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ANALYSIS OF A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY  
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## ANALYSIS OF A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

### I

#### INTRODUCTION

In the following pages I propose to describe the course of the illness and recovery of a very youthful patient. The case history is not, strictly speaking, derived from my own observation. It is true that I laid down the general lines of the treatment, and that on one single occasion, when I had a conversation with the boy, I took a direct share in it; but the treatment itself was carried out by the child's father, and it is to him that I owe my sincerest thanks for allowing me to publish his notes upon the case. But his services go further than this. No one else, in my opinion, could possibly have prevailed on the child to make any such avowals; the special knowledge by means of which he was able to interpret the remarks made by his five-year-old son was indispensable, and without it the technical difficulties in the way of conducting a psycho-analysis upon so young a child would have been insuperable. It was only because the authority of a father and of a physician were united in a single person, and because in him both affectionate care and scientific interest were combined, that it was possible in this one instance to apply the method to a use to which it would not otherwise have lent itself.

But the peculiar value of this observation lies in the considerations which follow. When a physician treats an adult neurotic by psycho-analysis, the process he goes through of uncovering the psychical formations, layer by layer, eventually enables him to frame certain hypotheses as to the patient's infantile sexuality; and it is in the components of the latter that he believes he has discovered the motive forces of all the neurotic symptoms of later life. I have set out these hypotheses in my *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905d), and I am aware that they seem as strange to an outside reader as they seem incontrovertible to a psycho-analyst. But even a psycho-analyst may confess to the wish for a more direct and less roundabout proof of these fundamental theorems. Surely there must be a possibility of observing in children at first hand and in all the freshness of life the sexual impulses and wishes which we dig out so laboriously in adults from among their own débris - especially as it is also our belief that they are the common property of all men, a part of the human constitution, and merely exaggerated or distorted in the case of neurotics.

With this end in view I have for many years been urging my pupils and my friends to collect observations of the sexual life of children - the existence of which has as a rule been cleverly overlooked or deliberately denied. Among the material which came into my possession as a result of these requests, the reports which I received at regular intervals about little Hans soon began to take a prominent place. His parents were both among my closest adherents, and they had agreed that in bringing up their first child they would use no more coercion than might be absolutely necessary for maintaining good behaviour. And, as the child developed into a cheerful, good-natured and lively little boy, the experiment of letting him grow up and express himself without being intimidated went on satisfactorily. I shall now proceed to reproduce his father's records of little Hans just as I received them; and I shall of course refrain from any attempt at spoiling the *naïveté* and directness of the nursery by making any conventional emendations.

The first reports of Hans date from a period when he was not quite three years old. At that time, by means of various remarks and questions, he was showing a quite peculiarly lively interest in that portion of his body which he used to describe as his 'widdler'.<sup>1</sup> Thus he once asked his mother this question:

*Hans*: 'Mummy, have you got a widdler too?'

*Mother*: 'Of course. Why?'

*Hans*: 'I was only just thinking.'

At the same age he went into a cow-shed once and saw a cow being milked. 'Oh, look!' he said, 'there's milk coming out of its widdler!'

Even these first observations begin to rouse an expectation that much, if not most, of what little Hans shows us will turn out to be typical of the sexual development of children in general. I once put forward the view<sup>2</sup> that there was no need to be too much horrified at finding in a woman the idea of sucking at a male organ. This repellent impulse, I argued, had a most innocent origin, since it was derived from sucking at the mother's breast; and in this connection, I went on, a cow's udder plays an apt part as an intermediate image, being in its nature a *mamma* and in its shape and position a penis. Little Hans's discovery confirms the latter part of my contention.

Meanwhile his interest in widdlers was by no means a purely theoretical one; as might have been expected, it also impelled him to *touch* his member. When he was three and a half his mother found him with his hand on his penis. She threatened him in these words: 'If you do that, I shall send for Dr. A. to cut off your widdler. And then what'll you widdle with?'

*Hans*: 'With my bottom.'

<sup>1</sup> ['*Wiwimacher*' in the original.]

<sup>2</sup> See my 'Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria' (1905e).

He made this reply without having any sense of guilt as yet. But this was the occasion of his acquiring the 'castration complex', the presence of which we are so often obliged to infer in analysing neurotics, though they one and all struggle violently against recognizing it. There is much of importance to be said upon the significance of this element in the life of a child. The 'castration complex' has left marked traces behind it in myths (and not only in Greek myths); in a passage in my *Interpretation of Dreams*, and elsewhere, I have touched upon the part it plays.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [*Footnote added 1923:*] - Since this was written, the study of the castration complex has been further developed in contributions to the subject by Lou Andreas-Salomé, A. Stärcke, F. Alexander, and others. It has been urged that every time his mother's breast is withdrawn from a baby he is bound to feel it as castration (that is to say, as the loss of what he regards as an important part of his own body); that, further, he cannot fail to be similarly affected by the regular loss of his faeces; and, finally, that the act of birth itself (consisting as it does in the separation of the child from his mother, with whom he has hitherto been united) is the prototype of all castration. While recognizing all of these roots of the complex, I have nevertheless put forward the view that the term 'castration complex' ought to be confined to those excitations and consequences which are bound up with the loss of the *penis*. Any one who, in analysing adults, has become convinced of the invariable presence of the castration complex, will of course find difficulty in ascribing its origin to a chance threat - of a kind which is not, after all, of such universal occurrence; he will be driven to assume that children construct this danger for themselves out of the slightest hints, which will never be wanting. This circumstance is also the motive, indeed, that has stimulated the search for those deeper roots of the complex which are universally forthcoming. But this makes it all the more valuable that in the case of little Hans the threat of castration is reported by his parents themselves, and moreover at a date before there was any question of his phobia.

At about the same age (three and a half), standing in front of the lions' cage at Schönbrunn, little Hans called out in a joyful and excited voice: 'I saw the lion's widdler.'

Animals owe a good deal of their importance in myths and fairy tales to the openness with which they display their genitals and their sexual functions to the inquisitive little human child. There can be no doubt about Hans's sexual curiosity; but it also roused the spirit of enquiry in him and enabled him to arrive at genuine abstract knowledge.

When he was at the station once (at three and three quarters) he saw some water being let out of an engine. 'Oh, look,' he said, 'the engine's widdling. Where's it got its widdler?'

After a little he added in reflective tones: 'A dog and a horse have widdlers; a table and a chair haven't.' He had thus got hold of an essential characteristic for differentiating between animate and inanimate objects.

Thirst for knowledge seems to be inseparable from sexual curiosity. Hans's curiosity was particularly directed towards his parents.

*Hans* (aged three and three-quarters): 'Daddy, have you got a widdler too?'

*Father*: 'Yes, of course.'

*Hans*: 'But I've never seen it when you were undressing.'

Another time he was looking on intently while his mother undressed before going to bed. 'What are you staring like that for?' she asked.

*Hans*: 'I was only looking to see if you'd got a widdler too.'

*Mother*: 'Of course. Didn't you know that?'

*Hans*: 'No. I thought you were so big you'd have a widdler like a horse.'

This expectation of little Hans's deserves to be borne in mind; it will become important later on.

But the great event of Hans's life was the birth of his little sister Hanna when he was exactly three and a half.<sup>1</sup> His behaviour on that occasion was noted down by his father on the spot: 'At five in the morning', he writes, 'labour began, and Hans's bed was moved into the next room. He woke up there at seven, and, hearing his mother groaning, asked: "Why's Mummy coughing?" Then, after a pause, "The stork's coming to-day for certain."

'Naturally he has often been told during the last few days that the stork is going to bring a little girl or a little boy; and he quite rightly connected the unusual sounds of groaning with the stork's arrival.

'Later on he was taken into the kitchen. He saw the doctor's bag in the front hall and asked: "What's that?" "A bag," was the reply. Upon which he declared with conviction: "The stork's coming to-day." After the baby's delivery the midwife came into the kitchen and Hans heard her ordering some tea to be made. At this he said: "I know! Mummy's to have some tea because she's coughing." He was then called into the bedroom. He did not look at his mother, however, but at the basins and other vessels, filled with blood and water, that were still standing about the room. Pointing to the blood-stained bed-pan, he observed in a surprised voice: "But blood doesn't come out of *my* widdler."

'Everything he says shows that he connects what is strange in the situation with the arrival of the stork. He meets everything he sees with a very suspicious and intent look, and *there can be no question that his first doubts about the stork have taken root.*

'Hans is very jealous of the new arrival, and whenever any one praises her, says she is a lovely baby, and so on, he at once declares scornfully: "But she's not got any teeth yet."<sup>2</sup> And in fact when he saw her for the first time he was very much surprised that she was unable to speak, and decided that this was because she had no teeth. During the first few days he was naturally put very much in the background. He was suddenly taken ill with a sore throat. In his fever he was heard saying: "But I don't *want* a baby sister!"

<sup>1</sup> April 1903 to October 1906.

<sup>2</sup> This again is a typical mode of behaviour. Another little boy, only two years his sister's senior, used to parry similar remarks with an angry cry of 'Too 'ickle! too 'ickle!'

'Some six months later he had got over his jealousy, and his brotherly affection for the baby was only equalled by his sense of his own superiority over her.'<sup>1</sup>

'A little later Hans was watching his seven-day-old sister being given a bath. "But her widdler's still quite small," he remarked; and then added, as though by way of consolation: "When she grows up it'll get bigger all right."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Another child, rather older than Hans, welcomed his younger brother with the words: 'The stork can take him away again.' Compare in this connection my remarks in *The Interpretation of Dreams* on dreams of the death of loved relatives.

<sup>2</sup> Two other boys were reported to me as having made the same judgement, expressed in identical words and followed by the same anticipation, when they were allowed to satisfy their curiosity and look at their baby sister's body for the first time. One might well feel horrified at such signs of the premature decay of a child's intellect. Why was it that these young enquirers did not report what they really saw - namely, that there was no widdler there? In little Hans's case, at all events, we can account completely for the faulty perception. We are aware that by a process of careful induction he had arrived at the general proposition that every animate object, in contradistinction to inanimate ones, possesses a widdler. His mother had confirmed him in this conviction by giving him corroborative information in regard to persons inaccessible to his own observation. He was now utterly incapable of surrendering what he had achieved merely on the strength of this single observation made upon his little sister. He therefore made a judgement that in that instance also there was a widdler present, only that it was still very small, but that it would grow till it was as big as a horse's.

We can go a step further in vindicating little Hans's honour. As a matter of fact, he was behaving no worse than a philosopher of the school of Wundt. In the view of that school, consciousness is the invariable characteristic of what is mental, just as in the view of little Hans a widdler is the indispensable criterion of what is animate. If now the philosopher comes across mental processes whose existence cannot but be inferred, but about which there is not a trace of consciousness to be detected - for the subject, in fact, knows nothing of them, although it is impossible to avoid inferring their existence - then, instead of saying that they are *unconscious* mental processes, he calls them *semi-conscious*. The widdler's still very small! And in this comparison the advantage is in favour of little Hans. For, as is so often the case with the sexual researches of children, behind the mistake a piece of genuine knowledge lies concealed. Little girls *do* possess a small widdler, which we call a clitoris, though it does not grow any larger but remains permanently stunted. Compare my short paper on 'The Sexual Theories of Children' (1908c).

'At the same age (when he was three and three-quarters) Hans produced his first account of a dream: "To-day when I was asleep I thought I was at Gmunden with Mariedl."

'Mariedl was the thirteen-year-old daughter of our landlord and used often to play with him.'

As Hans's father was telling his mother the dream in his presence, he corrected him, saying: 'Not with Mariedl, but quite alone with Mariedl.'

In this connection we learn: 'In the summer of 1906 Hans was at Gmunden, and used to run about all day long with our landlord's children. When we left Gmunden we thought he would be very much upset by having to come away and move back to town. To our surprise this was not so. He seemed glad of the change, and for several weeks he talked very little about Gmunden. It was not until after some weeks had passed that there began to emerge reminiscences - often vividly coloured - of the time he had spent at Gmunden. During the last four weeks or so he has been working these reminiscences up into phantasies. He imagines that he is playing with the other children, with Berta, Olga, and Fritzl; he talks to them as though they were really with him, and he is capable of amusing himself in this way for hours at a time. Now that he has got a sister and is obviously taken up with the problem of the origin of children, he always calls Berta and Olga "his children"; and once he added: "my children Berta and Olga were brought by the stork too." The dream, occurring now, after six months' absence from Gmunden, is evidently to be read as an expression of a longing to go back there.'

Thus far his father. I will anticipate what is to come by adding that when Hans made this last remark about his children having been brought by the stork, he was contradicting aloud a doubt that was lurking within him.

His father luckily made a note of many things which turned out later on to be of unexpected value. 'I drew a giraffe for Hans, who has been to Schönbrunn several times lately. He said to me: "Draw its widdler too." "Draw it yourself," I answered; whereupon he added this line to my picture (see Fig. 1). He began by drawing a short stroke, and then added a bit on to it, remarking: "Its widdler's longer."

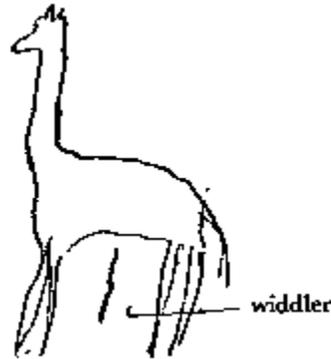


Fig 1.

'Hans and I walked past a horse that was micturating, and he said: "The horse has got its widdler underneath like me."

'He was watching his three-months-old sister being given a bath, and said in pitying tones: "She *has* got a tiny little widdler."

'He was given a doll to play with and undressed it. He examined it carefully and said: "Her widdler's ever so tiny."

As we already know, this formula made it possible for him to go on believing in his discovery (see [p. 2005](#)).

Every investigator runs the risk of falling into an occasional error. It is some consolation for him if, like little Hans in the next example, he does not err alone but can quote a common linguistic usage in his support. For Hans saw a monkey in his picture-book one day, and pointing to its up-curved tail, said: 'Daddy, look at its widdler!'

His interest in widdlers led him to invent a special game of his own. 'Leading out of the front hall there is a lavatory and also a dark storeroom for keeping wood in. For some time past Hans has been going into this wood-cupboard and saying: "I'm going to my W.C." I once looked in to see what he was doing in the dark storeroom. He showed me his parts and said: "I'm widdling." That is to say, he has been "playing" at W.C. That it is in the nature of a game is shown not merely by the fact that he was only pretending to widdle, but also by the fact that he does not go into the W.C., which would after all be far simpler, but prefers the wood-cupboard and calls it "his W.C."

We should be doing Hans an injustice if we were to trace only the auto-erotic features of his sexual life. His father has detailed information to give us on the subject of his love relationships with other children. From these we can discern the existence of an 'object-choice' just as in the case of an adult; and also, it must be confessed, a very striking degree of inconstancy and a disposition to polygamy.

'In the winter (at the age of three and three-quarters) I took Hans to the skating rink and introduced him to my friend N.'s two little daughters, who were about ten years old. Hans sat down beside them, while they, in the consciousness of their mature age, looked down on the little urchin with a good deal of contempt; he gazed at them with admiration, though this proceeding made no great impression on them. In spite of this Hans always spoke of them afterwards as "my little girls". "Where are my little girls? When are my little girls coming?" And for some weeks he kept tormenting me with the question: "When am I going to the rink again to see my little girls?"

A five-year-old boy cousin came to visit Hans, who had by then reached the age of four. Hans was constantly putting his arms round him, and once, as he was giving him one of these tender embraces, said: 'I *am* so fond of you.'

This is the first trace of homosexuality that we have come across in him, but it will not be the last. Little Hans seems to be a positive paragon of all the vices.

'When Hans was four years old we moved into a new flat. A door led out of the kitchen on to a balcony, from which one could see into a flat on the opposite side of the courtyard. In this flat Hans discovered a little girl of about seven or eight. He would sit on the step leading on to the balcony so as to admire her, and would stop there for hours on end. At four o'clock in the afternoon in particular, when the little girl came home from school, he was not to be kept in the room, and nothing could induce him to abandon his post of observation. Once, when the little girl failed to make her appearance at the window at her usual hour, Hans grew quite restless, and kept pestering the servants with questions. "When's the little girl coming? Where's the little girl?" and so on. When she did appear at last, he was quite blissful and never took his eyes off the flat opposite. The violence with which this "long-range love"<sup>1</sup> came over him is to be explained by his having no playmates of either sex. Spending a good deal of time with other children clearly forms part of a child's normal development.

'Hans obtained some companionship of this kind when, shortly afterwards (he was by then four and a half), we moved to Gmunden for the summer holidays. In our house there his playmates were our landlord's children: Franzl (about twelve years old), Fritzl (eight), Olga (seven), and Berta (five). Besides these there were the neighbour's children, Anna (ten), and two other little girls of nine and seven whose names I have forgotten. Hans's favourite was Fritzl; he often hugged him and made protestations of his love. Once when he was asked: "Which of the girls are you fondest of?" he answered: "Fritzl!" At the same time he treated the girls in a most aggressive, masculine and arrogant way, embracing them and kissing them heartily - a process to which Berta in particular offered no objection. When Berta was coming out of the room one evening he put his arms round her neck and said in the fondest tones: "Berta, you *are* a dear!" This, by the way, did not prevent his kissing the others as well and assuring them of his love. He was fond, too, of the fourteen-year-old Mariedl - another of our landlord's daughters - who used to play with him. One evening as he was being put to bed he said: "I want Mariedl to sleep with me." On being told that would not do, he said: "Then she shall sleep with Mummy or with Daddy." He was told that would not do either, but that Mariedl must sleep with her own father and mother. Upon which the following dialogue took place:

*'Hans:* "Oh, then I'll just go downstairs and sleep with Mariedl."

*'Mother:* "You really want to go away from Mummy and sleep downstairs?"

*'Hans:* "Oh, I'll come up again in the morning to have breakfast and do number one."

*'Mother:* "Well, if you really want to go away from Daddy and Mummy, then take your coat and knickers - and good-bye!"

'Hans did in fact take his clothes and go towards the staircase, to go and sleep with Mariedl, but, it need hardly be said, he was fetched back.

'(Behind his wish, "I want Mariedl to sleep with us," there of course lay another one: "I want Mariedl" (with whom he liked to be so much) "to become one of our family." But Hans's father and mother were in the habit of taking him into their bed, though only occasionally, and there can be no doubt that lying beside them had aroused erotic feelings in him; so that his wish to sleep with Mariedl had an erotic sense as well. Lying in bed with his father or mother was a source of erotic feelings in Hans just as it is in every other child.'

In spite of his accesses of homosexuality, little Hans bore himself like a true man in the face of his mother's challenge.

<sup>1</sup> Und die Liebe per Distanz,  
Kurzgesagt, missfällt mir ganz.  
WILHELM BUSCH

[Long-range love, I must admit, Does not suit my taste a bit.]

'In the next instance, too, Hans said to his mother: "I say, I *should* so like to sleep with the little girl." This episode has given us a great deal of entertainment, for Hans has really behaved like a grown-up person in love. For the past few days a pretty little girl of about eight has been coming to the restaurant where we have lunch. Of course Hans fell in love with her on the spot. He keeps constantly turning round in his chair to take furtive looks at her; when he has finished eating, he stations himself in her vicinity so as to flirt with her, but if he finds he is being observed, he blushes scarlet. If his glances are returned by the little girl, he at once looks shamefacedly the other way. His behaviour is naturally a great joy to every one lunching at the restaurant. Every day as he is taken there he says: "Do you think the little girl will be there to-day?" And when at last she appears, he goes quite red, just as a grown-up person would in such a case. One day he came to me with a beaming face and whispered in my ear: "Daddy, I know where the little girl lives. I saw her going up the steps in such-and-such a place." Whereas he treats the little girls at home aggressively, in this other affair he appears in the part of a platonic and languishing admirer. Perhaps this has to do with the little girls at home being village children, while the other is a young lady of refinement. As I have already mentioned, he once said he would like to sleep with her.

'Not wanting Hans to be left in the overwrought state to which he had been brought by his passion for the little girl, I managed to make them acquainted, and invited the little girl to come and see him in the garden after he had finished his afternoon sleep. Hans was so much excited at the prospect of the little girl coming, that for the first time he could not get off to sleep in the afternoon, but tossed about restlessly on his bed. When his mother asked, "Why aren't you asleep? Are you thinking about the little girl?" he said "Yes" with a happy look. And when he came home from the restaurant he said to every one in the house: "I say, my little girl's coming to see me to-day." The fourteen-year-old Mariel reported that he had repeatedly kept asking her: "I say, do you think she'll be nice to me? Do you think she'll kiss me if I kiss her?" and so on.

'But in the afternoon it rained, so that the visit did not come off, and Hans consoled himself with Berta and Olga.'

Other observations, also made at the time of the summer holidays, suggest that all sorts of new developments were going on in the little boy.

'Hans, four and a quarter. This morning Hans was given his usual daily bath by his mother and afterwards dried and powdered. As his mother was powdering round his penis and taking care not to touch it, Hans said: "Why don't you put your finger there?"

'*Mother* : "Because that'd be piggish."

'*Hans*: "What's that? Piggish? Why?"

'*Mother* : "Because it's not proper."

'*Hans* (laughing): "But it's great fun."<sup>1</sup>

At about the same period Hans had a dream which was in striking contrast with the boldness he had shown towards his mother. It was the first dream of his that was made unrecognizable by distortion. His father's penetration, however, succeeded in clearing it up.

'Hans, four and a quarter. *Dream*. This morning Hans woke up and said: "I say, last night I thought: *Some one said: 'Who wants to come to me?' Then some one said: 'I do.'* Then he had to make him widdle."

<sup>1</sup> Another mother, a neurotic, who was unwilling to believe in infantile masturbation, told me of a similar attempt at seduction on the part of her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter. She had had a pair of drawers made for the little girl, and was trying them on her to see whether they were not too tight for walking. To do this she passed her hand upwards along the inner surface of the child's thigh. Suddenly the little girl shut her legs together on her mother's hand, saying: 'Oh, Mummy, *do* leave your hand there. It feels so lovely.'

'Further questions made it clear that there was no visual content whatever in this dream, and that it was of the purely auditory type. During the last few days Hans has been playing parlour games and "forfeits" with our landlord's children, amongst whom are his friends Olga (aged seven) and Berta (aged five). (The game of forfeits is played in this way: *A*: "Whose is this forfeit in my hand?" *B*: "Mine." Then it is decided what *B* must do.) The dream was modelled on this game; only what Hans wished was that the person to whom the forfeit belonged should be condemned, not to give the usual kiss or be given the usual box on the ear, but to widdle, or rather to be made to widdle by someone.

'I got him to tell me the dream again. He told it in the same words, except that instead of "then some one said" this time he said "then she said". This "she" is obviously Berta or Olga, one of the girls he had been playing with. Translated, the dream ran as follows: "I was playing forfeits with the little girls. I asked: 'Who wants to come to me?' She (Berta or Olga) replied: 'I do.' Then she had to make me widdle." (That is, she had to assist him in micturating, which is evidently agreeable for Hans.)

'It is clear that being made to widdle - having his knickers unbuttoned and his penis taken out - is a pleasurable process for Hans. On walks it is mostly his father who assists Hans in this way; and this gives the child an opportunity for the fixation of homosexual inclinations upon him.

'Two days ago, as I have already reported, while his mother was washing and powdering his genital region, he asked her: "Why don't you put your finger there?" Yesterday, when I was helping Hans to do number one, he asked me for the first time to take him to the back of the house so that no one should see him. He added: "Last year when I widdled, Berta and Olga watched me." This meant, I think, that last year he had enjoyed being watched by the girls, but that this was no longer so. His exhibitionism has now succumbed to repression. The fact that the wish that Berta and Olga should watch him widdling (or make him widdle) is now repressed in real life is the explanation of its appearance in the dream, where it was neatly disguised under the game of forfeits. - I have repeatedly observed since then that he does not like to be seen widdling.'

I will only add that this dream obeys the rule I have given in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, to the effect that speeches occurring in dreams are derived from speeches heard or spoken by the dreamer during the preceding days.

Hans's father has noted down one other observation, dating from the period immediately after their return to Vienna: 'Hans (aged four and a half) was again watching his little sister being given her bath, when he began laughing. On being asked why he was laughing, he replied: "I'm laughing at Hanna's widdler." "Why?" "Because her widdler's so lovely."

'Of course his answer was a disingenuous one. In reality her widdler had seemed to him *funny*. Moreover, this is the first time he has recognized in this way the distinction between male and female genitals instead of denying it.'

II

CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

My dear Professor, I am sending you a little more about Hans - but this time, I am sorry to say, material for a case history. As you will see, during the last few days he has developed a nervous disorder, which has made my wife and me most uneasy, because we have not been able to find any means of dissipating it. I shall venture to call upon you tomorrow, . . . but in the meantime . . . I enclose a written record of the material available.

'No doubt the ground was prepared by sexual over-excitation due to his mother's tenderness; but I am not able to specify the actual exciting cause. He is afraid *a horse will bite him in the street*, and this fear seems somehow to be connected with his having been frightened by a large penis. As you know from a former report, he had noticed at a very early age what large penises horses have, and at that time he inferred that as his mother was so large she must have a widdler like a horse.

'I cannot see what to make of it. Has he seen an exhibitionist somewhere? Or is the whole thing simply connected with his mother? It is not very pleasant for us that he should begin setting us problems so early. Apart from his being afraid of going into the street and from his being in low spirits in the evening, he is in other respects the same Hans, as bright and cheerful as ever.'

We will not follow Hans's father either in his easily comprehensible anxieties or in his first attempts at finding an explanation; we will begin by examining the material before us. It is not in the least our business to 'understand' a case at once: this is only possible at a later stage, when we have received enough impressions of it. For the present we will suspend our judgement and give our impartial attention to everything that there is to observe.

