as is usually the case, he was surprised at my question. He wanted to know whether a person had no right to make mistakes in talking. I explained to him that there is a reason for every mistake, and that if he had not told me that he was unmarried, I would say that he was the hero of the divorce case in question, and that the mistake showed that he wished he had obtained the divorce instead of his wife, so as not to be obliged to pay alimony and to be permitted to marry again in New York State.

"He stoutly denied my interpretation, but his emotional agitation, followed by loud laughter, only strengthened my suspicions. To my appeal that he should tell the truth 'for science' sake,' he said, 'Unless you wish me to lie, you must believe that I was never married, and hence, your psychoanalytic interpretation is all wrong.' He, however, added that it was dangerous to be with a person who paid attention to such little things. Then he suddenly remembered that he had another appointment and left us.

"Both Dr. Frink and I were convinced that my interpretation of his lapsus linguae was correct, and I decided to corroborate or disprove it by further investigation. The next day, I found a neighbor and old friend of Dr. P., who confirmed my interpretation in every particular. The divorce was granted to Dr. P.'s wife a few weeks before, and a nurse was named as co-respondent. A few weeks later, I met Dr. P., and he told me that he was thoroughly convinced of the Freudian mechanisms."

The self-betrayal is just as plain in the following case reported by Otto Rank:

A father who was devoid of all patriotic feeling and desirous of educating his children to be just as free from this superfluous sentiment, reproached his sons for participating in a patriotic demonstration, and rejected their reference to a similar behavior of their uncle with these words: "You are not obliged to imitate him; why, he is an idiot." The astonished features of the children at their father's unusual tone aroused him to the fact that he had made a mistake, and he remarked apologetically, "Of course, I wished to say patriot."

When such a speech-blunder occurs in a serious squabble and reverses the intended meaning of one of the disputants, at once it puts him at a disadvantage with his adversary—a disadvantage which the latter seldom fails to utilize.

This clearly shows that although people are unwilling to accept the theory of my conception and are not inclined to forego the convenience that is connected with the tolerance of a faulty action, they nevertheless interpret speech-blunders and other faulty acts in a manner similar to the one presented in this book. The merriment and derision which are sure to be evoked at the decisive moment through such linguistic mistakes, speak
conclusively against the generally accepted convention that such a speech-blunder is a *lapsus linguæ* and psychologically of no importance.

A nice example of speech-blunder, which aims not so much at the betrayal of the speaker as at the enlightenment of the listener outside the scene, is found in Wallenstein (*Piccolomini, Act. I, Scene 5*), and shows us that the poet, who here uses this means, is well-versed in the mechanism and intent of speech-blunders. In the preceding scene, Max Piccolomini was passionately in favor of the ducal party, and was enthusiastic over the blessings of the peace which became known to him in the course of a journey, while accompanying Wallenstein's daughter to the encampment. He leaves his father and the Court ambassador, Questenberg, in great consternation. The scene proceeds as follows:

**QUESTENBERG.** Woe unto us! Are matters thus? Friend, should we allow him to go there with this false opinion, and not recall him at once in order to open his eyes instantly?

**OCTAVIO** (*rousing himself from profound meditation*). He has already opened mine, and I see more than pleases me.

**QUESTENBERG.** What is it, friend?

**OCTAVIO.** A curse on that journey!

**QUESTENBERG.** Why? What is it?

**OCTAVIO.** Come! I must immediately follow the unlucky trail, must see with my own eyes—come . . . (*Wishes to lead him away.*)

**QUESTENBERG.** What is the matter? Where?

**OCTAVIO.** (*urging*). To *her*!

**QUESTENBERG.** To——?

**OCTAVIO** (*corrects himself*). To the duke! Let us go, etc.

The slight speech-blunder to *her* in place of to *him* is meant to betray to us the fact that the father has seen through his son’s motive for espousing the other cause, while the courtier complains that “he speaks to him altogether in riddles.”

Another example wherein a poet makes use of a speech-blunder was discovered by Otto Rank in Shakespeare. I quote Rank’s report from the *Zentralblatt für Psychoanalyse, I. 3.*

“A poetic speech-blunder, very delicately motivated and technically remarkably well utilized, which, like the one pointed out by Freud in Wallenstein (*Zur Psychopathologie des Alltagslebens, 2nd Edition, p. 48*), not only shows that poets knew the mechanism and sense of this error, but also presupposes an understanding of it on the part of the hearer, can be found in Shakespeare’s *Merchant of Venice* (Act III, Scene 2). By the will of her father, Portia was bound to select a husband through a lottery. She escaped all her distasteful suitors by lucky chance. When she finally found in Bassanio the suitor after her own heart, she had cause to fear lest
he, too, should draw the unlucky lottery. In the scene, she would like to
tell him that even if he chose the wrong casket, he might, nevertheless, be
sure of her love. But she is hampered by her vow. In this mental conflict,
the poet puts these words in her mouth, which were directed to the wel-
come suitor:

“There is something tells me (but it is not love),
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought),
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me;
But if you do, you’ll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o’erlooked me, and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half yours—
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours—
And so all yours.”

“Just the very thing which she would like to hint to him very gently,
because really she should keep it from him, namely, that even before
the choice, she is wholly his—that she loves him, the poet, with admirable
psychologic sensitiveness, allows to come to the surface in the speech-
blunder. It is through this artifice that he manages to allay the intolerable
uncertainty of the lover as well as the like tension of the hearer concern-
ing the outcome of the choice.”

Some speech-blunders are clearly based on wishful thinking as shown
by the following example reported by the New York World-Telegram
(December 10, 1934):

“D., convicted murderer of a policeman, readily answered questions of
interviewers in his cell last night. His impetus carried him past the query:
‘How old are you?’ ‘I’ll be twenty-nine next August,’ D. replied. He
stopped short in an embarrassed silence, for he was scheduled to die within
two days in the electric chair.”

The conception of speech-blunders here defended can be readily veri-
fied in the smallest details. I have been able to demonstrate repeatedly
that the most insignificant and most natural cases of speech-blunders have
their good sense, and admit of the same interpretation as the more striking
examples. A patient, who, contrary to my wishes but with firm personal

1 Given by Editor.
motives, decided upon a short trip to Budapest, justified herself by saying that she was going for only three days, but she blundered and said for only three weeks. She betrayed her secret feeling that, to spite me, she preferred spending three weeks to three days in that society which I considered unfit for her.

One evening, wishing to excuse myself for not having called for my wife at the theater, I said: "I was at the theater at ten minutes after ten." I was corrected: "You meant to say before ten o'clock." Naturally, I wanted to say before ten. After ten would certainly be no excuse. I had been told that the theater program read, "Finished before ten o'clock." When I arrived at the theater, I found the foyer dark and the theater empty. Evidently the performance was over earlier and my wife did not wait for me. When I looked at the clock, it still wanted five minutes to ten. I determined to make my case more favorable at home, and say that it was ten minutes to ten. Unfortunately, the speech-blunder spoiled the intent and laid bare my dishonesty, in which I acknowledged more than there really was to confess.

This leads us to those speech disturbances which can no longer be described as speech-blunders, for they do not injure the individual word, but affect the rhythm and execution of the entire speech, as, for example, the stammering and stuttering of embarrassment. But here, as in the former cases, it is the inner conflict that is betrayed to us through the disturbance in speech. I really do not believe that anyone will make mistakes in talking in an audience with His Majesty, in a serious love declaration or in defending one's name and honor before a jury; in short, people make no mistakes where they are all there, as the saying goes. Even in criticizing an author's style, we are allowed and accustomed to follow the principle of explanation, which we cannot miss in the origin of a single speech-blunder. A clear and unequivocal manner of writing shows us that here, the author is in harmony with himself, but where we find a forced and involved expression, aiming at more than one target, as appropriately expressed, we can thereby recognize the participation of an unfinished and complicated thought, or we can hear through it the stifled voice of the author's self-criticism.¹

¹ "Ce qu'on conçoit bien
S'énonce clairement,
Et les mots pour le dire
Arrivent aisément."
—Boileau, Art Poétique.
VI

MISTAKES IN READING AND WRITING

THAT the same viewpoints and observation should hold true for mistakes in reading and writing as for lapses in speech is not at all surprising when one remembers the inner relation of these functions. I shall here confine myself to the reports of several carefully analyzed examples and shall make no attempt to include all of the phenomena.

A. LAPSES IN READING

(a) While looking over a number of the Leipziger Illustrierte, which I was holding obliquely, I read as the title of the front-page picture, "A Wedding Celebration in the Odyssey." Astonished and with my attention aroused, I moved the page into the proper position only to read correctly, "A Wedding Celebration in the Ostsee (Baltic Sea)." How did this senseless mistake in reading come about?

Immediately my thoughts turned to a book by Ruth, Experimental Investigations of "Music Phantoms," etc., with which I had recently been much occupied, as it closely touched the psychologic problems that are of interest to me. The author promised a work in the near future to be called Analysis and Principles of Dream Phenomena. No wonder that I, having just published an Interpretation of Dreams, awaited the appearance of this book with the most intense interest. In Ruth's work concerning music phantoms, I found an announcement in the beginning of the table of contents of the detailed inductive proof that the old Hellenic myths and traditions originated mainly from slumber and music phantoms, from dream phenomena and from deliria. Thereupon, I had immediately plunged into the text in order to find out whether he was also aware that the scene where Odysseus appears before Nausicaä was based upon the common dream of nakedness. One of my friends called my attention to the clever passage in G. Keller's Grüne Heinrich, which explains this episode in the Odyssey as an objective representation of the dream of the mariner straying far from home. I added to it the reference to the exhibition dream of nakedness.¹

¹ The Interpretation of Dreams. See p. 292.
(b) A woman who is very anxious to have children always reads *storks* instead of *stocks*.

(c) One day, I received a letter which contained very disturbing news. I immediately called my wife and informed her that poor Mrs. Wm. H. was seriously ill and was given up by the doctors. There must have been a false ring to the words in which I expressed my sympathy, as my wife grew suspicious, asked to see the letter and expressed her opinion that it could not read as stated by me, because no one calls the wife by the husband’s name. Moreover, the correspondent was well acquainted with the Christian name of the woman concerned. I defended my assertion obstinately and referred to the customary visiting cards, on which a woman designates herself by the Christian name of her husband. I was finally compelled to take up the letter and, as a matter of fact, we read therein “Poor W. M.” What is more, I had even overlooked “Poor Dr. W. M.” My mistake in reading signified a spasmodic effort, so to speak, to turn the sad news from the man towards the woman. The title between the adjective and the name did not go well with my claim that the woman must have been meant. That is why it was omitted in the reading. The motive for this falsifying was not that the woman was less an object of my sympathy than the man, but the fate of this poor man had excited my fears regarding another and nearer person who, I was aware, had the same disease.

(d) Both irritating and laughable is a lapse in reading to which I am frequently subject when I walk through the streets of a strange city during my vacation. I then read *antiquities* on every shop sign that shows the slightest resemblance to the word; this displays the questing spirit of the collector.

(e) In his important work,¹ Bleuler relates:

“While reading, I once had the intellectual feeling of seeing my name two lines below. To my astonishment, I found only the words *blood corpuscles*. Of the many thousands of lapses in reading in the peripheral as well as in the central field of vision that I have analyzed, this was the most striking case. Whenever I imagined that I saw my name, the word that induced this illusion usually showed a greater resemblance to my name than the word *bloodcorpuscles*. In most cases, all the letters of my name had to be close together before I could commit such an error. In this case, however, I could readily explain the delusion of reference and the illusion. What I had just read was the end of a statement concerning a form of bad style in scientific works, a tendency from which I am not entirely free.”

B. Lapses in Writing

(a) On a sheet of paper containing principally short daily notes of business interest, I found, to my surprise, the incorrect date, "Thursday, October 20th," bracketed under the correct date of the month of September. It was not difficult to explain this anticipation as the expression of a wish. A few days before, I had returned fresh from my vacation and felt ready for any amount of professional work, but as yet, there were few patients. On my arrival, I had found a letter from a patient announcing her arrival on the twentieth of October. As I wrote the same date in September, I may certainly have thought, "X. ought to be here already; what a pity about that whole month!" and with this thought, I pushed the current date a month ahead. In this case, the disturbing thought can scarcely be called unpleasant; therefore, after noticing this lapse in writing, I immediately knew the solution. In the fall of the following year, I experienced an entirely analogous and similarly motivated lapse in writing. Dr. Ernest Jones has made a study of similar cases, and found that most mistakes in writing dates are motivated.

(b) I received the proof sheets of my contribution to the annual report on neurology and psychiatry, and I was naturally obliged to review with special care the names of authors, which, because of the many different nationalities represented, offer the greatest difficulties to the compositor. As a matter of fact, I found some strange-sounding names still in need of correction; but, oddly enough, the compositor had corrected one single name in my manuscript, and with very good reason. I had written Buckhard, which the compositor guessed to be Burckhard. I had praised the treatise of this obstetrician entitled The Influence of Birth on the Origin of Infantile Paralysis, and I was not conscious of the least enmity toward him. But an author in Vienna, who had angered me by an adverse criticism of my Interpretation of Dreams, bears the same name. It was as if in writing the name Burckhard, meaning the obstetrician, a wicked thought concerning the other Burckhard had intruded itself. The twisting of the name, as I have already stated in regard to lapses in speech, often signifies a depreciation.¹

(c) The following is seemingly a serious case of lapsus calami, which it would be equally correct to describe as an erroneously carried out action. I intended to withdraw from the postal savings bank the sum of 300 crowns, which I wished to send to an absent relative to enable him to

¹ A similar situation occurs in Julius Caesar, iii. 3:
"Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
"Burgher. Tear him to pieces! he is a conspirator.
"Cinna. I am Cinna the poet! not Cinna the conspirator.
"Burgher. No matter; his name is Cinna; tear the name out of his heart and let him go."
take treatment at a watering-place. I noted that my account was 4,380 crowns, and I decided to bring it down to the round sum of 4,000 crowns, which was not to be touched in the near future. After making out the regular cheque, I suddenly noticed that I had written not 380 crowns, as I had intended, but exactly 438 crowns. I was frightened at the untrustworthiness of my action. I soon realized that my fear was groundless, as I had not grown poorer than I was before. But I had to reflect for quite a while in order to discover what influence diverted me from my first intention without making itself known to my consciousness.

First I got on a wrong track: I subtracted 380 from 438, but after that, I did not know what to do with the difference. Finally an idea occurred to me which showed me the true connection. Four hundred thirty-eight is exactly 10 per cent of the entire account of 4,380 crowns! But the bookseller, too, gives a 10 per cent discount! I recalled that a few days before, I had selected several books, in which I was no longer interested, in order to offer them to the bookseller for 300 crowns. He thought the price demanded too high, but promised to give me a final answer within the next few days. If he should accept my first offer, he would replace the exact sum that I was to spend on the sufferer. There is no doubt that I was sorry about this expenditure. The emotion at the realization of my mistakes can be more easily understood as a fear of growing poor through such outlays. But both the sorrow over this expense and the fear of poverty connected with it were entirely foreign to my consciousness; I did not regret this expense when I promised the sum, and would have laughed at the idea of any such underlying motive. I should probably not have assigned such feelings to myself had not my psychoanalytic practice made me quite familiar with the repressed elements of psychic life, and if I had not had a dream a few days before which brought forth the same solution.

(d) Although it is usually difficult to find the person responsible for printers’ errors, the psychologic mechanisms underlying them are the same as in other mistakes. Typographical errors also well demonstrate the fact that people are not at all indifferent to such trivialities as “mistakes,” and, judging by the indignant reactions of the parties concerned, one is forced to the conclusion that mistakes are not treated by the public at large as mere accidents. This state of affairs is very well summed up in the following editorial from the New York Times. Not the least interesting are the comments of the keen-witted editor, who does not seem to share our views:
THE WRITER'S DEVIL

"Behold what a fire a little word kindleth by its absence. The other day, 'not' dropped out of this sentence in an editorial in the first edition of the Sunday *Times*:

'For years and years Southern newspapers have asked Southern farmers to put all their hopes in one crop.'

"This error, exactly reversing the writer's intention, was corrected in subsequent editions. *Notless*, the sentence came to the Charleston *News and Courier*, organ of that stern and witty resenter of the universe as she is at present conducted, Mr. William W. Ball. There had been a grievous fault, and grievously must the sinner answer it. Severe is the rebuke and kindly, if a bit superfluous, the offer of 'information' to a darkened mind.

"Ordinarily, we shouldn't have noticed one of the expected and inevitable slips of most newspapers. 'Not' is an easy faller-by-the-way. All writers for the press know what pits they are liable to fall into any day. Why does a mistake that glares and gibbers at you in print hide itself so successfully in the copy or the proof? How do you come to set down 'eighteenth' century when you mean 'nineteenth'? How does Richard Grant White's 'heteronymy' so persecute you that you are capable of attributing 'Paradise Lost' to John Milton, the crazy sporting squire? Some students of demonology believe firmly in the constant presence and maleficence of the writer's devil."  

"We venture to doubt the editor's assumption of demonological influences. Examination of a great many typographical errors clearly shows that they are based on the mechanisms described here.

"The following two examples were reported from Berlin in the *New York Times*:

A typesetter was imprisoned because instead of ending an article with the official formula 'Heil Hitler,' he inadvertently permitted a 't' to attach itself to 'Heil' so that it read 'Heilt Hitler,' meaning 'Heal Hitler' instead of 'Hail Hitler.' His pleading that it was a mistake was of no avail. It seems that the Nazis who burned Freud's works, nevertheless, recognize the truth of Freud's teachings. The mistake plainly showed the typesetter's view of Hitler's personality. His mistake unconsciously expresses his wish that the Lord may heal Hitler of his madness.

"The second example shows that even those who are nearest to the *Führer* and constantly sing his praises to the Germans, do not really believe what they say, as shown by the following wireless from Berlin to the *New York Times* (November 12, 1936), congratulating eighteen

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1 Given by the Editor.
hundred boys and girls of the Hitler Youth for taking part in the might-
est Freiheitsbewegung (movement of liberty) in German history. Rudolf
Hess, the vice-leader of the Nazi party, used instead the word Freiheits-
beraubung (robbery of liberty). The last word appeared in the Lokalan-
zeiger and caused the publishers no small amount of annoyance.

"Abstract statements of a highly moral content are not seldom changed
erotically through a typographical mistake, as shown by the following
examples:

(e) "The teacher was giving an instruction paper on mathematical
methods, and spoke of a plan 'for the instruction of youth that might be
carried out ad libidinem.'

(f) "Some time ago, the following embarrassing misprint appeared in
the Detroit Educational Bulletin, a high-quality journal devoted to
parents and teachers: "Our immorality is the good that lives after us."
The 't' was left out of the word "immortality" from Thomas A. Edison's
quotation." 1

(g) The "Wicked Bible" is so called from the fact that the negative
was left out of the seventh commandment. This authorized edition of the
Bible was published in London in 1631, and it is said that the printer had
to pay a fine of two thousand pounds for the omission.

Another biblical misprint dates back to the year 1580, and is found in
the Bible of the famous library of Wolfenbuttel in Hesse. In the passage
in Genesis where God tells Eve that Adam shall be her master and shall
rule over her, the German translation is "Und er soll dein Herr sein."
The word Herr (master) was substituted by Narr, which means fool.
Newly discovered evidence seems to show that the error was a conscious
machination of the printer's suffragette wife, who refused to be ruled by
her husband.

(h) Dr. Ernest Jones reports the following case concerning A. A. Brill:
"Although by custom almost a teetotaler, he yielded to a friend's im-
portunity one evening, in order to avoid offending him, and took a little
wine. During the next morning, an exacerbation of an eye-strain headache
gave him cause to regret this slight indulgence, and his reflection on the
subject found expression in the following slip of the pen. Having occasion
to write the name of a girl mentioned by a patient, he wrote not Ethel but
Ethyl. 2 It happened that the girl in question was rather too fond of drink,
and in Dr. Brill's mood at the time, this characteristic of hers stood out
with conspicuous significance." 3

(i) A woman wrote to her sister, felicitating her on the occasion of
taking possession of a new and spacious residence. A friend who was

1 Given by the Editor.
2 Ethyl alcohol is, of course, the chemical name for ordinary alcohol.
3 Jones, Psychoanalysis, p. 66.
present noticed that the writer put the wrong address on the letter, and what was still more remarkable was the fact that she did not address it to the previous residence, but to one long ago given up, but which her sister had occupied when she first married. When the friend called her attention to it, the writer remarked, "You are right; but what in the world made me do this?", to which her friend replied: "Perhaps you begrudge her the nice big apartment into which she has just moved because you yourself are cramped for space, and for that reason you put her back into her first residence, where she was no better off than yourself." "Of course I begrudge her the new apartment," she honestly admitted. As an after-thought she added, "It is a pity that one is so mean in such matters."

