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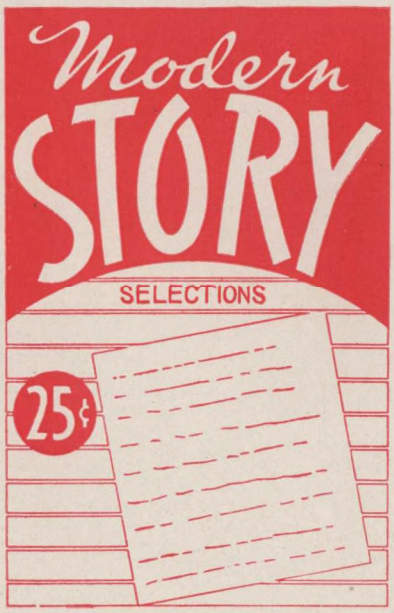
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In Forthcoming Issues:

EMOTIONAL MALADJUSTMENT

Emotional aberration sometimes has its origin in derangement of the sexual organs. The sex mechanism has an autonomy of its own which will not be denied. Refusal to concede this autonomy brings as a punishment a whole host of emotional ills. Wilhelm Stekel, the eminent European psychiatrist, discusses the sex organs and their effect upon emotional make-up and health, in a brilliant article.

HOW TO STERILIZE AND WHEN

Sterilization has become one of the vital issues of the present century. Many states of the United States have adopted sterilization in certain cases as state law. Some states have made it optional. Nazi Germany has made it possible to obliterate a whole race of people by this unusual measure. Sections of the thinking public have become incensed at this terrible tool which in the hands of the unscrupulous can be made a class weapon of untold power. Yet sterilization is sometimes valuable and necessary. Let Dr. Winfield Scott Pugh tell you when its use is to be recommended and how this operation should be performed.

SHALL I TELL MY CHILD HE IS ADOPTED?

The parents who adopt a child take upon themselves more than the ordinary task of bringing him up. A great deal of the child's future happiness depends upon whether he is told he is adopted, and the manner in which he is told. Marion J. Faegre has some excellent suggestions which will greatly help to make this task of the foster parents much easier.

SEXUAL IMPOTENCE IN MARRIED LIFE

The dominating influence of sex is evident in every normal individual. Sexual impotence has devastating effects, both, psychologic and physiologic, on the welfare of the afflicted individual. Dr. H. H. Rubin discusses the many causes of this malady, both psychic and organic, and discloses what may be done in the way of cure.

And Many Others

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Is Life What We Make It?

• *by* C. Franklin Leavitt, M.D. •

LIFE is never interesting unless WE MAKE IT SO. And to make life worth living we must have either an understanding which we have acquired through study or reasoning; or a training in childhood which has created in us a HABIT of viewing life in the right light.

It depends entirely on YOUR VIEWPOINT as to just what YOU see in life. If you have formed the habit of analyzing life from a destructive standpoint, you see only the shadows and clouds, which soon breed very real fears. In consequence, you would be most unhappy, limited and depressed, and life would not seem worth living.

Clarence Darrow makes the statement that "Life is not worth living." To him, from his analysis and viewpoint, it probably is not. But if you were to stop one hundred people and ask them, one by one, if THEY believed that life was worth living or if they were ready and willing to die: I feel sure that 98 per cent of them would prefer to live, in spite of some of the hard things they met from time to time.

It is normal to wish to live and be happy.

Wherein lies the difference between these two opinions of life? It is to be found in VIEWPOINT alone.

From just what standpoint have you been analyzing yourself and life? In viewing some who are happier and more successful than yourself have you layed it to a difference in nature, inheritance, better earlier training, environment, luck, opportunity, etc., etc., or have you willingly admitted that it is merely due to YOUR lack of understanding, training and development? Some of these advantages you have pictured in others, may have had a bearing in the beginning, but after one reaches the age of reason, LIFE IS UP TO THEM, and it is really and truly their own fault if they have failed to make use of the God-given powers which they possess.

YOU perhaps are sensitive, emotional, impressionable, with a tendency toward nervousness; possibly failed to receive in childhood JUST the instruction and training that would have best fitted that nature of yours; and in consequence, it is quite natural that you formed habits of limitation and weakness. In this manner your mind has been placed behind "prison bars" and you have seen no way out. Such a condition breeds an Inferiority Complex which adds materially to your slavery. But all this does not mean that you are "fate-driven." THERE IS A WAY OUT, and that way is through a process of reeducation and added understanding. The TRUTH will set you free. You are a prisoner because you are viewing yourself and life from a false viewpoint.

Little by little, the little fears, such as worry, apprehension, jealousy, lack of hope and faith, breed bigger fears, and you can very easily drift into a state of so-called Neurasthenia; or suffer the tortures accompanying a Nervous-Breakdown.

But all this does not mean that your nature is normally a destructive one; that your mind is weak; that YOU are different from others. A sensitive, emotional type of mind, with a tendency toward nervousness, represents very REAL POWER. Power however has both a constructive and a destructive side to it. You have permitted this nature of yours to rule you, and in consequence, it has formed the habit of ruling destructively; but that very same power CAN be made to serve you and be the best friend you ever had. Your nature represents a going, active, fine type of mind which is running wild through lack of control and direction. Such a mind as yours can practically destroy you and leave you a wreck on the shores of life; or, on the other hand, it can carry you to great heights.

Wouldn't you like to really understand that mind of yours; learn how to direct it wisely; to make it serve you constructively; and in consequence, become a happy, well-balanced, progressive, interesting person? That very thing is possible, if you are really in earnest and will agree, with help to convert that "wishbone" of yours into a "backbone." That does not represent years of tiresome fighting, but it DOES require a better understanding of yourself, your own powers and how to use them; of the principles underlying life as lived to its fullest; and then an expression of this added knowledge until you have formed NEW HABITS. That isn't such a terrible task, is it?

THE INFLUENCE OF FEAR ON MIND AND BODY

FEAR is one of the most destructive forces man has to deal with. It can change your viewpoint to such a degree that everything seems warped all out of shape and even you, take on an unreal appearance in your own eyes. It can cause great unhappiness and mental distress, and there is probably nothing harder to bear than mental suffering. It acts as a shock to your Sympathetic Nervous System, and through tension, functional and gland life is materially disturbed; and thus you can suffer very materially physically from lack of vitality, tone and proper mental stimulation. FEAR acts as a real poison on your system. Worry alone can in time completely wreck the strongest nervous system. Perhaps you can begin to see how YOUR downfall has taken place and why YOU suffer from strange feelings, sensations and weaknesses. If you are expressing FEAR, you are constantly carrying to your mind, seeds of depression, and to your body, through the nervous system, little shocks.

NEURASTHENIA, NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS, various forms of PSYCHOSIS and NEUROSIS, SELF CONSCIOUSNESS, STAMMERING — always have deep seated FEARS back of them. There may be exciting causes, such as operations, shocks, glandular disturbances, infections, etc., but you would NOT develop the mental or nerve states represented above unless there was present in you fertile soil for the growth of FEAR. Eliminate FEAR and you will get rid of your worst enemy. AND THIS CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED.

HERE IS A WAY OUT

I have written a little 100 page book, titled SELF MASTERY THROUGH UNDERSTANDING. This book goes into considerable detail in relating just how these many forms of mental and nerve disorders originate, their cause and effects. It will perhaps tell you more about YOU and your troubles than you have ever read before. It will open your eyes to certain TRUTHS which should make it possible for you to begin to analyze from a more creative viewpoint, and it will give you an understanding of the mental self which cannot help but be beneficial. This little book has been pronounced by many as priceless. If, after reading the book, you feel that a Preliminary Analysis, would be of assistance to you, you may fill out the Analysis Chart, which will be enclosed and return it to me for an opinion. The Blank will come direct to MY desk and be opened by ME, so do not hesitate to fill it out carefully. View this as a very real opportunity and take advantage of the offer AT ONCE.

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GYPSY WOMEN TELL "FORTUNES" BY WATCHING THE REACTIONS OF HANDS, WRISTS AND MOUTH TO INNOCENT APPEARING QUERIES AND STATEMENTS.

Gypsy Fortune Telling

By H. ELLSWORTH GELWICKS
Psychological Investigator

GYPSY fortune telling is based upon sound psychological principles, according to statements made by several Gypsy women and a well known psychologist.

The psychologist is Dr. Clarence T. Simon of Northwestern University, whose research work, particularly in the field of psychological aspects of speech production, has made him a leader in his particular field.

The Gypsy women explained their methods during informal chats. The writer has for over fifteen years cultivated friendships among the Gypsies, and on three different occasions, each time by a different Gypsy woman, was given practically the same explanation of fortune telling by expert practitioners of that profession.

The Tell-Tale Hands, Wrists and Mouth

DR. SIMON said that it has been established that the hands, the wrists and arms are among the most sensitive respondents to mental or emotional stimuli, particularly when the recipient of the stimuli does not realize this fact and therefore does not attempt to control them. He also had considerable to say on the thesis that the lips and mouth muscles, with the resultant radiating contractions and expansions in all the face muscles, were the real sources of emotional expression which is usually credited to the eyes.

"The eyes actually have no expression," he said. "Facial reactions at times around or near the eyes may be attributed to the eyes, but it starts from the mouth."

A simple and long accepted axiom of psychology is that when the mind is prepared, it receives more easily.

None of the Gypsy women who discussed their profession have the slightest knowledge of academic psychology. All would be startled to hear that their intuitive knowledge, which is developed into sensitive skill by the training their mothers give them from childhood has been labeled with psychological terms. Yet it all fits.

There is first of all the fact that they always tell your past and present as well as your future.

The reason is that they know they can gain from the client certain information about himself. This they cleverly retell in such a manner that the client begins to believe that after all the Gypsy does seem to have some power of divination. She has delved into his past, she does know certain things about his present. Maybe . . .

Hence, the Gypsy women prepare the mind to receive the clever generalities which sound almost like positive prophecies when they begin to to tell "the future." How is this accomplished? Their answer shows that somehow their ancestors guessed or figured out what Dr. Simon and his colleagues have proven by laboratory experiment. They depend upon the reaction of the wrist and mouth to the stimulus of questions.

The Application of Psychological Principles

In the first place, the fortune teller and the client must be alone. The Gypsy will insist upon this. That is to insure no distraction which would cause cross-stimuli to affect the reactions of the client.

Next, the fortune teller holds the client's hand. This does two things. First, it permits the fortune teller to feel the hand and wrist reactions of the client. Second, it focuses the eyes of the client upon the hand so that the client does not notice that the lady is very carefully observing the mouth and lip reactions of the client. It also creates a little of the atmosphere of secrecy and mystery.

The stage is now set for the Gypsy lady to perform. What follows is a matter of attentive application of principles well learned through training and practice.

Your fortune teller states a generality concerning the client, a shrewd guess concerning that client which any person practiced in the art of observation could make. From hand and mouth of the client come signals telling her she is right or wrong. If wrong, the Gypsy goes off on another track. If right, she makes the next statement a little less general. Again the answering signals. Again the change of subject or the narrowing down of the original statement. Thus by trial and error, with the constant indicators of the client's mouth and wrist guiding the Gypsy's line of investigation, the Gypsy makes the client tell things about himself or herself. As each bit of information is secured, the Gypsy repeats it in such a way that the client never realizes it is his own thoughts that are being stated.

Eventually the Gypsy girl is able to make some pretty definite statements about the client's past and present condition. She tells the client things which the latter believed only he knew. The client becomes convinced, possibly against his will, that this dark skinned girl or woman has unusual powers of devination.

All, except the most credulous, approach the fortune telling experiment in something of a defensive mood. The Gypsy girl knows this. She knows that she must break this down. She does not call it "preparing the mind to receive," but that is what it is. In this, as well as in the specific gaining of information, the sensitive appreciation of arm and mouth reaction which the Gypsy girl has, comes to her aid. She can "feel" when the opposition begins to decrease. She can tell, when she is sufficiently experienced, just the right time to start foretelling the future. She knows when the mind is ready to "receive."

Foretelling the Future

As to forecasting, the girl has gained from the client considerable information as to the client's disposition, mentality, habits, family life, occupation and social and economic standing. From childhood she has been deliberately a shrewd observer of life. She is therefore prepared to make some forecasts that are not too specific, yet have a ring of reasonableness to the partially hypnotized client.

The result is that the client leaves a sitting with a feeling of having received his or her money's worth.

Frankly, this is true, for even if the Gypsy girl does have no truly occult powers, she has put on a good show that is the result of hereditary acumen sharpened by parental training and years of observation and practice. She has given an exciting exhibition of practical and very sensitive application of important psychological principles, even though neither she nor the client realizes it.

IF A MAN LIVES HIS SEXUAL LIFE AT AN EVEN, THOUGH LOW, TEMPO, THERE IS NOTHING OF WHICH TO BE ASHAMED. INSTEAD OF PERMITTING HIS SEX OUTLOOK TO DOMINATE ALL HIS AFFAIRS HE CAN RELEGATE IT TO THE PROPER POSITION IN HIS PATTERN OF LIFE.

What Constitutes Virility

By Louis Gold
Physician, Brooklyn, New York

Olivier had accompanied his father and his knights on the visit to the King of Jerusalem. At the great feast, the knights bragged of the wonderful exploits they had performed, and what greater deeds they could accomplish if they so desired. Olivier, when he had become warmed by drinking many cups of the excellent wine, decided he could make as good a boast as anyone. So he arose to his feet, and as they all listened, he declared he could duplicate the feat of Hercules of Greece, who married fifty virgins one night, and on the next morning all of them declared they were content and had nothing more to learn. Olivier was reminded that as a good Christian, he could not marry fifty wives at one time. Undaunted, Olivier proclaimed he could do to one virgin on his wedding night what Hercules did to fifty, provided that the damsel was the beautiful daughter of the King of Jerusalem, their host.

How Olivier was compelled to marry the girl, and to make the attempt to live up to his boast on the threat of decapitation if he failed, by the angry King of Jerusalem, and how in the presence of the entire court and the knightly guests, his wife verified his success on the morning after is given in full detail by Anatole France, in his *Olivier's Brag*. The urbane goat-faced writer, who had other goat-like propensities, in another story, *Penguin Island*, gives one more example of unusual virility, of a somewhat less Herculean accomplishment, where he relates that a careful search the morning after by a curious landlady who had rented the room for the night to a member of the French Parliament and his mistress, revealed seven crosses made with a hair pin on the wall-paper beside the bed. It is perhaps advisable to note that in both instances, the author demands that we accept the woman's word as final and definite proof.

These cases are not quoted as standards for emulation or for information as to what can be accomplished along these endeavors, but as representative of the opinions of one intelligent writer, whose gusto in amatory experiences and whose successes are not doubted.

What Is Normal Virility?

Stories of this type create in many male readers an envy and a feeling of dissatisfaction with themselves for not being able to achieve similar success, and in many men a sense of timidity and inferiority originates that is harmful to their social, marital and business careers.

There is no widespread knowledge of what constitutes a normal sexual virility. As in the accumulation of wealth, no matter how fortunate one has been, there is still hunger for greater accumulations, and envy for those who have been even more fortunate. A frank discussion and understanding of what constitutes normal sexual virility would be of inestimable value, however, to many men, for lack of this knowledge has led to intense mental suffering, suicides, murders, and various forms of marital difficulties.

Absolute lack of virility due to congenital or acquired disease is rare and need not be considered. Psychopathologic types like Augustus who was virile with any woman but his wife are not frequently met with and require little discussion. Nor do we often come across cases like that of Louis XVI who on account of a slight anatomic defect did not consummate his marriage with Marie Antoinette for seven years. The remarkable letters of Marie Antoinette where she recorded the attempts and the progress of her husband during this period and his ultimate success make excellent reading. It is the problem of the average male, however, which will be given consideration. The young unmarried male and the long married man suffer most from the fears of low virility, the former from inexperience, the latter from too much experience. The unmarried older male has a number of factors in his favor: there are enforced periods of abstinence during

which he can recuperate fully from previous excesses, there are new women and new surroundings to titillate and stimulate his senses, and there is a lack of responsibility which is so heavy a burden to the married men.

Most men will take an ulcer of the stomach philosophically, and chronic nephritis with resignation, but to feel or even be suspected of not having a great deal of sexual virility is to most men a most painful and upsetting experience. To have one's wife look with forebearance on her mate for not measuring up to the standard is humiliating in the extreme. The idea of men being subnormal sexually is prevalent to an astonishing and alarming degree. A large quantity of drugs is sold which promise to increase virility. Books on sex, exercises, and various devices are sold in large numbers to men who hope to achieve their own or others' conception of masculine virility. These are often harmful.

What Makes Women Self Confident?

While sexual timidity has little or no effect on the health directly, great damage results to the ego of the affected male. It is the lack of sexual confidence that makes so many men humble to their wives, who may be far inferior to them in mentality. Who has not seen men cringe and crawl before their loud-mouthed supercilious wives? A direct accusation by the wife is not necessary. A sigh, a reproachful look, a comment on a movie star, and the husband, in despair, will grovel at his wife's feet.

It is this lack or virility, or imagined lack, more than genuine gallantry, that makes juries so lenient to female criminals and murderers, and in general gives women so powerful an influence in daily life. Surely, thinks man, as he looks upon the feminine face with its expression of fatuous confidence (no thoughts of deficient virility disturbing her), there must be something divine in anyone who can gaze upon the uncertain world in this manner! Women must be superior beings. And he becomes more than kind to her. Man forgets or does not recall that the same look of fatuous confidence can be seen on men popular with women, screen stars and wealthy playboys, and is a result of the same sexual confidence that women have. While men, however, worship that kind of a face in women, they generally feel like smashing the face when it appears on a man. Undoubtedly this is due to jealousy.

An over-sexually virile man is not kind to women. He takes every advantage of them. It is only necessary to look about amongst one's acquaintances, recall newspaper accounts, or see some movies or plays or read some books to note the truth of this statement, to see how selfishly and indifferently the rampant male disposes of his women.

