SET THE CHILDREN FREE!

OTHER WORKS
BY DR. FRITZ WITTELS

SIGMUND FREUD, HIS PERSONALITY, HIS TEACHING, AND HIS SCHOOL

Translated by EDEN AND CEDAR PAUL

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AN END TO POVERTY

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THE JEWELLER OF BAGDAD: A NOVEL

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TO THE MEMORY OF

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

ONE OF THE GREAT MOTIVE FORCES

OF THE WESTERN WORLD

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INTRODUCTION

EVERY one knows that children are smaller and lighter than grown-ups. What very few know is that, over and above this, children are altogether different from adults. An adult man weighs, perhaps, ten stone and an infant two or three weeks old, ten pounds; but we do not begin to acquire an understanding of the infant's mental peculiarities by simply dividing those of the father by fourteen. The mental life of the child has its own laws; and we grown-ups find them difficult to study because we have forgotten how we used to feel when we were children. It is of little use to ask our children to help us since they will scarcely understand our questions, and we shall find it harder still to understand their answers. As long as a child remains original, it is altogether different from ourselves. When it grows like us, adopts our logic, is subjected to the constraint of education, and is what we call "well-behaved", it has become a sort of hybrid being, like the dog which is accounted wise, but still has secret ties with the steppe on which, ages back, its ancestors howled beside the wolves and the jackals. We train lions and tigers, hypnotise fowls and guineapigs; why can we not do the same with our own children? It is possible, it is done, and, alas, with only too much success.

We get beyond the Middle Ages in education when, as grown-ups, we perceive that, though we can by force make our children do what we want, we cannot educate them in this way. The revolutionary change from medievalism to modernity in matters educational was initiated by Jean Jacques Rousseau, from whom also derived the master thoughts which found expression in the bourgeois revolution of 1789. It seems to me

that Popper-Lynkeus did not exaggerate in saying that Rousseau has been the greatest motive force in human affairs since Jesus of Nazareth. But the educational revolution hangs in the wind, for children cannot organise a slave revolt, cannot wage the class war, cannot achieve a purposive conquest of freedom. With crude brutality we regard children as our property, and the love we profess for them does not go further than to make us confine them in cages which we call the Family, the School, and the Church. A long time seems likely to elapse before we shall be entitled to plume ourselves on treating children better than do the barbarians. Do not try to drive your children whither you think they should go; but wait until they come, upon their own initiative. That should be the main principle regulating our intercourse with children. It cannot be unreservedly accepted as a guide to practice? Insuperable difficulties arise now and again? Agreed, and this will remain one of the most tragical elements in our human heritage. We have to watch over, to safeguard, to "take care of" our children? So be it: but let us reduce our interference with their freedom to a minimum; and let us strive, when we interfere, to do so in such a way that our wards will scarcely notice the interference.

SET THE CHILDREN FREE!

CHAPTER ONE

THE IMPULSES OF THE CHILD

ALL that a child does is done on impulse. It has no thoughts, no ideas, when it first enters the world. In the newborn infant we can see no evidence of attention, or of any kind of intellectual activity. On the other hand it obviously has an abundance of impulses and feelings. It cries loudly, from which we infer that it suffers pain or discomfort. When it has satisfied its hunger and falls asleep, we believe that during the brief interval between sucking and slumber it is well content, is in a pleasurable condition. Its attitude towards the mother's breast seems to be the expression of hunger, which is both a sensation and an impulse. Some observers regard even these inferences as debatable, and declare that we are assuming too close a resemblance to ourselves when to the undeveloped mind of the newborn we ascribe pleasures and pains and impulses.

The most sceptical, however, will not go so far as to deny that by the time the infant is a few weeks old it experiences these characteristically mental phenomena. When the hungry babe cries, or when one suffering from wind makes the familiar grimaces, it has the appropriate feelings of pain or discomfort, which can be alleviated by purposive activity on the part of those in charge—by putting the child to the breast, by giving two or three spoonfuls of camomile tea, or what not.

In earlier days, subtle monographs were penned upon the question as to when the child begins to have a soul.

According to Holy Church, this happens before birth, during the fifth month of pregnancy. Science talks of "mind" rather than of "soul," and has abandoned, as futile, the attempt to solve such a problem as to "when the mind begins". "Mind" is a composite notion; and if we are to define the term at all, we can only do so after the manner in which we should define (for instance) electricity. Mind is the aggregate of all the qualities by which mental activity is characterised. The study of child psychology has shown at what age children first exhibit signs of fear; at what age they begin to distinguish colours; at what age they first utter words, phrases, sentences; at what age they begin to laugh, to grasp things; and so on. These are some of the multifarious components of "mind".

When it is a few months old, the child begins to gurgle and to crow. There can be no doubt that these are utterances of satisfaction, signifying: "I am here; I feel well; I am content; and the noises that I make, in evidence of the fact, increase my sense of wellbeing." Inasmuch as the infant's sole accomplishment at this stage is the art of sucking (at which it excels grown-ups), many of the early noises made by the suckling—though not the very first, which are of course cries—are those subsidiary to the main function of the infant, and are quasi-sucking noises.

In due course the little creature says "mamamam" or "papapap". Like the gurgling and the crowing, the "words" are but manifestations of pleasure, rendered possible by the increasing control of the vocal apparatus. The surrounding grown-ups, however, give them a fixed symbolic meaning, which the child must be forced to accept. "Mamamam" is therefore "mama", and denotes the mother; "papapap" is "papa", and denotes the father. Once this path has been entered, all the articulate

sounds uttered by the infant are given a meaning, and turned to useful account. The elder children in the family, the nurse ("nana"), the feeding-bottle, the canary, the dog, the cat—receive names in this first lalling speech. The names bestowed by the child on persons are so pleasing to the elders thus distinguished, and especially to women, that their use may persist indefinitely, the designation "Mimi" or "Lolo" or "Fifi", sometimes shortened to "Mi" or "Lo" or "Fi", being permanently adopted by the person concerned. Pet-names of this kind embody a protest against the harsh realities of life, and a return to the pleasure-world of infancy into which reality did not intrude. Mannish women, therefore, detest such names, and reject them as undignified.

The primary essential of language is the use of sounds to denote objects. When and how man acquired this power remains obscure. Studying a normal child, however, we see that the power is gained very early. There is some reason to suppose that speech developed out of song. (The gibbon, one of the smaller anthropoid apes, sings in the Indo-Malayan forests.) If this theory be valid, pleasure-tinged song preceded, in the history of our race, the development of conceptual speech, which is so much drier and more jejune than song—just as, in our children, lalling precedes the development of true speech. Since throughout the animal kingdom song is an essentially sexual concern, serving to allure the opposite sex when the season for reproduction comes round, we have here a primary indication of the all-embracing importance of the sexual impulse. If, however, we speak of this impulse somewhat more widely as the pleasure-seeking impulse, we can regard it as present from birth, and can say of the child's learning to speak that the first sounds are the manifestations of pain and

pleasure. The infant's relationships to its environment compel it to turn to account for the purposes of speech, for the expression of meaning, what were originally mere expressions of feeling.

When we ask how this educational advance is achieved (and not this advance only, but many others which we shall have to consider by and by), the answer is twofold. Incontestibly the heritage of countless millenniums has conferred the power of learning to walk, to speak, etc. The other element in the faculty for such "elementary education" is one which has been mainly brought to light by the researches of Freud. The infant soon comes to love the adults who watch over it, for it realises that their presence, their care, and their protection are essential to its pleasure.

Very soon after birth, hunger begins, and the child wants something which will satisfy this natural need. It is put to the breast, a part of the maternal body, the Latin name of which is "mamma". Herein we find the roots of the possessive impulse. In this sense we may say that the possessive impulse is inborn. The baby sets out to acquire knowledge of its environment by means of the lips, for at first the only part of the outer world it perceives is the mother's nipple from which it sucks food. Ere long, however, we see plainly enough that it begins to "suck", not only with the mouth, but with all the senses. That is why Froebel wrote: "Sucking is the suckling's essential nature; is, above all, its senses and its mind." Its eye lights up at sight of things, for seeing has become pleasurable. The child would not persistently contemplate the outer world unless the contemplation were pleasurable. To begin with, of course, the mouth is insatiable. If not forcibly prevented, the nursling thrusts into its mouth every object it can get hold of. When the sucking test is impracticable,

it metaphorically "sucks" everything that is within range of its eyes, staring with that prolonged gaze of early childhood whose objectivity and persistent readiness are lost as the years pass. Few only among grown-ups retain this faculty: the artists and the great investigators. An infant listens attentively, and seizes whatever it can in its little fists. Auditory impressions, indeed, seem to arouse interest earlier than visual ones; but after a time the latter oust the former as the main objects of attention. This fact has been established beyond dispute by careful scientific observation.

Just as the residue of what is physically swallowed, all that does not pass through the intestinal wall into the circulation, must be ejected from the body in the stools, so the external world could not be unceasingly "swallowed" by the mind unless there were some means of avoiding a surfeit, some way of discharging residues. This is effected by what we term "expression". The elimination of experience, its reproduction, is achieved by the child through the working of the imitative impulse. The first sounds uttered by an infant are nowise the outcome of reasoned thought, have (so to say) no intellectual nutritive value. Educators, however, turn to useful account the first noises which are made by a child as expressions of pleasure. Surrounding grown-ups imitate these sounds (see above, p. 20, concerning the origin of the words "mama" and "papa"), thus fostering the child's imitative impulse, which has already led it to listen to and to repeat its own lalling utterances (auto-imitation). An infant will even try to imitate with the mouth the sounds made by the anus when wind is passed, and undismayed psychologists have discovered a fundamental significance in such imitations.

We take advantage of the child's imitative impulse when we repeat the words of our cultivated speech in

its hearing over and over again until the little auditor reproduces them with more or less success. A young child learns chiefly from persons whom it loves, and learns from them because it loves them. As compared with the young of most other animals, human infants come into the world in a condition of such extreme helplessness that they would be foredoomed to speedy destruction unless the utmost care were lavished on them. A child would perish amid its own excrements, and in "temperate" climes it would speedily die of cold, if it were not artificially safeguarded against the noxious influences of its environment. The period of "minority", of comparative functional incapacity, is an exceptionally large proportion of a human being's life. Owing to this biological difference between man and other animals, the young of the human species and their adult educators are bound together by peculiarly intimate and durable ties. This is the source of the love and the trust which infants and young children show towards their parents. When the bodily umbilical cord has been long since severed, an emotional navel-string remains uncut for years and decades, to form the basis of all our civilisation. Not until many years have elapsed (a notable segment of existence) does the young human being achieve independence. Look, on the other hand, at a calf a few days old. It stands firmly on its own feet in the cowshed. Its mother, doubtless, watches over it anxiously enough; but it is a being with a fully detached life of its own. Turning back, now, to consider parents and children in the human species, we find that their extreme interdependence is the starting-point of our analytical psychology. From our feeling of this mutual dependence springs the fancy that children are our property, that we must—and can—go on educating them as long and as thoroughly as possible. Since,

however, all the impulsive life is bipolar, the very fact that parents and children depend upon one another so much arouses an impulse for spiritual release. A child wants to be loved, but it also craves for independence.

At first a child cares little or nothing about what is actually said, but very early begins to take note of who says it. The same remark applies to the mental life of adults. What is said by the beloved is of supreme and sometimes of perennial importance, simply because the beloved has said it. In Thomas Mann's novel *Die Buddenbrooks*, Antonie, growing old, is continually repeating what, many years before, she had heard said by a young man she was in love with. The remarks are of little moment in themselves. "I like honey. It's a purely natural product. When one eats it, one knows what one is swallowing." These phrases have stayed with her throughout life, and no one can realise all they signify to the old maid. Her sometime lover had also had a catchword to express the fact that certain ideas tend to isolate the person who cherishes them: "Then one is sitting upon a heap of stones." The words were perpetually in Antonie's mouth, no matter whether they were suited to the occasion or not. The utterances of someone we are fond of have a peculiar resonance. In every country, people will make quotations which convey nothing to a foreigner. To the native these winged words mean so much because they are loved, because of youthful associations, because they arouse agreeable memories. A German may know English very well, and yet see no charm in "It's a Long Way to Tipperary", but every Englishman who fought in the early years of the Great War will smile affectionately when he hears the song. A foreigner will be equally puzzled at the delight with which a German will make some "familiar quotation" which may have very little

intellectual content. We have good reason to suppose that the child's attitude towards the supply of mental fodder offered by its environment is akin to this. A child is not in a position to appraise the significance or the quality of such mental pabulum, but it is ready to gulp down anything which persons it is fond of bring within the range of its senses. Really, it would like to gobble up its fellow human beings. Since it cannot devour them, bones and beak included, at any rate it "wolfs" whatever proceeds from them. Now of such radiations, speech constitutes the major part. A child learns to talk by incorporating the language of the loved ones who care for it, and by expressing itself with the aid of this instrument.

"Love" and its opposite "hate", as we grown-ups understand the terms, are not, strictly speaking, applicable to the emotional life of children. We shall probably do well, when speaking of the impulses of the child, to distinguish them from the kindred impulses of the adult by the use of a prefix. The word "fore-pleasure" has long since been added to the terminology of psychoanalysis. [In the *Official Glossary for the Use of Translators of Psychoanalytical Terms*, to which we take this opportunity of expressing our indebtedness, *Vorlust* is translated "initial pleasure". But the compound word "fore-pleasure", signifying inchoate or embryonic pleasure, is here obviously more suitable.—E. and C. P.] We can in like manner speak of fore-hate and fore-love, in the child, for whom these emotions exist in a rudimentary form. Lévy-Bruhl, writing of primitives, whose minds often fail to reach the plane of logical thought, describes them as pre-logical. The child, like the savage, is pre-logical. It is characteristic of the fore-feelings of the child that contrasted pairs such as love and hate or (somewhat later) fear and desire are not mutually

exclusive, but manifest themselves in brief succession or even simultaneously, or can change again and again very rapidly one into the other. Children can love and hate in one breath, can at one and the same time long for the presence and for the absence of some particular individual.

Freud borrowed from Bleuler the term ambivalence to denote this quality of the child's affects. An alternative and perhaps more lucidly expressive name is bipolarity. A child that loves its mother tenderly will sometimes strike her in the face, or throw something at her with intent to hurt her. The doll which it clasps so fondly, takes to bed with it, pets and caresses, will be flung out of the window to be shattered on the pavement. Such an action has been described as the outcome of the child's destructive impulse, which has been contrasted with the caressive impulse. But the two belong to one another, are the obverse and the reverse of the same medal. Nor must it be supposed that bipolarity or ambivalence is peculiar to children. We see it likewise in the impulsive life of adults; with this difference, however, that the grown-up, when loving or longing, is less often consciously aware of simultaneously hating or fearing the same object. The antipole of feeling has been repressed into the unconscious. It would seem that in days of old, adults no less than children could simultaneously and consciously harbour conflicting emotions. The Homeric heroes had no scruple in showing fear side by side with courage, or in shedding tears while volleying defiance. Lessing drew attention to this. In the Forum at Rome, Brutus vaunted the love he bore to Caesar when, as all could see, his hands were still red with the blood of the man whom he had helped to slay. The knights of the Middle Ages used to embrace and kiss one another before drawing their swords in a combat

to the death. Judas' betrayal of Jesus with a kiss has a like significance. Bipolarity was plain enough, too, in the behaviour of a king who wooed a princess while threatening her land with fire and sword should his wooing be unsuccessful. Think also of the Jacobins! "Be my brother or I will slay thee."

Returning, however, to the emotional life of the child, we shall do well to be cautious in our judgments, and to pin our faith to the well-tried formula "as if". A child behaves as if it simultaneously cherished friendly and unfriendly feelings for its fellow human beings, or (since in early childhood no clear distinction is drawn between animate and inanimate) for all the objects in its environment. At first a child does not even distinguish between its own body and the outer world. Its mother's nose, a "comforter", and its own big toe are all on the same plane. It thrusts whatever it can into its mouth and what it cannot thrust into its mouth is valueless. How this little being, which at the outset is wholly a creature of impulse, is gradually brought (more or less) under the sway of logic eludes demonstration. The pleasure-seeking impulse, the possessive impulse, and the imitative impulse are awake in us before we can think. It may be that children learn to think logically because they love their logically-thinking parents, foster-parents, nurses; want to get possession of them; and in pursuit of this endeavour imitate the logical manifestations of the members of their environment. They continue to follow this course, which they have entered upon as imitatively as a monkey or a parrot, until in the end they have not only come to think logically but are unable to think in any other way.

It might also be said that children learn through the acceptance of a suggestion, which takes the form that whatever comes from the mother or the father or any

other beloved person is good. "What I am being taught comes from Mother, so it is good, and I accept it with pleasure." Educationists take advantage of the child's attitude in this respect to transform the little savage into a citizen. Impulse is confined in a strait-waistcoat, is fitted with handcuffs and anklets. Often enough it breaks its fetters; but in general it is submissive, so that the creature of impulse becomes a reasonable being. We must never forget, however, that in the beginning impulse reigned supreme. Even in adults there is need of personal interest to sustain thought, which otherwise comes to a standstill; and in the child the germinating logic is liable to be swept away by impulse like foam before the blast. That is why teachers who know how to deal with the child's impulsive life, how to win its affection, get the best results.

