The MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

Forbidden Friendships — LA FORREST POTTER

What Price Superiority Complex? — ERWIN WEXBERG

Methods of Inducing Hypnosis — THOMAS L. GARRETT

Tricks of the Unconscious — A. A. ROBACK

Are You Afraid of the Dentist? — MAYNARD K. HINE

Quit Fretting! — LEROY A. EDWARDS

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DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR?

MOST people feel inferior. Indeed, the Individual Psychology School maintains that there is no human without his quota of inferiority feelings. In some people the inferiority feelings are not so great as to obtrude themselves strongly. In others, the inferiority complex becomes a devastating obstruction in their daily activity. These people withdraw into themselves, or find some compensation for their feelings—frequently a most unworthy compensation. Inferiority Feelings can be controlled, but they must be understood. In this task The Modern Psychologist, edited by Dagobert D. Runes, can help you. This is a magazine devoted exclusively to psychology and psychiatry. It deals with problems of everyday living, not with problems of the cloistered laboratory. As an example, observe some of the articles in the current issue: What Price Superiority Complex?; Methods Of Inducing Hypnosis; The Psychology Of Forgetting; Forbidden Friendships; Quit Fretting!; Tricks Of The Unconscious. You can obtain The Modern Psychologist for 25c at newsstands. $3 brings it to your home for a year.

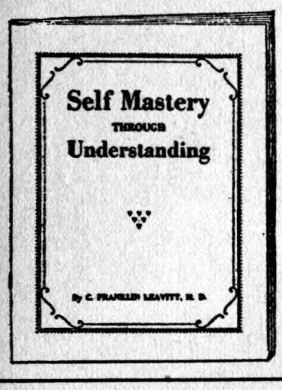
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THE AUTHOR

C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D.

For twenty-five years has been Psychological Consultant, teacher, author of several books, and contributor to magazines on the subjects of RIGHT THINKING and LIVING, Physical Culture, Dietetics, etc.

It Is "Doubt" That Brings the Mental Clouds

WOULDN'T it be worth just a lot to you to KNOW JUST what caused those strange feelings, your limitations, the mental conflicts, your nervousness and the feelings of weakness and depression that you suffer from?

Of course it would. In fact, it would be the beginning of the end of all your troubles—the FIRST STEP toward mental freedom, peace, poise and power. You are constantly experiencing mental conflicts due to the fact that you are not quite SURE about the origin of your trouble and what it may lead to. In drawing on your imagination you picture all sorts of possibilities that depress you still more and bring anguish and torture. You picture "undiscovered conditions" that your physician has not been able to locate. "DOUBTS" bring emotion, mental conflicts and hypersensitive nerves, which puts your mind in "reverse" and you become so introspective that you find yourself "trapped" and actually unable to forget yourself.

Most peculiar and seemingly alarming sensations and thoughts are experienced by you. Thoughts of the possibility of insanity, of invalidism, of your ability to continue at work or what those dependent on you will do later on when you are flat on your back or in a "wheel chair." The mind can conjure up all sorts of thoughts through your drawing on your imagination in a destructive way. The thought of suicide being the only solution is not uncommon, for when hope and faith are dead what is left? People frequently become prisoners in their own homes through these unreasonable fears.

Neurasthenia, Nervous and Mental Breakdowns, Self Consciousness, Worry, Apprehension, Overseriousness, Oversensitiveness, Overanxiety, Jealouy, and most forms of Nervousness, are directly due to FEAR in the form of LACK OF CONFIDENCE. Check these unreasonable fears and build up FAITH and everything is changed.

But how is this to be done, you ask? First, through gaining a better understanding of yourself, your nature, that wonderful piece of machinery of yours—YOUR MIND AND BODY; through understanding your OWN POWERS and how to use and direct them, and the understanding of the underlying principles of NATURAL LAWS. Developments must come through USE, and in no other way, but unless you understand SELF, how are you going to USE your powers constructively and creatively. The VERY SAME POWER is being expressed whether it is used constructively or destructively. It is just a question of control, direction and USE. The condition you are in today has had certain definite states precede it and the weaknesses are normal reactions for the type of life you have lived.

YOU possess the VERY SAME essential powers at birth that we later find expressed in those you envy for their great strength, courage and success. The difference lies in the difference in training, understanding, development, etc. Nature does not say to one child, "You are doomed to live an unhappy life of weakness, poverty and struggles," and to another, "YOU are born to be happy, successful, and a ruler of men." We are all just a little bundle of clay when born, and it is our early training, our associates, our environment that moulds the man or woman that we witness later in life. You may have received a bad start through early training, but this does not mean you are "FATE-DRIVEN" I assure you. Yes, YOU HAVE formed habits, strong habits, habits which tend toward weakness. But all of this CAN BE CHANGED if you just UNDERSTAND YOURSELF and YOUR POWERS. You CAN be the man or woman you wish to be, you CAN live your life constructively and be happy and successful. All this is a GOD-GIVEN inheritance, and it is YOU that is to blame, and not God, Nature, or your past unprofitable experiences.

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In Forthcoming Issues:

MENACE OF SPLIT PERSONALITY

We are all familiar with the Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde type of person—the man whose personality is distinctly cleaved in two. Although his conduct is often irrational and irresponsible it is frequently predictable. Irving Ward-Steinman discusses the social menace of the man with two selves.

A CASE STUDY IN IDIOCY

Many of our institutions given over to the treatment of mental illness have large numbers of idiots among their patients. The manner in which these unfortunates spend the little lease of life that is theirs is horribly pathetic. Is it necessary that year after year, more and more of these pitiful wretches be thrust upon society for care? This question is ably discussed by David H. Keller who inclines to the view that the idiot birth rate can be considerably decreased by the use of some forethought on the part of persons about to bring children into the world.

PRACTICAL LESSONS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS

Commencing with the next issue THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST will present a series of articles by Andre Tridon on the subject of psychoanalysis. Each month another phase of this science will be dealt with, competently, authoritatively and simply.

CASE STUDIES IN PSYCHOANALYSIS

Wilhelm Stekel, famous collaborator of Sigmund Freud, presents the fruit of a lifetime of study and work. He tells of curious and unusual mental quirks and of unique methods of cure.

AND MANY OTHERS

The MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

Dagobert D. Runes, Ph. D., Editor

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This book considers ways and means of helping the child from birth to adulthood to develop a healthy mental and emotional life among his fellows. Dr. Myers points out for the alert parent the way to a wider sympathy and understanding of the child. He guides the reader in intelligent efforts towards enlarging the opportunity for creativeness and self-expression, to the end that the child be recognized as an individual personality.

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—By Alfred Adler

No phase of psychology is so important as that branch which bears upon the early years of the child. In these formative years, which often determine the future happiness of the man or woman, the slightest details of care have deep importance. No field in the study of mankind is so near to Dr. Adler's heart. The result of his experience is here applied so that the parent or teacher can reap the benefit and profit by its application.

Newer Ways With Children

—By M. V. O'Shea

In this important contribution to the literature of child study, it has been Dr. O'Shea's aim to apply the results of recent investigation in child psychology to the problems with which parents have to deal every day. He has aimed to present interpretations and recommendations in such a concrete way and in such simple non-technical terms that readers who have made no study of psychology could understand what was said, and make practical application of it to their everyday needs.

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Making Children Self-Reliant ..... Irene M. Cudlipp
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THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

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The MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 3

AUGUST 1934

THIS IS THE BIOGRAPHY, FROM CHILDHOOD TO DEATH, OF A WOMAN WHO LIED WITH THE TRUTH, BECAUSE THROUGHOUT LIFE IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HER TO BE SUPERIOR IN EVERY SITUATION WHICH SHE ENCOUNTERED.

What Price Superiority *Complex?*

By ERWIN WEXBERG
Psychiatrist
Eminent exponent of the School of Individual Psychology

THE other day I received the news of a young woman's tragic death: she had killed herself because of an incurable illness. This incident reminded me of the story of an unhappy person whom I had treated several years ago for hysterical attacks—a story which was not finished until recently.

Mary was a handsome girl, the youngest of three children. She was extraordinarily small in stature. To be a pretty girl, and the youngest and smallest in a family, is quite a fate in itself. Mary was spoiled by her mother; perhaps by her father too, but of him she could not remember very much, for he died when she was four years of age. Nevertheless, her first childhood memory was connected with him: on Sunday morning, father used to take a walk with his children. On these occasions a little girl of Mary's age, the daughter of a poor neighbor, was allowed to accompany them. Father used to give a penny to

each of his children, and to the poor little girl also. Psychologically, this memory is related to another: an aunt coming from a foreign country and visiting the family for the first time. Mary received a wonderful doll from her, such as she never had before. Her joy was boundless, but it did not last, because Mary's sister had got a doll as fine as her own. No sooner did Mary see this, than she fell into a fit of furious rage, and threw her doll to the earth, so that it broke to pieces. We may conclude that Mary did not like it either when her father evidenced kindness to a neighbor's child. Indeed, Mary wanted to be spoiled alone, she wanted to be treated better than anyone else, *because* she was the youngest and smallest.

And so Mary's childhood was filled with wild struggles between her and her sister, who naturally disliked always to give way to Mary. Margaret, the elder sister, made use of her physical superiority and beat the little girl. But mother, hearing the noise in the children's room, ran in, and, without asking what had happened, punished Margaret and kissed Mary. In this way, Mary was victorious throughout her childhood, a pampered little girl, beloved by the adults, but hated by her mates. In school, the same method proved to be successful. She was very ambitious, and by her intelligence, her smallness and her pretty face she did not find it difficult to be loved by the teachers, and to attain a superior position in school, as well as at home. This position she defended by all means, fair or foul. She had no friends among her classmates, nor did she desire them.

Adolescence

WHEN Mary was fourteen, a new problem arose: how to behave toward boys? No doubt her usual principles—to be victorious by any means and against all opposition—ought to work. But on the other hand, boys *did* have some superiority of their own, and the fact that she was nothing but a girl could not be disputed. So she had to fight on two sides—against other girls, whose rivalry must be overcome, and against boys, who should love her, but had to resign their superiority as males. There was a little incident which strongly recalled her childhood memories: at fourteen she was in love with George, a man of twenty-four; but he did not know it. It happened that George came from town to see her family, who resided in the country. A little group went to the railway-station to meet him: Mary, Margaret, their mother, and Lillian, a cousin of Mary, a girl of twenty. George arrived, and wore a beautiful red rose in his lapel. For whom? Mary did not doubt that it was for her. But George did not care for the child; the rose was for Lillian! Mary found this a deadly offence, and she could not stand it; losing all self-control, she burst into tears of rage, and all at once she snatched the flower from Lillian's hands and tore it to shreds. Thus ended her first love.

She had no other experiences like that. By the time she was seventeen, she already had discovered the strategy of love adapted to her style of life: on the dance-floor, on the tennis-court, at college, everywhere, half a dozen young men fell in love with her; but from the very moment she observed her success, she did not care for any one of them. So she was victorious once more. Meanwhile, the struggle with her sister went on, in aggravated form. Margaret, too, was a nice girl, and succeeded rather well with boys. This was unbearable to Mary. But, as she found it plainly impossible to prevent her sister from doing

what she herself liked to do, and as she could not emerge victorious in every single case of rivalry with her, there was only one means to beat her: marriage.

And so she married at the age of nineteen. There was a bank-officer who had run patiently after her two years previously, but she had not cared for him. Now she did, and she found him just the man for her: first, she could find no slave so obedient as he. He had a fairly good job and good opportunities for advancement. With the aid of her tireless energy, Tom succeeded in overcoming his family's resistance to the marriage. And thus Mary started a new brilliant period of her life.

Struggle Against the World

So she believed. But things went wrong. Stimulated by her restless ambition, her husband tried to gain a big fortune quickly by speculating in the stock market. But, like many others, he missed the right moment to sell, and one day he found himself deprived of all that he had, except a fair amount of debts.

At this time, Mary was pregnant.

In the meantime, Margaret had married a young lawyer, not wealthy at all, but of more character than Tom. He kept plodding along, advancing in his job. It was an awful defeat for Mary. She did her best, in the old style. She struggled against the whole world: against her husband, whom she found guilty of things he had done on her stimulation; against his family, which did not spare her reproach because of her exaggerated ambition; against her sister and her mother—all were guilty, except herself.

Mary's pregnancy came to an end, and she gave birth to a healthy little baby. Since there was no money for all the commodities required, her mother had to help her. But whether it was really impossible to fulfil all the desires of the pampered young mother, or whether Mary's parent indeed had begun to withdraw slightly from Mary and was now more fond of Margaret—whatever it was, Mary was seriously dissatisfied with her mother's aid. Her disappointment found its expression in fits of nervous excitement. When she got out of bed, she felt pains in the neck and in her right leg; she could not walk at all. The physicians were treating her for rheumatism. But since there were no objective symptoms to be found, and as her nervous excitement grew worse and worse, finally becoming real hysterical fits, after some months no one doubted that the pains were merely nervous ones. Mary was treated in a sanatorium for nervous diseases, without any result. Years passed; her health did not improve. Neither did her outward situation. She became more and more resentful toward her husband; she taunted him and tyrannized over him. Perhaps, as a consequence of this, Tom, it appears, entered into a flirtation with another woman. Mary became aware of it. A new defeat! She wanted revenge, and she began a love-affair with the first man she met, an exotic stranger staying in the town for some weeks. But whether her spell was broken when the series of her successes had ended, or whether an intimate relation was more difficult to conduct than those little affairs she had when a girl—her lover left her after some weeks, and left her filled with despair and humiliation. After this experience, the state of her nerves grew still worse. Mary went to a well-known psychiatrist. All at once, she made use of this opportunity: she fell in love with the medical man. She made every effort to conquer him, and she succeeded. Her nerves improved, and she was almost happy, for a year; for the love

of this important man satisfied her ambition. But her second lover left her too, in a very humiliating way, just at a time when she thought she was bearing his child. Now the hysterical fits returned. Her pains grew worse than before, Mary spent the whole day in bed, and did not care even for the child. One day, in a discussion with Tom concerning the child's education, her husband was imprudent enough to tell her that a psychiatrist who had treated her had warned him not to allow his child to be educated by his hysterical mother. At this offence she answered by trying to commit suicide. It was then she came to me for treatment.

