time I dream that a teacher of my acquaintance at the University says: *My son, the myope.** Then there follows a dialogue consisting of brief remarks and replies. But then there follows a third part of the dream in which I and my sons are present, and as for the latent dream-content, father and son and Professor M. are only straw men corresponding to myself and my eldest son. On account of another peculiarity, I shall deal further with this dream later on.

IV

The following dream gives an example of really base egoistic feelings hiding themselves behind tender care.

My friend Otto is looking ill; he is brown in the face and has protruding eyes.

Otto is my family doctor, and I am still hopelessly in his debt because for years he has watched over the health of my children, treated them successfully when they were ill, and on top of that given them presents on every occasion that offered a pretext. He paid a visit on the day of the dream, and my wife remarked that he looked tired and under stress. At night my dream comes and lends him some of the symptoms of Basedow's disease.* Anyone who discards my rules in analysing dreams will understand this dream to mean that I am worried about my friend's health, and that this worry is realized in the dream. This would contradict not only the proposition that the dream is a wish-fulfilment, but also the other proposition that it is only accessible to egoistic impulses. But I would ask anyone who takes this line to explain my fears that Otto might be suffering from Basedow's disease, when his appearance does not give the slightest occasion for such a diagnosis. My analysis, on the other hand, provides the following material drawn from an event that took place six years ago. We were travelling, a small group of us, which also included Professor R., in deep darkness through the forest of N., a few hours from the place where we were spending the summer. Our driver, not entirely sober, tumbled us together with the carriage down a hillside, and it was fortunate that we all escaped unhurt. But we were forced to spend the night at the nearest inn, where the news

of our accident aroused great sympathy for us. One gentleman, showing the unmistakable symptoms of *Morbus Basedowii*—but only browning of the facial skin and protruding eyes, by the way, just as in the dream, no sign of struma—placed himself entirely at our disposal and asked what he could do for us. Professor R., in his forthright way, replied: 'Just lend me a nightshirt.' 'So sorry, I can't,' rejoined the noble fellow, and went his way.

In continuing the analysis, it occurs to me that Basedow* is not only the name of a physician but also of a famous educator. (Now that I am awake I do not feel entirely sure of this knowledge.) But my friend Otto is the person I have asked to take care of my children's physical welfare, particularly during puberty (hence the nightshirt), if anything were to happen to me. In seeing my friend Otto in my dream with the symptoms of our noble helper, I obviously mean to say: 'If anything happens to me, I can expect just as little from him for the children as from Baron L. on that occasion, despite his obliging offers.' The egoistic thread in this dream now seems to be revealed.

But where is the wish-fulfilment here? Not in my revenge on my friend Otto, who is fated to be badly treated in my dreams, but in the following association. In representing Otto as Baron L. in my dream, I have at the same time identified my own person with someone else, that is, with Professor R., for of course I am demanding something of Otto, just as on that occasion R. demanded something of Baron L. And there we have it. Professor R., with whom I would not otherwise dare to compare myself, is like me in one respect: he made his way independently outside the university and only late in life attained the title he had long merited. So once again, I want to become a professor! Even that 'late in life' is a wish-fulfilment, of course, for it means that I shall live long enough to see my boys through puberty myself.

I have no knowledge from my own experience of other typical dreams in which the dreamer is flying at his ease, or falling filled with feelings of anxiety, and everything I have to say about them I owe to my psychoanalyses of patients. From the information gathered from them, one is bound to conclude that these dreams too repeat impressions from childhood, and relate to the motion-games children find so enjoyable. What uncle is there who has not made a child fly by rushing through the room with him, arms outstretched, or played

'falling' by bouncing the child on his knees and then suddenly stretching out his legs, or by lifting the child up high and then suddenly pretending to take away his support? The children shout with pleasure and never tire of wanting it repeated, particularly when some fear and giddiness are involved. Then, years afterwards, they create the repetition in their dreams, but in their dreams they leave out the hands that held them, so that now they hover and fall freely. The pleasure all small children take in games such as swinging and bouncing is well known; when they see acrobatic tricks in the circus their memory is renewed. In many young boys a hysterical attack is made up of reproducing tricks of this kind, which they perform with great skill. Not infrequently in these motion-games, innocuous in themselves, sexual feelings will be aroused.²⁵ To use a common word covering all these games, it is the 'romping' [*Hetzen*] of childhood that is repeated in these dreams of flying, falling, growing giddy, and the like, but its feeling of pleasure is now turned into its opposite, changed into anxiety. But as every mother knows, the romping of childhood too ends often enough in quarrels and tears.