There comes a time in the growth of children, usually towards the age of fourteen, when out of the word "why" they forge a weapon whereby, using it unremittingly, they compel grown-ups to do them service. What do elders demand of the child? That it shall acquire knowledge, and shall grasp the causal relationships of things. It is, therefore, being "good" when it busily asks "why". The child sees through this demand of the elders, and without approving of it can turn it to account. When, to begin with, a child asks "why", the question comes, not from one who really wants to acquire knowledge, but from one who is aping incomprehensible elders perpetually occupied in trying to discover the causes of things. The child does not, as did Kant, regard the principle of causality as one of the apriori forms of thought. A child, therefore, will often ask "why" when the question is obviously out of place, or when the causal relationships of the matter have already been grasped. Point to the full moon and

say to your child: "Look how large and beautiful the moon is to-night." The child will very likely ask, "Why is the moon beautiful?"—thereby impinging upon a difficult problem in aesthetics. Yet the little questioner is far from expecting any other answer than, perhaps, a repetition of the original instruction to look at the "lovely big moon". Often we get the impression that all the questioning child wants is to hold up the stream of events. Maybe, however, we get nearest to an insight into the child mind when we assume the question "why" in such cases to be a mere interjection, with no more intellectual content than the lalling or crowing or gurgling of an infant. If so, the "why" signifies only: "Here I am, behaving as if I were a logical being like you. Love me, for I resemble you." In this matter, too, our educational system seizes its opportunity. Even though the child is not, at the outset, impelled to ask "why" by any logical motive, again and again a logical answer is given, so that by degrees the little questioner is caught in the logical net and comes to accept the "category of causality". At any rate the child will in most cases pay close attention to the answer, and a teacher who has given a foolish one may be humiliated for years to come by its reiteration, since many children have infallible memories. Whether the teacher realises the fact or not, almost every one of us is tormented for life by stupid answers that have been given to youthful questions. We may long since have recognised the worthlessness of what we were told, and yet it sticks like a burr. In like manner many of us continue to be influenced by superstitions which the logical part of our being regards with contempt.

In the child mind the question "why" is one of the numerous centaurian constructions appropriate to early youth, one of those in which impulse and logic are

intertwined. Often enough, of course, a desire to torment is one of the factors inducing a child to ask more questions than the seven sages could have answered. But one who allows himself to be pestered in this manner must love the inquirer or he would put a stop to the pestering. ["I know a person small—she keeps ten million serving-men who get no rest at all! She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs from the second she opens her eyes—one million Hows, two million Wheres, and seven million Whys."] When the grown-up at length exclaims, "Have done with your everlasting whys!" the child's power is at an end. Even so the youngster has triumphed by disturbing the equanimity of the great being who usually makes a parade of being imperturbable. Elders should eschew such a pose. No less, however, should they avoid berating a child for asking questions. The child is obeying an impulsive trend, and it will be enough (if we have no answer ready, or do not wish to give one) to maintain silence. But a better plan will be to divert the questioner's attention. With children this is easy, as a rule.

Some children, having received an answer to their "why", will repeat this answer again and again in an undertone, rehearsing it to themselves. It seems obvious that they want to learn the sounds by heart. The sentence is faithfully committed to memory, with due attention, not only to the words, but also to tone and stress—as if the utterance had been dictated by the Holy Ghost. What is such a child doing? It is identifying itself with the beloved grown-up, whom it wants to resemble, whose words it is swallowing to be able to regurgitate them at will. No matter whether it has understood what Mother has said. At this early stage of mental development, it may not have really "wanted to know". It has asked a question merely in order to attract notice, and

to compel an answer. Having done so, it clutches the answer, takes possession of the answer, and feels that thereby it has been transformed into the mother. If the answer is a good one, if the words have been carefully chosen, all the better for the development of the child's intelligence. The mother's chief concern may have been to give her child thoroughly sound and digestible food. The child's chief concern, however, is to conquer the mother by identification, to effect an incorporation of the mother into itself.

During the fourth year of childhood we can often note the beginnings of another manifestation of the imitative impulse, one which is characteristic of the bipolarity of the impulsive life. A child that is wont devoutly to repeat the more or less intelligent answers of the adults in its environment will sometimes monkeyishly imitate other utterances—commands, questions, exclamatory reproofs, etc. Instead of doing what it is bid, it will echo the order. "Shut the door after you!" says the mother. "Shut the door after you!" repeats the child. Or "Will you or won't you?"—"Do you hear?"—"Don't be impertinent"—and so on. All these phrases will be parroted, many times perhaps, and laughingly. Beyond question we have here a mode of derision. The words are treated as unmeaning, as sound without sense, and thus the grown-up is overcome and reduced to impotence. It is also a protest of the child's impulsive life against the tyranny of logic, which insists that words shall have a meaning. Whereas the reverent imitation of words and sentences is designed to identify the child with the adult, this derisive parroting establishes a separation, embodies a protest against identification. Separation is the converse of the identificatory process, the child having become afraid of losing itself through identification. Once a child has discovered the possi-

bility of vanquishing its playmates and even grown-ups by monkeyish imitation, it takes a keen delight in the process, which in some children becomes an obsession. The aim (let me emphasise) is to regain an individuality which is being imperilled by affectionate self-surrender, by identification.

In this stage of growth the child has already developed a sense of humour, and has discovered what a powerful weapon mockery is in the struggle for existence. Forces which cannot otherwise be defeated, can be defeated by making them look ridiculous. A child's triumph is complete when grown-ups honour it by losing their tempers with it. Scarcely less outstanding is the triumph when the adults fail to notice that they are being made fun of—and this happens far more often than self-satisfied elders realise. Besides, the immature mind of the child sometimes has recourse to derision without wholly understanding what it does. Perhaps it would not dare to deride in full awareness, but unwittingly it derides.

As a rule the child makes its way along both the roads that lead into the world of grown-ups, fervently endeavouring to gain wisdom by affectionate imitation, and making fun of what it does not understand. Decisive of a child's fate is the extent to which it advances along these respective routes and whether in one path or the other it encounters more roses or more thorns. Forcible suppression of the child's instinctive attempts to deride those set in authority over it is a grave error in education, the error of those who sit on a safety-valve. Yet the mistake is one still habitually made in our schools.

A little boy sees that his father reads the newspaper every morning. The youngster is much impressed by the seriousness and persistency with which an honoured parent sits motionless, staring at a piece of paper. He

asks: "What's Daddy doing?"—"Daddy's reading the newspaper."—"Why does Daddy read the newspaper?" —Now we have got beyond the range of simple and easily understood answers, with the result that the inquirer is usually fobbed off with some piece of stupidity, such as: "Daddy's reading how Jack was a naughty boy yesterday, and wouldn't drink his milk." Jack can't read yet, and is quite unable to understand what a newspaper is, but he knows well enough that he is being told tarradiddles and that advantage is being taken of his inexperience. What happens? That same day the boy will very probably begin "to read the paper". See him squatting on the floor, holding it in both hands as Father does, but as likely as not upside-down. A day or two later you may hear him repeating the mysterious sentence: "Daddy's reading the paper." Animated by the spirit of research, he hopes that this taking possession of the words will unlock their meaning. Since the desired result is not forthcoming, the youngster will perhaps try the effect of a change in the formula, will say: "Daddy is licking the paper." For us the words have no meaning, but they have one for Jack. His crib stands beside a wall, and he was caught licking the wallpaper. He was told that this was a dirty trick, and was given no rest until he had solemnly promised never to do it again. When found repeating the offence, he was scolded for breaking his word. He answered appeasingly: "Never mind! I've lots more words." Thus boldly disregardful of our moral canons is a child! But, to return to the newspaper. Jack is naturally pleased with the idea that Daddy licks the newspaper (called for short the "paper", just as the wallpaper is). Not only is it amusing, but it puts into the little boy's hand a pistol aimed at those in high places. With the most innocent mien in the world, though probably not without

a hidden fear at his own temerity, he asks his father: "Daddy, are you licking the paper?"

Since this is an actual instance, it will be well for the reader to learn the sequel. The father laughed, and told the story to the mother. She laughed, and passed it on to her sister. The entire household was informed. Again and again Jack was asked, "What's Daddy doing?" Again and again Jack proudly replied, "Daddy's licking the paper"—and added, "It's a dirty trick." The grown-ups' laughter, their approval of his substitution of "licking" for "reading" had encouraged him to follow his thought to the end, and to utter the whole of it. Besides, the phrase "a dirty trick" was rather fascinating, and, as used against himself, had been a medium for high-sounding indignation. Now he could pay his elders back in their own coin. The starting-point, which had been an endeavour to understand what Daddy did every morning, had been forgotten. The thorn-beset path of truth had been abandoned. Young Hercules, at the parting of the ways, had been seduced by the applause of his grown-up female relatives into taking the road of mockery and impudence.

"Elders and betters" fail to understand children. On the one hand they think that a child is altogether such a one as themselves; and on the other, in the same breath, they degrade a child into a plaything, and derive amusement from watching its immature attempts to deal with the difficulties it encounters.

CHAPTER TWO

THOUGHT AMONG PRIMITIVES— LYING IN CHILDREN

ADULTS have an exaggerated notion of the power of logical reasoning among children. Consequently they attach too much importance to rational discussion in the upbringing of the young. In 1693, Locke published a book on education, and he was almost the first writer to draw attention to the peculiarities of the child mentality. Rousseau based his ideas upon those of Locke and of the famous Tsech educationist Comenius († 1670); and what had hitherto been the dry disquisitions of pedagogues became inspired by the Frenchman's fiery eloquence. But these educationists and all those who came after them were still unaware that the impulsive life of the child is inextricably interwoven with its rational faculties, so that children place far greater importance upon the person who speaks than on what that person says, upon how that person makes an observation than on the logical significance of the uttered words. This fundamental fact of the child temperament was, indeed, felt rather than cognised by those who wanted to revolutionise education. What success they achieved in the upbringing of the young was due to the devotion and love which they lavished upon the children placed in their charge. Love brings sunshine into everything in this vale of tears, and so, too, did it ameliorate the lot of past generations of children. But it is only during the last three decades or so that, by careful investigation, we have come to recognise the diametrical opposition between the impulsive life, the emotional life, the wish life of the child, on the one hand,

and what we deem to be logical reasoning, on the other.

We have always known that passion interferes with clarity of thought. Against this it has to be admitted that great thinkers are among the most passionate of men, that they are intoxicated by the processes of thinking. Thought is only possible so long as the thinker is personally interested in the subject of his cogitations. He soon gets bored when the spur of interest is lacking; his attention lapses, and by and by he falls asleep. The dream life into which he then sinks is not amenable to the laws of logic; it is solely impulsive, so that Freud can say with perfect truth: "Every dream is the outcome of a wish and its fulfilment."

Psychoanalysis (whose discovery we owe to Sigmund Freud) demonstrates the relationship between the feelings or emotions (affects) and logical thinking; it shows how all our reasoning is coloured by our impulses, which bring our submerged and darker excitations into the light of day. This is, of course, only a metaphor for something whose actuality eludes us. Long before Freud was born, the German philosopher Friedrich Herbart († 1841) had surmised, and had indeed declared in so many words, that there existed a close tie between the emotional life and the realm of logical reasoning, that it was an error to separate one from the other. He expressed himself clumsily, it is true, for he declared that in the mental sphere thought alone prevails; that all mental phenomena could be accounted for by thought; that an emotion was the prelude to a thought, the germinal cell so to say out of which the thought would ultimately be born. For Herbart, an impulse (an excitation of the will) was a thought which had got into trouble, which could not achieve completion, and which, therefore, in order to achieve

cannot see any difference between the animal world and themselves. Their wish to be tortoises or any other creature of their choice supersedes everything else, and the difference between themselves and the totem seems immaterial. Their wish or their imaginative faculty is stronger than their power of observation. The savage cannot live and thrive as an individual; he neither exists nor desires to exist apart from the herd. We see the same phenomenon in the ant community. An ant may appear to be running hither and thither on its own business bent, but in reality it is intimately linked with, it is a limb, of the whole body of the ant commonwealth and works according to plan, for and with its fellows. The "polis" of Hellas, too, was organised in such a way that the Athenian or the Lacedemonian outside the "polis" was substantially an outlaw, like a "masterless man" in Tudor England. No protective laws were in force to safeguard the stranger, and native hospitality alone mitigated the hardness of his lot. Consequently, Sophocles, Phidias, and Plato were far more the creatures of the community, far more dependent mentally and physically upon the powers which were in authority over them, than were the Romans who came after and whose sway held good all over the ancient world; for a Roman citizen could rest assured that his individual security would be guaranteed. A progressive civilisation gives the individual elbow-room. The higher excellence of Hellenic art and science as compared with what the Romans attained in these fields shows that the advance from community life to individual segregation is not an unmitigated benefit to mankind so far as the arts and sciences are concerned. The child, too, is an artist and an investigator so long as it manifests no tendency to strike out on paths of its own as an individual apart from other children.

"Thought is an intellectual phenomenon par excellence," writes Lévy-Bruhl. "But the collective thinking of primitives cannot be understood from this angle. Their mental activity is far too slightly differentiated for us to consider their ideas or their images of the objects around them apart from their emotional reaction to these ideas and images, from the excitations and passions which bring such ideas or images into being. It is very difficult for us to realise fully a state of affairs in which the feelings and impulses play so notable a part in the creation of thought. To us it would appear as if such mental processes had nothing whatever in common with the mental processes we have in mind. As a matter of fact, if we insist on retaining the old terminology, it is necessary to invest it with a totally new interpretation. So far as primitive beings are concerned we have to understand the term 'mental process' as something complicated wherein that which we contemplate as an idea pure and simple is mixed with other elements of an emotional or impulsive character, coloured by these elements, permeated with them, and, consequently, imparting to the idea of the object thus mentally represented a totally different content from what we as civilised beings would expect."

Lévy-Bruhl goes on to discuss the initiation ceremonies during which a young man, by means of a veritable martyrdom, by ecstatic dances, and by intoxication, is accepted into the community of the tribe. Fear, hope, religious dread, ardent desire to be accepted as one of the community, all play their part in creating a permanent link between rational thinking and emotional tone. The utter helplessness of a savage apart from his brethren is only comparable to that of a child in a civilised society when its budding ideas are coloured by affects like those which guide primitive peoples. A little

child submits willingly to authority when that authority is exercised by those it loves and among whom it feels at ease and appreciated. So, too, a savage gratefully conforms to the manners and customs of the community whereof he is a member.

To quote Lévy-Bruhl again: "Collective thinking is not 'pure thought' in our sense of the term. A savage has not simply a mental picture of the object whose real existence he believes in, but hopes it will do something or fears it may do something. He fancies that activity of a distinctive kind must emanate from the object he has in mind, and believes that every object is amenable to magic. This secret power is very real to the primitive mentality, and constitutes an integral portion of the world of his thoughts. Primitive thinking is underlaid with mysticism. The reality wherein the savage lives and has his being is in itself mystical. Neither a living creature, nor an inanimate object, nor a phenomenon of nature presents itself to the collective mind of the savage as it does to our individual mind. What we see in these things either escapes him altogether or else leaves him cold. But he sees much of which we have no inkling. Birds such as eagles and hawks which soar on mighty pinions see and hear everything; they are endowed with mysterious faculties which influence even the feathers of their wings. The medicine man, therefore, makes use of these feathers; he wears them in the belief that he, too, will see and hear everything under the earth and upon its surface; he fancies that thereby he will be able to cure the sick, to raise the dead, to control the setting of the sun, and so forth. The mental processes of savages are not amenable to correction by means of experience. What we name experience, the process whereby we distinguish that which truly exists from what is unreal, has no power to sway the collective mind

of the savage. Civilised men are so petrified in their world of physical reality, of stability, of the tangible, the obvious, the palpable, that the experiences of the savage, the enigmatic forces and spirits which seem to him of such supreme importance, elude the being who is the heir of a hundred generations of culture."

The savage possesses yet another peculiarity in that he fancies all creatures and all objects to be in some mystical way related one to the other; this we call the "law of participation". According to our logical methods of thinking each phenomenon has a definite cause, and in its turn becomes the cause of a definite effect; whereas for primitive folk everything can be the cause of everything else. The mission flag-staff may be the cause of drought, or the savage's fellow-cannibal may be the cause of a cow running dry, and so forth. Once such thoughts enter a savage's mind there is no convincing him that he is wrong, and he is prone to get rid of the supposed evil-doer by means of murder. Because the idea has shaped itself in his mind he believes it must be true. Lévy-Bruhl names such processes of thinking "pre-logical", and he goes on to say: "They are not anti-logical: neither are they wholly lacking in logic. When I call them 'pre-logical' I mean to imply that they are not akin to our own methods of thinking, part of whose essence it is that contradictory ideas must not be simultaneously and consciously entertained. Their thought is subject to the law of participation. This does not mean that it arbitrarily fosters contradictions, but that it takes no pains to avoid them. It is upon this matter neutral, indifferent. That is why we find the 'reasoning' of primitives so hard to follow."

The reader who has studied child behaviour will be struck by the resemblance between this "pre-logical" method of reasoning among savages and the thought

processes of youngsters. What differences exist are due to the fact that from birth up our children are perpetually influenced by the cause-and-effect method of reasoning prevalent among the adults of its environment, so that, in the end, the pre-logical is submerged beneath the logical. Here is an example. A boy of four had been promised a picnic in a neighbouring wood for the morrow. Unfortunately it rained, and the excursion had to be postponed. The boy shed bitter tears, saying that he had been promised the treat, that a promise was a promise and ought to be kept. His mother answered: "Yes, I promised you a treat all right, and if you like we'll go to the woods in spite of the bad weather. It won't be much fun, of course, and if you would rather we'll go to-morrow. Then perhaps the sun will shine and we'll enjoy the outing. Well, which would you like best? Shall we go to-day or wait till to-morrow?" The boy decided he would prefer not to go but he did not cease crying. His mother, therefore, began arguing the matter out with him and repeated what she had already said, insisting that the child should make up its mind what it preferred to do. But the little boy could not decide. "Well," exclaimed his mother, "what on earth are you crying for?"—"If you are right, Boy has to cry," wailed the youngster. He was incapable of conceiving that rain could be an impediment to his pleasure, and yet, since he was old enough to understand his mother's arguments, nothing remained for him but unutterable misery.