Now, as to the diagnosis, it was very simple. Half a dozen specialists of all kinds had seen her. I had their records. There seemed to be no doubt that the whole case, including the pains of the neck and the leg, was to be acknowledged as mere hysteria. The psychic treatment lasted some months and went on fairly well. It was not difficult to demonstrate to her the style of life she had followed up to the present, to show her that her nervous fits were always directed to the same goal as her whole life: to force all the world to spoil her, to be victorious even after defeat, to tyrranize over all people who had contact with her, to make a strength out of every weakness. And it was easy to show that her pains, too, varied according to her state of mind, and that she succeeded in making use of them for her purposes. For example, it happened that she awoke with pains during the night, and, because of her stiffness, was unable to change her position without help. So her husband had to help her. Though this was rather a rare incident, which happened only once in three or four months, it was sufficient reason for her to forbid her husband ever to leave her alone, because she might *possibly* have need of him. And even when her mother-in-law was seriously ill, and Tom ought to have attended his mother for one night, she did not allow it.

Mary was an intelligent patient, and little by little she understood very well all that I told her. She gave way and began to seek for new methods of living. There were no fits any more, and though the pains were not yet cured altogether, she began to live a new life. On her own initiative, she sought a job, in order to help her husband to overcome his serious economic difficulties. Her relation to both families, to Tom and to her child, improved remarkably, and when, after four months' duration, the treatment was finished, one could acknowledge it to be successful.

Disease

BUT just at that time a new factor entered into the case: an X-ray examination, which I had asked for because of her persistent pains, showed distinct organic symptoms in the articulations of the spine. All previous examinations had been negative. All at once, the situation was changed. Mary was, indeed, cured from her hysteria, but now she was seriously ill. Unfortunately, further investigation proved the case to be incurable. It would have been so even if the diagnosis had been made at the very beginning. During four years that followed, filled with treatments of all kinds, Mary's condition grew constantly worse, but she endured it with true heroism. At last no one could doubt that Mary would be, for the rest of her life, a helpless creature, unable to move without aid. People did their best to give her hope, when they had lost it themselves. But Mary was too intelligent to believe it. At length, when she had lost her last illusions about her state, when she understood that she would be unable, all her life, to fulfil any

duty at all, or to have any satisfaction out of living, and that she would be nothing but a heavy burden on all persons connected with her, she committed suicide. One could not disapprove of the act, except from a religious point of view—but her point of view was not religious. In her last letter, she wrote that life had lost all meaning for her, and her family, after having overcome the initial impression of her death, would get along easier without her. One must admit that she was right.

Pain and Hysteria

THE most interesting point in this tragic case seems to be the fact that the pains, which were produced by an organic disease, played in the neurosis exactly the same role as if they had been merely a part of her hysterical state. All hysteria is something like unconscious stimulation. The behavior of the hysterical patient, who is making use of his symptoms for his neurotic purpose, must be recognized as a constant lie, though not a conscious one. The hysterical patient is lying to himself as well as to others; he believes in his disease, and nevertheless he is producing it purposively. All his symptoms are directed towards those aims of superiority which had formed the patient's character from the very beginning. There is no doubt that this was the case with Mary. From her very childhood, she strove and struggled to overcome her minor position in the family, being the youngest and smallest of all. For this purpose, she formed a strategy of envy, spoiledness, tyranny, against all who came into contact with her. And when, as a consequence of her false ambition, some serious defeats came to upset her life, she went a step forward and produced hysterical fits as a stronger means to maintain her position. It was a pure accident that just at this time a real disease befell her, which could at first not be recognized. It was this mixture of organic and psychic troubles which caused the mistake of so many excellent physicians; the more since there was no real difference between the role played by the organic pains and the role played by the hysterical troubles, from the psychological point of view. Both of them seemed to be a kind of purposive lie—and they were, indeed. And the fact that the pains turned out to be real ones, caused by an incurable disease, seems to prove that one is able *to lie by means of the truth.* We are no moralists, indeed. We are able to understand hysterical behavior as tactics —though wrong ones—of an unhappy human being striving for goals which are perfectly the same for most of us, but striving for them because of an unfavorable childhood situation, which makes him miss the correct path. And if we find out, that the patient's behavior is betraying itself as a lie, we state it without judging it from a moral point of view. Mary's situation *was* a tragic one, even before she turned out to be incurable. But just by demonstrating to her that she was unconsciously lying, one could have helped her to self-confidence and courage. A wife of really precious qualities would have been the result of our work—and it was. But unfortunately, one of her lies turned out to be a truth—and she died.

LOVE AND MONEY

A great deal of affection is based upon the fact that its object is a help in realizing the purposes of the person who feels it. Men in whom ambition is the leading passion are likely to love women who assist them in their careers, and it would be very shallow psychology to suppose that the love is not real because it has its instinctive root in self-interest.—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

DO YOU GO TO THE DENTIST'S CHAIR, TEETH CHATTERING, NERVES ON EDGE? YOU NEED NOT FEAR THE DENTIST. YOU CAN ANALYZE THAT FEAR AWAY. AND HERE ARE SEVERAL SUGGESTIONS TO HELP YOU CURE NOT ONLY FEAR OF THE DENTIST, BUT FEAR IN GENERAL.

Are You *Afraid of the* Dentist?

By MAYNARD K. HINE
Practicing Dentist

As you sit back in the dental chair, do your muscles grow tense, your respiration quicken, and your heart beat faster? Do you start to perspire, and do your knees begin to tremble when the dentist reaches for that "drill"? Those are the symptoms of *fear,* and they are experienced by many patients in varying degrees of severity.

Yes, it must be admitted that actual fear of dental work does exist; dentists are forced to cope with it in an all too high percentage of their patients. Big, powerful men that should be afraid of nothing, as well as children that have never met a dentist, often quail in the dental office. Every day such phrases as "How I dread this" or "I'd rather take a beating . . ." are heard, and meant!

What is the cause of this fear?

It is impossible to deny, of course, that many dental procedures do cause pain. The pulp, or "nerve" of the tooth is so liberally supplied with nerve fibrils that it is one of the body's most sensitive organs. Yet a similar amount of actual pain caused by work on the hand or arm would not yield such a severe reaction, and the patients would not hold such an unreasonable dread for that as they do for the momentary pain of the dental drill.

Why dental operations are considered so painful and unpleasant can be attributed to at least three factors. First the pain that is caused is an *internal* sensation. When a dental bur revolves in a cavity, it irritates minute nerves that transmit the irritation back to the nerve of the tooth, and from there it shoots back to the deeper nerve centers. Pain from the skin —cutaneous and subcutaneous pain—is an everyday occurrence. But this type of stabbing, *internal* pain is odd and unusual; the patient cannot even touch the injured part, but must wait helplessly for the pain to subside.

Then, because this *is* an internal pain, it is accentuated by apprehension. The patient sits rigid, anticipating that dreaded pain. Every slight sensation gets a sharp response from the patient, for he is on edge . . . waiting.

Another factor in unreasonable dental fear is, too often, the memory of an early unfortunate ordeal in a dental chair. Psychologists are quick to point out the far-reaching effects a frightening experi-

ence may have on youngsters. For example, a mother can call her children around her, and by actions and expressions implant in them a fear of being alone, or of storms or something similar, that the children will never completely lose. Also, early experiences may leave the child with a fear so great that the mere sight of a dental instrument will cause cold chills to chase up and down his back.

The Effects of Dread

SUCH unreasonable dread does many things. It usually causes postponement of the visit to the dentist. If, in the meantime, the decay reaches the pulp (nerve) of the tooth, it begins to ache, and loss of the tooth or of the pulp is inevitable. And anyway, the deeper cavities are more painful, and cost more to be repaired. While a small cavity properly filled leaves the tooth as good as ever, that is not exactly true with an extensive filling. So postpone that visit and the work required will be more complicated, more unsatisfactory, more expensive, and really more painful.

Another effect of this dread of a dentist is that it makes the actual visit a nightmare. After weeks of worry, "working up his nerve," the patient walks in . . . frightened and apprehensive. Every sensation seems an unbearable pain. Under such conditions satisfactory work by the dentist is more difficult, for a close cooperation between patient and operator is needed in order to achieve the best results.

It should also be mentioned that such terror has a bad effect on associates, especially children. Fear is very contageous, and repeated references about dreading the dental work affects others similarly, inducing in them the same unreasonable dread of the dentist.

Curing Fear

HOW can patients overcome their fear of the dentist? That is difficult, perhaps impossible with some. But it can be lessened or controlled. If possible, the start should be made while the patient is very young. It is a well known fact that a child is born with but two definite fears, the fear of falling, and fear of certain loud or shrill noises. However, it does inherit the general tendency of being afraid. Casual remarks overheard by the child, or careless statements to the child directly may suggest that the child ***should*** be afraid of the dentist.

A dentist was never intended to be a "bogey man." He firmly believes he prevents more pain than he causes. Yet once I overheard a mother say to her four year old son, "If you don't sit still, I'll take you to the dentist". No wonder that child cried even before he sat down in the dental chair for the first time. What a marked contrast that is to the children who cry because they cannot have as many "silver teeth" as their brothers! Or those that laugh because the "drill tickles their tooth!" All dentists have both types to work with, so the causes of the difference must be found outside the dental office.

Here are a few definite suggestions that may prevent the development of such an acute fear of the dentist, or effect a cure for it:

(1) Take the child to the dentist early . . . about three years of age . . . so that the first visit will not be unpleasant.

(2) Take the child often, so that the work required will not be painful, complicated, or expensive.

(3) Guard against references that would make a child dubious. Don't say, "Now this won't hurt much," or "Stand it like a little man", before reaching the dental office.

(4) Don't bribe a child. Reward for good behavior is fine, of course.

(5) Parents should set a good example by routine visits themselves, without complaint.

(6) As the child grows older, cold reason should help. So often patients remark as they leave the dental office, "It wasn't as bad as I expected!" Emphasize that worry will make the visit more unpleasant. Make it plain to the child that visiting the dentist will often prevent toothache. Show the child how important a beautiful healthy set of teeth is to his general health, and general appearance.

(7) Adults who approach the dentist in fear and trembling, should remember that frequent visits cut down on the severity of the work required; they should go every few months, before any trouble has a chance to develop far.

(8) Patients should realize that the dentist is efficient, and really humane. No dentist delights in torturing patients; rather they operate to produce the least possible amount of pain. Confidence in the dentist, together with the realization that he is working for the patient's ultimate benefit should be enough to laugh down that fear of the dentist.

THAT CURIOUS ORGAN—THE BRAIN

Deprive the brain of oxygen for a few seconds and consciousness is gone; remove the thyroid gland and a beautiful and intelligent child becomes a hideous imbecile; subject the egg-cell of some species to an appropriate salt-solution and an individual will develop without a father. The absence of certain chemical bodies prepared inside the body by the thyroid gland, the lack of oxygen to carry on the necessary combustions in the brain cells—both simple chemical changes—have obliterated the essential characteristics of the highest form of life. Wherever we look we find life in only one form, composed of compounds of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen and carbon, living between certain narrow limits of temperature, giving out exactly as much as it takes in, dependent upon the supply of foodstuffs from outside, exhibiting certain electrical properties, poisoned and destroyed by the most absurdly small doses of certain chemical substances.

—A. V. HILL.

HOW IS HYPNOSIS INDUCED? THERE ARE MANY METHODS. THE PERSON WHO SAYS "I CANNOT BE HYPNOTIZED" IS MISTAKEN—LEST HE BE AN IDIOT OR INSANE. THE METHODS OF HYPNOTISM ARE ENUMERATED IN THIS SECOND OF DR. GARRETT'S SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE SUBJECT.

Methods *of* *Inducing* Hypnosis

By THOMAS L. GARRETT
Practicing Psychologist, New York City

II

NOT only is it a fact that there are numerous methods by which hypnosis may be induced, but it is equally true that a method which yields marvelous results in one case may prove miserably impotent in another.

All of which makes me feel that the quest of one's "H.I.," or hypnotic index, is futile and that any one, barring the idiot and the hopelessly insane person, can be put into a hypnotic trance.

In last month's article, I presented a few case histories to show the relationship existing between one's conscious life and his or her degree of suggestibility. This study alone, in my opinion, renders almost worthless any of the usual tests given by the seekers of one's hypnotic index.

I could go further in the study of "prehypnotic suggestion" and pursue the unconscious influences that might either thwart or abet the efforts of the hypnotist. Suffice it to say, however, that those who attempt to define suggestibility should be mindful of the possible relationship of their tests to the subject's conscious history.

As to one's unconscious background, this is so vast a topic that a full discussion thereon would require many volumes. All that I can do in this limited study is to say that I am firmly convinced *that by plumbing unconscious depths we can always find some method by which the so-called refractory subject can be hypnotized.*

In other words, I am quite loath to base a subject's degree of suggestibility upon my power to keep his hands locked or upon my ability to convince him, while he is in the waking state, that his diaphragm is as hot as a ball of fire. It is just possible that such suggestions are not acceptable to this or that subject's subconsciousness. The idea of clasping hands, for example, might bring back the horrific memory of being handcuffed and thrown into a dark cellar by his childhood playmates. Naturally, his subconsciousness would rebel against any hand-locking procedure.

Dr. Albert Moll reports that he was unsuccessful in the attempt to make a subject become thirteen years old. The patient was really forty.

"You are thirteen," said Dr. Moll.

"I am forty-one," the subject responded.

"You are fourteen," urged Dr. Moll.

"I am fourteen," replied the subject.

Dr. Moll proceeded to make the said man fifteen, sixteen and seventeen. Under no circumstances, however, would the subject say that he was thirteen.

As you may already have concluded, the subject was superstitious; thirteen was a thing to be avoided. Dr. Moll established this fact after restoring the man to consciousness.

Now, in some cases the aversion might concern a different number. One of my own subjects had a pronounced antipathy to the number three. Nor could she, while in the waking state, explain this antipathy; it was a dread that was associated with a forgotten experience.

Constant questioning, while she was in the hypnotic state, brought to light the fact that when she was a mere babe in arms she frequently accompanied her mother on furtive trips to a near-by pawnbroker's. The mother was always afraid that neighbors would see her entering the pawnshop; the three balls, dangling over the door of the establishment, were symbols of shame; the thoughts of the mother were conveyed to the child's subconsciousness.

Hence, when I am questioned about the various methods of inducing hypnosis I take into consideration not only the subject's conscious history, but also his or her unconscious background. I feel that every possible method of inducing hypnosis should be employed before we classify any subject as refractory, and that even then the hypnotist should attempt to invent new methods.

Early Experimenting

INDEED, it was this sort of experimenting that produced present-day hypnosis.

First came Mesmer, with his ideas about planetary influences and magnetic fluids; the science, so-called, was Mesmerism. Then came the Marquis Armond Jacques Marc Chastend de Puysegur, a disciple of Mesmer, and we had what was known as *Puysegurian Somnambulism.* Dr. James Braid, experimenting with the findings of Mesmer and de Puysegur, established the science of hypnotism.

However, we should never be unmindful of the fact that for many years, from Mesmer to Lafontaine, no suggestions were conveyed to the subject by means of the spoken word. Such suggestions, when given at all, were implied or transmitted through dumb-show.