Thus I have good reason for rejecting the explanation that dreams of flying and falling are called up by the state of our tactile feelings during sleep or sensations of the movement of our lungs. As I see it, these sensations are themselves reproduced from the memory to which the dream relates, that is, they are the content of the dream and not its source.

Everyone who has finished his senior years at school with the final matriculation examination complains how persistently he is pursued by the dream that he has failed, has to repeat a year, and the like. For someone who possesses an academic degree, this typical dream is replaced by another, which offers the prospect of not holding his own at the viva for his doctorate, though he may object in vain in his sleep that he has been practising medicine for years, is a university

²⁵ Apropos, a young colleague, entirely free of nervous troubles, told me: 'I know from my own experience that when swinging as a child, and at the very moment when the downward movement had the greatest impact, I had a peculiar feeling in the genitals which, though it was not really very agreeable, I have to describe as a feeling of pleasure.'—I have often heard from patients that the first pleasurable erections they remember appeared in boyhood when they were climbing.—It emerges from psychoanalyses with great certainty that the first stirrings of sexuality frequently have their roots in childhood scuffling and wrestling.

lecturer, or head of a government department. These are the ineradicable memories of punishments we suffered in childhood for our misdeeds stirring within us again, attaching themselves to the two decisive stages of our studies, the 'dies irae, dies illa'* of these strict examinations. The 'examination-fear' of neurotics, too, is reinforced by this infantile anxiety. Once we have ceased to be schoolchildren, it is no longer our parents and nurses, or later our teachers, who see to our punishment, as once they did; the implacable causal chain of life has taken over our further education and now we dream of the matriculation or the viva—and which of us has not trembled at undergoing them, even the righteous?—whenever we expect that the outcome will punish us because there is something we have not done right, or have not finished properly, or whenever we feel the pressure of some responsibility.

But I certainly do not deceive myself that I can produce a full explanation for this set of typical dreams. In my attempts to do so, my material really has left me in the lurch. I must hold on to the general viewpoint that all the sensations of movement and tactile feeling in these typical dreams are roused as soon as some psychical motive requires them, and they can be ignored if a need of this kind does not come halfway to meet them. The relation to infantile experiences also seems to me to emerge with certainty from the indications I have received in the analysis of psychoneurotics. But what other meanings may have attached themselves in the course of life to the memory of those sensations—different in each individual perhaps, despite the typical appearance of these dreams—I cannot say, and I would very much like to be in a position to fill this gap by careful analysis of good examples. To anyone who is surprised that I should complain of the lack of good material, despite the frequency of dreams of flying, falling, drawing teeth, and the like, I owe the explanation that I have not had such dreams in my own experience since I have been giving my attention to the topic of dream-interpretation. Moreover, the dreams of neurotics which are otherwise at my disposal are not all of them interpretable, and often not into the last nook and cranny of their hidden intentions; a certain psychical force that had a share in constructing the neurosis and is reactivated in resolving it resists being interpreted down to the last riddle.

VI

THE DREAM-WORK

Until now every other effort to solve the problems presented by dreams has latched directly on to the dream's manifest content as it is present in the memory, and has attempted to use this as the basis of an interpretation; or, if it dispensed with an interpretation, it sought to substantiate its judgement of the dream by reference to its content. We are alone in confronting a different state of affairs; as we see it, there is a new kind of psychical material intervening between the content of the dream and the results of our reflections: the *latent* dream-content reached by our procedure, or the dream-thoughts. It is from this latent content, not the manifest, that we worked out the solution to the dream. This is why a new task faces us which did not exist before, the task of investigating the relationship of the manifest dream-content to the latent dream-thoughts, and of tracing the processes by which the latter turned into the former.

The dream-thoughts and the dream-content lie before us like two versions of the same content in two different languages, or rather, the dream-content looks to us like a translation of the dream-thoughts into another mode of expression, and we are supposed to get to know its signs and laws of grammatical construction by comparing the original and the translation. Once we have learnt what these are, the dream-thoughts will be easy for us to understand without any further ado. The content of the dream is given as it were in the form of hieroglyphs whose signs are to be translated one by one into the language of the dream-thoughts. We would obviously be misled if we were to read these signs according to their pictorial value and not according to their referentiality as signs. Suppose I have a picture-puzzle, a rebus, before me: a house with a boat on its roof, then a single letter of the alphabet, then a running figure with his head conjured away, and the like. Now I could fall into the trap of objecting that this combination and its constituent parts are nonsense. A boat does not belong on the roof of a house and a person without a head cannot run; besides, the person is bigger than the house, and if the whole is supposed to represent a landscape, then