The earliest accounts, dating from the first days in January of the present year (1908), run as follows:

'Hans (aged four and three-quarters) woke up one morning in tears. Asked why he was crying, he said to his mother: "When I was asleep I thought you were gone and I had no Mummy to coax with."<sup>1</sup>

'An anxiety dream, therefore.

'I had already noticed something similar at Gmunden in the summer. When he was in bed in the evening he was usually in a very sentimental state. Once he made a remark to this effect: "Suppose I was to have no Mummy", or "Suppose you were to go away", or something of the sort; I cannot remember the exact words. Unfortunately, when he got into an elegiac mood of that kind, his mother used always to take him into bed with her.

'On about January 5th he came into his mother's bed in the morning, and said: "Do you know what Aunt M. said? She said: 'He *has* got a dear little thingummy.'"<sup>2</sup> (Aunt M. was stopping with us four weeks ago. Once while she was watching my wife giving the boy a bath she did in fact say these words to her in a low voice. Hans had overheard them and was now trying to put them to his own uses.)

'On January 7th he went to the Stadtpark with his nurse maid as usual. In the street he began to cry and asked to be taken home, saying that he wanted to "coax" with his Mummy. At home he was asked why he had refused to go any farther and had cried, but he would not say. Till the evening he was cheerful, as usual. But in the evening he grew visibly frightened; he cried and could not be separated from his mother, and wanted to "coax" with her again. Then he grew cheerful again, and slept well.

<sup>1</sup> 'Hans' expression for "to caress".'

<sup>2</sup> Meaning his penis. It is one of the commonest things - psycho-analyses are full of such incidents - for children's genitals to be caressed, not only in word but in deed, by fond relatives, including even parents themselves.

'On January 8th my wife decided to go out with him herself, so as to see what was wrong with him. They went to Schönbrunn, where he always likes going. Again he began to cry, did not want to start, and was frightened. In the end he did go; but was visibly frightened in the street. On the way back from Schönbrunn he said to his mother, after much internal struggling: "*I was afraid a horse would bite me.*" (He had, in fact, become uneasy at Schönbrunn when he saw a horse.) In the evening he seems to have had another attack similar to that of the previous evening, and to have wanted to be "coaxed" with. He was calmed down. He said, crying: "I know I shall have to go for a walk again to-morrow." And later: "The horse'll come into the room."

'On the same day his mother asked: "Do you put your hand to your widdler?" and he answered: "Yes. Every evening, when I'm in bed." The next day, January 9th, he was warned, before his afternoon sleep, not to put his hand to his widdler. When he woke up he was asked about it, and said he had put it there for a short while all the same.'

Here, then, we have the beginning of Hans's anxiety as well as of his phobia. As we see, there is good reason for keeping the two separate. Moreover, the material seems to be amply sufficient for giving us our bearings; and no moment of time is so favourable for the understanding of a case as its initial stage, such as we have here, though unluckily that stage is as a rule neglected or passed over in silence. The disorder set in with thoughts that were at the same time fearful and tender, and then followed an anxiety dream on the subject of losing his mother and so not being able to coax with her any more. His affection for his mother must therefore have become enormously intensified. This was the fundamental phenomenon in his condition. In support of this, we may, recall his two attempts at seducing his mother, the first of which dated back to the summer, while the second (a simple commendation of his penis) occurred immediately before the outbreak of his street-anxiety. It was this increased affection for his mother which turned suddenly into anxiety - which, as we should say, succumbed to repression. We do not yet know from what quarter the impetus towards repression may have come. Perhaps it was merely the result of the intensity of the child's emotions, which had become greater than he could control; or perhaps other forces which we have not yet recognized were also at work. This we shall learn as we go on. Hans's anxiety, which thus corresponded to a repressed erotic longing, was, like every infantile anxiety, without an object to begin with: it was still anxiety and not yet fear. The child cannot tell what he is afraid of; and when Hans, on the first walk with the nursemaid, would not say what he was afraid of, it was simply that he himself did not yet know. He said all that he knew, which was that in the street he missed his mother, whom he could coax with, and that he did not want to be away from her. In saying this he quite straightforwardly confessed the primary meaning of his dislike of streets.

## Analysis Of A Phobia In A Five-Year-Old Boy

2018

Then again, there were the states into which he fell on two consecutive evenings before going to sleep, and which were characterized by anxiety mingled with clear traces of tenderness. These states show that at the beginning of his illness there was as yet no phobia whatever present, whether of streets or of walking or even of horses. If there had been, his evening states would be inexplicable; for who bothers at bed time about streets and walking? On the other hand it becomes quite clear why he was so fearful in the evening, if we suppose that at bedtime he was overwhelmed by an intensification of his libido - for its object was his mother, and its aim may perhaps have been to sleep with her. He had besides learnt from his experience that *at Gmunden* his mother could be prevailed upon, when he got into such moods, to take him into her bed, and he wanted to gain the same ends here in Vienna. Nor must we forget that for part of the time at Gmunden he had been alone with his mother, as his father had not been able to spend the whole of the holidays there, and further, that in the country his affections had been divided among a number of playmates and friends of both sexes, while in Vienna he had none, so that his libido was in a position to return undivided to his mother.

His anxiety, then, corresponded to repressed longing. But it was not the same thing as the longing: the repression must be taken into account too. Longing can be completely transformed into satisfaction if it is presented with the object longed for. Therapy of that kind is no longer effective in dealing with anxiety. The anxiety remains even when the longing can be satisfied. It can no longer be completely retransformed into libido; there is something that keeps the libido back under repression.<sup>1</sup> This was shown to be so in the case of Hans on the occasion of his next walk, when his mother went with him. He was with his mother, and yet he still suffered from anxiety - that is to say, from an unsatisfied longing for her. It is true that the anxiety was less; for he did allow himself to be induced to go for the walk, whereas he had obliged the nursemaid to turn back. Nor is a street quite the right place for 'coaxing', or whatever else this young lover may have wanted. But his anxiety had stood the test; and the next thing for it to do was to find an object. It was on this walk that he first expressed a fear that a horse would bite him. Where did the material for this phobia come from? Probably from the complexes, as yet unknown to us, which had contributed to the repression and were keeping under repression his libidinal feelings towards his mother. That is an unsolved problem, and we shall now have to follow the development of the case in order to arrive at its solution. Hans's father has already given us certain clues, probably trustworthy ones, such as that Hans had always observed horses with interest on account of their large widdlers, that he had supposed that his mother must have a widdler like a horse, and so on. We might thus be led to think that the horse was merely a substitute for his mother. But if so, what would be the meaning of his being afraid in the evening that a horse would come into the room? A small boy's foolish fears, it will be said. But a neurosis never says foolish things, any more than a dream. When we cannot understand something, we always fall back on abuse. An excellent way of making a task lighter.

<sup>1</sup> To speak quite frankly, this is actually the criterion according to which we decide whether such feelings of mingled apprehension and longing are normal or not: we begin to call them 'pathological anxiety' from the moment at which they can no longer be relieved by the attainment of the object longed for.

There is another point in regard to which we must avoid giving way to this temptation. Hans admitted that every night before going to sleep he amused himself with playing with his penis. 'Ah!' the family doctor will be inclined to say, 'now we have it. The child masturbated: hence his pathological anxiety.' But gently. That the child was getting pleasure for himself by masturbating does not by any means explain his anxiety; on the contrary, it makes it more problematical than ever. States of anxiety are not produced by masturbation or by getting satisfaction in any shape. Moreover, we may presume that Hans, who was now four and three-quarters, had been indulging in this pleasure every evening for at least a year (see p. 2003). And we shall find that at this moment he was actually engaged in a struggle to break himself of the habit - a state of things which fits in much better with repression and the generation of anxiety.

We must say a word, too, on behalf of Hans's excellent and devoted mother. His father accuses her, not without some show of justice, of being responsible for the outbreak of the child's neurosis, on account of her excessive display of affection for him and her too frequent readiness to take him into her bed. We might as easily blame her for having precipitated the process of repression by her energetic rejection of his advances ('that'd be piggish'). But she had a predestined part to play, and her position was a hard one.

I arranged with Hans's father that he should tell the boy that all this business about horses was a piece of nonsense and nothing more. The truth was, his father was to say, that he was very fond of his mother and wanted to be taken into her bed. The reason he was afraid of horses now was that he had taken so much interest in their widdlers. He himself had noticed that it was not right to be so very much preoccupied with widdlers, even with his own, and he was quite right in thinking this. I further suggested to his father that he should begin giving Hans some enlightenment in the matter of sex knowledge. The child's past behaviour justified us in assuming that his libido was attached to a wish to see his mother's widdler; so I proposed to his father that he should take away this aim from Hans by informing him that his mother and all other female beings (as he could see from Hanna) had no widdler at all. This last piece of enlightenment was to be given him on a suitable occasion when it had been led up to by some question or some chance remark on Hans's part.

The next batch of news about Hans covers the period from March 1st to March 17th. The interval of more than a month will be accounted for directly.

'After Hans had been enlightened,<sup>1</sup> there followed a fairly quiet period, during which he could be induced without any particular difficulty to go for his daily walk in the Stadtpark. His fear of horses became transformed more and more into a compulsion to look at them. He said: "I have to look at horses, and then I'm frightened."

'After an attack of influenza, which kept him in bed for two weeks, his phobia increased again so much that he could not be induced to go out, or at any rate no more than on to the balcony. Every Sunday he went with me to Lainz,<sup>2</sup> because on that day there is not much traffic in the streets, and it is only a short way to the station. On one occasion in Lainz he refused to go for a walk outside the garden because there was a carriage standing in front of it. After another week which he has had to spend indoors because he has had his tonsils cut, the phobia has grown very much worse again. He goes out on to the balcony, it is true, but not for a walk. As soon as he gets to the street door he hurriedly turns round.

'On Sunday, March 1st, the following conversation took place on the way to the station. I was once more trying to explain to him that horses do not bite. *He*: "But white horses bite. There's a white horse at Gmunden that bites. If you hold your finger to it it bites." (I was struck by his saying "finger" instead of "hand".) He then told me the following story, which I give here in a connected form: "When Lizzi had to go away, there was a cart with a white horse in front of her house, to take her luggage to the station." (Lizzi, he tells me, was a little girl who lived in a neighbouring house.) "Her father was standing near the horse, and the horse turned its head round (to touch him), and he said to Lizzi: '*Don't put your finger to the white horse or it'll bite you*'" Upon this I said: "I say, it strikes me that it isn't a horse you mean, but a widdler, that one mustn't put one's hand to."

<sup>1</sup> As to the meaning of his anxiety; not yet as to women having no widdlers.

<sup>2</sup> A suburb of Vienna where Hans's grandparents lived.

'He: "But a widdler doesn't bite."

'I: "Perhaps it does, though." He then went on eagerly to try and prove to me that it really was a white horse.<sup>1</sup>

'On March 2nd, as he again showed signs of being afraid, I said to him: "Do you know what? This nonsense of yours" (that is how he speaks of his phobia) "will get better if you go for more walks. It's so bad now because you haven't been able to go out because you were ill."

'He: "Oh no, it's so bad because I still put my hand to my widdler every night."

Doctor and patient, father and son, were therefore at one in ascribing the chief share in the pathogenesis of Hans's present condition to his habit of masturbating. Indications were not wanting, however, of the presence of other significant factors.

'On March 3rd we got in a new maid, whom he is particularly pleased with. She lets him ride on her back while she cleans the floor, and so he always calls her "my horse", and holds on to her dress with cries of "Gee-up". On about March 10th he said to this new nursemaid: "If you do such-and-such a thing you'll have to undress altogether, and take off your chemise even." (He meant this as a punishment, but it is easy to recognize the wish behind it.)

'She: "And what'd be the harm? I'd just say to myself I haven't got any money to spend on clothes."

'He: "Why, it'd be shameful. People'd see your widdler." '

Here we have the same curiosity again, but directed on to a new object, and (appropriately to a period of repression) cloaked under a moralizing purpose.

'On March 13th in the morning I said to Hans: "You know, if you don't put your hand to your widdler any more, this nonsense of yours'll soon get better."

<sup>1</sup> Hans's father had no reason to doubt that it was a real event that the boy was describing. -I may also mention that the sensations of itching in the glans penis, which lead children to touch their genitals, are usually described by them in the phrase '*Es beisst mich*' ['I'm itching', literally 'it bites me'].

'Hans: "But I don't put my hand to my widdler any more."

': "But you still want to."

'Hans: "Yes, I do. But wanting's not doing, and doing's not wanting." (!!)

': "Well, but to prevent your wanting to, this evening you're going to have a bag to sleep in."

'After this we went out in front of the house. Hans was still afraid, but his spirits were visibly raised by the prospect of having his struggles made easier for him, and he said: "Oh, if I have a bag to sleep in my nonsense'll have gone to-morrow." And, in fact, he was *much* less afraid of horses, and was fairly calm when vehicles drove past.

'Hans had promised to go with me to Lainz the next Sunday, March 15th. He resisted at first, but finally went with me all the same. He obviously felt all right in the street, as there was not much traffic, and said: "How sensible! God's done away with horses now." On the way I explained to him that his sister has not got a widdler like him. Little girls and women, I said, have no widdlers: Mummy has none, Anna has none, and so on.

'Hans: "Have you got a widdler?"

': "Of course. Why, what do you suppose?"

'Hans (after a pause): "But how do little girls widdle, if they have no widdlers?"

': "They don't have widdlers like yours. Haven't you noticed already, when Hanna was being given her bath?"

'All day long he was in very high spirits, went tobogganing, and so on. It was only towards evening that he fell into low spirits again and seemed to be afraid of horses.

'That evening his attack of nerves and his need for being coaxed with were less pronounced than on previous days. Next day his mother took him with her into town and he was very much frightened in the streets. The day after, he stopped at home and was very cheerful. Next morning he woke up in a fright at about six o'clock. When he was asked what was the matter he said: "I put my finger to my widdler just a very little. I saw Mummy quite naked in her chemise, and she let me see her widdler. I showed Grete,<sup>1</sup> my Grete, what Mummy was doing, and showed her my widdler. Then I took my hand away from my widdler quick." When I objected that he could only mean "in her chemise" or "quite naked", Hans said: "She was in her chemise, but the chemise was so short that I saw her widdler."

This was none of it a dream, but a masturbatory phantasy, which was, however, equivalent to a dream. What he made his mother do was evidently intended as a piece of self-justification: 'If Mummy shows her widdler, I may too.'

We can gather two things from this phantasy: first, that his mother's reproof had produced a powerful result on him at the time it was made, and secondly, that the enlightenment he had been given to the effect that women have no widdlers was not accepted by him at first. He regretted that it should be so, and in his phantasy he stuck to his former view. He may also perhaps have had his reasons for refusing to believe his father for the moment.

<sup>1</sup> 'Grete is one of the little girls at Gmunden about whom Hans is having phantasies just now; he talks and plays with her.'

*Weekly report from Hans's father* : 'My dear Professor, I enclose the continuation of Hans's story - quite an interesting instalment. I shall perhaps take the liberty of calling upon you during your consulting hours on Monday and if possible of bringing Hans with me - assuming that he will come. I said to him to-day: "Will you come with me on Monday to see the Professor, who can take away your nonsense for you?"

'He: "No."

'I: "But he's got a very pretty little girl." - Upon which he willingly and gladly consented.

'Sunday, March 22nd. With a view to extending the Sunday programme, I proposed to Hans that we should go first to Schönbrunn, and only go on from there to Lainz at midday. He had, therefore, to make his way not only from our house to the Hauptzollamt station on the Stadtbahn, but also from the Hietzing station to Schönbrunn, and again from there to the Hietzing steam tramway station. And he managed all this, looking hurriedly away whenever any horses came along, for he was evidently feeling nervous. In looking away he was following a piece of advice given him by his mother.

'At Schönbrunn he showed signs of fear at animals which on other occasions he had looked at without any alarm. Thus he absolutely refused to go into the house in which the *giraffe* is kept, nor would he visit the elephant, which used formerly to amuse him a great deal. He was afraid of all the large animals, whereas he was very much entertained by the small ones. Among the birds, he was also afraid of the pelican this time - which had never happened before - evidently because of its size again.

'I therefore said to him: "Do you know why you're afraid of big animals? Big animals have big widdlers, and you're really afraid of big widdlers."

'Hans: "But I've never seen the big animals' widdlers yet."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "But you *have* seen a horse's, and a horse is a big animal."

'Hans: "Oh, a horse's often. Once at Gmunden when the cart was standing at the door, and once in front of the Head Customs House."

'I: "When you were small, you most likely went into a stable at Gmunden . . ."

'Hans (interrupting): "Yes, I went into the stable every day at Gmunden when the horses had come home."

'I: ". . . and you were most likely frightened when you saw the horse's big widdler one time. But there's no need for you to be frightened of it. Big animals have big widdlers, and little animals have little widdlers."

'Hans : "And every one has a widdler. And my widdler will get bigger as I get bigger; it's fixed in, of course."

'Here the talk came to an end. During the next few days it seemed as though his fears had again somewhat increased. He hardly ventured out of the front door, to which he was taken after luncheon.'

<sup>1</sup> This was untrue. See his exclamation in front of the lions' cage on [p. 2005](#). It was probably the beginning of amnesia resulting from repression.

Hans's last words of comfort throw a light upon the situation and allow us to make some small corrections in his father's assertions. It is true that he was afraid of big animals because he was obliged to think of their big widdlers; but it cannot really be said that he was afraid of big widdlers themselves. Formerly the idea of them had been decidedly pleasurable to him, and he used to make every effort to get a glimpse of one. Since that time this enjoyment had been spoiled for him, owing to the general reversal of pleasure into unpleasure which had come over the whole of his sexual researches - in a way which has not yet been explained - and also owing to something which is clearer to us, namely, to certain experiences and reflections which had led to distressing conclusions. We may infer from his self-consolatory words ('my widdler will get bigger as I get bigger') that during his observations he had constantly been making comparisons, and that he had remained extremely dissatisfied with the size of his own widdler. Big animals reminded him of his defect, and were for that reason disagreeable to him. But since the whole train of thought was probably incapable of becoming clearly conscious, this distressing feeling, too, was transformed into anxiety, so that his present anxiety was erected both upon his former pleasure and his present unpleasure. When once a state of anxiety establishes itself, the anxiety swallows up all other feelings; with the progress of repression, and the more those ideas which are charged with affect and which have been conscious move down into the unconscious, all affects are capable of being changed into anxiety.

Hans's singular remark, 'it's fixed in, of course', makes it possible to guess many things in connection with his consolatory speech which he could not express in words and did not express during the course of the analysis. I shall bridge the gap for a little distance by means of my experiences in the analyses of grown-up people; but I hope the interpolation will not be considered arbitrary or capricious. 'It's fixed in, of course': if the motives of the thought were solace and defiance, we are reminded of his mother's old threat that she should have his widdler cut off if he went on playing with it. At the time it was made, when he was three and a half, this threat had no effect. He calmly replied that then he should widdle with his bottom. It would be the most completely typical procedure if the threat of castration were to have a *deferred* effect, and if he were now, a year and a quarter later, oppressed by the fear of having to lose this precious piece of his ego. In other cases of illness we can observe a similar deferred operation of commands and threats made in childhood, where the interval covers as many decades or more. I even know cases in which a 'deferred obedience' under the influence of repression has had a principal share in determining the symptoms of the disease.

The piece of enlightenment which Hans had been given a short time before to the effect that women really do not possess a widdler was bound to have had a shattering effect upon his self-confidence and to have aroused his castration complex. For this reason he resisted the information, and for this reason it had no therapeutic results. Could it be that living beings really did exist which did not possess widdlers? If so, it would no longer be so incredible that they could take his own widdler away, and, as it were, make him into a woman!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I cannot interrupt the discussion so far as to demonstrate the typical character of the unconscious train of thought which I think there is here reason for attributing to little Hans. The castration complex is the deepest unconscious root of anti-semitism; for even in the nursery little boys hear that a Jew has something cut off his penis - a piece of his penis, they think - and this gives them a right to despise Jews. And there is no stronger unconscious root for the sense of superiority over women. Weininger (the young philosopher who, highly gifted but sexually deranged, committed suicide after producing his remarkable book, *Geschlecht und Charakter*), in a chapter that attracted much attention, treated Jews and women with equal hostility and overwhelmed them with the same insults. Being a neurotic, Weininger was completely under the sway of his infantile complexes; and from that standpoint what is common to Jews and women is their relation to the castration complex.

'During the night of 27th-28th Hans surprised us by getting out of bed while it was quite dark and coming into our bed. His room is separated from our bedroom by another small room. We asked him why: whether he had been afraid, perhaps. "No," he said; "I'll tell you to-morrow." He went to sleep in our bed and was then carried back to his own.

'Next day I questioned him closely to discover why he had come in to us during the night; and after some reluctance the following dialogue took place, which I immediately took down in shorthand:

'He: "In the night there was a big giraffe in the room and a crumpled one; and the big one called out because I took the crumpled one away from it. Then it stopped calling out; and then I sat on top of the crumpled one."

'I (puzzled): "What? A crumpled giraffe? How was that?"

'He: "Yes." (He quickly fetched a piece of paper, crumpled it up, and said:) "It was crumpled like that."

'I: "And you sat down on top of the crumpled giraffe? How?"

'He again showed me, by sitting down on the ground.

'I: "Why did you come into our room?"

'He: "I don't know myself."

'I: "Were you afraid?"

'He: "No. Of course not."

'I: "Did you dream about the giraffe?"

'He: "No. I didn't dream. I thought it. I thought it all. I'd woken up earlier."

'I: "What can it mean: a crumpled giraffe? You know you can't squash a giraffe together like a piece of paper."

'He: "Of course I know. I just thought it. Of course there aren't any really and truly.<sup>1</sup> The crumpled one was all lying on the floor, and I took it away - took hold of it with my hands."

'I: "What? Can you take hold of a big giraffe like that with your hands?"

'He: "I took hold of the crumpled one with my hand."

'I: "Where was the big one meanwhile?"

'He: "The big one just stood farther off."

'I: "What did you do with the crumpled one?"

'He: "I held it in my hand for a bit, till the big one had stopped calling out. And when the big one had stopped calling out, I sat down on top of it."

<sup>1</sup> In his own language Hans was saying quite definitely that it was a phantasy.

'I: "Why did the big one call out?"

'He: "Because I'd taken away the little one from it." (He noticed that I was taking everything down, and asked:) "Why are you writing that down?"

'I: "Because I shall send it to a Professor, who can take away your 'nonsense' for you."

'He: "Oho! So you've written down as well that Mummy took off her chemise, and you'll give that to the Professor too."

'I: "Yes. But he won't understand how you can think that a giraffe can be crumpled up."

'He: 'Just tell him I don't know myself, and then he won't ask. But if he asks what the crumpled giraffe is, then he can write to us, and we can write back, or let's write at once that I don't know myself."

'I: "But why did you come in in the night?"

'He: "I don't know."

'I: "Just tell me quickly what you're thinking of."

'He (jokingly): "Of raspberry syrup."

'I: "What else?"

} His wishes.

'He: "A gun for shooting people dead with."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "You're sure you didn't dream it?"

'He: "Quite sure; no, I'm quite certain of it."

'He proceeded: "Mummy begged me so long to tell her why I came in in the night. But I didn't want to say, because I felt ashamed with Mummy at first."

'I: "Why?"

'He: "I didn't know."

'My wife had in fact examined him all the morning, till he had told her the giraffe story.'

<sup>1</sup> At this point his father in his perplexity was trying to practise the classical technique of psycho-analysis. This did not lead to much; but the result, such as it was, can be given a meaning in the light of later disclosures.

That same day his father discovered the solution of the giraffe phantasy.

'The big giraffe is myself, or rather my big penis (the long neck), and the crumpled giraffe is my wife, or rather her genital organ. It is therefore the result of the enlightenment he has had.

'Giraffe: see the expedition to Schönbrunn. Moreover, he has a picture of a giraffe and an elephant hanging over his bed.

'The whole thing is a reproduction of a scene which has been gone through almost every morning for the last few days. Hans always comes in to us in the early morning, and my wife cannot resist taking him into bed with her for a few minutes. Thereupon I always begin to warn her not to take him into bed with her ("the big one called out because I'd taken the crumpled one away from it"); and she answers now and then, rather irritated, no doubt, that it's all nonsense, that after all one minute is of no importance, and so on. Then Hans stays with her a little while. ("Then the big giraffe stopped calling out; and there I sat down on top of the crumpled one.")

'Thus the solution of this matrimonial scene transposed into giraffe life is this: he was seized in the night with a longing for his mother, for her caresses, for her genital organ, and came into our bedroom for that reason. The whole thing is a continuation of his fear of horses.'

I have only this to add to his father's penetrating interpretation. The '*sitting* down on top of' was probably Hans's representation of taking *possession*. But the whole thing was a phantasy of defiance connected with his satisfaction at the triumph over his father's resistance. 'Call out as much as you like! But Mummy takes me into bed all the same, and Mummy belongs to me!' It is therefore justifiable, as his father suspected, to divine behind the phantasy a fear that his mother did not like him, because his widdler was not comparable to his father's.

Next morning his father was able to get his interpretation confirmed.

'On Sunday, March 29th, I went with Hans to Lainz. I jokingly took leave of my wife at the door with the words: "Good-bye, big giraffe!" "Why giraffe?" asked Hans. "Mummy's the big giraffe," I replied; to which Hans rejoined: "Oh yes! And Hanna's the crumpled giraffe, isn't she?"

'In the train I explained the giraffe phantasy to him, upon which he said: "Yes, that's right." And when I said to him that I was the big giraffe, and that its long neck had reminded him of a widdler, he said: "Mummy has a neck like a giraffe, too. I saw, when she was washing her white neck."

'On Monday, March 30th, in the morning, Hans came to me and said: "I say! I thought two things this morning!" "What was the first?" "I was with you at Schönbrunn where the sheep are; and then we crawled through under the ropes, and then we told the policeman at the end of the garden, and he grabbed hold of us." He had forgotten the second thing.