The Causes of Diminished Virility

Various factors have played a part in depressing the virility of the male. In the past, the burden of contraceptive measures has fallen heavily on the considerate male. There is no doubt but that the preparations for use of and the actual use of the contraceptive means have reduced the libido at the scene of action to a marked degree. In fact, there are many men in middle life to whom the use of these measures had become so distasteful, that they would rather do without intercourse than go through the act with them. The present generation has seen a marked improvement on this score for efficient contraceptives which can be used by the woman are now readily obtainable. The ideal state will be reached when the Russians can demonstrate on human beings what they have successfully shown on animals, that they can make a female non-fertile for several months following an injection of male semen.

Another cause even among complaining wives, is the nonchalant or indifferent approach of many women to the act. Tristram Shandy says that at the time of his conception, his mother asked his father if he forgot to wind the clock, which produced such a state of exasperation in his father as to influence unfavorably his (Tristram Shandy's) life forever. While the question of the clock does not come up in every case, it is astonishing to note how many things a wife remembers she has to do before she submits at last gladly and willingly to the embraces of her impatient and burning mate. It is a mystery why of all times so many wives will choose the moment before the climactic physical experience of life to scold their partners, or make complaints, or bring up matters that were best forgotten.

There are men who will attempt intercourse at regular intervals regardless of their feelings. This is a great mistake. Body and mind should be in the proper state. Regularity is of course a damper on the excitement of the occasion, which becomes no more than the discharge in more ways than one of a normal function and may have little more titillation or pleasure than a good bowel movement. Regularity also makes one simulate desire one does not feel at that particular time, which creates a state of mind harmful to future performances. And if one is methodical, the other partner cannot be censured if there is suspicion or complaint when the usual party is not held.

Undue prolongation of the sexual act is harmful to the virility. It is not unnatural to attempt to squeeze the last iota of enjoyment out of the moment, but it can be overdone with detriment to the system. The long status of excitement leads to a chronic congestion with consequent irritation and diminution of sensation.

But this is not always voluntary on the part of the male. It is natural for the virile male to want to give his partner in sexual experience supreme satisfaction. However, there are so many cases where a man with the virility of a Hercules cannot accomplish this. There are women who belong to all stages of frigidity—from simple tolerance of the act, to complete disgust with it. There are women who are impossible to satisfy because of their lack of sex experience. Many women, even after they have invited intercourse, will take the act calmly without the climax, being satisfied with their power in feeding and satisfying the male's desire.

The Satisfaction of Nymphomaniacs

THERE are indeed, many women like Amy Dalrymple, in Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly,* alluring, seductive, apparently the ideal mate, who are so free from passion even after many yieldings, that they wonder what the whole pother is about, and why men strive so desperately after what amounts to so little. This is a common attitude even among women of greater responsiveness, and undoubtedly accounts for the superior stand these women take towards men, and their amused air of tolerance for the foolish weakness of men who seek for their favors.

For a man to try to arouse in these groups of women a passion comparable to his own is ruinous to his virility. It cannot be done. But the male will always consider the woman's lack of response as a reflection on his virility even when there is no complaint on her part, and his attempts to succeed are desperate, to justify his sense of virility.

Nymphomania is a drain on the virility of normal men. While the general conception presumes this condition common amongst young and beautiful women, it has been the experience in my practice to find it most often among women in the late thirties and those approaching the menopause. As a rule, they were not of the type seeking promiscuous intercourse, but they expected the impossible from their husbands. When the poor males, exhausted, found it difficult to maintain a normal standard, there were accusations of infidelity, or what perhaps hurt them even more, ridicule and pity. I know of one woman who made life unbearable for her husband and embarrassing to all of their friends and relatives by constantly bemoaning her husband's inability to satisfy her. At family gatherings, bridge parties and other assemblies, she would announce sooner or later, and repetitiously, her husband's misfortune and how she was bearing with him as bravely as a wife should, that she nevertheless loved him and would stick to him forever. The husband told me what I considered the truth of the matter, that several nightly sessions were hardly enough to satisfy her. He had at last rebelled from sheer exhaustion.

The gallants of medieval times stuffed their cod-pieces with cloth, so that the onlooker would imagine they had enormous sexual organs as they paraded the boulevards or attended social functions, and thus they hoped to excite the envy and admiration of their fellow-companions, and the hope and desire of the women. Nowadays, it is not fashionable for men to advertise their virility in this manner. As a matter of fact, little is known of what constitutes normal virility. There are many men who would have a great burden lifted from their minds, who would be better able to face the problems of their business life and be better able to treat with their inconsiderate wives if they had some light on the subject.

Most Men Are Alike

THERE are few of us who need special standards for our physical requirements, and, although the idea may be disturbing to many, the same might be said of our mental and spiritual needs. Nearly all of us can go into a shoe store and be quickly fitted with the proper foot-wear. The same applies to clothes and we get along nicely on the rather limited choice of foods offered in most households. In things relating to the mind, we may be somewhat more selective, discriminating in the choice of plays, books and music. On the whole, however, we react alike to affairs which touch on our deep emotions, varying of course, according to the manner in which we have been conditioned. In the matter of virility, most men are alike.

There are exceptions here as in other affairs that concern men. Some men are unusually tall; some are gifted in mind; others have great physical stamina, or are pathological in various ways. Most men are normal, that is, average.

There are some men whose sexual stamina is almost unbelievable. These are not normal. Such individuals are as a rule, not good for anything else in this world, as are nearly all highly specialized creatures outside of their particular field. It is possible perhaps, for even a normal individual to

achieve extreme heights of virility provided he devotes his entire career to pursuing this vocation, but he would eventually be forced to pay a steep price in the physical and mental deterioration which inexorably ensues.

Some men have a superabundance of virility that is not pathological, just as gifted individuals are blessed with special accomplishments. They belong to the class which normal men may envy just as they envy the favorites of fortune, and may even attempt to emulate them, but the sensible man will recognize his limitations before he has gone too far.

There remains the great mass of normal men, whose virility is average, who often suffer, however, because their ideas have been fashioned by stories told by braggart youngsters, who have often had little or no experience, by tales told by impotent older men, and by the inability to achieve the impossible goal set by their own burning desires.

As a result of questionaires sent to a large number of intelligent people of both sexes, it has been shown that as a rule, married persons settle down to having intercourse twice a week. The period immediately after marriage when the virility appears to be inexhaustible is not to be considered as a guide for the entire future; and different decades of life must be taken into account as modifying virility. There may be no change of the standard of virility when a man leaves the avid twenties and goes into the flush thirties; but when one enters the perturbing forties, Time shakes his head warningly, and as for the declining fifties, it were best not to bring these matters up.

Thus if a man has been living his sexual life at an even though low tempo, there is nothing of which to be ashamed. To his fellowmen, his wife and to himself, he can hold himself erect. Instead of permitting his sex outlook to dominate all the affairs of his life to an unreasonable degree, coloring all his thoughts and actions, he can relegate it to the proper position in his pattern of life.

Preparing the Child for His Life-Work

A SOURCE of grave insecurity in many a home is the attitude of parents toward the child's vocational preparation. Some parents make up their minds what their child shall be while he is in the crib, some even before he is born. Often one still hears from otherwise intelligent parents such silly remarks as, "We are going to make a doctor of him," just as if he were a piece of lifeless clay for them to mold. Some parents, too, suffering remorse from their lack of intellectual attainments have resolved that their child shall be what they were not.

If all children could be rated mentally and physically, before they are eight years old, and if parents could reconcile themselves to the results thus impersonally obtained, some of the misery which now develops in the struggle and stress of finding occupation could be saved to adolescents. They could be saved at least from the dreadful experience of failing to fulfill impossible parental expectations.

Parents considering their child's future welfare and happiness, and the happiness of his family now, will do their utmost to help him enjoy school success, learning all they can from the school and the psychologist about this child's abilities and disabilities. They will try in every possible manner to ascertain his major interests. If under the most favorable opportunities the child does not rank appreciably above the average of his classmates, if the psychologist finds his general ability to learn is relatively no higher, then you would be foolish to urge him to aspire to any of the higher professions. What other endeavors he should be encouraged to strive for will depend upon his interests and apparent aptitudes. To expect more of him or try to urge him to expect more of himself is almost sure to burden him and you with no end of discouragements and worries.

The family tragedies incident to an economic depression testify to the sufferings of the whole family in spite of the greatest efforts at planning ahead, at thrift and saving. Perhaps the keenest mental suffering comes to parents and their children who having been accustomed to a comfortable standard of living suddenly find their income practically or wholly swept away. The physical and mental health of children is generally most impaired by these tragedies. There seems to be some hope in the spirit of the New Deal and great advances toward a safer economic future seem to be in the building. Yet the most optimistic still believe we have a long, long way to go before our average family can enjoy a governmental and financial system which affords opportunity for nearly satisfactory economic security.—*Garry Myers.*

AN IMPULSE IS MERELY A DISTORTED, REPRESSED IDEA. MANY OF US, JUDGED SANE BY SOCIETY, ARE NEVERTHELESS THE VICTIMS OF ECCENTRIC IMPULSES.

Eccentric Impulses *of the* Sane

By J. SCHREIBMAN
Director: International Research Bureau.

A DIPLOMAT used to open his window from time to time to imitate the crowing of a cock. Sometimes ladies have said to people around them the most shameful and outrageous remarks. Napoleon was impelled to count the number of windows in every street through which he rode. And Boswell tells us that Johnson, the English writer, found it necessary to kick every stone in his way.

As we shall observe from the cases to be presented later, the remarkable thing about such eccentric impulses is that, although the individual is aware of the incongruity of his actions, and realizes the impulse is an irrational fantasy, he feels impelled to act by an overpowering force.

Irrepressible impulses manifest themelves in various forms. The occasional deaths resulting from the excessive imbibing of alcohol, or even water, are caused by *dipsomania,* a drink impulse. These sufferers take the contents of one glass of water or alcohol and feel impelled to continue emptying glasses until physical exhaustion, coma or death intervenes.

Sometimes an impulse is of an anxious nature. Thus, whenever a teacher, with whom I am acquainted, passes an open drawer, the thought occurs that he might have pushed a pupil into it. Although he realizes the absurdity of such an idea, he is annoyed with doubt until he returns and reassures himself that no one is actually in the drawer.

Is She Pretty?

THE case of John, a man of sixty, indicates how an impulse may motivate an individual's behavior throughout his life.

John had been troubled, since the age of fifteen, with the desire to know all about the actresses whom he had seen at the theatre. This state of affairs caused him such distress that he stopped going to the theatre; but then his curiosity, instead of relating only to actresses, arose in meeting any women whom he considered pretty. He married and followed his profession and still the impulse remained.

John became so affected that whenever he noticed a woman whom he thought good looking, he was in an anxious condition for hours. Finally a companion was hired to accompany him wherever he went to reassure him about all the women he should encounter.

He always asked the same question. "Is she pretty or not?" His companion's reply that she was plain generally satisfied him. Ordinary precautions, however, did not always prevent crises which continued for some time. As an added precaution, John began going out on business only after dark. On one occasion he went in a night train. After traveling thirty-five miles, he asked his companion if the woman who sold the tickets was pretty or not. Being fatigued, his companion unguardedly said that he had not noticed. John then felt so upset that a messenger was sent back to ascertain the facts. And not until word was brought that the woman was ugly, did this sixty year old man feel relieved.

Instead of evading the impulse, had John boldly faced a beautiful actress and questioned her fully, he may have spared himself forty five years of eccentric behavior.

Must You Count?

ARITHOMANIA, the psychological label for the impulse to count, is fairly common. People is this category sometimes feel impelled to count before asking or answering questions, or they compute the number of drops in a pitcher of water and enumerate the number of steps from home to the subway station.

Ribot, in his *Psychology of Attention,* describes an intelligent youth who spends the greater

part of his time calculating the hours of departure and arrival of trains at the railway stations on the entire globe. He has generously bestowed railways upon countries that have none, and regulates this imaginary traffic, compiling very elaborate time tables covering enormous sheets of paper. He draws curves, and establishes connections at the various junctions.

Others, when visiting, go away remembering that there are twenty one books on the shelf, and fourteen pockets as well as twelve buttons on their host's clothes.

Roncati quotes a curious Arithomania: Whenever an Italian lady looked at a street, she began at once, and against her will, to count the number of paving stones. Then followed an enumeration of all the towns of Italy, and finally of Italy's streams and rivers. If she held a bag of corn there immediately began in her brain the work of enumerating the number of grains of corn in the city, in the province, in the whole country. She related that not only did she feel impelled by an irresistible force to make these odd computations, but that if during her strenuous task she chanced to be interrupted by the sheer impossibility of proceeding, she would suffer from a feeling of agony accompanied by indescribable physical tortures.

Suicide by Imitation

Acts of violence have often been committed by the sight of a suitable weapon (knife, gun, ax) and the sight of a rope has furnished many with the impulse to hang.

Police officials are aware that imitation; either a movie thriller, reports of a kidnapping or an extraordinary crime, may be the powerful instigator of impulsive acts. Whenever a Dillinger-like criminal breaks loose, scores of individuals, driven by impulse, inaugurate crime waves of their own in honor of their ideal.

Let news appear that a world weary miner has blown himself into eternity, by igniting sticks of dynamite placed in his trousers pockets, and suddenly this method becomes fashionable, only to be followed in turn by cyanide drinking or some other novel method. In this connection, the law makers of the ancient city of Miletus hit upon an effective method of supressing a suicide epidemic which overcame the women of the city. "Neither tears of father, nor mother, nor reason, nor remonstration, nor the comfortable speeches of their friends were of any avail," according to the account left by Plutarch. The epidemic ceased, however, with the passage of a law ordering the naked body of every woman suicide to be dragged through the market place in full view of the whole city. "Perhaps," reasons Plutarch, "the fear of dishonor, shame and ignominy is stronger than the fear of death, even though the disgrace takes place after life is extinct."

Obsessional Impulses

Spinsters, so the gibe runs, look under the bed before retiring. The teeth may have to be brushed in a certain manner; or when bathing, the entire body may have to be soaped and washed twice, else the individual will not consider himself presentable. Even uncertainty at whether the barn door has been properly shut may finally compel one to get out of bed nightly to recheck its status. And at retiring, the left shoe may have to be taken off first, and in the morning, the right sock put on before the left, else the day will be endured with fidgety sensations.

The boy who had to touch every one wearing red is usually quoted here. On one occasion so the story goes, his family lost their train because of the prevalence of this color among those waiting in the station.

The Hungarian patriot, Szechenyi, noted as promoter of Danubian navigation, leader of the revolution of 1848, and founder of the Magyar Academy, sometimes felt such an irresistible impulse to play chess overcome him that it was necessary to pay a poor student to play with him for ten or twelve hours a day.

There is also the obsession of Fodera, who seized every opportunity to assert with much conviction that he could conquer any army though it numbered a million, with forty soldiers, and that with one easily constructed oven, he could supply bread for 200,000 people. Fodera's impulse, despite his high reputation as a Sicilian physician and medical writer (he died in 1835), indicates a delusion of grandeur born of an inferiority complex. A somewhat similar occurrence is attributed to Porta, the celebrated French surgeon, who would not allow any medical paper to be read at the Lombard Institute without murmuring and showing his contempt. As soon as a mathematical or philosophical paper was presented he immediately became quiet and attentive.

No matter how they resist, many people feel impelled to read every piece of printed or written matter they encounter.

A short time ago, I stopped before an outdoor bookshop and while I was glancing through an *Analytical Concordance to Emerson* someone touched my arm.

"Pardon me," a smiling man began. "I couldn't help noticing the book title. Can you tell me what analytical means?"

"To analyze, to take apart. It's from the Latin."

"Why use the Latin derivative?" he questioned.

I attempted to explain the origin of modern English, and after quite a discussion, demanded his motive for confronting strangers with peculiar questions. He declared an irresistible impulse drove him to learn the philology of words.

Aldous Huxley's observation is appropriate: "We have all of us seen, have most of us actually been—the person who, coming into a restaurant alone and without a book or newspaper reads through the bill of fare from soup to nuts without missing a single word."

The obsessional antics of a gentleman living in a London suburb seem pathetically amusing. Anxious to escape from the clutches of his reading impulse, the Englishman deliberately avoided reading a poster in the Strand on his way home from business. After he reached home and had his dinner, the fact that he had not read the poster haunted him to such an extent that, before he could retire for the night, he found it necessary to travel back to the Strand, a distance of seven miles, in order to gain relief from his mental unrest.

The average subway rider who persists in peering into your paper no doubt belongs to this category as does a woman acquaintance of the writer. She sometimes skips several pages while reading a book and then sometime a month to a year later, the impulse to read the skipped pages overpowers her with such force that she wastes days roaming the bookstores in search of the volume.

Regarded from a legal angle, these obsessions do not harm society. But they frequently are sufficiently annoying to make life miserable.

The Impulse Becomes Violent

Not all impulses are harmless. Marc relates the case of a nurse who felt the impulse to murder the infant she took care of whenever she saw its naked skin. She ultimately threw herself before her mistress and begged to be discharged, declaring that the whiteness of the child's skin excited her to murder it, and that she could no longer resist the impulse.

Some do not escape so easily. In the case of Donald, a Brooklyn tailor, married and the father of a child, the impulse ran its violent course. Whenever Donald stood on a railway station he felt impelled to throw someone onto the tracks. He managed to escape undetected. But one day he pushed a man from an elevated patform and the victim fell from the tracks through an opening between the ties to the street below. Seeing this, Donald ran down the steps to the street, notified the police of the accident and helped a nearby druggist administer first aid. Later, Donald told the psychologist sent to treat him that when the impulse occurs he obeys it even though it means endangering someone's life.

