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Two Case Histories.
(‘LITTLE HANS’ AND THE ‘RAT MAN’)

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CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

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

‘No doubt the ground was prepared by sexual over-excitement due to his mother’s tenderness; but I am not able to specify the actual exciting cause. He is afraid a horse will bite him in the street, and this fear seems somehow to be connected with his having been frightened by a large penis. As you know from a former report, he had noticed at a very early age what large penises horses have, and at that time he inferred that as his mother was so large she must have a widdler like a horse. [Cf. p. 10.]

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

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

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

‘Hans (aged four and three-quarters) woke up one morning in tears. Asked why he was crying, he said to his mother: “When I was asleep I thought you were gone and I had no Mummy to coax with.”’

‘An anxiety dream, therefore.

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

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

‘On January 7th he went to the Stadtpark with his nursemaid as usual. In the street he began to cry and asked to be taken home, saying that he wanted to “caress” with his Mummy. At home he was asked why he had refused to go

1 ‘Hans’s expression for “to caress”.
2 Meaning his penis. It is one of the commonest things—psycho-analyses are full of such incidents—for children’s genitals to be caressed, not only in word but in deed, by fond relatives, including even parents themselves.
3 [Public gardens near the centre of Vienna.]
any farther and had cried, but he would not say. Till the evening he was cheerful, as usual. But in the evening he grew visibly frightened; he cried and could not be separated from his mother, and wanted to "coax" with her again. Then he grew cheerful again, and slept well.

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

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

Here, then, we have the beginning of Hans's anxiety as well as of his phobia. As we see, there is good reason for keeping the two separate. Moreover, the material seems to be amply sufficient for giving us our bearings; and no moment of time is so favourable for the understanding of a case as its initial stage, such as we have here, though unluckily that stage is as a rule neglected or passed over in silence. The disorder set in with thoughts that were at the same time fearful and tender, and then followed an anxiety dream on the subject of losing his mother and so not being able to coax with her any more. His affection for his mother must therefore have become enormously intensified. This was the fundamental phenomenon in his condition. In support of this, we may recall his two attempts at seducing his mother, the first of which dated back to the summer [p. 19], while the second (a simple commendation of his penis) occurred immediately before the outbreak of his street-anxiety. It was this increased affection for his mother which turned suddenly into anxiety—which, as we should say, succumbed to repression. We do not yet know from what quarter the impetus towards repression may have come. Perhaps it was merely the result of the intensity of the child's emotions, which had become greater than he could control; or perhaps other forces which we have not yet recognized were also at work. This we shall learn as we go on. Hans's anxiety, which thus corresponded to a repressed erotic longing, was, like every infantile anxiety, without an object to begin with: it was still anxiety and not yet fear. The child cannot tell [at first] what he is afraid of; and when Hans, on the first walk with the nurseminder, would not say that he was afraid of, it was simply that he himself did not yet know. He said all that he knew, which was that in the street he missed his mother, whom he could coax with, and that he did not want to be away from her. In saying this he quite straightforwardly confessed the primary meaning of his dislike of streets.

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

His anxiety, then, corresponded to repressed longing. But it was not the same thing as the longing: the repression must be taken into account too. Longing can be completely transformed into satisfaction if it is presented with the object longed for. Therapy of that kind is no longer effective in dealing with anxiety. The anxiety remains even when the longing can be satisfied. It can no longer be completely retransformed into libido; there is something that keeps the libido back under repression.\(^1\) This was shown to be so in the case of Hans on the occasion of his next walk, when his mother went with him. He was with his mother, and yet he still suffered from anxiety—that is to say, from an unsatisfied longing for her. It is true that the anxiety was less; for he did allow himself to be induced to go for the walk, whereas he had obliged the nursemaid to turn back. Nor is a street quite the right place for ‘coaxing’, or whatever else this young lover may have wanted. But his anxiety had stood the test; and the next thing for it to do was to find an object. It was on this walk that he first expressed a fear that a horse would bite him. Where did the material for this phobia come from?

\(^1\) To speak quite frankly, this is actually the criterion according to which we decide whether such feelings of mingled apprehension and longing are normal or not: we begin to call them ‘pathological anxiety’ from the moment at which they can no longer be relieved by the attainment of the object longed for. Probably from the complexes, as yet unknown to us, which had contributed to the repression and were keeping under repression his libidinal feelings towards his mother. That is an unsolved problem, and we shall now have to follow the development of the case in order to arrive at its solution. Hans’s father has already given us certain clues, probably trustworthy ones, such as that Hans had always observed horses with interest on account of their large widdlers, that he had supposed that his mother must have a widdler like a horse, and so on. We might thus be led to think that the horse was merely a substitute for his mother. But if so, what would be the meaning of his being afraid in the evening that a horse would come into the room? A small boy’s foolish fears, it will be said. But a neurosis never says foolish things, any more than a dream. When we cannot understand something, we always fall back on abuse. An excellent way of making a task lighter.

There is another point in regard to which we must avoid giving way to this temptation. Hans admitted that every night before going to sleep he amused himself with playing with his penis. ‘Ah!’ the family doctor will be inclined to say, ‘now we have it. The child masturbated: hence his pathological anxiety.’ But gently. That the child was getting pleasure for himself by masturbating does not by any means explain his anxiety; on the contrary, it makes it more problematical than ever. States of anxiety are not produced by masturbation or by getting satisfaction in any shape. Moreover, we may presume that Hans, who was now four and three-quarters, had been indulging in this pleasure every evening for at least a year (see p. 7). And we shall find [pp. 30-1] that at this moment he was actually engaged in a struggle to break himself of the habit—a state of things which fits in much better with repression and the generation of anxiety.

We must say a word, too, on behalf of Hans’s excellent and
devoted mother. His father accuses her, not without some show of justice, of being responsible for the outbreak of the child's neurosis, on account of her excessive display of affection for him and her too frequent readiness to take him into her bed. We might as easily blame her for having precipitated the process of repression by her energetic rejection of his advances ('that'd be piggish' [p. 19]). But she had a predestined part to play, and her position was a hard one.

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

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

'After Hans had been enlightened,' there followed a fairly quiet period, during which he could be induced without any difficulty to go for his daily walk in the Stadtpark. [See p. 99.] His fear of horses became transformed more and more into a compulsion to look at them. He said: 'I have to look at horses, and then I'm frightened.'