The first operator to use verbal suggestion, so far as we know, was Braid.

In other words, the first steps towards hypnosis, as we know it today, consisted of what is commonly called animal magnetism. We can throw a frog into the hypnotic state by gently stroking its back. The early hypnotists, then called by various other names, used a similar stroking process to induce the trance state in humans.

To hypnotize a chicken, we tie its legs together and compel it to gaze at a chalk-line on the floor or table. It is but a short step from the chalk-line to the black spot or circle that is used to put the human subject into the hypnotic trance.

Undoubtedly the transition from the stroking to the gazing process was engineered by an operator who discovered that, so far as his subjects were concerned, the stroking process was ineffectual. Just how he gleaned the idea of using the gazing process, we do not know. However, he may have heard about the reptile that gazes at the bird, renders it powerless through constant gazing, and then devours it.

Other examples of this type of snaring are not uncommon in nature; it seems obvious that the arachnid weaves its spell

upon the fly, and that the female mantis is an adept at hypnosis.

It is just possible, too, that the hooded cobra, inducing auto-hypnosis by gazing at the sun-lit waves of the oceanside, suggested to hypnotists the idea of having the subject stare at a shiny object. Certainly, Luys' mirror is directly traceable to the practice of snaring birds by embrocating tree-limbs with shiny pastes.

Modern Hypnotism

MANY of our modern hypnotists have the subject gaze at an electric light bulb or a metallic pencil. Both of these objects serve the intended purpose in most cases, but when they fail so to do the hypnotist should not be too hasty in giving up. To this or that mind neither of these objects suggests sleep. In fact, to the subconsciousness of the student the metallic pencil, held aloft, may mean, "Pay attention; be alert; this is school." Moreover, one who has worked under electric lights for any length of time may find the Mazda bulb the wooer of anything but sleep.

All of which brings us back to the point where we ask ourselves the old question: "How shall one proceed in the attempt to hypnotize his subject?" The question itself is simple. The answer, not so simple, is to be found in this article and in the one entitled *Pre-Hypnotic Suggestion.* [See July issue THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST.] A careful reading of the latter will yield many helpful suggestions regarding the preparation of the subject for the induction of hypnosis.

First we use the modern method of gazing into the subject's eyes and telling him, in a monotone, that he feels very drowsy and that he will soon go into a deep, deep sleep.

This failing, we can go back to the stroking method and try to put him to sleep by stroking his forehead or the nape of his neck. In fact, in employing the stroking method we should stroke one part of the body, then another, until we succeed. Maybe the subject's mother used to put him to sleep by stroking his ears. In this case, this would be the most likely way to induce hypnosis. Of course, the mother must have whispered, "Now, now, go to sleep." We should do the same, always in a monotone.

In handling one case, that of a young girl who was tortured by *bronte-phobia,* I found that neither gazing nor stroking had any effect upon the subject.

She herself said to me, somewhat mischievously, "Maybe I have to be rocked to sleep."

"Not a bad idea," I replied, and I put her into a rocking chair and gave her a gentle rocking.

I learned later that her mother had always rocked her to sleep. Hence, her subconsciousness associated such rocking with the idea of drowsiness.

In other cases, I have had to induce hypnosis through music, having a friend play a piano, a banjo or whatever instrument occupied a prominent place in the subject's childhood. If this method of induction seems strange, all I ask you to do is to consider the fact that the street fakirs of India hypnotize their dancing snakes by playing weird pieces on pipes or flutes.

Hypnosis by Chemicals

DR. MOLL reports that in some cases he used bromides to facilitate the induction of hypnosis, and Dr. Bramwell records that in so-called refractory cases he employed cannabis indica. Although I am opposed to this type of drugging, I can see the reason why this, *and no other method,* would produce the hypnotic trance in certain subjects. I believe

that if we were to delve into the histories of these particular subjects we would learn that their mothers or nurses were in the habit of dosing them with soothing syrups. At least, this was my own discovery in a case where a seemingly refractory subject thought that I should supplement my verbal suggestions with cannabis indica or chloral.

I accepted his suggestion, but in inducing hypnosis I used neither of the drugs. Instead, I gave him triturated pop-corn and water, telling him that it was a dose of chloral. He swallowed the concoction and was soon fast asleep.

Other methods that I have had to employ from time to time are all too numerous to mention. A certain female patient offered unconscious resistance to every method my mind was capable of devising. Then, quite by accident, I learned that she was in the habit of reading herself to sleep. The next night I had her sit up in bed and read to herself while I fed her suggestions of drowsiness. The plan worked; I hypnotized her without difficulty.

Night watchmen and chorus girls are quite unhypnotizable after dark and in the wee hours of the morning, but at high noon or later in the day they respond beautifully. The reason, of course, is that it is unthinkable for either class to associate the night-time with drowsiness or sleep.

Many hypnotists have discarded the mirror and other shiny objects, using in their stead the familiar grey ball or disk. Either of the latter objects is attached to the subject's forehead by means of a metal projector, being so arranged as to be just a little above the subject's line of vision. The strain caused by the upward movement of the eye-balls nearly always helps to induce drowsiness or sleep.

Father Gassner, a parish priest of Southern Germany, had his own ideas on hypnosis—or Puysegurian Somnambulism, as it was then known. He believed that this somnolent state should be induced through shock or awe. His method was to place the subject in pitch-darkness and then confront him quite abruptly with a dazzling silver crucifix.

This procedure, while eerie in its application, was very effectual. This beloved Catholic priest was a successful operator and he relieved hundreds of suffering humans of various mental and physical afflictions.

It should be noted that all of Father Gassner's patients were devout Catholics. Hence, the power of the crucifix. The chances are that no other symbol would have yielded the same wonderful results.

In one of my own cases, at the suggestion of my learned patient, I put aside the metallic pencil, the incandescent bulb, and other "points of concentration" and had him gaze steadfastly at the replica of a sacred cow. The patient was a Hindu, and to him the miniature bovine was a symbol of holiness. Several other hypnotists had used the conventional objects—little balls, mirrors, etc.—and failed to induce the hypnotic state.

I, too, failed to put this man to sleep. However, I did not stop at that point, but conducted an investigation in the attempt to discover the reason for my failure.

The fact of the matter was, as revealed by my probing, that this man had an utter dread of losing consciousness. My only alternative was to treat him through waking hypnosis, a topic that I will deal with at some length in my next article.

IS YOUR MEMORY FAILING? HAVE YOU A "BAD" MEMORY? DO YOU FORGET THE MOST VITAL THINGS? FORGETTING HAS A PSYCHOLOGY ALL ITS OWN. IF YOUR MEMORY IS BAD, IT IS PROBABLY SO—THOUGH IT SOUNDS PARADOXICAL—BECAUSE YOU WANT IT TO BE BAD.

The Psychology of *Forgetting*

By LESTER HUTTER
Essayist and Critic

THE man who absent-mindedly wound up the cat and put out the clock was not so stupid as you might think. For if he had orthodoxly carried out his routine he would most certainly have been promptly awakened the next morning by the none-too-pleasant ring of his alarm clock. As it was, he undoubtedly enjoyed a peaceful added hour or two of sleep.

Forgetting is not an accidental occurrence that can be dismissed with a superficial explanation. It is either of organic origin or a psychological phenomenon. True, there are chronic forgettors who may be so through a definite physical handicap, but any competent physician or a neurologist can, in a fifteen minute examination, discover the causes. Such cases are the exception, the pathological. But the remaining instances, constituting the vast majority, the so-called normal and accepted act of forgetting, are entirely psychological occurrences.

The analyst has come to believe not only by theory, but by clinical experience that the forgetting process was caused either by a painful association or because the act of forgetting placed the individual in a position of vantage. Practical everyday experience has taught you that you are more likely to forget to mail a check than a bill. Who ever heard of a lover forgetting to post a love-letter? There is no reflection upon either a man's honesty or character when he forgets to send off a check, for unconscious mechanisms not within the individual's control determined the forgetting.

On several occasions I have left my gloves behind me. This can mean that I either have a dislike for wearing gloves or I deliberately (unconsciously) leave them behind as an excuse to return to my host or hostess. I have never forgotten my gloves where people bored me, only when they have proven either interesting or entertaining. This is no accident.

Forgetting umbrellas is perhaps the most common of such occurrences. And again it is no accident that we remember to take the umbrella when it rains but absent-mindedly leave it behind when it has ceased raining. Who likes to carry an umbrella?

The woman who notices that her sweetheart is, of late, tardy in his appointments, intuitively realizes that it is an indication of his waning interest. And

the wife is equally justified when she feels hurt that her husband has forgotten either her birthday or their anniversary. Lovers at the peak of their ardor are unusually prompt, and husbands never forget their wives' birthdays or their anniversaries, during the first years of marriage when the interest is great.

Complex Cases of Forgetting

HOWEVER, not all forgetting can be so easily analyzed. Some cases are exceedingly complex. It might be well that my illustrations gradually proceed so as to end in a highly complex example.

For some years I had gone without ever losing my keys. One day I mislaid them only happily to find them a few hours later. Despite this "warning", some weeks passed to find me again without trace of my keys. Less than a month later I had lost my new set of keys. Upon replacing them, I decided upon a bit of self-analysis.

By a process of careful elimination, I finally solved the problem. I had been keeping a diary for many years, under lock and key. After a while it became tiresome. Candidly, I do not think it became so much a bother from the mechanical work involved as from the fact that my days were monotonously alike. From daily entries, I dwindled to weekly and finally monthly entries. On several occasions I decided to give up keeping a diary, but every time steeled myself to continue. I would sell myself on the theory that I had kept it so long that it would be almost a sacrilege to abandon it, and that at some future time I would be well repaid for my efforts by the pleasure of reliving the past. Deep within me, however, I had come to look upon this diary-keeping as a stupid thing, under my circumtances, so that the loss of my keys was obviously an expression of that unconscious desire. I kept the key on a separate holder and have never since experienced a loss of my keys.

There are a hundred, if not a thousand, different reasons why a person might lose his keys. The only way the particular reason can be uncovered is by self-analysis. You must determine just what you might have to gain by losing them and what distasteful element is attached to them. This does not mean that you consciously and practically benefit by the loss but that there is an unconscious satisfaction.

An illustration of this comes to mind when I recall an attractive widow who lived with her sister-in-law after her husband's death. The sister-in-law went away for a week-end, leaving the widow alone for the first time in several years. When she returned that night she was in the highly inconvenient position of being without her house keys. For the life of her she couldn't determine what became of them. She was compelled to spend the night with a bachelor-girl friend of hers. Later events proved that she had left the keys in her own house, but had set the lock so as to snap when the door was closed. She had locked her keys in and herself out, without realizing it.

A little analysis, upon becoming acquainted with the facts, enabled me to fully explain the reason for the incident not only to my own satisfaction, but to hers as well. She had spent the evening with that same bachelor-girl and admitted that she was on the point of asking her whether she might spend the night with her for she disliked sleeping alone. The only thing that kept her from asking is that she didn't want her friend to realize she was afraid of being alone. By losing her keys she accomplished her purpose, since she was forced into a position where she could quite innocently provide an excuse for stopping over for the night.

Forgetting Names

By all means the most frequent form of forgetting, and possibly the most annoying, is where you knew a name quite well, but suddenly find yourself unable to recall it. The name seems to be on the tip of your tongue but it just won't come out. This feeling is produced by the fact that the name has come in association with a painful and disagreeable complex so that it is being repressed to remain unconscious. The willful conscious portion or phase of the mind is "struggling" with the unconscious to unearth it, with the result that quite some time after you have given it up as a bad job, when you have almost forgotten all about remembering the name, it pops right up in memory. The psychoanalyst views this as if the repressive factors are more or less off their guard so that you are enabled to recall the unconscious information. It is difficult to believe that one's mental equipment should deliberately forget a name where it is apparently to your advantage. But appearances are often deceptive as we shall see by an interesting experience of mine some years ago.

I had registered a complaint with a clerk at a bookshop whereby I was entitled to a refund of several dollars. The clerk gave me his name and suggested that I phone later in the day, during which time he would explain matters to the manager. When I telephoned I found myself in the embarrassing position of being unable to remember the gentleman's name and was therefore compelled to hang up the receiver after informing the young lady who answered that I'd call back later. It was certainly to my interest to remember the man's name—it was a common name I was certain—for I did want that adjustment made. Why then, did I forget it?

After an annoying and aggravating session of half an hour I still was unable to recall the name. But I was absolutely convinced that it was a very ordinary name. I then tackled the problem from another angle. I tried to picture the clerk when suddenly I realized that he had certain gestures and mannerisms of a chap whom I had known several years before. As a matter of fact I had reasons to forget this fellow, for as an associate of mine his dealings had been anything but fair so that he caused me the loss of much money and the pain of losing what I thought was a good friend. The former associate's name was Goldman. Immediately the clerk's name flashed into my mind; it was also Goldman. What had happened was that the painful experience connected with the associate was transferred to the clerk because of a similarity of name, as well as a common manner of gesticulating, and my mind repressed the name to spare me the pain of recalling my shabby treatment at the hands of the first Mr. Goldman.

The baffling point is to understand that the phase of your mental life which causes the repression or forgetting is not concerned with your embarrassment by its processes. It has no recognition of consequences and is not conscious of any difficulties that may result to you as a total personality. It cares not whether it forces you to spend the night at a dingy hotel room by making you forget your keys, it is not concerned that you must strain your resources to buy a new hat because you lost your old one. It is concerned entirely in protecting itself for the welfare of a portion of your mind only.

The mention of the loss of a hat reminds me of quite a humorous incident. A friend of mine who was a fashion plate seemed to have the eccentric habit of wearing a certain delapidated looking soft hat, of ancient vintage, at all times. It was as out of place as bustles on a bath-

ing beauty. One day, I decided to find out why he persisted in wearing a hat fit to adorn the nearest ash can. It seems that no matter how fine a hat he purchased he was sure to lose it. Only this battered hat seemed to be loss-proof.

He admitted upon questioning that the old hat fitted him well and that he had never been able to get any other hat to feel so comfortable. It seems that he was cursed with an odd shaped head that was in between two sizes, as well. I told him of a shop that more or less specialized in the hard-to-fit, where hats were carried for all shapes and in-between sizes, as well. He now purchases his hats there, and has never since lost a hat!

Emotional Forgetting

JUST the other day in discussing this matter of forgetting a friend stated that he was cursed with a terrible memory and continually forgot to do this or that. When I asked him to give me an example of something he forgot to do, he hesitated a split-second and then mentioned an incident. He was utterly surprised when I wanted to know how a person could think he had a poor memory when he remembered an incident he had forgotten several weeks ago! Now, that's the peculiar thing about forgetting—you may remember a long time after. But you remember the thing when it is useless. You forget it when it should be done. This should clearly demonstrate that forgetting is deliberate and in no way reflects upon the quality of the memory equipment.