Even murder has frequently been committed merely to satisfy an impulse. Consider the case of Barbara, which Digonet listed in the French *Annales Medico-Psychologiques.*

Barbara Erkhow, a twenty year old Russian peasant woman, gave birth to a son a year after her marriage. One day, while Barbara was nursing the infant, the mother-in-law made a fire in the stove, and soon afterwards left the room. In an instant Barbara seized the child and threw him into the stove. She then calmly lay down on a bed within the room. Almost immediately afterwards her mother-in-law reentered the room and snatched the infant from the fire. But the child died in her arms. Barbara could not explain her conduct otherwise than by declaring that she was suddenly seized with the impulse to throw her infant into the stove, and that she had done it without thought or cause.

Is Barbara sane? Related as her behavior is to the maniacal impulses of the insane (space limitations prohibit the citing of examples) Barbara's actions present a tangle which has yet to be unravelled.

The Remedy

An impulse, many authorities maintain, is merely a distorted, repressed idea. To overcome the impulse, the distorted, repressed idea must be uncovered, analyzed and presented to the victim in its relative magnitude. Psychoanalytical treatment has been able to accomplish this quite successfully.

Many impulses have also been rectified through substitution. Thus, persons impelled to cut a human throat recovered by becoming butchers in a slaughter house. And many a potential pyromaniac has been advised to become a ship stoker or fireman so as not to commit arson.

But perhaps the most interesting cure was effected by Dr. Hammond. A wealthy woman came to him suffering from an impulse which forced her to steal everything she could lay her hands on. Directed to study botany and make collections of plants, "she gradually became so infatuated with the new pursuit," writes Dr. Hammond, "that she lost all kleptomaniacal impulses."

IF THE PATIENT PLACED MORE CONFIDENCE IN HIS PHYSICIAN AND TOLD HIM THE TRUTH ABOUT THE INTIMATE THINGS THAT TROUBLE HIM, MORE CURES COULD BE EFFECTED.

The Physician and *His* Patient

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HIPPOCRATES, justly styled the Father and founder of Medicine, born 470 years before Christ, expressed in his oath, sacred to every physician, the most poignant truth in regard to the relation of the physician to his patient.

Let us quote a few lines:

> "I swear by Apollo the physician and Aesculapius and Health, and All—heal and all the gods and goddesses, that according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this oath and this stipulation: to — follow the system of regimen which according to my ability and judgment I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. With purity and holiness I will pass my life and practice my art. Whatever in connection with my professional practice I see and hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the art, respected by all men, in all times! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!"

This oath uttered hundreds of years before Christ was born is still true today. It is the holiest aim in the life of the physician. In the relation of the two, what other stipulation is so vital as the confidence vested in the physician by the patient? But is it really so in our ordinary everyday life?

Words and acts have been clothed to suit their meaning. It is not my purpose to discuss various very complicated actions of the individual as he approaches the physician. My purpose is to illustrate that despite our wishes there is always an explanation to every move of ours, although not clearly discernible at first glance. A proper evaluation of the deeper motives is the problem that the physician must skillfully solve.

Physician and Patient

IN THE daily relation of the physician to his patient many things must be considered. In the United States where there is one physician to approximately 870 people, the relation of the patient to the physician is entirely different than in the European countries: notably Russia, where before the revolution there were only about 26,000 physicians to a population of 150,000,000.

Whereas in Czarist Russia, reverence for the physician was almost holy, elevating the physician to such a position that with a few exceptions the patient never could force himself to purge his soul before the physician, here we find the opposite extreme. The fact that he is thoroughly trained for a period extending to ten years and over, that it requires enormous will, energy and effort to go through the highly specialized and competitive training given at present in most American Medical Schools, means absolutely little, if anything at all, to the average person. Being brought up in a "democratic" order of life he accepts things in a very casual, "matter of fact way." "Health and disease" to him are mostly a matter to be considered in relation to the forced interruption of his occupation. Having had a thorough course of general science in high school and having failed to go into "medicine for numerous and various reasons" he considers the physician his intellectual equal and hence, meeting him in a drug store or on the street he talks to him very intimately, although not very sincerely and emphasizes his friendliness by an occasional slap on the back and exclamation of: "s'long doc."

When I mention this, it is not with the desire to criticize, but with the desire to obtain a clearer picture of the relation between physician and patient. I will endeavor to point out later why such "fraternal" relations are of a detriment to both.

This same man in the role of the patient, cannot discard certain "opinions" about "doctors" in

general and as a result will not confide in the physician. He is too materialistic, he expects in return for his hard earned money nothing but cold knowledge, and he is the first to criticize when this cold knowledge fails to give him the moral support so necessary to him. But let us discuss the entire question from a different standpoint. If psychoanalysis is extremely important in the treatment of the patient, let me briefly explain what I understand by this and how this shall be accomplished.

Study the Patient

To be successful, it is essential for the physician early in life to begin to study the object of his subsequent treatment. This faculty he must develop as close to perfection as possible and then continue to cultivate all his life.

A patient entering the office of the physician must be studied. With the exception of the first few words of greeting the physician should be silent for several minutes following the entrance of the patient. He must entirely devote his attention to the personality of his visitor, his manner of dress and behavior. No detail is excessive. From the first to the last the physician must feel that the patient came to him which the express desire to be helped. He therefore holds a certain power over the patient which he must exercise with care and understanding.

The thought uppermost in the mind of the physician should be that to be successful at all he must *gain* and *hold* that confidence. Once this is accomplished the results, most of the time, will be gratifying to both.

How then is the doctor to gain and to hold the confidence of the patient?

The patient comes to the physician with a problem most important and dear to him. He expects attention, sympathy and vital interest on the part of the adviser. By watching and observing the facial expression of the patient much can be said about the state of the patient, without a single word being uttered. With a little friendliness and encouragement much can be accomplished. The patient will surely respond. He is bound to be influenced by the open, sincere and friendly manner of the physician.

A Concrete Example

Miss M. G. had been recommended to me by a physician. The history of the case was that the patient recently suffered an acute attack of *glaucoma* of the left eye. After an unsuccessful operation and treatment it was decided that the patient agree to have her eye removed, not only to get relief from the pain. but because of the inherent danger to the other eye. Upon examination of the eye I found the condition just as grave as the other physicians thought it to be. However, after two consecutive consultations I had gained important information. Namely, the patient under my persistent urging told me the following story which only a few intimate friends knew. I am giving only a short version of it here.

Miss M. G. age 31, had been engaged to marry a young man 23 years of age. Apparently both were in love with each other, although the fiancee never admitted her correct age. Recently, however, he did find out her real age. This resulted in a violent quarrel and breaking off of the engagement, as the young man claimed he could not rely on a woman who persistently denied her real age to the man she supposedly loved most. Soon after, the girl became very ill and developed the glaucoma, a disease characterized by increased intraocular pressure eventually resulting in blindness, if not treated. That she developed the disease under the emotional strain, although she may have had a predisposition to it, was clear to me. My advantage in this case consisted in her "confessing" to me about the origin of the disease. This "mental purge" which she fearfully denied herself until now, did her a world of good; after a while she recovered to such a remarkable degree that not only was it not necessary to remove the eye, but on the contrary she retained some sight.

Let us ask ourselves: does this case really conclusively prove the necessity of a more intimate relation between the physician and patient? I will answer this with another case.

The Case of L. V.

Mr. L. V. age 44, had been treated by numerous physicians because of his complaint that at certain times of the day and mostly in the evening his field of vision would be greatly reduced. He would become immediately aware of it and despite the assurance of his physicians that there was nothing organically wrong with his eyes, he would become panicky, fearing the future, and afraid to admit his trouble to his wife. At these periods, he who otherwise was always kind and pleasant would become irritable, aggressive and extremely unpleasant. After numerous visits to other physicians he has finally drifted to me seeking an explanation for his "blindness."

From the first moment I saw him walking into my office, very tall, good looking, dressed very correctly, he appealed to me as a nervous, suppressed type. A forceful smile on his lips, hands with a slight tremor, an almost unnoticeable lisp-

ing in speech and an undecidedness in gait and action.

All throughout the examination, a good deal of which consisted in observing the patient, I kept asking questions. There was a faint, perhaps, not even clear to the patient, resentment to my questions. It was plain to me that the patient held something back from me. I sent him home with the hope that the next time he might be in a more communicative mood. Upon the second examination I was able to find that the patient had what seemed to be normal eyes and normal central vision, yet decidedly different fields of vision, each time he was examined.

I then told the patient that I was unable to help him as he evidently did not consider it necessary to tell me everything about himself. He went home. Two days later there followed a telephone conversation and office appointment. This time he said he would tell me all about himself.

As a young man he loved a girl from a "higher class," but never could gather enough courage to propose to her. She soon married someone else and apparently was happy with her husband. The three, however, continued their friendship. A few years later, driving his friends in his car, my patient met with an accident as a result of which he and the husband were injured, the latter fatally. Still the friendship of the two continued, the woman understanding that her friend was absolutely guiltless in the accident and his behavior during and after the accident was more than praiseworthy.

A year or so later the couple married. It seemed, however, that instead of achieving happiness in their union, both were profoundly unhappy—yet never dreaming of separation, hoping against hope that a solution would be found.

Here the patient wanted to break off his story being very reluctant to continue. However he soon continued.

It seemed he loved his wife in such an overwhelming way, that the mere touch of her hand and an occasional touch of her body would almost make him faint with desire for her, yet at night the two had never had a successful union and each attempt left both very unhappy. After such a night my patient would suddenly notice that his vision would fail him to such a degree that in his alarm he would not sleep the whole night, stifling his fears into the pillow, afraid to awake his wife . . .

To me the case was clear. My patient never could free himself from the thoughts that their intimate relations certainly reminded his wife of her former husband and his tragic end. After my patient failed on numerous occasions to satisfy his wife, this thought took a stronger hold on him, conveying to him the impression that she was cool and reserved to him because of her former memories . . . Hence, his entire trouble, I thought.

A few days later I met the patient's wife. We had a long talk and she promised to abide by my instructions. A short while later my patient wanted to see me. I refused. Four weeks later I called myself and found that the entire thing had been straightened out, both being extremely happy and my patient, though repeatedly examined, each time showed a normal field of vision. (It is now more than seven months since I saw him last. He is apparently cured.)

In concluding, let me state, that although such cases as I have cited are well known to physicians throughout the world, the necessity of being frank to the physician is not as yet entirely clear to the public.

Despite the fact that I am not a "psychiatrist," common sense and observation aid me enormously in my work, which is a seemingly quite distant field—ophthalmology; or shall we say "the eyes being the mirror of the soul" we must learn to know both.

How to Educate the Child

IN the whole realm of animal life we find no being except man whose young come into the world with such complete helplessness. Also, as we know, the human child requires the longest time to reach maturity. This is not because of the infinite number of things a child must learn before he becomes an adult, but because of the way he develops. Children need the protection of the parents much longer because their organism demands it, and the human race would die out if children were not afforded such protection. The physical weakness of the child may be taken as the occasion which links together education and social-mindedness. Education is a necessity because of the child's physical immaturity, and the goal of education is provided by the fact that the overcoming of the child's immaturity can only be had by relying on the group. Education must necessarily be social in purpose.

All educational mistakes which we observe are mistakes only because we judge that they will produce harmful effects on the community. All great accomplishments, and in fact all development of a human being's abilities take place under the pressure of social life and in the direction of social feeling.—*Alfred Adler.*

CHILDREN'S PERSONALITIES ARE LARGELY INFLUENCED BY THE MENTALITY OF THE PARENTS, THEIR EDUCATION AND BEHAVIOR. THE KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE OF MENTAL HYGIENE IS IMPORTANT IN PROPERLY REARING CHILDREN.

Mental *Hygiene* *in the* Home

By SAMUEL KAHN
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MENTAL hygiene should begin pre-natally. The expectant mother should be surrounded with an environment of pleasantness, calmness and with no strenuous emotions. There should be no worries, no insecurities, no fears, no hatreds, no prejudices and no anxious states, if possible. Emotional stresses not only upset the mother but affect her endocrines to such degrees that the endocrines of the fetus are also affected.

Professor Max G. Schlapp, of the New York Postgraduate Hospital, demonstrated in the mental clinic of this hospital and also in the childrens' court clinic of New York City that the first child born from a mother shortly after reaching America, or enroute to America, is usually a problem mentally, morally, socially, physically or educationally, whereas the children who follow later are far superior. The emotional stress and strain and worry of the trip across the ocean and the financial worries and insecurities and the various changes which the mother must adapt herself to in this new country are sufficient to affect her glandular make-up and that of the unborn fetus. In short, emotional stresses, either of an acute or chronic nature, should be prevented whenever it is possible.

This is a very important pre-natal element in mental hygiene.

After the infant is born the parents must strive for early routinization and systematization and develop regular habits as much as is possible under the circumstances.

Certainly excessive fondling, as well as excessive neglect, either periodically or occasionally, is a faulty technique in mental hygiene. Rocking the cradle, except in the mildest forms, excessive feeding, irregular feeding, holding the child excessively, or when crying, excessive petting, and as is frequently the case, excessive kissing, are certainly drastic violations of mental hygiene.

The child will react accordingly and its behavior and personality will be strongly influenced by such practices.

Children Should Develop Confidence

PARENTS should be most careful not only in preventing partiality among their children, but also in not permitting the children to think that there has been partiality. Children very easily become jealous of their brothers and sisters and even of their parents. When these jealousies are permitted, a pattern reaction of jealousy develops. This warps the personality. Certainly parents should never make promises or threats and fail to carry them out. They should always be honest, fair and just with their children. When doing certain things or not doing other things, or denying the children or frustrating them, there should always be careful, sensible and logical explanations to the children.

Parents should never make derogatory remarks about each other in the presence of their children, and they should never disagree as to the policies of handling the children in their presence. Nor should they permit grandparents, other relatives or outsiders to interfere or openly disagree. It is very important that children should have confidences and love their parents equally. There should be various encouragements for confidences to be established between the children and the parents. Children should confide in the parents, and parents should not take advantage of such confidences. When children confide in their parents they will have trust and faith in them and they will also have trust and faith in others. Otherwise they may be shut in and they will develop peculiar introverted and shut-in personalities and they may not trust anyone except themselves.

Punishing Children

IF parents find punishment necessary, it is usually the result of bad mental hygiene practices in the home. Punishment should be postponed as long as possible, but afterwards, if necessary because of the repetition of violations on the part of the

children, they should be warned unemotionally that they will be punished. At first denials may be practiced. Then later physical punishment may be necessary in exceptional cases, but when it is necessary it should be carried out with no emotions on the part of the parents, and explanations should be made to the children that the parents are sorry to do it, and that it hurts the parents more than it does the child or children, but they were warned and it was promised and they are due this punishment, and therefore it must be carried out. The most important elements in regard to punishment are that it should be resorted to as a last resort, that the parents should be unemotional when carrying it out, and that they should explain to the children that they are terribly sorry this must be resorted to, but it must be done because the violator has brought it upon himself. After the punishment is over, the parents should feel friendly towards the children and should carry on as if nothing had happened and should tell the children they hope that this may not be repeated, that they hope the children will be nice and sweet and honest and everything will be alright again. Both parents must absolutely agree in the presence of their children and must have the children understand that there is no possible chance of the parents disagreeing.

When Parents Make Mistakes

WHEN the parents make mistakes and the children know it, the parents should admit their mistakes in a mild way and explain that they are human and mistakes are possible, and that they will try and never repeat such mistakes. Of course the parents should be most careful of their behavior in the presence of the children so that they will not find them making mistakes. The parents must set good examples because the children identify themselves with their parents, either positively or negatively.

In conclusion, childrens' personalities are largely influenced by the parents' mentalities, education and behavior, knowledge and practice of mental hygiene. The business of being parents is complicated and involves honesty, specialized education, such as a thorough knowledge of mental and physical hygiene, and the constant study and application of such principles as involve personality development. If parents know and practice mental hygiene and are honest and use sensible and just intelligent methods pre-natally and in early infancy and throughout the formative and developmental period of their childrens' lives, there will be little trouble in developing fine, adjusted and integrated personalities. If violations have been practiced, the older the children will be the more trouble they may make. Prevention here is also more valuable than cure. At times the cure of personality defects, mental, moral and social twists, may be very difficult. All parents should have fine personalities or strive towards such goals and should be most thoroughly trained in the salutary principles and practices of modern mental hygiene.

Over-Compensation for Inferiority

IT is not as a rule natural to man to be content with a simple correction of the conditions of life that weigh on him so heavily. He covets something further. He strives not for mere compensation, but for over-compensation. Simple compensation has its place only on the programme, so to speak; the secret wishes of men, revealed by their conduct, cover totally different desires. A revolutionary party may inscribe on its banners, "Equality for the underdog," or "Justice;" by its actions it shows that revenge is what it desires. The same applies to the lives of individual adults and of children. Not only to be grown-up but to be a great grown-up, is the child's dream. This tendency to over-compensation in the sphere of unreality, which plunges a man in the depths in direct proportion to the height of his aims for the future, plays a decisive role in abnormal development.

If the child suffers from oppression, prejudice, and his own inferiority, the mechanism of over-compensation raises his aims for the future to proportionate heights. These aims are hardly ever confided to adults by children and young people. The general idea might be expressed as, "The lower today, the higher later on when my day comes." But the laws of reality are stronger than the desires of man.

"Thoughts dwell easily in harmony together, but facts press hardly one against the other." It is reality that decides whether the goals a man sets before himself are attainable; it determines the pace at which he may advance, and prescribes the limits beyond which he may not step. The golden apples do not drop into our idly outstretched hands; we must struggle for the gifts that life seems to dangle before our gaze. We must wrest from life the fulfilment of its promises.—*Rudolf Allers.*

MOST PRISON INMATES ARE THE VICTIMS OF A MORBID DESIRE FOR NOTORIETY. THEY WILL GO TO EXTREMES TO GAIN THE REPUTATION OF BEING A "HARD GUY."

The Prisoner's Number One *Enemy*

By STARR DAILY
Pseudonym of a former penitentiary inmate.

PSYCHOLOGY, especially the psychiatrical and criminological branches of the science, have amassed a large library on the subject of complexes. Why they have missed the "Notoriety Complex," or at least why they have ignored or neglected it, is difficult to understand. Surely from the standpoint of those interested in scientific penology, there is nothing more important than this dynamic abnormal force in human behavior.