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

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

² A suburb of Vienna [just beyond Schönbrunn] where Hans's grandparents lived.
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'I: “Perhaps it does, though.” He then went on eagerly to try and prove to me that it really was a white horse.¹

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

‘He: “Oh no, it’s so bad because I still put my hand to my widdler every night.”

Doctor and patient, father and son, were therefore at one in ascribing the chief share in the pathogenesis of Hans’s present condition to his habit of masturbating.² Indicaions were not wanting, however, of the presence of other significant factors.

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

‘She: “And what’d be the harm? I’d just say to myself I haven’t got any money to spend on clothes.”

‘He: “Why, it’d be shameful. People’d see your widdler.”’

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

‘On March 13th in the morning I said to Hans: “You

¹ Hans’s father had no reason to doubt that it was a real event that the boy was describing.—I may also mention that the sensations of itching in the glans penis, which lead children to touch their genitals, are usually described by them in the phrase ‘Es beist mich’ [‘It bites me’].

² [‘Onanieangewöhnung.’ The editions previous to 1924 read wrongly ‘Onanieabgewöhnung’, ‘breaking himself of masturbating’.]
at home and was very cheerful. Next morning he woke up in a fright at about six o'clock. When he was asked what was the matter he said: "I put my finger to my widdler just a very little. I saw Mummy quite naked in her chemise, and she let me see her widdler. I showed Grete, my Grete, what Mummy was doing, and showed her my widdler. Then I took my hand away from my widdler quick." When I objected that he could only mean "in her chemise" or "quite naked", Hans said: "She was in her chemise, but the chemise was so short that I saw her widdler."

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

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

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

'He: "No."

1 'Grete is one of the little girls at Gmunden about whom Hans is having phantasies just now; he talks and plays with her.'
2 [This presumably refers to her threat (pp. 7-8). But see the qualification of this on p. 35.]
of thought was probably incapable of becoming clearly conscious, this distressing feeling, too, was transformed into anxiety, so that his present anxiety was erected both upon his former pleasure and his present unpleasure. When once a state of anxiety establishes itself, the anxiety swallows up all other feelings; with the progress of repression, and the more those ideas which are charged with affect and which have been conscious move down into the unconscious, all affects are capable of being changed into anxiety.

Hans’s singular remark, ‘it’s fixed in, of course’, makes it possible to guess many things in connection with his consolatory speech which he could not express in words and did not express during the course of the analysis. I shall bridge the gap for a little distance by means of my experiences in the analyses of grown-up people; but I hope the interpolation will not be considered arbitrary or capricious. ‘It’s fixed in, of course’: if the motives of the thought were solace and defiance, we are reminded of his mother’s old threat that she should have his widdler cut off if he went on playing with it. [See pp. 7–8.] At the time it was made, when he was three and a half, this threat had no effect. He calmly replied that then he should widdle with his bottom. It would be the most completely typical procedure if the threat of castration were to have a deferred effect, and if he were now, a year and a quarter later, oppressed by the fear of having to lose this precious piece of his ego. In other cases of illness we can observe a similar deferred operation of commands and threats made in childhood, where the interval covers as many decades or more. I even know cases in which a ‘deferred obedience’ under the influence of repression has had a principal share in determining the symptoms of the disease.3

3 [Another instance of ‘deferred obedience’ will be found in the third section of Freud’s paper on a ‘demonological neurosis’ (1923d). A sociological application of the concept appears in the last essay in Totem and Taboo (1912–13), Standard Ed., 13, 143.]
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The piece of enlightenment which Hans had been given a short time before to the effect that women really do not possess a widdler was bound to have had a shattering effect upon his self-confidence and to have aroused his castration complex. For this reason he resisted the information, and for this reason it had no therapeutic results. Could it be that living beings really did exist which did not possess widders? If so, it would no longer be so incredible that they could take his own widdler away, and, as it were, make him into a woman! 1

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

Next day I questioned him closely to discover why he had come in to us during the night; and after some reluctance the

1 I cannot interrupt the discussion so far as to demonstrate the typical character of the unconscious train of thought which I think there is here reason for attributing to little Hans. The castration complex is the deepest unconscious root of anti-semitism; for even in the nursery little boys hear that a Jew has something cut off his penis—a piece of his penis, they think—and this gives them a right to despise Jews. And there is no stronger unconscious root for the sense of superiority over women. Weininger (the young philosopher who, highly gifted but sexually deranged, committed suicide after producing his remarkable book, Geschlecht und Charakter [1903]), in a chapter that attracted much attention, treated Jews and women with equal hostility and overwhelmed them with the same insults. Being a neurotic, Weininger was completely under the sway of his infantile complexes; and from that standpoint what is common to Jews and women is their relation to the castration complex. [A more elaborate analysis of anti-semitism will be found in one of Freud's last writings, Moses and Monotheism (1939a, Chapter III, Part I, last pages of Section D).]"
stopped calling out. And when the big one had stopped calling out, I sat down on top of it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'He: "I don't know."

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

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

'I: "What else?"

'He: "A gun for shooting people dead with." ¹ His wishes.

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

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

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

'I: "Why?"

'He: "I didn't know."

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

¹ At this point his father in his perplexity was trying to practise the classical technique of psycho-analysis. This did not lead to much; but the result, such as it was, can be given a meaning in the light of alter disclosures. [See pp. 99 and 112 n.]

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

'The big giraffe is myself, or rather my big penis (the long neck), and the crumpled giraffe is my wife, or rather her genital organ. It is therefore the result of the enlightenment he has had [p. 31].

'Giraffe: see the expedition to Schönbrunn. [Cf. pp. 13 and 33.] Moreover, he has a picture of a giraffe and an elephant hanging over his bed.

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

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

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

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

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

‘In the train I explained the giraffe phantasy to him, upon which he said: “Yes, that’s right.” And when I said to him that I was the big giraffe, and that its long neck had reminded him of a widdler, he said: “Mummy has a neck like a giraffe, too. I saw, when she was washing her white neck.” 1

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

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

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

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Schönbrunn; and I once told Hans that he arrested naughty children.

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

A most suitable continuation of the giraffe phantasy. He had a suspicion that to take possession of his mother was forbidden; he had come up against the barrier against incest. 2 But he regarded it as forbidden in itself. His father was with him each time in the forbidden exploits which he carried out in his imagination, and was locked up with him. His father, he thought, also did that enigmatic forbidden something with his mother which he replaced by an act of violence such as smashing a window-pane or forcing a way into an enclosed space.