'I can add the following comment on this. When we wanted to visit the sheep on Sunday, we found that a space in the gardens was shut off by a rope, so that we were unable to get to them. Hans was very much astonished that the space should be shut off only with a rope, which it would be quite easy to slip under. I told him that respectable people didn't crawl under the rope. He said it would be quite easy; whereupon I replied that a policeman might come along and take one off. There is a lifeguardsman on duty at the entrance of Schönbrunn; and I once told Hans that he arrested naughty children.

'After we returned from our visit to you, which took place the same day, Hans confessed to yet another little bit of craving to do something forbidden: "I say, I thought something this morning again." "What?" "I went with you in the train, and we smashed a window and the policeman took us off with him."

A most suitable continuation of the giraffe phantasy. He had a suspicion that to take possession of his mother was forbidden; he had come up against the barrier against incest. But he regarded it as forbidden *in itself*. His father was with him each time in the forbidden exploits which he carried out in his imagination, and was locked up with him. His father, he thought, also did that enigmatic forbidden something with his mother which he replaced by an act of violence such as smashing a window-pane or forcing a way into an enclosed space.

<sup>1</sup> Hans only confirmed the interpretation of the two giraffes as his father and mother, and not the sexual symbolism, according to which the giraffe itself represented the penis. This symbolism was probably correct, but we really cannot ask more of Hans.

That afternoon the father and son visited me during my consulting hours. I already knew the funny little fellow, and with all his self-assurance he was yet so amiable that I had always been glad to see him. I do not know whether he remembered me, but he behaved irreproachably and like a perfectly reasonable member of human society. The consultation was a short one. His father opened it by remarking that, in spite of all the pieces of enlightenment we had given Hans, his fear of horses had not yet diminished. We were also forced to confess that the connections between the horses he was afraid of and the affectionate feelings towards his mother which had been revealed were by no means abundant. Certain details which I now learnt - to the effect that he was particularly bothered by what horses wear in front of their eyes and by the black round their mouths - were certainly not to be explained from what we knew. But as I saw the two of them sitting in front of me and at the same time heard Hans's description of his anxiety-horses, a further piece of the solution shot through my mind, and a piece which I could well understand might escape his father. I asked Hans jokingly whether his horses wore eyeglasses, to which he replied that they did not. I then asked him whether his father wore eyeglasses, to which, against all the evidence, he once more said no. Finally I asked him whether by 'the black round the mouth' he meant a moustache; and I then disclosed to him that he was afraid of his father, precisely because he was so fond of his mother. It must be, I told him, that he thought his father was angry with him on that account; but this was not so, his father was fond of him in spite of it, and he might admit everything to him without any fear. Long before he was in the world, I went on, I had known that a little Hans would come who would be so fond of his mother that he would be bound to feel afraid of his father because of it; and I had told his father this. 'But why do you think I'm angry with you?' his father interrupted me at this point; 'have I ever scolded you or hit you?' Hans corrected him: 'Oh yes! You have hit me.' 'That's not true. When was it, anyhow?' 'This morning,' answered the little boy; and his father recollected that Hans had quite unexpectedly butted his head into his stomach, so that he had given him as it were a reflex blow with his hand. It was remarkable that he had not brought this detail into connection with the neurosis; but he now recognized it as an expression of the little boy's hostile disposition towards him, and perhaps also as a manifestation of a need for getting punished for it.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Later on the boy repeated his reaction towards his father in a clearer and more complete manner, by first hitting his father on the hand and then affectionately kissing the same hand.

'Does the Professor talk to God,' Hans asked his father on the way home, 'as he can tell all that beforehand?' I should be extraordinarily proud of this recognition out of the mouth of a child, if I had not myself provoked it by my joking boastfulness. From the date of this consultation I received almost daily reports of the alterations in the little patient's condition. It was not to be expected that he should be freed from his anxiety at a single blow by the information I gave him; but it became apparent that a possibility had now been offered him of bringing forward his unconscious productions and of unfolding his phobia. From that time forward he carried out a programme which I was able to announce to his father in advance.

'April 2nd. The *first real improvement* is to be noted. While formerly he could never be induced to go out of the street door for very long, and always ran back into the house with every sign of fright if horses came along, this time he stayed in front of the street-door for an hour - even while carts were driving past, which happens fairly often in our street. Every now and then he ran into the house when he saw a cart approaching in the distance, but he turned round at once as though he were changing his mind. In any case there is only a trace of the anxiety left, and the progress since his enlightenment is unmistakable.

'In the evening he said: "We get as far as the street-door now, so we'll go into the Stadtpark too."

'On April 3rd, in the morning he came into bed with me, whereas for the last few days he had not been coming any more and had even seemed to be proud of not doing so. "And why have you come to-day?" I asked.

'Hans: "When I'm not frightened I shan't come any more."

'I: "So you come in to me because you're frightened?"

'Hans: "When I'm not with you I'm frightened; when I'm not in bed with you, then I'm frightened. When I'm not frightened any more I shan't come any more."

I: "So you're fond of me and you feel anxious when you're in your bed in the morning? and that's why you come in to me?"

Hans: "Yes. Why did you tell me I'm fond of *Mummy* and that's why I'm frightened, when I'm fond of *you*?"

Here the little boy was displaying a really unusual degree of clarity. He was bringing to notice the fact that his love for his father was wrestling with his hostility towards him in his capacity of rival with his mother; and he was reproaching his father with not having yet drawn his attention to this interplay of forces, which was bound to end in anxiety. His father did not entirely understand him as yet, for during this conversation he only succeeded in convincing himself of the little boy's hostility towards him, the existence of which I had asserted during our consultation. The following dialogue, which I nevertheless give without alteration, is really of more importance in connection with the progress of the father's enlightenment than with the little patient.

'Unfortunately I did not immediately grasp the meaning of this reproach. Because Hans is fond of his mother he evidently wants to get me out of the way, and he would then be in his father's place. This suppressed hostile wish is turned into anxiety *about* his father, and he comes in to me in the morning to see if I have gone away. Unfortunately at the moment I did not understand this, and said to him:

"When you're alone, you're just anxious for me and come in to me."

'Hans: "When you're away, I'm afraid you're not coming home."

': "And have I ever threatened you that I shan't come home?"

'Hans: "Not you, but Mummy. Mummy's told me she won't come back." (He had probably been naughty, and she had threatened to go away.)

': "She said that because you were naughty."

'Hans: "Yes."

': "So you're afraid I'm going away because you were naughty; that's why you come in to me."

'When I got up from table after breakfast Hans said: "Daddy, don't trot away from me!" I was struck by his saying "trot" instead of "run", and replied: "Oho! So you're afraid of the horse trotting away from you." Upon which he laughed.'

We know that this portion of Hans's anxiety had two constituents: there was fear *of* his father and fear *for* his father. The former was derived from his hostility towards his father, and the latter from the conflict between his affection, which was exaggerated at this point by way of compensation, and his hostility.

His father proceeds: 'This is no doubt the beginning of an important phase. His motive for at the most just venturing outside the house but not going away from it, and for turning round at the first attack of anxiety when he is half-way, is his fear of not finding his parents at home because they have gone away. He sticks to the house from love of his mother, and he is afraid of my going away because of the hostile wishes that he nourishes against me - for then *he* would be the father.

'In the summer I used to be constantly leaving Gmunden for Vienna on business, and he was then the father. You will remember that his fear of horses is connected with the episode at Gmunden when a horse was to take Lizzi's luggage to the station. The repressed wish that I should drive to the station, for then he would be alone with his mother (the wish that "the horse should drive off"), is turned into fear of the horse's driving off; and in fact nothing throws him into greater alarm than when a cart drives off from the courtyard of the Head Customs House (which is just opposite our flat) and the horses start moving.

'This new phase (hostile sentiments towards his father) could only come out after he knew that I was not angry because he was so fond of his mother.

'In the afternoon I went out in front of the street-door with him again; he again went out in front of the house, and stayed there even when carts went past. In the case of a few carts only he was afraid, and ran into the entrance-hall. He also said to me in explanation: "Not all white horses bite." That is to say: owing to the analysis some white horses have already been recognized as "Daddy", and they no longer bite; but there are others still left over which *do* bite.

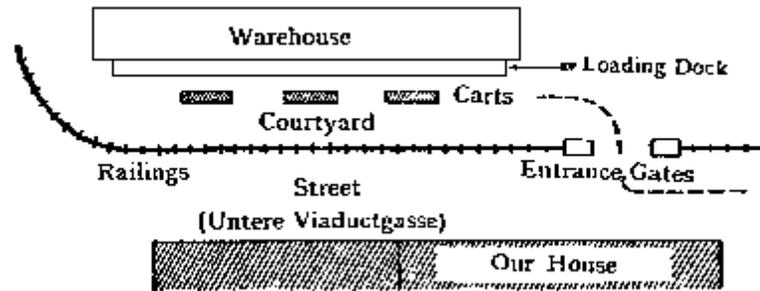


Fig. 2.

'The position of our street-door is as follows: Opposite it is the warehouse of the Office for the Taxation of Food-Stuffs, with a loading dock at which carts are driving up all day long to fetch away boxes, packing-cases, etc. This courtyard is cut off from the street by railings; and the entrance gates to the courtyard are opposite our house (Fig. 2). I have noticed for some days that Hans is specially frightened when carts drive into or out of the yard, a process which involves their taking a corner. I asked at the time why he was so much afraid, and he replied: "*I'm afraid the horses will fall down when the cart turns*" (a). He is equally frightened when carts standing at the loading dock start moving in order to drive off (b). Further (c), he is more frightened of large dray-horses than of small horses, and of rough farm-horses than of smart horses (such as those in a carriage and pair). He is also more frightened when a vehicle drives past quickly (d) than when the horses trot up slowly. These differentiations have, of course, only come to light clearly during the last few days.'

I should be inclined to say that, in consequence of the analysis, not only the patient but his phobia too had plucked up courage and was venturing to show itself.

'On April 5th Hans came in to our bedroom again, and was sent back to his own bed. I said to him: "As long as you come into our room in the mornings, your fear of horses won't get better." He was defiant, however, and replied: "I shall come in all the same, even if I *am* afraid." So he will not let himself be forbidden to visit his mother.

'After breakfast we were to go downstairs. Hans was delighted, and planned that, instead of stopping in front of the street-door as usual, he should go across the street into the yard, where he had often enough seen street-boys playing. I told him I should be pleased if he were to go across, and took the opportunity of asking him why he is so much afraid when the loaded carts at the loading dock start moving (*b*).

'*Hans*: "I'm afraid of standing by the cart and the cart driving off quick, and of my standing on it and wanting to get on to the board (the loading dock), and my driving off in the cart."

'*I*: 'And if the cart stands still? Aren't you afraid then ? Why not?'"

'*Hans*: "If the cart stands still, then I can get on to the cart quick and get on to the board."

'(So Hans is planning to climb over a cart on to the loading dock, and is afraid of the cart driving away while he is on it.)

'*I*: "Perhaps you're afraid you won't come home any more if you drive away in the cart?"

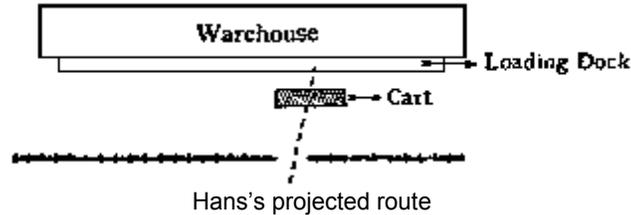


Fig. 3.

'Hans: "Oh no! I can always come back to Mummy, in the cart or in a cab. I can tell him the number of the house too."

'I: "Then why *are* you afraid?"

'Hans: "I don't know. But the Professor'll know. D'you think he'll know?"

'I: "And why do you want to get over on to the board?"

'Hans: "Because I've never been up there, and I should so much like to be there; and d'you know why I should like to go there? Because I should like to load and unload the boxes, and I should like to climb about on the boxes there. I should so like to climb about there. D'you know who I learnt the climbing about from? Some boys climbed on the boxes, and I saw them, and I want to do it too."

'His wish was not fulfilled. For when Hans ventured once more in front of the street-door, the few steps across the street and into the courtyard awoke too great resistances in him, because carts were constantly driving into the yard.'

The Professor only knows that the game which Hans intended to play with the loaded carts must have stood in the relation of a symbolic substitute to some other wish as to which he had so far uttered no word. But, if it did not seem too daring, this wish might already, even at this stage, be constructed.

'In the afternoon we again went out in front of the street door, and when I returned I asked Hans:  
 "'Which horses are you actually most afraid of?"  
 'Hans: "All of them."  
 'I: "That's not true."  
 'Hans: "I'm most afraid of horses with a thing on their mouths."  
 'I: "What do you mean? The piece of iron they have in their mouths?"  
 'Hans: "No. They have something black on their mouths." (He covered his mouth with his hand.)  
 'I: "What? A moustache, perhaps?"  
 'Hans (laughing): "Oh no!"  
 'I: "Have they all got it?"  
 'Hans: "No, only a few of them."  
 'I: "What is it that they've got on their mouths?"  
 'Hans: "A black thing." (I think in reality it must be the thick piece of harness that dray-horses wear over their noses.)



Fig. 4.

"And I'm most afraid of furniture-vans, too."  
 'I: "Why?"  
 'Hans: "I think when furniture-horses are dragging a heavy van they'll fall down."  
 'I: "So you're not afraid with a small cart?"  
 'Hans: "No. I'm not afraid with a small cart or with a post-office van. I'm most afraid too when a bus comes along."  
 'I: "Why? Because its so big?"  
 'Hans: "No. Because once a horse in a bus fell down."  
 'I: "When?"  
 'Hans: "Once when I went out with Mummy in spite of my 'nonsense', when I bought the waistcoat." (This was subsequently confirmed by his mother.)  
 'I: "What did you think when the horse fell down?"  
 'Hans: "Now it'll always be like this. All horses in buses'll fall down."  
 'I: "In all buses?"

'Hans: "Yes. And in furniture-vans too. Not often in furniture-vans."

': "You had your nonsense already at that time?"

'Hans: "No. I only got it then. When the horse in the bus fell down, it gave me such a fright, really! That was when I got the nonsense."

': "But the nonsense was that you thought a horse would bite you. And now you say you were afraid a horse would fall down."

'Hans: "Fall down and bite."<sup>1</sup>

': "Why did it give you such a fright?"

'Hans: "Because the horse went like this with its feet," (He lay down on the ground and showed me how it kicked about.) "It gave me a fright *because it made a row with its feet.*"

': "Where did you go with Mummy that day?"

'Hans: "First to the Skating Rink, then to a *café*, then to buy a waistcoat, then to the pastry-cook's with Mummy, and then home in the evening; we went back through the Stadtpark." (All of this was confirmed by my wife, as well as the fact that the anxiety broke out immediately afterwards.)

': "Was the horse dead when it fell down?"

'Hans: Yes!"

': "How do you know that?"

'Hans: "Because I saw it." (He laughed.) "No, it wasn't a bit dead."

': "Perhaps you thought it was dead?"

'Hans: "No. Certainly not. I only said it as a joke." (His expression at the moment, however, had been serious.)

'As he was tired, I let him run off. He only told me besides this that he had first been afraid of bus-horses, then of all others, and only in the end of furniture-van horses.

<sup>1</sup> Hans was right, however improbable this collocation may sound. The train of thought, as we shall see, was that the horse (his father) would bite him because of his wish that it (his father) should fall down.

'On the way back from Lainz there were a few more questions:

'I: "When the bus-horse fell down, what colour was it: white, red, brown, grey?"

'Hans: "Black. Both horses were black."

'I: "Was it big or little?"

'Hans: "Big."

'I: "Fat or thin?"

'Hans: "Fat. Very big and fat."

'I: "When the horse fell down, did you think of your daddy?"

'Hans: "Perhaps. Yes. It's possible."

His father's investigations may have been without success at some points; but it does no harm to make acquaintance at close quarters with a phobia of this sort - which we may feel inclined to name after its new objects. For in this way we get to see how diffuse it really is. It extends on to horses and on to carts, on to the fact that horses fall down and that they bite, on to horses of a particular character, on to carts that are heavily loaded. I will reveal at once that all these characteristics were derived from the circumstance that the anxiety originally had no reference at all to horses but was transposed on to them secondarily and had now become fixed upon those elements of the horse-complex which showed themselves well adapted for certain transferences. We must specially acknowledge one most important result of the boy's examination by his father. We have learned the immediate precipitating cause after which the phobia broke out. This was when the boy saw a big heavy horse fall down; and one at least of the interpretations of this impression seems to be that emphasized by his father, namely, that Hans at that moment perceived a wish that his father might fall down in the same way - and be dead. His serious expression as he was telling the story no doubt referred to this unconscious meaning. May there not have been yet another meaning concealed behind all this? And what can have been the significance of the making a row with its legs?

'For some time Hans has been playing horses in the room; he trots about, falls down, kicks about with his feet, and neighs. Once he tied a small bag on like a nose-bag. He has repeatedly run up to me and bitten me.'

In this way he was accepting the last interpretations more decidedly than he could in words, but naturally with a change of parts, for the game was played in obedience to a wishful phantasy. Thus *he* was the horse, and bit his father, and in this way was identifying himself with his father.

'I have noticed for the last two days that Hans has been defying me in the most decided manner, not impudently, but in the highest spirits. Is it because he is no longer afraid of me - the horse?

'April 6th. Went out with Hans in front of the house in the afternoon. At every horse that passed I asked him if he saw the "black on its mouth"; he said "no" every time. I asked him what the black really looked like; he said it was black iron. My first idea, that he meant the thick leather straps that are part of the harness of dray-horses, is therefore unconfirmed. I asked him if the "black" reminded him of a moustache, and he said: "Only by its colour." So I do not yet know what it really is.

'The fear has diminished; this time he ventured as far as the next-door house, but turned round quickly when he heard the sound of horses' hooves in the distance. When a cart drew up at our door and came to a stop, he became frightened and ran into the house, because the horse began pawing with its foot. I asked him why he was afraid, and whether perhaps he was nervous because the horse had done like this (and I stamped with my foot). He said: "Don't make such a row with your feet!" Compare his remark about the fallen bus-horse.

'He was particularly terrified by a furniture-van passing by. At that he ran right inside the house. "Doesn't a furniture-van like that," I asked him unconcernedly, "really look like a bus?" He said nothing. I repeated the question, and he then said: "Why, of course! Otherwise I shouldn't be so afraid of a furniture-van."

'April 7th. I asked again to-day what the "black on the horses' mouths" looked like. Hans said: "Like a muzzle." The curious thing is that for the last three days not a single horse has passed on which he could point out this "muzzle". I myself have seen no such horse on any of my walks, although Hans asseverates that such horses do exist. I suspect that some sort of horses' bridle - the thick piece of harness round their mouths, perhaps - really reminded him of a moustache, and that after I alluded to this this fear disappeared as well.

'Hans's improvement is constant. The radius of his circle of activity with the street-door as its centre grows ever wider. He has even accomplished the feat, which has hitherto been impossible for him, of running across to the pavement opposite. All the fear that remains is connected with the bus scene, the meaning of which is not yet clear to me.

'April 9th. This morning Hans came in to me while I was washing and bare to the waist.

'Hans: "Daddy, you *are* lovely! You're so white."

'I: "Yes. Like a white horse."

'Hans: "The only black thing's your moustache." (Continuing) "Or perhaps it's a black muzzle?"

'I told him then that I had been to see the Professor the evening before, and said: "There's one thing he wants to know." "I *am* curious," remarked Hans.

'I told him I knew on what occasions it was that he made a row with his feet. "Oh, yes!" he interrupted me, "when I'm cross, or when I have to do 'lumf' and would rather play." (He has a habit, it is true, of making a row with his feet, i.e. of stamping, when he is angry. - "Doing lumf" means doing number two. When Hans was small he said one day when he got off the chamber: "Look at the lumf [German: '*Lumpf*']." He meant "stocking" [German: "*Strumpf*"], because of its shape and colour. This designation has been preserved to this day. - In very early days, when he had to be put on the chamber, and refused to leave off playing, he used to stamp his feet in a rage, and kick about, and sometimes throw himself on the ground.)

"And you kick about with your feet as well, when you have to widdle and don't want to go, because you'd rather go on playing."

'He: "Oh, I must widdle." And he went out of the room by way of confirmation, no doubt.'

In the course of his visit his father had asked me what Hans could have been reminded of by the fallen horse kicking about with its feet. I had suggested that that may have been his own reaction when he retained his urine. Hans now confirmed this by means of the re-emergence during the conversation of a desire to micturate; and he added some other meanings of the making a row with the feet.

'We then went out in front of the street-door. When a coal-cart came along, he said to me: "Daddy, I'm very much afraid of coal-carts, too."

'I: "Perhaps that's because they're as big as buses, too."

'Hans: "Yes; and because they're so heavily loaded, and the horses have so much to drag and might easily fall down. If a cart's empty, I'm not afraid." It is a fact, as I have already remarked, that only heavy vehicles throw him into a state of anxiety.'

Nevertheless, the situation was decidedly obscure. The analysis was making little progress; and I am afraid the reader will soon begin to find this description of it tedious. Every analysis, however, has dark periods of this kind. But Hans was now on the point of leading us into an unexpected region.

'I came home and was speaking to my wife, who had made various purchases which she was showing me. Among them was a pair of yellow ladies' drawers. Hans exclaimed "Ugh!" two or three times, threw himself on the ground, and spat. My wife said he had done this two or three times already when he had seen the drawers.

"Why do you say 'Ugh'?" I asked.

'Hans: "Because of the drawers."

'I: "Why? Because of their colour? Because they're yellow?', and remind you of lumf or widdle?"

'Hans: "Lumf isn't yellow. It's white or black." - Immediately afterwards: "I say, is it easy to do lumf if you eat cheese?" (I had once told him so, when he asked me why I ate cheese.)

'I: "Yes."

'Hans: "That's why you go straight off every morning and do lumf? I should so much like to eat cheese with my bread-and-butter."

'He had already asked me yesterday as he was jumping about in the street: "I say, it's true, isn't it, if you jump about a lot you can do lumf easily?" - There has been trouble with his stools from the very first; and aperients and enemas have frequently been necessary. At one time his habitual constipation was so great that my wife called in Dr. L. He was of opinion that Hans was overfed, which was in fact the case, and recommended a more moderate diet - and the condition was at once brought to an end. Recently the constipation has again made its appearance more frequently.

'After luncheon I said to him: "We'll write to the Professor again," and he dictated to me: "When I saw the yellow drawers I said 'Ugh! that makes me spit!' and threw myself down and shut my eyes and didn't look."

'I: "Why?"

'Hans: "Because I saw the yellow drawers; and I did the same sort of thing with the black drawers too.<sup>1</sup> The black ones are the same sort of drawers, only they were black." (Interrupting himself) "I say, I *am* glad. I'm always so glad when I can write to the Professor."

'I: "Why did you say 'Ugh'? Were you disgusted?"

'Hans: "Yes, because I saw that. I thought I should have to do lumpf."

'I: "Why?"

'Hans: "I don't know."

'I: "When did you see the black drawers?"

'Hans: "Once, when Anna (our maid) had been here a long time - with Mummy - she brought them home just after she'd bought them." (This statement was confirmed by my wife.)

'I: "Were you disgusted then, too?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "Have you seen Mummy in drawers like that?"

'Hans: "No."

'I: "When she was dressing?"

'Hans: "When she bought the yellow ones I'd seen them once before already." (This is contradicted. He saw the yellow ones for the first time when his mother bought them.) "She's got the black ones on to-day too" (correct), "because I saw her take them off in the morning."

<sup>1</sup> 'For the last few weeks my wife has possessed a pair of black bloomers for wearing on cycling tours.'

'I: "What? She took off the black drawers in the morning?"

'Hans: "In the morning when she went out she took off the black drawers, and when she came back she put the black ones on again."

'I asked my wife about this, as it seemed to me absurd. She said it was entirely untrue. Of course she had not changed her drawers when she went out.

'I at once asked Hans about it: "You told me that Mummy had put on some black drawers, and that when she went out she took them off, and that when she came back she put them on again. But Mummy says it's not true."

'Hans: "I think perhaps I may have forgotten she didn't take them off." (Impatiently) "Oh, do let me alone."

I have a few comments to make at this point on the business of the drawers. It was obviously mere hypocrisy on Hans's part to pretend to be so glad of the opportunity of giving an account of the affair. In the end he threw the mask aside and was rude to his father. It was a question of things which had once afforded him *a great deal of pleasure*, but of which, now that repression had set in, he was very much ashamed, and at which he professed to be disgusted. He told some downright lies so as to disguise the circumstances in which he had seen his mother change her drawers. In reality, the putting on and taking off of her drawers belonged to the 'lumpf' context. His father was perfectly aware of what it was all about and of what Hans was trying to conceal.

'I asked my wife whether Hans was often with her when she went to the W.C. "Yes," she said, "often. He goes on pestering me till I let him. Children are all like that."

Nevertheless, it is worth bearing carefully in mind the desire, which Hans had already repressed, for seeing his mother doing lumpf.

'We went out in front of the house. He was in very good spirits and was prancing about all the time like a horse. So I said: "Now, who is it that's the bus-horse? Me, you or Mummy?"

'Hans (promptly): "I am; I'm a young horse."

'During the period when his anxiety was at its height, and he was frightened at seeing horses frisking, he asked me why they did it; and to reassure him I said: "Those are young horses, you see, and they frisk about like little boys. You frisk about too, and you're a little boy." Since then, whenever he has seen horses frisking, he has said: "That's right; those are young horses!"

'As we were going upstairs I asked him almost without thinking: "Used you to play at horses with the children at Gmunden?"

'He: "Yes." (Thoughtfully) "I think that was how I got the nonsense."

'I: "Who was the horse?"

'He: "I was; and Berta was the coachman."