I wish to set down here a few of the major tragedies and near tragedies that occur in our prisons, which are almost invariably motivated by the influence of the Notoriety Complex. It is behind ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to escape. Speaking from my own experience of many years in prison, I've never seen a single escape or attempted escape that this complex wasn't behind. At the head of every prison riot or uprising there are one or more leaders whose sole ambition in life is to obtain notoriety at any cost to themselves or others. The aggressor in every prison fight or killing may be certain to be a notoriety seeker.

Prison riots appear in waves, like crime or epidemics. When one occurs the headlined news of its reaches every other prison in the country, and the notoriety seekers in all these prisons promptly become inflamed with desire to share the bloody limelight. Immediately they find it difficult to contain themselves. They are ready to begin a campaign of agitation for recruits or followers. Whether they succeed depends upon the living conditions of the prison at the moment. If these conditions have been such as to cause a great deal of discontentment, then that prison might be said to represent a powder magazine, needing only the match held in the hand of some convict notoriety maniac.

I'll admit freely and frankly that the Notoriety Complex is one abnormality that I know nothing whatever about from a clinical standpoint, although I've been a victim of it myself and have aided others to turn its destructive force into constructive channels. It was here that I found out that it was not necessary to understand a force intellectually in order to deal with it intellectually.

My first term in prison was characterized by a constant search after notoriety. I violated prison rules and served long periods of time in the dungeon on bread and water for no other reason in the world than to bask in the limelight of my fellows; to be looked upon by them and the officials as a bad customer, a hardened criminal who would stop at nothing. I fairly revelled in the quaking deference cowardice paid to those who had gained a reputation for toughness. Not even fear can triumph over this complex. Men will go over the wall in a shower of bullets with their hearts pounding in their throats. Even if their lives are rubbed out, there is a great thrill in the momentary thought of living on, Jesse James like, in the hearts and minds of the generations of convicts to follow the brave heroic dash for liberty. There is something romantic connected with this complex so pathetically childish and immature that it difies reason and is utterly insensible to the pitying disgust in the minds of those who do reason. For the truth is that no one admires the notoriety seeking convict but himself. Weaklings cultivate him, not because they admire him, but because of fear and expediency. The coward who attaches himself to the bully is comparatively safe from the challenge to "step out and defend yourself."

So far as I know nothing can be done to help a man suffering from this strange insanity but to follow a course of watchful waiting. There usually comes a time in their lives when they are suddenly awakened for a brief period of time, during

which they seem rational, mature mentally and emotionally, and look upon themselves as others look upon them. It is then they can see themselves for the absurd, ridiculous, pathetic creatures they actually are. This is the psychological moment in their lives. These moments rarely occur but once in a life time, and if they are seized upon by the interested psychologist, he may be certain of getting a hold on a force that he can turn to good account, both for the victim and society.

I was privileged to take advantage of several opportunities of this kind during my years as a prison hospital nurse, and in each case the results far exceeded my expectations.

The Case of Little Joe

Little Joe had reached the end of what seemed the world to him. He was thirty years of age. He could look back upon twenty years of crime and prison and say in his own heart that which he had never been honest enough to declare openly, "Crime doesn't pay—for me."

Little Joe's criminal career really had started before he was ten. He could remember stealing from his mother when he was only six. "Ma usta get tight," he said, "an' when she'd come in home an' go to sleep I'd make her for her loose change."

He had heard his mother mention his father, but he could recall no personal meeting with that worthy gentleman. According to the mother, however, he had got what was coming to him in the "hot seat."

"The old man was a double-crosser," Joe told me bitterly. "I don't know what ever became of Ma. I guess she kicked off somewhere in the big house."

Heredity? We can be safe in jotting that down as bad. He had no formal schooling, but had managed to gain some proficiency in reading during his three terms in reform school. Mentally and emotionally Joe was a moron, a little higher than an animal in some respects and a little lower in others. His daily life began and ended in the search for notoriety. He was criminally insane. He had no other topic than crime. It was his life, his religion—it was his everything. In it he lived and moved and had his being.

His record in prison was a long black mark. He was constantly brewing a pot of mischief for the officials to quaff. He had built up a reputation as a bad actor and he had no intention of weakening that reputation by negligence. He had been the ring leader in one prison riot, which proved almost disastrous for him. Such things as being thrown into the dungeon for many weeks had never been considered a disaster, but a glorification. The disaster in this instance was threatened by the results of the riot he started.

Prior to that time the prisoners had had china wear to eat and drink from, and china serving bowls were on the table. Joe launched his uprising in the mess hall. Lacking support for his cause, the outbreak proved a dismal failure, resulting in the breaking of a few dishes. The next day the prisoners entered the mess room to be confronted by a dingy spread of tin pans and tin cups. Had Joe been released from the dungeon before the memory of his folly had had time to cool, he would have been ostracized, even if he had been lucky enough to escape somebody's knife blade. But for that little fiasco Joe spent thirty days strung up by his wrists, and sixty days besides in the dungeon on a diet just barely calculated to keep him alive.

Another time Joe had slugged a guard. He had made dozens of unsuccessful attempts to escape. He was an object for ridicule by most of the prisoners, although he imagined he was a hard-boiled hero in the eyes of all; he thought his daring might be admired even by the officials, of course in secret.

Finally Joe's day for a supreme demonstration arrived. A few days before the newspapers had been crimson with banners and streamers about a desperate break made from another prison. Four men had gone over the wall with the guns of the guards in their teeth. How Joe envied them the hero worship they had left behind! If he could only pull something big like that!

He recruited two companions equally as insane as himself, and the trio attempted to imitate the break made from the other prison. They reached the other side of the wall, but got little farther. One went down to stay with a thirty-thirty bullet through his head; another threw up his hands in surrender, and Joe went down with the left side of his jaw torn away. He was carried into the hospital unconscious. He came to after the operation. The next day he was rational enough, but seemed to be in a fervor of expectancy.

I understood that attitude and I knew the psychological moment had arrived in his life, and I determined to make this moment my opportunity.

Regeneration

Joe could see and hear but he couldn't talk. Looking around him, he could observe nothing in the way of mementos from his worshipping comrades, not a single token to indicate that his desperate plunge into the jaws of death had even been noticed. He was disappointed, but not completely

disillusioned. It was the usual custom of the prison for friends to send their sick pals little items of remembrance. Joe apparently had no such friends.

As the days passed Joe's disappointment merged into disillusionment and disillusionment turned into bitter resentment. Mingled with this emotion came periods of alternating self-pity and depression. He had even been placed in a room instead of a ward with its brighter atmosphere of companionship. Not so much as a wandering convalescent showed enough interest or curiosity to visit Joe's bedside. The hospital attendants who entered his room were cool and strictly professional in their attitude.

Joe had never much use for me. I had weakened and gone on over to the Honest John philosophy; had gone to writing pretty essays on brotherly love and friendship to be read on commencement days in the school auditorium. I had become a Forum debater on such childish, lily-livered topics as "Education Vs. Crime" and "True Self-Interest," and of course my pet subject, "Profit and Loss; Character and Crime."

I had another disillusionment up my sleeve for Joe. Now that he had eddied into that indifferent port where a "feller needs a friend" I determined to be that friend. Rather a friendly enemy. A friend to the real Little Joe; but a cold, relentless enemy to all he had stood for in the past.

I invented many ways to express my friendship for him in a tangible manner, thus gaining his respect and eventually a reciprocal friendship and confidence. His injury proved an advantage in more ways than one. Since it prevented him from using his organs of speech, a note-exchanging plan became a necessary means for communication. Men will express their thoughts on paper with less restraint than they will express themselves orally.

At first Joe found it difficult to phrase the things that were suggested to him through my notes. He felt strong emotions at times that required a simplicity and delicateness of phrasing beyond his inadequate powers. He had never become proficient at writing things; had never thought it might be necessary for him to employ writing as an avenue of expression some day. He expressed this thought awkwardly in one of his notes, winding it up with this: "It's funny about that; a guy can never tell what he's gonna need."

Joe and I made a sort of pastime out of this writing idea. During the day while I was asleep and Joe was left strictly to his own thoughts and devices, he occupied the time by scrawling out long letters to me, which I would later read and answer. He didn't know what was taking place within his mind, the subtle influence that was at work, nor that I was deliberately controlling that influence. Although he was not aware of it, Joe was becoming a philosopher, he was analyzing and interpreting life in a new manner, forming new opinions and moving ponderously toward new conclusions.

Once he had reached a conclusion that I could approve, I made it my business to get before him a book or a magazine article that verified and confirmed it in his mind. Thus it was by the time the dressing had been removed from Joe's head and he was again in possession of his powers of speech, he had reasoned himself into a new attitude and a new conception. He had now, not only felt the absurdity of notoriety seeking, but had come to the place where he could see why it was absurd, why others detested it, and why he hadn't registered as a hero on the minds of every one.

When he was released from the hospital, of course he was taken to solitary. It was prison law that no attempted escape could go unpunished. But this time his stay in the dungeon amounted only to a few days. The doctor interceded for him. It was the last trip he was ever to make there for violation of prison rules. On his release he became a model prisoner, which is to say a sensible one.

Joe became interested in good books. He began to occupy a portion of his time in a definite program of study. Finally he landed a job in the prison library, where he made a specialty of writing book reviews. He was eventually paroled to a librarian in an Eastern city. And Joe has now become a small time prisoner who went to the big town and made good in a useful occupation. We still exchange notes; but I'm no longer the guiding influence. His letters sometimes make me uncomfortable. He has so much to give me, while I have so little to give him in return.

Case of Autosadism—Notoriety Motif.

As a small boy Paul was the type commonly referred to as a problem child. He was precocious, an infant with an adult mind. His feats of memory and his ability to pronounce difficult words, had attracted considerable attention to him. At four he was quite a bit in the public eye through the press, appeared often with his parents to entertain sitting-room gatherings, and a few times he had demonstrated his unusual powers in theatres. Scientific men had sought him out for study and observation.

He began his schooling at six, but made only average progress. By the time he was ten his precocity had vanished and he was just another kid, save for one respect: he preferred the association of adults to those of his own age.

His mother had been brought up in the Catholic faith, but had somewhat alienated herself from her church by marrying Paul's father, a Protestant. He had often heard his parents quarrel about religion, his father being strongly antagonistic toward the mother's beliefs. As he recalled it, the father was the domineering type; while the mother was more of the martyr, long-suffering type of person.

The mother died when Paul was seven, and shortly after, the father re-married. Of the details connected with his mother's death, Paul was vague. He remembered a visit made by a priest to the sick room, at which his father became angry. The priest didn't return; but some time after his mother's funeral his father told him that "If it hadn't been for that priest, your mother would still be alive."

As he grew older Paul nursed a violent dislike for the Catholic Church in general and for priests in particular.

He had never gotten along with his stepmother, and at thirteen he had quit school and run away from home. For three years he lived the life of a youthful hobo, finally being caught redhanded trying to break into a freight car. For this he served two years in reform school, came out at eighteen, went to another state, and promptly landed in reform school again for a similar crime. At twenty-one he was in prison for the same offense.

His intelligence rating was fair. Of the prison vices, he had them all, including addiction to drugs, and of course an insatiable mania for notoriety.

During his first two years in prison he had spent most of his time undergoing punishment for foolish violation of prison rules. He would plan escapes in such a manner that his plan would be certain to attract exposure before it could reach maturity. He had no strong desire to gain his liberty: his escape plans were merely convenient means to the one end, that of wooing attention or notoriety. On one occasion he planned so well that success was almost certain. He had expected to be caught at work digging the hole in the rear wall of his cell. But nothing happened. The hole was completed, and he had only to crawl through it and drop ten feet to the floor of an air tunnel leading to a fan house at the end of the cell building. Here the sawing of two padlocks would have sent him on his way to freedom.

In the face of this almost certain success, he became panicky. He would have to think of some way to block it. It didn't take him long to accomplish this. All he had to do was to seek out some one of the numerous informers scattered over the prison and then proceed to take this fellow into his confidence. The informer would do the rest, and promptly. That is the way it happened. Paul had achieved his great desire, a trip to the dungeon for another escape effort. He had given the voice of the prison something to talk about.

In all cases I have observed, where the notoriety seeker was an homosexualist past thirty years of age, the sex element was invariably the actuating cause behind his behavior. He sought not to impress the whole prison population, but some one homosexual boy in the crowd whom he had singled out as an object for his affections. In this type will be found the aggressors in nearly all prison fights and knifings. Triangle love affairs occur on the inside as well as the outside. The only difference between the two classes or types is the degree of intensity which produces some sort of resultant action. On the outside such triangles usually end in a few hot words and separation: but on the inside the best man must win on the field of battle, and to the victor goes the spoils of victory. And here I might add that the term spoils was never more appropriately employed.

Paul, however, didn't quite fit into this category. He hadn't become the dominant homosexualist. He was not the user but the used. The grandstand to whom he played was still the mass and not the individual. The thing he was about to do, and of which I'll now recount, was characterized by self-punishment in its worst and most deliberate form.

In the shop where he was employed, the porter kept a bottle of some sort of solution used to dissolve stains and corrosions that appear on lavatory bowls. Paul filched some of this fluid and that night in his cell he put a drop of it in each of his eyes. For a week he came to his work with his eyes inflamed. Then he appeared on the sick call one morning for medical treatment. The doctor was baffled; but he treated the inflammation. The medicine he used, contrary to his expectations, acted more as a reagent than a neutralant and only served to aggravate Paul's condition.

What Makes the Prisoner Do These Things?

WHAT was the prisoner's purpose in doing such a thing? What had he to gain? As usual, notoriety. About a year prior to this time the state had made arrangements with a prominent eye clinic in a large city to examine and treat state wards. This arrangement aroused considerable opposition as it concerned the prison population. It was argued some prisoners might take advantage of the opportunity and use it as a means of escape, since prisoners taken there would be more or less on their honor. And this point was exactly the thing Paul was angling for, and accomplished.

Now the clinic arrangement had been made tentatively as it affected the prisoners. So long as none of them abused the privilege the services of the clinic would remain open to them; otherwise it would be closed. It was a valuable asset to prison hospitalization, and one appreciated by every thinking person behind the walls. Many prisoners were taken there at the state's expense. Many were saved from blindness. Some were given delicate operations that would have cost them a small fortune had they been compelled to pay their bill. For a year no one sought to abuse this great service. It was an ethical principle to preserve it. Desperate men who would have gladly given an arm or a leg for freedom, were taken there for treatment. They could have walked away. But they came back—some to take up life sentences—they came back that the future might continue to hold up the light of hope to prisoners with afflicted eyes.

Paul abused this trust. When he did it he had no idea of the bitter reaction that would follow. The insane desire for notoriety had blinded him to everything but its attainment. He had no desire for his liberty. He proved this immediately by staying in the state where he was most likely to be picked up at any moment. He wanted to be caught and taken back, for he thought he would thus be crowned the convict hero of all times.

He was at liberty three days. On the night of the third day a policeman trapped him in a cheap burglary attempt. He tried to resist arrest and was shot. He arrived back in prison on a stretcher. It was a fortunate thing for him that he did, for a bed in the hospital proved his protection from mob violence.

I've never seen a case of ostracism so unanimous as that accorded him. It was dangerous for any one employed in the hospital to show the slightest friendliness toward him. My position was advantageous in this respect due to the fact that I worked at night when there were few eyes open to observe my actions. He was as forlorn and deserted as any traitor in history has ever been. It was the zero hour, the turning point. His name was anathema on every tongue, convicts and guards alike.

I harked back to his mother. I told him that he had done worse things than queer an eye clinic, and he wanted to know what it could be. I was now dealing with a penitent child. He had suddenly become alive under a powerful blow. His Notoriety Complex had gotten him into a jam and then crumbled around him like a heap of useless dead ashes.

"Paul," I said, "I'm not a Catholic by faith. But your mother was, and I'm certain that had she lived you would not be here today. You listened to a tale told you by your father when your mother could not be present to defend your young mind against that tale, which was a lie I have no doubt. You've repeated that tale and you've believed it in your heart. That is a greater injustice than this foolish thing you've just done. What you need now is a quiet talk with our priest. There never was a wiser man in this prison, nor one with more human understanding. Take your burden to him and lay it down—all of it. If you'll do this, I know he'll show you the right way out."

A few days later he asked me if I would get word to the priest for him, and I lost no time in carrying out his request. And from that time on it was God, Paul and the kindly old priest.

For four years he lived within his own nature with no other associations, save the books that had come from the hearts and minds of clean thoughtful writers. His great misfortune was a far greater blessing. The law of compensation seemed to work over-time in an effort to replace his worthless losses with golden gains.

He had been a drug addict and a degenerate. These vanished in the silent years. He had been a criminally insane moron. He came out clean with an education and with a pad of commercial ideas that have made him an international figure. All his life he had been living behind the deadlines and among the shadows where the dregs of illusion mock reality; but he found the light of reality blazing brightly in the depths of his own intellect, and he took it for his guide.

He is not a bitter man. He is a happy grateful man, a charitable man, an honest, a wise man. He holds no rancor toward the prison or the prisoners who made him a lonely outcast, because when they did that they forced him on the path that led to his own salvation. Where he had been wasting his energy in the fruitless search for notoriety, by disillusioning him, they had set that energy to flowing in the right direction.

Truely, Paul had no reason to hate the hen who laid for him the golden egg. With but one exception his case was the most amazing demonstration I've ever witnessed on the side of criminal regeneration.

The Value of Understanding Abnormal Psychology in Criminals

If penology is ever to become a practical, workable science it will first have to undergo a complete change of attitude toward criminals. The laboratory poker face will have to be discarded. The stiff, superior air of the professional examiner will have to give way to the warm, simple, heart to

heart conversational method of the boys down at the corner pool hall. It is possible to probe some valuable data out of a suspect to prove that he is acting and reacting abnormally, and these data can then be filed away where moth and rust cannot slip in to tarnish them.