Another peculiar characteristic of the child mind is its inability to grasp the significance of numbers. It is a perennial source of astonishment to find how late the mathematical faculty develops. Even exceptionally intelligent children of four or five can only count with certainty up to three or at most six. Those who get

beyond that are few and far between. On being asked to count a collection of pebbles, let us say, they will count: "One, two, three, seventeen, nineteen, four, eight," and so on. Counting is an abstraction which is alien to the child mind. Mathematics, a kindred subject to logic, is a product of human cultural activity. Like children, many primitive peoples have names only for one and for two, seldom do we encounter a specific word for three. "Many" or "a lot" takes the place of numerals. Since it is impossible to live in a highly organised community without being able to count, our abstract concept of numbers is replaced by a feeling, and this feeling is based upon so keen a memory that it is photographically true. All explorers are agreed as to the phenomenal memory of savages. The primitive's lack of conceptual power is replaced by concrete pictures of the objects which surround him, of their shapes, their numbers, etc. Children, likewise, have the outer world photographed upon their minds. In the previous chapter I instanced a child which constantly repeated the sentences it had heard, saying the words over and over again in order to get at their meaning; that child was working, was exercising its memory, for its critical faculty had not yet been developed and it could not, therefore, bring its reason to bear upon the things uttered in its hearing. Here we are once more faced with a pre-logical phenomenon, shared by civilised child and savage alike, and which even in adult life does not cease to play its part. That which is often repeated and thereby becomes familiar assumes the aspect of something sure and irrefutable. Once children have grown familiar with an object, they have confidence in that object and place implicit trust in it. The early observations of a child are invested as it were with a viscous substance from which they can never escape and thus become part of

the child's very own possessions and are loved as such by it. Preferences can be accounted for in this way, they are "in our blood" as the saying goes, and cannot be logically accounted for.

The transition from the pre-logical to the logical method of reasoning is of eminent interest to the educationist. In this connexion Lévy-Bruhl writes: "Logical thinking differs so fundamentally from the pre-logical kind of mental activity that it would seem as if we must rid ourself entirely of the latter if the former is to come to fruition. One is, therefore, tempted to assume that the pre-logical is destined to disappear completely. But this would be a false conclusion. The more habitual logical thinking becomes, the less tolerant are we of obvious contradictions and 'nonsense'. But this intolerance is not reciprocal, for, though logical thinking revolts against contradiction and actively strives for its elimination, pre-logical mental activity, with its mystical complexion, remains indifferent when confronted with the demand for logical consistency. Logical thinking will never be the universal legatee of pre-logical mental activity. The innate sense of lively 'participation' (evil eye, the belief that certain things are 'unlucky', race-prejudice, etc.) is more than a counterweight to logical demands. We need but analyse the mental concepts of mankind, the prevalent ideas of life, death, social relationships, government, family ties, beauty, or any one of an infinite number of notions of the kind, to be convinced that in every direction we come up against the collective mind, largely an expression of the 'law of participation', and still present as an enduring heritage."

Psychoanalysis has shown whither the pre-logical outlooks have taken refuge from the pitiless laws of logic. There is no place for them now in the realm of the

conscious, but they continue to exist in the innermost depths of the soul, in what we call the "unconscious," and from this retreat they continue to work in perfect security. Reason is incapable of influencing them, time can bring them no injury, they are immune to attack. In the unconscious we remain children till we die. Much which escapes our attention in the conscious is stored up in the memory of the unconscious, for the reason that we are still under the sway of our emotions. Logical thinking can never bring complete satisfaction because it is hard work and we never think our thoughts out to an end. We are creatures of impulse and ecstatic enthusiasms.

"As compared with conscious ignorance, knowledge can certainly be said to enter into possession of its object; but as compared with what happens in the feeling that is characteristic of pre-logical mentation, such possession is incomplete, inadequate, and superficial. . . . The essence of participation is that all cleavage is resolved into unity, and that, unhampered by the principle of contradiction, the object can at one and the same time be itself and the being which participates. We do not need to draw a fine comparison between our own positive science and the collective ideas of primitive folk in order to understand how divergent from our concepts is this intimate feeling of participation. Enough to consider an object which in a civilised social order has been contemplated by logical processes of thought and at the same time to recall how that same object presents it to the collective mind. Let us take as example the concept 'God'. The endeavour to bring God within the boundaries of reason seems to the reflective being at once to unite him with the divinity and simultaneously to separate him from God. On the one hand there is the need to conform to the laws of logic,

on the other there is the need for participation between man and God (a relationship which is not without its discrepancies!); the two needs are irreconcilable. Knowledge has to restrict itself to a minimum in such a case. But does a man of genuine piety who feels himself united with God need such rational knowledge? Does not the consciousness of the participation of his being with the divine being create in him so stable a faith that, in comparison, logical certainty would appear colourless, cold, almost a matter of indifference?"

The reader must not forget that children brought up in a civilised community differ from savages by the very fact of the qualities they inherit from their civilised ancestors. They are born with other faculties than those of primitive folk, and these faculties develop speedily in the cultured environment with which they come into contact from earliest infancy. Even if a savage is brought up in a civilised community from the moment he sees the light, he remains different from the other children. It is hard to decide how far this difference is due to heredity and how far to an ineradicable feeling of inferiority. Heredity and early acquired characteristics are always difficult to differentiate. But here we are not concerned with this particular problem. There are very obvious differences between savages and the average European of to-day. We have, however, to admit that our children have many traits in common with primitive folk, and these traits are shared likewise by neurotics, as every specialist in nervous diseases can prove. It is on account of this that the doctor says: "My patients are in many respects like children."

Here is a suitable place to discuss an important characteristic of children, one that shows how the "law of participation" which is evident among primitives is applicable in equal measure to the youngster in

a civilised society. Children are very prone to falsehood. The mother of little Eric, aged three, had gone on a journey. She called the boy up on the telephone in order to hear his voice. The child cried into the mouthpiece: "Miss Mary Smith has just been here!" The statement was untrue. He had met the lady once while out walking some weeks earlier. His parents were but slightly acquainted with her. How her name stuck in the child's memory is not to be explained. Eric was scolded for telling a lie. "Don't you know that it is naughty to say what is not true?" The boy could not understand what was expected of him. It needs time and patience to teach a child the significance of such abstract values as "immoral", "horrible", "cowardice", "naughtiness", and so forth. So far as Eric himself was concerned, he had not lied in spite of the fact that what he told his mother concerning Miss Mary Smith did not correspond with the truth. The object of the telephone call was attained, for Eric's mother heard her little son's voice. The grown-ups who helped the boy to speak into the mouthpiece and his mother at the other end of the line were quite indifferent as to what words the child uttered, so long as he said something. Why should Eric, therefore, attach any importance to what he said? All he needed to do was to give a cry of pleasure and thus participate with his mother in mutual joy. If, instead of a meaningless shout, Eric uttered a sentence which seemed to have some sense in it, that was not his fault but the fault of the words. The logical meaning of words such as straight and crooked, true and untrue, good and bad, is of the utmost indifference to the child mind. At certain moments when the child is no more than slightly excited, language becomes for it a pre-logical means for expressing its feelings. Grown-ups call this "lying".

Books dealing with the education of the young invariably inform the reader that one must never tell a lie in the presence of children. Otherwise, it is said, youngsters will pick up the habit from their elders. Since all our moralists are agreed that lying is inexcusable, we cannot object to the contention that it is unwise to tell a falsehood in the hearing of a child. Thus parents have an additional ground for speaking the truth, when they reflect that their example is for the good of their children. Children, therefore, serve as a buttress to the moral integrity of their parents. Unfortunately, conventional lying is so ingrained in the life of a civilised community that, with the best will in the world, no one can adhere strictly to the truth. We fob children off with the stork or gooseberry-bush fairy-tale. We tell them fables in which animals talk, fairies dance, giants and hobgoblins stride and prance; we fill their minds with anecdotes of religious life;—and all this, in the clear light of logic, is obviously false. We cheat the child in a deeper sense still when we falsify its ideas in regard to its own childhood. We do not understand our children, and yet we behave as if we did. Is not this "lying in the spirit" if not in very fact?

In order to lie adequately one must be subject to the laws of logic. So far as logic is concerned, there is only one single truth. A number is either "odd" or "even"; it cannot be "even" and "odd" simultaneously. An utterance, too, is either truth or untruth. The difference between falsehood and truth is not recognised by the child during its pre-logical period of mentation (a period which lasts far longer than most educationists surmise). A child stands in a flowery garden facing the arid field of logic, and, like Pilate, asks itself: What is truth? Why is an utterance untrue because it is not true? A boy of four once said: "Yesterday I went to the circus

all by myself. I bought a ticket, and saw the whole show. The lions did roar!" I asked him: "Is all this true?" Whereupon he answered: "Oh, no!" Most people will say that the child was a little liar. But he was nothing of the sort; he was merely romancing. If such lying is to be done away with, we shall have to forbid our children to play, to enjoy listening to fairy-tales—and we shall have to forbid adults to write poetry and to love! I look upon such lies as something holy. Does not a lover declare that his mistress is the loveliest, the noblest, the most worth-while creature under the sun? Yet such a declaration is certainly not true. The wise draw a line between conscious (subjective) lying and unconscious (objective) lying. This differentiation is of importance in a law-court where the evidence of witnesses is concerned, it is essential in the case of scientific discoveries and the practical life of the market-place. But it is of slight importance and cannot easily be applied where we are dealing with pre-logical beings. Did the boy who told me of the circus lie consciously (subjectively) or unconsciously (objectively)? All that can be said in the matter is: the difference is neither here nor there.

Some may maintain that the child lied in order to give himself airs. The play of fantasy enters the lists when reality is too arid to appeal to the child's imagination. The boy in question had once been taken to a circus. So far we are dealing with a real event. He would like to go again, but his wish cannot be fulfilled. Fantasy, therefore, comes to his aid and he dreams that he goes to a circus. This dream is so realistic that another time he is able to dream himself into anything his heart desires. He thus becomes all-powerful through his imaginative faculty. The claims of truth are antagonistic to the play of fantasy. Imagination is curbed, is humbled by that hateful word "truth". In art we possess a per-

manent link between fantasy and reality. If a child's tendency to falsehood arises from a desire to assert itself, it is liable to become unduly exaggerated unless we give the child every encouragement—as Alfred Adler and his school are constantly reminding us to do. Encouragement must inspire the child in the belief that it has "done well", that it is "so strong", "so well-behaved", "so clever"; it must be made to feel that the driving force which guides elders to such forms of encouragement is love for the child itself. The child must feel secure and happy in the conviction that it is loved. "I am loved for my own sake, just as I am. Neither I nor the world need to be different from what we are." Since the love lavished on children by educationists cannot be wholly unstinted, it is necessary to grant the child a certain amount of license in the matter of romancing. Adults, too, romance, and that not only during sleep and in the form of dreams. They, likewise, have their day-dreams although they are not always conscious that they are day-dreaming.

When, during the war, I was serving with the Austrian army in Asiatic Turkey, I became acquainted with a marvellous method of lying prevalent among the Anatolian peasantry. A native was asked: "Is this the road to Gule-Bogas?" The man would nod several times in response. "Is the road in good condition? Can wheeled traffic be taken over it?"—"It is very good."—"Have we far to go?"—"At most a quarter of an hour." In reality we found we were going in the opposite direction, that we were very far from the place, and that the road petered out in a bog. This sort of thing was constantly happening. At first it caused us a lot of angry perturbation, but in the end our logical training brought enlightenment. First of all we realised that as unbelievers the Turk detested us and wanted to give us as much

trouble as possible. Secondly, that he wished to be rid of us as speedily as possible and therefore answered all our questions in the affirmative. Thirdly, that he thought to give us pleasure by imparting good news whereby he could kill two birds with one stone: share in our pleasure before our departure, whereas he would not be present to witness our vexation and disappointment at being misled. Yet all this enlightenment of ours was unduly logical, involving as it did the assumption that the Anatolian peasant was "balancing considerations" like a western logic-chopper. Essentially, those who gave us "false" information were pre-logical. If Allah wills, Gule-Bogas can simultaneously be before us and behind, the bad road may become good, and a thousand miles are as one! The Turk could never make head or tail of our haste and our eagerness to get to a certain place in a certain time. Fairy-tales are of more importance to him than reality, and if we had directly accused him of lying he would not have recognised the justice of our reproach. Had we hanged him for cheating us, he would have died with the feeling we name fatalism but which in truth should be called indifference towards reality. What great contrast is there, indeed, betwixt life and death?

Among adults, when we find a morbid disposition to lie (pseudologia phantastica), we have to do with the pre-logical condition of mentation which has persisted beyond the normal period. Genuine pseudologia must not be confounded with the crafty lie which is told for a definite purpose. Usually such persons are of an agreeable disposition, but because they are constantly being accused of lying they enter into a labyrinth of purposive lies and pre-logical lies out of which they find it practically impossible to extricate themselves. A girl of eighteen was brought to me, because she never

spoke a word of truth, and her housemates could put up with her falsehoods no longer. In my capacity of medical adviser I asked her the usual questions. She declared that she suffered from constipation, that every evening she drank a cup of senna tea, and that in the previous year she had been operated upon for appendicitis. Not a word of all this was true. "There is no sign of your having had the operation."—"I was in Paris, and while there I met a doctor who can massage away scars." Again she had told a lie. What form can truth take in such a girl's mind, I wondered? "I don't mean to marry. What's the good of marrying? Now I am free and can do as I like. Once married, I'll have to be for ever in the kitchen, I'll have to put up with abuse from a bad-tempered man, and I'll have even less money than I have now." The girl prattled on in this way for some time, repeating like a gramophone all she had heard other girls say in the office where she had a job. She identified herself with those other girls, and in so far as she did so she told me a pack of lies. She put on airs of precocious wisdom, trying to make out that she knew all the facts of life and took them very seriously. Truth lay hidden behind the veils of her imagination, of her day-dreams whose pure loveliness she would not yield up at any price. As for all children, truth was for her a matter of complete indifference. Nay more: she depreciated reality by mixing up truth and falsehood. She held tenaciously to the "omnipotence of her thoughts" (Freud), believing that because she thought so and spoke so she could convert untruth into reality.

Words, which among children arise on the wings of emotion, are too closely akin to feeling for them to become lies on the lips of a child. Yet speech exists in order to utter truths, in order to give expression to

extant happenings. Thus, once the word is spoken, it becomes, by a process of pre-logical or faultily logical mentation, true. Maybe this idea is difficult to grasp; but if we are to understand children's lies (or what we choose to call so) we must grasp it in its full significance. Within the circle of its own comprehensions, a child feels itself to be all-powerful. It can, therefore, deal with speech as its fancy dictates. If it is scolded for lying, it may perhaps lose the habit of telling falsehoods. But it will, in consequence, become so discouraged as to have paid too dearly for this form of truthfulness. Better by far to ignore the so-called lies of children, for of a sudden, when you least expect it, the child in the course of its development will quit lying of its own accord, or will merely need a little kindly aid in order to rid itself of the habit. Even the girl of eighteen whose case I cited above would have fared better with a comforting kiss than she did with being punished for her lies. How had she come to be in such a morbid condition? As a child, she had lost her father. The mother had had to be placed under restraint in a lunatic asylum. Her elder brother had committed suicide. "A-ha," cry the specialists, "here we have a clear case of morbid predisposition." Some such explanation is possible. All the more urgent, then, is her need for love, seeing that nature has laid a heavy burden upon her. With luck she may find a loving partner in life. But persons suffering as this girl suffered often need a long course of treatment (psychoanalysis, for instance) if they are to be re-educated for the giving and acceptance of love.

As soon as the normal child leaves the pre-logical garden, it becomes truthful and approaches our ethical standards. Thereafter children are usually more truthful than their elders. Communities of children (in "Children's

Houses") are often the most truth-loving societies we know. But to try to dissuade a child from lying before the time is ripe, before it can understand what we mean by falsehood, is to make it a confirmed liar instead of curing it.

CHAPTER THREE

THE CHILD'S EGO

ABOUT the concept of the "ego", rivers of ink have flowed. No fact seems to us more obvious than the existence of our own ego. We may doubt everything else, but to doubt the existence of our own ego is impossible. Our thinking apparatus is not capable of such a feat. We conclude from our conviction of the existence of our own separate ego that our neighbour possesses an ego likewise. The second conviction is far less firmly established than the first. Feeling alone makes us believe that he, too, has an ego. Our neighbour's ego is less obvious to us, and, in spite of religious precept, it remains less important in our eyes than our own. The problem of our neighbour's existence after death troubles us little, whereas the possibility of our own extinction is of supreme moment. All that we come into contact with is of less importance than our personal ego. How can "the beloved ego"—our own—vanish from the face of an earth in which it, for us, has been the centre of everything? Since, however, an objective investigator sees quite clearly that men die and are no more, just as in the aeons which preceded their birth they were non-existent, man is faced by the contradiction between fact and fancy, between thought and feeling. The chasm is difficult to bridge, and yet we are invariably trying to bridge it by means of imaginative effort. Thus has arisen the doctrine of a life after death, and that of the transmigration of souls, whereby each of us is incessantly reborn, having existed from the beginning of time, having "always been in the world", and so forth. Such is religious philosophy and religious

psychology. But we cannot pursue this topic further, being here concerned only with the observation of children.