'I: "Did you fall down by any chance, when you were a horse?"

'Hans: "No. When Berta said 'Gee-up', I ran ever so quick; I just raced along."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "You never played at buses?"

'Hans: "No. At ordinary carts, and horses without carts. When a horse has a cart, it can go without a cart just as well, and the cart can stay at home."

'I: "Used you often to play at horses?"

'Hans: "Very often. Fritzl<sup>2</sup> was the horse once, too, and Franzl the coachman; and Fritzl ran ever so fast and all at once he hit his foot on a stone and bled."

'I: "Perhaps he fell down?"

<sup>1</sup> 'Hans had a set of toy harness with bells.'

<sup>2</sup> Another of the landlord's children, as we already know.

'Hans: "No. He put his foot in some water and then wrapped it up."<sup>1</sup>

': "Were you often the horse?"

'Hans: "Oh, yes."

': "And that was how you got the nonsense?"

'Hans: "Because they kept on saying ' 'cos of the horse, ' 'cos of the horse' " (he put a stress on the "cos"); "so perhaps I got the nonsense because they talked like that; "cos of the horse."<sup>2</sup>

For a while Hans's father pursued his enquiry fruitlessly along other paths.

': "Did they tell you anything about horses?"

'Hans: "Yes."

': "What?"

'Hans: "I've forgotten."

': "Perhaps they told you about their widdlers?"

'Hans: "Oh, no."

': "Were you frightened of horses already then?"

'Hans: "Oh, no. I wasn't frightened at all."

': "Perhaps Berta told you that horses ---?"

'Hans (interrupting): "---widdle? No."

<sup>1</sup> See below. His father was quite right in suspecting that Fritzl fell down.

<sup>2</sup> [*Wegen dem Pferd*]. I may explain that Hans was not maintaining that he had got the nonsense *at that time* but *in that connection*. Indeed, it must have been so, for theoretical considerations require that what is to-day the object of a phobia must at one time in the past have been the source of a high degree of pleasure. I may at the same time complete what the child was unable to express, and add that the little word '*wegen*' ['because of', ' 'cos of'] was the means of enabling the phobia to extend from horses on to '*Wagen*' ['vehicles'] or, as Hans was accustomed to pronounce the word and hear it pronounced, '*Wägen*' [pronounced exactly like '*wegen*']. It must never be forgotten how much more concretely children treat words than grown-up people do, and consequently how much more significant for them are similarities of sound in words.

'On April 10th I took up our conversation of the day before, and tried to discover what his "'cos of the horse" meant. Hans could not remember; he only knew that some children had stood outside the front door one morning and had said, "'cos of the horse, 'cos of the horse!" He had been there himself. When I pressed him more closely, he declared that they had not said "'cos of the horse" at all, but that he had remembered wrong.

'I: "But you and the others were often in the stables. You must surely have talked about horses there." - "We didn't." - "What did you talk about?" - "Nothing." - "Such a lot of children, and nothing to talk about?" - "We did talk about something, but not about horses." - "Well, what was it?" - "I don't remember any more."

'I allowed the matter to drop, as the resistances were evidently too great,<sup>1</sup> and went on to the following question: "Did you like playing with Berta?"

'He: "Yes, very much; but not with Olga. D'you know what Olga did? I was given a paper ball once by Grete up there at Gmunden, and Olga tore it all to pieces. Berta would never have torn my ball. I liked playing with Berta very much."

'I: "Did you see what Berta's widdler looked like?"

'He: "No, but I saw the horses'; because I was always in the stables, and so I saw the horses' widdlers."

'I: "And so you were curious and wanted to know what Berta's and Mummy's widdlers looked like?"

'He: "Yes."

'I reminded him of how he had once complained to me that the little girls always wanted to look on while he was widdling.

<sup>1</sup> In point of fact there was nothing more to be got out of it than Hans's verbal association, and this had escaped his father. Here is a good instance of conditions under which an analyst's efforts are wasted.

'He: "Berta always looked on at me too" (he spoke with great satisfaction and not at all resentfully); "often she did, I used to widdle in the little garden where the radishes were, and she stood outside the front door and looked on at me."

'I: "And when she widdled, did you look on?"

'He: "She used to go to the W.C."

'I: "And you were curious?"

'He: "I was inside the W.C. when she was in it."

'(This was a fact. The servants told us about it once, and I recollect that we forbade Hans to do it.)

'I: "Did you tell her you wanted to go in?"

'He: "I went in alone and because Berta let me. There's nothing shameful in that."

'I: "And you'd have liked to see her widdler?"

'He: "Yes, but I didn't see it."

'I then reminded him of the dream about playing forfeits that he had had at Gmunden, and said: "When you were at Gmunden did you want Berta to make you widdle?"

'He: "I never said so to her."

'I: "Why didn't you ever say so to her?"

'He: "Because I didn't think of it." (Interrupting himself) "If I write everything to the Professor, my nonsense'll soon be over, won't it?"

'I: "Why did you want Berta to make you widdle?"

'He: "I don't know. Because she looked on at me."

'I: "Did you think to yourself she should put her hand to your widdler?"

'He: "Yes." (Changing the subject)("It was such fun at Gmunden. In the little garden where the radishes were there was a little sand-heap; I used to play there with my spade."

'(This was the garden where he used always to widdle.)

"I: 'Did you put your hand to your widdler at Gmunden, when you were in bed?"

'He: "No. Not then; I slept so well at Gmunden that I never thought of it at all. The only times I did it was at --- Street<sup>1</sup> and now."

': "But Berta never put her hand to your widdler?"

'He: "She never did, no; because I never told her to."

': "Well, and when was it you wanted her to?"

'He: "Oh, at Gmunden once."

': "Only once?"

'He: "Well, now and then."

': "She used always to look on at you when you widdled; perhaps she was curious to know how you did it?"

'He: "Perhaps she was curious to know what my widdler looked like."

': "But you were curious too. Only about Berta?"

'He: "About Berta, and about Olga."

': "About who else?"

'He: "About no one else."

': "You know that's not true. About Mummy too."

'He: "Oh, yes, about Mummy."

': "But now you're not curious any more. You know what Hanna's widdler looks like, don't you?"

'He: "It'll grow, though, won't it?"<sup>2</sup>

': "Yes, of course. But when it's grown it won't look like yours."

'He: "I know that. It'll be the same" (sc. as it now is) "only bigger."

': "When we were at Gmunden, were you curious when your Mummy undressed?"

'He: "Yes. And then when Hanna was in her bath I saw her widdler."

': "And Mummy's too?"

'He: "No."

': "You were disgusted when you saw Mummy's drawers?"

<sup>1</sup> The flat they were in before the move.

<sup>2</sup> Hans wants to be assured that his own widdler will grow.

'He: "Only when I saw the black ones - when she bought them - then I spat. But I don't spit when she puts her drawers on or takes them off. *I spit because the black drawers are like a lumf and the yellow ones like a widdle, and then I think I've got to widdle.* When Mummy has her drawers on I don't see them; she's got her clothes on over them."

'I: "And when she takes off her clothes?"

'He: "I don't spit then either. But when her drawers are new they look like a lumf. When they're old, the colour goes away and they get dirty. When you buy them they're quite clean, but at home they've been made dirty. When they're bought they're new, and when they're not bought they're old."

'I: "Then you aren't disgusted by old ones?"

'He: "When they're old they're much blacker than a lumf, aren't they? They're just a bit blacker."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "Have you often been into the W.C. with Mummy?"

'He: "Very often."

'I: "And were you disgusted?"

'He: "Yes. . . . No."

'I: "You like being there when Mummy widdles or does lumf?"

'He: "Yes, very much."

'I: "Why do you like it so much?"

'He: "I don't know."

'I: "Because you think you'll see her widdler."

'He: "Yes, I do think that."

'I: "But why won't you ever go into the W.C. at Lainz?"

(At Lainz he always begs me not to take him into the W.C.; he was frightened once by the noise of the flush.)

<sup>1</sup> Our young man was here wrestling with a subject of which he was not equal to giving a clear exposition; so that there is some difficulty in understanding him. He may perhaps have meant that the drawers only recalled his feelings of disgust when he saw them on their own account; as soon as his mother had them on, he ceased to connect them with lumf or widdle, and they then interested him in a different way.

'He: "Perhaps it's because it makes a row when you pull the plug."

'I: "And then you're afraid."

'He: "Yes."

'I: "And what about our W.C. here?"

'He: "Here I'm not. At Lainz it gives me a fright when you pull the plug. And when I'm inside and the water rushes down, then it gives me a fright too."

'And, "just to show me that he wasn't frightened in our flat," he made me go into the W.C. and set the flush in motion. He then explained to me:

"First there's a loud row, and then a loose one." (This is when the water comes down.) "When there's a loud row I'd rather stay inside, and when there's a soft one I'd rather go out."

'I: "Because you're afraid?"

'He: "Because if there's a loud row I always so much like to see it" - (correcting himself) "to hear it; so I'd rather stay inside and hear it properly."

'I: "What does a loud row remind you of?"

'He: "That I've got to do lumf in the W.C." (The same thing, that is, that the black drawers reminded him of.)

'I: "Why?"

'He: "I don't know. A loud row sounds as though you were doing lumf. A big row reminds me of lumf, and a little one of widdle." (Cf. the black and the yellow drawers.)

'I: "I say, wasn't the bus-horse the same colour as a lumf" (According to his account it had been black.)

'He (very much struck): "Yes."

At this point I must put in a few words. Hans's father was asking too many questions, and was pressing the inquiry along his own lines instead of allowing the little boy to express his thoughts. For this reason the analysis began to be obscure and uncertain. Hans went his own way and would produce nothing if attempts were made to draw him off it. For the moment his interest was evidently centred upon lumf and widdle, but we cannot tell why. Just as little satisfactory light was thrown upon the business of the row as upon that of the yellow and black drawers. I suspect that the boy's sharp ears had clearly detected the difference between the sounds made by a man micturating and a woman. The analysis succeeded in forcing the material somewhat artificially into an expression of the distinction between the two different calls of nature. I can only advise those of my readers who have not as yet themselves conducted an analysis not to try to understand everything at once, but to give a kind of unbiased attention to every point that arises and to await further developments.

'April 11th. This morning Hans came into our room again and was sent away, as he always has been for the last few days.

'Later on, he began: "Daddy, I thought something: *I was in the bath,<sup>1</sup> and the plumber came and unscrewed it.<sup>2</sup> Then he took a bigger borer and stuck it into my stomach.*"

Hans's father translated this phantasy as follows: "I was in bed with Mummy. Then Daddy came and drove me away. With his big penis he pushed me out of my place by Mummy."

Let us suspend our judgement for the present.

'He went on to relate a second idea that he had had: "We were travelling in the train to Gmunden. In the station we put on our clothes; but we couldn't get it done in time, and the train carried us on."

'Later on, I asked: "Have you ever seen a horse doing lumf?"

'Hans: "Yes, very often."

'I: "Does it make a loud row when it does lumf?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "What does the row remind you of?"

'Hans: "Like when lumf falls into the chamber."

'The bus-horse that falls down and makes a row with its feet is no doubt - a lumf falling and making a noise. His fear of defaecation and his fear of heavily loaded carts is equivalent to the fear of a heavily loaded stomach.'

In this roundabout way Hans's father was beginning to get a glimmering of the true state of affairs.

<sup>1</sup> 'Hans's mother gives him his bath.'

<sup>2</sup> 'To take it away to be repaired.'

'April 11th. At luncheon Hans said: "If only we had a bath at Gmunden, so that I didn't have to go to the public baths!" It is a fact that at Gmunden he was always taken to the neighbouring public baths to be given a hot bath - a proceeding against which he used to protest with passionate tears. And in Vienna, too, he always screams if he is made to sit or lie in the big bath. He must be given his bath kneeling or standing.'

Hans was now beginning to bring fuel to the analysis in the shape of spontaneous utterances of his own. This remark of his established the connection between his two last phantasies - that of the plumber who unscrewed the bath and that of the unsuccessful journey to Gmunden. His father had correctly inferred from the latter that Hans had some aversion to Gmunden. This, by the way, is another good reminder of the fact that what emerges from the unconscious is to be understood in the light not of what goes before but of what comes after.

'I asked him whether he was afraid, and if so of what.

'Hans: "Because of falling in."

': "But why were you never afraid when you had your bath in the little bath?"

'Hans: "Why, I sat in that one. I couldn't lie down in it, it was too small."

': "When you went in a boat at Gmunden weren't you afraid of falling into the water?"

'Hans: "No, because I held on, so I couldn't fall in. It's only in the big bath that I'm afraid of falling in."

': "But Mummy baths you in it. Are you afraid of Mummy dropping you in the water?"

'Hans: "I'm afraid of her letting go and my head going in."

': "But you know Mummy's fond of you and won't let go of you."

'Hans: "I only just thought it."

': "Why?"

'Hans: "I don't know at all."

': "Perhaps it was because you'd been naughty and thought she didn't love you any more?"

'Hans: "Yes."

': "When you were watching Mummy giving Hanna her bath, perhaps you wished she would let go of her so that Hanna should fall in?"

'Hans: "Yes."'

Hans's father, we cannot help thinking, had made a very good guess.

'April 12th. As we were coming back from Lainz in a second-class carriage, Hans looked at the black leather upholstery of the seats, and said: "Ugh! that makes me spit! Black drawers and black horses make me spit too, because I have to do lumf."

'I: "Perhaps you saw something of Mummy's that was black, and it frightened you?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "Well, what was it?"

'Hans: "I don't know. A black blouse or black stockings."

'I: "Perhaps it was black hair near her widdler, when you were curious and looked."

'Hans (defending himself): "But I didn't see her widdler."

'Another time, he was frightened once more at a cart driving out of the yard gates opposite. "Don't the gates look like a behind?" I asked.

'He: "And the horses are the lumfs!" Since then, whenever he sees a cart driving out, he says: "Look, there's a 'lumfy' coming!" This form of the word ("lumfy") is quite a new one to him; it sounds like a term of endearment. My sister-in-law always calls her child "Wumfy".

'On April 13th he saw a piece of liver in the soup and exclaimed: "Ugh! A lumf!" Meat croquettes, too, he eats with evident reluctance, because their form and colour remind him of lumf.

'In the evening my wife told me that Hans had been out on the balcony and had said: "I thought to myself Hanna was on the balcony and fell down off it." I had once or twice told him to be careful that Hanna did not get too near the balustrade when she was out on the balcony; for the railing was designed in the most unpractical way (by a metal-worker of the Secessionist movement) and had big gaps in it which I had to have filled in with wire netting. Hans's repressed wish was very transparent. His mother asked him if he would rather Hanna were not there, to which he said "Yes".

'April 14th. The theme of Hanna is uppermost. As you may remember from earlier records, Hans felt a strong aversion to the new-born baby that robbed him of a part of his parents' love. This dislike has not entirely disappeared and is only partly overcompensated by an exaggerated affection.<sup>1</sup> He has already several times expressed a wish that the stork should bring no more babies and that we should pay him money not to bring any more "out of the big box" where babies are. (Compare his fear of furniture-vans. Does not a bus look like a big box?) Hanna screams such a lot, he says, and that's a nuisance to him.

<sup>1</sup> The 'Hanna' theme immediately succeeded the 'lumf' theme, and the explanation of this at length begins to dawn upon us: Hanna was a lumf herself - babies were lumfs.

'Once he suddenly said: "Can you remember when Hanna came? She lay beside Mummy in bed, so nice and good." (His praise rang suspiciously hollow.)

'And then as regards downstairs, outside the house. There is again great progress to be reported. Even drays cause him less alarm. Once he called out, almost with joy: "Here comes a horse with something black on its mouth!" And I was at last able to establish the fact that it was a horse with a leather muzzle. But Hans was not in the least afraid of this horse.

'Once he knocked on the pavement with his stick and said: "I say, is there a man underneath? - some one buried? - or is that only in the cemetery?" So he is occupied not only with the riddle of life but with the riddle of death.

'When we got indoors again I saw a box standing in the front hall, and Hans said: "Hanna travelled with us to Gmunden in a box like that. Whenever we travelled to Gmunden she travelled with us in the box. You don't believe me again? Really, Daddy. Do believe me. We got a big box and it was full of babies; they sat in the bath." (A small bath had been packed inside the box.) "I put them in it. Really and truly. I can remember quite well."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "What can you remember?"

'Hans: "That Hanna travelled in the box; because I haven't forgotten about it. My word of honour!"

'I: "But last year Hanna travelled with us in the railway carriage."

'Hans: "*But before that she always travelled with us in the box.*"

<sup>1</sup> Hans was now going off into a phantasy. As we can see, a box and a bath have the same meaning for him: they both represent the space which contains the babies. We must bear in mind Hans's repeated assurances on this point.

'I: "Didn't Mummy have the box?"

'Hans: "Yes. Mummy had it."

'I: "Where?"

'Hans: "At home in the attic."

'I: "Perhaps she carried it about with her?"<sup>1</sup>

'Hans: "No. And when we travel to Gmunden this time Hanna'll travel in the box again."

'I: "And how did she get out of the box, then?"

'Hans: "She was taken out."

'I: "By Mummy?"

'Hans: "Mummy and me. Then we got into the carriage, and Hanna rode on the horse, and the coachman said 'Gee-up'. The coachman sat up in front. Were you there too? Mummy knows all about it. Mummy doesn't know; she's forgotten about it already, but don't tell her anything!"

'I made him repeat the whole of this.

'Hans: "Then Hanna got out."

'I: "Why, she couldn't walk at all then."

'Hans: "Well then, we lifted her down."

'I: "But how could she have sat on the horse? She couldn't sit up at all last year."

'Hans: "Oh yes, she sat up all right, and called out 'Gee-up', and whipped with her whip - 'Gee-up! Gee-up!' - the whip I used to have. The horse hadn't any stirrups, but Hanna rode it. I'm not joking, you know, Daddy."

What can be the meaning of the boy's obstinate persistence in all this nonsense? Oh no, it was no nonsense: it was parody, it was Hans's revenge upon his father. It was as much as to say: *'If you really expect me to believe that the stork brought Hanna in October, when even in the summer, while we were travelling to Gmunden, I'd noticed how big Mother's stomach was, - then I expect you to believe my lies.'* What can be the meaning of the assertion that even the summer before the last Hanna had travelled with them to Gmunden 'in the box', except that he knew about his mother's pregnancy? His holding out the prospect of a repetition of this journey in the box in each successive year exemplifies a common way in which unconscious thoughts from the past emerge into consciousness; or it may have special reasons and express his dread of seeing a similar pregnancy repeated on their next summer holiday. We now see, moreover, what the circumstances were that had made him take a dislike to the journey to Gmunden, as his second phantasy had indicated.

<sup>1</sup> The box was of course the womb. (Hans's father was trying to let him know that he understood this.) And the same is true of the caskets in which so many of the heroes of mythology were exposed, from the time of King Sargon of Agade onwards. - [Added 1923:] Cf. Rank's study, *Der Mythos von der Geburt des Helden*, 1909.

'Later on, I asked him how Hanna had actually come into his mother's bed after she was born.'

This gave Hans a chance of letting himself go and fairly 'stuffing' his father.

'*Hans*: "Hanna just came. Frau Kraus" (the midwife) "put her in the bed. She couldn't walk, of course. But the stork carried her in his beak. Of course she couldn't walk." (He went on without a pause.) "The stork came up the stairs up to the landing, and then he knocked and everybody was asleep, and he had the right key and unlocked the door and put Hanna in *your*<sup>1</sup> bed, and Mummy was asleep - no, the stork put her in *her* bed. It was the middle of the night, and then the stork put her in the bed very quietly, he didn't trample about at all, and then he took his hat and went away again. No, he hadn't got a hat."

'*I*: "Who took his hat? The doctor, perhaps?"

'*Hans*: "Then the stork went away; he went home, and then he rang at the door, and every one in the house stopped sleeping. But don't tell this to Mummy or Tini" (the cook). "It's a secret."

'*I*: "Are you fond of Hanna?"

<sup>1</sup> Ironical, of course. Like his subsequent request that none of the secret should be betrayed to his mother.

'Hans: "Oh yes, very fond."  
'I: "Would you rather that Hanna weren't alive or that she were?"  
'Hans: "I'd rather she weren't alive."  
'I: "Why?"  
'Hans: "At any rate she wouldn't scream so, and I can't bear her screaming."  
'I: "Why, you scream yourself."  
'Hans: "But Hanna screams too."  
'I: "Why can't you bear it?"  
'Hans: "Because she screams so loud."  
'I: "Why, she doesn't scream at all."  
'Hans: "When she's whacked on her bare bottom, then she screams."  
'I: "Have you ever whacked her?"  
'Hans: "When Mummy whacks her on her bottom, then she screams."  
'I: "And you don't like that?"  
'Hans: "No. . . . Why? Because she makes such a row with her screaming."  
'I: "If you'd rather she weren't alive, you can't be fond of her at all."  
'Hans (assenting): "H'm, well."  
'I: "That was why you thought when Mummy was giving her her bath, if only she'd let go, Hanna would fall into the water . . ."  
'Hans (taking me up): ". . . and die."  
'I: "And then you'd be alone with Mummy. A good boy doesn't wish that sort of thing, though."  
'Hans: "*But he may THINK it.*"  
'I: "But that isn't good."  
'Hans: "*If he thinks it, it IS good all the same, because you can write it to the Professor.*"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Well done, little Hans! I could wish for no better understanding of psycho-analysis from any grown-up.

'Later on I said to him: "You know, when Hanna gets bigger and can talk, you'll be fonder of her."

'Hans: "Oh no. I *am* fond of her. In the autumn, when she's big, I shall go with her to the Stadtpark quite alone, and explain everything to her."

'As I was beginning to give him some further enlightenment, he interrupted me, probably with the intention of explaining to me that it was not so wicked of him to wish that Hanna was dead.

'Hans: "You know, all the same, she'd been alive a long time even before she was here. When she was with the stork she was alive too."

'I: "No. Perhaps she wasn't with the stork after all."

'Hans: "Who brought her, then? The stork had got her."

'I: "Where did he bring her from, then?"

'Hans: "Oh - from him."

'I: "Where had he got her, then?"

'Hans: "In the box; in the *stork-box*."

'I: "Well, and what does the box look like?"

'Hans: "Red. Painted red." (Blood?)

'I: "Who told you that?"

'Hans: "Mummy . . . I thought it to myself . . . it's in the book."

'I: "In what book?"

'Hans: "In the picture-book." (I made him fetch his first picture-book. In it was a picture of a stork's nest with storks, on a red chimney. This was the box. Curiously enough, on the same page there was also a picture of a horse being shod. Hans had transferred the babies into the box, as they were not to be seen in the nest.)

'I: "And what did the stork do with her?"

'Hans: "Then the stork brought Hanna here. In his beak. You know, the stork that's at Schönbrunn, and that bit the umbrella." (A reminiscence of an episode at Schönbrunn.)

*I*: "Did you see how the stork brought Hanna?"

*Hans*: "Why, I was still asleep, you know. A stork can never bring a little girl or a little boy in the morning."

*I*: "Why?"

*Hans*: "He can't. A stork can't do it. Do you know why: So that people shan't see. And then, all at once, in the morning, there's a little girl there."<sup>1</sup>

*I*: "But, all the same, you were curious at the time to know how the stork did it?"

*Hans*: "Oh yes."

*I*: "What did Hanna look like when she came?"

*Hans* (hypocritically): "All white and lovely. So pretty"

*I*: "But when you saw her the first time you didn't like her."

*Hans*: "Oh, I did; very much!"

*I*: "You were surprised that she was so small, though."

*Hans*: "Yes."

*I*: "How small was she?"

*Hans*: "Like a baby stork."

*I*: "Like what else? Like a lumf, perhaps?"

*Hans*: "Oh no. A lumf's much bigger . . . a bit smaller than Hanna, really."

I had predicted to his father that it would be possible to trace back Hans's phobia to thoughts and wishes occasioned by the birth of his baby sister. But I had omitted to point out that according to the sexual theory of children a baby is a 'lumf', so that Hans's path would lie through the excremental complex. It was owing to this neglect on my part that the progress of the case became temporarily obscured. Now that the matter had been cleared up, Hans's father attempted to examine the boy a second time upon this important point.

<sup>1</sup> There is no need to find fault with Hans's inconsistencies. In the previous conversation his disbelief in the stork had emerged from his unconscious and had been coupled with the exasperation he felt against his father for making so many mysteries. But he had now become calmer and was answering his father's questions with official thoughts in which he had worked out glosses upon the many difficulties involved in the stork hypothesis.

The next day, 'I got Hans to repeat what he had told me yesterday. He said: "Hanna travelled to Gmunden in the big box, and Mummy travelled in the railway carriage, and Hanna travelled in the luggage train with the box; and then when we got to Gmunden Mummy and I lifted Hanna out and put her on the horse. The coachman sat up in front, and Hanna had the old whip" (the whip he had last year) "and whipped the horse and kept on saying 'Gee-up', and it was such fun, and the coachman whipped too. -The coachman didn't whip at all, because Hanna had the whip. -The coachman had the reins - Hanna had the reins too." (On each occasion we drove in a carriage from the station to the house. Hans was here trying to reconcile fact and fancy.) "At Gmunden we lifted Hanna down from the horse, and she walked up the steps by herself." (Last year, when Hanna was at Gmunden, she was eight months old. The year before that - and Hans's phantasy evidently related to that time his mother had been five months gone with child when we arrived at Gmunden.)

'I: "Last year Hanna was there."

'Hans: "Last year she drove in the carriage; but the year before that, when she was living with us . . ."

'I: "Was she with us already then?"

'Hans: "Yes. You were always there; you used always to go in the boat with me, and Anna was our servant."

'I: "But that wasn't last year. Hanna wasn't alive then."

'Hans: "Yes, *she was alive then*. Even while she was still travelling in the box she could run about and she could say 'Anna'." (She has only been able to do so for the last four months.)