(k) Ernest Jones reports the following example given to him by Dr. A. A. Brill. In a letter to Dr. Brill, a patient tried to attribute his nervousness to business worries and excitement during the cotton crisis. He went on to say: "My trouble is all due to that d—— frigid wave; there isn't even any seed to be obtained for new crops." He referred to a cold wave which had destroyed the cotton crops, but instead of writing "wave" he wrote "wife." In the bottom of his heart, he entertained reproaches against his wife on account of her marital frigidity and childlessness, and he was not far from the cognition that the enforced abstinence played no little part in the causation of his malady.

(l) Another example of omission is the following related by Brill: "A prospective patient, who had corresponded with me relative to treatment, finally wrote for an appointment for a certain day. Instead of keeping his appointment, he sent regrets which began as follows: 'Owing to unforeseen circumstances, I am unable to keep my appointment.' He naturally meant to write unforeseen. He finally came to me months later, and in the course of the analysis, I discovered that my suspicions at the time were justified; there were no unforeseen circumstances to prevent his coming at that time; he was advised not to come to me. The unconscious does not lie."

Wundt gives a most noteworthy proof for the easily ascertained fact that we more easily make mistakes in writing than in speaking (loc. cit., p. 374). He states: "In the course of normal conversation, the inhibiting function of the will is constantly directed toward bringing into harmony the course of ideation with the movement of articulation. If the articulation following the ideas becomes retarded through mechanical causes, as in writing, such anticipations then readily make their appearance."

Observation of the determinants which favor lapses in reading gives rise to doubt, which I do not like to leave unmentioned, because I am of the opinion that it may become the starting-point of a fruitful investigation. It is a familiar fact that in reading aloud, the attention of the reader often wanders from the text and is directed toward his own thoughts. The results of this deviation of attention are often such that when interrupted
and questioned, he cannot even state what he has read. In other words, he has read automatically, although the reading was nearly always correct. I do not think that such conditions favor any noticeable increase in the mistakes. We are accustomed to assume concerning a whole series of functions that they are most precisely performed when done automatically, with scarcely any conscious attention. This argues that the conditions governing attention in mistakes in speaking, writing and reading must be differently determined than assumed by Wundt (cessation or diminution of attention). The examples which we have subjected to analysis have really not given us the right to take for granted a quantitative diminution of attention. We found what is probably not exactly the same thing, a disturbance of the attention through a strange obtruding thought.
VII

FORGETTING OF IMPRESSIONS AND RESOLUTIONS

If anyone should be inclined to overrate the state of our present knowledge of mental life, all that would be needed to force him to assume a modest attitude would be to remind him of the function of memory. No psychologic theory has yet been able to account for the connection between the fundamental phenomena of remembering and forgetting; indeed, even the complete analysis of that which one can actually observe has as yet scarcely been grasped. Today, forgetting has perhaps grown more puzzling than remembering, especially since we have learned from the study of dreams and pathologic states that even what for a long time we believed forgotten may suddenly return to consciousness.

To be sure, we are in possession of some viewpoints which we hope will receive general recognition. Thus we assume that forgetting is a spontaneous process to which we may ascribe a certain temporal discharge. We emphasize the fact that, just as among the units of every impression or experience, in forgetting, too, a certain selection takes place among the existing impressions. We are acquainted with some of the conditions that underlie the tenaciousness of memory and the awakening of that which would otherwise remain forgotten. Nevertheless, we can observe in innumerable cases of daily life how unreliable and unsatisfactory our knowledge of the mechanism is. Thus we may listen to two persons exchanging reminiscences concerning the same outward impressions, say of a journey that they have taken together some time before. What remains most firmly in the memory of the one is often forgotten by the other, as if it had never occurred, even when there is not the slightest reason to assume that this impression is of greater psychic importance for the one than for the other. A great many of those factors which determine the selective power of memory are obviously still beyond our ken.

With the purpose of adding some small contribution to the knowledge of the conditions of forgetting, I was wont to subject to a psychologic analysis those cases in which forgetting concerned me personally. As a
rule, I took up only a certain group of those cases, namely, those in which the forgetting astonished me, because, in my opinion, I should have remembered the experience in question. I wish further to remark that I am generally not inclined to forgetfulness (of things experienced, not of things learned), and that for a short period of my youth, I was able to perform extraordinary feats of memory. When I was a schoolboy, it was quite natural for me to be able to repeat from memory the page of a book which I had read; and shortly before I entered the University, I could write down practically verbatim the popular lectures on scientific subjects directly after hearing them. In the tension before the final medical examination, I must have made use of the remnant of this ability, for in certain subjects I gave the examiners apparently automatic answers, which proved to be exact reproductions of the text book, which I had skimmed through but once and then in greatest haste.

Since those days, I have steadily lost control over my memory; of late, however, I became convinced that with the aid of a certain artifice I can recall far more than I would otherwise credit myself with remembering. For example, when, during my office hours, a patient states that I have seen him before and I cannot recall either the fact or the time, then I help myself by guessing—that is, I allow a number of years, beginning from the present time, to come to my mind quickly. Whenever this could be controlled by records of definite information from the patient, it was always shown that in over ten years I had seldom missed it by more than six months. The same thing happens when I meet a casual acquaintance and, from politeness, inquire about his small child. When he tells of its progress, I try to fancy how old the child now is. I control my estimate by the information given by the father, and at most, I make a mistake of a month, and in older children of three months. I cannot state, however, what basis I have for this estimate. Of late, I have grown so bold that I always offer my estimate spontaneously, and still run no risk of grieving the father by displaying my ignorance in regard to his offspring. Thus I extend my conscious memory by invoking my larger unconscious memory.

I shall report some striking examples of forgetting, which, for the most part, I have observed in myself. I distinguish forgetting of impressions and experiences, that is, the forgetting of knowledge, from forgetting of resolutions, that is, the forgetting of omissions. The uniform result of the entire series of observations I can formulate as follows: The forgetting in all cases is proved to be founded on a motive of displeasure.

1 In the course of the conference, the details of the previous first visit return to consciousness.
A. FORGETTING OF IMPRESSIONS AND KNOWLEDGE

(a) During the summer, my wife once made me very angry, although the cause in itself was trifling. We sat in a restaurant opposite a gentleman from Vienna whom I knew, and who surely also remembered me. However, I had reasons for not wishing to renew his acquaintance. My wife, who had heard nothing except the reputed name of the man opposite her, showed by her actions that she was listening to his conversation with his neighbors, for, from time to time, she asked me questions which took up the thread of their discussion. I became impatient and finally irritated. A few weeks later, I complained to a relative about this behavior of my wife, but I was not able to recall even a single word of the conversation of the gentleman in question. As I am usually of a rather resentful nature and cannot forget a single incident of an episode that has annoyed me, my amnesia in this case was undoubtedly determined by respect for my wife.

A short time ago, I had a similar experience. I wished to make merry with an intimate friend over a statement made by my wife only a few hours earlier, but I found myself hindered by the noteworthy fact that I had entirely forgotten the statement. I had to ask my wife to recall it to me. It is easy to understand that my forgetting in this case may be analogous to the typical disturbance of judgment which dominates us when it concerns those nearest to us.

(b) To oblige a woman who was a stranger in Vienna, I had undertaken to procure a small iron safe for the preservation of documents and money. When I offered my services, the image of an establishment in the heart of the city where I was sure I had seen such safes floated before me with extraordinary visual vividness."To be sure, I could not recall the name of the street, but I felt certain that I would discover the store in a walk through the city, for my memory told me that I had passed it countless times. To my chagrin, I could not find the store with the show-window with the safes, though I walked through the inner part of the city in every direction. I concluded that the only thing left to do was to search through a business directory, and if that failed, to try to identify the establishment in a second round of the city. It did not, however, require so much effort; among the addresses in the directory, I found one which immediately presented itself as that which had been forgotten. It was true that I had passed the show-window countless times, each time, however, when I had gone to visit the M. family, who have lived a great many years in this very building. After this intimate friendship had turned to an absolute estrangement, I had taken care to avoid the neighborhood as well as the house, though without ever thinking of the reason for my action. In my walk through the city searching for the safe in the show window, I had
traversed every street in the neighborhood but the right one, and I had avoided this as if it were forbidden ground.

The motive of displeasure which was at the bottom of my disorientation is thus comprehensible. But the mechanism of forgetting is no longer so simple as in the former example. Here my aversion naturally does not extend to the vendor of safes, but to another person, concerning whom I wish to know nothing, and later, transfers itself from the latter to this incident where it brings about the forgetting. Similarly, in the case of Burckhard mentioned above, the grudge against the one brought about the error in writing the name of the other. The similarity of names which here established a connection between two essentially different streams of thought was accomplished in the showcase window instance by the contiguity of space and the inseparable environment. Moreover, this latter case was more closely knit together, for money played a great part in the causation of the estrangement from the family living in this house.

(c) The B. and R. Company requested me to pay a professional call on one of their officers. On my way to him, I was engrossed in the thought that I must already have been in the building occupied by the firm. It seemed as if I used to see their signboard in a lower story, while my professional visit was taking me to a higher story. I could not recall, however, which house it was nor when I had called there. Although the entire matter was indifferent and of no consequence, I nevertheless occupied myself with it, and at last learned in the usual roundabout way, by collecting the thoughts that occurred to me in this connection, that one story above the floor occupied by the firm B. and R., was the Pension Fischer, where I had frequently visited patients. Then I remembered the building which sheltered both the company and the pension.

I was still puzzled, however, as to the motive that entered into play in this forgetting. I found nothing disagreeable in my memory concerning the firm itself or the Pension Fischer, or the patients living there. I was also aware that it could not deal with anything very painful, otherwise I hardly would have been successful in tracing the thing forgotten in a roundabout way without resorting to external aid, as happened in the preceding example. Finally it occurred to me that a little before, while starting on my way to a new patient, a gentleman whom I had difficulty in recalling greeted me in the street. Some months previously, I had seen this man in an apparently serious condition and had made the diagnosis of general paresis, but later I had learned of his recovery; consequently my judgment had been incorrect. Was it not possible that we had in this case a remission, which one usually finds in dementia paralytica? In that contingency, my diagnosis would still be justified. The influence emanating from this meeting caused me to forget the neighborhood of the B. and R. Company, and my interest to discover the thing forgotten was trans-
ferred from this case of disputed diagnosis. But the associative connection in this loose inner relation was effected by means of a similarity of names: the man who recovered, contrary to expectation, was also an officer of a large company that recommends patients to me. And the physician with whom I had seen the supposed paretic bore the name of Fischer, the name of the pension in the house which I had forgotten.

(d) Mislaying a thing really has the same significance as forgetting where we have placed it. Like most people delving in pamphlets and books, I am well oriented about my desk, and can produce what I want with one lunge. What appears to others as disorder has become for me perfect order. Why, then, did I mislay a catalogue which was sent to me not long ago so that it could not be found? What is more, it had been my intention to order a book which I found announced therein entitled Über die Sprache, because it was written by an author whose spirited, vivacious style I like, whose insight into psychology and whose knowledge of the cultural world I have learned to appreciate. I believe that was just why I mislaid the catalogue. It was my habit to lend the books of this author among my friends for their enlightenment, and a few days before, on returning one, somebody had said: "His style reminds me altogether of yours, and his way of thinking is identical." The speaker did not know what he was stirring up with this remark. Years ago, when I was younger and in greater need of forming alliances, I was told practically the same thing by an older colleague, to whom I had recommended the writings of a familiar medical author. To put it in his words, "It is absolutely your style and manner." I was so influenced by these remarks that I wrote a letter to this author with the object of bringing about a closer relation, but a rather cool answer put me back "in my place." Perhaps still earlier discouraging experiences conceal themselves behind this last one, for I did not find the mislaid catalogue. Through this premonition, I was actually prevented from ordering the advertised book, although the disappearance of the catalogue formed no real hindrance, as I remembered well both the name of the book and the author.

(e) Another case of mislaying merits our interest on account of the conditions under which the mislaid object was rediscovered. A younger man narrates as follows: "Several years ago, there were some misunderstandings between me and my wife. I found her too cold, and though I fully appreciated her excellent qualities, we lived together without evincing any tenderness for each other. One day, on her return from a walk, she gave me a book which she had bought because she thought it would interest me. I thanked her for this mark of 'interest,' promised to read the book, put it away and did not find it again. So months passed, during which I occasionally remembered the lost book, and also tried in vain to find it.
"About six months later, my beloved mother, who was not living with us, became ill. My wife left home to nurse her mother-in-law. The patient's condition became serious and gave my wife the opportunity to show the best side of herself. One evening, I returned home full of enthusiasm over what my wife had accomplished, and felt very grateful to her. I stepped to my desk and, without definite intention but with the certainty of a somnambulist, I opened a certain drawer, and in the very top of it I found the long-missing, mislaid book."

(f) The following example of "misplacing" belongs to a type well known to every psychoanalyst. I must add that the patient who experienced this misplacing has himself found the solution of it.

This patient, whose psychoanalytic treatment had to be interrupted through the summer vacation when he was in a state of resistance and ill health, put away his keys in the evening in their usual place, or so he thought. He then remembered that he wished to take some things from his desk, where he also had put the money which he needed on the journey. He was to depart the next day, which was the last day of treatment and the date when the doctor's fee was due. But the keys had disappeared.

He began a thorough and systematic search through his small apartment. He became more and more excited over it, but his search was unsuccessful. As he recognized this "misplacement" as a symptomatic act—that is, as being intentional—he aroused his servant in order to continue his search with the help of an "unprejudiced" person. After another hour, he gave up the search and feared that he had lost his keys. The next morning, he ordered new keys from the desk factory, which were hurriedly made for him. Two acquaintances who had been with him in a cab even recalled hearing something fall to the ground as he stepped out of the cab, and he was therefore convinced that the keys had slipped from his pocket. They were found lying between a thick book and a thin pamphlet, the latter a work of one of my pupils, which he wished to take along as reading matter for his vacation; and they were so skillfully placed that no one would have supposed that they were there. He himself was unable to replace the keys in such a position as to render them invisible. The unconscious skill with which an object is misplaced on account of secret but strong motives reminds one of "somnambulistic sureness." The motive was naturally ill humor over the interruption of the treatment and the secret rage over the fact that he had to pay such a high fee when he felt so ill.

(g) Brill relates: ¹ "A man was urged by his wife to attend a social function in which he really took no interest. Yielding to his wife's entreaties, he began to take his dress-suit from the trunk when he suddenly thought of shaving. After accomplishing this, he returned to the trunk

¹ Brill, loc. cit., p. 197.
and found it locked. Despite a long, earnest search, the key could not be found. A locksmith could not be found on Sunday evening, so that the couple had to send their regrets. On having the trunk opened the next morning, the lost key was found within. The husband had absent-mindedly dropped the key into the trunk and sprung the lock. He assured me that this was wholly unintentional and unconscious, but we know that he did not wish to go to this social affair. The mislaying of the key therefore lacked no motive."

Ernest Jones noticed in himself that he was in the habit of mislaying his pipe whenever he suffered from the effects of over-smoking. The pipe was then found in some unusual place where it did not belong and which it normally did not occupy.

(h) In the summer of 1901, I once remarked to a friend with whom I was then actively engaged in exchanging ideas on scientific questions: "These neurotic problems can be solved only if we take the position of absolutely accepting an original bi-sexuality in every individual." To which he replied: "I told you that two and a half years ago, while we were taking an evening walk in Br. At that time, you wouldn't listen to it."

It is truly painful to be thus requested to renounce one's originality. I could neither recall such a conversation nor my friend's revelation. One of us must be mistaken; and according to the principle of the question cui prodest?, I must be the one. Indeed, in the course of the following weeks, everything came back to me just as my friend had recalled it. I myself remembered that at that time, I gave the answer: "I have not yet got so far, and I do not care to discuss it." But since this incident, I have grown more tolerant when I miss any mention of my name in medical literature in connection with ideas for which I deserve credit.

It is scarcely accidental that the numerous examples of forgetting which have been collected without any selection should require for their solution the introduction of such painful themes as exposing one's wife; a friendship that has turned into the opposite; a mistake in medical diagnosis; enmity on account of similar pursuits, or the borrowing of somebody's ideas. I am rather inclined to believe that every person who will undertake an inquiry into the motives underlying his forgetting will be able to fill up a similar sample card of vexatious circumstances. The tendency to forget the disagreeable seems to me to be quite general; the capacity for it is naturally differently developed in different persons. Certain denials which we encounter in medical practice can probably be ascribed to forgetting.¹ Our conception of such forgetting confines the distinction be-

¹ If we inquire of a person whether he suffered from leptitic infection ten or fifteen years ago, we are only too apt to forget that psychically the patient has looked upon this disease in an entirely different manner than on, let us say, an acute attack of
tween this and that behavior to purely psychologic relations, and permits us to see in both forms of reaction the expression of the same motive. Of the numerous examples of denials of unpleasant recollection which I have observed in kinsmen of patients, one remains in my memory as especially singular.

A mother telling me of the childhood of her nervous son, now in his puberty, made the statement that, like his brothers and sisters, he was subject to bed-wetting throughout his childhood, a symptom which certainly has some significance in a history of a neurotic patient. Some weeks later, while seeking information regarding the treatment, I had occasion to call her attention to signs of a constitutional morbid predisposition in the young man, and at the same time, referred to the bed-wetting recounted in the anamnesis. To my surprise, she contested this fact concerning him, denying it as well for the other children, and asked me how I could possibly know this. Finally, I let her know that she herself had told me a short time before what she had thus forgotten.1

rheumatism. In the anamneses which parents give about their neurotic daughters, it is hardly possible to distinguish with any degree of certainty the portion forgotten from that hidden, for anything that stands in the way of the girl's future marriage is systematically set aside by the parents, that is, it becomes repressed. A man who had recently lost his beloved wife from an affection of the lungs reported to me the following case of misleading the doctor, which can only be explained by the theory of such forgetting. "As my poor wife's pleuritis had not disappeared after many weeks, Dr. P. was called in consultation. While taking the history, he asked among others the customary question whether there were any cases of lung trouble in my wife's family. My wife denied any such cases, and even I myself could not remember any. While Dr. P. was taking leave, the conversation accidentally turned to excursions, and my wife said: "Yes, even to Landgersdorf, where my poor brother lies buried, is a long journey." This brother died about fifteen years ago, after having suffered for years from tuberculosis. My wife was very fond of him, and often spoke about him. Indeed, I recall that when her malady was diagnosed as pleurisy, she was very worried and sadly remarked: 'My brother also died of lung trouble.' But the memory was so very repressed that even after the above-cited conversation about the trip to L., she found no occasion to correct her information concerning the diseases in her family. I myself was struck by this forgetting at the very moment she began to talk about Landgersdorf." A perfectly analogous experience is related by Ernest Jones in his work. A physician whose wife suffered from some obscure abdominal malady remarked to her: "It is comforting to think that there has been no tuberculosis in your family." She turned to him very astonished and said: "Have you forgotten that my mother died of tuberculosis, and that my sister recovered from it only after having been given up by the doctors?"

1 During the days when I was first writing these pages, the following almost incredible case of forgetting happened to me. On the 1st of January, I examined my notes so that I could send out my bills. In the month of June, I came across the name M—I, and could not recall the person to whom it belonged. My surprise increased when I observed from my books that I treated the case in a sanatorium, and that for weeks, I had called on the patient daily. A patient treated under such conditions is rarely forgotten by a physician in six months. I asked myself if it could have been a man—a paretic—a case without interest? Finally the note about the fee received brought to my memory all the knowledge which eluded it. M—I was a fourteen-year-old girl, the most remarkable case of my latter years, a case which taught me a lesson I am not likely to forget ever, a case whose upshot...
One also finds abundant indications which show that even in healthy, not neurotic persons, resistances are found against the memory of disagreeable impressions and the idea of painful thoughts. But the full significance of this fact can be estimated only when we enter into the psychology of neurotic persons. One is forced to make such elementary defensive striving against ideas which can awaken painful feelings, a striving which can be put side by side only with the flight-reflex in painful stimuli, as the main pillar of the mechanism which carries the hysterical symptoms. One need not offer any objection to the acceptance of such defensive tendency on the ground that we frequently find it impossible to rid ourselves of painful memories which cling to us, or to banish such painful emotions as remorse and reproaches of conscience. No one maintains that this defensive tendency invariably gains the upper hand, that in the play of psychic forces, it may not strike against factors which stir up the contrary feeling for other purposes and bring it about in spite of it.