That afternoon the father and son visited me during my consulting hours. I already knew the funny little fellow, and with all his self-assurance he was yet so amiable that I had always been glad to see him. I do not know whether he remembered me, but he behaved irreproachably and like a perfectly reasonable member of human society. The consultation was a short one. His father opened it by remarking that, in spite of all the pieces of enlightenment we had given Hans, his fear of horses had not yet diminished. We were also forced to confess that the connections between the horses he was afraid of and the affectionate feelings towards his mother which had been revealed were by no means abundant.

Certain details which I now learnt—to the effect that he was particularly bothered by what horses wear in front of their eyes and by the black round their mouths—were certainly

1 [See the last section of the third of Freud’s Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality (1905d), Standard Ed., 7, 225.]
not to be explained from what we knew. But as I saw the two of them sitting in front of me and at the same time heard Hans's description of his anxiety-horses, a further piece of the solution shot through my mind, and a piece which I could well understand might escape his father. I asked Hans jokingly whether his horses wore eyeglasses, to which he replied that they did not. I then asked him whether his father wore eyeglasses, to which, against all the evidence, he once more said no. Finally I asked him whether by 'the black round the mouth' he meant a moustache; and then, now he knew that he was afraid of his father, precisely because he was so fond of his mother. It must be, I told him, that he thought his father was angry with him on that account; but this was not so, his father was fond of him in spite of it, and he might admit everything to him without any fear. Long before he was in the world, I went on, I had known that a little Hans would come who would be so fond of his mother that he would be bound to feel afraid of his father because of it; and I had told his father this. 'But why do you think I'm angry with you?' his father interrupted me at this point; 'have I ever scolded you or hit you?' Hans corrected him: 'Oh yes! You have hit me.' 'That's not true. When was it, anyhow?' 'This morning,' answered the little boy; and his father recollected that Hans had quite unexpectedly butted his head into his stomach, so that he had given him as it were a reflex blow with his hand. It was remarkable that he had not brought this detail into connection with the neurosis; but he now recognized it as an expression of the little boy's hostile disposition towards him, and perhaps also as a manifestation of a need for getting punished for it.\footnote{Later on the boy repeated his reaction towards his father in a clearer and more complete manner, by first hitting his father on the hand and then affectionately kissing the same hand.\textemdash[Cf. in this connection the third part of Freud's paper on 'Character Types' (1916d).]}

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Hans: "Yes."

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

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

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

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

'In the summer I used to be constantly leaving Gmunden for Vienna on business, and he was then the father. You will remember that his fear of horses is connected with the episode at Gmunden when a horse was to take Lizzi's luggage to the station [p. 29]. The repressed wish that I should drive to the station, for then he would be alone with his mother (the wish that "the horse should drive off"), is turned into fear of the horse's driving off; and in fact nothing throws him into greater alarm than when a cart drives off from the
courtyard of the Head Customs House (which is just opposite our flat) and the horses start moving.

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

'In the afternoon I went out in front of the street-door with him again; he again went out in front of the house, and stayed there even when carts went past. In the case of a few carts only he was afraid, and ran into the entrance-hall. He also said to me in explanation: "Not all white horses bite." That is to say: owing to the analysis some white horses have

already been recognized as "Daddy", and they no longer bite; but there are others still left over which do bite.

'The position of our street-door is as follows: Opposite it is the warehouse of the Office for the Taxation of Food-Stuffs, with a loading dock at which carts are driving up all day long to fetch away boxes, packing-cases, etc. This courtyard is cut off from the street by railings; and the entrance gates to the courtyard are opposite our house (Fig. 2). I have noticed for some days that Hans is specially frightened when carts drive into or out of the yard, a process which involves their taking a corner. I asked at the time why he was so much afraid, and he replied: "I'm afraid the horses will fall down when the cart turns" (a). He is equally frightened when carts standing at the loading dock start moving in order to drive off (b). Further
"Hans: "Oh no! I can always come back to Mummy, in the cart or in a cab. I can tell him the number of the house too."

'I: "Then why are you afraid?"

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

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

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

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

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

'In the afternoon we again went out in front of the street-door, and when I returned I asked Hans:

"Which horses are you actually most afraid of?"

'Hans: "All of them."

'I: "That’s not true."

'Hans: "I’m most afraid of horses with a thing on their mouths."

'I: "What do you mean? The piece of iron they have in their mouths?"

'Hans: "No. They have something black on their mouths."

(He covered his mouth with his hand.)

'I: "What? A moustache, perhaps?"

'Hans (laughing): "Oh no!"

'I: "Have they all got it?"

'Hans: "No, only a few of them."

'I: "What is it that they’ve got on their mouths?"

'Hans: "A black thing." (I think in reality it must be the thick piece of harness that dray-horses wear over their noses.) [Fig. 4.]"

'And I’m most afraid of furniture-vans, too."

'I: "Why?"

'Hans: "I think when furniture-horses are dragging a heavy van they’ll fall down."

'I: "So you’re not afraid with a small cart?"

'Hans: "No. I’m not afraid with a small cart or with a postoffice van. I’m most afraid too when a bus comes along."

'I: "Why? Because it’s so big?"

'Hans: "No. Because once a horse in a bus fell down."

'I: "When?"

'Hans: "Once when I went out with Mummy in spite of my nonsense, when I bought the waistcoat." (This was subsequently confirmed by his mother.)

'I: "What did you think when the horse fell down?"

'Hans: "Now it’ll always be like this. All horses in buses’ll fall down."

'I: "In all buses?"
A PHobia IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLd BOY

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

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

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

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

"Hans: "Fall down and bite." ²

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

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

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

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

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

"Hans: "Yes!"

"I: "How do you know that?"

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

"I: "Perhaps you thought it was dead?"

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

"As he was tired, I let him run off. He only told me besides

¹ [In the editions before 1924 this was wrongly given as 'furniture-van.']

² Hans was right, however improbable this collocation may sound. The train of thought, as we shall see, was that the horse (his father) would bite him because of his wish that it (his father) should fall down.

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this that he had first been afraid of bus-horses, then of all others, and only in the end of furniture-van horses.

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

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

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

"I: "Was it big or little?"

"Hans: "Big."

"I: "Fat or thin?"