'I: "But she wasn't with us at all then."

'Hans: "Oh yes, she was; she was with the stork."

'I: "How old is she, then?"

'Hans: "She'll be two years old in the autumn. Hanna was there, you know she was."

'I: "And when was she with the stork in the stork-box?"

'Hans: "A long time before she travelled in the box, a very long time."

'I: "How long has Hanna been able to walk, then? When she was at Gmunden she couldn't walk yet."

'Hans: "Not last year; but other times she could."

'I: "But Hanna's only been at Gmunden once."

'Hans: "No. She's been twice. Yes, that's it. I can remember quite well. Ask Mummy, she'll tell you soon enough."

'I: "It's not true, all the same."

'Hans: "Yes, it *is* true. *When she was at Gmunden the first time she could walk and ride, and later on she had to be carried.* -No. It was only later on that she rode, and last year she had to be carried."

'I: "But it's only quite a short time that she's been walking. At Gmunden she couldn't walk."

'Hans: "Yes. Just you write it down. I can remember quite well. -Why are you laughing?"

'I: "Because you're a fraud; because you know quite well that Hanna's only been at Gmunden once."

'Hans: "No, that isn't true. The first time she rode on the horse . . . and the second time . . ." (He showed signs of evident uncertainty.)

'I: "Perhaps the horse was Mummy?"

'Hans: "No, a real horse in a fly."

'I: "But we used always to have a carriage with two horses."

'Hans: "Well, then, it was a carriage and pair."

'I: "What did Hanna eat inside the box?"

'Hans: "They put in bread-and-butter for her, and herring, and radishes" (the sort of thing we used to have for supper at Gmunden), "and as Hanna went along she buttered her bread-and-butter and ate fifty meals."

'I: "Didn't Hanna scream?"

'Hans: "No."

'I: "What did she do, then?"

'Hans: "Sat quite still inside."

'I: "Didn't she push about?"

'Hans: "No, she kept on eating all the time and didn't stir once. She drank up two big mugs of coffee - by the morning it was all gone, and she left the bits behind in the box, the leaves of the two radishes and a knife for cutting the radishes. She gobbled everything up like a hare: one minute and it was all finished. It was a joke. Hanna and I really travelled together in the box; I slept the whole night in the box." (We did in fact, two years ago, make the journey to Gmunden by night.) "And Mummy travelled in the railway carriage. And we kept on eating all the time when we were driving in the carriage, too; it was jolly. - She didn't ride on a horse at all . . ." (he now became undecided, for he knew that we had driven with two horses) " . . . she sat in the carriage. Yes, that's how it was, but Hanna and I drove quite by ourselves . . . Mummy rode on the horse, and Karoline" (our maid last year) "on the other . . . I say, what I'm telling you isn't a bit true."

'I: "What isn't true?"

'Hans: "None of it is. I say, let's put Hanna and me in the box<sup>1</sup> and I'll widdle into the box. I'll just widdle into my knickers; I don't care a bit; there's nothing at all shameful in it. I say, that isn't a joke, you know; but it's great fun, though."

<sup>1</sup> 'The box standing in the front hall which we had taken to Gmunden as luggage.'

'Then he told me the story of how the stork came - the same story as yesterday, except that he left out the part about the stork taking his hat when he went away.

'I: "Where did the stork keep his latch-key?"

'Hans: "In his pocket."

'I: "And where's the stork's pocket?"

'Hans: "In his beak."

'I: "It's in his beak! I've never seen a stork yet with a key in his beak."

'Hans; "How else could he have got in? How did the stork come in at the door, then? No, it isn't true; I just made a mistake. The stork rang at the front door and some one let him in."

'I: "And how did he ring?"

'Hans: "He rang the bell."

'I: "How did he do that?"

'Hans: "He took his beak and pressed on it with his beak."

'I: "And did he shut the door again?"

'Hans: "No, a maid shut it. She was up already, you see, and opened the door for him and shut it."

'I: "Where does the stork live!"

'Hans: "Where? In the box where he keeps the little girls. At Schönbrunn, perhaps."

'I: "I've never seen a box at Schönbrunn."

'Hans: "It must be farther off, then. -Do you know how the stork opens the box? He takes his beak - the box has got a key, too - he takes his beak, lifts up one' ' (i.e. one-half of the beak) "and unlocks it like this." (He demonstrated the process on the lock of the writing-table.) "There's a handle on it too."

'I: "Isn't a little girl like that too heavy for him?"

'Hans: "Oh no."

'I: "I say, doesn't a bus look like a stork-box?"

'Hans: "Yes,"

'I: "And a furniture-waggon?"

'Hans: "And a scallywaggon" ("scallywag" - a term of abuse for naughty children) "too."

'April 17th. Yesterday Hans carried out his long-premeditated scheme of going across into the courtyard opposite. He would not do it to-day, as there was a cart standing at the loading dock exactly opposite the entrance gates. "When a cart stands there," he said to me, "I'm afraid I shall tease the horses and they'll fall down and make a row with their feet."

'I: "How does one tease horses!"

'Hans: "When you're cross with them you tease them, and when you shout 'Gee-up'."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "Have you ever teased horses?"

'Hans: "Yes, quite often. I'm *afraid* I shall do it, but I don't *really*."

'I: "Did you ever tease horses at Gmunden?"

'Hans: "No."

'I: "But you like teasing them?"

'Hans: "Oh yes, very much."

'I: "Would you like to whip them?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "Would you like to beat the horses as Mummy beats Hanna? You like that too, you know."

'Hans: "It doesn't do the horses any harm when they're beaten." (I said this to him once to mitigate his fear of seeing horses whipped.) "Once I really did it. Once I had the whip, and whipped the horse, and it fell down and made a row with its feet."

'I: "When?"

'Hans: "At Gmunden."

'I: "A real horse? Harnessed to a cart?"

'Hans: "It wasn't in the cart."

<sup>1</sup> 'Hans has often been very much terrified when drivers beat their horses and shout "Gee-up".'

'I: "Where was it, then?"  
 'Hans: "I just held it so that it shouldn't run away." (Of course, all this sounded most improbable.)  
 'I: "Where was that?"  
 'Hans: "Near the trough."  
 'I: "Who let you? Had the coachman left the horse standing there?"  
 'Hans: "It was just a horse from the stables."  
 'I: "How did it get to the trough?"  
 'Hans: "I took it there."  
 'I: "Where from? Out of the stables?"  
 'Hans: "I took it out because I wanted to beat it."  
 'I: "Was there no one in the stables?"  
 'Hans: "Oh yes, Loisl." (The coachman at Gmunden.)  
 'I: "Did he let you?"  
 'Hans: "I talked nicely to him, and he said I might do it."  
 'I: "What did you say to him?"  
 'Hans: "Could I take the horse and whip it and shout at it. And he said 'Yes'."  
 'I: "Did you whip it a lot?"  
 'Hans: "*What I've told you isn't the least true.*"  
 'I: "How much of it's true?"  
 'Hans: "None of it's true; I only told it you for fun."  
 'I: "You never took a horse out of the stables?"  
 'Hans: "Oh no."  
 'I: "But you wanted to."  
 'Hans: "Oh yes, wanted to. I've thought it to myself."  
 'I: "At Gmunden?"  
 'Hans: "No, only here. I thought it in the morning when I was quite undressed; no, in the morning in bed."  
 'I: "Why did you never tell me about it?"  
 'Hans: "I didn't think of it."  
 'I: "You thought it to yourself because you saw it in the street."  
 'Hans: "Yes."  
 'I: "Which would you really like to beat? Mummy, Hanna, or me?"  
 'Hans: "Mummy."  
 'I: "Why?"  
 'Hans: "I should just like to beat her."  
 'I: "When did you ever see any one beating their Mummy?"  
 'Hans: "I've never seen any one do it, never in all my life."  
 'I: "And yet you'd just like to do it. How would you like to set about it?"  
 'Hans: "With a carpet-beater." (His mother often threatens to beat him with the carpet-beater.)  
 'I was obliged to break off the conversation for to-day.  
 'In the street Hans explained to me that buses, furniture vans, and coal-carts were stork-box carts.'  
 That is to say, pregnant women. Hans's access of sadism immediately before cannot be unconnected with the present theme.

'April 21st. This morning Hans said that he had thought as follows: "There was a train at Lainz and I travelled with my Lainz Grandmummy to the Hauptzollamt station. You hadn't got down from the bridge yet, and the second train was already at St. Veit. When you came down, the train was there already, and we got in."

'(Hans was at Lainz yesterday. In order to get on to the departure platform one has to cross a bridge. From the platform one can see along the line as far as St. Veit station. The whole thing is a trifle obscure. Hans's original thought had no doubt been that he had gone off by the first train, which I had missed, and that then a second train had come in from Unter St. Veit and that I had gone after him in it. But he had distorted a part of this runaway phantasy, so that he said finally: "Both of us only got away by the second train."

'This phantasy is related to the last one, which was not interpreted, and according to which we took too long to put on our clothes in the station at Gmunden, so that the train carried us on.)

'Afternoon, in front of the house. Hans suddenly ran indoors as a carriage with two horses came along. I could see nothing unusual about it, and asked him what was wrong. "The horses are so proud," he said, "that I'm afraid they'll fall down." (The coachman was reining the horses in tight, so that they were trotting with short steps and holding their heads high. In fact their action was "proud".)

'I asked him who it really was that was so proud.

'He: "You are, when I come into bed with Mummy."

'I: "So you want me to fall down?"

'Hans: "Yes. You've got to be naked" (meaning "bare foot", as Fritzl had been) "and knock up against a stone and bleed, and then I'll be able to be alone with Mummy for a little bit at all events. When you come up into our flat I'll be able to run away quick so that you don't see."

'I: "Can you remember who it was that knocked up against the stone?"

'He: "Yes, Fritzl."

'I: "When Fritzl fell down, what did you think?"<sup>1</sup>

'He: "That you should hit the stone and tumble down."

'I: "So you'd like to go to Mummy?"

'He: "Yes."

'I: "What do I really scold you for?"

'He: "I don't know." (!!)

'I: "Why?"

'He: "Because you're cross."

'I: "But that's not true."

'Hans: "Yes, it *is* true. You're cross. I know you are. It must be true."

<sup>1</sup> So that in fact Fritzl *did* fall down - which he at one time denied.

'Evidently, therefore, my explanation that only *little* boys come into bed with their Mummies and that *big* ones sleep in their own beds had not impressed him very much.

'I suspect that his desire to "tease" the horse, i.e. to beat it and shout at it, does not apply to his mother, as he pretended, but to me. No doubt he only put her forward because he was unwilling to admit the alternative to me. For the last few days he has been particularly affectionate to me.'

Speaking with the air of superiority which is so easily acquired after the event, we may correct Hans's father, and explain that the boy's wish to 'tease' the horse had two constituents; it was compounded of an obscure sadistic desire for his mother and of a clear impulse for revenge against his father. The latter could not be reproduced until the former's turn had come to emerge in connection with the pregnancy complex. In the process of the formation of a phobia from the unconscious thoughts underlying it, condensation takes place; and for that reason the course of the analysis can never follow that of the development of the neurosis.

'April 22nd. This morning Hans again thought something to himself: "A street-boy was riding on a truck, and the guard came and undressed the boy quite naked and made him stand there till next morning, and in the morning the boy gave the guard 50,000 florins so that he could go on riding on the truck."

'(The Nordbahn runs past opposite our house. In a siding there stood a trolley on which Hans once saw a street-boy riding. He wanted to do so too; but I told him it was not allowed, and that if he did the guard would be after him. A second element in this phantasy is Hans's repressed wish to be naked.)'

It has been noticeable for some time that Hans's imagination was being coloured by images derived from traffic, and was advancing systematically from horses, which draw vehicles, to railways. In the same way a railway-phobia eventually becomes associated with every street-phobia.

'At lunch-time I was told that Hans *had been playing all the morning with an india-rubber doll which he called Grete. He had pushed a small penknife in through the opening to which the little tin squeaker had originally been attached, and had then torn the doll's legs apart so as to let the knife drop out. He had said to the nurse-maid, pointing between the doll's legs: "Look, there's its widdler!"*

'I: "What was it you were playing at with your doll to-day?"

'Hans: "I tore its legs apart. Do you know why? Because there was a knife inside it belonging to Mummy. I put it in at the place where the button squeaks, and then I tore apart its legs and it came out there."

'I: "Why did you tear its legs apart? So that you could see its widdler?"

'He: "Its widdler was there before; I could have seen it anyhow."

'I: "What did you put the knife in for?"

'He: "I don't know."

'I: "Well, what does the knife look like?"

'He brought it to me.

'I: "Did you think it was a baby, perhaps?"

'He: "No, I didn't think anything at all; but I believe the stork got a baby once - or some one."

'I: "When?"

'He: "Once. I heard so - or didn't I hear it at all? - or did I say it wrong?"

': "What does 'say it wrong' mean?"

'He: "That it's not true."

': "Everything one says is a bit true."

'He: "Well, yes, a little bit."

'I (after changing the subject): "How do you think chickens are born?"

'He: "The stork just makes them grow; the stork makes chickens grow - no, God does."

'I explained to him that chickens lay eggs, and that out of the eggs there come other chickens.

'Hans laughed.

': "Why do you laugh?"

'He: "Because I like what you've told me."

'He said he had seen it happen already.

': "Where?"

'Hans: "You did it."

': "Where did I lay an egg?"

'Hans: "At Gmunden; you laid an egg in the grass, and all at once a chicken came hopping out. You laid an egg once; I know you did, I know it for certain. Because Mummy said so."

': "I'll ask Mummy if that's true."

'Hans: "It isn't true a bit. But I once laid an egg, and a chicken came hopping out."

': "Where?"

'Hans: "At Gmunden I lay down in the grass - no, I knelt down - and the children didn't look on at me, and all at once in the morning I said: 'Look for it, children; I laid an egg yesterday.' And all at once they looked, and all at once they saw an egg, and out of it there came a little Hans. Well, what are you laughing for? Mummy didn't know about it, and Karoline didn't know, because no one was looking on, and all at once I laid an egg, and all at once it was there. Really and truly. Daddy, when does a chicken grow out of an egg? When it's left alone? Must it be eaten?"

'I explained the matter to him.

'Hans: "All right, let's leave it with the hen; then a chicken'll grow. Let's pack it up in the box and let's take it to Gmunden."

As his parents still hesitated to give him the information which was already long overdue, little Hans had by a bold stroke taken the conduct of the analysis into his own hands. By means of a brilliant symptomatic act, '*Look!*' he had said to them, '*this is how I imagine that a birth takes place.*' What he had told the maid-servant about the meaning of his game with the doll had been insincere; to his father he explicitly denied that he had only wanted to see its widdler. After his father had told him, as a kind of payment on account, how chickens come out of eggs, Hans gave a combined expression to his dissatisfaction, his mistrust, and his superior knowledge in a charming piece of persiflage, which culminated with his last words in an unmistakable allusion to his sister's birth.

': "What were you playing at with your doll?"

'Hans: "I said 'Grete' to her."

': "Why?"

'Hans: "Because I said 'Grete' to her."

': "How did you play?"

'Hans: "'I just looked after her like a real baby."

': "Would you like to have a little girl?"

'Hans: "Oh yes. Why not? I should like to have one, but Mummy mustn't have one; I don't like that."

(He has often expressed this view before. He is afraid of losing still more of his position if a third child arrives.)

': "But only women have children."

'Hans: "I'm going to have a little girl."

': "Where will you get her, then?"

'Hans: "Why, from the stork. *He takes the little girl out*, and all at once the little girl lays an egg, and out of the egg there comes another Hanna - another Hanna. Out of Hanna there comes another Hanna. No, *one* Hanna comes out."

'I: "You'd like to have a little girl."

'Hans: "Yes, next year I'm going to have one, and she'll be called Hanna too."

'I: "But why isn't Mummy to have a little girl?"

'Hans: "Because I want to have a little girl for once."

'I: "But you can't have a little girl."

'Hans: "Oh yes, boys have girls and girls have boys."<sup>1</sup>

'I: "Boys don't have children. Only women, only Mummies have children."

'Hans: "But why shouldn't I?"

'I: "Because God's arranged it like that."

'Hans: "But why don't *you* have one? Oh yes, you'll have one all right. Just you wait."

'I: "I shall have to wait some time."

'Hans: "But I belong to you."

'I: "But Mummy brought you into the world. So you belong to Mummy and me."

'Hans: "Does Hanna belong to me or to Mummy?"

'I: "To Mummy."

'Hans: "No, to me. *Why not to me and Mummy?*"

'I: "Hanna belongs to me, Mummy, and you."

'Hans: "There you are, you see."

So long as the child is in ignorance of the female genitals, there is naturally a vital gap in his comprehension of sexual matters.

'On April 24th my wife and I enlightened Hans up to a certain point: we told him that children grow inside their Mummy, and are then brought into the world by being pressed out of her like a "lumpf", and that this involves a great deal of pain.

'In the afternoon we went out in front of the house. There was a visible improvement in his state. He ran after carts, and the only thing that betrayed a remaining trace of his anxiety was the fact that he did not venture away from the neighbourhood of the street-door and could not be induced to go for any considerable walk.

<sup>1</sup> Here is another bit of infantile sexual theory with an unsuspected meaning.

'On April 25th Hans butted me in the stomach with his head, as he has already done once before. I asked him if he was a goat.

"Yes," he said, "a ram." I enquired where he had seen a ram.

'He: "At Gmunden: Fritzl had one." (Fritzl had a real lamb to play with.)

'I: "You must tell me about the lamb. What did it do?"

'Hans: "You know, Fräulein Mizzi" (a school-mistress who lived in the house) "used always to put Hanna on the lamb, but it couldn't stand up then and it couldn't butt. If you went up to it it used to butt, because it had horns. Fritzl used to lead it on a string and tie it to a tree. He always tied it to a tree."

'I: "Did the lamb butt you?"

'Hans: "It jumped up at me; Fritzl took me up to it once. . . . I went up to it once and didn't know, and all at once it jumped up at me. It was such fun - I wasn't frightened."

'This was certainly untrue.

'I: "Are you fond of Daddy?"

'Hans: "Oh yes."

'I: "Or perhaps not."

'Hans was playing with a little toy horse. At that moment the horse fell down, and Hans shouted out: "The horse has fallen down! Look what a row it's making!"

'I: "You're a little vexed with Daddy because Mummy's fond of him."

'Hans: "No."

'I: "Then why do you always cry whenever Mummy gives me a kiss? It's because you're jealous."

'Hans: "Jealous, yes."

'I: "You'd like to be Daddy yourself."

'Hans: "Oh yes."

'I: "What would you like to do if you were Daddy?"

'Hans: "And you were Hans? I'd like to take you to Lainz every Sunday - no, every week-day too. If I were Daddy I'd be ever so nice and good."

'I: "But what would you like to do with Mummy?"

'Hans: "Take her to Lainz, too."

'I: "And what besides?"

'Hans: "Nothing."

'I: "Then why were you jealous?"

'Hans: "I don't know."

'I: "Were you jealous at Gmunden, too?"

'Hans: "Not at Gmunden." (This is not true.) "At Gmunden I had my own things. I had a garden at Gmunden and children too."

'I: "Can you remember how the cow got a calf?"

'Hans: "Oh yes. It came in a cart." (No doubt he had been told this at Gmunden; another attack on the stork theory.) "And another cow pressed it out of its behind." (This was already the fruit of his enlightenment, which he was trying to bring into harmony with the cart theory.)

'I: "It isn't true that it came in a cart; it came out of the cow in the cow-shed."

'Hans disputed this, saying that he had seen the cart in the morning. I pointed out to him that he had probably been told this about the calf having come in a cart. In the end he admitted this, and said: "Most likely Berta told me, or not - or perhaps it was the landlord. He was there and it was at night, so it *is* true after all, what I've been telling you - or it seems to me nobody told me; I thought it to myself in the night."

'Unless I am mistaken, the calf was taken away in a cart; hence the confusion.

': "Why didn't you think it was the stork that brought it?"

'Hans: "I didn't want to think that."

': "But you thought the stork brought Hanna?"

'Hans: "In the morning" (of the confinement) "I thought so. - I say, Daddy, was Herr Reisenbichler" (our landlord) "there when the calf came out of the cow?"<sup>1</sup>

': "I don't know. Do you think he was?"

'Hans: "I think so. . . . Daddy, have you noticed now and then that horses have something black on their mouths?"

': "I've noticed it now and then in the street at Gmunden."

': "Did you often get into bed with Mummy at Gmunden?"

'Hans: "Yes."

': "And you used to think to yourself you were Daddy?"

'Hans: "Yes."

': "And then you felt afraid of Daddy?"

'Hans: "*You know everything. I didn't know anything.*"

': "When Fritzl fell down you thought: 'If only Daddy would fall down like that! ' And when the lamb butted you you thought: 'If only it would butt Daddy!' Can you remember the funeral at Gmunden?" (The first funeral that Hans had seen. He often recalls it, and it is no doubt a screen memory.)

'Hans: "Yes. What about it?"

': "You thought then that if only Daddy were to die you'd be Daddy."

'Hans: "Yes."

': "What carts are you still afraid of?"

<sup>1</sup> Hans, having good reason to mistrust information given him by grown-up people, was considering whether the landlord might not be more trustworthy than his father.

<sup>2</sup> The train of thought is as follows. For a long time his father had refused to believe what he said about there being something black on horses' mouths, but finally it had been verified.

'Hans: "All of them."

'I: "You know that's not true."

'Hans: "I'm not afraid of carriages and pair or cabs with one horse. I'm afraid of buses and luggage-carts, but only when they're loaded up, not when they're empty. When there's one horse and the cart's loaded full up, then I'm afraid; but when there are two horses and it's loaded full up, then I'm not afraid."

'I: "Are you afraid of buses because there are so many people inside?"

'Hans: "Because there's so much luggage on the top."

'I: "When Mummy was having Hanna, was she loaded full up too?"

'Hans: "Mummy'll be loaded full up again when she has another one, when another one begins to grow, when another one's inside her."

'I: "And you'd like that?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "You said you didn't want Mummy to have another baby."

'Hans: "Well, then she won't be loaded up again. Mummy said if Mummy didn't want one, God didn't want one either. If Mummy doesn't want one she won't have one." (Hans naturally asked yesterday if there were any more babies inside Mummy. I told him not, and said that if God did not wish it none would grow inside her.)

'Hans: "But Mummy told me if *she* didn't want it no more'd grow, and you say if *God* doesn't want it."

'So I told him it was as I had said, upon which he observed: "You were there, though, weren't you? You know better, for certain." He then proceeded to cross-question his mother, and she reconciled the two statements by declaring that if she didn't want it God didn't want it either.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ce que femme veut Dieu veut*. But Hans, with his usual acumen, had once more put his finger upon a most serious problem.

'I: "It seems to me that, all the same, you do wish Mummy would have a baby."

'Hans: "But I don't want it to happen."

'I: "But you wish for it?"

'Hans: "Oh yes, *wish*."

'I: "Do you know why you wish for it? It's because you'd like to be Daddy."

'Hans: "Yes. . . . How does it work?"

'I: "How does what work?"

'Hans: "You say Daddies don't have babies; so how does it work, my wanting to be Daddy?"

'I: "You'd like to be Daddy and married to Mummy; you'd like to be as big as me and have a moustache; and you'd like Mummy to have a baby."

'Hans: "And, Daddy, when I'm married I'll only have one if I want to, when I'm married to Mummy, and if I don't want a baby, God won't want it either, when I'm married."

'I: "Would you like to be married to Mummy?"

'Hans: "Oh yes."

It is easy to see that Hans's enjoyment of his phantasy was interfered with by his uncertainty as to the part played by fathers and by his doubts as to whether the begetting of children would be under his control.

'On the evening of the same day, as Hans was being put to bed, he said to me: "I say, d'you know what I'm going to do now? Now I'm going to talk to Grete till ten o'clock; she's in bed with me. My children are always in bed with me. Can you tell me why that is?" -As he was very sleepy already, I promised him that we should write it down next day, and he went to sleep.

'I have already noticed in earlier records that since Hans's return from Gmunden he has constantly been having phantasies about "his children", has carried on conversations with them, and so on.<sup>1</sup>

'So on April 26th I asked him why he was always thinking of his children.

*'Hans: "Why? Because I should so like to have children; but I don't ever want it; I shouldn't like to have them."<sup>2</sup>*

*': "Have you always imagined that Berta and Olga and the rest were your children?"*

*'Hans: "Yes. Franzl, and Fritzl, and Paul too" (his playmates at Lainz), "and Lodi." This is an invented girl's name, that of his favourite child, whom he speaks of most often - I may here emphasize the fact that the figure of Lodi is not an invention of the last few days, but existed before the date of his receiving the latest piece of enlightenment (April 24th).*

*': "Who is Lodi? Is she at Gmunden?"*

*'Hans: "No."*

*': "Is there a Lodi?"*

*'Hans: "Yes, I know her."*

*': "Who is she, then?"*

*'Hans: "The one I've got here."*

*': "What does she look like?"*

*'Hans: "Look like? Black eyes, black hair. . . . I met her once with Mariedl" (at Gmunden) "as I was going into the town."*

<sup>1</sup> There is no necessity on this account to assume in Hans the presence of a feminine strain of desire for having children. It was with his mother that Hans had had his most blissful experience as a child, and he was now repeating them, and himself playing the active part, which was thus necessarily that of mother.

<sup>2</sup> This startling contradiction was one between phantasy and reality, between wishing and having. Hans knew that in reality he was a child and that the other children would only be in his way; but in phantasy he was a mother and wanted children with whom he could repeat the endearments that he had himself experienced.

'When I went into the matter it turned out that this was an invention.<sup>1</sup>

'I: "So you thought you were their Mummy?"

'Hans: "And really I was their Mummy."

'I: "What did you do with your children?"

'Hans: "I had them to sleep with me, the girls and the boys."

'I: "Every day?"