The fact that you remembered your Latin and your calculus well enough to pass your examinations at school, and that you now have completely forgotten them can be partially explained on the basis that you have not made use of these studies. But it is a superficial explanation, only. I know countless people who have forgotten their college languages completely and yet remember another language, equally unused, that was learned in their childhood days. The deeper meaning is that you never cared any too much for the subjects, but learned them to forget. You merely wanted to pass your examinations to graduate from school. You really remembered to forget! Educators will do well to see what is remembered by the average adult, upon leaving school, to gain a new and perhaps better view of what to teach and what not to teach. Very often this amnesia to a subject is the result of the fact that you never manifested sufficient interest to really register the facts in memory. This can be traced to a faulty instructor; one who can not sustain interest. However, here is an odd case—I suspect there may be many more like it—where the teacher was not at fault, nor the pupil. Circumstances prevented the student from assimilating the instruction.

A young man who is a mechanical engineer, by profession, prides himself, and rightly so, on his great mathematical ability. Throughout his college days he led his classes until he graduated with honors in that subject. There was one exception — a class that he failed — to his dismay and to the surprise if not bewilderment of his professors. The instructor of that class was a competent instructor who headed that department. There was apparently no cause for his failure so that his instructors finally believed ill-health was responsible. But they were manifestly incorrect for the chap passed all his weaker subjects well. Only a psychologist could hope to solve this mystery.

An analysis disclosed that the boy had a hatred towards a long-deceased father, that was partially justifiable. The teacher bore a startling resemblance to the boy's dad with the result that all the hatred his

mind held for the father was transferred to the teacher. The boy just couldn't listen to the instructor, for as a child he had never listened to his father. The result was that although mechanically the words struck his ears, they never registered in memory for the interest necessary was not manifested. While this problem may seem isolated and a rare one, I wonder how many cases of failure are traceable to similar causes? Had the boy realized, at that time, what was what, he could have saved six months of his life.

It should be unnecessary to give you further illustrations of this phenomenon of forgetting, for you should appreciate, by now, that forgetting is not an arbitrary happening but one determined by psychological laws. If you are interested at the time so as to register the facts, then they have become mechanically established in memory. Should you later forget the facts, when you apparently have no cause to forget and if anything, reasons to remember, look for an unconscious reason and association and you will most certainly discover, after exercising some persistence, why you did forget. And the remarkable thing is that just as soon as you establish the unconscious motive for forgetting, you will like a flash remember.

Trying to recall by this psychoanalytic method is highly useful. It demonstrates the correctness of certain of their theories. Try it. You'll find it well worth while and highly amusing. And when you see how well it works you'll realize how complex the machinery of the mind really is. Nothing happens in mental life; everything is determined.

EMOTIONAL DISORDERS

Mental disorders, from mild neurotic conditions to the functional insanities, originate in part from the inabilty of the individual to solve his major problems. The symptoms represent attempts to escape from reality. Dissatisfaction with reality is not confined to neurotic individuals or to those with a personality defect. It is more intense, however, in those who have not been prepared adequately to face their problems. Children generally are overprotected in their homes. As a result they may develop fixed habits of seeking protection when they meet obstacles. When they find themselves without this protection in new situations they are likely to become emotionally disorganized.—MANDEL SHERMAN.

What's Happening

Is Sleep Necessary?

Functions that hamper and gifts that requite
Must be their nature in women unite.
Reckless compounding of accent with flush
Attacks like a limen, basic in hush
Attacks in the crystal survives in the light
Recoils and assembles, 'twixt mystic and trite.
New fashions go leering, old modesties blare
I comin the springtime, their tortoise shell dare:
Over insistence, and collect what you may,
Evoke pleasures of night to sustain in the day.
Northward the lust and the yearning conspire
Sweet south, how delightful sensed form to attire.

THIS poem was written on the tenth day of sleeplessness by a Mr. Z., who set out to prove that sleep is a useless luxury. The inspiration for the poem was furnished by two women who helped in the experiment. "Obscure at times", criticized the attending psychiatrists, but the poem nevertheless indicates that a sleepless vigil of ten days did not impair Mr. Z's mentality.

Mr. Z hates to go to bed. It's a "waste of time." Wouldn't it be a good idea to eliminate sleep altogether? And so this young man persuaded Drs. S. E. Katz and Carney Landis of the New York Psychiatric Institute to let him illustrate how beautifully he could do without sleep. Mr. Z is 24 years old, and a healthy specimen.

In ten days, this heroic apostle of sleeplessness consumed only five and three quarters hours of sleep. His longest doze was one hour and ten minutes. And that masterpiece of literature and wisdom, the poem, was given birth on the last day.

But young Mr. Z. proved himself wrong about sleep. He couldn't take it! While his physical health was apparently not much affected, his mental faculties were. He became more and more irritable as the experiment progressed. "The general picture was that of a slightly intoxicated individual who has grown irritable, argumentative, and occasionally slightly disoriented in time and space. Eventually he sprouted a full-fledged persecution complex. He was sure the psychiatrists were tormenting him. So they stopped the experiment. Z, however, was willing to go right ahead.

As an addendum, the psychiatrists add that the lack of sleep itself might not be accountable for the extreme personality changes that took place. The general character of the man who would undertake such an experiment explains a great deal.

Thumb-Sucking and Nursing-Bottles

DO you suck your thumb?

This lamentable habit is not caused, as Freudians believe, by anything so deep and mysterious as "anal eroticism". Nor is it the result, as several physiologists have claimed, of certain chemical deficiencies of the body.

Thumb-sucking is caused by a nursing bottle that permits the milk to flow too freely. Babies, reports Dr. David H. Levy, of New York, require a certain amount of sucking. Now, if all their food is consumed before the desire to suck has been sated, they will find a substitute for the nipple—usually the finger.

Not only of human beings is this true. Even puppies evidence the same peculiarity. Dr. Levy tried an experiment. He took several puppies from their mother and fed them artificially. Two pups of the litter got their food very quickly, without having to suck for it over a period of time. They began to suck parts of their bodies and each other. When these "thumb-sucking" collies were changed to solid food they ate more slowly, and licked their dishes longer than other dogs.

Fairy Tales Approved

OMINOUS, sinister, complex-producers are fairy tales, many psychologists believe. The ogres, witches, giants, serpents, magicians may even cause a nervous breakdown after the child has grown up, Dr. Sandor Lorand, psychoanalyst, told a joint meeting of the American Psychiatric and Psychoanalytic Associations. Dr. Lorand relates the case of a man who still lives in a fairy-tale world.

"The man was in his thirties and accomplished in his social and economic status, but the city streets on which he moved, the house where he lived, the meadows and forests where he played golf and the lakes where he went fishing were all filled up for him with giants, ogres, witches, and strange animals.

"In his daily routine life he seemed to come across friends whose faces at times appeared bird-like and whose noses appeared like beaks."

in Psychology?

The man had fantastic dreams, in which he saw all kinds of elephants, snakes, and even Little Red Riding Hood. The man was deeply obsessed with all these figments of the mind. He had a neurosis.

Yet, Dr. Lorand does not disapprove of fairy tales, "if properly told". This particular case was suffering from an Oedipus complex, or over-attachment to his mother, and he had never grown out of it.

Whether fairy tales will be for good or for evil depends on how they are told. "They have a constructive value and fill a need the child has. How should a fairy tale be told? The story must obviously be suited to the child's age and condition. Care should be taken that the tale is told in the proper physical and psychological setting. The time of the day when the story telling takes place is, of course, important (no ogre story before bedtime). Even such minor details as voice modulation must be given careful consideration. Above all, the story teller should be certain that the story is really for the child, and is not told out of a sense of duty, or only to relieve certain tensions of his own."

Vaginal Spasms

THERE came to a physician a young woman whose complaint was inability over a period of eight months to indulge in intercourse with her fiancè. Repeated attempts resulted only in pain. She suffered, in short, from the condition known as *vaginal spasm*. To such a pass had things gotten that her fiancè would have nothing further to do with her. The doctor examined the patient, and found that physically there was no disturbance, no abnormality.

The young woman declared that she dearly loved her fiancè, that she could not live without him. Further questioning elicited some pertinent information. The man was four years younger than she, though she did not know it. He had been unemployed for a long period of time. She herself was unambitious about her work. As a child she had wanted to be a boy, because she had a sister two years older than she, who was the favored one of her parents; because her father had been disappointed at having had two daughters and she consequently found it difficult to get on with him; because the woman who was closest to her—her mother—had been a weakling subject to her father's tyranny. One of the girl's earliest memories depicted her father in the act of striking her mother.

Manifestly the woman's rôle was to her a not too pleasant one.

Now there was a curious psychological quirk in the question of actual marriage. Her young man was unemployed. Was she willing to give up anything to marry him? "I can't save," was her answer, "because I like to be well dressed, and I won't do overtime on principle." And what about her tremendous love?

Upon each visit she had new complaints. "At one time he treated her with too much indifference, on another occasion he had not enough time for her; again, he did not fall in with her ideas."

What was at the root of all this complaining? Too little consideration for *her*. She wanted to be a peacock—fine clothes, attention paid her, time devoted to her. She had early suffered on this account because of her parents. And she felt inferior as a woman. Actually she did not want to live with a man, but, being unwilling to accept a lesser position than other women, by having no friend, she selected a man who was totally unfitted to her. And the rebellion in her communicated itself to the genital organs. *No,* flared her personality. Hence, vaginal spasm.

Anatomically this condition is a spasm of certain of the pelvic muscles closing the pelvic outlet. The secretion from the *Bartholinian* glands is inhibited, certain muscles of thigh are innervated. Sexual union becomes an impossibility.

Dr. Olga Knopf, who related the case cited, compares *vaginal* spasm to the behavior of the famous dogs of Pavlov. Each time food was given these dogs, a bell was sounded. Eventually, the saliva flowed (preparation for receiving the food) upon the sound of the bell alone. In the same way the act of saying *No* becomes stereotyped, until finally they occur independently of the patient's will.

Attitudes are easy to imbue in youngsters . . . witness present-day Germany. . . . Prejudices, fierce hatred, fanatical love of institutions, however rotten, blind adherence to a leader who may lead but to destruction; these are emblazoned upon the formative mind by careless comments made by adults, by deliberate teaching, by movies and talkies, by advertisements, by newspapers. We are made "conscious": war-conscious, air-conscious, sex-conscious by the stimuli which hammer at us.

—M. L.

THERE IS A PHASE OF LESBIAN LOVE WHICH HAS BEEN VERY LITTLE TOUCHED UPON. THIS PHASE DEALS WITH THE OVERPOWERING, AND SOMETIMES THE COMPLETE SURRENDER OF A WOMAN TO THE ARTS OF THE LESBIAN, AND WITH THE UTTER FUTILITY OF ANY HUSBAND OR LOVER EVER ATTEMPTING TO COMPETE WITH A SAPHIST OR TRIBADE.

Forbidden Friendships

By LA FORREST POTTER, M.D.
Author: *Strange Loves*

WOMEN, who are kept for any considerable time segregated from the company of men, form "strange friendships" similar to those formed by male homosexuals, in barracks, camps, ships, schools, prisons, and wherever men have been thrown much together and deprived of the companionship of women. These "forbidden friendships" are particularly common in prisons and other institutions in which women are confined. In discussing this matter, Krausold states: "The female prisoners often have such friendships, which, when possible, extend to mutual masturbation.

"But temporary mutual gratification is not the only purpose of such friendships. They are made to be enduring—entered into systematically, so to speak—and intense jealousy and a passion for love are developed which could scarcely be surpassed between persons of opposite sex. When the friend of one prisoner is merely smiled at by another, there are often the most violent scenes of jealousy, and even beatings.

"When the violent prisoner has been put in irons, in accordance with the prison regulations, she says in explanation, 'she has had a child by her friend'."

It is interesting to note that the majority of homosexual women do not betray their abnormality by any external appearance, such as is so frequently found in the male homosexual. Nevertheless, in examining the larynx of twenty-three lesbians, it was noted that there was a *decidedly masculine formation* in several of them.

In the transition to the next grade of lesbianism, known as *viraginity*—analogous to *effeminization* in the male—preference for male garments to masculine arts, sports, and occupation are shown. One rarely finds a tribade of this type who uses perfumes, or who troubles herself much with the niceties of the feminine toilette.

Instead of eating bonbons and candy the *viragines* find a satisfaction in smoking and drinking. A lesbian afflicted with *viraginity* would make the poorest possible kind of a wife. For natural intercourse with a man arouses in her only disgust and horror.

In *gyandry* we see the extreme variety of degenerative homosexual. Women of this type are feminine only in respect to

the fact that they have female genital organs. However, in thought, action, sentiment, and even in external appearance—so far as this can be simulated—they are definitely masculine.

Many of these women have the bony framework, the pelvis, the characteristic gait, the mannish features—and even the deep, rough voice of the man. In their relations with the "feminine" woman they play the "father" role, while their partner assumes the "mother" role.

Recognizing Homosexuality

MANY women who have led quiet sheltered lives have no knowledge of abnormal sexual relations, nor would they be likely to recognize those who are addicted to these practices.

I recall a rather startling tale of an experience with a homosexual, told me by a mother and daughter—patients of mine, who asked my advice regarding the possibility of helping a young girl of whom they had grown rather fond.

These two charming ladies lived in a beautiful studio apartment on the East Side of New York. The mother had an income from her husband's estate, while the daughter was a writer. The two women lived quietly. They had occasional dinner parties, and once in a while gave a musicale in their spacious studio. They were extremely kind. Indeed, everyone who knew them loved them.

One day, so they told me, they received a letter from a friend out West, who stated that she was giving their address to a little girl. "Only eighteen, a dancer of no mean talent, and very frail. And so lonesome. I know you will take her under your wing, and be good to her," the letter read.

A few days later, the girl arrived. She was stopping at a hotel on the next block, she told them. She seemed to my friends more like a homeless puppy than anything else. Of course, being the kind of women they were, they took care that the girl was not lonesome. In fact, she was so sweet and such fun—having a quick, bright mind and a wonderful sense of humor—that they delighted in having her at their home.

She was a red-haired little mite of a thing, weighing only ninety-five pounds. Soon she became so at home in the studio that they soon began to look upon her as one of the family.

The girl cuddled up to the mother all the time. She was always kissing her, and calling her "My darling Mumsey". She was pleasant to the daughter, too, although her interest in the daughter seemed much more casual.

However, the mother was a bit disturbed at times at the girl's obvious love-making.