It is not difficult to recognize an abnormal person when you come in close contact with one, as you inevitably do in prison. You don't need a fantastic mental test, a lie detector, or an academic inquisitorial body to pick out the social misfits. As a usual thing you can obtain enough information in five minutes by a little attentive eavesdropping on conversation to classify any particular brand of abnormality.

Divergent Case of the Notoriety Complex

THE prisoner was twenty-four years of age. His intelligence rating was high in all branches that did not include numbers. Of arithmetic, he possessed a horror that bordered well nigh on phobia. He expressed outwardly actions that he detested inwardly. He possessed the soul of a dreaming poet; he acted as though he were a blood-thirsty maniac. He deplored notoriety and yet he deliberately sought it. He was one of those cowards who put on the "beard of Hercules."

In his young boyhood he had been shielded by a protecting mother from coming in contact with life's crudeness. The open road for boys had never been for him. He was the only child of divorced parents. When he was twenty-two, his mother suddenly died, leaving him almost as helpless as he had been when an infant.

He had managed to hold out against the prison sexual vices, although he told me that the pressure had been almost more than he could bear at times. His crime had been an abnormal one against a woman forty years his senior.

Now it is not uncommon for new men entering prison to be tested out. They are almost certain to get a challenge from some one sooner or later, just to see what sort of stuff they're made of. Harold was informed about this custom by an ingratiating prisoner on the first day he entered his cell. The information threw him into a frenzy of fear. The thought of becoming embroiled in a scrap was too horrible to contemplate. He would have to find some way to forestall such an event. He struck upon a plan that was as strange and contrary to his nature as anything he could have conceived of in dream or fancy.

In the mess hall that very evening he picked up a bowl and crashed it down on the luckless head of the fellow sitting in front of him, a man he had never seen before nor ever heard of in or out of prison. Harold's idea was to get in the first blow on somebody, it didn't make any difference who the victim might happen to be. He figured the thing out in a most logical manner. By acting first and with telling effect, he would promptly establish a reputation as a dangerous man, and this reputation once established would act as a protecting wall around him—a thing to discourage the approach of trouble-hunting bullies.

Most of Harold's time was spent under punishment. They would release him from solitary and for a few weeks he would be a model prisoner in every respect, working meekly and diligently at his task. Then the fear that some one might be on the verge of challenging him, would set his eyes to roving for the next victim, the back of whose head would serve as the target in his campaign to keep alive the reputation he had built up.

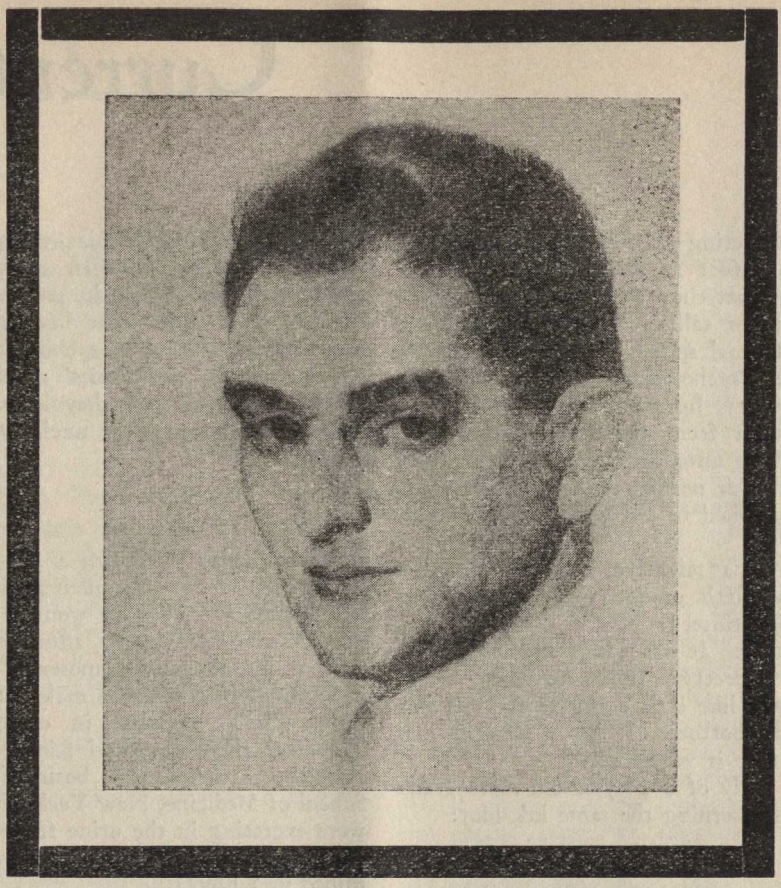
The officials came to the conclusion that Harold was suffering from some peculiar phase of circular or periodic insanity. They were about to refer his case to a commission of doctors, which would have resulted in Harold's being committed to the asylum for the criminally insane, because such a commission of doctors could have never gotten down to Harold's motives.

When I heard about the official intention regarding Harold, I went to the warden and asked him to give me a chance with the boy before he acted otherwise. He was doubtful of my ability.

"The kid's probably insane," he said, "and it's only a matter of time until somebody will stick a knife in him, and then we'll have a nasty murder on our hands. We can't keep him locked up forever in solitary. So something's got to be done to protect him from himself, and that promptly."

However, the warden finally agreed to give me a trial at the boy, who was in solitary at this time. So the next morning when the doctor made his rounds of the punishment cells, he made an appearance of concern about the boy's health. He gave him a cursory examination, and then ordered him to the hospital.

In three nights I had his confidence and with it the history described here. With this in my possession the problem was solved. I returned to the warden and asked him to place Harold in a job where he occupied a cell by himself and where he would come in contact with prisoners of a high type. The boy was given a filing position where he was much alone. There were no more attacks made by him on his fellow prisoners. The energy he had been burning up in fear, he now turned toward his work, and during his spare time he created verses about light fluffy things that expressed his real nature—things that were the very warp and woof of his truly feminine soul.



Dr. Walter Beran Wolfe, former contributing editor of The Modern Psychologist. Died, August 15th, 1935, at Martigny, Switzerland

The Twilight of Psychoanalysis

By W. BERAN WOLFE

IN a world which had invested sex with a transcendental magic, because it forbade most normal expressions of this imperious urge, it is not unnatural that Freud should have found this suppressed force so very important, and made it the basis of all human conduct. Freud simply succumbed to the *Zeitgeist* of the Victorian Age. What if Freud had been a Samoan savage, sexually unrepressed but always hungry? He could certainly have built up his psychoanalytic theory just as well on the premise that the tyranny of hunger was the moving force in life. What if he had been an insomniac? Is not the tyranny of Hypnos as great as the tyranny of Eros? Men and women can live without love, but has anyone ever lived without sleep? Could not Hypnos be substituted for the libido as the basic drive of life? Do we not have neurotic conflicts when we want to sleep late and our super-ego spurs us to awaken and go to the office? Or if Freud had suffered from asthma, and deified Pneuma, the desire to respire, as the ultimate energy drive of life, could he not have invented a whole psychoanalytic theory on the repression of free breathing by the steel and concrete of urban life?

More parsimonious than Cæsar in Gaul, Freud divided the world into two parts. Everything became either a phallic or a cunnic symbol. Sex was everywhere and everything was sex. The libido streamed through all living matter. When given free play, it resulted in coitus and procreation. When dammed up it squeezed through the interference disguised as a dream, as a neurotic symptom, as a perversion, or as a work of art. The analogy to electricity was perfect. Like electricity, the libido could not be annihilated; just as electricity could be transformed into heat, light, radio waves or X-rays, so the libido, when frustrated by external circumstance, manifested itself in neurotic symptoms. The fact that individuals whose sex life was completely normal and satisfactory occasionally manifested profound neuroses, did not deter Freud from claiming a universal applicability of his energy-analogy. He simply dismissed such neuroses as superficial and unworthy of his attention and left their cure to the despised ego-psychologists who dealt with such superficial aspects of life as work, social relations, inferiority feelings, dishonor, the strain of competition in an acquisitive society, old age, financial insecurity, unemployment and the like.—*American Mercury.*

Current Events

Stuttering Children Talk More, Not Less, Than Others

The stuttering child is not driven by his speech defect to silence. On the contrary, stuttering children are considerably more talkative than are children with normal speech, tests conducted by Dr. H. Meltzer, of the Psychological Center, revealed. (*Journal of Genetic Psychology*, June.)

Fifty stuttering children from the speech centers of a large city school system were tested, as were also a comparable group of 50 children with normal speech. Each child was shown an ink blot and asked to tell what it looked like to him.

Here is the response of a talkative little stutterer—a ten-year-old girl from the fifth grade (with the stutters omitted for the sake of the printer):

"It looks like a butterfly. It has wings and its face is up in the front. It is very pretty. It has no color. It is spreading its wing. It looks like it is going to fly. It has something like a tail at the bottom. It has a straight line through the middle. It's face is very little."

And here is the terse reply of a 14-year-old sixth-grade boy who does not stutter concerning the same ink blot:

"A cloud."

—*Science News Letter*

Habit Diseases Cured By A Blow To the System

The best remedy for a habit disease is a "blow to the system." The blow must be sufficiently vigorous and unexpected to break the vicious circle of habit (conditioning reflex in Pavlov's sense) engendering the disease. Shaken by the blow, the badhabited organism gets a chance to reorganize its faulty function.

Surprise and shock are an ancient therapy whose success has always depended on the patient's ignorance of the fact that what hit him was by no means a specific treatment. The treatment of night terrors, for example, has long depended on suggestion strong enough to expel the habit.

Habit diseases, of course, occur only in individuals who have a constitutional tendency toward them—the neuropathic class—but they may be encouraged by hypochondria and bad training.

The pediatrician often discovers a very definite habit disease in the case of pyloric spasm: a single stimulation (possibly hunger) caused the first spasm in the constitutionally susceptible infant; thereafter every attempt to take food brings on gushes of vomiting. Mothers bring their child to the doctor with the profound observation: "I don't know whether the child is really sick or whether this is just a habit of his." Frequently it turns out that mother knows best.

Dionne Quintuplets Normal for Age

The Dionne quintuplets are "at age" in intellectual and other development, Dr. Allen Roy Defoe of Callander, Ontario, reported to the meeting of the American and Canadian Medical Associations. This is the first finding of the scientific psychological studies which are being made of the famous little sisters.

Although they look so much alike that even Dr. Dafoe can hardly tell them apart, their personalities are quite noticeably different.

Their survival is due in large part, Dr. Dafoe said, to the good French-Canadian stock from which they spring and which enabled hardy pioneers like La Salle to survive the hardships of frontier life in exploring and opening up parts of Canada and the United States.

Credit for the babies' survival was also given to the excellent nursing care they have had, and to the fact that "there were no aunts or uncles or grandparents saying what to do."

—*Science News Letter*

Homosexuals Are Born, Not Made

When a "he-man" excretes in his urine as much female sex hormone (folliculin) as a woman in active sex life, this fact may afford some—if not *the*—explanation of his observed homosexual (feminine) characteristics. In an involved study of 6 male homosexuals, Raphael Kurzrok, M.D., Ph.D., associate in obstetrics and gynecology and biological chemistry, and Richard M. Brickner, B.S., M.D., associate in neurology, both of the Columbia University School of Medicine, New York City, found that these 6 males were excreting in the urine from 10 to 20 rat-units of folliculin per liter. (Normally, about 1 rat-unit can be determined in 5 liters).

The physiological explanation of homosexuality, when it is developed later in life, and not in embryo, may reside in the fact that the male and the female sex hormones (as well as cholesterol and vitamin D) have a great similarity in their chemical structure. In fact, the two sex hormones have a common nucleus; and it is possible, in the laboratory and even in the organism, to change one into the other. The source of folliculin in male homosexuals, opine Kurzrok and Brickner, may be a residue of embryonic ovarian tissue or may represent a faulty metabolism of cholesterol and cholesterol derivatives, including vitamin D. Whatever the source, the affected individual shows characteristics of the opposite sex.

Like most modern commentators, Kurzrok and Brickner hold that in the matter of sexual differentiation there is no ideal fixed-type: there are only the theoretical fixed-type male, and the theoretical fixed-type female. Actually, they point out, "in every male there are some slight characteristics of the female, and *vice versa*."

Kurzrok and Brickner, although properly deprecatory of their findings thus far, believe they know what the true homosexual is. They accept the medical truism that an "absolutely true hermaphrodite" in humans is extremely rare; and proceed from this physical identification to the psychic; *i.e.*, a true homosexual is an individual in whom the lack of differentiation involves not only the sexual centers and characteristics, but also the cerebral hemispheres of the brain. Actually, they believe, the physical intersex comes first in developmental life, while the so-called psychic intersex may rest on "the physical basis laid down during embryonic life or may be developed later on a hormonal basis."

Confronting the problem of cure, Kurzrok and Brickner postulate the theory that if true homosexuals may actually trace their condition to the presence in their systems of large amounts of theelin, then "some advantage" might be gained by the administration of massive doses of the male sex hormone. Such dosages are not available at the present

in Psychology

time, but the two commentators, pointing to the biochemical fact that the synthetic production of testicular hormone from a cholesterol derivative has already been achieved, look hopefully to solution of this problem within the next year or so. They are already examining a group of female homosexuals, in order to learn if their urine will contain a complementary amount of the male sex hormone; but results are still inconclusive.

—*Modern Medicine*

Pavlov Reports Dogs Share Human Temperaments

Machine guns chattered in Petrograd streets. On the banks of the Neva, bodies lay thick. But in the laboratory of the Institute of Experimental Medicine, the usual workaday quiet reigned. A breathless student hurried in.

"Why are you ten minutes late?" roared Ivan Petrovitch Pavlov.

"Professor," stammered the student, "don't you know there's a revolution going on?"

"What difference does a revolution make when you have work in the laboratory to do?"

The rebuke epitomizes Pavlov's outlook. Poverty, hunger, cold, fame—all have touched him, but none has turned him for an instant from his work. Even after the revolution moved nearer and bullets thudded into lecture room walls, he carried on. After his students quit to fight or hide, he used the empty rooms to raise carrots and potatoes for his family. He had no fuel or lights—he burned shavings. When cold numbed him, he worked in snow boots, overcoat, and fur cap. His experimental dogs shivered in the barren school; he took them home at night.

His son Victor died fighting the Reds; Bolsheviki exiled his other son. Still Pavlov kept on. Only once did he let his feelings intervene: In 1924, as part of their anti-church drive Soviets barred priests' sons from his school. He quit in a cold rage—his own father had worn the cloth. But they persuaded him to return and endowed his work liberally. Last September they awarded him an annuity of $17,000.

FAITH: His passionate devotion to science had its birth in 1870. A growing distrust of religion made the 21-year-old son of the Riazan village priest quit the Riazan theological seminary. He went to the University of St. Petersburg, then to the Military Medical Academy.

Two years after he completed his medical studies, he married Serafina Karchevokaya. From her sister he borrowed money to start housekeeping and begin his career.

In 1890 he got an appointment to the medical academy faculty, and settled down to tireless work. His devotion to his task brought him reward: In 1904, he got the Nobel Prize in medicine for his studies of the digestive system. By clever experimentation with animals, he had found that not food alone, but sight and sound as well, could stimulate the flow of digestive fluids. He fed a dog, ringing a bell the while. After a time, food and bell became inseparably associated in the animal's mind. Soon the sound of the bell, even without food, started a lively salivary flow. The discovery made Pavlov the father of the "conditioned reflex."

CONGRESS: Moscow guards Pavlov jealously. Last month after a severe attack of pneumonia, the 86-year-old scientist announced he would attend the second International Neurological Congress, which opened in London last month. Specialists had to give him a careful going over and a clean bill of health before the Kremlin said O.K.

In the University College, Bloomsbury, where the congress met, the Santa Claus-bearded wiry little Russian was easily the center of interest. Scientific leaders from both hemispheres flocked around him like movie fans seeking his autograph. In a small lecture theatre, as many of the 600 delegates as could get in listened eagerly to a resume of his 60 years' experimentation with dogs.

Canines, Pavlov had concluded from his research, fall into four temperamental classes, like humans:

Choleric: Having too little inhibition.

Phlegmatic: In which stimulation and inhibition offset each other.

Sanguine: Capable of making a quick adjustment to either stimulation or inhibition.

Melancholy: Overinhibited, and little able to adapt themselves to new situations.

The behavioristic school of psychology holds that environment alone determines a life's course. Dr. Pavlov's paper apparently gave behavorists an encouraging nod. Repeated experiments he reported showed that he could control characteristics of dogs by directing their environment from birth. Half of a litter he put into cages; their brothers and sisters roamed free. The caged puppies developed into "cowards": they learned slowly and their reactions were inconsistent. "Courage" distinguished the others. They trained easily and their responses to stimuli checked time after time.

But these results gave behaviorists only flimsy support. While Dr. Pavlov freely admits environment is a strong factor, he has repeatedly insisted heredity also plays a vital role in development.

PAPERS: In the six other small lecture-rooms of the two-story London institution, and in its oak-paneled Great Hall, the delegates listened to 286 other papers, the results of research in a dozen countries. Some of the subjects:

EPILEPSY: Decisively, some of the world's foremost brain specialists, led by Prof. Jean Abadie of Bordeaux, France, scotched the almost universal belief that epileptics inherit their failings:

"Epilepsy is neither a constitutional nor an acquired disease, but is personal, in the sense that each case has its origin in some accident . . . The most frequent causes are injuries to the brain suffered during birth . . . the results of falls . . . and . . . infections of the brain in infancy."

BRAIN: From a 44-year-old sufferer of meningioma—brain tumor—Richard M. Brickner of Columbia University's medical school, New York, removed both frontal brain lobes. The patient recovered. The surgeon studied his actions carefully: "It was possible to deduce the functions of the missing parts by comparing his condition after the operation and before."

Dr. Brickner noted two kinds of change: "Intellectual defects, such as impairment of memory; and impairment of control over his emotional drives"—the condition of a baby which has not yet learned to meet people and situations and become adapted to them.