As the architectural principle of the psychic apparatus, we may conjecture a certain stratification or structure of instances deposited in strata. And it is quite possible that this defensive tendency belongs to a lower psychic instance, and is inhibited by higher instances. At all events, it speaks for the existence and force of this defensive tendency, when we can trace it to processes such as those found in our examples of forgetting. We see then that something is forgotten for its own sake, and where this is not possible, the defensive tendency misses the target and causes something else to be forgotten—something less significant, but which has fallen into associative connection with the disagreeable material.

The views here developed, namely, that painful memories merge into motivated forgetting with special ease, merits application in many spheres where as yet, it has found no, or scarcely any, recognition. Thus it seems to me that it has not yet been strongly enough emphasized in the estima-

1 A. Pick ("Zur Psychologie des Vergessens bei Geistes und Nervenkranken," Archiv. f. Kriminal-Anthropologie u. Kriminalistik, von H. Gross) has recently collected a number of authors who realize the value of the influence of the affective factors on memory and who more or less clearly recognize that a defensive striving against pain can lead to forgetting. But none of us has been able to represent this phenomenon and its psychologic determination as exhaustively, and at the same time as effectively, as Nietzsche in one of his aphorisms (Jenseits von Gut und Bösen, ü., Hauptstück 68): "I have done that," says my Memory. 'I could not have done that,' says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my Memory yields."
tion of testimony taken in court, where the putting of a witness under oath obviously leads us to place too great a trust on the purifying influence of his psychic play of forces. It is universally admitted that in the origin of the traditions and folklore of a people, care must be taken to eliminate from memory such a motive as would be painful to the national feeling. Perhaps, on closer investigation, it may be possible to form a perfect analogy between the manner of development of national traditions and infantile reminiscences of the individual. The great Darwin has formulated a "golden rule" for the scientific worker from his insight into this pain-motive of forgetting.

Almost exactly as in the forgetting of names, faulty recollections can also appear in the forgetting of impressions, and when finding credence, they may be designated as delusions of memory. The memory disturbance in pathologic cases (in paranoia, it actually plays the rôle of a constituting factor in the formation of delusions) has brought to light an extensive literature in which there is no reference whatever to its being motivated. As this theme also belongs to the psychology of the neuroses, it goes beyond our present treatment. Instead, I will give from my own experience, a curious example of memory disturbance, showing clearly enough its determination through unconscious repressed material and its connection with this material.

While writing the latter chapters of my volume on the interpretation of dreams, I happened to be in a summer resort without access to libraries and reference books, so that I was compelled to introduce into the manuscript all kinds of references and citations from memory. These I naturally reserved for future correction. In the chapter on day-dreams, I thought of the distinguished figure of the poor book-keeper in Alphonse Daudet’s *Nabab*, through whom the author probably described his own day-dreams. I imagined that I distinctly remembered one phantasy of this man, whom I called Mr. Jocelyn, which he hatched while walking the streets of Paris, and I began to reproduce it from memory. This phantasy described how Mr. Jocelyn boldly hurled himself at a runaway horse and brought it to a standstill; how the carriage door opened and a great personage stepped from the coupé, pressed Mr. Jocelyn’s hand and said: "You are my savior—I owe my life to you! What can I do for you?"

I assured myself that casual inaccuracies in the rendition of this phantasy could readily be corrected at home on consulting the book. But

2 Ernest Jones quotes the following passage from Darwin’s autobiography that does equal credit to his scientific honesty and his psychologic acumen: “I had, during many years, followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought, came across me which was opposed to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones” (Jones, loc. cit., p. 38).
when I perused Nabab in order to compare it with my manuscript, I found, to my very great shame and consternation, that there was nothing to suggest such a dream by Mr. Jocelyn; indeed, the poor book-keeper did not even bear this name—he was called Mr. Joyeuse.

This second error then furnished the key for the solution of the first mistake, the faulty reminiscence. Joyeux, of which Joyeuse is the feminine form, was the only possible word which would translate my own name Freud into French. Whence, therefore, came this falsely remembered phantasy which I had attributed to Daudet? It could only be a product of my own, a day-dream which I myself had spun, and which did not become conscious, or which was once conscious and had since been absolutely forgotten. Perhaps I invented it myself in Paris, where frequently enough I walked the streets alone, and full of longing for a helper and protector, until Charcot took me into his circle. I had often met the author of Nabab in Charcot's house. But the provoking part of it all is the fact that there is scarcely anything to which I am so hostile as the thought of being someone's protégé. What we see of this sort of thing in our country spoils all desire for it, and my character is little suited to the rôle of a protected child. I have always entertained an immense desire to "be the strong man myself." And it had to happen that I should be reminded of such a, to be sure, never fulfilled day-dream! Besides, this incident is a good example of how the restraint relation to one's ego, which breaks forth triumphantly in paranoia, disturbs and entangles us in the objective grasp of things.

Another case of faulty recollection which can be satisfactorily explained resembles the fausse reconnaissance to be discussed later. I related to one of my patients, an ambitious and very capable man, that a young student had recently gained admittance into the circle of my pupils by means of an interesting work, Der Künstler, Versuch einer Sexualpsychologie. When, a year and a quarter later, this work lay before me in print, my patient maintained that he remembered with certainty having read somewhere, perhaps in a bookseller's advertisement, the announcement of the same book, even before I first mentioned it to him. He remembered that this announcement came to his mind at that time, and he ascertained besides that the author had changed the title, that it no longer read "Versuch" but "Ansätze zu einer Sexualpsychologie."

Careful inquiry of the author and comparison of all dates showed conclusively that my patient was trying to recall the impossible. No notice of this work had appeared anywhere before its publication, certainly not a year and a quarter before it went into print. However, I neglected to seek a solution for this false recollection until the same man brought about an equally valuable renewal of it. He thought that he had recently noticed a work on "agoraphobia" in the show window of a bookshop, and as he was
now looking for it in all available catalogues, I was able to explain to him why his effort must remain fruitless. The work on agoraphobia existed only in his phantasy as an unconscious resolution to write such a book himself. His ambition to emulate that young man, and through such a scientific work, to become one of my pupils, had led him to the first as well as to the second false recollection. He also recalled later that the book-seller's announcement which had occasioned his false reminiscence dealt with a work entitled Genesis, Das Gesetz der Zeugung ("Genesis, The Law of Generation"). But the change in the title as mentioned by him was really instigated by me; I recalled that I myself had perpetrated the same inaccuracy in the repetition of the title by saying "Ansätz" in place of "Versuch."

B. FORGETTING OF INTENTIONS

No other group of phenomena is better qualified to demonstrate the thesis that lack of attention does not in itself suffice to explain faulty acts as the forgetting of intentions. An intention is an impulse for an action which has already found approbation, but whose execution is postponed for a suitable occasion. Now, in the interval thus created, sufficient change may take place in the motive to prevent the intention from coming to execution. It is not, however, forgotten, it is simply revised and omitted.

We are naturally not in the habit of explaining the forgetting of intentions which we daily experience in every possible situation as being due to a recent change in the adjustment of motives. We generally leave it unexplained, or we seek a psychologic explanation in the assumption that at the time of execution, the required attention for the action, which was an indispensable condition for the occurrence of the intention, and was then at the disposal of the same action, no longer exists. Observation of our normal behavior towards intentions urges us to reject this tentative explanation as arbitrary. If I resolve in the morning to carry out a certain intention in the evening, I may be reminded of it several times in the course of the day, but it is not at all necessary that it should become conscious throughout the day. As the time for its execution approaches, it suddenly occurs to me and induces me to make the necessary preparation for the intended action. If I go walking and take a letter with me to be posted, it is not at all necessary that I, as a normal, not nervous individual, should carry it in my hand and continually look for a letter-box. As a matter of fact, I am accustomed to put it in my pocket and give my thoughts free rein on my way, feeling confident that the first letter-box will attract my attention and cause me to put my hand in my pocket and draw out the letter.

This normal behavior in a formed intention corresponds perfectly with the experimentally produced conduct of persons who are under a so-called
“post-hypnotic suggestion” to perform something after a certain time.\(^1\) We are accustomed to describe the phenomenon in the following manner: the suggested intention slumbers in the person concerned until the time for its execution approaches. Then it awakes and excites the action.

In two situations of everyday life, even the layman is cognizant of the fact that forgetting of resolutions is by no means excusable on the basis of elementary phenomena no further reducible, but he realizes that it ultimately depends on unadmitted motives. I am referring to affairs of love and army service. A lover who is late at a rendezvous will vainly excuse himself to his sweetheart that unfortunately he has entirely forgotten their rendezvous. She will not hesitate to answer him: “A year ago, you would not have forgotten. Evidently you no longer care for me.” Even if he should grasp the above cited psychologic explanation, and should wish to excuse his forgetting on the plea of important business, he would only elicit the answer from the lady—as keen-eyed as the physician in the psychoanalytic treatment—“How remarkable that such business disturbances did not occur before!” Of course, the lady does not wish to deny the possibility of forgetting; but she believes, and not without reason, that practically the same inference of a certain unwillingness may be drawn from the unintentional forgetting as from a conscious subterfuge.

Similarly, in military service, no distinction is recognized between an omission resulting from forgetting and one in consequence of intentional neglect. And rightly so. The soldier dares forget nothing that the service demands of him. If he forgets in spite of his knowledge of the requirements, then it is due to the fact that the motives which urge the fulfillment of the military exactions are opposed by contrary motives. Thus the soldier who at inspection pleads forgetting as an excuse for not having polished his buttons, is sure to be punished. But this punishment is small in comparison to the one he courts if he admits to his superiors that the motive for his negligence is that “I am entirely disgusted with the service.” Owing to this saving of punishment for economic reasons, as it were, he makes use of forgetting as an excuse, or it is the result of a compromise.

Duties towards women (like army service) demand that nothing relating to them must be subject to forgetting, and thus imply that forgetting may be permissible in unimportant matters, but in weighty matters, its occurrence is an indication that one wishes to treat them as unimportant: that is, that their importance is disputed.\(^2\) The viewpoint of psychic

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\(^1\) Cf. Bernheim, *Neue Studien über Hypnotismus, Suggestion und Psychotherapie*, 1892.
\(^2\) In Bernard Shaw’s *Caesar and Cleopatra*, Caesar’s indifference to Cleopatra is depicted by his being vexed on leaving Egypt at having forgotten to do something. He finally recollected what he had forgotten—to take leave of Cleopatra—this, to be
validity is in fact not to be contested here. No person forgets to carry out actions that seem important to himself without exposing himself to the suspicion that he is suffering from some mental disturbance. Our investigations therefore can refer only to forgetting of more or less secondary resolutions, for no resolution is deemed absolutely indifferent, otherwise it would certainly never have been formed.

As in the former functional disturbances, I have collected the cases of neglect through forgetting which I have observed in myself, and endeavored to explain them. In doing so, I have found that they could invariably be traced to some interference of unknown and unadmitted motives—or, as may be said, they were due to a counter-will. In a number of these cases, I found myself in a position similar to that of being in some distasteful service: I was under a constraint to which I had not entirely resigned myself, so that I showed my protest in the form of forgetting. This accounts for the fact that I am particularly prone to forget to send congratulations on such occasions as birthdays, jubilees, wedding celebrations and promotions to higher rank. I continually make new resolutions not to forget them, but I am more than ever convinced that I shall not succeed. I am now on the point of dropping them altogether, and to admit consciously the striving motives. In a period of transition, I told a friend who asked me to send a congratulatory telegram for him, at a certain time when I was to send one myself, that I would probably forget both. It was not surprising that the prophecy came true. It is undoubtedly due to painful experiences in life that I am unable to manifest sympathy where this manifestation must necessarily appear exaggerated, for the small amount of my feeling does not admit the corresponding expression. Since I have learned that I often mistook the pretended sympathy of others for real, I am in rebellion against the conventions of expressing sympathy, the social expediency of which I naturally acknowledge. Condolences in cases of death are excepted from this divided feeling; once I determine to send them I do not neglect them. Wherever my emotional participation is no longer involved with social duty, its expression is never inhibited by forgetting.

Cases in which we forget to carry out actions which we have promised to do as a favor for others, can similarly be explained as antagonism to conventional duty and as an unfavorable inward opinion. Here, it regularly happens that only the patron believes in the excusing power of forgetfulness, while the petitioner has no doubt about the right answer: "He has no interest in this matter, otherwise he would not have forgotten it."

There are some who are noted as generally forgetful, and we excuse

sure, is in full accord with historical truth. How little Caesar thought of this little Egyptian princess! Cited from Jones, loc. cit., p. 50.
their lapses in the same manner as we excuse those who are short-sighted when they do not greet us on the street. Such persons forget all small promises which they have made; they leave unexecuted all orders which they have received; they prove themselves unreliable in little things; and at the same time, demand that we shall not take these slight offenses amiss—that is, they do not want us to attribute these failings to personal characteristics but to refer them to an organic peculiarity. I am not one of these people myself, and have had no opportunity to analyze the actions of such a person in order to discover from the selection of forgetting the motive underlying the same. I cannot forego, however, the conjecture per analogiam, that here the motive is an unusually large amount of unavowed disregard for others which exploits a constitutional factor for its purpose.

In other cases, the motives for forgetting are less easy to discover, and when found, excite greater astonishment. Thus, in former years, I observed that of a great number of professional calls, I only forgot those that I was to make on patients whom I treated gratis or on colleagues. The mortification caused by this discovery led me to the habit of noting every morning the calls of the day in a form of resolution. I do not know if other physicians have come to the same practice by a similar road. Thus, we get an idea of what causes the so-called neurasthenic to make a memorandum of the communications he wishes to make to the doctor. He apparently lacks confidence in the reproductive capacity of his memory. This is true, but the scene usually proceeds in this manner. The patient has recounted his various complaints and inquiries at considerable length. After he has finished, he pauses for a moment, then he pulls out the memorandum and says apologetically, "I have made some notes because

1 Women, with their fine understanding of unconscious mental processes, are, as a rule, more apt to take offense at not being recognized in the street, and hence not greeted, than to accept the most obvious explanation, namely, that the neglector is short-sighted or so engrossed in thought that he did not notice them. They conclude that they surely would have been noticed if he had considered them of any consequence.

2 Dr. Ferenczi reports that he was an absent-minded person himself, and was considered peculiar by his friends on account of the frequency and strangeness of his failing. But the signs of this inattention have almost all disappeared since he began to practise psychoanalysis with patients, and was forced to turn his attention to the analysis of his own ego. He believes that one renounces these failings when one learns to extend by so much one's own responsibilities. He therefore justly maintains that distractedness is a state which depends on unconscious complexes, and is curable by psychoanalysis. One day, he was reproaching himself for having committed a technical error in the psychoanalysis of a patient, and on this day all his former distractions reappeared. He stumbled while walking in the street (a representation of that faux pas in the treatment), he forgot his pocket-book at home, he was a penny short in his car fare, he did not properly button his clothes, etc.

3 E. Jones remarks regarding this: "Often the resistance is of a general order. Thus a busy man forgets to mail a letter entrusted to him—to his slight annoyance—by his wife, just as he may 'forget' to carry out her shopping orders."
I cannot remember anything.” As a rule, he finds nothing new on the memorandum. He repeats each point and answers it himself: “Yes, I have already asked about that.” By means of the memorandum, he probably only demonstrates one of his symptoms, the frequency with which his resolutions are disturbed through the interference of obscure motives.

I am touching, moreover, on an affliction to which even most of my healthy acquaintances are subject, when I admit that especially in former years, I had the habit of easily forgetting for a long time to return borrowed books, also that it very often happened that I deferred payments through forgetfulness. One morning, not long ago, I left the tobacco shop where I make my daily purchase of cigars without paying. It was a most harmless omission, as I am known there and could therefore expect to be reminded of my debt the next morning. But this slight neglect, the attempt to contract a debt, was surely not unconnected with reflections concerning the budget with which I had occupied myself throughout the preceding day. Even among the so-called respectable people, one can readily demonstrate a double behavior when it concerns the theme of money and possession. The primitive greed of the suckling which wishes to seize every object (in order to put it in its mouth) has generally been only imperfectly subdued through culture and training.¹

I fear that in all the examples thus far given, I have grown quite commonplace. But it can be only a pleasure to me if I happen upon familiar matters which everyone understands, for my main object is to collect everyday material and utilize it scientifically. I cannot conceive why wisdom, which is, so to speak, the sediment of everyday experiences, should be denied admission among the acquisitions of knowledge. For it is not the diversity of objects but the stricter method of verification and the striving for far-reaching connections which make up the essential character of scientific work.

We have invariably found that resolutions of some importance are

¹ For the sake of the unity of the theme, I may here digress from the accepted classification, and add that the human memory evinces a particular partiality in regard to money matters. False reminiscences of having already paid something are often very obstinate, as I know from personal experience. When free sway is given to avaricious intent outside of the serious interests of life, when it is indulged in in the spirit of fun, as in card playing, we then find that the most honorable men show an inclination to errors, mistakes in memory and accounts, and without realizing how, they even find themselves involved in small frauds. Such liberties depend in no small part also on the psychically refreshing character of the play. The saying that in play we can learn a person’s character may be admitted if we can add “his repressed character.” If waiters ever make unintentional mistakes, they are apparently due to the same mechanism. Among merchants, we can frequently observe a certain delay in the paying out of sums of money, in payments of bills and the like, which brings the owner no profit and can be only understood psychologically as the expression of a counter-will against giving out money. Brill sums it up with epigrammatic keenness: “We are more apt to mislay letters containing bills and cheques.” (Brill, Psychoanalysis, its Theories and Practical Application, p. 197.)
forgotten when obscure motives arise to disturb them. In still less important resolutions, we find a second mechanism of forgetting. Here a counter-will becomes transferred to the resolution from something else after an external association has been formed between the latter and the content of the resolution. The following example reported by Brill illustrates this: "A patient found that she had suddenly become very negligent in her correspondence. She was naturally punctual and usually took pleasure in letter-writing, but for the last few weeks, she simply could not bring herself to write a letter without exerting the greatest amount of effort. The explanation was quite simple. Some weeks before, she had received an important letter calling for a categorical answer. She was undecided what to say, and therefore did not answer it at all. This indecision in the form of inhibition was unconsciously transferred to other letters and caused the inhibition against letter-writing in general."

Direct counter-will and more remote motivation are found together in the following example of delaying: I had written a short treatise on the dream for the series Grenzfragen des Nerven- und Seelenlebens, in which I gave an abstract of my book, The Interpretation of Dreams. Bergmann, the publisher, had sent me the proof sheets and asked for a speedy return of the same as he wished to issue the pamphlet before Christmas. I corrected the sheets the same night, and placed them on my desk in order to take them to the post office the next morning. In the morning, I forgot all about it, and only thought of it in the afternoon at the sight of the paper cover on my desk. In the same way, I forgot the proofs that evening and the following morning, and until the afternoon of the second day, when I quickly took them to a letter-box, wondering what might be the basis of this procrastination. Obviously, I did not want to send them off, although I could find no explanation for such an attitude.

After posting the letter, I entered the shop of my Vienna publisher, who put out my Interpretation of Dreams. I left a few orders; then, as if impelled by a sudden thought, said, "You undoubtedly know that I have written the 'Dream' book a second time?" "Ah!" he exclaimed, "then I must ask you to——" "Calm yourself," I interposed; "it is only a short treatise for the Löwenfeld-Kurella collection." But still he was not satisfied; he feared that the abstract would hurt the sale of the book. I disagreed with him, and finally asked: "If I had come to you before, would you have objected to the publication?" "No; under no circumstances," he answered.

Personally, I believe I acted within my full rights and did nothing contrary to the general practice; still, it seems to me that a thought similar to that entertained by the publisher was the motive for my procrastination in dispatching the proof sheets. This reflection leads back to a former occasion when another publisher
raised some difficulties because I was obliged to take out several pages of the text from an earlier work on cerebral infantile paralysis, and put them unchanged into a work on the same theme in Nothnagel's handbook. There again the reproach received no recognition; that time also I had loyally informed my first publisher (the same who published The Interpretation of Dreams) of my intention.

However, if this series of recollections is followed back still farther, it brings to light a still earlier occasion relating to a translation from the French, in which I really violated the property rights that should be considered in a publication. I had added notes to the text without asking the author's permission, and some years later, I had cause to think that the author was dissatisfied with this arbitrary action.

There is a proverb which indicates the popular knowledge that the forgetting of intentions is not accidental. It says: "What one forgets once he will often forget again."

Indeed, we sometimes cannot help feeling that no matter what may be said about forgetting and faulty actions, the whole subject is already known to everybody as something self-evident. It is strange enough that it is still necessary to push before consciousness such well-known facts. How often I have heard people remark: "Please do not ask me to do this, I shall surely forget it." The coming true of this prophecy later is surely nothing mysterious in itself. He who speaks thus perceives the inner resolution not to carry out the request, and only hesitates to acknowledge it to himself.