'Hans: "Why, of course."

'I: "Did you talk to them?"

'Hans: "When I couldn't get all the children into the bed, I put some of the children on the sofa, and some in the pram, and if there were still some left over I took them up to the attic and put them in the box, and if there were any more I put them in the other box."

'I: "So the stork-baby-boxes were in the attic?"

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "When did you get your children? Was Hanna alive already?"

'Hans: "Yes, she had been a long time."

'I: "But who did you think you'd got the children from?"

'Hans: "*Why from me.*"<sup>2</sup>

'I: "But at that time you hadn't any idea that children came from some one."

'Hans: "I thought the stork had brought them." (Clearly a lie and an evasion.)<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is possible, however, that Hans had exalted into his ideal some one whom he had met casually at Gmunden. The colour of this ideal's eyes and hair, by the way, was copied from his mother.

<sup>2</sup> Hans could not help answering from the auto-erotic point of view.

<sup>3</sup> They were the children of his phantasy, that is to say, of his masturbation.

‘I: "You had Grete in bed with you yesterday, but you know quite well that boys can't have children."

‘Hans: "Well, yes. But I believe they can, all the same."

‘I: "How did you hit upon the name Lodi? No girl's called that. Lotti, perhaps?"

‘Hans: "Oh no, Lodi. I don't know; but it's a beautiful name, all the same."

‘I (jokingly): "Perhaps you mean a Schokolodi?"<sup>1</sup>

‘Hans (promptly): "No, a Saffalodi,<sup>2</sup> . . . because I like eating sausages so much, and salami too."

‘I: "I say, doesn't a Saffalodi look like a lumf"

‘Hans: "Yes."

‘I: "Well, what does a lumf look like?"

‘Hans: "Black. You know" (pointing at my eyebrows and moustache), "like this and like this."

‘I: "And what else? Round like a Saffaladi?"

‘Hans: "Yes."

‘I: "When you sat on the chamber and a lumf came, did you think to yourself you were having a baby?"

‘Hans (laughing): "Yes. Even at --- Street, and here as well."

‘I: "You know when the bus-horses fell down? The bus looked like a baby-box, and when the black horse fell down it was just like . . ."

‘Hans (taking me up): ". . . like having a baby."

‘I: "And what did you think when it made a row with its feet?"

‘Hans: "Oh, when I don't want to sit on the chamber and would rather play, then I make a row like this with my feet." (He stamped his feet.)

‘This was why he was so much interested in the question whether people *liked* or *did not like* having children.

<sup>1</sup> [*Schokolade* is the German for 'chocolate'.]

<sup>2</sup> "Saffaladi" means "*Zervelatwurst*" ["saveloy", a kind of sausage]. My wife is fond of relating how her aunt always calls it "Soffilodi". Hans may have heard this.'

'All day long to-day Hans has been playing at loading and unloading packing-cases; he said he wished he could have a toy waggon and boxes of that kind to play with. What used most to interest him in the courtyard of the Customs House opposite was the loading and unloading of the carts. And he used to be frightened most when a cart had been loaded up and was on the point of driving off. "The horses'll fall down,"<sup>1</sup> he used to say. He used to call the doors of the Head Customs House shed "holes" (e.g. the first hole, second hole, third hole, etc.). But now, instead of "hole", he says "behind-hole".

'The anxiety has almost completely disappeared, except that he likes to remain in the neighbourhood of the house, so as to have a line of retreat in case he is frightened. But he never takes flight into the house now, but stops in the street all the time. As we know, his illness began with his turning back in tears while he was out for a walk; and when he was obliged to go for a second walk he only went as far as the Hauptzollamt station on the Stadtbahn, from which our house can still be seen. At the time of my wife's confinement he was of course kept away from her; and his present anxiety, which prevents him from leaving the neighbourhood of the house, is in reality the longing for her which he felt then.

'April 30th. Seeing Hans playing with his imaginary children again, "Hullo," I said to him, "are your children still alive? You know quite well a boy can't have any children."

'Hans: "I know. I was their Mummy before, *now I'm their Daddy.*"

'I: "And who's the children's Mummy?"

'Hans: "Why, Mummy, and you're their *Grandaddy.*"

'I: "So then you'd like to be as big as me, and be married to Mummy, and then you'd like her to have children."

'Hans: "Yes, that's what I'd like, and then my Lainz Grandmummy" (my mother) "will be their Grannie."

Things were moving towards a satisfactory conclusion. The little Oedipus had found a happier solution than that prescribed by destiny. Instead of putting his father out of the way, he had granted him the same happiness that he desired himself: he made him a grandfather and married *him* to his own mother too.

<sup>1</sup> Do we not use the word '*niederkommen*' [literally, 'to come down'] when a woman is delivered?

'On May 1st Hans came to me at lunch-time and said: "D'you know what? Let's write something down for the Professor."

'I: "Well, and what shall it be?"

'Hans: "This morning I was in the W.C. with all my children. First I did lumf and widdled, and they looked on. Then I put them on the seat and they widdled and did lumf, and I wiped their behinds with paper. D'you know why? Because I'd so much like to have children; then I'd do everything for them - take them to the W.C., clean their behinds, and do everything one does with children."

After the admission afforded by this phantasy, it will scarcely be possible to dispute the fact that in Hans's mind there was pleasure attached to the excretory functions.

'In the afternoon he ventured into the Stadtpark for the first time. As it is the First of May, no doubt there was less traffic than usual, but still quite enough to have frightened him up to now. He was very proud of his achievement, and after tea I was obliged to go with him to the Stadtpark once again. On the way we met a bus; Hans pointed it out to me, saying: "Look! a stork-box cart!" If he goes with me to the Stadtpark again to-morrow, as we have planned, we shall really be able to regard his illness as cured.

'On May 2nd Hans came to me in the morning. "I say," he said, "I thought something to-day." At first he had forgotten it; but later on he related what follows, though with signs of considerable resistance: "*The plumber came; and first he took away my behind with a pair of pincers, and then gave me another, and then the same with my widdler.* He said: 'Let me see your behind!' and I had to turn round, and he took it away; and then he said: 'Let me see your widdler!'"

Hans's father grasped the nature of this wishful phantasy, and did not hesitate a moment as to the only interpretation it could bear.

'I: "He gave you a *bigger* widdler and a *bigger* behind."

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "Like Daddy's; because you'd like to be Daddy."

'Hans: "Yes, and I'd like to have a moustache like yours and hairs like yours." (He pointed to the hairs on my chest.)

'In the light of this, we may review the interpretation of Hans's earlier phantasy to the effect that the plumber had come and unscrewed the bath and had stuck a borer into his stomach. The big bath meant a "behind", the borer or screwdriver was (as was explained at the time) a widdler.<sup>1</sup> The two phantasies are identical. Moreover, a new light is thrown upon Hans's fear of the big bath. (This, by the way, has already diminished.) He dislikes his "behind" being too small for the big bath.'

In the course of the next few days Hans's mother wrote to me more than once to express her joy at the little boy's recovery.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, too, the word 'borer' [*Bohrer*] was not chosen without regard for its connection with 'born' [*geboren*] and 'birth' [*Geburt*]. If so, the child could have made no distinction between 'bored' [*gebohrt*] and 'born' [*geboren*]. I accept this suggestion, made by an experienced fellow-worker, but I am not in a position to say whether we have before us here a deep and universal connection between the two ideas or merely the employment of a verbal coincidence peculiar to German. Prometheus (Pramantha), the creator of man, is also etymologically 'the borer'. (Cf. Abraham, *Traum und Mythos*, 1909.)

A week later came a postscript from Hans's father.

'My dear Professor, I should like to make the following additions to Hans's case history:

'(1) The remission after he had been given his first piece of enlightenment was not so complete as I may have represented it. It is true that Hans went for walks; but only under compulsion and in a state of great anxiety. Once he went with me as far as the Hauptzollamt station, from which our house can still be seen, but could not be induced to go any farther.

'(2) As regards "raspberry syrup" and "a gun for shooting with". Hans is given raspberry syrup when he is constipated. He also frequently confuses the words "shooting" and "shitting".<sup>1</sup>

'(3) Hans was about four years old when he was moved out of our bedroom into a room of his own.

'(4) A trace of his disorder still persists, though it is no longer in the shape of fear but only in that of the normal instinct for asking questions. The questions are mostly concerned with what things are made of (trams, machines, etc.), who makes things, etc. Most of his questions are characterized by the fact that Hans asks them although he has already answered them himself. He only wants to make sure. Once when he had tired me out with his questions and I had said to him: "Do you think I can answer every question you ask?" he replied: "Well, I thought as you knew that about the horse you'd know this too."

'(5) Hans only refers to his illness now as a matter of past history - "at the time when I had my nonsense".

'(6) An unsolved residue remains behind; for Hans keeps cudgelling his brains to discover what a father has to do with his child, since it is the mother who brings it into the world. This can be seen from his questions, as, for instance: "I belong to *you*, too, don't I?" (meaning, not only to his mother). It is not clear to him in what way he belongs to me. On the other hand, I have no direct evidence of his having, as you suppose, overheard his parents in the act of intercourse.

'(7) In presenting the case one ought perhaps to insist upon the violence of his anxiety. Otherwise it might be said that the boy would have gone out for walks soon enough if he had been given a sound thrashing.'

<sup>1</sup> [In German 'schiessen' and 'scheissen'.]

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In conclusion let me add these words. With Hans's last phantasy the anxiety which arose from his castration complex was also overcome, and his painful expectations were given a happier turn. Yes, the Doctor (the plumber) *did* come, he *did* take away his penis, - but only to give him a bigger one in exchange for it. For the rest, our young investigator has merely come somewhat early upon the discovery that all knowledge is patchwork, and that each step forward leaves an unsolved residue behind.

## III

## DISCUSSION

I shall now proceed to examine this observation of the development and resolution of a phobia in a boy under five years of age, and I shall have to do so from three points of view. In the first place I shall consider how far it supports the assertions which I put forward in my *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*). Secondly, I shall consider to what extent it can contribute towards our understanding of this very frequent form of disorder. And thirdly, I shall consider whether it can be made to shed any light upon the mental life of children or to afford any criticism of our educational aims.

## (I)

My impression is that the picture of a child's sexual life presented in this observation of little Hans agrees very well with the account I gave of it (basing my views upon psycho-analytic examinations of adults) in my *Three Essays*. But before going into the details of this agreement I must deal with two objections which will be raised against my making use of the present analysis for this purpose. The first objection is to the effect that Hans was not a normal child, but (as events - the illness itself, in fact - showed) had a predisposition to neurosis, and was a young 'degenerate'; it would be illegitimate, therefore, to apply to other, normal children conclusions which might perhaps be true of him. I shall postpone consideration of this objection, since it only limits the value of the observation, and does not completely nullify it. According to the second and more uncompromising objection, an analysis of a child conducted by his father, who went to work instilled with *my* theoretical views and infected with *my* prejudices, must be entirely devoid of any objective worth. A child, it will be said, is necessarily highly suggestible, and in regard to no one, perhaps, more than to his own father; he will allow anything to be forced upon him, out of gratitude to his father for taking so much notice of him; none of his assertions can have any evidential value, and everything he produces in the way of associations, phantasies, and dreams will naturally take the direction into which they are being urged by every possible means. Once more, in short, the whole thing is simply 'suggestion' - the only difference being that in the case of a child it can be unmasked much more easily than in that of an adult.

A singular thing. I can remember, when I first began to meddle in the conflict of scientific opinions twenty-two years ago, with what derision the older generation of neurologists and psychiatrists of those days received assertions about suggestion and its effects. Since then the situation has fundamentally changed. The former aversion has been converted into an only too ready acceptance; and this has happened not only as a consequence of the impression which the work of Liébeault and Bernheim and their pupils could not fail to create in the course of these two decades, but also because it has since been discovered how great an economy of thought can be effected by the use of the catchword 'suggestion'. Nobody knows and nobody cares what suggestion is, where it comes from, or when it arises, - it is enough that everything awkward in the region of psychology can be labelled 'suggestion'. I do not share the view which is at present fashionable that assertions made by children are invariably arbitrary and untrustworthy. The arbitrary has no existence in mental life. The untrustworthiness of the assertions of children is due to the predominance of their imagination, just as the untrustworthiness of the assertions of grown-up people is due to the predominance of their prejudices. For the rest, even children do not lie without a reason, and on the whole they are more inclined to a love of truth than are their elders. If we were to reject little Hans's statements root and branch we should certainly be doing him a grave injustice. On the contrary, we can quite clearly distinguish from one another the occasions on which he was falsifying the facts or keeping them back under the compelling force of a resistance, the occasions on which, being undecided himself, he agreed with his father (so that what he said must not be taken as evidence), and the occasions on which, freed from every pressure, he burst into a flood of information about what was really going on inside him and about things which until then no one but himself had known. Statements made by adults offer no greater certainty. It is a regrettable fact that no account of a psycho-analysis can reproduce the impressions received by the analyst as he conducts it, and that a final sense of conviction can never be obtained from reading about it but only from directly experiencing it. But this disability attaches in an equal degree to analyses of adults.

Little Hans is described by his parents as a cheerful, straightforward child, and so he should have been, considering the education given him by his parents, which consisted essentially in the omission of our usual educational sins. So long as he was able to carry on his researches in a state of happy *naïveté*, without a suspicion of the conflicts which were soon to arise out of them, he kept nothing back; and the observations made during the period before the phobia admit of no doubt or demur. It was with the outbreak of the illness and during the analysis that discrepancies began to make their appearance between what he said and what he thought; and this was partly because unconscious material, which he was unable to master all at once, was forcing itself upon him, and partly because the content of his thoughts provoked reservations on account of his relation to his parents. It is my unbiased opinion that these difficulties, too, turned out no greater than in many analyses of adults.

It is true that during the analysis Hans had to be told many things that he could not say himself, that he had to be presented with thoughts which he had so far shown no signs of possessing, and that his attention had to be turned in the direction from which his father was expecting something to come. This detracts from the evidential value of the analysis; but the procedure is the same in every case. For a psycho-analysis is not an impartial scientific investigation, but a therapeutic measure. Its essence is not to prove anything, but merely to alter something. In a psycho-analysis the physician always gives his patient (sometimes to a greater and some times to a less extent) the conscious anticipatory ideas by the help of which he is put in a position to recognize and to grasp the unconscious material. For there are some patients who need more of such assistance and some who need less; but there are none who get through without some of it. Slight disorders may perhaps be brought to an end by the subject's unaided efforts, but never a neurosis - a thing which has set itself up against the ego as an element alien to it. To get the better of such an element another person must be brought in, and in so far as that other person can be of assistance the neurosis will be curable. If it is in the very nature of any neurosis to turn away from the 'other person' - and this seems to be one of the characteristics of the states grouped together under the name of dementia praecox - then for that very reason such a state will be incurable by any efforts of ours. It is true that a child, on account of the small development of his intellectual systems, requires especially energetic assistance. But, after all, the information which the physician gives his patient is itself derived in its turn from analytical experience; and indeed it is sufficiently convincing if, at the cost of this intervention by the physician, we are enabled to discover the structure of the pathogenic material and simultaneously to dissipate it.

And yet, even during the analysis, the small patient gave evidence of enough independence to acquit him upon the charge of 'suggestion'. Like all other children, he applied his childish sexual theories to the material before him without having received any encouragement to do so. These theories are extremely remote from the adult mind. Indeed, in this instance I actually omitted to warn Hans's father that the boy would be bound to approach the subject of childbirth by way of the excretory complex. This negligence on my part, though it led to an obscure phase in the analysis, was nevertheless the means of producing a good piece of evidence of the genuineness and independence of Hans's mental processes. He suddenly became occupied with 'lumpf', without his father, who is supposed to have been practising suggestion upon him, having the least idea how he had arrived at that subject or what was going to come of it. Nor can his father be saddled with any responsibility for the production of the two plumber phantasies, which arose out of Hans's early acquired 'castration complex'. And I must here confess that, out of theoretical interest, I entirely concealed from Hans's father my expectation that there would turn out to be some such connection, so as not to interfere with the value of a piece of evidence such as does not often come within one's grasp.

If I went more deeply into the details of the analysis I could produce plenty more evidence of Hans's independence of 'suggestion'; but I shall break off the discussion of this preliminary objection at this point. I am aware that even with this analysis I shall not succeed in convincing any one who will not let himself be convinced, and I shall proceed with my discussion of the case for the benefit of those readers who are already convinced of the objective reality of unconscious pathogenic material. And I do this with the agreeable assurance that the number of such readers is steadily increasing.

The first trait in little Hans which can be regarded as part of his sexual life was a quite peculiarly lively interest in his 'widdler' - an organ deriving its name from that one of its two functions which, scarcely the less important of the two, is not to be eluded in the nursery. This interest aroused in him the spirit of enquiry, and he thus discovered that the presence or absence of a widdler made it possible to differentiate between animate and inanimate objects. He assumed that all animate objects were like himself, and possessed this important bodily organ; he observed that it was present in the larger animals, suspected that this was so too in both his parents, and was not deterred by the evidence of his own eyes from authenticating the fact in his new-born sister. One might almost say that it would have been too shattering a blow to his '*Weltanschauung*' if he had had to make up his mind to forgo the presence of this organ in a being similar to him; it would have been as though it were being torn away from himself. It was probably on this account that a threat of his mother's, which was concerned precisely with the loss of his widdler, was hastily dismissed from his thoughts and only succeeded in making its effects apparent at a later period. The reason for his mother's intervention had been that he used to like giving himself feelings of pleasure by touching his member: the little boy had begun to practise the commonest - and most normal - form of auto-erotic sexual activity.

The pleasure which a person takes in his own sexual organ may become associated with scopophilia (or sexual pleasure in looking) in its active and passive forms, in a manner which has been very aptly described by Alfred Adler (1908) as 'confluence of instincts'. So little Hans began to try to get a sight of other people's widdlers; his sexual curiosity developed, and at the same time he liked to exhibit his own widdler. One of his dreams, dating from the beginning of his period of repression, expressed a wish that one of his little girl friends should assist him in widdling, that is, that she should share the spectacle. The dream shows, therefore, that up till then this wish had subsisted unrepressed, and later information confirmed the fact that he had been in the habit of gratifying it. The active side of his sexual scopophilia soon became associated in him with a definite theme. He repeatedly expressed both to his father and his mother his regret that he had never yet seen their widdlers; and it was probably the need *for making a comparison* which impelled him to do this. The ego is always the standard by which one measures the external world; one learns to understand it by means of a constant comparison with oneself. Hans had observed that large animals had widdlers that were correspondingly larger than his; he consequently suspected that the same was true of his parents, and was anxious to make sure of this. His mother, he thought, must certainly have a widdler 'like a horse'. He was then prepared with the comforting reflection that his widdler would grow with him. It was as though the child's wish to be bigger had been concentrated on his genitals.

Thus in little Hans's sexual constitution the genital zone was from the outset the one among his erotogenic zones which afforded him the most intense pleasure. The only other similar pleasure of which he gave evidence was excretory pleasure, the pleasure attached to the orifices through which micturition and evacuation of the bowels are effected. In his final phantasy of bliss, with which his illness was overcome, he imagined he had children, whom he took to the W.C., whom he made to widdle, whose behinds he wiped - for whom, in short, he did 'everything one can do with children'; it therefore seems impossible to avoid the assumption that during the period when he himself had been looked after as an infant these same performances had been the source of pleasurable sensations for him. He had obtained this pleasure from his erotogenic zones with the help of the person who had looked after him - his mother, in fact; and thus the pleasure already pointed the way to object-choice. But it is just possible that at a still earlier date he had been in the habit of giving himself this pleasure auto-erotically - that he had been one of those children who like retaining their excreta till they can derive a voluptuous sensation from their evacuation. I say no more than that it is possible, because the matter was not cleared up in the analysis; the 'making a row with the legs' (kicking about), of which he was so much frightened later on, points in that direction. But in any case these sources of pleasure had no particularly striking importance with Hans, as they so often have with other children. He early became clean in his habits, and neither bed-wetting nor diurnal incontinence played any part during his first years; no trace was observed in him of any inclination to play with his excrement, a propensity which is so revolting in adults, and which commonly makes its reappearance at the termination of processes of psychical involution.

At this juncture it is as well to emphasize at once the fact that during his phobia there was an unmistakable repression of these two well-developed components of his sexual activity. He was ashamed of micturating before other people, accused himself of putting his finger to his widdler, made efforts to give up masturbating, and showed disgust at 'lump' and 'widdle' and everything that reminded him of them. In his phantasy of looking after his children he undid this latter repression.

A sexual constitution like that of little Hans does not appear to carry with it a predisposition to the development either of perversions or of their negative (we will limit ourselves to a consideration of hysteria). As far as my experience goes (and there is still a real need for speaking with caution on this point) the innate constitution of hysterics - that this is also true of perverts is almost self-evident - is marked by the genital zone being relatively less prominent than the other erotogenic zones. But we must expressly except from this rule one particular 'aberration' of sexual life. In those who later become homosexuals we meet with the same predominance in infancy of the genital zone (and especially of the penis) as in normal persons.<sup>1</sup> Indeed it is the high esteem felt by the homosexual for the male organ which decides his fate. In his childhood he chooses women as his sexual object, so long as he assumes that they too possess what in his eyes is an indispensable part of the body; when he becomes convinced that women have deceived him in this particular, they cease to be acceptable to him as a sexual object. He cannot forgo a penis in any one who is to attract him to sexual intercourse; and if circumstances are favourable he will fix his libido upon the 'woman with a penis', a youth of feminine appearance. Homosexuals, then, are persons who, owing to the erotogenic importance of their own genitals, cannot do without a similar feature in their sexual object. In the course of their development from auto-erotism to object-love, they have remained at a point of fixation between the two.

<sup>1</sup> As my expectations led me to suppose, and as Sadger's observations have shown, all such people pass through an amphigenic phase in childhood.

There is absolutely no justification for distinguishing a special homosexual instinct. What constitutes a homosexual is a peculiarity not in his instinctual life but in his choice of an object. Let me recall what I have said in my *Three Essays* to the effect that we have mistakenly imagined the bond between instinct and object in sexual life as being more intimate than it really is. A homosexual may have normal instincts, but he is unable to disengage them from a class of objects defined by a particular determinant. And in his childhood, since at that period this determinant is taken for granted as being of universal application, he is able to behave like little Hans, who showed his affection to little boys and girls indiscriminately, and once described his friend Fritzl as 'the girl he was fondest of'. Hans was a homosexual (as all children may very well be), quite consistently with the fact, which must always be kept in mind, that *he was acquainted with only one kind of genital organ* - a genital organ like his own.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [*Footnote added 1923:*] I have subsequently (1923e) drawn attention to the fact that the period of sexual development which our little patient was passing through is universally characterized by acquaintance with only *one* sort of genital organ, namely, the male one. In contrast to the later period of maturity, this period is marked not by a *genital primacy* but by a primacy of the *phallus*.

In his subsequent development, however, it was not to homosexuality that our young libertine proceeded, but to an energetic masculinity with traits of polygamy; he knew how to vary his behaviour, too, with his varying feminine objects - audaciously aggressive in one case, languishing and bashful in another. His affection had moved from his mother on to other objects of love, but at a time when there was a scarcity of these it returned to her, only to break down in a neurosis. It was not until this happened that it became evident to what a pitch of intensity his love for his mother had developed and through what vicissitudes it had passed. The sexual aim which he pursued with his girl playmates, of sleeping with them, had originated in relation to his mother. It was expressed in words which might be retained in maturity, though they would then bear a richer connotation.<sup>1</sup> The boy had found his way to object-love in the usual manner from the care he had received when he was an infant; and a new pleasure had now become the most important for him - that of sleeping beside his mother. I should like to emphasize the importance of pleasure derived from cutaneous contact as a component in this new aim of Hans's, which, according to the nomenclature (artificial to my mind) of Moll, would have to be described as satisfaction of the instinct of contrectation.

<sup>1</sup> [The German '*bei jemandem schlafen*', literally 'to sleep with some one', is used (like the English 'to lie with') in the sense of 'to copulate with'.]

In his attitude towards his father and mother Hans confirms in the most concrete and uncompromising manner what I have said in my *Interpretation of Dreams* and in my *Three Essays* with regard to the sexual relations of a child to his parents. Hans really was a little Oedipus who wanted to have his father 'out of the way', to get rid of him, so that he might be alone with his beautiful mother and sleep with her. This wish had originated during his summer holidays, when the alternating presence and absence of his father had drawn Hans's attention to the condition upon which depended the intimacy with his mother which he longed for. At that time the form taken by the wish had been merely that his father should 'go away'; and at a later stage it became possible for his fear of being bitten by a white horse to attach itself directly on to this form of the wish, owing to a chance impression which he received at the moment of some one else's departure. But subsequently (probably not until they had moved back to Vienna, where his father's absences were no longer to be reckoned on) the wish had taken the form that his father should be *permanently* away - that he should be 'dead'. The fear which sprang from this death-wish against his father, and which may thus be said to have had a normal motive, formed the chief obstacle to the analysis until it was removed during the conversation in my consulting-room.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is quite certain that Hans's two associations, 'raspberry syrup' and 'a gun for shooting people dead with' must have had more than one set of determinants. They probably had just as much to do with his hatred of his father as with his constipation complex. His father, who himself guessed the latter connection, also suggested that 'raspberry syrup' might be related to 'blood'.