"Oh, that's only because the little thing never had a mother," the daughter observed, naively. "You're the only mother she has ever known. And you're pretty good at that job, if I do say so."

They both laughed, and the mother remarked that maybe she was just an old fool, after all. But still she had never known her own child to make such a fuss over her as this girl did.

Now, there was a young man of 19 who came to see these ladies quite often. He was an artist, and was having a terrific struggle to get along. Mrs. M—— loved him very much and tried to help him. She bought pictures from him, and persuaded her friends to buy pictures from him also. She also had him to dinner whenever he would come. "At least I can feed the poor child," she would remark.

The boy was very fond of the mother, too. They would play cards together many evenings when the daughter, who was extremely sought after, and had many

friends, was out dancing, or to the theatre.

However, one evening a few weeks after the girl had arrived on the scene, while the mother and the lad sat playing cards together, the girl, without the slightest apparent reason, flew into a rage, and slapped the young artist a stinging blow across the face. Then she burst into tears and ran out of the house.

The mother was absolutely bewildered by this behavior. When her daughter came in, a few hours later, she told her about it.

"Just a case of nerves, Mother. You know Mabel isn't well. And I've noticed that she doesn't like O—— anyway. Everything will be all right, I'm sure. Let's not think any more about it."

And surely enough, the next day, the girl was most abject in her apologies. "I was upset about something," she said. "I'm sick. Dreadfully sick. But I don't like you to play cards with O——."

The mother took the girl in her arms and soothed her. She was startled, however, by the fierce way in which the girl clung to her. "I wouldn't live if you didn't love me," she declared passionately to the mother, as she pressed her face in Mrs. M——'s breast.

Then one night, when Mabel was spending the evening with them it began to rain very hard. Mrs. M—— urged the girl to stay all night. "You are too frail to go out in this storm, dear. You might catch cold."

Mabel remained, but insisted upon sleeping with Mrs. M——. During the night, Mrs. M—— was awakened by Mabel, who was attempting to have sexual relations with her. She shook off the girl, who began crying like a baby. Then she called her daughter into the room. The girl then confessed before the two women that she was a lesbian and had fallen deeply in love with Mrs. M——. The women were horrified at first. But then they realized that this child was more to be pitied than scolded. They looked at her compassionately.

"Don't throw me out," the girl begged. "Everyone has thrown me out. Nobody has ever yet tried to help me."

"But do you want to be helped?" questioned the mother.

"God knows I do," she exclaimed. "Those who are the same as I only drag me down. And the nice people like you cast me out. I don't know what to do. The only happiness I've ever known has been with you. And now I've lost that, too."

And so these ladies had their first contact with abnormal sexual life. They brought the girl to me for treatment and stood by her. I explained the whole case to them, so that they would understand.

"Can she be cured?"

"Yes," I answered, "if she wants to be."

But she did not want to be cured, as experience proved, and as I strongly suspected, the moment I elicited her psychoanalytic reactions.

And so, shortly afterwards, she drifted away. When last I heard of her she had settled down into a lesbian relationship with one of the most notorious tribades in New York.

All of which emphasizes what I have before stated—that no homosexual *can be cured,* or even relieved of his or her abnormality, *who will not whole-heartedly co-operate towards this end.*

The Lesbian as the Husband's Rival

THERE is another phase of lesbian love. This deals with the overpowering, and sometimes the complete surrender of a woman to the arts of the tribade, and with the utter futility of any husband or lover ever attempting to compete with a saphist or tribade for the affections of his wife or sweetheart.

I have seen a number of instances in which the lesbian seduced the wife or sweetheart of a man. But I do not recall a single instance in which the man ever won the woman back to him.

One very interesting case of this nature was brought to my attention by a young lawyer friend, who was engaged to defend a lesbian indicted on a charge of having had sexual relations with an "unknown woman".

This sort of charge is most unusual. For it is seldom, indeed, that a woman is accused of this offense. One reason for this is, obviously, that it is almost impossible to prove such a charge.

However, in this case the lady who had been seduced by the lesbian happened to be the wife of a prominent politician. This man was furious at the loss of his wife's affections, and determined to secure revenge, at any cost.

So he brought pressure to bear where the pressure would do the most good. The result was the arrest of the lesbian, and the entry of my young friend, J——, on the scene as counsel for the defense.

The lady who had been party of the second part was called "the unknown woman", although J—— knew who she was. He also knew, as soon as he heard the name of his client, the powerful influences that were behind this prosecution.

So my friend came to me to find out all he could about lesbians, their habits and general traits. He became so interested in the matter that he studied everything he could find on the subject of tribadism.

Finally the case came to trial. The lesbian sat unconcerned—not in the least bit embarrassed by the accusations made respecting her abnormal sexual affairs. Rather, she seemed more or less proud of her status. Also, there was no lack of funds forthcoming to defend her for J—— had been told to "spare no expense."

The first witnesses called were two detectives. These men told how they had been hired to find out about the wife's activities. They stated that they had bored a hole in the wall, so that they could peek at the two women when they were in the room together.

When asked what they saw, they described how the ladies had undressed and kissed, while holding each other in close embrace. One of the detectives then testified that he saw the lesbian bite the breast of the other woman.

"Was that all you saw?" demanded J——. The detectives admitted that this was all that they had seen through the peep-hole before the light was turned out.

After a couple of hours of wrangling back and forth J—— finally pinned the detectives down to the fact that all they saw was the women kissing each other ardently. Also they saw the lesbian bite the breast of the other woman.

"Does this constitute a sexual act?" J—— inquired. Then he started to break down their story. "Who hired you?" he demanded. "I want to know who, and I have a right to know who was interested in this matter. Who was the unknown woman in this case? Who was interested in having this client of mine arrested and convicted?"

The rattled detectives, who tried with might and main to withhold this knowledge from J——, were becoming frightened. Court was adjourned until the morning session. Before the opening of the court the next morning J—— was informed that if his client would plead guilty she would be let off with a light sentence.

"Nothing doing," J—— returned. "If my client is proved guilty then I will find out who the unknown lady is. I'll see to

it that charges shall be brought against her, and that she, too, shall bear the same punishment as my client."

The court room was crowded the next morning. Reporters from every paper in town were eager to pick up what promised to be a choice bit of scandal concerning someone high in political or social life. "Who is the unknown woman?" was the question on everyone's lips.

When the court opened, however, the District Attorney informed the Judge that he was not prepared to go on with the case, as "several important witnesses" had disappeared. The "important witnesses", of course, existed only in the fertile imagination of the District Attorney. And so, the case was dismissed.

By this time J—— was much interested in the lesbian, who proved to be rather an intelligent woman. He was curious to delve further into her psycho-pathologic make-up.

Also, my friend's sweetheart was terribly fascinated by this woman. She had come to court to listen to the trial. And when the lesbian asked J—— to come to her home for dinner, to celebrate his victory, the girl arranged to be invited also.

They spent a most delightful evening. However, the lesbian paid marked attention to J——'s sweetheart—in such a manner that it made one almost think a man was wooing.

"Better watch out, sweetheart," J—— said, after they left. "The lady seems quite smitten with you."

The girl laughed, but seemed a little pensive. "She's very nice," she remarked.

Today my friend is the most rabid lesbian hater on earth. For his client had wooed and won J——'s sweetheart in less than a month's time. And she holds her much more effectively than any man could possibly hold her. For J—— has repeatedly tried to win back his sweetheart, only to find it impossible.

In fact, J—— told me afterwards that there isn't a man on earth who has a Chinaman's chance against a lesbian, once she has thoroughly seduced a woman to her wiles.

And, for all I have seen, I feel thoroughly satisfied that he told the truth.

THE EDUCATIONAL LIE

It would be more honest and less confusing if schools taught the morals, the ethics practiced in the civilization which supports them and of which they are a part. If the values within the school were the same as the values without the school—there is only one principle common to both and that is the principle of personal ambition and getting ahead—it would be much less difficult and all would probably "get ahead" faster. So great is the difference between life outside the school and life within the school, however, that we must go to considerable and awkward lengths to protect the child from knowing too much of life as it is actually lived. Our lives, the life of the community, is so far out of keeping with our school-taught principles that we must protect the child from knowing our real lives or the life of the community.—FRANKWOOD E. WILLIAMS.

EVERYONE WHO HAS UNDERGONE A POWERFUL MENTAL CONFLICT MUST BE CONVINCED OF THE FACT THAT THE REALM OF THE UNCONSCIOUS IS VAST AND UNCANNY. IT IS FULL OF TRICKS AND SUBTERFUGES, WHICH ARE A CONTINUAL SOURCE OF BEWILDERMENT. THE MOTIVE OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS BECOMES APPARENT, HOWEVER, WHEN WE KNOW THAT ALL DREAMS ARE FULFILMENTS OF WISHES. THE DREAM IS THE ONLY OCCASION WHEN THE DEPRIVED AND DEFICIENT CAN GRATIFY THEIR DESIRES.

Tricks *of the* Unconscious

By A. A. ROBACK

Author: *Self-Consciousness And Its Treatment*

THE unconscious, or, as it is more popularly called, subconscious, has been subjected to more than one attack by academic psychologists. Among these, Hugo Münsterberg was the most relentless foe of the concept. In fact he begins his part of the celebrated symposium, instituted by Morton Prince, the pioneer of American psychopathology, by unceremoniously and categorically denying its very existence. "The story of the subconscious," asserts the Harvard Nabob at the opening of his little essay, "may be told in three words 'There is none'."

Since Münsterberg told this story, we have learnt to appreciate that everyone who tells such a story is a story teller. Münsterberg, of course, did not intend to falsify the facts, but his life ran so smoothly that he never, so to speak, had occasion to come face to face with the subconscious. To him, a process was either conscious or not conscious but merely physiological—no third possibility. In this he is naturally supported by Aristotelian logic which excludes any phase or degree between A and non-A. But life, particularly mental life, is beyond A and non-A, beyond logical principles and regulations; and no one has earned the gratitude of the psychological world more than Sigmund Freud, the iconoclast who has driven a wedge in the structure reared by academic psychologists since the days of Wundt.

We have come to regard the unconscious not as a figment of the imagination, not even as one of those necessary fictions sponsored by the "As-If" school of Vaihinger, but as a stark reality, in spite of the pedantic objection in certain quarters, to the effect that anything which is unconscious cannot be mental at the same time.

Everyone who has had the dubious privilege of undergoing a powerful mental conflict, everyone who has known the

meaning of despondency, who has been on the verge of or has weathered a nervous breakdown must be convinced of the fact that the realm of the unconscious is vast and uncanny—the distillery of our affects, complexes, phobias, obsessions and compulsions. When we reason it all out in our waking consciousness, our thoughts are clear, sane and balanced, but often after a night's sleep or only twilight sleep, even when the dreams have been of an entirely different universe of discourse from the experience that gnaws at us, the work of the unconscious makes itself felt in patterns of distress. Münsterberg refused to recognize the subconscious because he was not aware of having ever dreamt in his life. With such a void in his mental life, there is little wonder that he was skeptical of the subconscious, but that only brings home the moral again that we must not condemn or deny what we have not had occasion to experience, particularly when we are in the minority.

Mistaken Notion of the Subconscious

We are too often prone to regard the subconscious as a cavern, a receptacle, where things take place. In reality, it is a mechanism which elaborates millions of processes, sending up to our mental registers only the finished products and leaving it to men like Freud to discover the causes.

The little pranks of the subconscious which are played on many a dreamer have never been adequately investigated. Probably these tricks occur mostly to scientists who are constantly wishing for some discovery to unfold itself to them, but ambitious and cultured people in general must have experienced the same illusions to some extent.

We have all heard people relate that they had the most wonderful dreams, they have seen the most gorgeous paintings, gardens, edifices, etc., indescribably beautiful, the most divine music; they have thought of the most delightful ideas, composed the most elegant lines of poetry, but on awakening, alas! all was gone. How they pitied themselves and their "punk" memory for dreams.

Now we certainly can sympathize with a poor memory, but with regard to dreams, we are practically all in the same boat, since there is nothing so evanescent as a dream; and if we are able to relate a dream with any tolerable degree of detail, then either the dream was extremely realistic and gripping, or else the state of sleep must have been not too sound—and, at that, many of the details are bound to be inaccurate.

In the issue at hand, however, even if the dream were to be reproduced in *extenso* and accurately, the chances are that the superlative qualities of the objects seen or heard are greatly exaggerated. The dreamer, in other words, is a very uncritical person. It may be questioned even, whether Coleridge and others who made such magnificent claims for the dream, actually received their inspiration, in explicit form, from their night dreams. There is too much of a tendency to accept without further ado the revelations of the dreamers.

Samples of Deception

What has impressed me even more than the undependability of the dream material is the deceitfulness of the subconscious in holding forth promises that cannot be fulfilled and then wriggling out of its responsibility by some adventitious factor, *i.e.,* in common parlance, "passing the buck".

Let me explain. You dream of finding yourself in a strange environment, perhaps where excavations are being made, and a rock is seen bearing an in-

scription which will open the eyes of the scientific world. You strain yourself to read the inscription, but suddenly a large bird alights on the rock occluding the inscription, or else the inscription is too small and in spite of your efforts, you cannot make it out. If only you had your field glasses, or stood a little closer! Or if the inscription appears large enough, you awake before you can get a glimpse of the characters. You need not feel downhearted about your tough luck. You have missed nothing. The characters were meaningless; for the dream material is derived only from what we have dealt with in our waking life, and those who are not acquainted with Greek or Coptic or Phoenician will not see any such characters on a rock or elsewhere. The so called veridical (*i.e.,* prophetic) dream is highly problematic, and even if it were not so, could not apply to matter which has first to be deciphered.

Another illustration. We are about to receive some highly important information from a genius of the past, let us say, Galileo, Spinoza, Newton, but just as we are all ears, though dreaming, our patron disappears or is called away by someone, or else a train rumbles by (never mind the anachronism. Dreams are not too historical in their make-up) and of course our opportunity is gone. And how else could it be? Where would our dream Galileo obtain the information if not from ourselves; and if we haven't the facts in our waking state, it is very unlikely that the muddled subconscious would secure them for us.

More than once, we thought ourselves to be the fortunate recipient of celestial music in our dream. We are keyed up in the subconscious expectation of obtaining something really supernormal. We anticipate and listen in our dream, but we finally give up, because the sound is so faint that nothing could be made of it. On awakening we are keenly aware of a great loss, but in reality there was nothing to lose. Our subconscious behaves in the same way that certain mind readers do when subjected to experiment. At the crucial point, they are called away by a mysterious telephone, or remember an urgent appointment or become suddenly indisposed.