Much light is thrown, moreover, on the forgetting of resolutions through something which could be designated as "forming false resolutions." I had once promised a young author to write a review of his short work, but on account of inner resistances, not unknown to me, I promised him that it would be done the same evening. I really had serious intentions of doing so, but I had forgotten that I had set aside that evening for the preparation of an expert testimony that could not be deferred. After I thus recognized my resolution as false, I gave up the struggle against my resistances and refused the author's request.
ERRONEOUSLY CARRIED-OUT ACTIONS

I shall give another passage from the above-mentioned work of Meringer and Mayer (p. 98):

"Lapses in speech do not stand entirely alone. They resemble the errors which often occur in our other activities and are quite foolishly termed 'forgetfulness.'"

I am therefore in no way the first to presume that there is a sense and purpose behind the slight functional disturbances of the daily life of healthy people.¹

If the lapse in speech, which is without doubt a motor function, admits of such a conception, it is quite natural to transfer to the lapses of our other motor functions the same expectation. I have here formed two groups of cases; all these cases in which the faulty effect seems to be the essential element—that is, the deviation from the intention—I denote as erroneously carried-out actions or defaults; the others, in which the entire action appears rather inexpedient, I call "symptomatic and chance actions." Again, no distinct line of demarcation can be formed; indeed, we are forced to conclude that all divisions used in this treatise are of only descriptive significance and contradict the inner unity of the sphere of manifestation.

The psychologic understanding of erroneous actions apparently gains little in clearness when we place it under the head of "ataxia," and especially under "cortical ataxia." Let us rather try to trace the individual examples to their proper determinants. To do this, I shall again resort to personal observations, the opportunities for which I could not very frequently find in myself.

(a) In former years, when I made more calls at the homes of patients than I do at present, it often happened, when I stood before a door where I should have knocked or rung the bell, that I would pull the key of my own house from my pocket, only to replace it, quite abashed. When I in-

¹ A second publication of Meringer has later shown me how very unjust I was to this author when I attributed to him such understanding.
vestigated in what patients' homes this occurred, I had to admit that the faulty action—taking out my key instead of ringing the bell—signified paying a certain tribute to the house where the error occurred. It was equivalent to the thought "Here I feel at home," as it happened only where I possessed the patient's regard. (Naturally, I never rang my own doorbell.)

The default was therefore a symbolic representation of a definite thought which was not accepted consciously as serious; for in reality, the psychiatrist is well aware that the patient seeks him only so long as he expects to be benefited by him, and that his own excessively warm interest for his patient is evinced only as a means of psychic treatment.

That the senseful faulty handling of the keys is by no means peculiar to myself is readily shown by self-observation of others.

An almost identical repetition of my experience is described by A. Maeder ("Contrib. à la psychopathologie de la vie quotidienne," Arch. de Psychol., vi., 1906); "Il est arrivé à chacun de sortir son trousseau, en arrivant à la porte d'un ami particulièrement cher, de se surprendre pour ainsi dire, en train d'ouvrir avec sa clef comme chez soi. C'est un retard, puisqu'il faut sonner malgré tout, mais c'est une preuve qu'on se sent—ou qu'on voudrait se sentir—comme chez soi, auprès de cet ami."

Jones speaks as follows about the use of keys: ¹ "The use of keys is a fertile source of occurrences of this kind, of which two examples may be given. If I am disturbed in the midst of some engrossing work at home by having to go to the hospital to carry out some routine work, I am very apt to find myself trying to open the door of my laboratory there with the key of my desk at home, although the two keys are quite unlike each other. The mistake unconsciously demonstrates where I would rather be at the moment.

"Some years ago, I was acting in a subordinate position at a certain institution, the front door of which was kept locked, so that it was necessary to ring for admission. On several occasions, I found myself making serious attempts to open the door with my house key. Each one of the permanent visiting staff, of which I aspired to be a member, was provided with a key to avoid the trouble of having to wait at the door. My mistake thus expressed the desire to be on a similar footing and to be quite 'at home' there."

A similar experience is reported by Dr. Hans Sachs of Vienna: "I always carry two keys with me, one for the door of my office and one for my residence. They are not by any means easily interchanged, as the office key is at least three times as big as my house key. Besides, I carry the first in my trouser pocket and the other in my vest pocket. Yet it often happened that I noticed, on reaching the door, that while ascending the

¹ Jones, loc. cit., p. 79.
stairs, I had taken out the wrong key. I decided to undertake a statistical examination; as I was daily in about the same emotional state when I stood before both doors, I thought that the interchanging of the two keys must show a regular tendency, if they were differently determined psychically. Observation of later occurrences showed that I regularly took out my house key before the office door. Only on one occasion was this reversed: I came home tired, knowing that I would find a guest there. I made an attempt to unlock the door, with the, naturally too big, office key."

(b) At a certain time twice a day for six years, I was accustomed to wait for admission before a door in the second story of the same house, and during this long period of time, it happened twice (within a short interval) that I climbed a story higher. On the first of these occasions, I was in an ambitious day-dream, which allowed me to "mount always higher and higher." In fact, at that time, I heard the door in question open as I put my foot on the first step of the third flight. On the other occasion, I again went too far, "engrossed in thought." As soon as I became aware of it, I turned back and sought to snatch the dominating phantasy; I found that I was irritated over a criticism of my works, in which the reproach was made that I "always went too far," which I replaced by the less respectful expression, "climbed too high."

(c) For many years, a reflex hammer and a tuning-fork lay side by side on my desk. One day, I hurried off at the close of my office hours, as I wished to catch a certain train, and, despite broad daylight, put the tuning-fork in my coat pocket in place of the reflex hammer. My attention was called to the mistake through the weight of the object drawing down my pocket. Anyone accustomed to reflect on such slight occurrences would, without hesitation, explain the faulty action by the hurry of the moment, and excuse it. In spite of that, I preferred to ask myself why I took the tuning-fork instead of the hammer. The haste could just as well have been a motive for carrying out the action properly in order not to waste time over the correction.

"Who last grasped the tuning-fork?" was the question which immediately flashed through my mind. It happened that only a few days ago, an idiotic child, whose attention to sensory impressions I was testing, had been so fascinated by the tuning-fork that I found it difficult to tear it away from him. Could it mean, therefore, that I was an idiot? To be sure, so it would seem, as the next thought which associated itself with the hammer was chamer (Hebrew for "ass").

But what was the meaning of this abusive language? We must here inquire into the situation. I hurried to a consultation to see a patient who, according to the anamnesis which I received by letter, had fallen from a
balcony some months before, and since then, had been unable to walk. The physician who invited me wrote that he was still unable to say whether he was dealing with a spinal injury or traumatic neurosis—hysteria. That was what I was to decide. This could therefore be a reminder to be particularly careful in this delicate differential diagnosis. As it is, my colleagues think that hysteria is diagnosed far too carelessly where more serious matters are concerned. But the abuse is not yet justified. Yes, the next association was that the small railroad station is the same place in which, some years previous, I saw a young man who, after a certain emotional experience, could not walk properly. At that time, I diagnosed his malady as hysteria, and later put him under psychic treatment; but it afterward turned out that my diagnosis was neither incorrect nor correct. A large number of the patient’s symptoms were hysterical, and they promptly disappeared in the course of treatment. But back of these, there was a visible remnant that could not be reached by therapy, and could be referred only to a multiple sclerosis. Those who saw the patient after me had no difficulty in recognizing the organic affection. I could scarcely have acted or judged differently; still, the impression was that of a serious mistake; the promise of a cure which I had given him could naturally not be kept.

The mistake in grasping the tuning-fork instead of the hammer could therefore be translated into the following words: “You fool, you ass, get yourself together this time, and be careful not to diagnose again a case of hysteria where there is an incurable disease, as you did in this place years ago in the case of that poor man!” And fortunately for this little analysis, even if unfortunately for my mood, this same man, now showing a very spastic gait, had been to my office a few days before, one day after the examination of the idiotic child.

We observe that this time it is the voice of self-criticism which makes itself perceptible through the mistake in grasping. The erroneously carried-out action is specially suited to express self-reproach. The present mistake attempts to represent the mistake which was committed elsewhere.

(d) It is quite obvious that grasping the wrong thing may also serve a whole series of other obscure purposes. Here is a first example: It is very seldom that I break anything. I am not particularly dexterous, but by virtue of the anatomic integrity of my nervous and muscular apparatus, there are apparently no grounds in me for such awkward movements with undesirable results. I can recall no object in my home which I have ever broken. Owing to the narrowness of my study, it has often been necessary for me to work in the most uncomfortable position among my numerous antique clay and stone objects, of which I have a small collec-
tion. So much is this true that onlookers have expressed fear lest I topple
down something and shatter it. But it never happened. Then, why did I
brush to the floor the cover of my simple inkwell so that it broke into
pieces?

My inkstand is made of a flat piece of marble which is hollowed out for
the reception of the glass inkwell; the inkwell has a marble cover with a
knob of the same stone. A circle of bronze statuettes with small terra-
cotta figures is set behind this inkstand. I seated myself at the desk to
write: I made a remarkably awkward outward movement with the hand
holding the pen-holder, and so swept the cover of the inkstand, which
already lay on the desk, to the floor.

It is not difficult to find the explanation. Some hours before, my sister
had been in the room to look at some of my new acquisitions. She found
them very pretty, and then remarked: "Now the desk really looks very
well, only the inkstand doesn't match. You must get a prettier one." I
accompanied my sister out and did not return for several hours. But then,
as it seems, I performed the execution of the condemned inkstand.

Did I perhaps conclude from my sister's words that she intended to
present me with a prettier inkstand on the next festive occasion, and did
I shatter the unsightly old one in order to force her to carry out her
signified intention? If that be so, then my swinging motion was only ap-
parently awkward; in reality, it was most skillful and designed, as it
seemingly understood how to avoid all the valuable objects located near it.

I actually believe that we must accept this explanation for a whole se-
ries of seemingly accidental awkward movements. It is true that on the
surface, these seem to show something violent and irregular, similar to
spastic-ataxic movements, but on examination, they seem to be dom-
inated by some intention, and they accomplish their aim with a cer-
tainty that cannot be generally credited to conscious arbitrary motions.
In both characteristics, the force as well as the sure aim, they show be-
side a resemblance to the motor manifestations of the hysterical neurosis,
and in part also to the motor accomplishments of somnambulism, which
here as well as there, point to the same unfamiliar modification of the
functions of innervation.

In latter years, since I have been collecting such observations, it has
happened several times that I have shattered and broken objects of some
value, but the examination of these cases convinced me that it was never
the result of accident or of my unintentional awkwardness. Thus, one
morning while in my bath-robe and straw slippers, I followed a sudden
impulse as I passed a room, and hurled a slipper from my foot against
the wall so that it brought down a beautiful little marble Venus from its
bracelet. As it fell to pieces, I recited quite unmoved the following verse
from Busch:
"Ach! Die Venus ist verloren—
Klickeradoms!—von Medici!"

This crazy action and my calmness at the sight of the damage are explained in the then existing situation. We had a very sick person in the family, of whose recovery I had personally despaired. That morning, I had been informed that there was a great improvement; I know that I had said to myself, "After all she will live." My attack of destructive madness served therefore as the expression of a grateful feeling toward fate, and afforded me the opportunity of performing an "act of sacrifice," just as if I had vowed, "If she gets well, I will give this or that as a sacrifice." That I chose the Venus of Medici as this sacrifice was only gallant homage to the convalescent. But even today, it is still incomprehensible to me that I decided so quickly, aimed so accurately and struck no other object in close proximity.

Another breaking, in which I utilized a penholder falling from my hand, also signified a sacrifice, but this time, it was a pious offering to avert some evil. I had once allowed myself to reproach a true and worthy friend for no other reason than certain manifestations which I interpreted from his unconscious activity. He took it amiss and wrote me a letter in which he bade me not to treat my friends by psychoanalysis. I had to admit that he was right and appeased him with my answer. While writing this letter, I had before me my latest acquisition—a small, handsome, glazed Egyptian figure. I broke it in the manner mentioned, and then immediately knew that I had caused this mischief to avert a greater one. Luckily, both the friendship and the figure could be so cemented that the break would not be noticed.

A third case of breaking had a less serious connection; it was only a disguised "execution," to use an expression from Th. Vischer's Auch Einer, of an object that no longer suited my taste. For quite a while, I had carried a cane with a silver handle; through no fault of mine, the thin silver plate was once damaged and poorly repaired. Soon after the cane was returned, I mirthfully used the handle to angle for the leg of one of my children. In that way, it naturally broke and I got rid of it.

The indifference with which we accept the resulting damage in all these cases may certainly be taken as evidence for the existence of an unconscious purpose in their execution.

(e) As can sometimes be demonstrated by analysis, the dropping of objects or the overturning and breaking of the same, are very frequently utilized as the expression of unconscious streams of thought, but more often, they serve to represent the superstitious or odd significances connected therewith in popular sayings. The meanings attached to the spill-

1 Alas! The Venus of Medici is lost!
ing of salt, the overturning of a wineglass, the sticking of a knife dropped to the floor, and so on, are well known. I shall discuss later the right to investigate such superstitious interpretations; here I shall simply observe that the individual awkward acts do not by any means always have the same meaning, but, depending on the circumstances, they serve to repre-
sent now this or that purpose.

Recently, we passed through a period in my house, during which an unusual number of glass and china dishes were broken. I myself largely contributed to the damage. This little endemic was readily explained by the fact that it preceded the public betrothal of my eldest daughter. At such festivities, it is customary to break some dishes and utter at the same time some felicitating expression. This custom may signify a sacrifice or express any other symbolic sense.

When servants destroy fragile objects by letting them fall, we certainly do not think in the first place of a psychic motive for it; still, some obscure motives are not improbable even here. Nothing lies farther from the uneducated than the appreciation of art and works of art. Our servants are dominated by a foolish hostility against these productions, especially when the objects, whose worth they do not realize, become a source of a great deal of work for them. On the other hand, persons of the same education and origin employed in scientific institutions often distinguish themselves by great dexterity and reliability in the handling of delicate objects, as soon as they begin to identify themselves with their masters and consider themselves an essential part of the staff.

I shall here add the report of a young mechanical engineer, which gives some insight into the mechanism of damaging things.

"Some time ago, I worked with many others in the laboratory of the High School on a series of complicated experiments on the subject of elasticity. It was a work that we undertook of our own volition, but it turned out that it took up more of our time than we expected. One day, while going to the laboratory with F., he complained of losing so much time, especially on this day, when he had so many other things to do at home. I could only agree with him, and he added half jokingly, alluding to an incident of the previous week: 'Let us hope that the machine will refuse to work, so that we can interrupt the experiment and go home earlier.'

"In arranging the work, it happened that F. was assigned to the regu-
lution of the pressure valve; that is, it was his duty to carefully open the valve and let the fluid under pressure flow from the accumulator into the cylinder of the hydraulic press. The leader of the experiment stood at the manometer and called a loud 'Stop!' when the maximum pressure was reached. At this command, F. grasped the valve and turned it with all his force—to the left (all valves, without any exception, are closed to the
right). This caused a sudden full pressure in the accumulator of the press, and as there was no outlet, the connecting pipe burst. This was quite a trifling accident to the machine, but enough to force us to stop our work for the day and go home.

"It is characteristic, moreover, that some time later on discussing this occurrence, my friend F. could not recall the remark that I positively remember he had made."

Similarly, to fall, to make a misstep, or to slip need not always be interpreted as an entirely accidental miscarriage of a motor action. The linguistic double meaning of these expressions points to diverse hidden phantasies, which may present themselves through the giving up of bodily equilibrium. I recall a number of lighter nervous ailments in women and girls which made their appearance after falling without injury, and which were conceived as traumatic hysteria as a result of the shock of the fall. At that time, I already entertained the impression that these conditions had a different connection, that the fall was already a preparation of the neurosis, and an expression of the same unconscious phantasies of sexual content which may be taken as the moving forces behind the symptoms. Was not this very thing meant in the proverb which says, "When a maiden falls, she falls on her back"?

We can also add to these mistakes the case of one who gives a beggar a gold piece in place of a copper or a silver coin. The solution of such mishandling is simple: it is an act of sacrifice designed to mollify fate, to avert evil, and so on. If we hear a tender mother or an aunt express concern regarding the health of a child, immediately before taking a walk during which she displays her charity, contrary to her usual habit, we can hardly doubt the sense of this apparently undesirable accident. In this manner, our faulty acts make possible the practice of all those pious and superstitious customs which must shun the light of consciousness, because of the strivings against them of our unbelieving reason.

(f) That accidental actions are really intentional will find no greater credence in any other sphere than in sexual activity, where the border between the intention and accident hardly seems discernible. That an apparently clumsy movement may be utilized in a most refined way for sexual purposes, I can verify by a nice example from my own experience. In a friend's house, I met a young girl visitor who excited in me a feeling of fondness which I had long believed extinct, thus putting me in a jovial, loquacious and complaisant mood. At that time, I endeavored to find out how this came about, as a year before this same girl made no impression on me.

As the girl's uncle, a very old man, entered the room, we both jumped to our feet to bring him a chair which stood in the corner. She was more agile than I and also nearer the object, so that she was the first to take
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possession of the chair. She carried it with its back to her, holding both hands on the edge of the seat. As I got there later and did not give up the claim to carrying the chair, I suddenly stood directly back of her, and with both my arms was embracing her from behind, and for a moment, my hands touched her lap. I naturally solved the situation as quickly as it came about. Nor did it occur to anybody how dexterously I had taken advantage of this awkward movement.

Occasionally, I have had to admit to myself that the annoying, awkward stepping aside on the street, whereby for some seconds one steps here and there, yet always in the same direction as the other person, until finally both stop facing each other, that this "barring one's way" repeats an ill-mannered, provoking conduct of earlier times and conceals erotic purposes under the mask of awkwardness. From my psychoanalysis of neurotics, I know that the so-called naïveté of young people and children is frequently only such a mask employed in order that the subject may say or do the indecent without restraint.

(g) The effects which result from mistakes of normal persons are, as a rule, of a most harmless nature. Just for this reason, it would be particularly interesting to find out whether mistakes of considerable importance, which could be followed by serious results, as, for example, those of physicians or druggists, fall within the range of our point of view.

As I am seldom in a position to deal with active medical matters, I can only report one mistake from my own experience. I treated a very old woman, whom I visited twice daily for several years. My medical activities were limited to two acts, which I performed during my morning visits: I dropped a few drops of an eye lotion into her eyes and gave her a hypodermic injection of morphine. I prepared regularly two bottles—a blue one, containing the eye lotion, and a white one, containing the morphine solution. While performing these duties, my thoughts were mostly occupied with something else, for they had been repeated so often that the attention acted as if free. One morning, I noticed that the automaton worked wrong; I had put the dropper into the white instead of into the blue bottle, and had dropped into the eyes the morphine instead of the lotion. I was greatly frightened, but then calmed myself through the reflection that a few drops of a two per cent solution of morphine would not likely do any harm even if left in the conjunctival sac. The cause of the fright manifestly belonged elsewhere.

In attempting to analyze the slight mistake, I first thought of the phrase, "to seize the old woman by mistake," which pointed out the short way to the solution. I had been impressed by a dream which a young man had told me the previous evening, the contents of which could be explained
only on the basis of sexual intercourse with his own mother.¹ The strange-
ness of the fact that the Oedipus legend takes no offense at the age of
Queen Jocasta seemed to me to agree with the assumption that in being in
love with one's mother, we never deal with the present personality, but
with her youthful memory picture carried over from our childhood. Such
incongruities always show themselves where one phantasy fluctuating
between two periods is made conscious, and is then bound to one definite
period.

Deep in thoughts of this kind, I came to my patient of over ninety; I
must have been well on the way to grasp the universal character of the
Oedipus fable as the correlation of the fate which the oracle pronounces,
for I made a blunder in reference to or on the old woman. Here, again, the
mistake was harmless; of the two possible errors, taking the morphine
solution for the eye, or the eye lotion for the injection, I chose the one by
far the least harmful. The question still remains open whether in mis-
takes in handling things which may cause serious harm, we can assume an
unconscious intention as in the cases here discussed.

The following case from Brill's experience corroborates the assumption
that even serious mistakes are determined by unconscious intentions: "A
physician received a telegram informing him that his aged uncle was very
sick. In spite of important family affairs at home, he at once repaired to
that distant town because his uncle was really his father, who had cared
for him since he was one and a half years old, when his own father had
died. On reaching there, he found his uncle suffering from pneumonia,
and, as the old man was an octogenarian, the doctors held out no hope for
his recovery. 'It was simply a question of a day or two,' was the local do-
tor's verdict. Although a prominent physician in a big city, he refused to
cooperate in the treatment, as he found that the case was properly man-
aged by the local doctor, and he could not suggest anything to improve
matters.