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

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

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

His father's investigations may have been without success at some points; but it does no harm to make acquaintance at close quarters with a phobia of this sort—which we may feel inclined to name after its new objects. [Cf. p. 125.] For in this way we get to see how diffuse it really is. It extends on to horses and on to carts, on to the fact that horses fall down and that they bite, on to horses of a particular character, on to carts that are heavily loaded. I will reveal at once that all these characteristics were derived from the circumstance that the anxiety originally had no reference at all to horses but was transposed on to them secondarily and had now become fixed upon those elements of the horse-complex which showed themselves well adapted for certain transferences.¹ We must specially acknowledge one most important result of the boy's examination by his father. We have learned the immediate precipitating cause after which the phobia broke out. This was when the boy saw a big heavy horse fall down;

³ [Here 'transference' has a wider meaning than the one more usual in Freud's later writings. It is used in the present sense in The Interpretation of Dreams (1900a), Chapter VII, Section C (Standard Ed., 5, 562).]
and one at least of the interpretations of this impression seems to be that emphasized by his father, namely, that Hans at that moment perceived a wish that his father might fall down in the same way—and be dead. His serious expression as he was telling the story no doubt referred to this unconscious meaning. May there not have been yet another meaning concealed behind all this? And what can have been the significance of the making a row with its legs?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘Hans: “Daddy, you are lovely! You’re so white.”

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

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

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

‘“Why do you say ‘Ugh’?” I asked.

‘Hans: “Because of the drawers.”

‘I: “Why? Because of their colour? Because they’re yellow, and remind you of lump or widdle?”

‘Hans: “Lump isn’t yellow. It’s white or black.”—Immediately afterwards: “I say, is it easy to do lump if you eat cheese?” (I had once told him so, when he asked me why I ate cheese.)

‘I: “Yes.”

‘Hans: “That’s why you go straight off every morning and do lump? I should so much like to eat cheese with my bread-and-butter.”

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

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

'I: 'Why?'

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

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

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

'I: 'Why?'

'Hans: 'I don't know.'

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

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

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

'Hans: 'Yes.'

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

'Hans: 'No.'

'I: 'When she was dressing?'

'Hans: 'When she bought the yellow ones I'd seen them once before already.' (This is contradicted. He saw the yellow ones for the first time when his mother bought them.)

1 For the last few weeks my wife has possessed a pair of black bloomers for wearing on cycling tours.
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'We went out in front of the house. He was in very good spirits and was prancing about all the time like a horse. So I said: “Now, who is it that’s the bus-horse? Me, you or Mummy?”

‘Hans (promptly): “I am; I’m a young horse.”

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

‘As we were going upstairs I asked him almost without thinking: “Used you to play at horses with the children at Gmund?”

‘He: “Yes.” (Thoughtfully) “I think that was how I got the nonsense.”

‘I: “Who was the horse?”

‘He: “I was; and Berta was the coachman.”

‘I: “Did you fall down by any chance, when you were a horse?”

‘Hans: “No. When Berta said ‘Gee-up’, I ran ever so quick; I just raced along.”

‘I: “You never played at buses?”

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

‘I: “Used you often to play at horses?”

‘Hans: “Very often. Fritzl was the horse once, too, and Franzl the coachman; and Fritzl ran ever so fast and all at once he hit his foot on a stone and bled.”

‘I: “Perhaps he fell down?”

1 ‘Hans had a set of toy harness with bells.’

2 Another of the landlord’s children, as we already know [see d. 16].

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‘Hans: “No. He put his foot in some water and then wrapped it up.”

‘I: “Were you often the horse?”

‘Hans: “Oh, yes.”

‘I: “And that was how you got the nonsense?”

‘Hans: “Because they kept on saying ‘cos of the horse,’ ‘cos of the horse’ (he put a stress on the ‘cos’); “so perhaps I got the nonsense because they talked like that; ‘cos of the horse.”’

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

‘I: “Did they tell you anything about horses?”

‘Hans: “Yes.”

‘I: “What?”

‘Hans: “I’ve forgotten.”

‘I: “Perhaps they told you about their widders?”

‘Hans: “Oh, no.”

‘I: “Were you frightened of horses already then?”

‘Hans: “Oh, no. I wasn’t frightened at all.”

‘I: “Perhaps Berta told you that horses——”

1 See below [p. 82]. His father was quite right in suspecting that Fritzl fell down.

2 [‘Wegen dem Pferd.’] I may explain that Hans was not maintaining that he had got the nonsense at that time but in that connection. Indeed, it must have been so, for theoretical considerations require that what is to-day the object of a phobia must at one time in the past have been the source of a high degree of pleasure. I may at the same time complete what the child was unable to express, and add that the little word ‘wegen’ [‘because of’, ‘cos of’] was the means of enabling the phobia to extend from horses on to ‘Wagen’ [‘vehicles’] or, as Hans was accustomed to pronounce the word and hear it pronounced, ‘Wagen’ [pronounced exactly like ‘wegen’]. It must never be forgotten how much more concretely children treat words than grown-up people do, and consequently how much more significant for them are similarities of sound in words. [This point was remarked upon by Freud in The Interpretation of Dreams (1900a), Chapter VI (near the end of Section A)—Standard Ed., 4, 303, as well as in Chapter IV of his book on Jokes (1905c).]
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that the little girls always wanted to look on while he was widdling [p. 21].

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

‘I: “And when she widdled, did you look on?”

‘He: “She used to go to the W.C.”

‘I: “And you were curious?”

‘He: “I was inside the W.C. when she was in it.”

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

‘I: “Did you tell her you wanted to go in?”

‘He: “I went in alone and because Berta let me. There’s nothing shameful in that.”

‘I: “And you’d have liked to see her widdler?”

‘He: “Yes, but I didn’t see it.”

I then reminded him of the dream about playing forfeits that he had had at Gmunden [p. 20], and said: “When you were at Gmunden did you want Berta to make you widdle?”

‘He: “I never said so to her.”

‘I: “Why didn’t you ever say so to her?”

‘He: “Because I didn’t think of it.” (Interrupting himself)

“If I write everything to the Professor, my nonsense’ll soon be over, won’t it?”

‘I: “Why did you want Berta to make you widdle?”

‘He: “I don’t know. Because she looked on at me.”

‘I: “Did you think to yourself she should put her hand to your widdler?”

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

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

‘I: “Did you put your hand to your widdler at Gmunden, when you were in bed?”
A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

He: “No. Not then; I slept so well at Gmunden that I never thought of it at all. The only times I did it was at —— Street and now.”