Only once was it my privilege to remember a snatch of a wonderful *motif* which I heard an orchestra play in my dream. The music was transporting. A supernormal string ensemble was playing with angelic rhythm. Music from above, indeed. It was fortunate that this time the dream did not completely vanish. I retained in the morning a faint memory of the *motif* and its playing, but far from the melody and harmony putting one in mind of celestial music, it was a far cry from the *motifs* of a Beethoven symphony or a Bach fugue. It might have been part of an ordinary overture, but the subconscious was making an attempt to palm it off as music from the spheres. Rubinstein and Scriabine in attaching pretentious labels to some of their compositions must have also been flattered by their subconscious without realizing it when they came to their full senses (cf. *Reve Angélique, Divine Poem, Symphony of the spheres*).

Let me hasten to explain that I have no intention of denying the possibility of receiving some illumination in one's dreams. Mathematicians, poets, inventors, composers and other creative minds attest to this phenomenon. In the first place, however, such claims are not put forth frequently, and then again, in the negligible number of cases which are offered as proof, the actual details are not fully known and cannot as a matter of fact be authenticated. Unquestionably the incubation of the ideas takes place in the subconscious, but the real product is

known only in waking consciousness. If we left it to the subconscious to create a work of art, the result would be a sorry affair. None of the really great have paid any tribute to their subconscious, which, let it be said, is certainly powerful in determining our mental balance and in guiding our destiny, but decidedly inarticulate. It ploughs up the soil, but does not plant the seed.

Gamblers of various sorts have on certain occasions spoken of winning a small fortune because they played on a number which was disclosed to them in their dream. Let me point out that this circumstance, even if unqualifiedly true, is nothing but a coincidence. The number may just as well have been taken from an automobile plate, from a tomato can (if cans bear numbers) or from an address of a house. The pool fan will naturally think of a great many numbers in the course of the day, and at night, he will also be preoccupied with numbers. There is no reason why in one instance of a great many, a dreamed number should not be the winning number.

Various Manipulations of the Subconscious

THE strategy of the subconscious is not confined to the simpler measures alluded to. It occasionally resorts to the substitution of one message for another, one person for another, or reducing the extent of our anticipation (making us believe that what had been promised was something not quite so ambitious as we had unjustifiedly supposed) or diverting our attention just as we were to experience the intellectual thrill.

Even though we may be acquainted with the bamboozling habits of the subconscious, we are still apt to lend credence to its maneuverings, and after many a lesson, we still wake up some morning disgusted with ourselves for having allowed to slip from our memory a most important element of knowledge.

Motive of the Tricks

THE question now arises, what is the motive of the subconscious, first of all in holding out such an inviting feast before us, and then Mephistophelically pulling the wool over our eyes, or ears, as the case may be.

The answer to this query can be supplied on a psychoanalytic basis in that all dreams are fulfilments of wishes. The money-minded person (who is poor) dreams he has found a treasure. The man with political aspirations dreams he has been elected to high office. The intellectual will similarly realize his wish in his dreams. That there are other factors to be taken into consideration goes without saying; for on the general psychoanalytic ground there are to be superimposed individual patterns in accordance with the experiences, tensions, conflicts, vectors, etc., of the dreamer.

More puzzling to me is the respectability of the subconscious. It will carry out a Houdini stunt in order to save its face. Under no circumstances will the subconscious admit having committed something wrong. Perhaps the explanation is to be sought in the fact that once it owns up to a *faux pas,* its further promises will be received with certain misgivings on the part of the dreamer; and for a great many people, let us bear in mind, the *dream is the only occasion when the deprived and deficient can gratify their wishes.* We are, therefore, in the presence of a biological mechanism ministering to the needs of those of us, poor mortals, whose achievements lie far behind their wishes and ambitions.

FINAL ADVICE TO HIGH-PRESSURE BOSSES, ALARMISTS, FUSSY AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS, GROUCHY STENOGRAPHERS, PESSIMISTS, CRABBY TENNIS PLAYERS, ALIBI ARTISTS, HOT-HEADS, POOR LOSERS, AND WET BLANKETS: QUIT FRETTING! QUIT FRETTING AND WATCH YOUR PERSONALITY, YOUR CIRCLE OF FRIENDS, AND YOUR PAY CHECK ENLARGE

Quit Fretting

By LEROY A. EDWARDS
Physician
Board of Osteopathic Examiners
State of Nevada

AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS spend fortunes yearly in building sturdy bumpers to ward off shocks encountered along motor highways; the chassis must be protected against physical bumps!

How about our "mental chassis"—rolling along life's social highways? Isn't it a travesty on human rationality that we are more guarded about the solidarity of our automobile chassis than we are about the integrity of our nervous systems? Consider the shocks of human relationships. Few of us really know how to ward them off. The social highways of life are doubly as precarious and as swept with dangerous obstacles and imminent crashes as any motor highway. Being alive means being a perpetual, living target for external forces and elements; life is a succession of bumps and collisions with our psychic environment, and we cannot avoid them any more than we can escape the eddying molecules of air that we breathe.

If we are of the hard-boiled gentry, we may luckily high-speed along life's uncertain boulevards with unmarred anatomy and unblemished spirit. But how many of us, in this fast-moving, dynamic age, can boast of such invulnerability? I, for one, cannot, as I shall tell you later. For most of us there is a desperate need for investing in bumpers—not the automobile variety—but "social-bumpers", sturdy and resilient ones, to ward off life's impacts, minimize nervous wear and tear, and thus spare us from unsightly dents in our personalities.

Especially since most of us find ourselves colliding unpreparedly with our psychic environment, and come out of the wrecks with "social dents", *viz.,* inferiority complexes, broken hearts, neurasthenia, discontent, bluntness of speech, alarmism, pessimism, grouchiness, profanity, cynicism, and a fretful disposition.

Mr. Squawkerfuss

LET'S introduce ourselves to the man with a fretful disposition. This social dent in our mental chassis is due to frustration of some normal urge. All of us want to live out our basic instincts, enjoy

the fullest expression of our personalities at all waking moments, or carry through with every miscellaneous undertaking or project; there must be no failure or delay. In spite of everything, inclement weather, overwhelming odds, and no matter how formidable the opponent, we must win . . . or else we become irked and go into a fretful behavior.

Now, a little more definitely, just what is fretful behavior—or fretting? In the vocabulary of the man on the street, it is "stewing in one's own juice"—"being all worked up about nothing"—"chewing at the bit"—"all fussed inside"—"making a mountain out of a molehill"—"riled-up"——; or, to continue slang phraseology, it is being a chronic whiner, a sour-dough, a beefer, a proverbial wet blanket, an alibi artist, a cantankerous old fool, a hot-head, an old crab, a poor sport or loser, or, . . . a *MR. SQUAWKERFUSS!*

Mr. Squawkerfuss is a rather unpleasant individual, a social leper, one who is a nuisance both to himself and to his friends—if he has any. He is the world's loneliest wretch; his only well-wisher is the undertaker, because Mr. Squawkerfuss belongs to a family of short-lived people, a nerve-torn, unhappy, uncongenial clan whose genealogic curse is squawking, fussing, and fretting themselves into early graves.

What a genealogic curse! For the self-destructive bent of squawking, fussing, fretting, is obvious to everyone. Yes, even Webster's dictionary is affirmative on this, when it defines squawking, fussing, fretting, synonymously, as "To wear and eat away!"

Keeping in mind the latter definition, might we not qualify Mr. Squawkerfuss as the Frankenstein of psychology; in other words, an emotional beast that turns about at every feeling of frustration and eats away its own body. By this we mean that, since Mr. Squawkerfuss is noted for the ease with which he fusses and frets at every bad break of the game, isn't it simple to see that this sort of behavior soon breeds an internal state of agitation that turns about and eats away his own vitality?

However, pale, neurotic Mr. Squawkerfuss is not all wastrel. He has contributed one object lesson to modern psychology: namely, that of all pernicious personality traits, the worst is fretting. Fretting is by far the hardest bump to the nervous system, and the greatest sidetracker of energy that we have in the fields of human or animal action.

Even a study of the behavior of the lower animals aids in showing the wastefulness of fretting. A vexed or disgruntled horse "acts-up" in characteristic fashion; chews at the bit, snorts, perspires, becomes wild-eyed, trembles and stamps madly at the ground. If not checked, the animal may become ill. Fretty horse flesh is always taboo on the race track. When such an entry goes to post, it has "already run its race" before the wire goes up. (Ask any turfman.)

That fretting can amount to a paralyzing form of physical self-torture is seen by observing domestic pets in any household. An over-teased parrot will fluff its feathers in a frenzy, claw, beat its head against the cage, and gibber maniacally until it drops from exhaustion and may die. In fact, any coddled house pet, such as a pampered dog, displeased for any reason—lack of accustomed caresses, handicapped from joining the fugitive cat astraddle the limb of a tree, may whine itself into uncontrollable tremors or biliousness.

What Fretting Does

GETTING back to the human species of squawkerfuss, the athlete in any branch

of sport can relate instances whereby squawking, fussing and fretting have lost more games than inferior skill. On the golf links, fretting has done more than any other factor to estrange most of us from Old Man Par. Apply this test to yourself: if you are suffering from fretting, you will notice that your best score is nearly always made on the first day of the season, or that the less often you play, the better your performance. Some individuals turn in better cards if they confine their golf outing to about once a week. The reason for this is that when you play only at intervals, you find yourself playing the game for sport's sake and outdoor relaxation; you are not playing often enough to take things seriously. Take anything too seriously, and what happens? *Tension.*

Taking golf seriously means that we fret over ways of improving our score or over new stances, grips and countless other intricacies of style. The moment we start "stewing about technique", we have initiated a new mental set-up. We have become athletic introverts.

And that is exactly what fretting does for any athlete—makes for a tensing of the body that immediately destroys all naturalness and smoothness in his execution. Instead of a normal, relaxed, free-functioning athlete, he becomes an automaton of acutely tightened muscles and nerves.

Training camps guard diligently against the fretting evil; it can dwindle energy quicker than even contaminated drinking-water. When Jack Dempsey was conditioning for his sensational bout with Jess Willard, "Jerry the Greek" now and then granted his hard-working protege brief vacations to forestall peevish outbursts. Why? Not only to prevent staleness, but because he did not want the Manassa Mauler to "fight his fight" before the actual combat.

Fretting is to the nervous system what a leech is to the human blood channels. It is, in fact, the psychologic leech of human neurology—draining off vital juice more disastrously than any other nervous disorder. Isn't it true that no self-caring person would permit a full-grown leech to cling to his skin for ten or twelve days, for fear of a fatal blood loss? And yet the average American very unknowingly allows this psychologic leech or parasite —fretting—to bury its deadly suckers into the core of his nervous system for perhaps a lifetime, thus incurring an equally serious nerve loss! Summing it all up, fretting is the great North American parasite of an over-tensioned civilization too busy to check up on its mental hygiene.

Observe the jazzed-up tempo of the American business world. Here, as on no other continent, we find fretting too often exercising its harmful influence, *i.e.,* disrupting office routine and efficiency. Who hasn't been amused by a stenographer taking out her spleen on a balky typewriter by pounding viciously on the keyboard as though the cold discs were flesh and blood things — personal enemies directly liable for their poor response to her "infallible" fingers? Then, in the same office, we may witness the high-pressured boss slamming a door as though it, instead of his own awkwardness and his own bad timing, were to blame.

Years back I can well remember my very high-strung, impatient uncle needlessly hurrying home through heavy St. Louis traffic after a trying day in the office. The daily trip home was an incessant fretting at every driver on Lindell Boulevard; the other fellow was always wrong, was hogging the lane, was driving too slow or too fast, was clipping him too close; at all crowded intersections somebody and usually everybody was deliberately getting in his way, etc., etc. . . . His

fiery monologue ran something like this: "That dirty, low-down so and so, what does he think he is—owner of the road?" or "That half-witted, peanut-brained imbecile ought to have his license yanked, etc.!" All this with a purple, anguished face.

Little wonder, then, that by the time that he reached home from these daily "fussy" rides, he was all fagged-out nervously and in an ugly mood. Think of the voluntary abuse heaped upon his mind and body! Think of the shameful, unwarranted squandering of nervous energy! And think of the unpleasantness generated for the passengers in his own car!

Think no more—for this very fretty relative of mine paid the price in full: periodic nervous breakdowns and functional stomach disorders!

Treatment for Fretting

At this stage of my expose of the mental and bodily harm of fretting, I am in exactly the same position as that of a doctor who has just completed his examination of a patient; the major symptoms of a fretting personality have been duly noted; the nerve pathology has been sleuthed and catalogued. But the patient is not paying the doctor just to have his untoward symptoms paraded before his eyes like a flea circus. He wants to get rid of his affliction.

Educate any intelligent patient in subjective symptoms, and it is possible for him to diagnose his own case. The cardinal signs of a fretful disposition have been put before you. What is your self-diagnosis? Is your nervous system a host to this psychologic disease?

If your answer is yes, you are penalizing your chances for success in life, and here is what to do about it.

Before giving my treatment for fretting, I believe it will be more effective to explain how I discovered it step by step in order to show that it was not happened upon haphazardly, but was built up according to sound psychologic principles.

For this treatment to be successful, we must remember that fretting — in gambling parlance—is the "hard" way of accomplishing things; that it is a case of the same old nervous system being overworked out of all proportion to the task at hand, no matter whether it is driving that car fussily through city traffic, pounding that balky typewriter, slamming that stubborn door in the office; or whether it is going after that increase in salary, landing a contract, working off a Ph.D. degree, peddling safety pins, learning a new skill or habit — or even a friendly game of tennis.

And that is exactly where I discovered my cure for fretting—in a friendly game of tennis! Although the cure applied at first only to tennis, I have since found, after obtaining gratifying results with hundreds of neurotic patients, that my remedy is a cure-all for any type of fretting.

For three years I was the Mr. Squawkerfuss of the Delmonte Tennis Club—unwanted and avoided on the courts because of my beastly habit of "crabbing" through every match. As I think of how I used to shamble off the courts after a so-called friendly game, with torn nerves and a headache that would floor a giant, I am more than ever impressed with the fact that the mental side of any game or endeavor in life is much more strenuous than the physical.

During the early summer of '26, my temperamental and "crabby" playing had relegated me to the last division, *i.e.*, Class D on the tournament schedule of the Delmonte Club. Always on the tennis courts, I had been a poor player—and a notoriously poor loser.

The psychologic significance of the poor-player - poor - loser hook - up never dawned upon me until one afternoon, when I was humbled in a singles match (as per usual) with my next door neighbor, who also happened to be Professor of Mental Hygiene at the University of Nevada. After trouncing me about 6—0, 6—0, etc., he remarked that I had better give up tennis or anticipate a nervous breakdown.