"Since death was daily expected, he decided to remain to the end. He
waited a few days, but the sick man struggled hard, and although there
was no question of any recovery, because of the many new complications
which had arisen, death seemed to be deferred for a while. One night, be-
fore retiring, he went into the sickroom and took his uncle's pulse. As it
was quite weak, he decided not to wait for the doctor, and administered a
hypodermic injection. The patient grew rapidly worse and died within a
few hours. There was something strange in the last symptoms, and on
later attempting to replace the tube of hypodermic tablets into the case,

¹ The Oedipus dream, as I was wont to call it, because it contains the key to the
understanding of the legend of King Oedipus. In the text of Sophocles, the relation
of such a dream is put in the mouth of Jocasta. (Cf. The Interpretation of Dreams
pp. 307-9, etc.)
he found, to his consternation, that he had taken out the wrong tube, and
instead of a small dose of digitalis, he had given a large dose of hyoscine.

"This case was related to me by the doctor after he read my paper on
the Oedipus Complex. We agreed that this mistake was determined not
only by his impatience to get home to his sick child, but also by an old
resentment and unconscious hostility toward his uncle (father)."

It is known that in the more serious cases of psychoneuroses one some-
times finds self-mutilations as symptoms of the disease. That the psychic
conflict may end in suicide can never be excluded in these cases. Thus, I
know from experience, which some day I shall support with convincing
examples, that many apparently accidental injuries happening to such
patients are really self-inflicted. This is brought about by the fact that
there is a constantly lurking tendency to self-punishment, usually express-
ing itself in self-reproach, or contributing to the formation of a symptom,
which skillfully makes use of an external situation. The required external
situation may accidentally present itself or the punishment tendency may
assist it until the way is open for the desired injurious effect.

Such occurrences are by no means rare even in cases of moderate sever-
ity, and they betray the portions of unconscious intention through a series
of special features—for example, through the striking presence of mind
which the patients show in the pretended accidents.¹

I will report exhaustively one in place of many such examples from
my professional experience. A young woman broke her leg below the
knee in a carriage accident so that she was bedridden for weeks. The
striking part of it was the lack of any manifestation of pain and the calm-
ness with which she bore her misfortune. This calamity ushered in a long
and serious neurotic illness, from which she was finally cured by psycho-
therapy. During the treatment I discovered the circumstances surround-
ing the accident, as well as certain impressions which preceded it. The
young woman with her jealous husband spent some time on the farm
of her married sister, in company with her numerous brothers and sisters
with their wives and husbands. One evening, she gave an exhibition
of one of her talents before this intimate circle; she danced artistically the
"cancan," to the great delight of her relatives, but to the great annoyance
of her husband, who afterward whispered to her, "Again you have be-
haved like a whore." The words took effect; we will leave it undecided
whether it was just on account of the dance. That night she was restless
in her sleep, and the next forenoon, she decided to go out driving. She

¹ The self-inflicted injury which does not entirely tend toward self-annihilation has,
moreover, no other choice in our present state of civilization than to hide itself be-
hind the accidental, or to break through in a simulation of spontaneous illness. For-
merly, it was a customary sign of mourning; at other times, it expressed itself in
ideas of piety and renunciation of the world.
chose the horses herself, refusing one team and demanding another. Her youngest sister wished to have her baby with its nurse accompany her, but she opposed this vehemently. During the drive, she was nervous; she reminded the coachman that the horses were getting skittish, and as the fidgety animals really produced a momentary difficulty, she jumped from the carriage in fright and broke her leg, while those remaining in the carriage were uninjured. Although after the disclosure of these details we can hardly doubt that this accident was really contrived, we cannot fail to admire the skill which forced the accident to mete out a punishment so suitable to the crime. For, as it happened, "cancan" dancing with her became impossible for a long time.

Concerning self-inflicted injuries of my own experience, I cannot report anything in calm times, but under extraordinary conditions, I do not believe myself incapable of such acts. When a member of my family complains that he or she has bitten his tongue, bruised her finger, and so on, instead of the expected sympathy, I put the question, "Why did you do that?" But I have most painfully squeezed my thumb, after a youthful patient acquainted me during the treatment with his intention (naturally not to be taken seriously) of marrying my eldest daughter, while I knew that she was then in a private hospital in extreme danger of losing her life.

One of my boys, whose vivacious temperament was wont to put difficulties in the management of nursing him in his illness, had a fit of anger one morning because he was ordered to remain in bed during the forenoon, and threatened to kill himself: a way out suggested to him by the newspapers. In the evening, he showed me a swelling on the side of his chest which was the result of bumping against the door knob. To my ironical question why he did it, and what he meant by it, the eleven-year-old child explained, "That was my attempt at suicide which I threatened this morning." However, I do not believe that my views on self-inflicted wounds were accessible to my children at that time.

Whoever believes in the occurrence of semi-intentional self-inflicted injury—if this awkward expression be permitted—will become prepared to accept through it the fact that aside from conscious intentional suicide, there also exists semi-intentional annihilation—with unconscious intention—which is capable of aptly utilizing a threat against life and masking it as a casual mishap. Such mechanisms are by no means rare. For the tendency to self-destruction exists to a certain degree in many more persons than in those who bring it to completion. Self-inflicted injuries are, as a rule, a compromise between this impulse and the forces working against it, and even where it really comes to suicide, the inclination has existed for a long time with less strength or as an unconscious and repressed tendency.

Even suicide consciously committed chooses its time, means and op-
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Portunity; it is quite natural that unconscious suicide should wait for a motive to take upon itself one part of the causation and thus free it from its oppression by taking up the defensive forces of the person. These are in no way idle discussions which I here bring up; more than one case of apparently accidental misfortune has become known to me whose surrounding circumstances justified the suspicion of suicide.

For example, during an officers' horse-race one of the riders fell from his horse and was so seriously injured that a few days later he succumbed to his injuries. His behavior after regaining consciousness was remarkable in more than one way, and his conduct previous to the accident was still more remarkable. He had been greatly depressed by the death of his beloved mother, had crying spells in the society of his comrades, and to his trusted friend had spoken of the *taedium vitae*. He had wished to quit the service in order to take part in a war in Africa which had no interest for him. Formerly a keen rider, he had later evaded riding whenever possible. Finally, before the horse-race, from which he could not withdraw, he expressed a sad foreboding; in the light of our conception, it is not surprising that his premonition came true. It may be contended that it is quite comprehensible without any further cause that a person in such a state of nervous depression cannot manage a horse as well as on normal days. I quite agree with that, only I should like to look for the mechanism of this motor inhibition through "nervousness" in the intention of self-destruction here emphasized.

Another analysis of an apparently accidental self-inflicted wound, detailed to me by an observer, recalls the saying, "He who digs a pit for others falls in himself."  

1 The case is then identical with a sexual attack on a woman, in whom the attack of the man cannot be warded off through the full muscular strength of the woman because a portion of the unconscious feelings of the one attacked meets it with ready acceptance. To be sure, it is said that such a situation paralyzes the strength of a woman; we need only add the reasons for this paralysis. Insofar, the clever sentence of Sancho Panza, which he pronounced as governor of his island, is psychologically unjust (*Don Quixote*, vol. ii., chap. xlv). A woman haled before the judge a man who was supposed to have robbed her of her honor by force of violence. Sancho indemnified her with a full purge which he took from the accused, but after the departure of the woman, he gave the accused permission to follow her and snatch the purse from her. Both returned wrestling, the woman priding herself that the villain was unable to possess himself of the purse. Thereupon Sancho spoke: "Had you shown yourself so stout and valiant to defend your body (nay, but half so much) as you have done to defend your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you."

2 It is evident that the situation of a battlefield is such as to meet the requirement of conscious suicidal intent which, nevertheless, shuns the direct way. Cf. in *Wallenstein* the words of the Swedish captain concerning the death of Max Piccolomini: "They say he wished to die."

"Mrs. X., belonging to a good middle-class family, is married and has three children. She is somewhat nervous, but never needed any strenuous treatment, as she could sufficiently adapt herself to life. One day, she sustained a rather striking though transitory disfigurement of her face in the following manner: She stumbled in a street that was in process of repair and struck her face against the house wall. The whole face was bruised, the eyelids blue and oedematous, and as she feared that something might happen to her eyes, she sent for the doctor. After she was calmed, I asked her, 'But why did you fall in such a manner?' She answered that just before this accident she warned her husband, who had been suffering for some months from a joint affection, to be very careful in the street, and she often had the experience that in some remarkable way those things occurred to her against which she warned others.

'I was not satisfied with this as the determination of her accident, and asked her whether she had not something else to tell me. 'Yes, just before the accident, she noticed a nice picture in a shop on the other side of the street, which she suddenly desired as an ornament for her nursery, and wished to buy it at once. She thereupon walked across to the shop without looking at the street, stumbled over a heap of stones, and fell with her face against the wall without making the slightest effort to shield herself with her hands. The intention to buy the picture was immediately forgotten, and she walked home in haste.'

'But why were you not more careful?' I asked.

'Oh!' she answered, 'perhaps it was only a punishment for that episode which I confided to you!'

'Has this episode still bothered you?'

'Yes, later I regretted it very much; I considered myself wicked, criminal and immoral, but at the time, I was almost crazy with nervousness.'

'She referred to an abortion which was started by a quack and had to be brought to completion by a gynecologist. This abortion was initiated with the consent of her husband, as both wished on account of their pecuniary circumstances to be spared from being additionally blessed with children.

'She said: 'I had often reproached myself with the words, 'You really had your child killed,' and I feared that such a crime could not remain unpunished. Now that you have assured me that there is nothing seriously wrong with my eyes, I am quite assured I have already been sufficiently punished.'

'This accident, therefore, was on the one hand a retribution for her sin, but on the other hand it may have served as an escape from a more dire punishment which she had feared for many months. In the moment that she ran to the shop to buy the picture, the memory of this whole
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history, with its fears (already quite active in her unconscious at the time she warned her husband), became overwhelming and could perhaps find expression in words like these: 'But why do you want an ornament for the nursery?—you who had your child killed! You are a murderer! The great punishment is surely approaching!'

"This thought did not become conscious, but instead of it she made use of the situation—I might say of the psychologic moment—to utilize in a commonplace manner the heap of stones to inflict upon herself this punishment. It was for this reason that she did not even attempt to put out her arms while falling and was not much frightened. The second, and probably lesser, determinant of her accident was obviously the self-punishment for her unconscious wish to be rid of her husband, who was an accessory to the crime in this affair. This was betrayed by her absolutely superfluous warning to be very careful in the street on account of the stones. For, just because her husband had a weak leg, he was very careful in walking."

If such a rage against one's own integrity and one's own life can be hidden behind apparently accidental awkwardness and motor insufficiency, then it is not a big step forward to grasp the possibility of transferring the same conception to mistakes which seriously endanger the life and health of others. What I can put forward as evidence for the validity of this conception was taken from my experience with neurotics, and hence, does not fully meet the demands of this situation. I will report a case in which it was not an erroneously carried-out action, but what may be more aptly termed a symbolic or chance action that gave me the clue which later made possible the solution of the patient's conflict.

I once undertook to improve the marriage relations of a very intelligent man, whose differences with his tenderly attached young wife could surely be traced to real causes, but as he himself admitted, could not be altogether explained through them. He continually occupied himself with the thought of a separation, which he repeatedly rejected because he dearly loved his two small children. In spite of this, he always returned to that resolution and sought no means to make the situation bearable to himself. Such an unsettlement of a conflict served to prove to me that there were unconscious and repressed motives which enforced the conflicting conscious thoughts, and in such cases, I always undertake to end the conflict by psychic analysis. One day, the man related to me a slight occurrence which had extremely frightened him. He was sporting with the older child, by far his favorite. He tossed it high in the air and repeated this tossing till finally he thrust it so high that its head almost struck the massive gas chandelier. Almost, but not quite, or say "just about!" Nothing happened to the child except that it became dizzy from fright. The father stood transfixed with the child in his arms, while the mother merged into an
hysterical attack. The particular facility of this careless movement, with the violent reaction in the parents, suggested to me to look upon this accident as a symbolic action which gave expression to an evil intention toward the beloved child.

I could remove the contradiction to the actual tenderness of this father for his child by referring the impulse to injure it to the time when it was the only one, and so small, that as yet, the father had no occasion for tender interest in it. Then it was easy to assume that this man, so little pleased with his wife at that time, might have thought: "If this small being for whom I have no regard whatever should die, I would be free and could separate from my wife." The wish for the death of this much loved being must therefore have continued unconsciously. From here, it was easy to find the way to the unconscious fixation of this wish.

There was indeed a powerful determinant in a memory from the patient's childhood: it referred to the death of a little brother, which the mother laid to his father's negligence, and which led to serious quarrels with threats of separation between the parents. The continued course of my patient's life, as well as the therapeutic success, confirmed my analysis.
IX

SYMPTOMATIC AND CHANCE ACTIONS

The actions described so far, in which we recognize the execution of an unconscious intention, appeared as disturbances of other unintended actions, and hid themselves under the pretext of awkwardness. Chance actions, which we shall now discuss, differ from erroneously carried-out actions only in that they disdain the support of a conscious intention and really need no pretext. They appear independently and are accepted because one does not credit them with any aim or purpose. We execute them “without thinking anything of them,” “by mere chance,” “just to keep the hands busy,” and we feel confident that such information will be quite sufficient should one inquire as to their significance. In order to enjoy the advantage of this exceptional position, these actions which no longer claim awkwardness as an excuse must fulfill certain conditions: they must not be striking, and their effects must be insignificant.

I have collected a large number of such “chance actions” from myself and others, and after thoroughly investigating the individual examples, I believe that the name “symptomatic actions” is more suitable. They give expression to something which the actor himself does not suspect in them, and which, as a rule, he has no intention of imparting to others, but aims to keep to himself. Like the other phenomena considered so far, they thus play the part of symptoms.

The richest output of such chance or symptomatic actions is above all obtained in the psychoanalytic treatment of neurotics. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of showing by two examples of this nature how far and how delicately the determination of these plain occurrences is swayed by unconscious thoughts. The line of demarcation between the symptomatic actions and the erroneously carried-out actions is so indefinite that I could have disposed of these examples in the preceding chapter.

(a) During the analysis, a young woman reproduced this idea which suddenly occurred to her. Yesterday, while cutting her nails, “she had cut into the flesh while engaged in trimming the cuticle.” This is of so little interest that we ask in astonishment why it is at all remembered and
mentioned, and therefore come to the conclusion that we deal with a symptomatic action. It was really the finger upon which the wedding ring is worn which was injured through this slight awkwardness. It happened, moreover, on her wedding-day, which thus gives to the injury of the delicate skin a very definite and easily guessed meaning. At the same time, she also related a dream which alluded to the awkwardness of her husband and her feminine anesthesia. But why did she injure the ring finger of her left hand when the wedding ring is worn on the right? Her husband is a jurist, a “Doctor of Laws” (Doktor der Rechte, literally a Doctor of Rights), and her secret affection as a girl belonged to a physician who was jokingly called Doktor der Linke (literally Doctor of Left). Incidentally, a left-handed marriage has a definite meaning.

(b) A single young woman relates: “Yesterday, quite unintentionally, I tore a hundred-dollar note in two pieces and gave half to a woman who was visiting me. Is that, too, a symptomatic action?” After closer investigation, the matter of the hundred-dollar note elicited the following associations: She dedicated a part of her time and her fortune to charitable work. Together with another woman she was taking care of the rearing of an orphan. The hundred dollars was the contribution sent her by that woman, which she enclosed in an envelope and provisionally deposited on her writing-desk.

The visitor was a prominent woman with whom she was associated in another act of charity. This woman wished to note the names of a number of persons to whom she could apply for charitable aid. There was no paper, so my patient grasped the envelope from her desk, and without thinking of its contents, tore it in two pieces, one of which she kept and gave the other to her visitor.

Note the harmlessness of this aimless occurrence. It is known that a hundred-dollar note suffers no loss in value when it is torn, provided all the pieces are produced. That the woman would not throw away the piece of paper was assumed by the importance of the names on it, and there was just as little doubt that she would return the valuable content as soon as she noticed it.

But to what unconscious thought should this chance action, which was made possible through forgetfulness, give expression? The visitor in this case had a very definite relation to my patient and myself. It was she who at one time had recommended me as physician to the suffering girl, and if I am not mistaken, my patient considered herself indebted for this advice. Should this halved hundred-dollar note perhaps represent a fee for her mediation? That still remained enigmatic.

But other material was added to this beginning. Several days before, a woman mediator of a different sort had inquired of a relative whether the gracious young lady wished to make the acquaintance of a certain
gentleman, and that morning, some hours before the woman's visit, the wooing letter of the suitor arrived, giving occasion for much mirth. When therefore the visitor opened the conversation with inquiries regarding the health of my patient, the latter could well have thought: "You certainly found the right doctor for me, but if you could assist me in obtaining the right husband (and a child), I should be still more grateful."

Both mediators became fused into one in this repressed thought, and she handed the visitor the fee which her phantasy was ready to give the other. This resolution became perfectly convincing when I add that I had told her of such chance or symptomatic actions only the previous evening. She then took advantage of the next occasion to produce an analogous action.

We can undertake a grouping of these extremely frequent chance and symptomatic actions according to their occurrence as habitual, regular under certain circumstances, and as isolated ones. The first group (such as playing with the watch-chain, fingering one's beard, and so on), which can almost serve as a characteristic of the person concerned, is related to the numerous tic movements, and certainly deserves to be dealt with in connection with the latter. In the second group, I place the playing with one's cane, the scribbling with one's pencil, the jingling of coin's in one's pocket, kneading dough and other plastic materials, all sorts of handling of one's clothing and many other actions of the same order.

These playful occupations during psychoanalytic treatment regularly conceal sense and meaning to which other expression is denied. Generally the person in question knows nothing about it; he is unaware whether he is doing the same thing or whether he has imitated certain modifications in his customary playing, and he also fails to see or hear the effects of these actions. For example, he does not hear the noise which is produced by the jingling of coins, and he is astonished and incredulous when his attention is called to it. Of equal significance to the physician, and worthy of his observation, is everything that one does with his clothing, often without noticing it. Every change in the customary attire, every little negligence, such as an unfastened button, every trace of exposure means to express something that the wearer of the apparel does not wish to say directly; usually he is entirely unconscious of it.

The interpretation of these trifling chance actions, as well as the proof for their interpretation, can be demonstrated every time with sufficient certainty from the surrounding circumstances during the treatment, from the themes under discussion, and from the ideas that come to the surface when attention is directed to the seeming accident. Because of this connection, I will refrain from supporting my assertions by reporting examples with their analyses; but I mention these matters because I believe that they have the same meaning in normal persons as in my patients.
I cannot, however, refrain from showing by at least one example how closely an habitually accomplished symbolic action may be connected with the most intimate and important part of the life of a normal individual.  

"As Professor Freud has taught us, the symbolism in the infantile life of the normal plays a greater rôle than was expected from earlier psychoanalytic experiences. In view of this, the following brief analysis may be of general interest, especially on account of its medical aspects.  

"A doctor, on rearranging his furniture in a new house, came across a straight, wooden stethoscope, and, after pausing to decide where he should put it, was impelled to place it on the side of his writing-desk in such a position that it stood exactly between his chair and the one reserved for his patients. The act in itself was certainly odd, for in the first place, the straight stethoscope served no purpose as he invariably used a binaural one; and in the second place, all his medical apparatus and instruments were always kept in drawers, with the sole exception of this one. However, he gave no thought to the matter until one day, it was brought to his notice by a patient who had never seen a wooden stethoscope, asking him what it was. On being told, she asked him why he kept it there. He answered in an offhand way that that place was as good as any other. This, however, started him thinking, and he wondered whether there had been an unconscious motive in his action. Being interested in the psychoanalytic method, he asked me to investigate the matter.  

"The first memory that occurred to him was the fact that when a medical student, he had been struck by the habit his hospital interne had of always carrying a wooden stethoscope in his hand on his ward visits, although he never used it. He greatly admired this interne, and was much attached to him. Later on, when he himself became an interne, he contracted the same habit, and would feel very uncomfortable if by mistake he left the room without having the instrument to swing in his hand. The aimlessness of the habit was shown, not only by the fact that the only stethoscope he ever used was a binaural one, which he carried in his pocket, but also in that it was continued when he was a surgical interne and never needed any stethoscope at all.  