I: “But Berta never put her hand to your widdler?”
He: “She never did, no; because I never told her to.”
I: “Well, and when was it you wanted her to?”
He: “Oh, at Gmunden once.”
I: “Only once?”
He: “Well, now and then.”
I: “She used always to look on at you when you widdled; perhaps she was curious to know how you did it?”
He: “Perhaps she was curious to know what my widdler looked like.”
I: “But you were curious too. Only about Berta?”
He: “About Berta, and about Olga.”
I: “About who else?”
He: “About no one else.”
I: “You know that’s not true. About Mummy too.”
He: “Oh, yes, about Mummy.”
I: “But now you’re not curious any more. You know what Hanna’s widdler looks like, don’t you?”
He: “It’ll grow, though, won’t it?”
I: “Yes, of course. But when it’s grown it won’t look like yours.”
He: “I know that. It’ll be the same” (so as it now is) “only bigger.”
I: “When we were at Gmunden, were you curious when your Mummy undressed?”
He: “Yes. And then when Hanna was in her bath I saw her widdler.”
I: “And Mummy’s too?”
He: “No.”
I: “You were disgusted when you saw Mummy’s drawers?”

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

I: “And when she takes off her clothes?”
He: “I don’t spit then either. But when her drawers are new they look like a lump. When they’re old, the colour goes away and they get dirty. When you buy them they’re quite clean, but at home they’ve been made dirty. When they’re bought they’re new, and when they’re not bought they’re old.”

I: “Then you aren’t disgusted by old ones?”
He: “When they’re old they’re much blacker than a lump, aren’t they? They’re just a bit blacker.”
I: “Have you often been into the W.C. with Mummy?”
He: “Very often.”
I: “And were you disgusted?”
He: “Yes . . . No.”
I: “You like being there when Mummy widdles or does lump?”
He: “Yes, very much.”
I: “Why do you like it so much?”
He: “I don’t know.”
I: “Because you think you’ll see her widdler.”
He: “Yes, I do think that.”
I: “But why won’t you ever go into the W.C. at Lainsz?”
(At Lainsz he always begs me not to take him into the W.C.; he was frightened once by the noise of the flush.)

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

1 The flat they were in before the move [p. 15].

2 Hans wants to be assured that his own widdler will grow.
CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

For the moment his interest was evidently centred upon lumm and widdle, but we cannot tell why. Just as little satisfactory light was thrown upon the business of the row as upon that of the yellow and black drawers. I suspect that the boy's sharp ears had clearly detected the difference between the sounds made by a man micturating and a woman. The analysis succeeded in forcing the material somewhat artificially into an expression of the distinction between the two different calls of nature. I can only advise those of my readers who have not as yet themselves conducted an analysis not to try to understand everything at once, but to give a kind of unbiased attention to every point that arises and to await further developments.

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

Later on, he began: "Daddy, I thought something: I was in the bath, and then the plumber came and unscrewed it. Then he took a big borer and stuck it into my stomach." 

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

Let us suspend our judgement for the present.

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

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

'**Hans**: "Yes, very often."
‘**I**: "Does it make a loud row when it does lumm?"

1 'Hans's mother gives him his bath.'
2 'To take it away to be repaired.'
CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

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

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

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

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

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

'Hans: "I only just thought it."

'I: "Why?"

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

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

'Hans: "Yes."

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

'Hans: "Yes."

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

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

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

'Hans: "Yes."

'I: "Well, what was it?"

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

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

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

'A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

'Hans: "Yes."

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

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

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

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

'April 11th. At luncheon Hans said: "If only we had a bath at Gmunden, so that I didn't have to go to the public baths!"

It is a fact that at Gmunden he was always taken to the neighbouring public baths to be given a hot bath—a proceeding against which he used to protest with passionate tears. And in Vienna, too, he always screams if he is made to sit or lie in the big bath. He must be given his bath kneeling or standing."

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

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

'Hans: "Because of falling in."

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

'Hans: "Why, I sat in that one. I couldn't lie down in it, it was too small."
Another time, he was frightened once more at a cart driving out of the yard gates opposite. "Don't the gates look like a behind?" I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I: "What can you remember?"

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

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

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

1 Hans was now going off into a phantasy. As we can see, a box and a bath have the same meaning for him; they both represent the space which contains the babies. We must bear in mind Hans's repeated assurances on this point.
you to believe my lies.’ What can be the meaning of the assertion that even the summer before the last Hanna had travelled with them to Gmunden ‘in the box’, except that he knew about his mother’s pregnancy? His holding out the prospect of a repetition of this journey in the box in each successive year exemplifies a common way in which unconscious thoughts from the past emerge into consciousness; or it may have special reasons and express his dread of seeing a similar pregnancy repeated on their next summer holiday. We now see, moreover, what the circumstances were that had made him take a dislike to the journey to Gmunden, as his second phantasy had indicated [p. 65].

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

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

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

‘I: “Who took his hat? The doctor, perhaps?”

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

‘I: “Are you fond of Hanna?”

\(^1\) Ironical, of course. Like his subsequent request that none of the secret should be betrayed to his mother.
A PHOBLA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

"Hans: "Oh yes, very fond."

"I: "Would you rather that Hanna weren't alive or that she were?"

"Hans: "I'd rather she weren't alive."

"I: "Why?"

"Hans: "At any rate she wouldn't scream so, and I can't bear her screaming."

"I: "Why, you scream yourself."

"Hans: "But Hanna screams too."

"I: "Why can't you bear it?"

"Hans: "Because she screams so loud."

"I: "Why, she doesn't scream at all."

"Hans: "When she's whacked on her bare bottom, then she screams."

"I: "Have you ever whacked her?"

"Hans: "When Mummy whacks her on her bottom, then she screams."

"I: "And you don't like that?"

"Hans: "No. . . Why? Because she makes such a row with her screaming."

"I: "If you'd rather she weren't alive, you can't be fond of her at all."

"Hans (assenting): "H'm, well."

"I: "That was why you thought when Mummy was giving her her bath, if only she'd let go, Hanna would fall into the water . . ."

"Hans (taking me up): "... and die."

"I: "And then you'd be alone with Mummy. A good boy doesn't wish that sort of thing, though."

"Hans: "But he may think it."

"I: "But that isn't good."

"Hans: "If he thinks it, it is good all the same, because you can write it to the Professor."