There are two methods by means of which we can carry on such observation. We may study the child objectively; we can measure, record, and compare the behaviour of countless numbers of children. Or, since we ourselves were at one time children, we can work subjectively, endeavouring to recall our sensations and reactions during those early days. As to the subjective or "introspective" method, it cannot be denied that memory is liable to lead us astray. We remember what it suits us to remember! Though memory belongs to the comparatively sober, matter-of-fact regions of the mind, it does not escape falsification by our affective (imaginative, romantic) trends. By the time we become adults our outlooks have undergone so fundamental a change that the feelings of childhood seem as remote as a language we learned to speak in very early youth and have never used since. Even if the experiences and sayings of a child are recorded at the time of their occurrence, we cannot be sure of escaping error. The weight of a child can be ascertained with precision, its height may be accurately recorded; but mental phenomena are complicated, ambiguous, obscure. Such errors of judgment are due to the fact that the recording adult and the child differ so widely in their reactions. Freud, who dealt almost exclusively with grown-ups, managed to extract more truth concerning the essence of the child mind than any of the investigators who worked directly with children as their material. It is difficult to penetrate to the core of a child's personality, for one of the chief characteristics of childhood is reserve —ostensible frankness notwithstanding. No matter how freely a child may babble, the kernel of its being remains

closed, or finds expression only in a language which the average adult is incapable of understanding.

It would appear that a human being is not born with a consciousness of his own ego. The tiny creature which, immediately after birth, is laid in a cradle, is nothing more than a bundle of impulsive mechanisms. When and how this bundle becomes conscious of self, remains a problem which so far has found no solution. Children, as is well known, often speak of themselves in the third person singular. "Boy is hungry." "Girlie won't go to bed." Formerly I attributed this to the fact that children who expressed themselves in this fashion were as yet unaware of their personal ego: now I am of another opinion. It seems to me that here is nothing more than a trifling confusion in the use of language. Speech, as I have already said, is conveyed to the child from without; a child has no personal intimacy with words; it hears them spoken around it and attaches only a vague meaning to them; and the upshot is that such confusions are of daily occurrence in every nursery.

It is probable that a child gets the idea of its own differentiated ego likewise from without, but that the acquisition of this idea may be aided by our heritage of countless years of ancestral experiences. The child's ego is already stamped upon it in the maternal womb, and each of us brings his own ego with him when he is born into the world. But we do not become conscious of it until later. In our early childhood we accept things because we "must". A small boy, having wearied his nurse by a long series of questions, at length asked: "Why is to-day called Thursday?" The exhausted woman countered with the illogical demand: "Why are you called Paul?" To which the child replied with lightning speed: "Because I must." The answer is so apt, so perfectly justified, that it leaves the adult mind

amazed. Paul had had no say in the matter of his conception, or his birth, or his christening; nor had he been consulted as to the environment in which he was being brought up. Just as little has a child any influence upon its environment, until it comes to realise itself as a personality resembling those among whom its lot is cast. But from that realisation to the realisation of the overwhelming importance of its own ego as confronting the egos of these others, is one of those decisive steps which we encounter again and again in the mental life where important achievements are concerned. The child falls in love with its ego, a love experience which psychoanalysts term narcissism. Poets and mystics are constantly recurring to this subject. Bernard Shaw in *Saint Joan* makes his archbishop say to the Maid: "Child: you are in love with religion." Later in the play, Dunois says to the girl: "You have the makings of a soldier in you. You are in love with war." The mystics speak in similar terms of their love. They are "in love" with God. What they love is their own self, "writ large". A child, before it is conscious of self, is already in love with itself, because, as little Paul says, "it must". That which it has loved from the outset is what it later comes to call its "ego". At first it loves itself because it "must", then it discovers itself as an ego, again because it "must". Its initial self-love is there at birth, but not until later does the child realise the logical order of the world into which it is born, whose light it is aware of without, to begin with, possessing the faintest trace of logical reasoning. Logic and self-consciousness it accepts from those who take care of it, from those whose ministrations it so urgently needs, whose thought processes it imitates, and whose reasoning it swallows without question. This course must be followed if the child is eventually to loose itself from leading strings and become an

independent personality. The child acquires as much wisdom as its nurse, and thenceforward no longer needs her services. Similarly, a malefactor accepts the clothing given by the prison authorities, and he settles down to the moral code of the institution; but he never loses sight of the possibility of escape. In some instances, however, he may settle down to such an extent that prison life becomes second nature to him, and he no longer even wishes to escape.

A little child, having no other object of affection than itself, has been termed "auto-erotic". Freud has drawn attention to the fact that a suckling derives pleasure from every part of its body. It delights in the act of sucking the warm fluid from the soft breast which it clutches with tiny hands; it finds pleasure in the fragrance which fills its little snub nose; it enjoys the feeling of a well-filled stomach and the distension of the walls of the stomach so long as this does not lead to gripes. It likewise takes pleasure in evacuating the bowels and passing water. Even when pain causes the infant to cry, we can yet detect a pleasurable element in thus giving expression to its distress. Indeed, the child satisfies certain needs by crying. The uncoordinated movements of an infant seem to be fraught with pleasure, otherwise it would not move in so quaint a fashion. Karl Bühler calls this "functional pleasure". The movements of the voluntary muscles and the automatic writhings of the intestines are replete with joyous activity, these actions occurring without inhibition and without reflection. But the outer world, with its laws and regulations, with its dangers and its needs, is quite unheeded. Narcissus was the name of the youth who, in the Greek saga, became enamoured of himself and mournfully gazed upon the reflexion of his image in the pool, the only image capable of stirring his heart to love. An

infant is a Narcissus, but it is far from being mournful. It is distinguished from the adults who surround it in that it knows nothing of any other source of pleasure than itself, knows nothing of the way in which pleasure can be amplified by relations with beings like unto itself.

An infant's narcissism is not wholly self-satisfied, since the suckling needs for the completion of its wellbeing the nutriment given by the maternal breast, and it intuitively feels that it will perish unless it be surrounded by loving care. Thus its narcissism seeks outward satisfactions. The child early realises that it must love at least a part of its environment, for otherwise it will not be able to exist. Precisely because it loves itself, it must also love part of its environment. From this primitive feeling, so far as I can see, a child's first perceptions must arise. The difference between interesting and less interesting phenomena forces itself upon the child's mind by means of the interest it takes in the world which surrounds it. The outer, unknown, world is something threatening, something strange and dangerous. Strange too are such concepts as "he", "she", "you". In countries such as Germany and France, etc., where the familiar "thou" is habitually used, a child feels that there is more affection behind this pronoun than behind "you", and through a knowledge of "tu", "toi", "du", it comes to a knowledge of "I" and "me". At first this will merely be a feeling; but later the "I" becomes a conviction, a positive acquisition. We get to know our ego, and we believe that we know it better than anything else. But we must make a stride forward from the mere "feeling" that our ego exists as an entity apart from other entities to an absolute "knowledge" that such is the case. A similar step has to be made in later life in the opposite direction when we have to force ourselves from some intellectual achievement back into the

realm of feeling. Thus an adult has at first to learn the sounds of a language and the rules of its grammar, and only later acquires a feeling that he is at home in the new tongue; he has to practise a musical instrument until his very soul can speak from it. When once he has acquired a language or can play the violin, these attainments are qualitatively different from the effort of learning. The ego does, to a certain extent, take endeavour for granted, and thereby creates something complete in itself. The violin, let us say, becomes part and parcel of the ego. Completion is more than the sum total of endeavour expended. The child's methods of acquiring a knowledge of its ego, in learning to walk or to speak, are brought to fulfilment without any conscious endeavour. The gods did not require of the young that they should toil in the sweat of their brows! Affect and the pleasure impulse, whence all other impulses arise, are here strongly at work.

Of course all these suppositions are open to criticism; but as one lives back into these days of long ago they take on colour and shape, so as to become living reality. There are persons who remember quite clearly the moment when, like a flash, they became aware of their personal identity—an identity they were never henceforward to lose. One day they awakened to a consciousness of their ego; outwardly they might appear as other children and yet fundamentally they were different and immeasurably more important. Some children are prone to stand before a mirror and to examine themselves attentively; they will hold conversations with their reflexions in the glass, calling the image by name as if thus to bridge the space dividing this reflected self from the inner self and thus to penetrate to the depths of the unfathomable ego. A real consciousness of the personal ego is attained in such instances by a study

of the image a child sees of itself in the looking-glass. Through love the child is first initiated into a knowledge of the persons who constitute its environment. Because it needs these persons and makes use of them it gets to know them. Once a child has come to know the persons it habitually associates with, it identifies itself with them, imitating them, drawing comparisons between itself and them; then, suddenly one day it realises in a flash that it, too, is a person like those other persons outside itself. Since from the outset a child is auto-erotic, a link is formed between the newly discovered ego and the emotional fabric of the child; this link grows ever stronger, and in the end establishes a definite conception of the relationship between the human being and his fellow-mortals.

It seems queer that we should arrive at a consciousness of self as a repercussion of our recognition of other creatures; yet all one's life long the fact remains that we know ourselves far less intimately than we do our neighbours (if we give ourselves the trouble to study them at all!). We know our outward appearance less well than we know that of others because we can only see ourselves when we look in the mirror. Ernst Mach gives an interesting example of this fact in his book "Analysis of the Emotions" (*Analyse der Empfindungen*). As he was getting into a bus he saw entering from the opposite end an elderly, somewhat grumpy-looking gentleman, and he said to himself: "What a frowzy old schoolmaster of a man is climbing in over there!" The end of the bus was finished off with a looking-glass in which Mach saw his own reflexion. He had not recognised himself, and was obviously not very well pleased with his appearance. Granted, the average mortal may know his mirrored image better than does a learned professor who has little leisure for self-contemplation

in a glass, yet we have to admit that few of us are quite pleased with the results of a photographer's art where our own pictures are concerned. Others may find the likeness excellent, but the person concerned invariably has an uneasy feeling that his features are not accurately portrayed, that he is, indeed, handsomer. Still less are we able to judge our characters, our inner selves, notwithstanding our conviction to the contrary. This belief is, however, erroneous, and the Greek philosophers of old recognised that there is hardly anything so difficult to acquire as a knowledge of oneself. Our unshakable conviction, our confidence, in our own self arises from the fact that we are in love with ourselves. Love is proverbially blind. We are born blind, and at the same time we come into the world loving ourselves. Later on, this blind narcissism grows into a recognition that we possess an ego just as others possess an ego, those others who dwell in the world outside ourselves and are yet in contact with us. From the beginning this ego of ours is a fragile asset. We contemplate the "tu", and from the beloved tu which we have extracted from the he-she-it around us, we construct our personal ego and conclude that it is an entity which exists apart from other entities. Love conceives the tu through the he-she-it relationship. Certain children actually kiss their reflexions in a looking-glass. They have recognised the ego, and pay it due reverence by placing it upon a throne in the vast hall of their affects.

The recognition of the personal ego constitutes a turning-point in life. Up to that moment a child was a creature which had not felt any difference between itself and the outer world. Anzengruber's philosophically minded and pantheistic stonebreaker recaptures the spirit of this delightful stage of development when he says: "You belong to the All and the All belongs to you—

nothing untoward can happen to you!" Later, everything is measured in relation to the ego. Now comes the period when a child wants to be told stories, stories wherein, in its own imagination, it invariably plays the principal part, no matter the content of the tale. Its whole life becomes egocentric, that is to say its ego constitutes the focal point of its outlook upon the world. For this reason, the most popular nursery tales are those wherein a child can without difficulty and to its own best advantage identify itself with the hero. Tales wherein a small and insignificant person attains to honour and glory, such as *Cinderella, Tom Thumb, Hansel and Gretel, Jack the Giantkiller, The Little Tailor, The Ugly Duckling, Big Claus and Little Claus, Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,* are universal and undying favourites. Even among adults the success or failure of a novel may depend upon whether the reader is able to identify himself or herself with the hero and heroine. If such works as the *Odyssey, Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe,* and so on have survived the ages, this is mainly due to the fact that mankind is still able to identify itself with the heroes who process through their pages. A child will often listen attentively to a pointless and stupid narrative in order, when the moment comes, to play the part of the hero; this particular moment is what gives value to the tale in the young listener's mind. Should a boy be taken for a walk by his father, he will show a preference for stories dealing with "going out for a walk". Such tales are usually so dull that a grown-up listener will be bored beyond endurance. "We climbed over the stile, and just on the other side we saw a dog. Then we crossed a road, and came to the place where the electric tram stops. The first one to come along was so full we could not get in, so Father said: 'This one is too full, we'll wait for the next.' And soon along came another tram

which had fewer people in it. So we climbed up on to the platform, and Father held Paul tightly, because though there was a chain it was too high and a little boy might easily have fallen through. When we got down, we crossed a street, and went into a beautiful park, with big trees all green, and we walked along to the end of a terrace. Here we looked over the parapet, and saw some women wheeling prams. . . ." Such a tale can go on for ever, and every detail is of the utmost importance to the child. If, when recounting this story for the nth time, you happen to skip an incident, the child will be furious and will not fail to let you know that you have lapsed. The value of the narrative lies in the fact that the child itself was a participant, and played an important part in the events. If you try to tell a story which seems to you far more interesting, you will meet with ignominious defeat so far as children are concerned should you fail to arouse a sense of relationship and identification between them and the persons of the drama. A child is capable of identifying itself with a countless number of things, and the process of identification is as simple as can be. A boy is interested in a locomotive: he is himself the locomotive. At an age when a child is obsessed with a kind of "train fever" (and this occurs with special frequency among boys), everything that has two parallel lines becomes a railway along which the youngster travels, even though it be but with its pudgy little finger. A mother, having put on a large shady hat to take her little boy for an outing, knelt down to tie his laces. The hat rim, being on a level with the child's eyes, immediately became a circular railway around which a train was busily running.

A child's mind is so full of its own ego that it is hardly correct to say that its ego is the measuring rod for all things, but, rather, that its ego is a complete thing in

itself, is completion pure and simple. Should a child suffer from some defect which detracts from its perfections—flat-foot, let us say, which necessitates special shoes with inside supports; or an anomaly of the eyes requiring for its correction the early wearing of spectacles —it will make use of such shoes, glasses, or what not, to enhance the sense of its own importance. A child does not suffer, at first, from a feeling of inferiority in respect either of physical ailments or of mental deficiencies; this feeling arises later. In the early phases of a child's life, no feeling of discouragement will be aroused by parental superciliousness. Later on, however, it is extremely dangerous to say to a child: "You're a little rotter; you'll never get anywhere; you are a coward, clumsy, ugly, lazy." But at the stage when it first becomes conscious of its ego, such recrimination passes like water off a duck's back. Say that we call a child a "little idiot"; it will either fail to understand, and thus very soon forget the term; or, to the greater confusion of the grown-up, it will delightly prance about the garden or caper around the room shrieking at the top of its voice, "I'm a little idiot", over and over again. It is on account of this childish narcissism that the feeling of inferiority which arises later and plays such havoc with many lives can never be looked upon as a primordial feeling among mankind. How could a being which feels itself to be unique, which feels that it, indeed, constitutes a world in itself, how could such a being ever come to look upon itself as inferior? It reigns supreme, unopposed. Just as in the body of the newborn infant there are antitoxins which safeguard it against various infections during the first year of life and perhaps longer, so, likewise, is a child born with a cuirass of self-satisfaction to protect it against the mortifications from which its sensitive little mind would otherwise suffer.

The next stage in the growth of the ego is the feeling of omnipotence and the conviction of immortality—at least in so far as concerns the soul. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul teaches the dissolution of the body from the ego; yet the ego does not wholly lose its bodily manifestation, for we are taught the "resurrection of the body"; many people believe in "ghosts"; the spiritualists can "materialise" the dead; and so forth. Maybe we premise here that the consciousness of the ego comes to us from without, and that the great "Tu" from which this self-consciousness arises requires that the ego shall be reabsorbed in itself. We are then "gathered to our fathers" (or our mothers): we rest in God.

Later in life we become aware of the many weaknesses of our ego, but we are still young enough to create for ourselves an ideal ego set apart from our everyday ego, and retaining in the fictional world of the ideal its divine and omnipotent qualities. Everything a man feels to be good and right he brings into the mansion where dwells his ideal ego. The ideal ego is also in control of our conscience, and upon the decisions of this higher tribunal depend both our happiness and our unhappiness throughout life. Good breeding, behaviour, "gentlemanliness", depend to a large extent upon this ideal ego—or super-ego, as Freud sometimes calls it. There are certain children who are amenable at an early age to the idea of "good manners" and "moral" or "ethical" demands; others, on the other hand, are the despair of their parents because they seem to have no sense of what is seemly or not. The despair of such parents is as ridiculous as is the pride of other parents in their exemplary offspring. Children develop at varying speeds; some forge ahead, others go slow. The less we adults play the role of a bull in a china-shop, the better will

be the results among the youngsters we have to deal with.

My surmise that the child's consciousness of its ego arises from the realisation of the "tu", may at the outset appear strange, but the contention is not so arbitrary as it would seem. It seems arbitrary because it gainsays all that we have come to believe about our personal ego. Even if we cannot directly observe the creation of the child ego, we know the social relationships of savages which have so much in common with infantile outlooks, and we can draw relevant conclusions, for the individual members of a savage tribe are not conscious of their own ego. Among savages there is only one being whom we could call "an individual", and that is the tribal chief. Yet, if we are to be precise, even the chief is not an individual in our sense of the word. He exists only as a chief, as the head of a community which could not be conceivable without him. A head needs a body for its existence. The individual must have originated from such primitive conditions, and it is one of man's proudest cultural achievements that he has been able to differentiate himself progressively as a separate individual from the mass of the undifferentiated horde. We have to note that there are physical individuals and psychical individuals. The ant is an individual on the physical plane; it is an entity in itself as it runs about on its foraging or other business. But psychical individuals, creatures which are wholly set apart mentally from the community life of their fellows, do not exist among ants. There is absolutely no sign among the ants of an individual (one might almost as well say a "revolutionary") psychical existence. Among savages, the sway of the totem eclipses the individual, whereas among civilised communities a balance has been

established between the individual and the collectivity, an equilibrium upon which the welfare both of the individual and of the community depends.