"From this, it was evident that the idea of the instrument in question had in some way or other become invested with a greater psychic significance than normally belonged to it—in other words, that to the subject it stood for more than it does for other people. The idea must have become unconsciously associated with some other one which it symbolized, and from which it derived its additional fullness of meaning. I will forestall the rest of the analysis by saying what this secondary idea was—namely,

1 "Beitrag zur Symbolik im Alltag" by Ernest Jones, Zentralb. f. Psychoanalyse, l. 3, 1911.
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a phallic one; the way in which this curious association had been formed will presently be related. The discomfort he experienced in hospital on missing the instrument, and the relief and assurance the presence of it gave him, was related to what is known as a 'castration complex'—namely, a childhood fear, often continued in a disguised form into adult life, lest a private part of his body should be taken away from him, just as play-things so often were. The fear was due to paternal threats that it would be cut off if he were not a good boy, particularly in a certain direction. This is a very common complex, and accounts for a great deal of general nervousness and lack of confidence in later years.

"Then came a number of childhood memories relating to his family doctor. He had been strongly attached to this doctor as a child, and during the analysis, long-buried memories were recovered of a double phantasy he had in his fourth year concerning the birth of a younger sister—namely, that she was the child (1) of himself and his mother, the father being relegated to the background, and (2) of the doctor and himself; in this, he thus played both a masculine and feminine part. At the time, when his curiosity was being aroused by the event, he could not help noticing the prominent share taken by the doctor in the proceedings, and the subordinate position occupied by the father: the significance of this for his later life will presently be pointed out.

"The stethoscope association was formed through many connections. In the first place, the physical appearance of the instrument—a straight, rigid, hollow tube, having a small bulbous summit at one extremity and a broad base at the other—and the fact of its being the essential part of the medical paraphernalia, the instrument with which the doctor performed his magical and interesting feats, were matters that attracted his boyish attention. He had had his chest repeatedly examined by the doctor at the age of six, and distinctly recollected the voluptuous sensation of feeling the latter's head near him pressing the wooden stethoscope into his chest, and of the rhythmic to-and-fro respiratory movement. He had been struck by the doctor's habit of carrying his stethoscope inside his hat; he found it interesting that the doctor should carry his chief instrument concealed about his person, always handy when he went to see patients, and that he only had to take off his hat (i.e., a part of his clothing) and 'pull it out.' At the age of eight, he was impressed by being told by an older boy that it was the doctor's custom to get into bed with his women patients. It is certain that the doctor, who was young and handsome, was extremely popular among the women of the neighborhood, including the subject's own mother. The doctor and his 'instrument' were therefore objects of great interest throughout his boyhood.

1 Psychoanalytic research, with the penetration of infantile amnesia, has shown that this apparent precocity is a less abnormal occurrence than was previously supposed.
"It is probable that, as in many other cases, unconscious identification with the family doctor had been a main motive in determining the subject's choice of profession. It was here doubly conditioned (1) by the superiority on certain interesting occasions of the doctor to the father, of whom the subject was very jealous, and (2) by the doctor's knowledge of forbidden topics and his opportunity for illicit indulgence. The subject admitted that he had on several occasions experienced erotic temptations in regard to his women patients; he had twice fallen in love with one, and finally had married one.

"The next memory was of a dream, plainly of a homosexual-masochistic nature; in it a man, who proved to be a replacement figure of the family doctor, attacked the subject with a 'sword.' The idea of a sword, as is so frequently the case in dreams, represented the same idea as was mentioned above to be associated with that of a wooden stethoscope. The thought of a sword reminded the subject of the passage in the Nibelung Saga, where Sigurd sleeps with his naked sword (Gram) between him and Brunnhilda, an incident that had always greatly struck his imagination.

"The meaning of the symptomatic act now at last became clear. The subject had placed his wooden stethoscope between him and his patients, just as Sigurd had placed his sword (an equivalent symbol) between him and the maiden he was not to touch. The act was a compromise-formation; it served both to gratify in his imagination the repressed wish to enter into nearer relations with an attractive patient (interposition of phallus), and at the same time, to remind him that this wish was not to become a reality (interposition of sword). It was, so to speak, a charm against yielding to temptation.

"I might add that the following passage from Lord Lytton's Richelieu made a great impression on the boy:

'Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword,' 2

and that he became a prolific writer and uses an unusually large fountain pen. When I asked him what need he had of this pen, he replied in a characteristic manner, 'I have so much to express.'

"This analysis reminds us of the profound views that are afforded us in the psychic life through the 'harmless' and 'senseless' actions, and how early in life the tendency to symbolization develops."

I can also relate an experience from my psychotherapeutic practice in which the hand, playing with a mass of bread-crumbs, gave evidence of an eloquent declaration. My patient was a boy not yet thirteen years of age, who had been very hysterical for two years. I finally took him for psycho-

1 The term "medical questions" is a common periphrasis for "sexual" questions.
2 Cf. Oldham's "I wear my pen as others do their sword."
analytic treatment, after a lengthy stay at a hydrotherapeutic institution had proved futile. My supposition was that he must have had sexual experiences, and that, corresponding to his age, he had been troubled by sexual questions; but I was cautious about helping him with explanations as I wished to test further my assumption. I was therefore curious as to the manner in which the desired material would evince itself in him.

One day, it struck me that he was rolling something between the fingers of his right hand; he would thrust it into his pocket and there continue playing with it, then would draw it out again, and so on. I did not ask what he had in his hand; but as he suddenly opened his hand, he showed it to me. It was bread-crumbs kneaded into a mass. At the next session, he again brought along a mass, and in the course of our conversation, although his eyes were closed, modelled a figure with an incredible rapidity which excited my interest. Without doubt, it was a manikin like the crudest prehistoric idols, with a head, two arms, two legs and an appendage between the legs which he drew out to a long point.

This was scarcely completed when he kneaded the manikin together again: later, he allowed it to remain, but modelled an identical appendage on the flat of the back and on other parts in order to veil the meaning of the first. I wished to show him that I had understood him, but at the same time, I wanted to deprive him of the evasion that he had thought of nothing while actively forming these figures. With this intention, I suddenly asked him whether he remembered the story of the Roman king who gave his son's envoy a pantomimic answer in his garden.

The boy did not wish to recall what he must have learned so much more recently than I. He asked if that was the story of the slave on whose bald skull the answer was written. I told him, "No, that belonged to Greek history," and related the following: "King Tarquinus Superbus had induced his son Sextus to steal into a Latin city. The son, who had later obtained a foothold in the city, sent a messenger to the king, asking what steps he should take next. The king gave no answer, but went into his garden, had the question repeated there, and silently struck off the heads of the largest and most beautiful poppies. All that the messenger could do was to report this to Sextus, who understood his father, and caused the most distinguished citizens of the city to be removed by assassination."

While I was speaking, the boy stopped kneading, and as I was relating what the king did in his garden, I noticed that at the words "silently struck" he tore off the head of the manikin with a movement as quick as lightning. He therefore understood me, and showed that he was also understood by me. Now I could question him directly, and gave him the information that he desired, and in a short time, the neurosis came to an end.

The symptomatic actions which we observe in inexhaustible abundance
in healthy as well as in nervous people are worthy of our interest far more than one reason. To the physician, they often serve as valuable indications for orienting himself in new or unfamiliar conditions; to the keen observer, they often betray everything, occasionally even more than he cares to know. He who is familiar with its application sometimes feels like King Solomon, who, according to the Oriental legend, understood the language of animals.

One day, I was to examine a strange young man at his mother's home. As he came towards me, I was attracted by a large stain on his trousers, which by its peculiar stiff edges, I recognized as one produced by albumen. After a moment's embarrassment, the young man excused this stain by remarking that he was hoarse and therefore drank a raw egg, and that some of the slippery white of the egg had probably fallen on his clothes. To confirm his statements, he showed the eggshell which could still be seen on a small plate in the room. The suspicious spot was thus explained in this harmless way; but as his mother left us alone, I thanked him for having so greatly facilitated the diagnosis for me, and without further procedure, I took as the topic of our discussion his confession that he was suffering from the effects of masturbation.

Another time, I called on a woman as rich as she was miserly and foolish, who was in the habit of giving the physician the task of working his way through a heap of her complaints before he could reach the simple cause of her condition. As I entered, she was sitting at a small table engaged in arranging silver dollars in little piles: as she arose, she tumbled some of the pieces of money to the floor. I helped her pick them up, but interrupted the recitation of her misery by remarking: "Has your good son-in-law been spending so much of your money again?" She bitterly denied this, only to relate a few moments later the lamentable story of the aggravation caused by her son-in-law's extravagances. And she has not sent for me since. I cannot maintain that one always makes friends of those to whom he tells the meaning of their symptomatic actions.

He who observes his fellow-men while at table will be able to verify in them the nicest and most instructive symptomatic actions.

Dr. Hans Sachs relates the following:

"I happened to be present when an elderly couple related to me partook of their supper. The lady had stomach trouble and was forced to follow a strict diet. A roast was put before the husband, and he requested his wife, who was not allowed to partake of this food, to give him the mustard. The wife opened the closet and took out the small bottle of stomach drops, and placed it on the table before her husband. Between the barrel-shaped mustard glass and the small drop bottle, there was naturally no similarity through which the mishandling could be explained; yet the wife only
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noticed the mistake after her husband laughingly called her attention to it. The sense of this symptomatic action needs no explanation."

For an excellent example of this kind which was very skillfully utilized by the observer, I am indebted to Dr. Bernh. Dattner:

"I dined in a restaurant with my colleague H., a doctor of philosophy. He spoke about the injustice done to probationary students, and added that even before he finished his studies, he was placed as secretary to the ambassador, or rather the Minister plenipotentiary to Chile. 'But,' he added, 'the minister was afterwards transferred, and I did not make any effort to meet the newly appointed.' While uttering the last sentence, he was lifting a piece of pie to his mouth, but he let it drop as if out of awkwardness. I immediately grasped the hidden sense of this symptomatic action, and remarked to my colleague, who was unacquainted with psychoanalysis, 'You really allowed a very choice morsel to slip from you.' He did not realize, however, that my words could equally refer to his symptomatic action, and he repeated the same words I uttered with a peculiarly agreeable and surprising vividness, as if I had actually taken the words from his mouth: 'It was really a very choice morsel that I allowed to get away from me.' He then followed this remark with a detailed description of his clumsiness which has cost him this very remunerative position.

"The sense of this symbolic action becomes clearer if we remember that my colleague had scruples about telling me, almost a perfect stranger, concerning his precarious material situation, and his repressed thought took on the mask of symptomatic action which expressed symbolically what was meant to be concealed, and the speaker thus got relief from his unconscious."

Chance or symptomatic actions occurring in affairs of married life have often a most serious signification, and could lead those who do not concern themselves with the psychology of the unconscious to a belief in omens. It is not an auspicious beginning if a young woman loses her wedding ring on her wedding tour, even if it is only mislaid and soon found.

I know a woman, now divorced, who in the management of her business affairs frequently signed her maiden name many years before she actually resumed it.

Once I was the guest of a newly married couple and heard the young woman laughingly relate her latest experience, how, on the day succeeding her return from the wedding tour, she had sought out her single sister in order to go shopping with her as in former times, while her husband was attending business. Suddenly she noticed a man on the opposite side of the street; nudging her sister she said, "Why, that is surely Mr. L." She forgot that for some weeks this man had been her husband. I was chilled at this tale, but I did not dare draw any inferences. The little story came
back to me only several years later, after this marriage had ended most unhappily.

A friend who has learned to observe signs related to me that the great actress Eleanore Duse introduced a symptomatic action into one of her rôles which shows very nicely from what depth she drew her acting. It was a drama dealing with adultery; she had just been in discussion with her husband and now stood soliloquizing before the seducer made his appearance. During this short interval, she played with her wedding ring; she pulled it off, replaced it and finally took it off again. She was now ready for the other.

I know of an elderly man who married a young girl, and instead of starting at once on his wedding tour, he decided to spend the night in a hotel. Scarcely had they reached the hotel, when he noticed with fright that he was without his wallet, in which he had the entire sum of money for the wedding tour; he must have mislaid or lost it. He was still able to reach his servant by telephone; the latter found the missing article in the coat discarded for the travelling clothes and brought it to the hotel to the waiting bridegroom, who had thus entered upon his marriage without means.

It is consoling to think that the "losing of objects" by people is merely an unsuspected extension of a symptomatic action, and is thus welcome at least to the secret intention of the loser. Often it is only an expression of slight appreciation of the lost article, a secret dislike for the same, or perhaps for the person from whom it came, or the desire to lose this object was transferred to it from other and more important objects through symbolic association. The loss of valuable articles serves as an expression of diverse feelings; it may either symbolically represent a repressed thought—that is, it may bring back a memory which one would rather not hear—or it may represent a sacrifice to the obscure forces of fate, the worship of which is not yet entirely extinct even with us.  

1 Here is another small collection of various symptomatic actions in normal and neurotic persons. An elderly colleague who does not like to lose at cards had to pay one evening a large sum of money in consequence of his losses; he did this without complaint, but with a peculiarly constrained temper. After his departure, it was discovered that he had left practically everything he had with him at this place, spectacles, cigar case and handkerchief. That would be readily translated into the words: "You robbers, you have nicely plundered me." A man who suffers from occasional sexual impotence, which has its origin in the intimacy of his infantile relations to his mother, relates that he is in the habit of embellishing pamphlets and notes with an S, the initial of his mother's name. He cannot bear the idea of having letters from home come in contact with other unsanctified correspondence, and therefore finds it necessary to keep the former separate. A young woman suddenly flings open the door of the consulting room while her predecessor is still present. She excuses herself on the ground of "thoughtlessness"; it soon comes to light that she demonstrated her curiosity which caused her at an earlier time to intrude into the bedroom of her parents. Girls who are proud of their beautiful hair know so well how to manipulate combs and hairpins, that in the midst of conversation, their hair becomes loosened. During the
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These as well as other similar experiences have caused me to think that the actions executed unintentionally must inevitably become the source of misunderstanding in human relations. The perpetrator of the act, who is unaware of any associated intention, takes no account of it, and does not hold himself responsible for it. On the other hand, the second party, having regularly utilized even such acts as those of his partner to draw conclusions as to their purpose and meaning, recognizes more of the stranger’s psychic processes than the latter is ready either to admit or believe that he has imparted. He becomes indignant when these conclusions drawn from his symptomatic actions are held up to him; he declares them baseless because he does not see any conscious intention in their execution, and complains of being misunderstood by the other. Samuel Butler, whose psychological insight was truly remarkable, expressed the same views long before Professor Freud came on the scene. Speaking of conscious and unconscious knowers, he states (Life and Habit, p. 27):

 treatment (in a reclining position) some men scatter change from their pockets and thus pay for the hour of treatment; the amount scattered is in proportion to their estimation of the work. Whoever forgets articles in the doctor’s office, such as eyeglasses, gloves, handbags, generally indicates that he cannot bear himself away and is anxious to return soon. Ernest Jones says: “One can almost measure the success with which a physician is practising psychotherapy, for instance, by the size of the collection of umbrellas, handkerchiefs, purses and so on, that he could make in a month. The slightest habits and acts performed with a minimum of attention, such as the winding of a clock before retiring to sleep, the putting out of lights before leaving the room and similar actions, are occasionally subject to disturbances which clearly demonstrate the influence of the unconscious complex, and what is thought to be the strongest habits.”

In the journal, Caenobium, Maeder tells about a hospital physician who, on account of an important matter, desired to get to the city that evening, although he was on duty and had no right to leave the hospital. On his return, he noticed, to his surprise, that there was a light in his room. On leaving the room, he had forgotten to put it out, something that had never happened before. But he soon grasped the motive of this forgetting. The hospital superintendent who lived in the same house must have concluded from the light in the room that he was at home. A man overburdened with worries and subject to occasional depressions assured me that he regularly forgot to wind his watch on those evenings when life seemed too hard and unfriendly. In this omission to wind his watch, he symbolically expressed that it was a matter of indifference to him whether he lived to see the next day. Another man who was personally unknown to me wrote: “Having been struck by a terrible misfortune, life appeared so harsh and unsympathetic, that I imagined that I had not sufficient strength to live to see the next day. I then noticed that almost every day I forgot to wind my watch, something that I never omitted before. I had been in the habit of doing it regularly before retiring in an almost mechanical and unconscious manner. It was only very seldom that I thought of it, and that happened when I had something important for the next day which held my interest. Should this be considered a symptomatic action? I really cannot explain it.” Whoever will take the trouble, like Jung (The Psychology of Dementia Praecox, translated by Brill), or Maeder (“Une voie nouvelle en psychologie—Freud et son école,” Caenobium, Lugano, 1906), to pay attention to melodies which one hums to himself aimlessly and unconsciously, will regularly discover the relation of the melody’s text to a theme which occupies the person at that time.

1 Given by Editor.
"Another example may be taken from Bacon of the manner in which sayings which drop from men unconsciously, give the key of their inner thoughts to another person, though they themselves know not that they have such thoughts at all; much less that these thoughts are their only true convictions. In his Essay on Friendship the great philosopher writes: ‘Reading good books on morality is a little flat and dead.’ Innocent, not to say pathetic, as this passage may sound, it is pregnant with painful inferences concerning Bacon’s moral character. For if he knew that he found reading good books on morality a little flat and dead, it follows he must have tried to read them; nor is he saved by the fact that he found them a little flat and dead; for though this does indeed show that he had begun to be so familiar with a few first principles as to find it more or less exhausting to have his attention directed to them further—yet his words prove that they were not so incorporate with him that he should feel the loathing for further discourse upon the matter which honest people commonly feel now. It will be remembered that he took bribes when he came to be Lord Chancellor."

Close examination shows that such misunderstandings are based on the fact that the person is too fine an observer and understands too much. The more “nervous” two persons are, the more readily will they give each other cause for disputes, which are based on the fact that one as definitely denies about his own person what he is sure to accept about the other.

And this is, indeed, the punishment for the inner dishonesty to which people grant expression under the guise of “forgetting,” of erroneous actions and accidental emotions, a feeling which they would do better to confess to themselves and others when they can no longer control it. As a matter of fact, it can be generally affirmed that everyone is continually practising psychoanalysis on his neighbors, and consequently, learns to know them better than each individual knows himself. The road following the admonition γνῶθι σεαυτόν leads through the study of one’s own apparently casual commissions and omissions.
ERRORS

Errors of memory are distinguished from forgetting and false recollections through one feature only, namely, that the error (false recollection) is not recognized as such but finds credence. However, the use of the expression "error" seems to depend on still another condition. We speak of "erring" instead of "falsely recollecting" where the character of the objective reality is emphasized in the psychic material to be reproduced—that is, where something other than a fact of my own psychic life is to be remembered, or rather something that may be confirmed or refuted through the memory of others. The reverse of the error in memory in this sense is formed by ignorance.

In my book The Interpretation of Dreams,¹ I was responsible for a series of errors in historical, and above all, in material facts, which I was astonished to discover after the appearance of the book. On closer examination, I found that they did not originate from my ignorance, but could be traced to errors of memory explainable by means of analysis.

(a) On page 431 ¹ I indicated as Schiller's birthplace the city of Marburg, a name which recurs in Styria. The error is found in the analysis of a dream during a night journey from which I was awakened by the conductor calling out the name of the station Marburg. In the contents of the dream, inquiry is made concerning a book by Schiller. But Schiller was not born in the university town of Marburg but in the Swabian city of Marbach. I maintain that I always knew this.

(b) On page 260, Hannibal's father is called Hasdrubal. This error was particularly annoying to me, but it was most corroborative of my conception of such errors. Few readers of the book are better posted on the history of the Barcides than the author who wrote this error and overlooked it in three proofs. The name of Hannibal's father was Hamilcar

² This and succeeding page references to The Interpretation of Dreams are to this volume.
Barca; Hasdrubal was the name of Hannibal's brother as well as that of his brother-in-law and predecessor in command.

(c) On pages 303 and 547, I assert that Zeus emasculates his father Kronos and hurls him from the throne. This horror I have erroneously advanced by a generation; according to Greek mythology, it was Kronos who committed this on his father Uranos.¹

How is it to be explained that my memory furnished me with false material on these points, while it usually places the most remote and unusual material at my disposal, as the readers of my books can verify? And, what is more, in three carefully executed proof-readings, I passed over these errors as if struck blind.

Goethe said of Lichtenberg: "Where he cracks a joke, there lies a concealed problem." Similarly we can affirm of these passages cited from my book: back of every error is a repression. More accurately stated: the error conceals a falsehood, a disfigurement which is ultimately based on repressed material. In the analysis of the dreams there reported, I was compelled by the very nature of the theme to which the dream thoughts related, on the one hand, to break off the analysis in some places before it had reached its completion, and on the other hand, to remove an indiscreeet detail through a slight disfigurement of its outline. I could not act differently, and had no other choice if I was at all to offer examples and illustrations. My constrained position was necessarily brought about by the peculiarity of dreams, which give expression to repressed thoughts, or to material which is incapable of becoming conscious. In spite of this, it is said that enough material remained to offend the more sensitive souls. The disfigurement or concealment of the continuing thoughts known to me could not be accomplished without leaving some trace. What I wished to repress has often against my will obtruded itself on what I have taken up, and evinced itself in the matter as an unnoticeable error. Indeed, each of the three examples given is based on the same theme: the errors are the results of repressed thoughts which occupy themselves with my deceased father.