"Don't you feel well, Roy?" asked Professor . . X, as we were leaving the court. "You look drawn and pale as if you had been through a terrible ordeal—instead of a friendly game of tennis."

I looked up, startled. That was it, the bald secret unearthed at last. 'I *had* been through an ordeal—instead of a friendly game of tennis. A relieved feeling swept over me. The Professor's analysis of my condition affected me like a shot in the arm. It took out some of the pain to know that someone else understood my difficulty. After every game, win or lose, I always went home with that "dish-rag" feeling—all wrung out and spineless. To add that I was surly and uncompanionable for the rest of the evening is only making my true confession more embarrassing. Sometimes I did not smile for hours after even a mild tennis match. There was no energy or good feeling left; the whole universe was sour—and I was the sourest thing in it!

"Sit down, Roy," bade the professor as we reached a bench alongside the court. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I just had to say it. I don't like to see you suffer so much over an unimportant game of tennis. For two years now I've been watching you; since then, your whole personality has been deteriorating; you're getting to be a very irritable, cranky, and disagreeable cuss."

I hung my head in abject acknowledgment.

Professor . . X put his arm around my drooped shoulders. "For a long time now," he said, "you have been going down hill, losing weight and color and interest in life. At first I thought perhaps you needed a doctor. But I took the liberty last week to consult your family physician, and he laughed when he informed me that you were as sound as an ox. So now I'm convinced you are badly in need of a psychologist or mental hygienist."

"You're right, Prof.," I admitted. "Physically, I'm 100 per cent. It's just a case of nerves. Too sensitive to trifles—I'm all shot to pieces. I can't even play tennis without blowing up—say—I'm beginning to wonder that maybe I'm temperamentally unfitted for tennis. A fellow can have idiosyncrasies for food, why can't he have idiosyncrasies for sport. Maybe tennis is my particular poison."

Undesirable Personality Trait

"NONSENSE," Professor . . X laughed. "Tennis just happens to be your absorbing interest at the present moment. Your trouble is owing to a very undesirable personality trait—fretting."

"Fretting?" was my puzzled echo.

"Exactly," reiterated the Professor. "You take tennis too seriously — just as you take life too seriously. If a man frets over trivialities in tennis, he will fret over trivialities in real life. For it is now known that a man plays tennis according to his basic nature. Take a man out and thrash him soundly in a tennis match, and watch his true character pop up like a "jack-in-the-box." On the tennis courts we find humanity in the raw—stripped of all its finesse and camouflage. With a tennis racket in his hand, the person 'lets-go' and becomes his sincere self, perhaps for the first time after a long winter cooped up in the artificial indoors of civilization."

"What you're really trying to say, Prof," was my interruption, "is that I'm just a big crab."

"Call it 'crab' if you like," rejoined the Professor. "In psychology, we speak of it as fretting. I might as well tell you now that you are indisputably the 'biggest crab' in our tennis club. Roy, you are actually fretting yourself into an early grave. If you don't quit fretting so much, you're headed for an indefinite stay in some rest sanitarium."

By this time, my cheeks were beginning to turn a beautiful shade of crimson. "Well," I finally managed to say in my embarrassment, "you're the mind-doctor. What do you suggest? What can I do to quit fretting?"

"Simply this," replied the Professor. "You will have to inaugurate a 'New Deal' for your nervous system."

"A New Deal — for my nervous system?"

"Certainly—take a hint from the President's Recovery Act. Only a few months ago, the whole country was paralyzed by the worst epidemic of fear this nation has ever seen. Everyone went about with a long face and a short pocket book. And then came the 'New Deal' to the rescue. Now the New Deal was nothing more than a clever and subtle bit of inspirational psychology; a nation-wide campaign to bolster our hope and confidence and to inject courage into our crumbling backbones. Or it could have been interpreted as—a regime of reeducating the behavior reactions of panic-gripped citizens. And it worked. Its key message was calm and poise in all emergencies. Up until the New Deal, we were pessimists. It will always be my contention that our country's longest and worst depression was ninety per cent bad psychology: our minds were sick. As a race we were caught by the maelstrom of worry, and were fretting ourselves into early psychologic graves. We had become literally a nation of crabs."

My elderly adviser looked at me questioningly. "Do you get the point?" he asked.

"I suppose I do," was my reply. "My problem is that I have the wrong mental set-up; that I am taking both tennis and life far too seriously; and that I need to revise my reaction tendencies."

"That's it," Professor ..X smiled as one who has driven home a point. "Now I want you to go home tonight and think up some good slogans to counteract your habit of fretting in tennis."

"Tennis!" I repeated in surprise. "What has tennis to do with my everyday reaction tendencies?"

"Everything," Professor ..X responded. "Didn't I explain to you a while ago that we all play tennis according to our basic natures?

"Well, why isn't it logical that if we remedy a defect in any one of its manifestations, that it will have a corrective effect generally? Grantland Rice once said: 'Practice calmness and poise on the tennis courts, and it will automatically give you the same in real life.' In 'New Deal' language, this would mean: reeducate your behavior pattern in tennis competition and the rest of your fretting problem will adjust itself."

For the first time, the feasibility of Grantland Rice's axiom began to register. "All right," I announced. I'll take your advice. I'll inaugurate a New Deal for myself. Next time we play tennis, I'm going to have a few slogans all primed. No more squawks and no more crabbing. My fretting days are over."

Quit Fretting

IMPRESSED by the afternoon lecture on the evils of fretting, I got busy that very night, locked myself in my room, and

formulated a few slogans. Keeping in mind Grantland Rice's axiom, "Practice calmness and poise on the tennis courts and it will automatically give you the same in real life," and also bearing in mind Professor . . X's axiom, "Reeducate your reaction tendencies in tennis and the rest of your fretting problem will adjust itself," I adopted the following anti-fretting slogans—to be applied in the event of each and every display on the tennis courts:

(1) *SMILE* broadly and forcibly when a "cannon-ball" service whizzes by unseen.
(2) *SING* a brief ditty each time your ball goes "double-fault" or bounces out of bounds.
(3) *REMIND* yourself that fretting over misplays, leads to more misplays.
(4) *GRIN* until it hurts every time your opponent hits a winning streak.
(5) *RECALL* vividly to mind the direful consequences of fretting on previous occasions.
(6) *TAKE COURAGE* in the fact that each time you curb a tendency to fret is one more step toward conquering the evil.
(7) *ENJOY THE GAME* for sport's sake. Fretting ruins both your coordination and nervous system.
(8) *QUIT FRETTING* and life will take on a much brighter aspect—and your tennis game will improve accordingly.

This "New Deal" for crabby tennis players was started religiously in the summer of '26, and almost immediately my game—and especially my disposition and enjoyment of the game—began to improve slowly but definitely. In less than two years, although I never developed championship form, I did eventually graduate into Class A in the club tournaments—a jump of four divisions.

Inasmuch as the game of life is no different from any other game with respect to the calmness and emotional control necessary to weather its misplays, I would recommend my anti-fretting slogans—or "social bumpers" (devices to ward off the bumps of life)—as a means of reaching the Class A division of success and mental health.

How can my New Deal for crabby tennis players be adapted generally for other types of fretting? Well, it all boils down to this: Sing, Smile, Grin, Take Courage —Quit Fretting, on each and every misplay in the game of life, and our worthy opponents "Adversity and Depression" will find their names inscribed more often on the loser's end of the score board.

I have come to the conclusion that we cannot really enjoy life, feel the full surge of an "overwhelming lust to live" every organ and faculty throbbing with the hot pulse of life, until we emancipate the higher centers of the mind for their proper work.

Fretting is an activity of the lower centers. Hence we must get rid of this lowly parasite on our vital energies; we must become a host only to such activities as will guarantee the highest conservation of energy.

Wherefore:

Final advice to high-pressure bosses, alarmists, fussy automobile drivers, grouchy stenographers, pessimists, crabby tennis players, alibi artists, hot-heads, poor losers, and wet blankets: *quit fretting*. Divorce yourself from the Squawkerfuss family. Cure yourself of that fretful disposition with its brood of scowls and frowns, and its choking effect on all your natural powers. Quit fretting and watch your outlook on life and your personality and your circle of friends and your pay envelope, all begin to enlarge in 1934.

The Month's Strangest Case

CONDUCTED BY

"THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE"

"The Voice of Experience" conducts a daily coast to coast radio feature over the Columbia Broadcasting System

"The Voice of Experience" will be glad to answer inquiries of general interest in his monthly department in THE MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST. *Inquiries that are of other than general interest will be answered personally.*

BECAUSE of the fact that so many men and women, boys and girls, become at one time or another the victims of unjustifiable and malicious gossip, I believe that the following letter and its analysis may be of interest to many besides the girl who has appealed to me for help. Her letter reads:

Dear Voice of Experience:

Not being a girl yourself, and perhaps never having lived in a small town, maybe you will not have had any experience with a problem like I am facing right now, but there is no one here than can help me and you have given such good advice on other difficulties that maybe you can help me with mine.

I am a senior in high school, a member of a class of less than fifty, most of which are girls. My folks only moved here a year ago, and we came from a much larger place. I had been used to going out to dances and parties and had even learned to smoke, even though I do not care anything about it. I just did it in order to be a good fellow because in the crowd that I ran with most of the girls smoked. For that matter, many of them drank, too, but I never have taken a drink in my life. This town where we now live is a very religious community, and practically everybody goes to one church or another. The only social life is a few well chaperoned parties and dances scattered through the year.

Our town is just eighteen miles from quite a good sized city, and several of the boys in high school have cars, so a number of times I have made a date with one of the boys to drive to the city on Saturday afternoon, have dinner, go to a show, then to a dance, and then home. I admit that I have indulged in a little innocent petting, but I swear before God that I have never gone any further.

Several months ago I noticed a change in the attitude of the girls toward me, but I thought it was just jealousy because I always had so many requests for dates, and, instead of going with just one boy, I would go first with one and then with another to these dances and to other places. Then I learned that there was a lot of gossip going on about me, but knowing that it had no foundation, I paid no attention to it until the other day I was called in to the Superintendent's office and he very sternly informed me that one of the things necessary for a girl to be given a diploma from that high school was that she be of good moral character. Then he showed me a petition, signed by several mothers of the girls in my class, asking the Superintendent to refuse me graduation on the grounds that my morals were not what they should be. He told me that he had called in several of the girls in my class, daughters of these mothers, and that they had confirmed what the mothers were saying about me—that I was loose.

It made me so mad to think that my own classmates had done me this dirty trick that when he said he might not be able to give me my diploma, I told him to keep it, I could get along without it, and I walked out of his office. But, Voice of Experience, I didn't mean that because I have earned my diploma and have every right to it, and certainly he shouldn't let a pack of lies cheat me out of what is rightfully mine.

I have never harmed any of these girls except maybe to take a date that they would like to have had, so why would they gossip about me behind my back and say things that they wouldn't dare say to my face? This Superintendent said if these things were lies, and I could prove that they were, I would receive my diploma, but how could I prove such a thing? I begged Mother and Father to go away, but Father has invested in business here and I know now that that is impossible. Mother and Father both believe me, but that won't get me my diploma and won't make others realize that I am not bad.

Can you possibly help me to stop this gossip and get my diploma?

And signed, "Heartbroken Senior."

* * *

MY LITTLE friend, I am taking it for granted that you have given me facts exactly as they exist, and you are by no means the first girl that has had to face exactly the same situation in which you find yourself at the

present time. I do not blame you in the least for your righteous indignation over being the innocent victim of malicious gossip, and, if you have remained absolutely virginal as you say, it will not be a difficult thing for you to establish that fact, demand your diploma and receive it.

But before advising you as to how to go about this, you asked me what makes people gossip, so let's analyze this malicious practice for just a moment:

The old Romans had a god named Janus. Janus was always pictured with two faces, one looking toward the past, and one looking toward the future. We have named our month January because it says good-bye to the old year and greets the new. When we examine certain human traits we find that they, too, have a Janus-like quality. And one of the best examples of this two-faced quality is gossip.

Do you know what the word gossip meant originally in the Old English language? It comes from the old word godsib, meaning godmother or godfather. We can imagine that the christening of a new-born child in old England was the occasion for feasting and merry-making. The godfather or godmother gave a big party for the young stranger who had joined the fellowship of mankind. His chances of making a success were discussed. It was a family gathering where all the relatives discussed their plans—and people. And so the word gossip, way back in the old fifteen hundreds, came to mean "idle chatter." And they say that Satan always finds work for idle tongues to do, and today the word gossip not only implies idle chatter, but malicious idle chatter.

Now I want to tell you something about speech that you may not have thought about before. Speech is the greatest and most important bond between human beings. Speech arose out of the necessities which we weak human beings have had to face. We are so weak that we must communicate our pain or fear to our fellow men so that we can gain their sympathy and help. That brings us to one phase of gossip. People feel lonely. They need communication with their friends. Talk, idle chatter, sympathy, interest, communication, help them to establish a society, a group of human beings bound together by common ideas and feelings. So that gossip, on its good side, its forward-looking side, represents a very valuable form of human communication. It may be the first step to friendship. We gossip about the weather, about business, about the standing of the baseball teams, about politics. Most of this talk does not teach us very much. We are not really in need of that information. We gossip because we are human, and because we want to pass the time pleasantly, and feel our sympathy for someone else. And so we must admit that gossip has a human and valuable side, which is worth cultivating.

But gossip also has a bad side. You know every human being starts out in life with a feeling of weakness and incompleteness. This inferiority feeling is an intolerable thing if it continues. Every man, woman and child spends his life trying to get rid of his childhood sense of inferiority. We are all trying to be superior in some way or another. Now there are just two ways to be superior. The normal way is to train ourselves in some business, profession or art which will enable us to do some service to our fellow men. When we serve, we feel secure, we feel superior. The second way to achieve superiority is what we call a neurotic way. That is, we strive not for real superiority, but for the appearance of superiority. And one of the easiest ways to *appear* superior is to make other people *look* inferior by comparison. And gossip is an ideal way to achieve a false semblance of superiority.

One of the characteristics of malicious gossip is that it never asks for the facts, never investigates, never doubts, never displays any skepticism. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones are both very unstable specimens of humanity. They contribute little outside their immediate kitchens, to humanity. Both are weak, jealous, envious and insincere. Both of them are suffering from a full-blown inferiority complex, but they are too stupid to know that they have one, and too stupid to do anything about curing themselves of it. Therefore, they do not question the validity of the facts. They gobble up the gossip because, for a fleeting moment, they feel superior to poor Mrs. X.

The children in our homes mirror the practices of their parents, and when these children are the progeny of mothers and fathers with inferiority complexes, they parrot the methods of their parents in their endeavor, as children, to appear superior to their associates.