"Possibly the word 'ingenuity' sums up the situation," Dr. Brickner explained. "The staggering ingenuity that has made radio possible is an example of the full flower of the frontal lobe function."

—*News-Week*

COMPULSIVE IDEAS ARE A DEFENSE AGAINST EARLY SEX TRANSGRESSIONS. HERE IS THE CASE HISTORY OF A MARRIED WOMAN, A COLLEGE GRADUATE, WHO WASHED HER HANDS SEVENTY TIMES A DAY.

A *Case* *of* Washing Mania

By WESLEY PEACOCK, SR.
Director: Radio School of Psychology.
Director: Peacock Military Academy, San Antonio, Texas.

MRS. DE CHANCE consulted me for "fool wash," saying that she was no longer able to do her household duties because of the foolish compulsion to stop to wash her hands, and to spend not only one or two minutes in the task, but fifteen or twenty minutes; so that during the day she spent about two or three hours washing her hands. She was distressed over her absorption not only because it occupied so much of her time, which was needed for her household duties, but because of shame at being unable through the exercise of the will to inhibit such foolish acts. She wore gloves on both hands continuously to protect them against contamination. She would not touch any object, a chair or a book, and she would not shake hands with anyone, without spending ten or fifteen minutes immediately afterwards applying soap and water to the exposed parts. She lived in dread of tuberculosis, of pneumonia, and other diseases contagious through contact. She carried a wet towel in her bag when she traveled, to which she resorted every few minutes of the day for temporary relief from possible contamination. She spit both day and night.

Once after she had shaken hands with me and had deliberately wiped her hands with a wet towel, I engaged her in conversation to prevent her using the wash basin just to note her reaction. As I expected, she made excuses to leave the room. When I restrained her, she became agitated and could not pay attention to the analysis. The two opposing impulses, one to exercise her will in restraint, the other to obey the obsessive idea to wash her hands, caused a mental conflict of intense anxiety. Her washing mania had to be observed as a peculiar ritual necessary to her peace of mind. But she had a good insight into her case, as all obsessive neurotics have (psychotics do not have this insight), making it next to impossible to afford her relief. This woman was fully aware of the uselessness and ridiculousness of her obsessive ideas, as well as of the absurdity of the compulsive ceremonial of washing, yet she was utterly helpless before them. That is what humiliated her.

However, she had not the least idea as to the cause of her disorder, nor did she know that it originated in her childhood. The task of the analyst was to interpret her present discomfort in the language and light of her childhood's fears and anxieties. I could not relieve her of the persistent stress and strain of throwing all her energies into the relief of a useless occupation unless I could, with her recollection of forgotten memories, interpret her present mannerisms in the light of her past shocking experiences. I must show her that not the simple mechanical act, but the emotion that accompanied and characterized it, gave her a double personality that was as well divided and as well integrated as Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde; each personality acquainted with the other, but neither able to control the other nor to understand the other.

I knew that Mrs. De Chance had a guilty conscience. Pontius Pilate called for water in the false belief that he might wash his hands clean of the responsibility of the Savior's death, the washing being a symbolic act, or ceremony, which he ostentatiously employed as a defense reaction against a painful idea. He thought to suppress that painful idea by forgetting it and substituting for it a symbolic ritual. Tradition says that he spent the rest of his life washing his hands to "cleanse his stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff which weighed upon his heart."

How the Obsession Began

MY patient desired first of all to be relieved of her symptoms. She wore gloves not only to protect her hands against germs, but also to protect them against chapping. Indeed, they were red and inflamed already from the almost continuous washing with soap and warm water. She com-

plained that this ceremonial required almost as much soap as the family laundry.

When I asked her of what germs she was most afraid, she replied, the germs of tuberculosis, for her mother had died of that disease. That gave me a clue. Indeed every word, every sentence, every mannerism of the sufferer of an obsessional neurosis is an index to her underlying and forgotten complex. When I asked her to narrate the story of her childhood, she willingly and connectedly gave her history as follows:

"I was born in a little country town, the only child of a family doctor and his highly educated wife. My earliest memories are of my sick mother lying in bed and coughing and being unable to attend to household duties. I remember that my father was attentive to her, and very solicitous of her health. My grandmother, my father's mother, kept me at her house most of the time, explaining that I could get sick too if I stayed with my mother. I never learned to love my mother, but my grandmother showered on me all the maternal affections and solicitudes, so that I always called her mother. I did not want her to die, and I wondered why my father, who was a doctor, could not kill the germs and save her life. When my grandmother washed the towels and dishes to kill the germs, she also washed my hands to prevent infection. I was 4 years of age when she died, but I remember well how angry I got with the germs for killing her, so that I formed the habit of washing my hands to kill the germs that killed my mother. The hatred and fear of germs were therefore exaggerated and attached to the painful idea. The objectionable idea, according to your analysis, must have been repressed in the subconscious along with the exaggerated emotion of hatred; but the emotion must have become disassociated from the idea and attached to a harmless one to escape and return to my consciousness, where it causes me trouble in hand-washing, a disturbing substitute for an unconscious painful idea long since forgotten. I have studied analytical psychology in the university, and I believe that this is your explanation of the phenomenon, but somehow I have never been able to psychoanalyze myself, for I cannot recall much of my distressful childhood.

"That reminds me," she said, "that there was more trouble of like nature at the funeral. I hate the smell of tube roses because the casket was covered with them. Their odor was mingled with the terrible stench of the decomposing body, which had not been embalmed, and when today I smell tube roses I also smell decomposed flesh. When they would not let me put my hands on the body of my mother, I slipped up and touched the coffin. My grandmother jerked me away with the threat that I would die of those terrible germs that had killed my mother. From that day on my father and my grandmother talked of nothing so much as germs, until I could think of little else. I remember later at school that the little girls avoided me because they were afraid of my germs. I thought it unfair that I should be the innocent victim of social ostracism on account of my mother's germs.

"I lived with my doting grandmother till my father married again. Then I had continuous friction with my stepmother. My father did too. My grandmother did too. My grandmother accused my stepmother of trying to poison my father to get hold of the property. Then there was more talk about germs, and I feared that she would try to poison me also. Oh, I forgot to tell you that at the funeral I was frightened into fainting when the minister preached a long distressful sermon about the horrors of the damned. He had all the people weeping, except those that were too frightened to weep, and I was one of them. I got it into my mind that I had committed some sort of mortal sin, because the minister dwelt on the unpardonable sin. I was sure that I had it, whatever it was, and that it was caused by germs, which had already damned my mother. Somehow I felt that my mother's soul had been lost, after she had been killed for an unpardonable sin. I associated religion with germs, so I did not want to get religion if I had to die. I suppose everybody told me a thousand times, 'Go and wash your face and hands nice and clean.' "

Association with a Feeling of Guilt

THE foregoing experiences may have been the psychogenesis of this woman's washing mania, but I was not satisfied with her history, and so encouraged her from day to day to run the association of her childhood experiences with others of similar nature occuring about the time of the onset of puberty, and surely enough we excavated other buried and long forgotten memories of shocking effect. It is not so much the painful and unsocial incidents of early life that involve us in mental confusion later in life, as the highly toned emotions that characterize them, and that dissociate themselves from the original incidents or ideas repressed in the unconscious. These objectional emotions will attach themselves to other and harmless situations and escape into consciousness, where, like mistletoe, they may survive and lead a separate existence and thus modify the personality. Even as mistletoe, a fungus growth, a parasite, certain painful emotions after repression may return to

consciousness to form a new attachment, first to one situation and then another, but always retaining their painful and modifying character, giving their primary tones to their secondary hosts.

I conceived the thought that Mrs. De Chance at the age of about thirteen or fourteen had suffered a shameful emotional shock of sexual significance, for this conception is justified by the clinical experience of psychoanalysts. According to her story, finally recited after much hesitation and much insistence, and amid emotions of extreme anxiety, she had formed an incestuous attachment to her father, though unconscious of the meaning and blameless for the fixation. After the death of his wife, to whom he had abandoned himself in endearments, he lavished all his affections on his only child, jealous of her love, and fearful of her health, until she was not allowed to form natural heterosexual attachments outside the home. Her greatest paternal attachment developed at the time of her change of life, and in circumstances that inclined her to associate her menstrual periods with erotic fancies of her father, a relation known in Greek mythology as the Electra Complex.

On the part of both father and daughter the attachment was blameless because misunderstood, but harmful to the child because never afterwards was she able to detach this feeling from her first love object and transfer it to a boy sweetheart. Her erotic fancies caused her much feeling of reproach, and she was unable completely to repress them from consciousness. She felt therefore that she might have committed a sin, perhaps the unpardonable sin, which again she associated with germs and death, so that the struggle to clean her hands by washing persisted as a defensive, persistent obsession. It was her unconscious wish to wash the guilt away, the guilt of the sexual feeling. The repressed cravings for her father which had been transformed from a secret pleasure to a terrible burden in an effort to conceal the truth from others, especially the wicked stepmother who had accused her, and also from her conscious self, found physical expression in symbolic "fool wash," an interesting biological abortion, which brought her a strange erotic excitement while she washed her hands.

Compulsive Ideas Are a Defense

BEFORE I realized it, yet it was only what I had expected, she was responding to my interest in her recovery by making a transference to me, as her doctor friend; a very sacred relation of perfect trust which must be evoked before the patient will recall, confess, and understand the forgotten experiences connected with her sacred sexual life in its embarrassing relation to her love life. It was only after overcoming considerable resistance and embarrassment that she was enabled to recall the delicate and secret family experiences.

Mrs. De Chance did not stop washing her hands entirely as soon as she was made to understand the origin of her obsession, and to connect up the cause with the effect. But the treatment had caused understanding, and the patient was directed in the reeducation of her reaction patterns. For example, she substituted corn meal for water to perform her ablutions. She tried to reason that if it was foolish to use water to remove imaginary germs, it would not be any more foolish to use corn meal, which was just as clean and just as convenient. Then she kept count of the daily ablutions, reducing the number from seventy to forty; then to thirty, then to fifteen—the lower figure reached at the end of the first month of treatment.

The patient had made a very unfortunate marriage to a very unworthy man, one older than herself, resembling her own father who himself was not only neurotic, but psychotic. They lived in a state of continual bickering. Both husband and wife possessed homosexual cravings, he a sadist and she a masochist. They quarreled and they fought, but they refused to be separated, a recourse that would have been a mercy to both of them. While the washing mania nearly abated completely, there were other neurotic compulsions.

All compulsive ideas are elaborated in defense against early sex transgressions in an effort to prevent the repetition of the tabooed wish. Healy thinks that the compulsion of boys to steal is related to early offenses which have been associated with sexual offenses. Stealing by boys and girls is not theft at all, but a compulsion which does not yield to reason, to argument, to sermonizing, or to punishment, because the patient does not know and cannot explain why he steals; therefore he cannot quit it. Psychoanalytical treatment, or its equivalent, will effect a cure by finding out and explaining the cause. The child steals in protest against mistreatment and especially against suppression. The child thief has a feeling, a painful feeling, of incompleteness of personality, and he steals in an unconscious effort to compensate for a feeling of inferiority.

Freud says: "In a normal *vita sexualis* no neurosis is possible." The sexual is the one instinctive impulse that must be subjected to the greatest amount of repression, and it is the weakest point in our cultural development. The neurosis seems to be the price of religious development; that is, the price paid by the weak and by the victims of maladjustment to social morality.

PSYCHOLOGISTS FIND THAT WE ARE EXTREMELY SENSITIVE TO COLOR. FROM EARLIEST TIMES MEN HAVE BEEN AFFECTED BY COLORS IN THEIR THINKING AND FEELING.

Do *We* Think *in* Colors?

By ARTHUR JESS SMITH
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DOES the average man and woman think in terms of colors? Many people say yes; some say no. The question has always been one of vital interest to the psychologist. He calls this phenomenon by its technical name "synæsthesia," and looks upon it as a unique occurrence in the field of sensation. For many years writers have been fully aware of this peculiarity of human thinking. Homer, writing of the adventures and wanderings of the Greek heroes, spoke of the "rose-colored dawn." Many of us have either read or heard of the *Red Badge of Courage*. I remember quite clearly a sentence from one of Stephen Crane's novels, and he was a master of description: "The sun was a red wafer pasted against the sky." And recently we have been given such titles as *Green Mansions, The Green Goddess, Black Majesty, and Yellow Gold*. There is little doubt but that since time immemorial man has always resorted to the use of colors in order to help express himself. How often do we hear, in the ordinary routine of our lives, such expressions as "He turned green with envy," "I think he's just yellow," "He's the whitest fellow I've ever met," or "Whenever she's near me I see red." Yet how many of us have even stopped to analyze the significance of such phrases and what the origin of their use is in the eyes of psychological interpretation?

The Case of the Lady Who Liked Lavender

To begin with, many of us like certain colors whereas we definitely dislike other colors. Some of us, on the other hand, are indifferent to most colors and yet we have a distinct craving for one particular color. I knew a lady who always dressed in lavender, from the color of her hat to the color of her shoes. Her entire apartment was done in lavender and she was often seen driving around town in her lavender Buick roadster, painted so by her own special order. For many years I often wondered where her fondness for that color originated but had never ventured to ask her. One day, in ordinary conversation, she told a friend of mine that her mother died when she was eleven years old and that one of the few recollections she had of her was her mother's love for lilacs and that she and her sister would go into the fields to clip them off the bushes and bring them home.

It became very simple for me, upon hearing of this, to identify the origin of this woman's love for the color lavender and to analyze her reactions to that color upon a psychoanalytical basis. It was not the color lavender that she loved but rather the memory of her dead mother. Whether or not she was conscious of the fact, the lavender was a *symbol* and she was simply *projecting* into that color the feelings that she had felt toward her mother. In other words, in the mental process, as an example of this so-called "synæsthesis," the color lavender "stood for" peace, devotion, purity, and the many other such qualities which a child of eleven would have *associated* with her mother.

Symbolic Association

THE lady in lavender is only one of many hundreds of similar cases. I have used it merely to illustrate how we build up in our minds an emotional regard for some particular color. The psychological basis for thinking in terms of color is *symbolic association*. Its physiological basis is to be found in the neural patterns of the individual and in the cerebral cortex where is located the center for associative memory. A person's loving or hating a particular color is merely the manifestation of some happy or unhappy experience that has remained either consciously or unconsciously as a residue of that experience somewhere in the human mind. If analyzed, it can be traced to its source.

A colleague of mine on the faculty once mentioned to me, while I was explaining the process of synæsthesia, that to him the colors green and

gold always represented success. However, so far as he could recall, he could state no reason for it. By a long series of specific questions I finally convinced him that this association had arisen from the fact that during his years in junior high school he had been exceptionally outstanding in social activities, something he had never again achieved, but had ardently longed for. To him success was evaluated in terms of social recognition. His junior high school colors were green and gold. These colors were *symbolic* of success because he *associated* them with an institution in which he had gained the only success he knew.

Of course, this *association* may come about through either *personal* or *universal* derivation. The foregoing cases illustrate perfectly what I mean by personal derivation. In these cases, as in all similar cases, the symbolic color is associated with some experience in the *personal* life of the individual. On the other hand, there are many symbolic colors which have been handed down to us through universal acceptance. Some obvious examples of these are red as symbolic of danger, green as symbolic of jealousy, white as symbolic of purity, black as symbolic of death, etc. Even those colors which are of universal derivation may differ in different parts of the world. In the orient, for instance, white is symbolic of death. Evidently, as concerns the psychologist, only those colors which have been given meaning by the personal life of the individual are of experimental interest. Those colors which have a universal symbolism constitute a social rather than a personal problem and so have an anthropological value rather than a psychological one.

Tests to Determine Color Associations

THE tendency of the human being to think in terms of color has been a process which has always engaged my interest in my work in experimental psychology. During this last year I have given a series of tests to my various classes in psychology as well as to the other classes in the school. The object of these tests was threefold; first, to determine the general extent to which individuals think in terms of color, second, to discover the number of "stock responses," that is, the number of responses which are of *universal* derivation (black symbolic of death, etc.), as compared to the number of responses which are of *personal* derivation (green and gold symbolic of success, etc.), third, to seek out any incidental correlations which might exist, such as relationship between the response of the student and his age, sex, and general background. I have given the test to two hundred students. In every instance I have used the same test and have given it in the same manner. The process is very simple and corresponds largely to the free association test that is used in general psychology and in criminal procedure for the purpose of lie detection. I read off a list of twelve words and give them the following directions: Concentrate keenly on each word; allow it to call forth any mental images which it may, whether they be past experiences, emotional attitudes, or specific objects. Close your eyes tightly if you find difficulty in concentration or imagination. Try to imagine all the colors that you can at the same time—one will be predominant.

The test consists of twelve abstract nouns, namely: 1) Courage, 2) Purity, 3) Fear, 4) Marriage, 5) Success, 6) Jealousy, 7) Strength, 8) Love, 9) Knowledge, 10) Character, 11) Hope, and 12) Sex. The results have been most interesting as well as decidedly revealing as experimental data. In regard to the three objectives of such an experiment, the test proved first, that most individuals think in terms of color to a great extent, second, that there are very few "stock responses," in fact, only two words drew such responses (Purity, *white* 96 per cent, Jealousy, *green* 90 per cent), most of the words drawing individual reactions. Some of these were most unique. One young lady saw Love "in all the colors of the rainbow," while to a more mature gentleman Success appeared as a "glittering yellow," and to some young man Strength took the form of "a shield of flaming red." Third, two definite correlations seemed to result: first, the tests showed that the younger element in the classes did their thinking in a much wider range of colors than the older element, and, what seemed the most interesting result to me, was the response in color to the word *sex*. According to the ages, I divided the tests into two general groups—those by students under the age of twenty-five and those by students over the age of twenty-five. Ninety per cent of the students under twenty-five responded to the word *sex* with the color *red;* seventy-five per cent of those over twenty-five responded with the color *white*. The significance of this discrepancy is left to the reader.