(ad a) Whoever reads through the dream analyzed on page 431 will find some parts unveiled; in some parts he will be able to divine through allusions that I have broken off the thoughts which would have contained an unfavorable criticism of my father. In the continuation of this line of thoughts and memories, there lies an annoying tale, in which books and a business friend of my father, named Marburg, play a part; it is the same name, the calling out of which in the southern railway station had aroused me from sleep. I wished to suppress this Mr. Marburg in the analysis from myself and my readers: he avenged himself by intruding where he

¹ This is not a perfect error. According to the orphic version of the myth, the emasculation was performed by Zeus on his father Kronos.
did not belong, and changed the name of Schiller's birthplace from Marbach to Marburg.

(ad b) The error Hasdrubal in place of Hamilcar, the name of the brother instead of that of the father, originated from an association which dealt with the Hannibal phantasies of my college years and my dissatisfaction with the conduct of my father towards the "enemies of our people." I could have continued and recounted how my attitude towards my father was changed by a visit to England, where I made the acquaintance of my half-brother, by a previous marriage of my father. My brother's eldest son was my age exactly. Thus the age relations were no hindrance to a phantasy which may be stated thus: how much pleasanter it would be had I been born the son of my brother instead of the son of my father! This suppressed phantasy then falsified the text of my book at the point where I broke off the analysis, by forcing me to put the name of the brother for that of the father.

(ad c) The influence of the memory of this same brother is responsible for my having advanced by a generation the mythical horror of the Greek deities. One of the admonitions of my brother has lingered long in my memory: "Do not forget one thing concerning your conduct in life," he said: "you belong not to the second but really to the third generation of your father." Our father had remarried at an advanced age, and was therefore an old man to his children by the second marriage. I commit the error mentioned where I discuss the piety between parents and children. Several times, friends and patients have called my attention to the fact that in reporting their dreams or alluding to them in dream analyses, I have related inaccurately the circumstances experienced by us in common. These are also historic errors. On re-examining such individual cases, I have found that my recollection of the facts was unreliable only where I had purposely disfigured or concealed something in the analysis. Here again, we have an unobserved error as a substitute for an intentional concealment or repression.

From these errors, which originate from repression, we must sharply distinguish those which are based on actual ignorance. Thus, for example, it was ignorance when, on my excursion to Wachau, I believed that I had passed the resting-place of the revolutionary leader Fischof. Only the name is common to both places. Fischof's Emmersdorf is located in Kärnten. But I did not know any better.

Here is another embarrassing but instructive error, an example of temporary ignorance, if you like. One day, a patient reminded me to give him the two books on Venice which I had promised him, as he wished to use them in planning his Easter tour. I answered that I had them ready and went into the library to fetch them, though the truth of the matter was that I had forgotten to look them up, since I did not quite approve of
my patient's journey, looking upon it as an unnecessary interruption to the treatment, and as a material loss to the physician. Thereupon, I made a quick survey of the library for the books.

One was *Venedig als Kunstätte*, and besides this, I imagined I had an historic work of a similar order. Certainly there was *Die Mediceer (The Medici)*; I took them and brought them in to him; then, embarrassed, I confessed my error. Of course, I really knew that the Medici had nothing to do with Venice, but for a short time, it did not appear to me at all incorrect. Now I was compelled to practise justice; as I had so frequently interpreted my patient's symptomatic actions, I could save my prestige only by being honest and admitting to him the secret motives of my averseness to his trip.

It may cause general astonishment to learn how much stronger is the impulse to tell the truth than is usually supposed. Perhaps it is a result of my occupation with psychoanalysis that I can scarcely lie any more. As often as I attempt a distortion, I succumb to an error or some other faulty act, which betrays my dishonesty, as was manifest in this and in the preceding examples.

Of all faulty actions, the mechanism of the error seems to be the most superficial. That is, the occurrence of the error invariably indicates that the mental activity concerned had to struggle with some disturbing influence, although the nature of the error need not be determined by the quality of the disturbing idea, which may have remained obscure. It is not out of place to add that the same state of affairs may be assumed in many simple cases of lapses in speaking and writing. Every time we commit a lapse in speaking or writing, we may conclude that through mental processes, there has come a disturbance which is beyond our intention. It may be conceded, however, that lapses in speaking and writing often follow the laws of similarity and convenience, or the tendency to acceleration, without allowing the disturbing element to leave a trace of its own character in the error resulting from the lapses in speaking or writing. It is the responsiveness of the linguistic material which at first makes possible the determination of the error, but it also limits the same.

In order not to confine myself exclusively to personal errors, I will relate a few examples which could just as well have been ranged under "Lapses in Speech" or under "Erroneously Carried-out Actions," but as all these forms of faulty action have the same value, they may as well be reported here.

(a) I forbade a patient to speak on the telephone to his lady-love, with whom he himself was willing to break off all relations, as each conversation only renewed the struggling against it. He was to write her his final decision, although there were some difficulties in the way of delivering the letter to her. He visited me at one o'clock to tell me that he had
found a way of avoiding these difficulties, and among other things, he asked me whether he might refer to me in my professional capacity.

At two o’clock, while he was engaged in composing the letter of refusal, he interrupted himself suddenly and said to his mother, “Well, I have forgotten to ask the Professor whether I may use his name in the letter.” He hurried to the telephone, got the connection and asked the question, “May I speak to the Professor after his dinner?” In answer, he got an astonished “Adolf, have you gone crazy!” The answering voice was the very voice which, at my command, he had listened to for the last time. He had simply “made a mistake,” and in place of the physician’s number had called up that of his beloved.

(b) During a summer vacation, a school teacher, a poor but excellent young man, courted the daughter of a summer resident, until the girl fell passionately in love with him, and even prevailed upon her family to countenance the matrimonial alliance, in spite of the difference in position and race. One day, however, the teacher wrote his brother a letter in which he said: “Pretty, the lass is not at all, but she is very amiable, and so far so good. But whether I can make up my mind to marry a Jewess I cannot yet tell.” This letter got into the hands of the fiancée, who put an end to the engagement, while at the same time, his brother was wondering at the protestations of love directed to him. My informer assured me that this was really an error and not a cunning trick.

I am familiar with another case in which a woman who was dissatisfied with her old physician, and still did not openly wish to discharge him, accomplished this purpose through the interchange of letters. Here, at least, I can assert confidently that it was error and not conscious cunning that made use of this familiar comedy-motive.

(c) Brill ¹ tells of a woman who, inquiring about a mutual friend, erroneously called her by her maiden name. Her attention having been directed to this error, she had to admit that she disliked her friend’s husband and had never been satisfied with her marriage.

A similar trick was played by me quite recently. I had promised my oldest brother to pay him a long-due visit at a seashore in England; as the time was short, I felt obliged to travel by the shortest route and without interruption. I begged for a day’s sojourn in Holland, but he thought that I could stop there on my return trip. Accordingly, I journeyed from Munich through Cologne to Rotterdam—Hook of Holland—where I was to take the steamer at midnight to Harwich. In Cologne, I had to change cars; I left my train to go into the Rotterdam express, but it was not to be found. I asked various railway employees, was sent from one platform to another, got into an exaggerated state of despair, and could easily

¹ Loc. cit., p. 191.
recon that during this fruitless search, I had probably missed my connection.

After this was corroborated, I pondered whether or not I should spend the night in Cologne. This was favored by a feeling of piety, for according to an old family tradition, my ancestors were once expelled from this city during a persecution of the Jews. But eventually I came to another decision; I took a later train to Rotterdam, where I arrived late at night and was thus compelled to spend a day in Holland. This brought me the fulfillment of a long-fostered wish—the sight of the beautiful Rembrandt paintings at The Hague and in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam. Not before the next forenoon, while collecting my impressions during the railway journey in England, did I definitely remember that only a few steps from the place where I got off at the railroad station in Cologne, indeed, on the same platform, I had seen a large sign, "Rotterdam—Hook of Holland." There stood the train in which I should have continued my journey.

If one does not wish to assume that, contrary to my brother's orders, I had really resolved to admire the Rembrandt pictures on my way to him, then the fact that despite clear directions, I hurried away and looked for another train must be designated as an incomprehensible "blinding." Everything else—my well-acted perplexity, the emergence of the pious intention to spend the night in Cologne—was only a contrivance to hide my resolution until it had been fully accomplished.

One may possibly be disinclined to consider the class of errors which I have here explained as very numerous or particularly significant. But I leave it to your consideration whether there is no ground for extending the same points of view also to the more important errors of judgment, as evinced by people in life and science. Only for the most select and most balanced minds does it seem possible to guard the perceived picture of external reality against the distortion to which it is otherwise subjected in its transit through the psychic individuality of the one perceiving it.
Two of the last-mentioned examples, my error which transfers the Medici to Venice and that of the young man who knew how to circumvent a command against a conversation on the telephone with his lady-love, have really not been fully discussed, as after careful consideration they may be shown to represent a union of forgetting with an error. I can show the same union still more clearly in certain other examples.

(a) A friend related to me the following experience: "Some years ago, I consented to be elected to the committee of a certain literary society, as I supposed the organization might some time be of use to me in assisting me in the production of my drama. Although not much interested, I attended the meetings regularly every Friday. Some months ago, I was definitely assured that one of my dramas would be presented at the theater in F., and since that time, it regularly happened that I forgot the meeting of the association. As I read their program announcements I was ashamed of my forgetfulness. I reproached myself, feeling that it was certainly rude of me to stay away now when I no longer needed them, and determined that I would certainly not forget the next Friday. Continually I reminded myself of this resolution until the hour came and I stood before the door of the meeting-room. To my astonishment, it was locked; the meeting was already over. I had mistaken my day; it was already Saturday!

(b) The next example is the combination of a symptomatic action with a case of mislaying; it reached me by remote by-ways, but from a reliable source.

A woman travelled to Rome with her brother-in-law, a renowned artist. The visitor was highly honored by the German residents of Rome, and among other things, received a gold medal of antique origin. The woman was grieved that her brother-in-law did not sufficiently appreciate the value of this beautiful gift. After she had returned home, she discovered in unpacking that—without knowing how—she had brought the medal home with her. She immediately notified her brother-in-law of this by letter, and informed him that she would send it back to Rome the next
day. The next day, however, the medal was so aptly mislaid that it could not be found and could not be sent back, and then it dawned on the woman what her "absent-mindedness" signified—namely, that she wished to keep the medal herself.

(c) Here are some cases in which the falsified action persistently repeats itself, and at the same time, also changes its mode of action:

Due to unknown motives, Jones¹ left a letter for several days on his desk, forgetting each time to post it. He ultimately posted it, but it was returned to him from the Dead-letter Office because he forgot to address it. After addressing and posting it a second time, it was again returned to him, this time without a stamp. He was then forced to recognize the unconscious opposition to the sending of the letter.

(d) A short account by Dr. Karl Weiss (Vienna)² of a case of forgetting impressively describes the futile effort to accomplish something in the face of opposition. "How persistently the unconscious activity can achieve its purpose if it has cause to prevent a resolution from being executed, and how difficult it is to guard against this tendency, will be illustrated by the following incident: An acquaintance requested me to lend him a book and bring it to him the next day. I immediately promised it, but perceived a distinct feeling of displeasure which I could not explain at the time. Later, it became clear to me: this acquaintance had owed me for years a sum of money which he evidently had no intention of returning. I did not give this matter any more thought, but I recalled it the following forenoon with the same feeling of displeasure, and at once said to myself: 'Your unconscious will see to it that you forget the book, but you don't wish to appear unobliging and will therefore do everything not to forget it.' I came home, wrapped the book in paper and put it near me on the desk while I wrote some letters.

"A little later I went away, but after a few steps, I recollected that I had left on the desk the letters which I wished to post. (By the way, one of the letters was written to a person who urged me to undertake something disagreeable.) I returned, took the letters and again left. While in the street-car, it occurred to me that I had undertaken to purchase something for my wife, and I was pleased at the thought that it would be only a small package. The association, 'small package,' suddenly recalled 'book'—and only then I noticed that I did not have the book with me. Not only had I forgotten it when I left my home the first time, but I had overlooked it again when I got the letters near which it lay."

I do not mean to assert that such cases of combined faulty actions can teach anything new that we have not already seen in the individual cases. But this change in form of the faulty action, which nevertheless attains

¹ Loc. cit., p. 42.
² Zentralb. f. Psychoanalyse, ii. 9.
the same result, gives the plastic impression of a will working towards a definite end, and in a far more energetic way, contradicts the idea that the faulty action represents something fortuitous and requires no explanation. Not less remarkable is the fact that the conscious intention thoroughly fails to check the success of the faulty action. Despite all, my friend did not pay his visit to the meeting of the literary society, and the woman found it impossible to give up the medal. That unconscious something which worked against these resolutions found another outlet after the first road was closed to it. It requires something other than the conscious counter-resolution to overcome the unknown motive; it requires a psychic work which makes the unknown known to consciousness.
DETERMINISM—CHANCE—AND SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS

POINTS OF VIEW

As the general result of the preceding separate discussions, we must put down the following principle: Certain inadequacies of our psychic functions—whose common character will soon be more definitely determined—and certain performances which are apparently unintentional prove to be well motivated when subjected to psychoanalytic investigation, and are determined through the consciousness of unknown motives.

In order to belong to the class of phenomena which can thus be explained, a faulty psychic action must satisfy the following conditions:

(a) It must not exceed a certain measure, which is firmly established through our estimation, and is designated by the expression "within normal limits."

(b) It must evince the character of the momentary and temporary disturbance. The same action must have been previously performed more correctly or we must always rely on ourselves to perform it more correctly; if we are corrected by others, we must immediately recognize the truth of the correction and the incorrectness of our psychic action.

(c) If we at all perceive a faulty action, we must not perceive in ourselves any motivation of the same, but must attempt to explain it through "inattention" or attribute it to an "accident."

Thus, there remain in this group the cases of forgetting, the errors, the lapses in speaking, reading, writing, the erroneously carried-out actions and the so-called chance actions. The explanations of these very definite psychic processes are connected with a series of observations which may in part arouse further interest.

I. By assuming that a part of our psychic function is unexplainable through purposive ideas, we ignore the realms of determinism in our mental life. Here, as in still other spheres, determinism reaches farther than we suppose. In the year 1900, I read an essay published in the Zeit written
by the literary historian R. M. Meyer, in which he maintains and illustrates by examples, that it is impossible to compose nonsense intentionally and arbitrarily. For some time, I have been aware that it is impossible to think of a number, or even of a name, of one's own free will. If one investigates this seeming voluntary formation, let us say, of a number of many digits uttered in unrestrained mirth, it always proves to be so strictly determined that the determination seems impossible. I will now briefly discuss an example of an "arbitrarily chosen" first name, and then exhaustively analyze an analogous example of a "thoughtlessly uttered" number.

While preparing the history of one of my patients for publication, I considered what first name I should give her in the article. There seemed to be a wide choice; of course, certain names were at once excluded by me, in the first place the real name, then the names of members of my family to which I would have objected, also some female names having an especially peculiar pronunciation. But, excluding these, there should have been no need of being puzzled about such a name. It would be thought, and I myself supposed, that a whole multitude of feminine names would be placed at my disposal. Instead of this, only one sprang up, no other besides it; it was the name Dora.

I inquired as to its determination: "Who else is called Dora?" I wished to reject the next idea as incredulous; it occurred to me that the nurse of my sister's children was named Dora. But I possess so much self-control, or practice, in analysis, if you like, that I held firmly to the idea and proceeded. Then a slight incident of the previous evening soon flashed through my mind which brought the looked-for determinant. On my sister's dining room table, I noticed a letter bearing the address, "Miss Rosa W." Astonished, I asked whose name this was, and was informed that the right name of the supposed Dora was really Rosa, and that on accepting the position, she had to lay aside her name because Rosa would also refer to my sister. I said pityingly; "Poor people! They cannot even retain their own names!" I now recall that on hearing this, I became quiet for a moment and began to think of all sorts of serious matters which merged into obscurity, but which I could now easily bring into my consciousness. Thus, when I sought a name for a person who could not retain her own name, no other except "Dora" occurred to me. The exclusiveness here is based, moreover, on firmer internal associations, for in the history of my patient, it was a stranger in the house, the governess, who exerted a decisive influence on the course of the treatment.

This slight incident found its unexpected continuation many years later. While discussing in a lecture the long since published history of the girl called Dora, it occurred to me that one of my two women pupils had the very name Dora, which I was obliged to utter so often in the different
associations of the case. I turned to the young student whom I knew personally with the apology that I had really not thought that she bore the same name, and that I was ready to substitute it in my lecture by another name.

I was now confronted with the task of rapidly choosing another name, and reflected that I must not now choose the first name of the other woman student, and so set a poor example to the class, who were already quite conversant with psychoanalysis. I was therefore well pleased when the name "Erna" occurred to me as the substitute for Dora, and Erna I used in the discourse. After the lecture, I asked myself whence the name "Erna" could possibly have originated and had to laugh as I observed that the feared possibility in the choice of the substitutive name had come to pass, in part at least. The other lady's family name was Lucerna, of which Erna was a part.

In a letter to a friend, I informed him that I had finished reading the proof sheets of The Interpretation of Dreams, and that I did not intend to make any further changes in it, "even if it contained 2,467 mistakes." I immediately attempted to explain to myself the number and added this little analysis as a postscript to the letter. It will be best to quote it now as I wrote it when I caught myself in this transaction:

"I will add hastily another contribution to the Psychopathology of Everyday Life. You will find in the letter the number 2,467 as a jocose and arbitrary estimation of the number of errors that may be found in the dream-book. I meant to write: no matter how large the number might be, and this one presented itself. But there is nothing arbitrary or undetermined in the psychic life. You will therefore rightly suppose that the unconscious hastened to determine the number which was liberated by consciousness. Just previous to this, I had read in the paper that General E. M. had been retired as Inspector-General of Ordnance. You must know that I am interested in this man. While I was serving as military medical student, he, then a colonel, once came into the hospital and said to the physician: 'You must make me well in eight days, as I have some work to do for which the Emperor is waiting.'

"At that time, I decided to follow this man's career, and just think, today (1899) he is at the end of it—Inspector-General of Ordnance and already retired. I wished to figure out in what time he had covered this road, and assumed that I had seen him in the hospital in 1882. That would make 17 years. I related this to my wife, and she remarked, 'Then you, too, should be retired.' And I protested, 'The Lord forbid!' After this conversation, I seated myself at the table to write to you. The previous train of thought continued, and for good reason. The figuring was incorrect; I had a definite recollection of the circumstances in my mind. I had celebrated my coming of age, my 24th birthday, in the military prison (for
being absent without permission). Therefore, I must have seen him in 1880, which makes it 19 years ago. You then have the number 24 in 2,467! Now take the number that represents my age, 43, and add 24 years to it and you get 67! That is, to the question whether I wished to retire, I had expressed the wish to work 24 years more. Obviously, I am annoyed that in the interval during which I followed Colonel M., I have not accomplished much myself, and still there is a sort of triumph in the fact that he is already finished, while I still have all before me. Thus we may justly say that not even the unintentionally thrown-out number 2,467 lacks its determination from the unconscious."

Since this first example of the interpretation of an apparently arbitrary choice of a number, I have repeated a similar test with the same result; but most cases are of such intimate content that they do not lend themselves to report.

It is for this reason that I shall not hesitate to add here a very interesting analysis of a "chance number" which Dr. Alfred Adler (Vienna) received from a "perfectly healthy" man. Adler wrote to me: "Last night, I devoted myself to the Psychopathology of Everyday Life, and I would have read it all through, had I not been hindered by a remarkable coincidence. When I read that every number that we apparently conjure up quite arbitrarily in our consciousness has a definite meaning, I decided to test it. The number 1,734 occurred to my mind. The following associations then came up: 1,734 ÷ 17 = 102; 102 ÷ 17 = 6. I then separated the number into 17 and 34. I am 34 years old. I believe that I once told you that I consider 34 the last year of youth, and for this reason, I felt miserable on my last birthday. The end of my 17th year was the beginning of a very nice and interesting period of my development. I divide my life into periods of 17 years. What do the divisions signify? The number 102 recalls the fact that volume 102 of the Reclam Universal Library is Kotzebue's play Menschenhass und Reue (Human Hatred and Repentance).