You see, then, senior girl, that your popularity has made your classmates feel inferior by comparison. They have had to find some weapon with which to trim you down to their size. They are the product of an ultra-religious community. You have probably defied some of the conventions of that community; hence it has only been logical that the weapon that they would use in hurting you would be one based on morals. So much for gossip per se.

IF I WERE you I would feel just as you do about your right to your diploma. I would leave no stone unturned in securing it. So here is my suggestion: You say that you are only eighteen miles from a fairly good sized city. Certainly then in that city there must be two or more women physicians. I would go with my mother not to just one but to two of these women doctors and submit myself to a physical examination, explain to both of these physicians your reason for the examination, and I am sure that they will be glad to give you affidavits, based on their findings, to the effect that there is no foundation whatsoever for the malicious slander that has been used against you.

Armed with these two affidavits your father can go to the Superintendent, or if necesary to the Chairman of the Board of Education, and, once having established the falsity of the rumors that have gone the rounds about you, the Board of Education will have no alternative but to award you your diploma, even though the Commencement exercises may be a matter of history.

This is not the first time that such a course has had to be resorted to in order to still gossiping tongues and to insure justice to a victim of malicious slander, and certainly you are justified in using this measure not only in the securing of your diploma but in re-establishing your good name in your community.

I certainly hope that you will follow this advice, and I wish you every success in your battle with this insiduous enemy of society, "gossip".

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Psychology: A Basic Element in Education

Prize Winning Essay of The Modern Psychologist *Essay Contest*

By FRANCIS R. ALLEN

LET us look at education as we know it in the United States today. There is both formal education which is given by the schools and colleges and informal education which is given by parents, priests, journalists and others. It is an education which is not based on Psychology. It is based on the assumption that every one is created equal, and should study approximately the same subjects. These subjects have been designed to give the student a general background. They were selected by our old patriarchs of education. We are sent "through the mill", and are then allowed to pass on to the next activity of our life.

What is the next activity? Assuming that we have been graduated from Yale, Leland Stanford, Bryn Mawr, or whatnot, we usually plunge into the business or professional world. It is doubtful if we will use our knowledge of Geography, Algebra and Physics much more unless we are engaged in a specialized field. Our study of Milton and Shakespeare has prepared us for reading the Wall Street Journal, Ballyhoo or the Police Gazette. Our prolonged labor on the binomial theorem has laid the background for attendance at a "movie" where we can see Mae West.

In the meantime we are absorbed in adult-world activities. We forget Ricardo's theory of rent while working to pay our own rent. We "toy around" with the question of marriage; we join clubs; we play squash and bridge. If we solved our adult problems successfully and were happy as a consequence, our American education would be considered a good one for our type of civilization. But if we look facts in the face, we know that this is not true. The number of divorces, failures and occupational misfits testify to this. The cause of this "tripping-up" is usually a lack of preparation, in one way or another. What is the result? Shortly we find that many of them are discouraged and unhappy. They have failed in solving one of the basic problems, and have developed a neurosis to save their face, or they are trying to forget their sorrow with the aid of alcohol or drugs. Or they have become chronically unemployed or lonely bachelors or old maids or hermits or homo-sexuals. In the most tragic cases, they become insane or commit suicide. Exactly how many people there are in these various groups, it is difficult to predict. But there are plenty—far too many.

In brief, our prevailing education in the United States is irrelevant to life; it prolongs infancy; and it does not prepare the individual for adult living. Mental disease may lie just around the corner, and if we happen to turn that corner, we come face to face with great unhappiness and suffering. Our education, it is true, may train us to think accurately, which we, in turn, may apply to useful subjects and reach successful living. Many individuals do that. But not enough.

The Goal of a Sound Education

WHAT should an education do for us? What should be its goal? The true goal of education should be preparation for adult living. Specifically, it is the development of our powers (particularly emotional powers such as courage and independence) which will prepare us to successfully solve adult problems. What are these basic adult problems? There are four, as follows: First, there is the problem of work, of securing a job which is suited to our capacities and putting forth our best effort in its direction; second, the problem of getting along with others, of cooperating with society, of making friends; third, the problem of making a satisfactory sexual adjustment, of developing a heterosexual outlook, of getting along with those of the opposite sex, of marriage if we feel that we desire and are able to meet the mature responsibilities of that relationship; and fourth, the problem of leisure time, or what to do when there is nothing definite to do, the problem of getting along with ourselves. The well-educated person will solve these basic problems successfully.

A true education, therefore, must build on these as a foundation. Any study of Algebra, Latin or the like should come later, if we are interested in them—unless our occupation is expected to require

knowledge of those subjects. But any education which does not include vocational guidance and training, education in sex, education in social co-operation and tolerance toward those of other races, creeds and nationalities, and education in hobbies, is not a true and complete education at all.

Educational Technique

JUST as Modern Psychology, along with common sense, has indicated the four broad fields in which we should be educated, it may also be of great aid in the manner or technique of education. Since psychologists have learned certain facts concerning the processes of thinking, learning, remembering, and habit-forming, this also should be a basic element in education. We may, at this point, indicate a few psychological principles upon which educational technique should be based. These are as follows:

First, the technique should take note of the intelligence quotient (I.Q.) of the individual. For example, if one child has an I.Q. of 130, we should expect that child to learn more than a child whose I.Q. is 70. But this should not be used with much finality, as it signifies only that *at the time of examination* the first child had greater intellectual capacity than the second. Nevertheless, if this test and other behavior indicate that the second child has the intelligence of a moron, we should not expect as much of this child as we should of the first. The preparation for work, society, sex and leisure should be based on this fact.

Second, our educational technique should be based on the psychological principle that people behave, essentially, in ways that give them pleasure. The technique, therefore, must be made as pleasant for the student as is possible. The old ideas of fear and punishment in the classroom must vanish. Teachers must strive to interest the students.

Third, instruction must be practical and realistic. If the student is preparing for the occupation of merchandising or banking, he should have some actual training in that field during his student days, so that he can see what his field is really like. Perhaps he will want to change.

Fourth, education should be co-educational. This is one element in preparing for the problem of sex. Individuals should learn to see those of the opposite sex as human beings, not as angel-heroines or tin-god heroes. Boys should have the experience of seeing girls not only at dances but also in classes and while engaged in a game of field hockey. Conversely, girls should have the pleasure of watching the plunging half-back perform when he is in the classroom. Each must adjust to the other in normal life. Why not begin at school?

Fifth, education must be conducted by teachers who are themselves psychologically normal. This is actually the most important consideration of all. This means teachers whose emotional life is already more or less complete, not sex-starved or neurotic individuals who must "use" their pupils as objects of emotional fulfillment—which will warp the coming generation by the hundreds. An education which had Psychology as a basic element would require that every teacher have an informal chat with a psychiatrist before he or she is permitted to take charge of young lives.

A New Deal in Education

ALTHOUGH these five principles may seem to be matters of common sense to any one familiar with Modern Psychology, it must be understood that, if adopted, they would constitute a "new deal" of the first order in the field of education. The application of Psychology, however, to education has already begun, though it has brought confusion to the latter field. Progressive colleges such as Rollins, Antioch and Wisconsin and progressive primary schools of the Montessori type have already adopted some of the changes in technique which have been mentioned.

It is imperative, however, that Psychology be made a basic element in education—for two reasons. The first—an individual one—that we cannot allow our children and the children of our fellow men to be improperly educated and so run the risk of becoming mentally ill in some way, as has been described. The individual suffering is too great.

The second reason—a social one—is that in order to solve the world's problems such as war and the economic system society needs mentally-healthy and capable adults—adults in private and official life who are emotionally mature, adults who are themselves happy and who love humanity. For social cooperation, like charity, begins at home. Perhaps when people are properly educated in all the avenues of their lives, they will learn to love their fellow humans. War will then automatically cease. Greed, selfishness, and exploitation will likewise disappear. This may seem to be somebody's idea of utopia, but it would happen if every person and ruler could be educated along psychological lines.

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INTRODUCTION TO COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY, by *Carl J. Warden, Thomas N. Jenkins and Lucien H. Warner.* Ronald Press, New York. $4.50.

The present volume is an introductory and interpretive survey of the main facts and theories of comparative psychology. It is a condensed and simplified edition of a larger and more detailed volume which the authors are preparing of all infra-human organisms. The present volume retains the breadth of scope of the larger work, but the style is less technical and the presentation more interpretive. The historical and theoretical chapters supply a background for the survey of behavior. The contents include—The Development of Modern Comparative Psychology — The Natural Science Viewpoint in Biology—The Biological Foundations of Comparative Psychology—The Classification and Analysis of Behavior—Methods of Testing Receptive Capacities—Methods of Testing Reactive Capacities—Comparative Morphology and Physiology of Organisms.

MENTAL HYGIENE AND EDUCATION, by *Mandel Sherman.* Longmans, Green and Co., New York. $2.25.

In this book mental mechanisms are discussed and concrete examples given of those deviations which require psychiatric treatment. Modern education emphasizes the development of mature and integrated personalities as one of its most important aims. In order to achieve this aim a clear understanding must be obtained of the process of personality development and of the signs of deviation from the normal. Students of psychology and psychiatry will find many psychological principles of personality formation clarified as well as a scientific discussion of the mechanisms underlying the development of mental abnormalities.

WHO SHALL SURVIVE? by *J. L. Moreno.* Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. $4.00.

An interesting volume which is intended to be a new approach to the problem of human interrelations. Wherever two or more people are functioning as a social group that group not only consists of those individuals, but, more important perhaps than the individuals themselves and without which their functioning as a social group could not be expressed, are the relations which maintain between them. It is these intangible, imponderable and invisible aspects of the situation which enable the mathematical sum of a certain number of individuals to function as a social group. Dr. Moreno's book might be described briefly as a study of these relations between in-

(Continued on page 47)

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The Psychologist's Bookshelf

(*Continued from page* 46)

dividuals. It is a study of the emotional relations between individuals who are functioning as a social group. Dr. Moreno develops a technique for a process of classification which is calculated to bring individuals together who are capable of harmonious interpersonal relationships and so creating a social group which can function at the maximum efficiency and with the minimum of disruptive tendencies and processes. An interesting phase of Dr. Moreno's study is that which is directed to showing that within a given more or less homogeneous group, members of an alien group may be introduced, but it will be found that there is a saturation point for such aliens. The group can assimilate a certain number, but beyond that point assimilation is rendered difficult or impossible and the group tends to break up along the lines of cleavage created by the alien group forming a minority group within the majority group.

FAITH, FEAR AND FORTUNES, by *Daniel Starch.* Richard R. Smith, New *York.* $2.00.

A psychologist's answer to some of the economic questions of today. The author finds that booms and depressions are fundamentally matters of human behavior; that they are the results of mob psychology, of mass emotion. The events of the years 1929-1934 are analyzed in terms of human behavior. The author suggests that in order to prevent depressions it is necessary to prevent booms, and that booms can be prevented only by checking and directing the national psychology. It is Dr. Starch's contention that it is not the ordinary manipulations of men and governments but the inner urges of the millions, individually and in the mass, which make and unmake the world's business. Dr. Starch offers a number of methods of control which would lead to a way out of depression and booms. Essentially they consist of planned economy within the present social and economic framework and are of dubious value.

THE SCIENCE OF WORK, by *Morris S. Viteles.* W. W. Norton, New York. $3.75.

The author of *Industrial Psychology* who presented a comprehensive, technical survey of the methods and principles of industrial psychology in that earlier work gives us in the present volume a less technical and simpler book covering the same ground. The material used is designed to be of immediate interest and use to the practical man in industry. The book though written primarily for the man in business should be of interest to intelligent persons who want to know just what and how psychology contributes to the welfare of their work. The chapter on *Work Through the Ages* is especially interesting. There is a chapter of references and an index as well as a number of illustrations. —E. B.

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A Case of Claustrophobia

By A. S. RUSSELL

FOR as long as he could remember the patient had had a dread of confined spaces. When he was six he slept next the wall in what is called a "concealed-bed" and would lie there in a state of terror wondering if he could get safely out if the need arose. In later life he could not understand how any human being could be induced to go down a coal-mine. He dreaded tunnels. He could not be persuaded to travel in the subway. In a theatre or other crowded building he was always troubled unless he was near the door. He had always an intense sympathy whenever he read of a prisoner being sentenced to solitary confinement and was terrified by stories about people being buried alive. These thoughts and fears, however, he kept to himself. Despite some nervous symptoms and a stammer he was able to qualify as a medical practitioner. At twenty-five he tried a cure by suggestion for stammering and his other nervous symptoms, but he was not cured. His doctor, however, was interested in the work of Freud and the Viennese school of psychotherapy, and in accordance with the views then held, tried to convince him that his trouble must lie in some forgotten experience of childhood of a sexual nature. When he related his dreams to the analyst they were invariably interpreted by symbolism of a sexual character. Despite prolonged sittings with the analyst no cure was effected; even the simple fact that the patient had a special dread of closed spaces was not revealed. It didn't occur to the patient to tell the doctor about it and the doctor didn't find it out for himself. Six years later in the War the patient was astonished to find soldiers living and working in comfort in dug-outs. Then for the first time, medical man though he was, he realized that his fear of closed spaces was not the common lot of humanity. The treatments he had undergone before were either intrinsically powerless to help him or they had been badly administered, for they had not revealed the most elementary fact about his condition. He became Dr. Rivers' patient. After a time he was able in the semi-waking condition that follows sleep to recall more and more of the unpleasant incidents of boyhood, and finally one day brought to the threshold of memory a painful incident which till then had been entirely forgotten. When he was a boy of four he had visited an old rag-and-bone man who gave pennies to children who brought him rubbish of value. On leaving the shop he had to pass along a dark passage, at the end of which was a door he could not open. There was a dog in this passage and it began to growl. The child was terrified out of his wits. It was this incident so suppressed, as such incidents are, as to be afterwards forgotten, which was the root, or apparently the root, of his claustrophobia. Later on he succeeded in remembering the name of the old-clothes-man. Fortunately, the patient's parents were alive. They remembered the man of that name and occupation and the shop, but had no idea that their child knew anything about him or that he had ever visited his shop.

That the incident at the age of four had occurred twenty-seven years earlier and was not imagined is hardly subject to doubt. Soon after the patient had lived through the scene again his claustrophobiac symptoms disappeared. A few days afterwards he sat in the midst of a crowded picture house with no discomfort and subsequently travelled by the subway and went down coal-mines like an ordinary person. The terrifying dreams of being unable to escape from an enclosed space, to which he had been subject, also left him, and for the three years afterwards, during which Dr. Rivers was in touch with his patient, there was no recurrence of the latter's earlier condition. The cure was permanent.

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