But Hans was not by any means a bad character; he was not even one of those children who at his age still give free play to the propensity towards cruelty and violence which is a constituent of human nature. On the contrary, he had an unusually kind-hearted and affectionate disposition; his father reported that the transformation of aggressive tendencies into feelings of pity took place in him at a very early age. Long before the phobia he had become uneasy when he saw the horses in a merry-go-round being beaten; and he was never unmoved if any one wept in his presence. At one stage in the analysis a piece of suppressed sadism made its appearance in a particular context:<sup>1</sup> but it was *suppressed* sadism, and we shall presently have to discover from the content what it stood for and what it was meant to replace. And Hans deeply loved the father against whom he cherished these death-wishes; and while his intellect demurred to such a contradiction,<sup>2</sup> he could not help demonstrating the fact of its existence, by hitting his father and immediately afterwards kissing the place he had hit. We ourselves, too, must guard against making a difficulty of such a contradiction. The emotional life of man is in general made up of pairs of contraries such as these.<sup>3</sup> Indeed, if it were not so, repressions and neuroses would perhaps never come about. In the adult these pairs of contrary emotions do not as a rule become simultaneously conscious except at the climaxes of passionate love; at other times they usually go on suppressing each other until one of them succeeds in keeping the other altogether out of sight. But in children they can exist peaceably side by side for quite a considerable time.

<sup>1</sup> His wanting to beat and tease horses.

<sup>2</sup> See the critical question he addressed to his father (p. 2033).

<sup>3</sup> Das heisst, ich bin kein ausgeklügelt Buch.  
Ich bin ein Mensch mit seinem Widerspruch.  
C. F. Meyer, *Huttens letzte Tage*.

[In fact, I am no clever work of fiction;  
I am a man, with all his contradiction.]

The most important influence upon the course of Hans's psychosexual development was the birth of a baby sister when he was three and a half years old. That event accentuated his relations to his parents and gave him some insoluble problems to think about; and later, as he watched the way in which the infant was looked after, the memory-traces of his own earliest experiences of pleasure were revived in him. This influence, too, is a typical one: in an unexpectedly large number of life-histories, normal as well as pathological, we find ourselves obliged to take as our starting-point an outburst of sexual pleasure and sexual curiosity connected, like this one, with the birth of the next child. Hans's behaviour towards the new arrival was just what I have described in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. In his fever a few days later he betrayed how little he liked the addition to the family. Affection for his sister might come later,<sup>1</sup> but his first attitude was hostility. From that time forward fear that yet another baby might arrive found a place among his conscious thoughts. In the neurosis, his hostility, already suppressed, was represented by a special fear - a fear of the bath. In the analysis he gave undisguised expression to his death-wish against his sister, and was not content with allusions which required supplementing by his father. His inner conscience did not consider this wish so wicked as the analogous one against his father; but it is clear that in his unconscious he treated both persons in the same way, because they both took his mummy away from him, and interfered with his being alone with her.

Moreover, this event and the feelings that were revived by it gave a new direction to his wishes. In his triumphant final phantasy he summed up all of his erotic wishes, both those derived from his auto-erotic phase and those connected with his object-love. In that phantasy he was married to his beautiful mother and had innumerable children whom he could look after in his own way.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. his plans of what he would do when his sister was old enough to speak (p. 2060).

## (II)

One day while Hans was in the street he was seized with an attack of anxiety. He could not yet say what it was he was afraid of; but at the very beginning of this anxiety-state he betrayed to his father his motive for being ill, the advantage he derived from it. He wanted to stay with his mother and to coax with her; his recollection that he had also been separated from her at the time of the baby's birth may also, as his father suggests, have contributed to his longing. It soon became evident that his anxiety was no longer reconvertible into longing; he was afraid even when his mother went with him. In the meantime indications appeared of what it was to which his libido (now changed into anxiety) had become attached. He gave expression to the quite specific fear that a white horse would bite him.

Disorders of this kind are called 'phobias', and we might classify Hans's case as an agoraphobia if it were not for the fact that it is a characteristic of that complaint that the locomotion of which the patient is otherwise incapable can always be easily performed when he is accompanied by some specially selected person - in the last resort, by the physician. Hans's phobia did not fulfil this condition; it soon ceased having any relation to the question of locomotion and became more and more clearly concentrated upon horses. In the early days of his illness, when the anxiety was at its highest pitch, he expressed a fear that 'the horse'll come into the room', and it was this that helped me so much towards understanding his condition.

In the classificatory system of the neuroses no definite position has hitherto been assigned to 'phobias'. It seems certain that they should only be regarded as syndromes which may form part of various neuroses and that we need not rank them as an independent pathological process. For phobias of the kind to which little Hans's belongs, and which are in fact the most common, the name of 'anxiety-hysteria' seems to me not inappropriate; I suggested the term to Dr. W. Stekel when he was undertaking a description of neurotic anxiety states,<sup>1</sup> and I hope it will come into general use. It finds its justification in the similarity between the psychological structure of these phobias and that of hysteria - a similarity which is complete except upon a single point. That point, however, is a decisive one and well adapted for purposes of differentiation. For in anxiety-hysteria the libido which has been liberated from the pathogenic material by repression is not *converted* (that is, diverted from the mental sphere into a somatic innervation), but is set free. In the clinical cases that we meet with, this 'anxiety-hysteria' may be combined with 'conversion-hysteria' in any proportion. There exist cases of pure conversion-hysteria without any trace of anxiety, just as there are cases of simple anxiety-hysteria, which exhibit feelings of anxiety and phobias, but have no admixture of conversion. The case of little Hans is one of the latter sort.

<sup>1</sup> *Nervöse Angstzustände und ihre Behandlung*, 1908.

Anxiety-hysterias are the most common of all psychoneurotic disorders. But, above all, they are those which make their appearance earliest in life; they are *par excellence* the neuroses of childhood. When a mother uses such phrases as that her child's 'nerves' are in a bad state, we can be certain that in nine cases out of ten the child is suffering from some kind of anxiety or from many kinds at once. Unfortunately the finer mechanism of these highly significant disorders has not yet been sufficiently studied. It has not yet been established whether anxiety-hysteria is determined, in contradistinction to conversion-hysteria and other neuroses, solely by constitutional factors or solely by accidental experiences, or by what combination of the two.<sup>1</sup> It seems to me that of all neurotic disorders it is the least dependent upon a special constitutional predisposition and that it is consequently the most easily acquired at any time of life.

One essential characteristic of anxiety-hysterias is very easily pointed out. An anxiety-hysteria tends to develop more and more into a 'phobia'. In the end the patient may have got rid of all his anxiety, but only at the price of subjecting himself to all kinds of inhibitions and restrictions. From the outset in anxiety-hysteria the mind is constantly at work in the direction of once more psychically binding the anxiety which has become liberated; but this work can neither bring about a retransformation of the anxiety into libido, nor can it establish any contact with the complexes which were the source of the libido. Nothing is left for it but to cut off access to every possible occasion that might lead to the development of anxiety, by erecting mental barriers in the nature of precautions, inhibitions, or prohibitions; and it is these defensive structures that appear to us in the form of phobias and that constitute to our eyes the essence of the disease.

The treatment of anxiety-hysteria may be said hitherto to have been a purely negative one. Experience has shown that it is impossible to effect the cure of a phobia (and even in certain circumstances dangerous to attempt to do so) by violent means, that is, by first depriving the patient of his defences and then putting him in a situation in which he cannot escape the liberation of his anxiety. Consequently, nothing can be done but to leave the patient to look for protection wherever he thinks he may find it; and he is merely regarded with a not very helpful contempt for his 'incomprehensible cowardice'.

Little Hans's parents were determined from the very beginning of his illness that he was neither to be laughed at nor bullied, but that access must be obtained to his repressed wishes by means of psycho-analysis. The extraordinary pains taken by Hans's father were rewarded by success, and his reports will give us an opportunity of penetrating into the fabric of this type of phobia and of following the course of its analysis.

<sup>1</sup> [Footnote added 1923:] The question which is raised here has not been pursued further. But there is no reason to suppose that anxiety-hysteria is an exception to the rule that both predisposition and experience must co-operate in the aetiology of a neurosis. Rank's view of the effects of the trauma of birth seems to throw special light upon the predisposition to anxiety-hysteria which is so strong in childhood.

I think it is not unlikely that the extensive and detailed character of the analysis may have made it somewhat obscure to the reader. I shall therefore begin by giving a brief resume of it, in which I shall omit all distracting side-issues and shall draw attention to the results as they came to light one after the other.

The first thing we learn is that the outbreak of the anxiety state was by no means so sudden as appeared at first sight. A few days earlier the child had woken from an anxiety-dream to the effect that his mother had gone away, and that now he had no mother to coax with. This dream alone points to the presence of a repressive process of ominous intensity. We cannot explain it, as we can so many other anxiety-dreams, by supposing that the child had in his dream felt anxiety arising from some somatic cause and had made use of the anxiety for the purpose of fulfilling an unconscious wish which would otherwise have been deeply repressed.<sup>1</sup> We must regard it rather as a genuine punishment and repression dream, and, moreover, as a dream which failed in its function, since the child woke from his sleep in a state of anxiety. We can easily reconstruct what actually occurred in the unconscious. The child dreamt of exchanging endearments with his mother and of sleeping with her; but all the pleasure was transformed into anxiety, and all the ideational content into its opposite. Repression had defeated the purpose of the mechanism of dreaming.

But the beginnings of this psychological situation go back further still. During the preceding summer Hans had had similar moods of mingled longing and apprehension, in which he had said similar things; and at that time they had secured him the advantage of being taken by his mother into her bed. We may assume that since then Hans had been in a state of intensified sexual excitement, the object of which was his mother. The intensity of this excitement was shown by his two attempts at seducing his mother (the second of which occurred just before the outbreak of his anxiety); and he found an incidental channel of discharge for it by masturbating every evening and in that way obtaining gratification. Whether the sudden change-over of this excitement into anxiety took place spontaneously, or as a result of his mother's rejection of his advances, or owing to the accidental revival of earlier impressions by the 'precipitating cause' of his illness (about which we shall hear presently) - this we cannot decide; and, indeed, it is a matter of indifference, for these three alternative possibilities cannot be regarded as mutually incompatible. The fact remains that his sexual excitement suddenly changed into anxiety.

<sup>1</sup> See my *Interpretation of Dreams*.

We have already described the child's behaviour at the beginning of his anxiety, as well as the first content which he assigned to it, namely, that a horse would bite him. It was at this point that the first piece of therapy was interposed. His parents represented to him that his anxiety was the result of masturbation, and encouraged him to break himself of the habit. I took care that when they spoke to him great stress was laid upon his affection for his mother, for that was what he was trying to replace by his fear of horses. This first intervention brought a slight improvement, but the ground was soon lost again during a period of physical illness. Hans's condition remained unchanged. Soon afterwards he traced back his fear of being bitten by a horse to an impression he had received at Gmunden. A father had addressed his child on her departure with these words of warning: 'Don't put your finger to the horse; if you do, it'll bite you.' The words, 'don't put your finger to', which Hans used in reporting this warning, resembled the form of words in which the warning against masturbation had been framed. It seemed at first, therefore, as though Hans's parents were right in supposing that what he was frightened of was his own masturbatory indulgence. But the whole nexus remained loose, and it seemed to be merely by chance that horses had become his bugbear.

I had expressed a suspicion that Hans's repressed wish might now be that he wanted at all costs to see his mother's widdler. As his behaviour to a new maid fitted in with this hypothesis, his father gave him his first piece of enlightenment, namely, that women have no widdlers. He reacted to this first effort at helping him by producing a phantasy that he had seen his mother showing her widdler.<sup>1</sup> This phantasy and a remark made by him in conversation, to the effect that his widdler was 'fixed in, of course', allow us our first glimpse into the patient's unconscious mental processes. The fact was that the threat of castration made to him by his mother some fifteen months earlier was now having a deferred effect upon him. For his phantasy that his mother was doing the same as he had done (the familiar *tu quoque* repartee of inculpated children) was intended to serve as a piece of self-justification; it was a protective or defensive phantasy. At the same time we must remark that it was Hans's parents who had extracted from the pathogenic material operating in him the particular theme of his interest in widdlers. Hans followed their lead in this matter, but he had not yet taken any line of his own in the analysis. And no therapeutic success was to be observed. The analysis had passed far away from the subject of horses; and the information that women have no widdlers was calculated, if anything, to increase his concern for the preservation of his own.

<sup>1</sup> [Footnote added 1924:] The context enables us to add: 'and touching it' (p. 2024). After all, he himself could not show his widdler without touching it.

Therapeutic success, however, is not our primary aim; we endeavour rather to enable the patient to obtain a conscious grasp of his unconscious wishes. And this we can achieve by working upon the basis of the hints he throws out, and so, with the help of our interpretative technique, presenting the unconscious complex to his consciousness *in our own words*. There will be a certain degree of similarity between that which he hears from us and that which he is looking for, and which, in spite of all resistances, is trying to force its way through to consciousness; and it is this similarity that will enable him to discover the unconscious material. The physician is a step in front of him in knowledge; and the patient follows along his own road, until the two meet at the appointed goal. Beginners in psycho-analysis are apt to assimilate these two events, and to suppose that the moment at which one of the patient's unconscious complexes has become known to *them* is also the moment at which the patient himself recognizes it. They are expecting too much when they think that they will cure the patient by informing him of this piece of knowledge; for he can do no more with the information than make use of it to help himself in discovering the unconscious complex *where it is anchored* in his unconscious. A first success of this sort had now been achieved with Hans. Having partly mastered his castration complex, he was now able to communicate his wishes in regard to his mother. He did so, in what was still a distorted form, by means of the *phantasy of the two giraffes*, one of which was calling out in vain because Hans had taken possession of the other. He represented the 'taking possession of' pictorially as 'sitting down on'. His father recognized the phantasy as a reproduction of a bedroom scene which used to take place in the morning between the boy and his parents; and he quickly stripped the underlying wish of the disguise which it still wore. The boy's father and mother were the two giraffes. The reason for the choice of a giraffe-phantasy for the purposes of disguise was fully explained by a visit that the boy had paid to those same large beasts at Schönbrunn a few days earlier, by the giraffe-drawing, belonging to an earlier period, which had been preserved by his father, and also, perhaps, by an unconscious comparison based upon the giraffe's long, stiff neck.<sup>1</sup> It may be remarked that the giraffe, as being a large animal and interesting on account of its widdler, was a possible competitor with the horse for the role of bugbear; moreover, the fact that both his father and his mother appeared as giraffes offered a hint which had not yet been followed up, as regards the interpretation of the anxiety-horses.

<sup>1</sup> Hans's admiration of his father's neck later on would fit in with this.

Immediately after the giraffe story Hans produced two minor phantasies: one of his forcing his way into a forbidden space at Schönbrunn, and the other of his smashing a railway-carriage window on the Stadtbahn. In each case the punishable nature of the action was emphasized, and in each his father appeared as an accomplice. Unluckily his father failed to interpret either of these phantasies, so that Hans himself gained nothing from telling them. In an analysis, however, a thing which has not been understood inevitably reappears; like an unlaid ghost, it cannot rest until the mystery has been solved and the spell broken.

There are no difficulties in the way of our understanding these two criminal phantasies. They belonged to Hans's complex of taking possession of his mother. Some kind of vague notion was struggling in the child's mind of something that he might do with his mother by means of which his taking possession of her would be consummated; for this elusive thought he found certain pictorial representations, which had in common the qualities of being violent and forbidden, and the content of which strikes us as fitting in most remarkably well with the hidden truth. We can only say that they were symbolic phantasies of intercourse, and it was no irrelevant detail that his father was represented as sharing in his actions: 'I should like', he seems to have been saying, 'to be doing something with my mother, something forbidden; I do not know what it is, but I do know that you are doing it too.'

The giraffe phantasy strengthened a conviction which had already begun to form in my mind when Hans expressed his fear that 'the horse'll come into the room'; and I thought the right moment had now arrived for informing him that he was afraid of his father because he himself nourished jealous and hostile wishes against him - for it was essential to postulate this much with regard to his unconscious impulses. In telling him this, I had partly interpreted his fear of horses for him: the horse must be his father - whom he had good internal reasons for fearing. Certain details of which Hans had shown he was afraid, the black on horses' mouths and the things in front of their eyes (the moustaches and eyeglasses which are the privilege of a grown-up man), seemed to me to have been directly transposed from his father on to the horses.

By enlightening Hans on this subject I had cleared away his most powerful resistance against allowing his unconscious thoughts to be made conscious; for his father was himself acting as his physician. The worst of the attack was now over; there was a plentiful flow of material; the little patient summoned up courage to describe the details of his phobia, and soon began to take an active share in the conduct of the analysis.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Even in analyses in which the physician and the patient are strangers, fear of the father plays one of the most important parts as a resistance against the reproduction of the unconscious pathogenic material. Resistances are sometimes in the nature of 'motifs'. But sometimes, as in the present instance, one piece of the unconscious material is capable from its actual *content* of operating as an inhibition against the reproduction of another piece.

It was only then that we learnt what the objects and impressions were of which Hans was afraid. He was not only afraid of horses biting him - he was soon silent upon that point - but also of carts, of furniture-vans, and of buses (their common quality being, as presently became clear, that they were all heavily loaded), of horses that started moving, of horses that looked big and heavy, and of horses that drove quickly. The meaning of these specifications was explained by Hans himself: he was afraid of horses *falling down*, and consequently incorporated in his phobia everything that seemed likely to facilitate their falling down.

It not at all infrequently happens that it is only after doing a certain amount of psycho-analytic work with a patient that an analyst can succeed in learning the actual content of a phobia, the precise form of words of an obsessional impulse, and so on. Repression has not only descended upon the unconscious complexes, but it is continually attacking their derivatives as well, and even prevents the patient from becoming aware of the products of the disease itself. The analyst thus finds himself in the position, curious for a doctor, of coming to the help of a disease, and of procuring it its due of attention. But only those who entirely misunderstand the nature of psycho-analysis will lay stress upon this phase of the work and suppose that on its account harm is likely to be done by analysis. The fact is that you must catch your thief before you can hang him, and that it requires some expenditure of labour to get securely hold of the pathological structures - at the destruction of which the treatment is aimed.

I have already remarked in the course of my running commentary on the case history that it is most instructive to plunge in this way into the details of a phobia, and thus arrive at a conviction of the secondary nature of the relation between the anxiety and its objects. It is this that accounts for phobias being at once so curiously diffuse and so strictly conditioned. It is evident that the material for the particular disguises which Hans's fear adopted was collected from the impressions to which he was all day long exposed owing to the Head Customs House being situated on the opposite side of the street. In this connection, too, he showed signs of an impulse - though it was now inhibited by his anxiety - to play with the loads on the carts, with the packages, casks and boxes, like the street-boys.

It was at this stage of the analysis that he recalled the event, insignificant in itself, which immediately preceded the outbreak of the illness and may no doubt be regarded as the precipitating cause of its outbreak. He went for a walk with his mother, and saw a bus-horse fall down and kick about with its feet. This made a great impression on him. He was terrified, and thought the horse was dead; and from that time on he thought that all horses would fall down. His father pointed out to him that when he saw the horse fall down he must have thought of him, his father, and have wished that he might fall down in the same way and be dead. Hans did not dispute this interpretation; and a little while later he played a game consisting of biting his father, and so showed that he accepted the theory of his having identified his father with the horse he was afraid of. From that time forward his behaviour to his father was unconstrained and fearless, and in fact a trifle overbearing. Nevertheless his fear of horses persisted; nor was it yet clear through what chain of associations the horse's falling down had stirred up his unconscious wishes.

Let me summarize the results that had so far been reached. Behind the fear to which Hans first gave expression, the fear of a horse biting him, we had discovered a more deeply seated fear, the fear of horses falling down; and both kinds of horses, the biting horse and the falling horse, had been shown to represent his father, who was going to punish him for the evil wishes he was nourishing against him. Meanwhile the analysis had moved away from the subject of his mother.

Quite unexpectedly, and certainly without any prompting from his father, Hans now began to be occupied with the 'lump' complex, and to show disgust at things that reminded him of evacuating his bowels. His father, who was reluctant to go with him along that line, pushed on with the analysis through thick and thin in the direction in which he wanted to go. He elicited from Hans the recollection of an event at Gmunden, the impression of which lay concealed behind that of the falling bus-horse. While they were playing at horses, Fritzl, the playmate of whom he was so fond, but at the same time, perhaps, his rival with his many girl friends, had hit his foot against a stone and had fallen down, and his foot had bled. Seeing the bus-horse fall had reminded him of this accident. It deserves to be noticed that Hans, who was at the moment concerned with other things, began by denying that Fritzl had fallen down (though this, was the event which formed the connection between the two scenes) and only admitted it at a later stage of the analysis. It is especially interesting, however, to observe the way in which the transformation of Hans's libido into anxiety was projected on to the principal object of his phobia, on to horses. Horses interested him the most of all the large animals; playing at horses was his favourite game with the other children. I had a suspicion - and this was confirmed by Hans's father when I asked him - that the first person who had served Hans as a horse must have been his father; and it was this that had enabled him to regard Fritzl as a substitute for his father when the accident happened at Gmunden. When repression had set in and brought a revulsion of feeling along with it, horses, which had till then been associated with so much pleasure, were necessarily turned into objects of fear.

But, as we have already said, it was owing to the intervention of Hans's father that this last important discovery was made of the way in which the precipitating cause of the illness had operated. Hans himself was occupied with his lumpf interests, and thither at last we must follow him. We learn that formerly Hans had been in the habit of insisting upon accompanying his mother to the W. C., and that he had revived this custom with his friend Berta at a time when she was filling his mother's place, until the fact became known and he was forbidden to do so. Pleasure taken in looking on while some one one loves performs the natural functions is once more a 'confluence of instincts', of which we have already noticed an instance in Hans. In the end his father went into the lumpf symbolism, and recognized that there was an analogy between a heavily loaded cart and a body loaded with faeces, between the way in which a cart drives out through a gateway and the way in which faeces leave the body, and so on.

By this time, however, the position occupied by Hans in the analysis had become very different from what it had been at an earlier stage. Previously, his father had been able to tell him in advance what was coming, while Hans had merely followed his lead and come trotting after; but now it was Hans who was forging ahead, so rapidly and steadily that his father found it difficult to keep up with him. Without any warning, as it were, Hans produced a new phantasy: the plumber unscrewed the bath in which Hans was, and then stuck him in the stomach with his big borer. Henceforward the material brought up in the analysis far outstripped our powers of understanding it. It was not until later that it was possible to guess that this was a remoulding of a *phantasy of procreation*, distorted by anxiety. The big bath of water, in which Hans imagined himself, was his mother's womb; the 'borer', which his father had from the first recognized as a penis, owed its mention to its connection with 'being born'. The interpretation that we are obliged to give to the phantasy will of course sound very curious: 'With your big penis you "bored" me' (i.e. 'gave birth to me') 'and put me in my mother's womb.' For the moment, however, the phantasy eluded interpretation, and merely served Hans as a starting point from which to continue giving information.

Hans showed fear of being given a bath in the big bath; and this fear was once more a composite one. One part of it escaped us as yet, but the other part could at once be elucidated in connection with his baby sister having her bath. Hans confessed to having wished that his mother might drop the child while she was being given her bath, so that she should die. His own anxiety while he was having his bath was a fear of retribution for this evil wish and of being punished by the same thing happening to him. Hans now left the subject of lumf and passed on directly to that of his baby sister. We may well imagine what this juxtaposition signified: nothing less, in fact, than that little Hanna was a lumf herself - that all babies were lumfs and were born like lumfs. We can now recognize that all furniture-vans and drays and buses were only stork-box carts, and were only of interest to Hans as being symbolic representations of pregnancy; and that when a heavy or heavily loaded horse fell down he can have seen in it only one thing - a childbirth, a delivery [*ein Niederkommen*']. Thus the falling horse was not only his dying father but also his mother in childbirth.

And at this point Hans gave us a surprise, for which we were not in the very least prepared. He had noticed his mother's pregnancy, which had ended with the birth of his little sister when he was three and a half years old, and had, at any rate after the confinement, pieced the facts of the case together - without telling any one, it is true, and perhaps without being able to tell any one. All that could be seen at the time was that immediately after the delivery he had taken up an extremely sceptical attitude towards everything that might be supposed to point to the presence of the stork. *But that - in complete contradiction to his official speeches - he knew in his unconscious where the baby came from and where it had been before*, is proved beyond a shadow of doubt by the present analysis; indeed, this is perhaps its most unassailable feature.

The most cogent evidence of this is furnished by the phantasy (which he persisted in with so much obstinacy, and embellished with such a wealth of detail) of how Hanna had been with them at Gmunden the summer before her birth, of how she had travelled there with them, and of how she had been able to do far more than she had a year later, after she had been born. The effrontery with which Hans related this phantasy and the countless extravagant lies with which he interwove it were anything but meaningless. All of this was intended as a revenge upon his father, against whom he harboured a grudge for having misled him with the stork fable. It was just as though he had meant to say: 'If you really thought I was as stupid as all that, and expected me to believe that the stork brought Hanna, then in return I expect *you* to accept *my* inventions as the truth.' This act of revenge on the part of our young enquirer upon his father was succeeded by the clearly correlated phantasy of teasing and beating horses. This phantasy, again, had two constituents. On the one hand, it was based upon the teasing to which he had submitted his father just before; and, on the other hand, it reproduced the obscure sadistic desires directed towards his mother, which had already found expression (though they had not at first been understood) in his phantasies of doing something forbidden. Hans even confessed consciously to a desire to beat his mother.

There are not many more mysteries ahead of us now. An obscure phantasy of missing a train seems to have been a forerunner of the later notion of handing over Hans's father to his grandmother at Lainz, for the phantasy dealt with a visit to Lainz, and his grandmother appeared in it. Another phantasy, in which a boy gave the guard 50,000 florins to let him ride on the truck, almost sounds like a plan of buying his mother from his father, part of whose power, of course, lay in his wealth. At about this time, too, he confessed, with a degree of openness which he had never before reached, that he wished to get rid of his father, and that the reason he wished it was that his father interfered with his own intimacy with his mother. We must not be surprised to find the same wishes constantly reappearing in the course of an analysis. The monotony only attaches to the analyst's interpretations of these wishes. For Hans they were not mere repetitions, but steps in a progressive development from timid hinting to fully conscious, undistorted perspicuity.