1 Well done, little Hans! I could wish for no better understanding of psycho-analysis from any grown-up.
The next day, I got Hans to repeat what he had told me yesterday. He said: "Hanna travelled to Gmunden in the big box, and Mammy travelled in the railway carriage, and then we got on the horse. The coachman sat up in front, and the carriage was all pulled along by the horse. Hans had the reigns—hanna had the whip. The coachman didn't keep on yelling, he just made a big noise. The coachman wrapped the reins around the horse's neck, and the horse pulled us along.

At Gmunden, Hans and I were both excited. We had been away from home for a long time, and we were happy to see our mother. She had been away for a long time, and we had missed her. Hans had been away for a long time, and he was happy to see us. Hans had missed us.

I was happy to see Hans. He had been away for a long time, and he was happy to see me. I had missed him. Hans had been away for a long time, and he was happy to see me. I had missed him. Hans had been away for a long time, and he was happy to see me. I had missed him.
‘Anna’. (She has only been able to do so for the last four months.)
‘I: “But she wasn’t with us at all then.”
‘Hans: “Oh yes, she was; she was with the stork.”
‘I: “How old is she, then?”
‘Hans: “She’ll be two years old in the autumn. Hanna was there, you know she was.”
‘I: “And when was she with the stork in the stork-box?”
‘Hans: “A long time before she travelled in the box, a very long time.”
‘I: “How long has Hanna been able to walk, then? When she was at Gmunden she couldn’t walk yet.”
‘Hans: “Not last year; but other times she could.”
‘I: “But Hanna’s only been at Gmunden once.”
‘Hans: “No. She’s been twice. Yes, that’s it. I can remember quite well. Ask Mummy, she’ll tell you soon enough.”
‘I: “It’s not true, all the same.”
‘Hans: “Yes, it is true. When she was at Gmunden the first time she could walk and ride, and later on she had to be carried.—No. It was only later on that she rode, and last year she had to be carried.”
‘I: “But it’s only quite a short time that she’s been walking. At Gmunden she couldn’t walk.”
‘Hans: “Yes. Just you write it down. I can remember quite well.—Why are you laughing?”
‘I: “Because you’re a fraud; because you know quite well that Hanna’s only been at Gmunden once.”
‘Hans: “No, that isn’t true. The first time she rode on the horse... and the second time...” (He showed signs of evident uncertainty.)
‘I: “Perhaps the horse was Mummy?”
‘Hans: “No, a real horse in a fly.”
‘I: “But we used always to have a carriage with two horses.”
‘Hans: “Well, then, it was a carriage and pair.”

CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

‘I: “What did Hanna eat inside the box?”
‘Hans: “They put in bread-and-butter for her, and herring, and radishes” (the sort of thing we used to have for supper at Gmunden), “and as Hanna went along she buttered her bread-and-butter and ate fifty meals.”
‘I: “Didn’t Hanna scream?”
‘Hans: “No.”
‘I: “What did she do, then?”
‘Hans: “Sat quite still inside.”
‘I: “Didn’t she push about?”
‘Hans: “No, she kept on eating all the time and didn’t stir once. She drank up two big mugs of coffee—by the morning it was all gone, and she left the bits behind in the box, the leaves of the two radishes and a knife for cutting the radishes. She gobbled everything up like a hare: one minute and it was all finished. It was a joke. Hanna and I really travelled together in the box; I slept the whole night in the box.” (We did in fact, two years ago, make the journey to Gmunden by night.) “And Mummy travelled in the railway carriage. And we kept on eating all the time when we were driving in the carriage, too; it was jolly.—She didn’t ride on a horse at all...” (He now became undecided, for he knew that we had driven with two horses) “... she sat in the carriage. Yes, that’s how it was, but Hanna and I drove quite by ourselves... Mummy rode on the horse, and Karoline” (our maid last year) “on the other... I say, what I’m telling you isn’t a bit true.”
‘I: “What isn’t true?”
‘Hans: “None of it is. I say, let’s put Hanna and me in the box and I’ll widdle into the box. I’ll just widdle into my knickers; I don’t care a bit; there’s nothing at all shameful in it. I say, that isn’t a joke, you know; but it’s great fun, though.”

1 The box standing in the front hall which we had taken to Gmunden as luggage.
"Then he told me the story of how the stork came—the same story as yesterday, except that he left out the part about the stork taking his hat when he went away.

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

'Hans: “In his pocket.”

'I: “And where’s the stork’s pocket?”

'Hans: “In his beak.”

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

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

'I: “And how did he ring?”

'Hans: “He rang the bell.”

'I: “How did he do that?”

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

'I: “And did he shut the door again?”

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

'I: “Where does the stork live?”

'Hans: “Where? In the box where he keeps the little girls.

At Schönbrunn, perhaps.”

'I: “I’ve never seen a box at Schönbrunn.”

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

'I: “Isn’t a little girl like that too heavy for him?”

'Hans: “Oh no.”

'I: “I say, doesn’t a bus look like a stork-box?”

'Hans: “Yes.”

'I: “And a furniture-waggon?”
"I: "Where was it, then?"
"Hans: "I just held it so that it shouldn't run away." (Of course, all this sounded most improbable.)
"I: "Where was that?"
"Hans: "Near the trough."
"I: "Who let you? Had the coachman left the horse standing there?"
"Hans: "It was just a horse from the stables."
"I: "How did it get to the trough?"
"Hans: "I took it there."
"I: "Where from? Out of the stables?"
"Hans: "I took it out because I wanted to beat it."
"I: "Was there no one in the stables?"
"Hans: "Oh yes, Lois!" (The coachman at Gmunden.)
"I: "Did he let you?"
"Hans: "I talked nicely to him, and he said I might do it."
"I: "What did you say to him?"
"Hans: "Could I take the horse and whip it and shout at it."
And he said 'Yes'."
"I: "Did you whip it a lot?"
"Hans: "What I've told you isn't the least true."
"I: "How much of it's true?"
"Hans: "None of it's true; I only told it you for fun."
"I: "You never took a horse out of the stables?"
"Hans: "Oh no."
"I: "But you wanted to."
"Hans: "Oh yes, wanted to. I've thought it to myself."
"I: "At Gmunden?"
"Hans: "No, only here. I thought it in the morning when I was quite undressed; no, in the morning in bed."
"I: "Why did you never tell me about it?"
"Hans: "I didn't think of it."
"I: "You thought it to yourself because you saw it in the street."
"Hans: "Yes."
from Unter St. Veit and that I had gone after him in it. But he had distorted a part of this runaway phantasy, so that he said finally: "Both of us only got away by the second train."