What Various Colors Symbolize

OF the *universal derivation* of most colors in thinking there can be little doubt. Let us examine some of the more prominent shades. Let us view them in life and literature.

Red. Milton wrote of "Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue," and Dryden added "The scarlet honour of your peaceful gown." Red has al-

ways been considered a warm color. It was the Roman signal for battle. It was the color on the shields of Scipio and Hannibal. It is the color of the communist and the anarchist. It signifies blood and danger. It has been the symbol of heat, hatred, and destruction. It has dyed the flags of a thousand nations and has led to death a million martyrs.

Green. Shakespeare observed that "Green is indeed the color of lovers" and Milton pictured Peace as "crown'd with olive green." Green, as the color of spring has been the emblem of hope, joy, and success. Green is symbolic of nature. In mythology the hair and garments of Neptune were dyed with green. In ecclesiastical circles it signifies the rejoicing of the faithful. It has often been used to denote memory and at times in history it was looked upon as a sacred color.

Blue. Byron looked upward and saw the "bluest skies that harmonize the whole" and Shakespeare said, less favorably, "Oh, coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me! The lights burn blue!" The expression "true-blue" has come down through the years as a description of fidelity. The veil of Juno, the goddess of air, was blue; Diana was clothed in blue, and Homer always spoke of the "azure-eyed" Minerva. It has been used to signify melancholy because of its coldness but from the color of the sky it has come to stand for truth, aspiration, fidelity, and intelligence.

Yellow. Shakespeare observed "the cynosure of jaundiced eyes" and Dryden concurred with "jealousy, suffused with jaundice in her eyes, discoloring all she viewed." Yellow has had many meanings. In China it is a sacred color. It is also associated with sickness and is used at sea as a sanitary signal. The golden yellow has always been an expression of wealth and victory. People often think of it as a metallic, lustrous color. In the minds of most of us it reminds us of something enlivening, gaudy, and gay.

White. No other color in literature has received as much attention or as much unity of interpretation. Pope gave us "white-robed innocence;" Milton contributed "white-robed truth," and Dryden, more poetically, "white as thy fame and as thy honour clear." All Christianity has hailed white as the color of purity. To the Romans, white was sacred. In many nations the judiciary wear it to symbolize integrity. It colors the flag of surrender. It has meant peace through the ages.

Black. With thoughts of death Goldsmith wrote that "There the black gibbet glooms beside the way," and Spenser described the same feeling when he portrayed "the black and doleful ebonie." To Milton, however, black symbolized the brain when he wrote of this thing "o'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue." We all are familiar with the phrases "black Friday," "black fury," "black tidings," "black aspect," etc. Jupiter, the terrible, was executed in black marble. Pluto's chariot was drawn by black horses. Mors, or Death, has always been pictured in black garments. Black is the color of the night. It has been the symbol of silence, intrigue, imagination, depth, solitude, and the unknown including death.

Results of Experiments

M. Luckiesh, physicist, in his fascinating book, *The Language of Color* states: "It is possible for every visual impression to be a cause of mental reaction although it is obvious that the effectiveness of visual stimuli in this respect is largely dependent upon the state of intellectual development of the individual." In general, it seems true that the more mentally alert will be more responsive to color. We might then conclude that the effective value of color depends to a large degree upon the past experience plus the present mentality of the individual. Luckiesh gives the reactions of N. A. Wells, ardent adventurer in the field of color, as he, himself, found them. They are all so-called "mood" reactions:

Crimson, passion, rage, blood.
Scarlet, the blare of trumpets.
Deep orange, the heat of flame; soon excites irritation to a feeling of suffocation.
Orange-yellow, warm, glowing, lively.
Yellow, joyous, gay, merry.
Yellow-green, cheerful, smiling.
Green, peaceful, neither sad nor cheerful.
Blue-green, sedate, sober.
Blue, cool, tranquility.
Violet-blue, stern, hard, unyielding, gloom.
Violet, subduing, serious to the point of melancholy.
Purple, stately, pompous, impressive.

Of course, you may test your own reactions to the above colors and find them entirely different. These are the result of a mind of extreme color sensitivity. Over a period of many years certain men, experts in the fields of art, design, lighting, physics, and more recently, psychology, have penetrated the phenomenon of colored thinking. The results have been varied and interesting. I might list here five of them that are of interest to the general reader. 1) The results indicated no

great difference on the basis of sex, but seemed to point to the fact that the development of perception in color is more complete among women than among men. 2) Verbal suggestion regarding the pleasantness or unpleasantness of a color will largely determine the response of the individual. 3) After experimenting with the same individual with colors for a lengthy period of time his effective sensibility to these colors tends to diminish. 4) After an individual has gazed upon the same color for a period longer than one minute the pattern of mental associations begins to change and the effective value of the color changes with it. 5) The cheerfulness of a color is nearly always experienced because of the quality of the color itself, not because of the feeling of the subject.

What Color Thinking Does

WHAT is the practical importance of the tendency to think in colors? From Dr. R. A. Houstoun's treatment of the psychology of color in his very analytical treatise entitled *Light and Color,* I give three very important cases in the use of colored thinking.

From the artist's viewpoint. Herman Darewski in describing how colored thinking has helped him in his composition of music writes:

> "I do not pretend that every melody I write is composed under the mental influence and stimulus of color, but it is a fact that color has put me in the required state of mind —given me the desired conception or else quickened or enlarged conception — for practically all the tunes which I have written lately . . .
>
> "I had to write the music for a Russian snow scene for a certain revue. I sat and thought and I went to the piano and played, but I could not get the sense of dim vastness, of cold, of the jingle of sleigh bells satisfactorily blended together. In the back of my mind I knew vaguely what I wanted to translate into music, but somehow I could not do the translation . . .
>
> "Color cleared away all the mental impediments, however. Looking through a deep blue strip of gelatine made me 'feel' the exact music which had previously eluded me, and, although I say it who should not, the result was what I regard as being one of the best bits of musical composition I have ever done."

From the architect's viewpoint. William O. Ludlow, New York architect, writes:

> "White, except in great monumental work, is to be avoided, for although it does not absorb the impinging light, it suggests sterility, coldness, and lacks all power to create pleasurable and helpful sensation. Green is a restful color, and when used in the lighter shades particularly, makes an agreeable surrounding.
>
> "The sunshine colors, gold, yellow, and buff, used on walls and ceilings in appropriate tones, bring to the inside of the house something of the joy of the sunshine, as we see it on fields and woods."

From the psychiatrist's viewpoint. Dr. Ponza, director of the lunatic asylum at Alexandria (Italy), fitted several rooms with windows of colored glass, and colored walls of each room the same as the glass. The windows were numerous, and received direct sunlight during the greater part of the day. Principally violet and red rays were used. He writes:

> "After passing three hours in the red room a man afflicted with a taciturn delirium became gay and smiling; on getting up the day after his entry into the same room, another madman who had refused all food whatever asked for breakfast, and ate with surprising avidity. . . . A violent case who had to be kept in a straight waistcoat was shut in the room with blue windows; less than an hour afterwards he had become calmer. . . ."

The world is becoming color-conscious. Over the coming period of years, color thinking as well as color perception, will become an intricate part of the field for psychological investigation. The field of medical science has already seized upon it as a sane effective therapeutic agent. This fact was deeply impressed upon me recently, when, during a visit of my class in abnormal psychology to Grasslands Hospital, Dr. Brennan, the head psychiatrist, in conducting them through the psychiatric ward, pointed out the coloring used on the walls of the different rooms, mentioning at one place that green and buff were used because they were restful to the patient's eyes, and at another place, that some rooms were painted in red in order to act as an irritant for those who were depressed.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TO BECOME A MOTHER PASSES THROUGH A STRANGE PERIOD. MUCH OF HER FUTURE HAPPINESS AND THE WELFARE OF THE UNBORN CHILD DEPEND UPON THE ATTITUDE OF THE HUSBAND.

The Psychology *of the* Pregnant *Woman*

By D. H. KELLER
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DOCTORS and scientists, in their efforts to produce safe conditions for the growth of healthy bodies, place much emphasis on the health of the child. It is good to do that, for adult strength may be greater or less according to the normal growth of the child.

But the protection of the health of the child must begin before birth if the best results are expected, and the rules governing the protection should be known by both the husband and the wife.

One thing that should be understood by the husband as well as by the wife is the mental reaction, or psychology, of the period of pregnancy. There is even a masculine psychology that must be recognized, in order to bring about the best mental life in the new family.

A family is three fold, being composed of a father, a mother and at least one child. Most married people are willing to recognize the child as a member of the family after it is born; in fact, they are forced to do so, whether they want to or not. But how many husbands and wives are "child-conscious" from the first day they are sure of the wife's condition? From this time on the child should be recognized as a vital and important member of the family.

We do not know everything about the human mind. There are many things that cannot be stated as facts; they are simply suppositions. One of these is the effect of the mental conditions of the parents on the personality and the emotions of the child, prior to its birth. We do know that, in order to have a normal pregnancy, a few rules must be observed.

Understanding on the Part of the Husband

FIRST of all, there should come a complete happiness on the part of both parents, caused by the fact that they are going to have a child. That feeling should be true especially of the mother; she cannot and will not be happy over the change in her life, if she is not certain that her husband is delighted over the prospect of an addition to the family.

In these days of limited families and widespread birth control the wife is often made to feel that the responsibility of avoiding pregnancy is solely her affair, and that if she becomes "with child," it is all her fault. When the husband takes this attitude and speaks of it to his wife, or even thinks of it, a cloud is thrown instantly over her happiness. A woman may be sincerely anxious to have a child for no other reason than that she wants one. But, if the husband intimates that there are other reasons, financial or social, which make her pregnancy undesirable, it is impossible for her to enjoy her condition as every woman should.

The wise husband, who is really in love with his wife, should lose no opportunity in telling her that he is delighted by the happy event that has come into their lives. Even though the pregnancy was unpremeditated and undesired, he should forget all the arguments along that line, and talk and act as though it were one of the most wonderful things that has ever happened to him. There is no mistake in the statement that, next to the mystery of the event that turns a woman into a mother, is that of the same event that makes a man realize that he is more than a man by becoming a father.

We think now that our emotions are largely a matter of the secretions of fluids produced in our endocrine glands. Suppose they are; what difference does that make in the husband's duty to help his wife keep as care-free as possible. Millions of men have done that who never heard that the endocrine glands produce emotions; just as millions of people drive automobiles but do not know the chemistry of combustion and the sciences of electricity and mechanics.

The happiness of the wife is directly dependent on her comfort and peace of mind. She should be kept from worry, especially financial worry, during this time. Even though the husband knows that things are not going well in his business, or that he is in danger of losing his position he should

keep such things to himself, at least till the child is born. Expenses have to be met and bills paid, but if there is to be any worry about this, the husband should make it his business. If possible, he should save and place in a special bank account sufficient money to pay for all the expenses for the month before and the month after the birth of the child. If this is done and the wife knows it, a great load will be taken off her mind. She will know that she will be taken care of. This sense of security is worth while, even if it does mean a denial of luxuries and even of some necessities on the part of the rest of the family.

An atmosphere of calm is very important in the psychology of the expectant mother. Here again, the husband has a duty to perform. As the months pass, and the wife is less able to go out for society and entertainment, it is an ideal time to renew the conversations and caresses of the engagement period.

Changing Moods of the Wife

At times a pregnant woman becomes very temperamental. It is hard for her husband to understand her. Perhaps it is hard for any man to understand any woman, married or single, sterile or pregnant, at any time. But there is a great difference between the ways in which the two sexes look at many things in life; and this difference is often increased during the period of gestation (the formation of the unborn child). No matter what the wife says, or how she treats him, the husband will find a future reward if he is nice about it, and if he continues with his efforts to have a quiet, peaceful home. It is going to be a big job for him; but he should be a big man, to assume the responsibilities of being a father. If he cannot understand his pregnant wife, he must at least pretend that he understands her emotions and her desires.

The Love of the Husband Should Be Stronger than Before

Finally the thing that causes a woman the greatest mental concern in this stage of life is whether her husband is going to keep on loving her. She realizes that there are changes in her body which might make her less attractive to a lover, and ever more so to a mere husband. She regrets those changes, but, at the same time, she wants to keep her husband's love. Nothing will do her more harm than the knowledge, or even the suspicion, that his love for her is not what it was before she became pregnant.

She may be sure that he is true to her physically; but that is not enough. She wants to know that in every other way he loves her more than he did before the "blessed event." If she does not know this, or if she has positive proof that he is untrue to her, it may have a decidedly harmful effect on her mental life.

All Work and no Play

It is desirable that an individual should not have his entire interest in his work. He should have outside or balancing interests. All work and no play is not a good motto from the standpoint of mental hygiene. The cultivation of certain hobbies or interests as distant as possible from one's ordinary work is a desirable thing, and they should, if possible, supplement one's occupation. Golf is, therefore, a very desirable recreation for a man working in an office; for the average postman it is probably not the ideal recreation. One may say that the individual working indoors and getting little exercise should cultivate an interest in golf, tennis, horseback-riding or any similar activity that gets him outdoors. Some individuals find that walking is a form of recreation, and enjoy taking long tramps. The important thing is that the individual should enjoy whatever it is that he is doing. The man who plays golf because his doctor has told him to, and who assumes the same attitude toward it that he does towards taking a dose of medicine will not get much benefit from it. It would be better for him to seek some other type of recreation. So it should be emphasized that the individual should find something that he likes to do, whether it is dancing, playing the piano, going to the theatre, golf or anything else, as long as it takes his mind off his work, and thoroughly relaxes him. A great many persons, as they grow older, forget how to play. They feel that they are grown up and should put aside childish habits. It may be questioned whether such so-called adult life is superior to that of the child in all respects. Certainly the individual who remains young in his outlook to life, who does not become set in his ways and who retains a plasticity and interest in life and an ability to play has retained some of the most important and desirable traits which will contribute to his health and happiness.—*Karl M. Bowman.*

HERE IS THE CASE STUDY OF A GIRL WHO COMPLETELY OUTWITTED THE FEARS OF NEURASTHENIA.

How I Outwitted *My* Complexes

ANONYMOUS

FOR fifteen years I lived, serving a long term sentence, in the troubled maze of psychic suffering—a neurosis embedded deeply in the realm of the subconscious. My former equilibrium and faith were completely erased, leaving me limp in the hands of a great giant who led me, like a decoy, into destructive channels.

Life in general seemed happy enough to me, up to the age of thirteen, but one night my world swerved and crashed leaving me bewildered, confused, afraid of life and myself.

The foundation of a neurosis, it is claimed, is formed the first five or six years of a child's life.

I was a frail baby and almost died at the age of two. This fright tended to scare my parents into an over-anxious state and I consequently had too much care, too much love, more petting and coddling than were good for my emotional well-being.

People would innocently speak of me as a delicate child, frail, or puny, when in reality I was of sturdy stock—but had only started out on the wrong foot. However, my plastic child mind grasped the idea, "that something was wrong," and the seeds of shame and inferiority were planted.

At thirteen I was unprepared for adolescence. The phenomenal changes of entering into womanhood had not been explained to me. It was under a great emotional stress that the bald facts were finally presented, and this in turn shocked my sensitive sex-nature to such a degree that later an intense phobia developed.

Beginning of a Neurosis

I WILL now relate my experience:

It was night, and I awoke with a start. With fear clutching my heart I sat upright in bed and peered anxiously into the dusky shadows of the room. In the farthest corner, my eye found a streak of white. My breath caught, and my eyes flew wide open and I cringed back against the pillow, my heart all but suffocating me. The unbelieveable had happened. A ghost stood in my room! (In reality it was a mere reflection from the arc light in the street.)

My teeth began chattering and my body quivered, while a terrible fear covered me. The room began whirling and in a panic I caught hold of the bed covers, for I felt myself slipping — slipping down into an awful gulf of darkness.

It was still night when I opened my eyes and beheld the family physician bending over me, while my parents anxiously hovered in the background.

I was told I had had a spasm, caused from some food I had eaten for supper. These spells the doctor explained would recur off and on until menstruation appeared, and the only way to prevent them, was to be careful of what I ate.

The doctor explained menstruation to me in technical terms that were far above my head then. However, my little girl friends left no room for doubt. What a menace menstruation was to women, which they all described to me as "sick days."

Bewildered, I resented this horrid thing that was coming to me and wished feverishly that I had been a boy. Boys, the girls said, were saved from such pain — it was the girls who had to pay and pay, all because Eve ate the apple.

The next day, after my "spell," I learned how I had behaved while in the grip of a spasm. How I had rolled my eyes, clenched my teeth, quivered and groaned. This ungainly picture, shocked my sensitive artistic nature that cringed from sordidness of any type.

A terrible fear and horror was thus set up, that somewhere, sometime, I might perform with these same gruesome antics in a public place — making myself conspicuous.

From that day on, for fifteen years I knew no peace. In school, in church, in stores, on the street, even at home, the constant thought of fear dogged me.

(I wish to say here that I did have a few more spasms within that one year, but they all occurred

at home. From then onward they never appeared again although menstruation did not occur until three years later.)

At mealtime I was seriously warned not to eat "this" or "that," the fact being stressed — if I did not wish more spells. All foods became distasteful and seemed to be contaminated. This aversion for food the subconscious mind stored away, carefully labeling it, "poison." In later years this idea-germ materialized in the form of a terrible functional stomach disorder — where I imagined certain foods were slowly poisoning my system.

The subconscious mind is very infantile and believes whatever is offered it; tabulating everything in the brain in neat columns which never lose value. If the emotion is very intense there is a groove engraved in the grey-matter of the brain that becomes deeper and deeper until the emotion is entirely buried. The subconscious in glee then locks the door of the chamber and throws away the key. As years go by, this shut-up emotion becomes charged with destructive power, that, like dynamite, finally explodes in the form of a neurosis.

Escape from Reality—in Neurasthenia

In the middle of the year, my father contracted pneumonia and died within a week—this was my first association with death.