Children are provided with a natural "chief" in the person of the father. The evolution of the ego does not merely take place through an acceptance of the "ego concept" by way of the "tu concept"; the ego at first is a weakling which could not exist without paternal support. (In the place of "paternal support", we might with equal justice use the term "support of the person who exercises authority over the child", or "the loving support of the person who takes care of the child".) Backed by such support, it feels competent to go forth into the world, be that world never so beset with dangers. The child ego is inconceivable in the absence of the parental tu. Once in possession of the tu concept a child can face with equanimity the threatening world outside itself, that strange and unknown universe which elders talk of as "he", "she", "it". A child's confidence in the love and dependability of the tu is unshakable. Since a consciousness of the ego came through an understanding of the tu concept, a child doubts this tu as little as we in later years doubt our own ego. The child ego cannot suffer injury so long as it is within the stronghold of the tu. Everything outside the ego and the tu is alien to the child, and remains a matter of indifference. Just as a Chinaman cannot give us offence since we do not understand his language, so a child is incapable of grasping the fact that anyone should wish to annoy it. Indeed, we ourselves are highly indignant if we see a grown-up endeavouring to hurt a child's feelings, for we contend that youthful trust is too touching and sweet a quality to handle roughly and to undermine. A child's trusting disposition goes so far that normal children are not shy of addressing strangers, and are

quite at ease in their company. Young folk would seem, at first, to be willing to admit as many as possible into the concept of the tu, and thus to widen the circle.

But however beautiful and paradisial this stage of development may be, it is bound to come to an end sooner or later. The child of a civilised community strives to circumscribe its ego in order to become unique. Again, it encounters so many annoyances in the course of its upbringing, annoyances coming pre-eminently from the beloved tu, that doubt begins to germinate in its mind, with the result that the seeds of the first conflict are implanted. Freud, discussing these phases of our psychical development, speaks of the "pleasure principle" and the "reality principle". A child desires pleasure, but reality denies it the attainment of this pleasure; the more its eyes become opened to reality the less easily can it obtain pleasure, until in the end it cannot enjoy any pleasure at all unless it comes to terms with reality. The pleasure an infant experiences from the uncoordinated movements of its muscular system would, if not checked by a growing acquaintance with the reality principle, soon prove fatal. Meanwhile, such movements are early curtailed (by means of swaddling clothes for instance), and the child is deprived of this form of pleasure. In a more material sense than that of the poet, shades of the prison-house close round it. Children are shut in behind the bars of a crib, in order to prevent them from falling to the floor, and thus injuring themselves. The natural delight they take in their own excreta is likewise denied them. That surest possession an infant enjoys, its mother's breast, is taken away from it. A child is forced to live in a tidy and clean room, it is early taught to "be good" (ethics), it is forbidden to do those very things it most enjoys doing and is cajoled into activities it dislikes. By all these

means, from the outset of its career, a baby is confronted with the reality principle as against the pleasure principle. A child soon learns to appreciate the "right of the stronger", it early comes to realise that education makes many demands upon it which are far from being pleasurable. By a crafty use of a child's trustfulness, education instils a misgiving with regard to the tu concept. No sooner has the ego come to mistrust the tu than the worst enemy of man's spiritual peace is born: doubt. Henceforward, until death brings release, this dream spectre haunts our every footstep.

CHAPTER FOUR

DOUBT

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS implies loneliness, and loneliness spells anxiety. In the mother's womb the child is devoid of any desires, and is united with its tu (though it would be better to say "twofolded", if one were permitted the neologism). The longer it lives, the more solitary does it become; until later on, when the happiness of mutual love smiles down upon it, it is once more twofolded into a unity. At first it is so infatuated with the tu, it has so much confidence in this tu, that it so to say swallows the concept whole; thenceforward, through the spirit of the tu which it is capable of understanding, it reflects the tu in the shape of its own ego consciousness. Thus in its connexion with the tu the child feels itself to be omnipotent, supremely happy, deathless, incapable of suffering. But one after another the plagues of this world assail it; and the child, seeing itself subjected to these woes, seeing that the tu cannot or will not help it, allows doubt to creep into its mind. Henceforward a new orientation towards the world is necessary. First of all it comes into possession of its ego; and the acquisition of this ego consciousness brings about the loss of the tu, the comforter, the bringer of joy.

The child is protected from gnawing doubt by the perdurable love of the tu which surrounds it. The community has prepared substitutes for all the things the tu is incapable of doing, and these substitutes are offered to the child. The omnipotent tu which has not been able to stand the test of earthly tribulation is now relegated to heaven. The father's place is taken by God the Father; the mother's place (at least in Catholic

lands) is taken by the Virgin Mary. The inefficient ego, which has to undergo so long a passion, is replaced by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Thus does religion strike deep roots, participating in the struggles of the budding ego, and the critical reason of later years is unable to extirpate it. Older children find other father-substitutes to which such powers are attributed that it is useless to try to resist. All forms of authority have arisen out of this later kind of childish substitution—teacher, mayor, king, etc. Hence also arise other concepts such as the sense of belonging to a certain nation, country, town, or class. Such substitutes, likewise, if they early take root in a child's mind, are not amenable to extirpation by the rational faculty. In these ways, the community is for ever working in order to do away with the child's sense of solitude.

The worst enemy of all these constructions is doubt. Religious teachers have, therefore, placed doubt among the deadly sins. If one is to find happiness by means of substitute formations which are to replace the fallible authority of the father, one must perforce believe in such substitutes. Belief or faith arises out of love, and the adage, "Where there is faith there is love", would be better were it the other way round, "Where there is love there is faith", for faith is in reality the offspring of love. If one entertains doubts of a person's love, one doubts everything. Any kind of education, even the strictest kind, is bearable if the child can remain convinced of the unshakable love of the person responsible for its upbringing. A growing child has to learn renunciation, but it is normal for it to resist. The unavoidable conflict which ensues must be made as easy as possible: this is one of the main tasks of the educator. As a matter of fact, the conflict is often made as hard as possible! Severity is frequently the outcome of sadism, although

the educator adduces other and more ethical motives for his harshness. When children come to doubt the justice of such educational methods, their doubts are well grounded.

Among the patients who consult a nerve specialist there is invariably a considerable group of persons who suffer from "doubt". Doubt is for them a veritable plague, making their lives a burden to them. They are forced by doubt to doubt everything. Say that they go for a walk, a doubt enters their mind as to whether they have closed the front door or not. Another time they are spending a lively evening among boon companions when suddenly the doubt assails them, "Did I turn off the gas in the kitchen?" Doubt gnaws at their vitals, so that in the end they come to doubt the meaning of words and are driven to despair. They question everything, and everything is alien and inimical in their eyes. No longer can they be sure that the word "table" really signifies a table. There does not seem to be any reason why the dissyllable "table" should represent a particular object. If they would fain read a poem of Goethe's they are arrested at the outset by such questions as: "Goethe? Who was he? A poet. How so, a poet? And why was he called Goethe?" In a case of this kind, doubt borders upon madness, and often the patient passes into the realm of insanity. On analysis, we invariably find that deeply rooted and morbid doubt can be traced back to earliest childhood when the child began to doubt the love its parents had for it, when it felt they were indifferent towards it, and when it could not always rely on the truth of their uttered words. The most confirmed doubters are to be found among those whose home in childhood was an unhappy one.

There are fortunate people, optimists, children born under a lucky star, "Sunday's child": these constitute

the antipodal type to the doubters. Such persons succeed in everything they put their hands to—anyway they imagine that their efforts are invariably crowned with good results, and to this conviction is largely due the success of their activities. These fortunate mortals seldom give the physician a chance of analysing them, for they feel well and do not come to consult him. If by chance they do submit to analysis, we invariably find that they led a happy life in the nursery or under the parental roof, that they were never given occasion to doubt the love their parents had for them, and that they placed implicit confidence in all their parents did or said. In Germany, Goethe is held to be such a "Sunday's child". But people are apt to forget the severe figure of Goethe's father, and the strange relationship which arose in later life between the poet and his mother, when she lived alone in Frankfort and he lived in Weimar.

In reality, the two types are mixed; part doubters and part believers are what we usually encounter. Those rare specimens of mankind who can gaze fearlessly at the sun, those Apollo natures who know not the agony of doubt, are by no means the people whose achievements are the most outstanding. The world, so pregnant with suffering as it is, cannot give these blessed ones its wholehearted sympathy. They are wound-proof as was Siegfried the dragon slayer, and one can say of them as was said of him: "He could not be distinguished from the dragon—and a dragon must be done to death."

Doubt even invades the sanctuary of the ego. The nerve specialist is confronted with cases wherein the ego consciousness has become completely extinct. Here, however, we have to do with veritable insanity. So far as normal beings are concerned, doubt cannot penetrate into the core of the ego, but merely gnaws at the outer rind. Even so, however, there arise feelings of inferiority

from which hardly any child is wholly free. No matter how much love an adult may lavish on a child, it is impossible for the child to escape the knowledge of its own weaknesses and imperfections. The wish to be as strong and as big as Father or Mother is universally dominant in the nursery. Alfred Adler has found that scarcely a child exists which is perfect throughout the whole of its bodily structure; each is afflicted by a weak spot; and he draws the conclusion that the "inferiority complex" is founded upon a subconscious realisation of organ inferiority. As I have already said, a child is, at the outset, unreservedly "in love" with itself, and is therefore not prone to a feeling of inferiority. Even when it has become conscious of its own ego, it accepts the tu as a helper whose aid will make it omnipotent; it feels itself buttressed by the love the tu brings to it, and this certainty suffices to complete its happiness for a time.

How does this tu, in whose love the child so confidently believes and whose love it so urgently needs—how does this tu behave? In spite of all the theories of the new education, children are still being flogged and cuffed. A time is bound to come when we shall find it unthinkable that adults with their strong muscles and their weak understanding of the soul of a little child should have abused their superior strength to beat so frail a creature. It is only of minor importance whether the blows hurt the child physically or not. Most adults have to confess to moments of impatience, and to having at least once smacked a child. Thoughtless persons are apt to say: "A box on the ear is neither here nor there!" But in order to realise the effect a blow has upon the child psyche one must be present when a cuff is administered to a youngster for the first time in its life. It gives one pause to witness how dumbfounded the child is, how moody it becomes. Its intelligence seems

to stand still while the idea slowly dawns: "He is my enemy, after all, just as I have gathered by little signs here and there." Confidence is thus broken, doubt sets in, and together with these the feeling of inferiority.

Among children who are habitually whipped and cuffed we do not witness these tragical moments of revelation. They have become merged in the general welter of experiences. Yet the effect is really the same. The child discovers that grown-ups are its enemies, it fights against the galling sense of its own impotence. In the duplex being of the child it can at one and the same time believe in the love and the enmity of its elders who at one moment smack and at another moment caress. All the same, the door has been opened through which doubt may enter the youthful soul.

On the same evil plane as bodily punishment we have to place the scaring of children by the threat of a bogey-man catching them, and so forth. Ever since we became human beings we have frightened our children with ghost and other bugaboo stories in order that we ourselves may be left in peace from the perpetual noise of childish romps and games. Athenian youngsters were told about the lamia which sucked children's blood and the empusa, a kind of hobgoblin. These monsters ate human flesh and kidnapped the young to serve as food. When one realises that a child believes in these creatures, or at best does not quite know what to make of them, we can gather how much irreparable harm such threats must have done to the infantile mind in the course of the ages. This, quite apart from the children who actually become idiots in consequence of such treatment! One evening, a child of two, brought up on sound principles, would not cuddle down to sleep as usual, but sat up in its crib and gave vent to its delight by joyous cries. The nurse went outside and tapped

twice on the window-pane. The child incontinently stopped its noise, and stared in the utmost horror at the darkened window. Thus did anxiety enter this previously cheerful youngster's heart.

A child is extremely sensitive where its position as an object of love is concerned. It is very difficult, therefore, for grown-ups completely to avoid causing pain in this matter. A mother sends a "home trainer" to her nephew on his birthday. Her little son expresses a wish that he, too, may receive the same gift for Christmas. The mother says: "I'm sorry, but there is no money left to buy you a 'home trainer'?" Perhaps the woman was only joking. But the boy, having grown to manhood, revealed in the course of analysis that his mother's words had wounded him bitterly.

What can be said of the following experience? A mother is standing on the front doorstep talking to her lover. Her little boy comes hopping down the stairs and joins the group. The mother tells him to go back to his nursery. Since the child does not obey on the instant, the lover repeats his mistress's words in a gruff tone of voice and at the same time gives the boy a smart cut with a walking-stick across the back. The woman, his own mother, stands looking on and never says a word. Here we are faced with a child tragedy of the first order. And yet such tragedies are almost impossible to avoid.

Another mother takes her youngster of ten to a dancing-class. She is, we may gather, a good mother, one who wishes to give her son pleasure. But the child overhears her saying to a neighbour: "My boy dances like a bear." The child is so mortified that he refuses henceforward to go to his dancing-lesson, though previously he had been keen on learning, perhaps in the hope of making an impression on his mother by his deftness and grace. He never learns to dance, remains clumsy and

heavy-footed as the bear his mother had likened him to.

Again, we hear of a child who has put its back into learning a pianoforte piece; it has delighted in the task, for it means to play to Mother on her birthday. At last the great occasion comes. The child plays its piece, and is intensely proud of its performance. Another lady, having come to wish the mother many happy returns, remains to listen. At the end, the mother says to her friend: "One has to study such an awfully long time before one can play decently." From that day the pupil makes no headway with the instrument; soon its piano lessons are given up, and the child thus forgoes the inestimable advantages which the study of music brings with it.

Since things are as they are, it is obvious that harm is unavoidably done to the young when they associate much with grown-ups. Even if all adults were possessed of tact, or at least were inspired with a genuine love for the child so that such mishaps did not occur, nevertheless it is impossible to spare the child these rebuffs and defeats. According to the more revolutionary among our pedagogues, children should be as rarely as possible with adults. The trend of modern educationists is to let children associate with other children; in association with youngsters of its own age the child becomes sure of itself, capable of achievement, even honourable and good. Living with other children the child still has to come into contact with those who are stronger and cleverer than itself, and, in especial, it has to measure its powers with those of the dreaded "model child". But such clashes of temperament and rivalries of achievement do not have any effect comparable to the harm caused by clashes with unloving parents and other persons in authority from whom the child has been led

to expect demonstrations of affection. Since the child does not look for support from a creature as feeble as itself, it does not suffer disappointment when its little comrade fails it. The child community (the "Children's House" of Maria Montessori) must not be too exemplary in character, it must not be lacking in frictions and sorrows, for it would be harmful were a child brought up to believe that life is an easy affair—"all beer and skittles". But we have at any cost to see that the youngsters under our care do not lose their faith in the absolute justice and perfect love of the greatly respected tu.

It is always easier to criticise than to amend. For the moment, Children's Houses à la Montessori are not to be found at every street corner—and those that exist do not invariably produce good results. Nerve specialists tell us of youngsters, the offspring of some of their own patients, who, far from benefiting from life in common with children of their own age, have had their characters twisted awry. Whence we have to assume that the Children's House is not as yet organised on thoroughly suitable lines. Taking the rough with the smooth, however, the achievements of the Children's House and of the New School movement are encouraging.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE INQUIRING MIND

DOUBT plunges the child into an abyss of gloom. It may take the form of an obsession, and in this case it is the sign of an illness known by the name of the "obsessional neurosis". Yet it is to doubt that man owes his most valuable possession: science. Even before the scientific era, humanity knew a great many things. The Hellenes, in due course, laid the foundations for a methodical pursuit of scientific discovery, and these methods have been universally adopted by western civilisation. Many facts may be true; and yet they are of no scientific value until they have been proved. Doubt and mistrust stood on guard over the cradle of science. To-day, still, facts are doubted until their veracity has been scientifically demonstrated over and over again. In this matter, the artist has the advantage over the man of science, since the former can create his world in the happy belief that everything he fashions is true. Great artists existed long before the man of science appeared in the world. Wonderful drawings are to be seen on the walls of the caves where dwelt prehistoric man; these pictures, which are still found in southern France, in Spain, in northern Africa, and elsewhere, are full of life and fidelity to nature. In the days when these vigorous works of art were created, man had not as yet invented even an axe. We infer that the imitative urge, the impulse to reproduce the outer world after having absorbed it, is of greater antiquity than doubt. The history of mankind is recapitulated in the development of each individual child.

It has been said that philosophy would not have

arisen had it not been for the existence of death. Presumably religion, too, owes its origin to death. May it not be that one of the first things to astonish primitive man was the witnessing of death? Many things lead us to infer that prehistoric man realised as little about the meaning of death as do the birds of the air or the beasts of the field or our own children. The fact of death never enters their consciousness. Amazement is a sudden uprush of doubt, akin to anxiety. That is the case, at any rate, in primitives and in children. But when we have come to think scientifically, though we are still astonished at daily happenings, our predominant attitude is a wish to ascertain their causes. Yet Faust, the man of learning, realised that we can really know nothing. Not only are such things as birth, life, and death inaccessible to our understanding, not only are the concepts of eternity, immortality, and the animation of body by spirit outside the range of our comprehension, but metaphysicians maintain that we have no grasp of how it happens that an object moves or of why a cause produces an effect. A child is incapable of scepticism. Its impulses lead it to infer that everything is there for its own pleasure. Thus it is prone to credulousness, and the most pious of adults, believing implicitly in God, cannot compete with a child where its trust in the absoluteness of its ownership is concerned. We can see the inquiring urge glowing from the infant's eyes. But when a child feels that its title to ownership is being threatened, then do we witness the first hint of scepticism. Thereafter, becoming alarmed, it starts passionately on the road of inquiry. The wiseacre's saw, "Knowledge is power", finds no more enthusiastic believer than a child. Nevertheless, it only wants to attain knowledge in the realm where the love of those who rub shoulders with it in daily life does not suffice to satisfy its craving for pleasure.