What remains are just such confirmations on Hans's part of analytical conclusions which our interpretations had already established. In an entirely unequivocal symptomatic act, which he disguised slightly from the maid but not at all from his father, he showed how he imagined a birth took place; but if we look into it more closely we can see that he showed something else, that he was hinting at something which was not alluded to again in the analysis. He pushed a small penknife which belonged to his mother in through a round hole in the body of an india-rubber doll, and then let it drop out again by tearing apart the doll's legs. The enlightenment which he received from his parents soon afterwards, to the effect that children do in fact grow inside their mother's body and are pushed out of it like a lump, came too late; it could tell him nothing new. Another symptomatic act, happening as though by accident, involved a confession that he had wished his father dead; for, just at the moment his father was talking of this death-wish, Hans let a horse that he was playing with fall down - knocked it over in fact. Further, he confirmed in so many words the hypothesis that heavily loaded carts represented his mother's pregnancy to him, and the horse's falling down was like having a baby. The most delightful piece of confirmation in this connection - a proof that, in his view, children were 'lumps' - was his inventing the name of 'Lodi' for his favourite child. There was some delay in reporting this fact, for it then appeared that he had been playing with this sausage child of his for a long time past.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I remember a set of drawings by T. T. Heine in a copy of *Simplicissimus*, in which that brilliant illustrator depicted the fate of the pork-butcher's child, who fell into the sausage machine, and then, in the shape of a small sausage, was mourned over by his parents, received the Church's blessing, and flew up to Heaven. The artist's idea seems a puzzling one at first, but the Lodi episode in this analysis enables us to trace it back to its infantile root.

We have already considered Hans's two concluding phantasies, with which his recovery was rounded off. One of them, that of the plumber giving him a new and, as his father guessed, a bigger widdler, was not merely a repetition of the earlier phantasy concerning the plumber and the bath. The new one was a triumphant, wishful phantasy, and with it he overcame his fear of castration. His other phantasy, which confessed to the wish to be married to his mother and to have many children by her, did not merely exhaust the content of the unconscious complexes which had been stirred up by the sight of the falling horse and which had generated his anxiety. It also corrected that portion of those thoughts which was entirely unacceptable; for, instead of killing his father, it made him innocuous by promoting him to a marriage with Hans's grandmother. With this phantasy both the illness and the analysis came to an appropriate end.

While the analysis of a case is in progress it is impossible to obtain any clear impression of the structure and development of the neurosis. That is the business of a synthetic process which must be performed subsequently. In attempting to carry out such a synthesis of little Hans's phobia we shall take as our basis the account of his mental constitution, of his governing sexual wishes, and of his experiences up to the time of his sister's birth, which we have given in an earlier part of this paper.

The arrival of his sister brought into Hans's life many new elements, which from that time on gave him no rest. In the first place he was obliged to submit to a certain degree of privation: to begin with, a temporary separation from his mother, and later a permanent diminution in the amount of care and attention which he had received from her and which thenceforward he had to grow accustomed to sharing with his sister. In the second place, he experienced a revival of the pleasures he had enjoyed when he was looked after as an infant; for they were called up by all that he saw his mother doing for the baby. As a result of these two influences his erotic needs became intensified, while at the same time they began to obtain insufficient satisfaction. He made up for the loss which his sister's arrival had entailed on him by imagining that he had children of his own; and so long as he was at Gmunden - on his second visit there - and could really play with these children, he found a sufficient outlet for his affections. But after his return to Vienna he was once more alone, and set all his hopes upon his mother. He had meanwhile suffered another privation, having been exiled from his parents' bedroom at the age of four and a half. His intensified erotic excitability now found expression in phantasies, by which in his loneliness he conjured up his playmates of the past summer, and in regular auto-erotic satisfaction obtained by a masturbatory stimulation of his genitals.

But in the third place his sister's birth stimulated him to an effort of thought which, on the one hand, it was impossible to bring to a conclusion, and which, on the other hand, involved him in emotional conflicts. He was faced with the great riddle of where babies come from, which is perhaps the first problem to engage a child's mental powers, and of which the riddle of the Theban Sphinx is probably no more than a distorted version. He rejected the proffered solution of the stork having brought Hanna. For he had noticed that months before the baby's birth his mother's body had grown big, that then she had gone to bed, and had groaned while the birth was taking place, and that when she got up she was thin again. He therefore inferred that Hanna had been inside his mother's body, and had then come out like a 'lump'. He was able to imagine the act of giving birth as a pleasurable one by relating it to his own first feelings of pleasure in passing stool; and he was thus able to find a double motive for wishing to have children of his own: the pleasure of giving birth to them and the pleasure (the compensatory pleasure, as it were) of looking after them. There was nothing in all of this that could have led him into doubts or conflicts.

But there was something else, which could not fail to make him uneasy. His father must have had something to do with little Hanna's birth, for he had declared that Hanna and Hans himself were his children. Yet it was certainly not his father who had brought them into the world, but his mother. This father of his came between him and his mother. When he was there Hans could not sleep with his mother, and when his mother wanted to take Hans into bed with her, his father used to call out. Hans had learnt from experience how well-off he could be in his father's absence, and it was only justifiable that he should wish to get rid of him. And then Hans's hostility had received a fresh reinforcement. His father had told him the lie about the stork and so made it impossible for him to ask for enlightenment upon these things. He not only prevented his being in bed with his mother, but also kept from him the knowledge he was thirsting for. He was putting Hans at a disadvantage in both directions, and was obviously doing so for his own benefit.

But this father, whom he could not help hating as a rival, was the same father whom he had always loved and was bound to go on loving, who had been his model, had been his first playmate, and had looked after him from his earliest infancy: and this it was that gave rise to the first conflict. Nor could this conflict find an immediate solution. For Hans's nature had so developed that for the moment his love could not but keep the upper hand and suppress his hate - though it could not kill it, for his hate was perpetually kept alive by his love for his mother.

But his father not only knew where children came from, he actually performed it - the thing that Hans could only obscurely divine. The widdler must have something to do with it, for his own grew excited whenever he thought of these things - and it must be a big widdler too, bigger than Hans's own. If he listened to these premonitory sensations he could only suppose that it was a question of some act of violence performed upon his mother, of smashing something, of making an opening into something, of forcing a way into an enclosed space - such were the impulses that he felt stirring within him. But although the sensations of his penis had put him on the road to postulating a vagina, yet he could not solve the problem, for within his experience no such thing existed as his widdler required. On the contrary, his conviction that his mother possessed a penis just as he did stood in the way of any solution. His attempt at discovering what it was that had to be done with his mother in order that she might have children sank down into his unconscious; and his two active impulses - the hostile one towards his father and the sadistic-tender one towards his mother - could be put to no use, the first because of the love that existed side by side with the hatred, and the second because of the perplexity in which his infantile sexual theories left him.

This is how, basing my conclusions upon the findings of the analysis, I am obliged to reconstruct the unconscious complexes and wishes, the repression and reawakening of which produced little Hans's phobia. I am aware that in so doing I am attributing a great deal to the mental capacity of a child between four and five years of age; but I have let myself be guided by what we have recently learned, and I do not consider myself bound by the prejudices of our ignorance. It might perhaps have been possible to make use of Hans's fear of the 'making a row with the legs' for filling up a few more gaps in our adjudication upon the evidence. Hans, it is true, declared that it reminded him of his kicking about with his legs when he was compelled to leave off playing so as to do lumf; so that this element of the neurosis becomes connected with the problem whether his mother liked having children or was compelled to have them. But I have an impression that this is not the whole explanation of the 'making a row with the legs'. Hans's father was unable to confirm my suspicion that there was some recollection stirring in the child's mind of having observed a scene of sexual intercourse between his parents in their bedroom. So let us be content with what we have discovered.

It is hard to say what the influence was which, in the situation we have just sketched, led to the sudden change in Hans and to the transformation of his libidinal longing into anxiety - to say from what direction it was that repression set in. The question could probably only be decided by making a comparison between this analysis and a number of similar ones. Whether the scales were turned by the child's *intellectual* inability to solve the difficult problem of the begetting of children and to cope with the aggressive impulses that were liberated by his approaching its solution, or whether the effect was produced by a *somatic* incapacity, a constitutional intolerance of the masturbatory gratification in which he regularly indulged (whether, that is, the mere persistence of sexual excitement at such a high pitch of intensity was bound to bring about a revulsion) - this question must be left open until fresh experience can come to our assistance.

Chronological considerations make it impossible for us to attach any great importance to the actual precipitating cause of the outbreak of Hans's illness, for he had shown signs of apprehensiveness long before he saw the bus-horse fall down in the street.

Nevertheless, the neurosis took its start directly from this chance event and preserved a trace of it in the circumstance of the horse being exalted into the object of his anxiety. In itself the impression of the accident which he happened to witness carried no 'traumatic force'; it acquired its great effectiveness only from the fact that horses had formerly been of importance to him as objects of his predilection and interest, from the fact that he associated the event in his mind with an earlier event at Gmunden which had more claim to be regarded as traumatic, namely, with Fritzl's falling down while he was playing at horses, and lastly from the fact that there was an easy path of association from Fritzl to his father. Indeed, even these connections would probably not have been sufficient if it had not been that, thanks to the pliability and ambiguity of associative chains, the same event showed itself capable of stirring the second of the complexes that lurked in Hans's unconscious, the complex of his pregnant mother's confinement. From that moment the way was clear for the return of the repressed; and it returned in such a manner that *the pathogenic material was remodelled and transposed on to the horse-complex, while the accompanying affects were uniformly transformed into anxiety.*

It deserves to be noticed that the ideational content of Hans's phobia as it then stood had to be submitted to one further process of distortion and substitution before his consciousness took cognizance of it. Hans's first formulation of his anxiety was: 'the horse will bite me'; and this was derived from another episode at Gmunden, which was on the one hand related to his hostile wishes towards his father and on the other hand was reminiscent of the warning he had been given against masturbation. Some interfering influence, emanating from his parents perhaps, had made itself felt. I am not certain whether the reports upon Hans were at that time drawn up with sufficient care to enable us to decide whether he expressed his anxiety in this form *before* or not until *after* his mother had taken him to task on the subject of masturbating. I should be inclined to suspect that it was not until afterwards, though this would contradict the account given in the case history. At any rate, it is evident that at every point Hans's hostile complex against his father screened his lustful one about his mother, just as it was the first to be disclosed and dealt with in the analysis.

In other cases of this kind there would be a great deal more to be said upon the structure, the development, and the diffusion of the neurosis. But the history of little Hans's attack was very short; almost as soon as it had begun, its place was taken by the history of its treatment. And although during the treatment the phobia appeared to develop further and to extend over new objects and to lay down new conditions, his father, since he was himself treating the case, naturally had sufficient penetration to see that it was merely a question of the emergence of material that was already in existence, and not of fresh productions for which the treatment might be held responsible. In the treatment of other cases it would not always be possible to count upon so much penetration.

Before I can regard this synthesis as completed I must turn to yet another aspect of the case, which will take us into the very heart of the difficulties that lie in the way of our understanding of neurotic states. We have seen how our little patient was overtaken by a great wave of repression and that it caught precisely those of his sexual components that were dominant.<sup>1</sup> He gave up masturbation, and turned away in disgust from everything that reminded him of excrement and of looking on at other people performing their natural functions. But these were not the components which were stirred up by the precipitating cause of the illness (his seeing the horse fall down) or which provided the material for the symptoms, that is, the content of the phobia.

This allows us, therefore, to make a radical distinction. We shall probably come to understand the case more deeply if we turn to those other components which *do* fulfil the two conditions that have just been mentioned. These other components were tendencies in Hans which had already been suppressed and which, so far as we can tell, had never been able to find uninhibited expression: hostile and jealous feelings towards his father, and sadistic impulses (premonitions, as it were, of copulation) towards his mother. These early suppressions may perhaps have gone to form the predisposition for his subsequent illness. These aggressive propensities of Hans's found no outlet, and as soon as there came a time of privation and of intensified sexual excitement, they tried to break their way out with reinforced strength. It was then that the battle which we call his 'phobia' burst out. During the course of it a part of the repressed ideas, in a distorted form and transposed on to another complex, forced their way into consciousness as the content of the phobia. But it was a decidedly paltry success. Victory lay with the forces of repression; and *they made use of the opportunity to extend their domain over components other than those that had rebelled*. This last circumstance, however, does not in the least alter the fact that the essence of Hans's illness was entirely dependent upon the nature of the instinctual components that had to be repulsed. The content of his phobia was such as to impose a very great measure of restriction upon his freedom of movement, and that was its purpose. It was therefore a powerful reaction against the obscure impulses to movement which were especially directed against his mother. For Hans horses had always typified pleasure in movement ('I'm a young horse', he had said as he jumped about); but since this pleasure in movement included the impulse to copulate, the neurosis imposed a restriction on it and exalted the horse into an emblem of terror. Thus it would seem as though all that the repressed instincts got from the neurosis was the honour of providing pretexts for the appearance of the anxiety in consciousness. But however clear may have been the victory in Hans's phobia of the forces that were opposed to sexuality, nevertheless, since such an illness is in its very nature a compromise, this cannot have been all that the repressed instincts obtained. After all, Hans's phobia of horses was an obstacle to his going into the street, and could serve as a means of allowing him to stay at home with his beloved mother. In this way, therefore, his affection for his mother triumphantly achieved its aim. In consequence of his phobia, the lover clung to the object of his love - though, to be sure, steps had been taken to make him innocuous. The true character of a neurotic disorder is exhibited in this twofold result.

<sup>1</sup> Hans's father even observed that simultaneously with this repression a certain amount of sublimation set in. From the time of the beginning of his anxiety Hans began to show an increased interest in music and to develop his inherited musical gift.

Alfred Adler, in a suggestive paper,<sup>1</sup> has recently developed the view that anxiety arises from the suppression of what he calls the 'aggressive instinct', and by a very sweeping synthetic process he ascribes to that instinct the chief part in human events, 'in real life and in the neuroses'. As we have come to the conclusion that in our present case of phobia the anxiety is to be explained as being due to the repression of Hans's aggressive propensities (the hostile ones against his father and the sadistic ones against his mother), we seem to have produced a most striking piece of confirmation of Adler's view. I am nevertheless unable to assent to it, and indeed I regard it as a misleading generalization. I cannot bring myself to assume the existence of a special aggressive instinct alongside of the familiar instincts of self-preservation and of sex, and on an equal footing with them.<sup>2</sup> It appears to me that Adler has mistakenly promoted into a special and self-subsisting instinct what is in reality a universal and indispensable attribute of *all* instincts - their instinctual [*triebhaft*] and 'pressing' character, what might be described as their capacity for initiating movement. Nothing would then remain of the other instincts but their relation to an aim, for their relation to the means of reaching that aim would have been taken over from them by the 'aggressive instinct'. In spite of all the uncertainty and obscurity of our theory of instincts I should prefer for the present to adhere to the usual view, which leaves each instinct its own power of becoming aggressive; and I should be inclined to recognize the two instincts which became repressed in Hans as familiar components of the sexual libido.

<sup>1</sup> 'Der Aggressionsbetrieb im Leben und in der Neurose' (1908). This is the same paper from which I have borrowed the term 'confluence of instincts'. (See above, [p. 2091](#))

<sup>2</sup> [*Footnote added 1923:*] The above passage was written at a time when Adler seemed still to be taking his stand upon the ground of psycho-analysis, and before he had put forward the masculine protest and disavowed repression. Since then I have myself been obliged to assert the existence of an 'aggressive instinct', but it is different from Adler's. I prefer to call it the 'destructive' or 'death instinct'. See *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1920g) and *The Ego and the Id* (1923b). Its opposition to the libidinal instincts finds an expression in the familiar polarity of love and hate. My disagreement with Adler's view, which results in a universal characteristic of instincts in general being reduced to be the property of a single one of them, remains unaltered.

(III)

I shall now proceed to what I hope will be a brief discussion of how far little Hans's phobia offers any contribution of general importance to our views upon the life and upbringing of children. But before doing so I must return to the objection which has so long been held over, and according to which Hans was a neurotic, a 'degenerate' with a bad heredity, and not a normal child, knowledge about whom could be applied to other children. I have for some time been thinking with pain of the way in which the adherents of 'the normal person' will fall upon poor little Hans as soon as they are told that he can in fact be shown to have had a hereditary taint. His beautiful mother fell ill with a neurosis as a result of a conflict during her girlhood. I was able to be of assistance to her at the time, and this had in fact been the beginning of my connection with Hans's parents. It is only with the greatest diffidence that I venture to bring forward one or two considerations in his favour.

In the first place Hans was not what one would understand, strictly speaking, by a degenerate child, condemned by his heredity to be a neurotic. On the contrary, he was well formed physically, and was a cheerful, amiable, active-minded young fellow who might give pleasure to more people than his own father. There can be no question, of course, as to his sexual precocity; but on that point there is very little material upon which a fair comparison can be based. I gather, for instance, from a piece of collective research conducted in America, that it is by no means such a rare thing to find object-choice and feelings of love in boys at a similarly early age; and the same may be learnt from studying the records of the childhood of men who have later come to be recognized as 'great'. I should therefore be inclined to believe that sexual precocity is a correlate, which is seldom absent, of intellectual precocity, and that it is therefore to be met with in gifted children more often than might be expected.

Furthermore, let me say in Hans's favour (and I frankly admit my partisan attitude) that he is not the only child who has been overtaken by a phobia at some time or other in his childhood. Troubles of that kind are well known to be quite extraordinarily frequent, even in children the strictness of whose upbringing has left nothing to be desired. In later life these children either become neurotic or remain healthy. Their phobias are shouted down in the nursery because they are inaccessible to treatment and are decidedly inconvenient. In the course of months or years they diminish, and the child seems to recover; but no one can tell what psychological changes are necessitated by such a recovery, or what alterations in character are involved in it. When, however, an adult neurotic patient comes to us for psycho-analytic treatment (and let us assume that his illness has only become manifest after he has reached maturity), we find regularly that his neurosis has as its point of departure an infantile anxiety such as we have been discussing, and is in fact a continuation of it; so that, as it were, a continuous and undisturbed thread of psychical activity, taking its start from the conflicts of his childhood, has been spun through his life - irrespective of whether the first symptom of those conflicts has persisted or has retreated under the pressure of circumstances. I think, therefore, that Hans's illness may perhaps have been no more serious than that of many other children who are not branded as 'degenerates'; but since he was brought up without being intimidated, and with as much consideration and as little coercion as possible, his anxiety dared to show itself more boldly. With him there was no place for such motives as a bad conscience or a fear of punishment, which with other children must no doubt contribute to making the anxiety less. It seems to me that we concentrate too much upon symptoms and concern ourselves too little with their causes. In bringing up children we aim only at being left in peace and having no difficulties, in short, at training up a model child, and we pay very little attention to whether such a course of development is for the child's good as well. I can therefore quite imagine that it may have been to Hans's advantage to have produced this phobia. For it directed his parents' attention to the unavoidable difficulties by which a child is confronted when in the course of his cultural training he is called upon to overcome the innate instinctual components of his mind; and his trouble brought his father to his assistance. It may be that Hans now enjoys an advantage over other children, in that he no longer carries within him that seed in the shape of repressed complexes which must always be of some significance for a child's later life, and which undoubtedly brings with it a certain degree of deformity of character if not a predisposition to a subsequent neurosis. I am inclined to think that this is so, but I do not know if many others will share my opinion; nor do I know whether experience will prove me right.

But I must now enquire what harm was done to Hans by dragging to light in him complexes such as are not only repressed by children but dreaded by their parents. Did the little boy proceed to take some serious action as regards what he wanted from his mother? or did his evil intentions against his father give place to evil deeds? Such misgivings will no doubt have occurred to many doctors, who misunderstand the nature of psycho-analysis and think that wicked instincts are strengthened by being made conscious. Wise men like these are being no more than consistent when they implore us for heaven's sake not to meddle with the evil things that lurk behind a neurosis. In so doing they forget, it is true, that they are physicians, and their words bear a fatal resemblance to Dogberry's, when he advised the Watch to avoid all contact with any thieves they might happen to meet: 'for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.'<sup>1</sup>

On the contrary, the only results of the analysis were that Hans recovered, that he ceased to be afraid of horses, and that he got on to rather familiar terms with his father, as the latter reported with some amusement. But whatever his father may have lost in the boy's respect he won back in his confidence: 'I thought', said Hans, 'you knew everything, as you knew that about the horse.' For analysis does not undo the *effects* of repression. The instincts which were formerly suppressed remain suppressed; but the same effect is produced in a different way. Analysis replaces the process of repression, which is an automatic and excessive one, by a temperate and purposeful control on the part of the highest agencies of the mind. In a word, *analysis replaces repression by condemnation*. This seems to bring us the long-looked-for evidence that consciousness has a biological function, and that with its entrance upon the scene an important advantage is secured.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> At this point I cannot keep back an astonished question. Where do my opponents obtain their knowledge, which they produce with so much confidence, on the question whether the repressed sexual instincts play a part, and if so what part, in the aetiology of the neuroses, if they shut their patients' mouths as soon as they begin to talk about their complexes or their derivatives? For the only alternative source of knowledge remaining open to them are my own writings and those of my adherents.

<sup>2</sup> [Footnote added 1923:] I am here using the word 'consciousness' in a sense which I later avoided, namely, to describe our normal processes of thought - such, that is, as are capable of consciousness. We know that thought processes of this kind may also take place *preconsciously*; and it is wiser to regard their actual 'consciousness' from a purely phenomenological standpoint. By this I do not, of course, mean to contradict the expectation that consciousness in this more limited sense of the word must also fulfil some biological function.

If matters had lain entirely in my hands, I should have ventured to give the child the one remaining piece of enlightenment which his parents withheld from him. I should have confirmed his instinctive premonitions, by telling him of the existence of the vagina and of copulation; thus I should have still further diminished his unsolved residue, and put an end to his stream of questions. I am convinced that this new piece of enlightenment would have made him lose neither his love for his mother nor his own childish nature, and that he would have understood that his preoccupation with these important, these momentous things must rest for the present - until his wish to be big had been fulfilled. But the educational experiment was not carried so far.

That no sharp line can be drawn between 'neurotic' and 'normal' people - whether children or adults - that our conception of 'disease' is a purely practical one and a question of summation, that predisposition and the eventualities of life must combine before the threshold of this summation is overstepped, and that consequently a number of individuals are constantly passing from the class of healthy people into that of neurotic patients, while a far smaller number also make the journey in the opposite direction, - all of these are things which have been said so often and have met with so much agreement that I am certainly not alone in maintaining their truth. It is, to say the least of it, extremely probable that a child's upbringing can exercise a powerful influence for good or for evil upon the predisposition which we have just mentioned as one of the factors in the occurrence of 'disease'; but what that upbringing is to aim at and at what point it is to be brought to bear seem at present to be very doubtful questions. Hitherto education has only set itself the task of controlling, or, it would often be more proper to say, of suppressing, the instincts. The results have been by no means gratifying, and where the process has succeeded it has only been to the advantage of a small number of favoured individuals who have not been required to suppress their instincts. Nor has any one enquired by what means and at what cost the suppression of the inconvenient instincts has been achieved. Supposing now that we substitute another task for this one, and aim instead at making the individual capable of becoming a civilized and useful member of society with the least possible sacrifice of his own activity; in that case the information gained by psycho-analysis, upon the origin of pathogenic complexes and upon the nucleus of every nervous affection, can claim with justice that it deserves to be regarded by educators as an invaluable guide in their conduct towards children. What practical conclusions may follow from this, and how far experience may justify the application of those conclusions within our present social system, are matters which I leave to the examination and decision of others.

## Analysis Of A Phobia In A Five-Year-Old Boy

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I cannot take leave of our small patient's phobia without giving expression to a notion which has made its analysis, leading as it did to a recovery, seem of especial value to me. Strictly speaking, I learnt nothing new from this analysis, nothing that I had not already been able to discover (though often less distinctly and more indirectly) from other patients analysed at a more advanced age. But the neuroses of these other patients could in every instance be traced back to the same infantile complexes that were revealed behind Hans's phobia. I am therefore tempted to claim for this neurosis of childhood the significance of being a type and a model, and to suppose that the multiplicity of the phenomena of repression exhibited by neuroses and the abundance of their pathogenic material do not prevent their being derived from a very limited number of processes concerned with identical ideational complexes.

### POSTSCRIPT (1922)

A few months ago - in the spring of 1922 - a young man introduced himself to me and informed me that he was the 'little Hans' whose infantile neurosis had been the subject of the paper which I published in 1909. I was very glad to see him again, for about two years after the end of his analysis I had lost sight of him and had heard nothing of him for more than ten years. The publication of this first analysis of a child had caused a great stir and even greater indignation, and a most evil future had been foretold for the poor little boy, because he had been 'robbed of his innocence' at such a tender age and had been made the victim of a psycho-analysis.

But none of these apprehensions had come true. Little Hans was now a strapping youth of nineteen. He declared that he was perfectly well, and suffered from no troubles or inhibitions. Not only had he come through his puberty without any damage, but his emotional life had successfully undergone one of the severest of ordeals. His parents had been divorced and each of them had married again. In consequence of this he lived by himself; but he was on good terms with both of his parents, and only regretted that as a result of the breaking-up of the family he had been separated from the younger sister he was so fond of.

One piece of information given me by little Hans struck me as particularly remarkable; nor do I venture to give any explanation of it. When he read his case history, he told me, the whole of it came to him as something unknown; he did not recognize himself; he could remember nothing; and it was only when he came upon the journey to Gmunden that there dawned on him a kind of glimmering recollection that it might have been he himself that it happened to. So the analysis had not preserved the events from amnesia, but had been overtaken by amnesia itself. Any one who is familiar with psycho-analysis may occasionally experience something similar in sleep. He will be woken up by a dream, and will decide to analyse it then and there; he will then go to sleep again feeling quite satisfied with the result of his efforts; and next morning dream and analysis will alike be forgotten.