At the funeral in the crowded church, the sweet-scented flowers on the casket made me ill with an overwhelming nausea that returned for years whenever an over-sweet scent reached my nostrils. I even discarded the use of perfume from my toilet on this account.

At the burial grounds, as the casket was being lowered, a sudden fantastic sensation crept over me and I felt unseen beings about me that seemed to reach out and touch me with ghost-like hands.

Creepy trickles raced down my back and in a panic I shrank back terrified. With great effort I suppressed the desire to flee. Soon the grave was being covered and we left the cemetery.

From that day on I developed fear of the dead.

I had adored my father and the terrific shock of his sudden death while I was at the critical age of adolescence had unbalanced my equilibrium. The love every girl feels for her father was so suddenly deprived of expression that my forces were turned inward upon themselves, fleeing from a reality—in neurasthenia.

But, as I have learned since, no depression, emotion, or calamity can produce a neurosis unless its way has been paved in childhood.

Life moved slowly on for all of us. Mother settled down to self-pity and fits of spasmodic weeping. She wore ugly black mourning clothes that irritated me beyond reason and I grew to detest them to such an extent that the color black became an obsession with me. I refused to wear it in any form.

A neurotic subconsciously loves his symptoms and makes a mighty effort to keep them hidden, and so it was with me. I kept my intense emotion entirely covered, while no one ever guessed or knew of my psychic suffering through the period of fifteen years.

My only conclusion to my strange behavior was that my nerves were broken in structure—horribly diseased. I attributed the trouble to a physical ailment, a common mistake all neurotic individuals make in the beginning.

Nausea the Symbol of Fear

From then on I developed claustrophobia, the fear of shut-in places. I grew to hate school, church or any place I was compelled to attend. Many a time a nervous spree would develop in such places, and I would either frantically fight off the spell, repressing it; or when the last vestige of self control would vanish I would get up and leave, with bitterness in my soul, my pride wounded and my heart heavy.

A little later menstruation finally appeared. In a panic I realized my time had come to begin paying the penalty of being a mere woman.

All the false suggestions, the false conceptions and negative attitudes I had accumulated of menstruation and conveyed to the subconscious, previously, now all came to the fore — in the disguise of physical pain.

During a "period" I would become melancholy, pessimistic and blue. I had unsatisfied longings, inadequate feelings of self and a restless urge. I suffered intensely with abdominal cramps and back pain. My head ached and my eyes felt drawn and heavy, while the vision blurred. I became weak and shaky at the first signs of menstruation, and went to bed coddling myself with a hot water bottle. A severe nausea always accompanied this, with retching, leaving me completely exhausted. I would no more be through one menstrual period before I would begin dreading the return of the next.

In reality, my generative organs were perfectly normal and healthy, but the subconscious who largely deals in symbols, pretended great pain, repression and exaggerated exhaustion. My nausea was the symbol of fear — a distaste for the whole process. The incorrect ideas that had become

tangled up in my personality worked at cross purposes, leaving me the prey to all sorts of disturbances. It seemed incredible, when I learned my trouble was functional and not organic.

Food Phobias

"THERE is no peace on this earth." I once heard some erratic lecturer say. And I promptly agreed, for life held no peace for me. There was no peace from home and no peace at home.

My mother and I were made up of entirely different temperaments, seldom agreeing on the same points. Our home was comparatively new and mother took great pride in it. She threw all her forces and energy into beautifying it. The house became her idol! She collected numerous pieces of furniture of all modes and types (mostly uncomfortable and stiff appearing), an over-array of bric-a-brac, rarities and objects of curiosity.

At this time I was studying art. It was to be my career. With such a cluttered arrangement of furniture and what-not, my artistic nature revolted violently.

Our house was something very sacred, we were taught from the beginning. A place not for "everybody." Therefore, it was with a sense of guilt and shrinking fear, that I would bring home my friends. There was always a possibility that some piece of furniture would become scratched by buttons on clothing, or the rungs of chairs marred by feet being twisted about them, bric-a-brac broken or pillows deranged on the lounge.

Often I was reminded of this, sometimes before my friends, and then I would flame inwardly.

Children and dogs were a menace to the place, mother becoming exceedingly nervous with either about . . . . and I loved both. I enjoyed children and liked to amuse them. Thus they made it very hard for me, by coming to see me.

I belonged to a bridge club that I really enjoyed, but each time it came my turn to entertain, mother fretted, stewed and became so worked up, that something would become damaged in the house, that there was no joy in entertaining. Finally I gave up the club and all social contacts.

Mother was not of an affectionate nature and I craved love. She seemed to favor my two brothers and in turn, criticized me. I chafed under discipline and would become so possessed with hatred for her at such times that the only way I could relieve the tension, was to dash off some wild jazz tune on the piano.

About this time, my stomach began annoying me. The trouble manifested itself as intense discomfort after meals. A full distended feeling in the pit of my stomach accompanied with a rapidly beating heart, while pulses throbbed in my head, leaving me rather breathless and in high nervous tension.

This internal conflict dulled and blurred my vision, making the objects in front of me jump up and down, thus giving me dizziness and lack of poise.

Food became distasteful and I developed a food phobia, imagining certain foods were slowly poisoning my system.

Upon consulting a doctor, he waved the matter aside, gave me some pills and assured me it was nothing but a mere hyper-acid condition of the stomach. At this time I also insisted upon having my heart tested, for it would take to palpitating over the least perturbation. This worried me greatly and I became afraid to venture out for fear my heart would fail me completely and I would drop dead.

"You are just nervous!" the doctor said, "and have a heart that will serve you many years."

I did not believe it! From then on I took an aversion to doctors, deciding they did not know their own business, and kept entirely away from them.

In frantic desperation I cast about for ways and means for a cure. I became a health crank, trying various diets. I took stretching exercises and sun baths, breathing deeply in the open air. I tried cold showers, rubbed my body with stiff brushes and whipped it with a piece of rubber tube. I spent money and time on nerve courses, different cults and sure-cures.

This tended to build me up physically and I felt fairly good at times. So, when a friend invited me to her card party, I gladly accepted, when hitherto I had refused. Then, too, I wanted to prove to myself, I could stand "things."

Fear of Insanity

DURING the day of the party, doubts would seize me at intervals that I would be unable to attend it. But each time I succeeded in thrusting the fears from me. By evening I felt I had myself in hand, and marched off to my friends, feeling very brave.

Upon entering, I was introduced to three strangers. Immediately I became uneasy. As the evening wore on, that "sinister something," crept slowly over me demanding the stage. The cards whirled before my eyes, the people and room swam. A mist seemed to form before my eyes and a chill of sheer horror made my heart jump up into my throat. Suddenly stark terror entered my soul. I was going insane! My one great desire was to wildly run from the room, screaming. But in-

stead I sat, outwardly calm (but inwardly seething) picking up and putting down cards, mechanically smiling, a smile that all but froze on my face, while I made a terrific effort to talk rationally.

By the time refreshments were served I had "no stomach" and merely picked at the food to be polite.

At last it was time to go home!

I was a total wreck, mentally and physically.

From that day onward I became a "stay at home," and decided there was no hope for me. My nerves were broken-down, my will-power paralyzed and there seemed to be living forces at work against me. My morale became entirely destroyed. I was afraid to leave home and I was afraid to stay at home. From mere neurasthenia, I developed psychasthenia—terrible phobias.

I would be seized with an over-powering fear I would go insane while alone or lose my self-control and kill myself, by turning on the gas or jumping from heights.

I became more negative, introvert and melancholy. I was surrounded by anguish and discouragement. I gave up my study of commercial art and resigned myself to a failure. I grew self-conscious and shy, becoming alarmingly upset if people even came to the house. I kept entirely to myself, shunning all contacts.

Outwitting the Fears of Neurasthenia

YET in spite of all my misery, a tiny spark of hope forever persisted that sometime, somewhere, I would find a remedy, a way out!

One day I came across an article in a magazine. It related an extraordinary story of a man's life. A record of a nervous breakdown. I was astonished! His case was so identical, so similar to my own!

His narrative gave me courage to go on and in gratitude I wrote the author a letter.

I was terribly surprised and pleased when in reply I received a letter from the author, who kindly offered his assistance in helping me untangle my deep-seated neurosis.

My chance had at last come!

My new acquaintance became my pilot and he directed me through a course to a self-cure.

First I wrote a thorough story (psychoanalysis) of my life in a notebook, bit by bit, each day, digging out and generally reviewing all buried complexes and painful moments of a shocking nature from babyhood onward. By reliving and reviewing them over again, it robs them of their power to terrorize.

I learned that all these years my personality had been divided into two separate units—dissociated as it were. The conscious mind would desire harmony, power, peace and self-control, but its power to direct, control and discipline the subconscious was entirely lost.

The subconscious mind of a neurotic loves its symptoms, it dotes on them. The complexes of the subconscious crave fear, misery, worry and despair. These symptoms have been chosen by the complexes of the subconscious to gratify repressed desires, frightful moments, thwarted ambitions and embarrassing situations. All the neurotic's energy is turned inward, wasted and used up, on useless symptoms.

After uprooting all my bad complexes I was instructed to build good complexes with healthy thoughts. I self-disciplined my subconscious by forcing the power of my WILL to work for me instead of working against me. The will is a very potent factor in overcoming a neurosis.

I used suggestions, affirming:

"My will power is strong."

"I can control myself under all circumstances."

"I am a success."

"No one can ruffle me."

"I am always cool and collected."

"I have perfect health, mentally and physically."

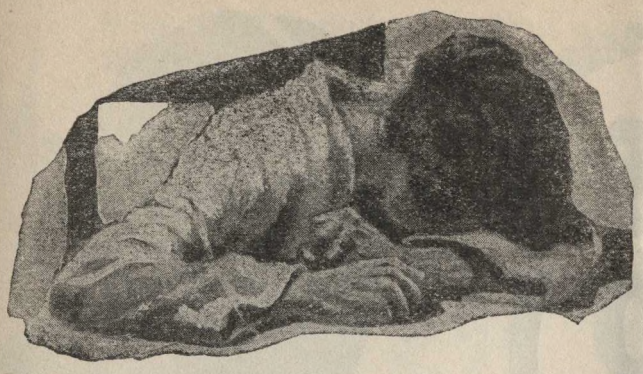
Such affirmations as these, I used to influence my subconscious to invoke good complexes. I used the affirmations by typing them off on paper, then pasting them on a stiff cardboard. I put these tickets in a pile and drew one each day. If the ticket I drew affirmed: "I am master of myself," all day I would keep this uppermost in my mind.

These auto-suggestions worked wonders with me.

Lastly, I learned to turn my life's energy out into the world, into new outlets and to divert my surplus energy into safe and saner channels.

I have completely outwitted the fears of neurasthenia and now at the age of thirty am on the right road to a more colorful future. There is nothing on earth that can take the toll faster then mental anguish. I would not go back to those fifteen years of persistent anxiety, unsatisfied desires and stark terror for anything. I feel as though I had shed an awfully heavy coat that kept dragging me down.

I know now what it means to be happy, to be thrilled, just to be alive. For, is it not true, when we are happy the whole world is our friend!



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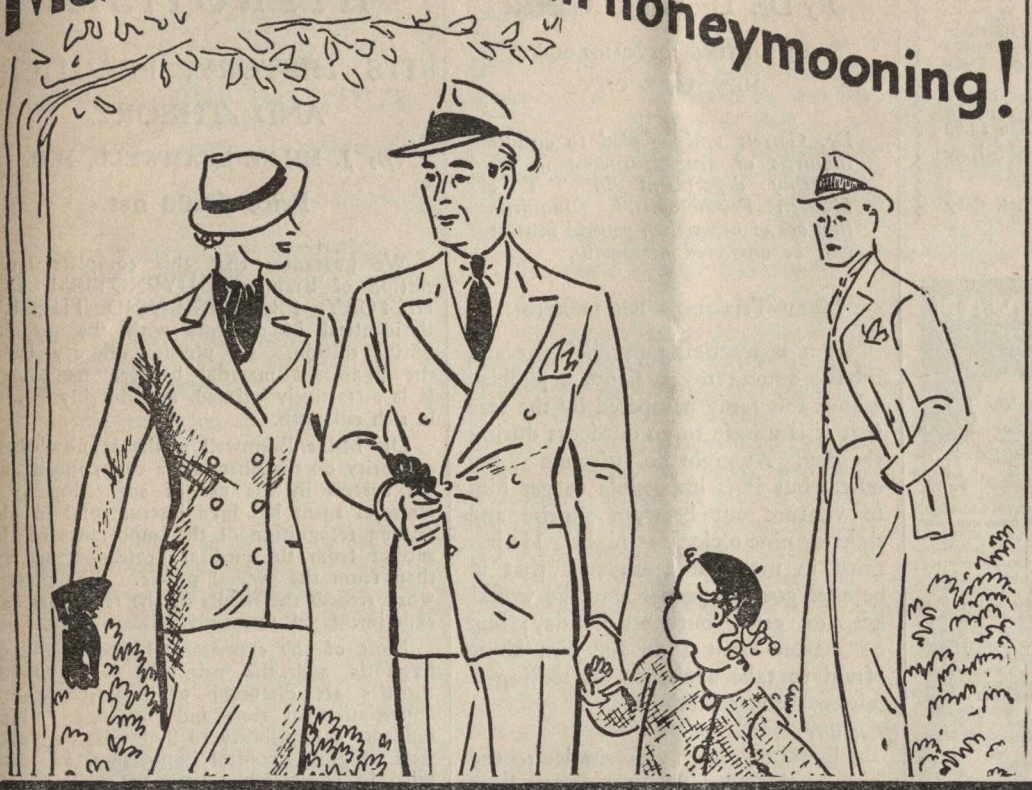
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Your Problem and Mine

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Dr. Garrett 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.

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Answer:

I know of a case very similar to the one you describe. The patient to whom I refer suffered from acute agoraphobia and kept indoors day and night. Various forms of treatment were tried, but nothing could shake his belief that if he went outdoors something terrible would happen to him. Just what this "something terrible" was, he could not say, but the dread of it had made him a pitiable coward.

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A few days later the amytal was administered and the doctor took the patient on a five-mile automobile ride. There were no untoward results, and through this experience the patient realized that he was as safe outdoors as in the house. Thereafter he walked

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Keeping Mabel Feminine

I wonder what we can do to keep our daughter Mabel feminine? Or perhaps I should ask you what to do to have her regain her femininity. She likes to wear trousers and a boy's shirt, and instead of participating in those sports intended for girls she rides through the streets on a boy's bicycle. We are afraid she is becoming a boy and it is breaking our hearts. For your information, she is fourteen years old and attends high school.

Answer:

I think I can best answer your question by referring you to the case of a girl named Luella. She, like your Mabel, insisted upon wearing mannish clothes, and, strange as the coincidence may seem, she liked to ride around town on a boy's bicycle.

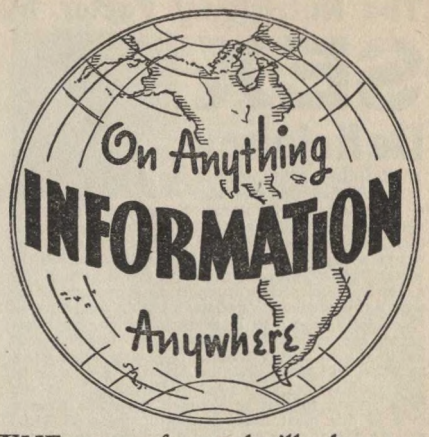
The presence of the bicycle in both instances is quite significant, and if we were studying these cases for the purpose of presenting them to students of psychology we might find this vehicle playing an important role in the unconscious lives of these girls. Such symbolism, however, would mean very little to you at this particular time. I take it that your present interest lies in a solution and not in any detailed analysis. Hence, I shall get back to the case of Luella.

From the time Luella was ten until she became sixteen her parents worried just as you are worrying now. They, too, feared that their daughter was becoming a boy.

Then, quite suddenly, a handsome boy moved to their town and began to take an interest in Luella. Within a month he took her to the movies three or four times, and one night he asked her if she would like to go to a party.

"I'd love to," said Luella, "only I've never been to one and I don't know how the other fellows and girls will like my trousers and mannish shirts."

"Could'nt you get a dress?" asked the young man. "You do wear a dress to high school, don't you?"



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The cast of the musical comedy "He, She, Him, Her," that played in 1889.

The duties of an FERA official.

A list of firms making educational phonograph records for dancing schools.

English and German magazine articles and photographs of contortionists, for an author writing a "History of the Contortionist."

How artificial gamma rays are produced.

Where to purchase Japanese automatic machines and French Casino game devices.

Directions for the construction of a cold storage for freezing fish.

An actor's monologue entitled *My Rosa*.

A butter substitute formula.

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"Yes, but I've always hated dresses and I take mine off as soon as I get home and put on trousers."

"I'd like you so much better in dresses," said the young man. "I really would."

"All right," Luella replied, "I'll get a party dress. And, say, if you think you'd like me better in dresses I'll wear them all the time."

It was through this experience that Luella regained her femininity. Perhaps what Mabel needs is some young man to take an interest in her and tell her he would like her better in dresses. She's only fourteen, but it's not altogether too soon to be thinking about this idea. Plan now, and by the time she is fifteen or sixteen you may find just the type of young man who will appeal to her and wheedle her into giving up her trousers and mannish shirts for feminine attire. Meanwhile, don't brood over the situation and give too much thought to the belief that she is a "case."

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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly — Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? How did that merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel St. Regis—compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

*****

When I met Mr Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor memory.* On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. That is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight States to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson *stuck.* So did the other six.

Read this letter from one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

This man didnt put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of any man I have met before—and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roths easy method.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure.* I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, at a banquet, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of memory if he knows how to make it work.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think" it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Here is just a bit from a letter of a well-known sales manager up in Montreal:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

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So confident are the publishers of the Roth Memory Course that you will be amazed to see how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

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On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $3.50 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon below now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Walter J. Black, Inc., Dept. 144, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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