Doubt is born from an insufficiency of love, and bitter experience is the driving force which puts the child's inquiring mind into action. Psychoanalysts term the whole collection of pleasure-seeking impulses "the libido". This libido frets at every obstacle to gratification. So long as a child remains unaware of any hindrances to its pleasure, just so long is it possessed of what is called "indifferent attention". This attention cannot as yet be termed "the impulse to investigation" in the distinctive and correct sense of the words. The yearning for enjoyment is gradually changed into a yearning for knowledge when the child feels that its pleasure is menaced in any way, or when it has to renounce the gratification of its pleasure-seeking impulse.

A child feels no affinity with death because it knows nothing of death! It is like Adam and Eve in paradise before they had tasted the fruit of knowledge. The legend concerning paradise, which is found among the mythologies of so many races as the starting-point of time, seems to owe its origin to a memory of the pre-logical paradise where all of us dwelt in our childhood's days.

There are many ways by which a child may come to learn about death. In general, it is not allowed to look upon dead human beings. Seldom is it taken to churchyards or cemeteries; and even if it should find itself in one, it will not be greatly impressed. The death of near relatives does not make an immediate impression on the child mind, since absence is accounted for by the idea that So-and-So is on a journey and will soon be home again. Such a childish concept of death is found in many religions, where the believers' grief is comforted by the promise, "We shall meet again." There are two ways, however, in which children invariably learn about death: through fairy-tales, and by the

contemplation of dead animals. A child makes no specific difference between human beings and animals. Like the savage, it is an animist, i.e. everything is instinct with life, even trees, stones, water, and the stars. It feels, however, a peculiar kinship with animals. An animal is obviously dependent because of its simplicity, its lack of knowledge, its subservience; in these respects it resembles the child. Animals, in so far as they do not frighten the child, are, therefore, its "firstest friends". A three-year-old boy saw half a dozen dead calves being unladen on to the platform of a railway station. He was greatly agitated by the sight. "What's the matter with them, Mummy? Why are they so still?"—"They are dead," was the answer. Despite the best endeavours of his elders to draw him away from the gruesome sight, the boy continued to wander towards the spot. He was experiencing for the first time one of the sinister potentialities that environ us. At this moment he might be compared with Prince Siddhartha who was later to become Buddha. Siddhartha was brought up far away from the ills of the world. Then, as a lad, he secretly went for a ride by himself, saw an ailing beggar and encountered a funeral procession. Poverty, illness, and death! Up to that time these evils had been kept hidden from Siddhartha. The experience deprived the youth of all pleasure in life; he retired from the world in order to meditate. Thus did he become, as the years ripened, Buddha.

A child bred in a city is in a different category from one brought up in the country. The slaughter of animals is a constant occurrence in the latter's life, whereas for the city-bred child it is invariably a sensational event if Mother or the cook kills a chicken. The example of Prince Siddhartha shows that to keep children in ignorance of the realities of life is very dangerous. We

have to see, however, that the child shall learn of the evils wherewith the world is plagued in such a way as not to be discouraged by a knowledge of them. The fact that we slaughter animals in order to eat them must not be hidden from the child; it must be taught to take an unemotional view of the matter.

A child's training as a humanitarian would be rendered far easier if there were not so many lacunae in our moral precepts through which our essential brutality can peep. So long as we slaughter animals, and feed on their dead bodies, so long as we believe we are justified in such actions, just so long shall we continue to kill human beings as well.[1] For men, too, are slaughtered. If a man slays another man, cuts up the body and throws it piecemeal into the river, we declare him to be a murderer, a scandal to the human race, and worthy of the hangman's rope. In war time, men are slaughtered in battle, and the nation's noblest members decry the pacifists who march in procession bearing flags whereon we may read the legend, "Down with war!" If a pacifist is a meat-eater, he deserves to be an object of mockery. But the extinction of the butcher lies in the dim future, and we cannot help it if our children witness the bloody feats of huntsmen, fishermen, butchers, and cooks. Children cannot be expected to be better, or at least not much better, than their elders, because the former invariably imitate the ways of the latter.

Many children identify themselves with the slaughtered beast, and take up the cudgels in its behalf. Such a child is incapable of grasping the outlook of those who hold that animals were created for man's use; nor is it able to draw a distinction between useful and harmful animals. A girl of six was told by her elder sister that wolves were so hungry during the winter months that

[1] Cf. H. S. Salt, *Seventy Years among Savages.*

they came to the villages in search of food. Then they had to be shot, or killed in some other way. The little girl protested vigorously: "Why must the poor wolf be killed? If he is hungry, he has to come, and they ought to give him something to eat."—"Silly! A wolf is a cruel beast, and has to be killed."—"No," maintained the child, "if he is hungry, he ought to be given plenty of food." Here we have an obvious case of substitution, the girl putting herself in the wolf's place. Aristotle held that pity was invariably self-pity, that anxiety was always self-regarding. The unfortunate situation of the wolf might very well be reproduced in poor little Mary's life!

Whenever the psychology of the child is discussed, similar manifestations of adult psychology are constantly cropping up. Such sympathy as Mary's for the wolf is often found in relation to criminals who are being tracked down; the feeling is, in essence, revolutionary. If a thief or a murderer puts up a plucky fight, if he takes to the woods and eludes his pursuers, if he shoots a policeman, the oppressed classes of underpaid workers, sweated servants, prostitutes, and the like, invariably take the side of the miscreant. The leader of a brigand gang has become the proverbial hero of many a folk tale. When in the end he is laid low, his burial may be the occasion of great pomp, attended by hundreds of admirers, who mourn his untimely end as if he had died for their salvation. He had ventured to set himself against the social order which all the lowly abhor.

There are three sources whence a child may derive anxiety as to the security of its own life: the contemplation of dead animals; the fairy-tale in which terrible happenings take place; and a doubt as to the love of those who look after it. Through doubt, death comes into the world. The child needs happiness, it needs a

robust capacity for enjoyment, if it is to escape being caught up into the dance of death whose macabre figures beckon to it from all sides—although educationists pay little heed to the fact. The child has to help itself as best it may, and plays at being the hammer rather than the anvil. It turns to cruelty as a refuge; it would rather be the slayer than the slain. So it tears the wings off flies, sticks pins into beetles, teases pet dogs and cats, torments other human beings when they are complaisant enough to allow it. If, as Rousseau believed, our hereditary characteristics were wholesome and good, such things might not occur. A child will tear its doll to pieces and strew the floor with the sawdust filling, it will break its toys, will knock down the tower a younger child has erected with great pains; all these things it will do, and thereupon rejoice in its achievements.

We are ever ready to reproach children with a cruel twist of mind corresponding to a similar trend among savages. Whenever a child's behaviour differs considerably from that of the adults among whom it lives, we shall do well to look for a pre-logical motive. Logically considered, cruelty is the outcome of hate; and psychologists (among whom I may mention W. Stekel in particular) have gone so far as to declare that hatred is one of the most deep-seated and primal impulses of mankind. These investigators have at any rate confirmed Freud's theory that love and hate are not mutually exclusive but can be experienced at one and the same moment by the subject towards the object. This phenomenon is termed ambivalence or bipolarity, and we often encounter it among the young. A child will be cruel, above all, to those it loves.

In his famous book *Emile*, Rousseau furnishes a different and very simple explanation for such apparent

disturbances in the child's psyche. He will hear nothing of hate or cruelty, writing: "Before reaching the age of reason, we do good or evil without knowing that we do so; consequently, our actions have no connexion with morality. . . . A child wants to pick everything it sees to pieces; it breaks and bangs about anything it can lay hands on; it crushes a bird in its clenched fist as it would a stone; and all this it does without knowing what it is doing. Why does it act in this way?"

Rousseau will not accept the surmise that these things happen because of a child's will-to-power, because it is naughty, because it has so keen a sense of its own weakness that it is, as it were, possessed of a morbid craving to prove its own strength. An old man, too, is weak, but he wishes that peace may encompass him. He is disturbed by change. But where a young child is concerned we have to reckon with its urgent need for activity. This impulse is so insistent that it must be given plenty of room for expansion. "The child feels so bursting with vitality, that it wants to put life into its whole environment. It is quite indifferent as to whether its activities are creative or destructive. Enough that the condition of things should be altered, for every change implies activity. Its apparently stronger urge to destruction is not the outcome of inborn wickedness, but may be explained by the fact that creative achievement needs time for its completion. Destruction, being quicker to bring about, appeals to a child's lively temperament, which delights in prompt results."

How full of insight into child psychology are these words, written as they were a century and a half ago, long before there was any talk about functional pleasure, or pre-logical thinking, and when as yet nothing was known about the pleasure principle and the reality principle! To these ideas of Rousseau's we can now

add Freud's observation of the fact that what a child suffers passively or fears it may have to suffer is readily converted by it into an activity it voluntarily undertakes. Much light is thrown upon the meaning of children's games, once we have grasped this theory. A visit to the doctor is necessary; in the course of treatment he has perhaps to make the youngster suffer pain, which the child naturally revolts against and yet has to bear as best it can, and to endure (sometimes) an infinity of terror. But all these unpleasant sensations are afterwards transformed into a feeling of pleasure when it plays at being the doctor. Then its anxiety, its suffering, the submitting of its own will to that of a grown-up, is transferred to a doll or to a younger brother or sister, maybe even to a kindly natured servant, who then becomes the patient in place of the child. "I must" is metamorphosed into a liberating "I will". The crueller the game which ensues, the greater is the child's consciousness of itself as an active agent.

To knock down a younger brother's tower when you know what a lot of trouble he has taken to build it and how much he loves this work of his and how fond the little chap is of the evildoer—such a piece of wanton destruction could not take place except in a fit of anger. Luckily such accesses of rage are ephemeral, and you soon make it up with the little brother and give him a good hug. If such a speedy reconciliation fails to take place the two brothers are on the way to becoming enemies, and evil consequences are inevitable.

The world is full of cruelty, just as it is full of death. A growing child has to suffer from cruelty, and on occasions has to be actively cruel itself, if it is to be well equipped for its journey through life. But simultaneously with its experience of passive and active cruelty, it must also learn that there is love in the world. Then

love triumphs over death, for the belief in love has become inviolable.

Have not our naturalists invariably been cruel when in pursuit of the object of study? The conquistadores, who discovered America, certainly were cruel. Copernicus, Darwin, Nietzsche, Freud—all of them were cruel in their day when each in turn destroyed traditional outlooks which had become dear to men's hearts. Nothing new can arise without destroying the old. Investigation is impossible without cruelty. Youth has its special mission, which is to sweep away all that has gone musty in the course of time. If a child is prevented from tearing its doll to pieces or from breaking its other toys, it will grow up to be a hypocrite.

Adult philosophy is based upon the fact of death; but a child's speculations usually begin at the other end. It is not much interested in how things pass away, but is incessantly cogitating the problem as to how people come into the world. The story of the stork or of the gooseberry bush is obtrusively brought into a child's upbringing—I use the word obtrusively of set purpose, for if we are going to tell a thumping lie it is not wise to be too obvious in the matter! One fairy-tale more or less is, perhaps, of no great moment. In the stork fable the child is supposed to have been fished out of a pond by the bird, which brings the infant into the house through a window, pecks the mother's leg, and then places the baby in her arms. Many people tell us that as children they continued for quite a time to believe in the stork tale. But this is really a false memory. In a certain sense, children believe in the veracity of fairy-tales, and, more especially, in the story about the stork (or, in countries where there are no storks, about the gooseberry-bush, the cabbage patch, or the doctor's bag), since this one

is invariably told them with the utmost solemnity. Psychoanalysis has shown, however, that children very often pretend that they believe. When another baby is on the way, a child notices far more of the change in its mother's figure and all the preliminary preparations for parturition than its elders are willing to concede. Freud ascertained beyond a peradventure that a certain boy at the age of four was fully aware that his younger brother came from inside his mother. In this sphere, as in so many others, country-bred children who are brought up in close contact with domesticated animals are in a more advantageous position than the town child. They are fairly well informed on the subject of birth, even though they may not know all the details.

A child begins to ponder the question of where the baby comes from as soon as its personal interest is aroused, and this invariably happens when another child is added to the family circle. Only children, the youngest child, orphans, who do not experience a sudden increase in the family, are not like other children in this matter. The child's interest in birth does not take a scientific trend; indeed, the scientific side of the problem is by far the least interesting to the child mind. As Freud has most emphatically declared, a child is by no means pleased by the prospect of an addition to the family. It notices that with the advent of the newcomer its own standing and dignity are impaired, and it is more or less openly antagonistic to the baby. Did the stork bring the baby? Well, the stork must take it away again! The baby diverts the mother's attention from the older child, and how can a child be expected to love that which robs it of such a necessary part of its possessions? The child wishes the usurper out of the way, and from the desire not to lose its place in its mother's affection it is aroused to an interest as to how life begins.

In our relations to children we find this problem as hard to explain as that other problem concerning death. Just as man has constructed his mythology of a life after death upon false scientific assumptions, so does the child assemble its few poor observations and link them together by means of its small but courageous powers of reasoning. When it realises that it has been let down meanly over the stork tale, it feels terribly alone with its own doubts. Thus does "birth mythology" have its beginning. According to the experiences, the powers of observation, and the imaginative faculty of the individual child, this mythology approximates nearer to or recedes further from the truth. The problem gets split up into such questions as the following: Where does the baby grow? And if the child suspects its mother's body of being the place for this growth, it will ask itself: How did the baby get out and how did the baby get in? Many children believe that their mother is ripped open; others fancy that the baby comes out of the mouth; others, again, imagine that the anus must be the opening whence the baby is born. The last supposition is based upon personal experience, for the child knows that it passes fairly solid substances via the back passage. As the child grows older, its speculations circle round the navel, which seems a purposeless object in its own body and must, therefore, serve this mysterious end. But none of these surmises content the child, and since all such mental activities lead it astray, we should be grateful when it turns to its parents for information. Children would apply to their parents far oftener if the latter had not cheated their offspring by telling the famous lie about the stork, and, through foolishness, undermining their children's trust. By the mere fact of having another baby, parents deprive themselves of a large part of their children's confidence. The mystery which

envelops the events taking place in the mother's room during labour does the rest. It is usual to merge the problem of birth with the sexual enlightenment of the child. But the two questions are, so far as the child is concerned, two totally different propositions. Sexual enlightenment should be given at a later stage. A solution to the enigma of birth becomes actively pressing as soon as another baby makes its appearance. When a child asks questions concerning this event it should simply be told that the baby grew in the mother's body, and that after many months it was at last old enough to come out by an opening specially made for the purpose and which closed as soon as the baby was born. One should immediately satisfy the child's natural curiosity, so soon as one becomes aware that its mind is occupied with the question. Such "sexual enlightenment" should in every case stop as soon as it becomes obvious that the child is satisfied with our answers.

By honest dealing we can spare our children many difficulties arising from what Freud has termed "repression". Unpleasant experiences, mental activities which seem to lead nowhere, are, by a psychical mechanism which early comes into requisition and which never ceases to be operative when once acquired, removed from the domain of the conscious life and thrown into the lumber room of the mind. In former days it was maintained that a child "forgot", that it "lost interest". Freud, on the other hand, contends that the process is an active one. Over and above learning to ignore irrelevant and erroneous "explanations", the child that "represses" is forcibly purging the conscious in order to free it from sinister and disagreeable impressions. If by observation a child comes near to discovering the truth on its own account—by, let us suppose, seeing something of sexual intercourse between its parents, or by realising (in spite

of every endeavour to hush the matter up) that its mother is pregnant, or by the sudden advent of the midwife, or by happening upon a basin filled with blood-stained water, or what not—the whole thing seems such a dismal kind of business that a conflict arises in the youngster's mind, a conflict which is solved by repression. In the circumstances the child will endeavour to forget its observations. Such a conflict is one of the supremest danger-points for the psychical health of a child. Anxiety states, ranging from slight to severe, would seem to be almost invariable in this connexion. Reason only plays a specious role in the affair. Fundamentally, doubt is at work, doubt concerning the ego and the tu relationship; and this primal doubt is the mainspring of all future doubts. At such a moment the child is, as it were, born a second time because through the growth of an anxiety state the knowledge has come to it that it stands alone, that it can only trust itself, since an uncanny mystery now separates it from its parents. It understands that it no longer holds the same position in relation to its parents as it held as a matter of course until the arrival of the interloper. Love and tactfulness are needed to help the child out of its difficult situation.

Years later, in the course of psychoanalytical treatment of an adult, we discover that the child's fancy at such times, and at others when it feels it is being cheated, does not draw back in alarm even before the extremest possibilities of thought. Children build themselves a solitude, what time doubt gnaws at the most secure attainments of their experience. Some children go so far as to doubt whether they can be human beings like other human beings, or, contrariwise, whether other mortals only look as if they were like larger children and only in appearance are well disposed. Perhaps in reality these beings may be witches and warlocks which had

brought a human child along with them in order to play malicious pranks upon it. All that has hitherto been the comforting tu is metamorphosed into the hostile he-she-it. But it is not easy for a solitary individual to live in an inimical world, a world that fails to understand, and which has obviously been created in order to make mock of a little weak and inexperienced child. If we are not alert and do not come quickly to the child's aid, it will stagnate in the gloomy dream.