"This phantasy is related to the last one [p. 65], which was not interpreted, and according to which we took too long to put on our clothes in the station at Gmunden, so that the train carried us on."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"He: "Yes, Fritzl."

"I: "When Fritzl fell down, what did you think?"

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

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

"He: "Yes."

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

"He: "I don't know." (1)

"I: "Why?"

"He: "Because you're cross."

\[1\] So that in fact Fritzl did fall down—which he at one time denied. [See p. 59.]
A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

It has been noticeable for some time that Hans's imagination was being coloured by images derived from traffic, and was advancing systematically from horses, which draw vehicles, to railways. In the same way a railway-phobia eventually becomes associated with every street-phobia.¹

'At lunch-time I was told that Hans had been playing all the morning with an india-rubber doll which he called Grete. [Cf. p. 32.] He had pushed a small penknife in through the opening to which the little tin squeaker had originally been attached, and had then torn the doll's legs apart so as to let the knife drop out. He had said to the nurse-maid, pointing between the doll's legs: 'Look, there's its widdler!'

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

'Hans: "I tore its legs apart. Do you know why? Because there was a knife inside it belonging to Mummy. I put it in at the place where the button² squeaks, and then I tore apart its legs and it came out there."

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

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

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

'He: "I don't know."

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

'He brought it to me.

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

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

'I: "When?"

¹ [This characteristic of phobias is discussed below on p. 125.]

² ['Der Knof!'] So in the first edition. In all subsequent ones 'der Kopf' ('the head'). This latter is almost certainly wrong: see below, p. 130, where the hole is described as being 'in the body'.]
was there. Really and truly. Daddy, when does a chicken grow out of an egg? When it's left alone? Must it be eaten?"

'I explained the matter to him.

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

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

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

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

'I: "Why?"

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

'I: "How did you play?"

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

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

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

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

'I: "But only women have children."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Hans: "Oh yes, boys have girls and girls have boys."

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

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

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

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

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

'Hans: "But I belong to you."

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

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

'I: "To Mummy."

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

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

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

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

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

1 Here is another bit of infantile sexual theory with an unsuspected meaning.
A PHOBIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

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

"On April 25th Hans butted me in the stomach with his head, as he has already done once before [p. 42]. I asked him if he was a goat.

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

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

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

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

'I: "Did the lamb butt you?"

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

'This was certainly untrue.

'I: "Are you fond of Daddy?"

'Hans: "Oh yes."

'I: "Or perhaps not."

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

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

'Hans: "No."

CASE HISTORY AND ANALYSIS

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

'Hans: "Jealous, yes."

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

'Hans: "Oh yes."

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

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

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

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

'I: "And what besides?"

'Hans: "Nothing."

'I: "Then why were you jealous?"

'Hans: "I don't know."

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

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

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

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

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

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

s.p. x—g
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Unless I am mistaken, the calf was taken away in a cart; hence the confusion.

'I: "Why didn't you think it was the stork that brought it?"
'Hans: "I didn't want to think that."
'I: "But you thought the stork brought Hanna?"
'Hans: "In the morning" (of the confinement) "I thought so.—I say, Daddy, was Herr Reisenbichler" (our landlord) "there when the calf came out of the cow?"' 1
'I: "I don't know. Do you think he was?"
'Hans: "I think so... Daddy, have you noticed now and then that horses have something black on their mouths?"
'I: "I've noticed it now and then in the street at Gmunden." 2
'I: "Did you often get into bed with Mummy at Gmunden?"
'Hans: "Yes."
'I: "And you used to think to yourself you were Daddy?"
'Hans: "Yes."
'I: "And then you felt afraid of Daddy?"
'Hans: "You know everything; I didn't know anything."
'I: "When Fritzl fell down you thought: if only Daddy would fall down like that! And when the lamb butted you you thought: if only it would butt Daddy! Can you remember the funeral at Gmunden?" (The first funeral that Hans had seen. He often recalls it, and it is no doubt a screen memory.)
'Hans: "Yes. What about it?"
'I: "You thought then that if only Daddy were to die you'd be Daddy."
'Hans: "Yes."
'I: "What carts are you still afraid of?"

1 Hans, having good reason to mistrust information given him by grown-up people, was considering whether the landlord might not be more trustworthy than his father.
2 The train of thought is as follows. For a long time his father had refused to believe what he said about there being something black on horses' mouths, but finally it had been verified [p. 69].

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'Hans: "All of them."
'I: "You know that's not true."
'Hans: "I'm not afraid of carriages and pair or cabs with one horse. I'm afraid of buses and luggage-carts, but only when they're loaded up, not when they're empty. When there's one horse and the cart's loaded full up, then I'm afraid; but when there are two horses and it's loaded full up, then I'm not afraid."
'I: "Are you afraid of buses because there are so many people inside?"
'Hans: "Because there's so much luggage on the top."
'I: "When Mummy was having Hanna, was she loaded full up too?"
'Hans: "Mummy'll be loaded full up again when she has another one, when another one begins to grow, when another one's inside her."
'I: "And you'd like that?"
'Hans: "Yes."
'I: "You said you didn't want Mummy to have another baby."
'Hans: "Well, then she won't be loaded up again. Mummy said if Mummy didn't want one, God didn't want one either. If Mummy doesn't want one she won't have one." (Hans naturally asked yesterday if there were any more babies inside Mummy. I told him not, and said that if God did not wish it none would grow inside her.)
'Hans: "But Mummy told me if she didn't want it no more'd grow, and you say if God doesn't want it."
'So I told him it was as I had said, upon which he observed: "You were there, though, weren't you? You know better, for certain." He then proceeded to cross-question his mother, and she reconciled the two statements by declaring that if she didn't want it God didn't want it either. 1

1 Ce que femme veut Dieu veut. But Hans, with his usual acumen, had once more put his finger upon a most serious problem. [It seems
A PHOBLIA IN A FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY

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

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

'I: "But you wish for it?"

'Hans: "Oh yes, wish."

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

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

'I: "How does what work?"

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

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

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

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

'Hans: "Oh yes."