"My present psychic state is 'human hatred and repentance.' Number 6 of the U. L. (I know a great many numbers by heart) is Mullner's Schuld (Fault). I am constantly annoyed at the thought that it is through my own fault that I have not become what I could have been with my abilities.

"I then asked myself, 'What is Number 17 of the U. L.?' But I could not recall it. But as I positively knew it before, I assumed that I wished to forget this number. All reflection was in vain. I wished to continue with my reading, but I read only mechanically without understanding a word, for I was annoyed by the number 17. I extinguished the light and continued my search. It finally came to me that number 17 must be a play

by Shakespeare. But which one? I thought of Hero and Leander. Apparently, a stupid attempt of my will to distract me. I finally arose and consulted the catalogue of the U. L. Number 17 was Macbeth! To my surprise, I had to discover that I knew nothing of the play, despite the fact that it did not interest me any less than any other Shakespearean drama. I only thought of: murder, Lady Macbeth, witches, 'nice is ugly,' and that I found Schiller's version of Macbeth very nice. Undoubtedly, I also wished to forget the play. Then it occurred to me that 17 and 34 may be divided by 17 and result in 1 and 2. Numbers 1 and 2 of the U. L. is Goethe's Faust. Formerly, I found much of Faust in me."

We must regret that the discretion of the physician did not allow us to see the significance of ideas. Adler remarked that the man did not succeed in the synthesis of his analysis. His associations would hardly be worth reporting unless their continuation would bring out something that would give us the key to the understanding of the number 1,734 and the whole series of ideas.

To quote further: "To be sure, this morning I had an experience which speaks much for the correctness of the Freudian conception. My wife, whom I awaked through my getting up at night, asked me what I wanted with the catalogue of the U. L. I told her the story. She found it all pettifogging but—very interesting. Macbeth, which caused me so much trouble, she simply passed over. She said that nothing came to her mind when she thought of a number. I answered, 'Let us try it. She named the number 117. To this I immediately replied: '17 refers to what I just told you; furthermore, I told you yesterday that if a wife is in the 82nd year and the husband is in the 35th year, it must be a gross misunderstanding.' For the last few days, I have been teasing my wife by maintaining that she was a little old mother of 82 years. 82 + 35 = 117."

The man who did not know how to determine his own number at once found the solution when his wife named a number which was apparently arbitrarily chosen. As a matter of fact, the woman understood very well from which complex the number of her husband originated, and chose her own number from the same complex, which was surely common to both, as it dealt in his case with their relative ages. Now, we can find it easy to interpret the number that occurred to the man. As Dr. Adler indicates, it expressed a repressed wish of the husband which, fully developed, would read: "For a man of 34 years as I am, only a woman of 17 would be suitable."

Lest one should think too lightly of such "playing," I will add that I was recently informed by Dr. Adler that a year after the publication of this analysis, the man was divorced from his wife.¹

¹ As an explanation of Macbeth, number 17 of the U. L., I was informed by Dr. Adler that in his seventeenth year, this man had joined an anarchistic society whose aim was
Adler gives a similar explanation for the origin of obsessive numbers. Also the choice of so-called "favorite numbers" is not without relation to the life of the person concerned, and does not lack a certain psychologic interest. A gentleman who evinced a particular partiality for the numbers 17 and 19 could specify, after brief reflection, that at the age of 17, he attained the greatly longed-for academic freedom by having been admitted to the university, that at 19, he made his first long journey, and shortly thereafter, made his first scientific discovery. But the fixation of this preference followed later, after two questionable affairs, when the same numbers were invested with importance in his "love-life."

Indeed, even those numbers which we use in a particular connection extremely often and with apparent arbitrariness can be traced by analysis to an unexpected meaning. Thus, one day, it struck one of my patients that he was particularly fond of saying, "I have already told you this from 17 to 36 times." And he asked himself whether there was any motive for it. It soon occurred to him that he was born on the 27th day of the month, and that his younger brother was born on the 26th day of another month, and he had grounds for complaint that Fate had robbed him of so many of the benefits of life only to bestow them on his younger brother. Thus he represented this partiality of Fate by deducting 10 from the date of his birth and adding it to the date of his brother's birthday. "I am the elder and yet am so 'cut short.'"

I shall tarry a little longer at the analysis of chance numbers, for I know of no other individual observation which would so readily demonstrate the existence of highly organized thinking processes, of which consciousness has no knowledge. Moreover, there is no better example of analysis in which the suggestion of the position, a frequent accusation, is so distinctly out of consideration. I shall therefore report the analysis of a chance number of one of my patients (with his consent), to which I will only add that he is the youngest of many children and that he lost his beloved father in his young years.

While in a particularly happy mood, he let the number 426,718 come to his mind, and put to himself the question, "Well, what does it bring to your mind?" First came a joke he had heard: "If your catarrh of the nose is treated by a doctor, it lasts 42 days, if it is not treated, it lasts—6 weeks." This corresponds to the first digit of the number (42 = 6 × 7). During the blocking that followed this first solution, I called his attention to the fact that the number of six digits selected by him contains all the first numbers except 3 and 5. He at once found the continuation of the solution:

regicide. Probably this is why he forgot the content of the play Macbeth. The same person invented at that time a secret code in which numbers were substituted by letters.
"We were altogether 7 children, I was the youngest. Number 3 in the order of the children corresponds to my sister A., and 5 to my brother L.; both of them were my enemies. As a child, I used to pray to the Lord every night that He should take out of my life these two tormenting spirits. It seems to me that I have fulfilled for myself this wish: '3' and '5', the evil brother and the hated sister, are omitted."

"If the number stands for your sisters and brothers, what significance is there to 18 at the end? You were altogether only 7."

"I often thought if my father had lived longer, I should not have been the youngest child. If one more would have come, we should have been 8, and there would have been a younger child, toward whom I could have played the role of the older one."

With this, the number was explained, but we still wished to find the connection between the first part of the interpretation and the part following it. This came very readily from the condition required for the last digits—if the father had lived longer. $42 = 6 \times 7$ signifies the ridicule directed against the doctors who could not help the father, and in this way, expresses the wish for the continued existence of the father. The whole number really corresponds to the fulfillment of his two wishes in reference to his family circle—namely, that both the evil brother and sister should die and that another little child should follow him. Or, briefly expressed: If only these two had died in place of my father!\(^1\)

Another analysis of numbers I take from Jones.\(^2\) A gentleman of his acquaintance let the number 986 come to his mind, and defied him to connect it to anything of special interest in his mind. "Six years ago, on the hottest day he could remember, he had seen a joke in an evening newspaper, which stated that the thermometer had stood at 98.6° F., evidently an exaggeration of 98.6° F. We were at the time seated in front of a very hot fire, from which he had just drawn back, and he remarked, probably quite correctly, that the heat had aroused his dormant memory. However, I was curious to know why this memory had persisted with such vividness as to be so readily brought out, for with some people, it surely would have been forgotten beyond recall, unless it had become associated with some other mental experience of more significance."

He told me that on reading the joke, he had laughed uproariously, and that on many subsequent occasions, he had recalled it with great relish. As the joke was obviously of an exceedingly tenuous nature, this strengthened my expectation that more lay behind. His next thought was the general reflection that the conception of heat had always greatly impressed

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1 For the sake of simplicity, I have omitted some of the not less suitable thoughts of the patient.
2 Loc. cit., p. 36.
him, that heat was the most important thing in the universe, the source of all life, and so on. This remarkable attitude of a quite prosaic young man certainly needed some explanation, so I asked him to continue his free associations. The next thought was of a factory stack which he could see from his bedroom window. He often stood of an evening watching the flame and smoke issuing out of it, and reflecting on this deplorable waste of energy. Heat, flame, the source of life, the waste of vital energy issuing from an upright, hollow tube—it was not hard to divine from such associations that the ideas of heat and fire were unconsciously linked in his mind with the idea of love, as is so frequent in symbolic thinking, and that there was a strong masturbation complex present, a conclusion that he presently confirmed."

Those who wish to get a good impression of the way the material of numbers becomes elaborated in the unconscious thinking, I refer to two papers by Jung and Jones.

In personal analysis of this kind, two things were especially striking. First, the absolute somnambulistic certainty with which I attacked the unknown objective point, merging into a mathematical train of thought, which later suddenly extended to the looked-for number, and the rapidity with which the entire subsequent work was performed. Secondly, the fact that the numbers were always at the disposal of my unconscious mind, when as a matter of fact, I am a poor mathematician and find it very difficult to consciously recall years, house numbers and the like. Moreover, in these unconscious mental operations with figures, I found a tendency to superstition, the origin of which had long remained unknown to me.

It will not surprise us to find that not only numbers, but also mental occurrences of different kinds of words regularly prove on analytic investigation to be well determined.

Brill relates: "While working on the English edition of this book, I was obsessed one morning with the strange word 'Cardillac.' Busily intent on my work, I refused at first to pay attention to it, but, as is usually the case, I simply could not do anything else. 'Cardillac' was constantly in my mind. Realizing that my refusal to recognize it was only a resistance, I decided to analyze it. The following associations occurred to me: Cardillac, cardiac, carrejor, Cadillac.

"Cardiac" recalled cardalgia—heartache—a medical friend who had recently told me confidentially that he feared that he had some attacks of pain in the region of his heart. Knowing him so well, I at once rejected his theory, and told him that his attacks were of a neurotic character, and that his other apparent physical ailments were also only the expression of his neurosis.

2 "Unconscious Manipulation of Numbers" (ibid., ii. 5, 1912).
"I might add that just before telling me of his heart trouble, he spoke of a business matter of vital interest to him which had suddenly come to naught. Being a man of unbounded ambitions, he was very depressed because of late he had suffered many reverses. His neurotic conflicts, however, had become manifest a few months before this misfortune, soon after his father's death had left a big business on his hands. As the business could be continued only under his management, he was unable to decide whether to enter into commercial life or continue his chosen career. His great ambition was to become a successful physician, and although he had practised medicine successfully for many years, he was not altogether satisfied with the financial fluctuations of his professional income. On the other hand, his father's business promised him an assured, though limited, return. In brief, he was 'at a crossing and did not know which way to turn.'

'I then recalled the word *carrefour*, which is the French for 'crossing,' and it occurred to me that while working in a hospital in Paris, I lived near the 'Carrefour St. Lazare.' And now I could understand what relation all these associations had for me.

"When I resolved to leave the state hospital, I made the decision, first, because I desired to get married, and secondly, because I wished to enter private practice. This brought up a new problem. Although my State hospital service was an absolute success, judging by promotions and so on, I felt like a great many others in the same situation, namely, that my training was ill suited for private practice. To specialize in mental work was a daring undertaking for one without money and social connections. I also felt that the best I could do for patients, should they ever come my way, would be to commit them to one of the hospitals, as I had little confidence in the home treatment then in vogue. In spite of the substantial advances in mental work, the specialist was almost helpless when confronted with the average case of insanity. This was partially due to the fact that such cases were brought to him only after they had fully developed the psychosis when hospital treatment was imperative. Of the great army of milder mental disturbances, the so-called border-line cases, which make up the bulk of clinic and private practice, I knew very little. Such patients were only rarely seen in the state hospital, and what I knew concerning the treatment of neurasthenia, hysteria and psychasthenia hardly held out more hope for a successful private practice.

"It was in this state of mind that I came to Paris, where I hoped to learn enough about the psychoneuroses to enable me to continue my specialty in private practice, with a feeling that I could do something for my patients. What I saw in the Paris hospitals, however, did not help to change my state of mind. I was, therefore, seriously thinking of giving up my mental work for some other specialty. As can be seen, I was confronted
with a situation similar to the one of my medical friend. I, too, was at a 'crossing' and did not know which way to turn. However, my suspense was soon ended. One day, I received a letter from my friend, Professor Peterson, who originally introduced me to the State hospital service, in which he urged me not to give up psychiatry and suggested that I visit the psychiatric clinic of Zurich.

"But what does Cadillac mean? Cadillac is the name of a hotel and of an automobile. A few days before, in a country place, my medical friend and I had been trying to hire an automobile, but there was none to be had. We both expressed the wish to own an automobile—again an unrealized ambition. I also recalled that the 'Carrefour St. Lazare' always impressed me as being one of the busiest thoroughfares in Paris. It was always congested with automobiles. Cadillac also recalled that only a few days ago, on the way to my clinic, I noticed a large sign over a building which announced that on a certain day, 'this building was to be occupied by the Cadillac,' etc. This at first made me think of the Cadillac Hotel, but on second sight, I noticed that it referred to the Cadillac motor-car. There was a sudden obstruction here for a few moments. The word Cadillac reappeared and by sound association the word catalogue occurred to me. This word brought back a very mortifying occurrence of recent origin, the motive of which was again blighted ambition.

"When one wishes to report any auto-analysis, he must be prepared to lay bare many intimate affairs of his own life. Anyone reading carefully Professor Freud's works cannot fail to become fully acquainted with him and his family life. I have often been asked by persons who claimed to have read and studied Freud's works such questions as: 'How old is Freud?' 'Is Freud married?' 'How many children has he?' etc. Such questions can only be asked by those who have not read Freud's works, or by very careless and superficial readers. All these questions and many more intimate ones are answered in Freud's works. Auto-analyses are autobiographies par excellence; but whereas the autobiographer may for definite reasons consciously and unconsciously hide many facts of his life, the auto-analyst not only tells the truth consciously, but perforce brings to light his whole intimate personality. It is for these reasons that one finds it very unpleasant to report his own auto-analyses. However, as we often report our patient's unconscious productions, it is but fair that we should now and then sacrifice ourselves on the altar of publicity. This is my apology for having thrust some of my personal affairs on the reader, and for being obliged to continue a little longer in the same strain.

"Before digressing with the last remarks, I mentioned that the word Cadillac brought the word association catalogue. This association brought back another important epoch in my life with which Professor Peterson was connected. When I was informed by the secretary of the faculty that
I was appointed chief of clinic of the department of psychiatry, I was exceedingly pleased to be so honored. It was the realization of an ambition which I dared entertain only in special euphoric states and, a compensation for the many unmerited criticisms from those who were blindly and unreasonably opposing my work as an expositor of Freud. Thereafter, I called on the stenographer of the faculty and spoke to her about a correction to be made in my name as it was printed in the catalogue. For some unknown reason (perhaps racial prejudice) this stenographer, a maiden lady, must have taken a dislike to me. For about three years I repeatedly requested her to have this correction made, but she paid no attention to me; she always promised to attend to it, but the mistake remained uncorrected.

"This time, I again reminded her of this correction, and also called her attention to the fact that as I had been appointed chief of clinic, I was especially anxious to have my name correctly printed in the catalogue. She apologized for her remissness and assured me that everything would be corrected as I requested, but on receiving the new catalogue, I found that while the correction had been made in my name, I was not listed as chief of clinic. When I spoke to her about it, she seemed puzzled; she said that she had no idea that I had been appointed chief of clinic. She had to consult the minutes of the faculty, written by herself, before she was convinced of it. She was naturally very apologetic and said that she would at once write to the superintendent of the clinic to inform him of my appointment. I gained nothing by her regrets and apologies; the catalogue was already published and I was not listed as chief of clinic.

"Thus, the obsessive neologism cardillac, a condensation of cardiac, Cadillac and catalogue, contained some of the most important events of my medical career. When I was almost at the end of this analysis, I suddenly recalled a dream containing this neologism, cardillac, in which my wish was realized. My name appeared in its rightful place in the catalogue. The person who showed it to me in the dream was Professor Peterson. It was when I was at the first 'crossing' after I had graduated from the medical college that Professor Peterson advised me to enter the State hospital service. About five years later, when I was at the second crossing—the state of indecision described above—it was again Professor Peterson who directed me to the clinic of psychiatry at Zurich, where through Bleuler and Jung, I became acquainted with Professor Freud and his works, and it was also through the kind recommendation of Dr. Peterson that I was elevated to position of chief of clinic."

I am indebted to Dr. Hitchesman for the solution of another case in

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1 This is another excellent example showing how a conscious intention was powerless to counteract an unconscious resistance.
which a line of poetry repeatedly obtruded itself on the mind in a certain place without showing any trace of its origin and relation.

Related by the jurist E.: “Six years ago, I travelled from Biarritz to San Sebastian. The railroad crosses over the Bidassao—a river which here forms the boundary between France and Spain. On the bridge one has a splendid view, on the one side of the broad valley and the Pyrenees and on the other of the sea. It was a beautiful, bright summer day; everything was filled with sun and light. I was on a vacation and pleased with my trip to Spain. Suddenly, the following words came to me: ‘But the soul is already free, floating on a sea of light.’”

“At that time, I was trying to remember whence these lines came, but I could not remember; judging by the rhythm, the words must be a part of some poem, which, however, entirely escaped my memory. Later, when the verse repeatedly came to my mind, I asked many people about it without receiving any information.

“Last year, I crossed the same bridge on my return journey from Spain. It was a very dark night and it rained. I looked through the window to ascertain whether we had already reached the frontier station and noticed that we were on the Bidassao bridge. Immediately the above-cited verse returned to my memory and again I could not recall its origin.

“At home, many months later, I found Uhland’s poems. I opened the volume and my glance fell upon the verse: ‘But the soul is already free, floating on a sea of light,’ which were the concluding lines of the poem entitled ‘The Pilgrim.’ I read the poem and dimly recalled that I had known it many years ago. The scene of action is in Spain, and this seemed to me to be the only relation between the quoted verse and the place on the railroad journey described by me. I was only half satisfied with my discovery and mechanically continued to turn the pages of the book. On turning the next page, I found a poem, the title of which was ‘Bidassao Bridge.’

“I may add that the contents of this poem seemed even stranger to me than that of the first, and that its first verse read:

“‘On the Bidassao bridge stands a saint grey with age, he blesses to the right the Spanish mountain, to the left he blesses the French land.’”

II. This understanding of the determination of apparently arbitrarily selected names, numbers, and words may perhaps contribute to the solution of another problem. As is known, many persons argue against the assumption of an absolute psychic determinism by referring to an intense feeling of conviction that there is a free will. This feeling of conviction exists, but is not incompatible with the belief in determinism. Like all normal feelings, it must be justified by something. But, so far as I can observe, it does not manifest itself in weighty and important decisions; on these occasions, one has much more the feeling of a psychic compul-
sion and gladly falls back upon it. (Compare Luther's "Here I stand, I cannot do anything else.")

On the other hand, it is in trivial and indifferent decisions that one feels sure that he could just as easily have acted differently, that he acted of his own free will, and without any motives. From our analyses we therefore need not contest the right of the feeling of conviction that there is a free will. If we distinguish conscious from unconscious motivation, we are then informed by the feeling of conviction that the conscious motivation does not extend over all our motor resolutions. Minima non curat praetor. What is thus left free from the one side receives its motive from the other side, from the unconscious, and the determinism in the psychic realm is thus carried out uninterruptedly.¹

III. Although conscious thought must be altogether ignorant of the motivation of the faulty actions described above, yet it would be desirable to discover a psychologic proof of its existence; indeed, reasons obtained through a deeper knowledge of the unconscious make it probable that such proofs are to be discovered somewhere. As a matter of fact, phenomena can be demonstrated in two spheres which seem to correspond to an unconscious and hence, to a displaced knowledge of these motives.

(a) It is a striking and generally recognized feature in the behavior of paranoiacs, that they attach the greatest significance to trivial details in the behavior of others. Details which are usually overlooked by others they interpret and utilize as the basis of far-reaching conclusions. For example, the last paranoiac seen by me concluded that there was a general understanding among people of his environment, because at his departure from the railway station, they made a certain motion with one hand. Another noticed how people walked on the street, how they brandished their walking-sticks, and the like.²

The category of the accidental, requiring no motivation, which the normal person lets pass as a part of his own psychic functions and faulty actions, is thus rejected by the paranoiac in his application to the psychic manifestations of others. All that he observes in others is full of meaning; all is explainable. But how does he come to look at it in this manner?

¹ These conceptions of strict determinism in seemingly arbitrary actions have already borne rich fruit for psychology—perhaps also for the administration of justice. Bleuler and Jung have in this way made intelligible the reaction in the so-called association experiments, wherein the test person answers to a given word with one occurring to him (stimulus-word reaction), while the time elapsing between the stimulus-word and answer is measured (reaction-time). Jung has shown in his Diagnostische Associationstudien, 1906, what fine reagents for psychic occurrences we possess in this association-experiment. Three students of criminology, H. Gross, of Prague, and Wertheimer and Klein, have developed from these experiments a technique for the diagnosis of facts (Tatbestands-Diagnostik) in criminal cases, the examination of which is now tested by psychologists and jurists.

² Proceeding from other points of view, this interpretation of trivial and accidental acts by the patient has been designated as "delusions of reference."