To the cogitations concerning birth and death we have to add a third problem, the problem of heaven and its divine inhabitants. Some persons maintain that we are born with the concept of God. So far as observation of infants is concerned, there is nothing to substantiate such a statement. Flight towards God only takes place in moments of dire need, and it does not become actual until the love of those who dwell upon the earth no longer seems sufficient to our needs. The ego is so constituted that it has no desire to stand alone, in solitary grandeur. The Bible tells us that God said of Adam: It is not good for the man to be alone. He therefore created the tu. We have endeavoured to show how, on the contrary, the ego arises out of the tu. The ego is a planet revolving round the tu, and it needs this sun in order tranquilly to continue travelling in its own orbit. The divine being, whose essence is omnipotence, has three houses, and into one or other of these dwellings we can transport ourselves as occasion requires. The parents seem to the child to be all-powerful; all-powerful, too, is the Father in heaven; and the child, likewise, becomes all-powerful when it has been able to swallow and to imitate the outer world. One might add that a powerful imaginative faculty on the part of the child makes it all-powerful. Freud calls the belief in its own boundless strength, which when once borne in upon a child's mind

is never more to vanish, the "omnipotence of thought". The primal belief in the power of the tu, which is intimately fraught with love, permeates the mind. Small wonder, then, that the child's courage sometimes wilts, when it plays the dangerous game of being like God.

CHAPTER SIX

WRONGDOING AND PUNISHMENT—A LESSON FROM ROUSSEAU

THE point of departure for every little child is its biological need for love, and this need for being loved is so great that, lacking love, the youngster cannot live. Being loved comes early to mean the same thing as love in general. Even as a mirror reflects light, so does a child love those who love and tend it. From this primitive reciprocity of loving and of being loved, there arises in later life the expectation (latent in every lover) of being loved by the object of passionate regard. A person in love is incapable of grasping that the object of his or her love may not reciprocate this emotion, and most love tragedies begin with the same facts with which Heine begins his "Buch le Grand" in the *Reisebilder*: "She was lovable, and he loved her. He was unlovable, and she did not love him." The amusing confusion of terms common in the letters of the illiterate arises from the same corner of our being: "Much love from your beloved Jack." The point is, not that the writer confuses the active with the passive; what is interesting is his assumption, in all simplicity, that there is no difference between one and the other.

It is long before a doubt comes into the child mind as to the fact of its being loved. It feels that at any moment it can make a claim upon this love, it is sure of being able to fall back upon the affection that surrounds it. No sooner does a little child begin to yell, than every one hastens to its assistance in order to reassure it; this happens because those around it want to fulfil its wishes. Crying constitutes the child's first means of

defence—and any one who has had to live much in a nursery knows only too well what a devastating weapon this can be. No modern arm, no matter how great its scientific precision, can compete with the child's protective howl. As the child grows up it learns to fashion other weapons whose efficacy depends upon the fact that the child is loved and its elders do not want it to come to grief. One such weapon is a refusal to eat. Normal children seem insatiable. Others are pernickety; others will not chew their food, or swallow it; or they put off coming to table until everything is cold and unappetising. These whims are very trying to parents, doctors, and others who have charge of the young. Children who adopt such methods of defence are said to be "naughty", are told that Father and Mother will not love them any more, that the bogey man will come after them, and a hundred other threats or cajoleries are used.

A lovely little girl of about three could retain nothing she ate. She had in the end to be sent away from home. The first meal served to her in the new surroundings elicited the following: "Are they going to cut off my tongue here? They said they would cut my tongue off with a pair of scissors." Obviously this horrible menace had been made in the girl's home. Her games were dominated by the idea of cutting off the tongue, for she was wont to take a piece of wood or a stone and saw her tongue therewith. We were to learn at a later date that the detestable threat had originated with the mother. The very fact that food is rejected implies a conflict between the little child and its giant elders, and threats only make the conflict an unbearable one. The child's struggle against authority invariably starts when the need for being loved comes into conflict with actual experiences. Love, if it is to do the child good, must be equable, must be like warm water in a bath, must be

maintained at an even temperature. The mother of the little girl mentioned above was herself a neurotic subject who had not come to terms with her love-life, nor with her desire for pleasure. She paid scant heed to her children, and yet at times would show them great tenderness. At such moments she would seize her little girl in her arms, hug the child, and cover it with kisses; she would wash it with her own hands, get an enema ready (let me say, in passing, that psychoanalysts have learned to regard the use of enemata for children as a more than questionable way of treating constipation), prepare its food according to some special recipe, and so forth. Then, for weeks on end, she would never even look into the nursery. Children cannot consent to being loved in such a fashion. They dislike the show of too much tenderness, just as much as the display of indifference and neglect. It is very bad for a child to have its slumbering impulses prematurely aroused by an excess of tenderness. Ardent tenderness goes against the grain where a healthy child is concerned. Yet such demonstrations may become an actual need! Once the child has been awakened to the ardours of the flesh, it demands satisfaction for its desires. Adults have to remember that a child is not a plaything to be taken out on occasions and then flung into a corner and forgotten; it is not a doll one can tear to pieces and then go unpunished. When a child is not granted satisfaction to its demands it has, from immemorial time, given vent to feelings in ways which adults are wont to term "being naughty". The child has hundreds of opportunities for "naughtiness"; a grown-up has a thousand occasions for calling a child "naughty". The "educator" is the last to recognise that he himself is to blame if children are naughty, and that the word is completely out of place in a nursery. Children are told so often that they

are naughty, i.e. blameworthy, guilty of some misdemeanour, that in the end they come to feel a sense of guilt, which is created by the bungling of grown-ups. The "original sin" of the theologians is certainly a chimera as far as a healthy and well-managed child is concerned.

One of the peculiarities of love is that hate so often underlies this emotion. But hate, in its turn, has its foundation in guilt. Just as loving and being loved constitute one entity, so do hating and being hated. If we speak angrily to a child it will feel hated, and no sooner does it feel that it is hated than it begins to hate. Is a child to be allowed to develop this hatred to a finish? Parents should look upon their children as charming playmates, not as little angels ever ready to blow you a kiss, and whom you attack with heavy artillery as soon as they rise up against you and give you a blow with their tiny fists. The upbringing of children usually takes the form of placing them in a cage of restrictions whose every exit has "Forbidden" inscribed over the doorway. Instead of being delighted when a healthy child infringes these prohibitions, we attack it with blows or other physical chastisement, or the child has to undergo moral punishment in the form of reproaches such as that it is naughty, that it will have no presents given to it, and that one does not love it any more. The slightest reflection should suffice to show that a child must not be assailed with such rebukes as "you are a liar", or "a coward", or "a thief". A child must never be given cause to feel guilty. If the parents are not capable of avoiding this, they had far better intrust their children to others who have more understanding of a child's needs. Instead of following this counsel of wisdom, we find parents forcing children into an unequal combat whence the youngsters emerge with a sense of guilt.

Our initial mistake lies in the fact that we do not take the trouble to find out precisely what the child wants. Dr. Montessori has the following anecdote to relate in this connexion. Some children were standing on the edge of a pond in order to enjoy the sight of the water-fowl disporting themselves on the surface. Among the company was a boy, smaller than his playmates, standing in the background and quite unable to see anything. He racked his brains for an expedient whereby he might get a view of the pond over his comrades' shoulders. It was obvious that the child was thinking out a scheme, and that suddenly he caught sight of a little bench which might serve his purpose. He was about to drag it near enough to attain his end, when the person in charge, meaning to be kind, lifted him up above the heads of the other children. But the boy, far from being pleased, began screaming and hitting out with his little fists. The woman had deprived him of achieving the purpose of his meditations. He was in the throes of conquering a piece of life by his own efforts, and the "helpful" elder had frustrated this victory. The child was accused of being naughty, of deserving to be punished because of hitting his would-be benefactress. Yet at the very moment when the boy struck out, he was, in the best sense of the word, "right". But the issues, so clear to the modern psychologist, were obscure to the little boy, and, since every one scolded him, he acquired a sense of guilt.

The problem of guilt is primordial to our race, and the exponents of all religions have endeavoured to provide a solution. To repeat, Christian theologians speak of "original sin", thereby assuming that we are born guilty and can only have the stain of this innate guilt more or less wiped out by the grace of Mother Church. Religious organisations which believe in a life

after death teach the renunciation of earthly happiness, and they regard the sexual impulses as the centre of all evil. Even so mighty a thinker as Schopenhauer is in agreement with ecclesiastical doctrine in this particular, since he maintains that our conception, brought about through the lusts of the parents, is the fault of the infant, which the newborn babe (i.e. ourselves) has to atone for so long as life lasts. As to whether sin is in reality a heritage of mankind, it is, perhaps, beyond the competence of a man of science to decide. One thing is certain, however, that just as our children are born without any sense of shame, so, too, are they born without any sense of guilt or of sin. We implant the sense of guilt in the soul of a little child by educational mismanagement. It is hard to conceive of an adult human being existing without a sense of guilt. Even those who are "born criminals" know when they are doing wrong—at least so Kant tells us. Lombroso denies this assumption; but later criminologists, Erich Wulffen for instance, have reinstated the theory. Yet one is forced to admit that one meets with people who seem to have no sense of sin or guilt whatsoever. If these persons are studied carefully they are usually found to lack a sense of guilt in the conscious, whereas in the unconscious they are fully aware that they have done wrong according to the prevalent standard of ethics. Complete lack of the sense is a morbid phenomenon which reduces human beings to the level of the beasts. A child cannot be brought up in ignorance of what is right and what is wrong. But if it is made to feel guilty at too early an age it becomes discouraged and cannot march forward to the conquest of life. We are quite mistaken if we think we have accomplished a praiseworthy feat when we have succeeded in making a child guilty of some misdemeanour and aware of its guilt. All of us are in a way sadistically inclined, and if

we do not profit by a child's weakness on the physical plane we do so on the mental in order to amuse ourselves in contemplation of the resulting conflict. "Whom do you love better, Daddy or Mummy?" This is the kind of question a child finds it impossible to answer without incurring a sense of guilt. Fortunately enough, children are apt to show more intelligence than their parents, for they will frequently answer: "Both." If the child's mind does not happen on this solution, the parent who is not selected for preferential treatment is offended and the child is henceforward ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Still more detrimental to the child's harmonious development are parental squabbles during which it is present, and, even worse, when it is called upon to act as judge.

A boy once declared, to the delight of his mother: "Mummy is the beautifullest woman in the whole world." Jokingly, a visitor declared: "Your mummy is awfully ugly, isn't she?" For an answer the child hit out with his fists. The mother was so pleased, that every time this lady came to call, the child was asked the same question. On several occasions the boy showed his annoyance at being thus teased by striking the visitor, but in the end the affair lost savour, the volcano became extinct, and the child's tender chivalry was nipped in the bud. In another instance the mother egged on the boy's own father to speak disparagingly of her; the youngster lost his temper, and acquired a sense of guilt.

Certain persons train fleas to perform tricks; six or eight of these insects are made to draw tiny carriages constructed out of paper; and so on. This is how the fleas are trained. They are harnessed, and then placed between two panes of glass. When the flea hops, it comes into contact with the upper pane; this education goes on until at length the flea ceases to hop. Children

are brought up on much the same lines. But whereas the mental life of the flea is either non-existent or else is a matter of indifference to us, something happens to a child's psyche if we are constantly giving it occasion to feel it has done wrong, and it is of the utmost importance that we discover what this something is so as to avoid permanent injurious effects. The study of child psychology goes hand in hand with that of the adults among whom the young have to live. Two contrasted worlds here come into collision: the perfected, stagnant, complacently parvenu world of the grown-up, and the pre-logical world of the child, which has no point of contact with the former. The world in which a child mainly lives has been called a "dream world", and in very truth a child passes most of its days in a condition between sleep and waking.

A child's happiness depends on the pre-logical state of its mind. The unity which exists between loving and being loved belongs to the pre-logical; doubt, which cuts the foundations from beneath a child's happiness, belongs to the logical universe. Logical understanding of its experiences enables the child to recognise the difference between loving and being loved. "What good is it to me if I love and am not loved in return?" Such logical reasoning produces a solitude around the child; it takes refuge from this loneliness by creating a new pre-logical sphere which we term—for lack of more suitable words—the concept of hating and being hated. Just as a lover can never tire his beloved by assuring her over and over again that he loves her (as if love were an ephemeral wonder that would cease to be in the absence of protestations), so does a child feel lonely when once doubt has entered its mind; it then feels impoverished and hated.

At a very early period in human history, those who

were responsible for bringing up the young introduced the idea of punishment into the educational system. Unless the child's personality has been crushed, it is incapable of appreciating the justice of punishment. The right to punish rests entirely upon the "right of the stronger". Modern theorists, in so far as they are dealing with adults, are inclined to exclude punishment altogether from criminal procedure. Society has the right to defend itself against noxious members, and this right goes so far as to make it permissible to set those persons apart who cannot adhere to the laws laid down by the social code. Bodily chastisement has been done away with in most civilised communities; in many lands, too, the death penalty has been abolished. What is deemed wise in the treatment of adults applies with even greater force to children, whom we call our "darlings" and in whose interests we are supposedly living out our lives. A child may sometimes be coerced by punishment, but its character is never ameliorated thereby. Defiance is aroused, thoughts of vengeance come into the youngster's mind, and feelings of discouragement or of guilt take birth. We have got to make ourselves thoroughly conversant with the fact that the sense of guilt in a child's heart is only enhanced by punishment. In this matter, likewise, the difference between adults and children is not so marked as we are inclined to believe. An evildoer is overtaken by feelings of guilt and repentance at the moment when he is caught in the act, and knows he is going to be punished. Before he is caught, his main anxiety is that he runs the risk of being caught. But that anxiety is calmed as soon as the police have arrested him. The conviction that he is to be punished, or the punishment itself, is what arouses the sense of guilt. Oscar Wilde in his *Ballad of Reading Gaol* gives a moving testimony to the fact that punish-

ment prepares the way to repentance. Since, in the nature of things, there is no justification for punishment unless a consciousness of guilt has been aroused, we are once more faced with a pre-logical situation wherein cause and effect have changed places. Among the innumerable mistakes perpetrated by educators in their dealings with the young and owing to which a sense of guilt is aroused, punishment is the gravest. In the relationships between children and grown-ups, punishment has never failed to create a chaos between the emotions of loving and being loved, and hating and being hated; it has invariably aroused doubt, anxiety, and defiance in the soul of the child.

In this chaos of feelings, that which psychologists describe as "the craving for punishment" grows and develops so that the child continues to be naughty in order that it may again and again call down punishment upon its head. Jean Jacques Rousseau in his *Confessions* provides a very simple explanation for this craving. He tells us about a governess who used to whip him when he was "naughty". The boy experienced an underlying tone of pleasure in such chastisement, and he declares that he of set purpose behaved in a way he knew would make his instructress beat him. Here we have to do with a precocious awakening of sexual emotion, for the smacks administered by Mademoiselle Lambercier were sex-tinged so far as the boy was concerned. Jean Jacques had fallen in love with punishment. Love is so strong in children that it gobbles up anything put before it; blows, if no other food is handy! Stones are accepted in lieu of bread if only the punishment is administered by the person the child loves.

Somewhat less easy to interpret are the cases, sometimes encountered in the nursery and sometimes brought to the doctor for advice, when trouble has arisen because

the home conditions have become intolerable. We shall be told that a child is disobedient, untruthful, or thievish; that it will throw things at its playmates or its elders; and that in grave cases it will even try to injure them more seriously with knives or what not. The fault in such instances always lies with parents or teachers. This is made plain by the fact that these children invariably improve when withdrawn from their previous surroundings and placed under the care of more experienced educationists. The outstanding characteristic of the new environment will be that punishment and the possibility of punishment will no longer play any part in the child's life.

Since Rousseau's day, some educationists have insisted that children should never be punished; nor should they be praised for being "good". Many of those who have to bring up children declare this theory to be impracticable. Once when I was walking in the forest I came upon two boys of about nine diligently scribbling in an exercise book. They were writing an imposition. The master had ordered them to write one thousand four hundred times: "I must not talk during lessons." They were working at top speed while sitting in the shade by a running brook. The method they adopted was to do the sentence in columns: I, I, I, etc., must, must, must, etc., till they had got to the end of their task. It took them a whole week to complete! A time will come, and that soon, when such "educators" will receive their deserts. But to-day there are hundreds, nay thousands, of teachers who are absolutely convinced that children cannot be brought up without punishments. They little know that this is a mere pretext for the gratification of their own sadistic impulses.

Many children need a long time before they can grasp the nature of punishment as a means to their improve-

ment, or as a method of frightening them into behaving properly or "avoiding sin". Others again recognise the justifiability of punishment, and, in cases of exceptional severity, such children will discuss the question with all the seriousness of barristers elaborating some thorny point of law. Young John usually wakes early, and gives his mother no peace thenceforward. Since the summer is warm, the boy goes bathing every fine day. Mother says: "You have been making such a horrid noise, that you'll go without your swim to-day." John answers: "O.K., Mummy. It rained in the night and the bathing-place will be far too wet."—"No," says Mother, "it won't be too wet, but you have to be punished." John: "Then we'll go for a walk in the woods. It's perfectly ripping there." He has obviously accepted the fact of being punished as in the nature of things, as an experience he cannot shirk. But he is unable to grasp that the punishment is due to his fault in having wakened his mother too early, in having been disobedient. When we come to reflect upon the matter, what possible connexion is there between making a noise in the morning and being forbidden a swim in the river in the late afternoon? The two things are fundamentally different, and it is only by an arbitrary decision that they have been brought together. Punishment has never meant anything else but a wanton exercise of power. John was quite right to try to put a particle of logic into his mother's incoherence, by alleging that the banks of the stream would be wet after the rain and by declaring that a walk in the woods would be ripping. If a mother wants to have her sleep out in the morning, it is up to her to make suitable arrangements so that her little boy cannot wake her prematurely. She may have to exercise her arbitrary powers to procure the necessary conditions. But at least her actions in this case can be accounted as

reasonable, they are what they are, and she does not drape them in a cloak of morality which the child sees through as easily as did the boy in Andersen's tale, *The Emperor's New Clothes*, when the little innocent cried: "But, he's got nothing on!"