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

On the evening of the same day, as Hans was being put to bed, he said to me: "I say, d’you know what I’m going to do now? Now I’m going to talk to Grete till ten o’clock; she’s in bed with me. My children are always in bed with me. Can you tell me why that is?"—As he was very sleepy already, I likely that the whole passage from the words ‘Hans naturally asked yesterday...’ down to ‘... God didn’t want it either’ should be in brackets, and that it is all a report of what had happened the day before. When Freud was consulted on this point by the translators (in 1923), he agreed that this was probably so, but preferred to have the text left unaltered, since it was a transcript of Hans’s father’s report.

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promised him that we should write it down next day, and he went to sleep.

'I have already noticed in earlier records that since Hans’s return from Gmunden he has constantly been having phantasies about "his children" [e.g. p. 13], has carried on conversations with them, and so on.¹

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

'Hans: "Why? Because I should so like to have children; but I don’t ever want it; I shouldn’t like to have them."

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

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

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

'Hans: "No."

'I: "Is there a Lodi?"

'Hans: "Yes, I know her."

'I: "Who is she, then?"

'Hans: "The one I’ve got here."

'I: "What does she look like?"

'Hans: "Look like? Black eyes, black hair... I met her..."

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

² This startling contradiction was one between phantasy and reality, between wishing and having. Hans knew that in reality he was a child and that the other children would only be in his way; but in phantasy he was a mother and wanted children with whom he could repeat the endearments that he had himself experienced.
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Once with Mariedl” (at Gmunden) “as I was going into the town.”

“Then I went into the matter it turned out that this was an invention.¹

“I: “So you thought you were their Mummy?”

“Hans: “And really I was their Mummy.”

“I: “What did you do with your children?”

“Hans: “I had them to sleep with me, the girls and the boys.”

“I: “Every day?”

“Hans: “Why, of course.”

“I: “Did you talk to them?”

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

“I: “So the stork-baby-boxes were in the attic?”

“Hans: “Yes.”

“I: “When did you get your children? Was Hanna already alive already?”

“Hans: “Yes, she had been a long time.”

“I: “But who did you think you’d got the children from?”

“Hans: “Why, from me.”²

“I: “But at that time you hadn’t any idea that children came from some one.”

“Hans: “I thought the stork had brought them.” (Clearly a lie and an evasion.)³

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

² Hans could not help answering from the auto-erotic point of view.

³ They were the children of his phantasy, that is to say, of his masturbation.

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“I: “You had Grete in bed with you yesterday, but you know quite well that boys can’t have children.”

“Hans: “Well, yes. But I believe they can, all the same.”

“I: “How did you hit upon the name Lodi? No girl’s called that. Lotti, perhaps?”

“Hans: “Oh no, Lodi. I don’t know; but it’s a beautiful name, all the same.”

“I (jokingly): “Perhaps you mean a Schokolodi?”¹

“Hans (promptly): “No, a Saffalodi,² . . . because I like eating sausages so much, and salami³ too.”

“I: “I say, doesn’t a Saffalodi look like a lumn?”

“Hans: “Yes.”

“I: “Well, what does a lumn look like?”

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

“I: “And what else? Round like a Saffaladi?”

“Hans: “Yes.”

“I: “When you sat on the chamber and a lumn came, did you think to yourself you were having a baby?”

“Hans (laughing): “Yes. Even at —— Street, and here as well.”

“I: “You know when the bus-horses fell down? [Cf. p. 49 ff.] The bus looked like a baby-box, and when the black horse fell down it was just like . . .”

“Hans (taking me up): “. . . like having a baby.”

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

“Hans: “Oh, when I don’t want to sit on the chamber and would rather play, then I make a row like this with my feet.” [Cf. p. 54.] (He stamped his feet.)

¹ “Schokolade” is the German for ‘chocolate’.

² “Saffaladi” means “Zerolatwurst” [“saveloy”, a kind of sausage]. My wife is fond of relating how her aunt always calls it “Soffioled”. Hans may have heard this.

³ [Another kind of sausage.]
“This was why he was so much interested in the question whether people liked or did not like having children.

All day long to-day Hans has been playing at loading and unloading packing-cases; he said he wished he could have a toy waggon and boxes of that kind to play with. What used most to interest him in the courtyard of the Customs House opposite was the loading and unloading of the carts. And he used to be frightened most when a cart had been loaded up and was on the point of driving off. “The horses’ll fall down,” he used to say [p. 46]. He used to call the doors of the Head Customs House shed “holes” (e.g. the first hole, second hole, third hole, etc.). But now, instead of “hole”, he says “behind-hole”.

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

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

Hans: “I know. I was their Mummy before, now I’m their Daddy.”

1 Do we not use the word ‘niederkommen’ [literally, ‘to come down’] when a woman is delivered?

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I: “And who’s the children’s Mummy?”

Hans: “Why, Mummy, and you’re their Grandaddy.”

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

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

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

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

I: “Well, and what shall it be?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hans: "Yes."

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

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

"In the light of this, we may review the interpretation of Hans's earlier phantasy to the effect that the plumber had come and unscrewed the bath and had stuck a borer into his stomach [p. 65]. The big bath meant a "behind", the borer or screwdriver was (as was explained at the time) a widdler. The two phantasies are identical. Moreover, a new light is thrown upon Hans's fear of the big bath. (This, by the way, has already diminished.) He dislikes his "behind" being too small for the big bath.

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

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

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

"(1) The remission after he had been given his first piece of enlightenment was not so complete as I may have represented it [pp. 28-9]. It is true that Hans went for walks; but only under compulsion and in a state of great anxiety. Once he went with me as far as the Hauptzollamt station, from which our house can still be seen, but could not be induced to go any farther.

"(2) As regards "raspberry syrup" and "a gun for shooting with" [p. 38]. Hans is given raspberry syrup when he is constipated. He also frequently confuses the words "shooting" and "shitting".1

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

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

1 [In German 'schiessen' and 'scheissen'.]
‘(5) Hans only refers to his illness now as a matter of past history—“at the time when I had my nonsense”.

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

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

In conclusion let me add these words. With Hans’s last phantasy the anxiety which arose from his castration complex was also overcome, and his painful expectations were given a happier turn. Yes, the Doctor [see pp. 7–8] (the plumber) did come, he did take away his penis,—but only to give him a bigger one in exchange for it. For the rest, our young investigator has merely come somewhat early upon the discovery that all knowledge is patchwork, and that each step forward leaves an unsolved residue behind.