"Well-behaved" children recognise the justice underlying punishment. When they do something they know is forbidden, they will go to Father or Mother, make confession, and ask: "How are you going to punish me to-day? No fruit for dinner? Perhaps I'd better keep my room? Or shall I not be allowed to go and play with Peter on Sunday?" Such youngsters flounder among all kinds of possible punishments. They are in love with being punished, and elders, with the example of Rousseau before them, should realise that in these cases they are faced with masochistic impulses in the germ. Impulses of the sort are highly detrimental to the harmonious development of character, and hamper the child's conquest of life. What psychologists name "the craving for punishment" is construed by theologians into a proof that a sense of guilt is innate among us and that man is born with original sin blackening his soul. In reality, however, this "craving for punishment" is nothing other than the result, let us say, of a whipping (actual or psychical matters little) which the child has transformed into the symbol of parental love, a love it has come to rely upon and which is heavily alloyed with hate as we alloy gold with other metals in order to harden it and make it more durable.

Let me instance once more the little girl who would not eat and whom her elders tried to make amenable by the threat of cutting out her tongue. None can tell how sinister a child's thoughts of revenge may be under such circumstances, when its confidence in the love of its parents has been so scandalously shaken; and these

infant meditations are all the more sinister because they are never unequivocally conscious. The child is frightened at its own revengeful thoughts. To hate and being hated are one and the same thing so far as a child is concerned. Vengeance falls upon its own head, and, since it would fain escape this vengeance, it desires to atone for wrong-doing: this wish is really "the craving for punishment" of the psychologists. Having once "atoned", the child can again be loved, can feel that it is loved. In this sense we may echo Hegel's words: "Punishment is the privilege of the criminal." Punishment to a certain extent neutralises the evil deed and eliminates it from the world. However dangerous this Hegelian proposition may be when we are considering the punishment of criminals (since once a thing has happened we cannot "unhappen" it again!), we have to recognise that such is the sequence of ideas in the child mind. The dictum is childish in the truest sense of the word.

All this is extremely complicated and resembles the Gordian knot in that the problem can only be solved by force. Once a child has fallen into the chaotic universe of such emotions it can only be saved by taking it right away from its customary environment, otherwise the same routine of fault-finding will continue as of yore. Let us suppose that a boy is at table, dining with his parents. Their estimate of his behaviour, whether it is good or bad, is entirely based upon such facts as sitting still, being restless, and so forth. If he sits as still as a graven image he is told that he is good. If, after the fashion of children, he begins to play the fool, laughs freely, or clatters with spoon and fork upon his plate, if he asks too many questions, or takes no notice when told to be quiet, he is said to be naughty. Willie is a naughty boy. If he is too frequently asked to behave himself, he grows defiant and throws his bread on to the floor. "Pick it

up this minute," cries an elder. Willie refuses to obey. There happens to be a visitor at table with the rest of the family. Willie's mother exclaims: "Shall I have to send you to your room as I did yesterday?" Then, turning to her guests, she asks: "What is one to do with such a naughty boy?" The guest takes a hand in the game. Willie is convinced in his heart of hearts that this guest of his mother's has no right to interfere, and in order to consolidate this opinion the boy overturns his glass, thus precipitating its contents over the table cloth. This is the signal for the lad's mother to rise, seize hold of the youngster, and bundle him out of the room.

Such scenes are of daily occurrence, and they serve to show how thoughtless we are in our dealings with children, how we ourselves make them do wrong and how we follow this up with punishment, which, in its turn, arouses defiance, disobedience, and feelings of vengeance, that have, again, to be punished, and so on ad infinitum. Since mothers cannot be made to be cleverer than they are, and since a ten-year-old boy is not yet as clever as he will be ten years hence, there is nothing to be done in such a case as Willie's but to change the lad's environment. This change of environment is the most powerful weapon at our disposal in our campaign against the stupidity of parents. Peter at four years of age was very much attached to his nurse. The mother, being a busy woman, did not take much notice of her child. Naturally, Peter loved the person who seemed to be most devoted to him. One day, when the mother was in a specially good frame of mind, she wanted to play with the boy, and in fun she struck the nurse, crying aloud: "Oh, you horrid Fanny, clear out I tell you, clear out!" Grown-ups are very fond of playing such pranks on the young, because the response is so amusing, and is so original in its varied manifestations.

Peter failed to see the joke; and, since his beloved Fanny had been touched, he seized a plate and hurled it at his mother's head. Not satisfied with this, the boy in his rage shrieked: "You just wait, and I'll throw the table too." Poor little fellow! The table happened to be a heavy oak dining-table, its weight far beyond the strength of a tiny boy to lift. Peter's mother felt it her duty to reprove him for this outbreak of anger which she herself had evoked. "Peter, how can you! Against your own mother, too!"—"Yes," wailed the child, "because you hit my Fanny."

When the child has to go to school, such conflicts become ever more unendurable. Now the child has two enemies: the home and the school. If at home the child is treated wisely, then usually the schoolmaster is a fool. Perhaps in the last decade or so things have somewhat improved. But the joint influence of home and school can never be wholly satisfactory.

One of the most touching acts in a child's early life is the shouldering of another child's misdemeanour. Fundamentally, when a child is guilty of some peccadillo, it is really not to blame, for grown-ups should never allow things to come to such a pass that the child feels it has been naughty. If its sense of justice has been aroused, a child is in a better position than an elder to feel sympathetic to another's fault, and it expresses this feeling in a pre-logical fashion, saying that it itself had done the wrong. It suffers for the sins of its playmate in so far as it takes upon itself the scolding which was meant for another. A boy of ten, who had been one of the best pupils the school could boast of, suddenly ceased to be any good at his studies, behaved badly, and was so absent-minded that it became evident something was amiss. At home, every effort to help him to recover broke against a wall of passive resistance. In the end,

the lad failed in his examination, and had to stay in the same class instead of passing into a higher one. A great deal of trouble was taken, even the services of a specialist were called in, to relieve the situation. Nothing seemed to make any difference. At last a light was thrown on the case. The boy's mother had a lover. Though the father failed to notice what was going on, the child was fully aware; and, since he was deeply grieved by his mother's actions, he took her "sin" upon himself and he himself thereby became guilty. Of course there were other reasons for the boy's behaviour, such as, for instance, that he did not want to share his mother's love with a stranger, and so on. The mother had called upon the specialist in company with her lover and her son. The lover explained that the boy was unruly, had a thoroughly bad character, made his mother weep her eyes out, and that nothing could be done with the youngster by adhering to these modern humanistic methods. In his opinion the lad should have a daily dose of the cane, until his spirit was broken. I heard later that the father had shot himself, in consequence of "family dissensions". The boy came to see me a year ago, and I have not met him since. Children are first-rate electroscopes. They furnish us with signs before the ill has become manifest. A year ago, much good might still be done. At the time, I invited the mother to come to see me. I wanted to have a heart-to-heart talk with her. Psychoanalysis, which is still so repulsive to the ordinary physician, is slowly but surely becoming a modern "cure of souls". The mother did not come to see me. To-day she is a widow. The psychical cure of two human beings is in danger of never being brought about because on the one hand we are up against the innocence of the boy, and on the other we are faced with the "libertinage" of the mother!

God's mills grind slowly in matters of education, as we may realise by scanning the pages of Rousseau's *Emile*. This work appeared in 1761, and not only did it make a profound impression upon the author's contemporaries, but even to-day it never fails to move men's hearts. Just as Voltaire broke down so much narrow-mindedness and so many prejudices by the force of his verbal blows and yet did not succeed in extirpating those evils for ever, so, in spite of Rousseau's teaching, is the education of children even in the twentieth century full of idiotic and purposeless cruelties. The causes for so slow a betterment are difficult for a rational-minded person to grasp. No one seems willing to understand that children are children and that as such they possess rights of their own. Let Rousseau speak:

"Nothing so greatly arouses our pity as the sight of a child that has been cowed. Why should we, who as soon as we attain the age of reason have willy-nilly to place ourselves under the yoke of social slavery, wish to impose a kind of private slavery upon the young? Cannot we allow these early years of life to be exempt from a yoke which nature never imposed on us? Cannot we leave children their natural freedom, postponing at least for a time the acquirement of the vices which enslavement inevitably brings in its train? . . . The child will either pay no heed to its taskmasters or it will construct for itself a fantastic idea of the moral world you are trying to teach it about, and such ideas you will never more be able to eradicate from its mind.

"Locke's theory, that we must endeavour to influence children's minds through an appeal to reason, is much applauded nowadays. Results speak little in favour of such a method, and I find that children who have been much reasoned with are extraordinarily stupid. Of all

the faculties of man, that of reason . . . is the last and the hardest to develop. Yet here we have a proposal to turn reason to account for the development of the other faculties! The masterpiece of successful education is finished when there has been produced a human being who can be described as thoroughly reasonable. How, then, can we hope to educate a child by appealing to reason, which does not yet exist? Those who try to do this are using the finished work as the tool for its own production. If children were ready to listen to the voice of reason, they would not stand in need of education.

"We expect too much of a child when we think it ought to be able to distinguish between good and evil, and to recognise the bases of human obligations. . . . Having tried vainly to argue your children into obedience, you will then resort to threats, or, still worse, to flattery and the promise of rewards; . . . and you will think you have convinced your charges when you have merely intimidated them or bored them into submission. . . .

"By imposing on them a duty which they do not feel to be such, you will make them rebel against your tyranny and will alienate their affection; you will teach them to dissimulate, to prevaricate, and to lie in order to extort rewards or escape punishments; and, finally, by accustoming them to hide their real motives behind a mask, you will teach them to humbug you incessantly while depriving yourself of any chance of becoming acquainted with their true character." . . .

"The perpetual constraint you impose on your pupils is a stimulus to their restlessness. The more they are coerced into 'good behaviour' while they are under your eyes, the more rowdy will they be as soon as they can escape notice; for naturally they will seek compensation for having been kept in a strait-waistcoat.

Two 'well-bred' boys from a town school will do more damage in the countryside than all the youngsters native to the village. Shut up a 'young gentleman' and a peasant lad together in a room; the former will have overturned, damaged, or broken everything it contains, before the latter will have stirred from his seat. Why this difference? Because the bondslave wants to make the most of his rare interlude of freedom, whereas the village youth, accustomed to liberty, has no irresistible impulse to turn it to immediate account. . . .

"Let childhood ripen in your children. Do not be in a hurry to teach them something to-day when the lesson can without risk be put off till the morrow; . . . leave the germs of character their chance of spontaneous development; by avoiding the use of force, you will learn the child's natural trends. . . . The sacrifices of time you thus make by not trying to force the pace in early childhood, will be repaid with high interest in later years. A sensible doctor does not write a prescription directly he sees his patient, but devotes himself first to a careful study of the case, the constitutional peculiarities of the invalid, and so on. He will effect a cure, whereas the over-impetuous physician would often prove to be the herald of the undertaker. . . .

"But where are we to bring up our child in perfect freedom, as unhampered by interference as an automaton? In the moon, perhaps, or on a desert island? Is Emile never to come into contact with other human beings? Will he not, in his course through the world, have unceasing opportunities for watching the passions of others? Will he not associate with other children of his own age? Will not he see his parents, his neighbours, his nurse, his governess, his servants, his tutor—and even the last-named will not be an angel come down from heaven?"

Rousseau finds his own questions difficult to answer. "I am only pointing out the goal we must strive to reach." In respect of many of its details the method he proposed—from birth onward this one child Emile was to have the exclusive services of an educator—seemed impracticable even to himself. To-day we do not need to consider these details, for we have entered a different path. Our aim is for the child to have the utmost possible freedom, indeed, but among children, among persons of its own kind. Rousseau was too lonely a being to discover that path, which was remote from his ways of thought and from his personal experience. It was left for Pestalozzi and Froebel, followed by many others and above all by Maria Montessori, to work out methods whereby a child can best be helped in the spontaneous, swift, and assured development of its understanding. It is astonishing to read, in *Emile*, how closely Rousseau foreshadowed these methods, without (perhaps) an inkling that they would ever be practically applied.

"You declare that man's evil inclinations must be nipped in the bud, that in childhood, when pain is less keenly felt, pain must be most liberally inflicted to save those concerned from greater suffering when they shall have attained the age of reason. But what guarantee have you that this arrangement will work, or that the fine lessons with which you burden the child's tender mind may not, in the end, do it more harm than good? What assurance have you that, by the distresses you cause, you will, on the balance, effect a saving of pain? Why cause ills which, but for you, would not have to be endured, when you do not know for certain that the ills you cause will prevent greater ills in the long run? How can you prove that the evil inclinations you fancy yourself to be curing are not really the outcome, not so much

of the workings of nature, as of your injudicious 'remedies'? A pretty sort of foresight this, which leads you, unquestionably, to make a child miserable in the hope (which may or may not be well grounded) that thereby you will make the grown-up happy in days to come! . . .

"I have explained why children are weak. Nature compensates for this weakness by paternal and maternal affection; but parental love may err by excess or by defect or in respect of quality. Thus parents may, by a sort of forcing-house atmosphere, prematurely bring children into environmental relationships for which young people are not yet fitted. By amplifying the needs of their children, they increase the latter's weakness. . . .

"I see little scapegraces playing in the snow, their fingers numb, blue, and stiff with the cold. They can go indoors to warm themselves beside a roaring fire if they like, but they prefer to go on snowballing, and if you compel them to quit their amusement they will dislike the constraint you impose upon them much more than they feel the nip of the frost. What, then, have you to grumble at? I am not making your child unhappy by exposing it to discomforts it wants to endure! I am doing good to it at this present by leaving it free to follow its own bent; and I am storing up good for it in the future by arming it against the ills which it will then have to bear."

Again, when a child is forced into doing what it does not want to do, or compelled to refrain from doing what it wants to do, "it will, being of an age when its reasoning powers are still undeveloped, regard as mere pretexts any reasons you may allege to account for your withholding its freedom. It will think you bear it a grudge. A sense of injustice will sour its disposition, so that it will come to hate all and sundry; with the result that,

while feeling no gratitude in response to kindness, it will be infuriated whenever its will is crossed. . . .

"In Plato's *Republic*, where some fancy an austere discipline was to prevail, children, at any rate, were to have a jolly time of it, an unceasing round of amusements, games, songs, pastimes. Enough teaching, if they were taught to rejoice. Seneca, speaking of the boys of ancient Rome, said: 'They were always afoot, and were never taught anything which could only be taught when they were sitting down. Were they any the worse for that when they had grown to manhood?' Have no fears, then, with regard to this alleged idleness. What would you think of a man who, wishing to take advantage of every hour of life, determined that he would never go to sleep? You would call him a fool, knowing well that he was wasting his time in the attempt to save it, and that by avoiding sleep he was courting death. Apply the lesson to childhood, and understand that this is the period of life when reason is sleeping."

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS

A CHILD's mental life depends, of course, upon the qualities and temperament it brings with it into the world; but also upon what it is able to develop thanks to its personal initiative, and upon environmental factors. That part which it is able to absorb from its environment is dominated in a very special way by what issues from parental influence. Psychoanalysis, by its study of adult neurotics, has thrown a clear light upon the forces which collaborate in the upbuilding of a child's character; further, it has been able to ascertain that the beloved, or imitated, or hated primal authority during the first five years of a child's life plays a decisive role in the subsequent development of character. Our forefathers had, in a sense, recognised this, and had incorporated their wisdom in the old saw: "As the twig's bent, the tree's inclined." The influences brought to bear by the parents seem, to a certain degree, exaggerated, when they come to be reflected in the neurotic disposition; their actions and reactions are, as it were, magnified. The differences between the feelings and actions of the neurotic and those of the normal person are not, however, so extensive as to prevent our drawing sound inferences from the behaviour of the neurotic concerning the less violent but essentially similar feelings and actions of the normal child.

Psychoanalysis teaches us to distinguish a preliminary stage in the development of a child, a period when it identifies itself with the dear ones set in authority over it. We have already traced the growth of the child ego which takes place through an identification with the

beloved tu, and it will, therefore, not be difficult for the reader now to understand how children will still be eager to resemble the dear grown-ups when their little brains have become clearer, so that (contemplating a father or a mother in the mirror of their own immature ego) they have learned to regard such elders as persons worthy of reverence. Every child wants to be as big and strong as its parents, as beautiful as its mother, as powerful and authoritative as its father. During its early years, a child cannot see that there is any difference between God and its own father and mother. Even in later days, when the child has learned submission, elders appear to possess something of the divine, since (to all seeming) they are unhampered by prohibitions and threats, and can do as they please. Grown-ups are never "naughty", they are unfailingly "good". No merit is due to them on this account, for, once one is grown-up, one cannot be anything else but "good". Since the necessity for lying no longer exists, one does not lie; indeed, so far as a child can see, an adult never does wrong, for there is no one in authority to forbid the doing of this, that, or the other. We might call this the "Ganymede stage" of development, taking Goethe's beautiful ode as exemplar. In that poem, the Greek boy is assumed wholly into the godhead, Zeus, and does not encounter any prohibitions on the part of authority. This first stage is, I should say, the most important in a child's development. It is never lost, and remains (even when later it has perhaps been forgotten, after the development of the obverse phenomenon, the onset of the Promethean phase) as a primary and unattainable ideal in the underground regions of the mind.

The sexes are differentiated from the outset. Boys at birth are heavier than girl babies. We cannot deny that boys prefer playing with trains, soldiers, building-bricks,

etc., whereas girls are fonder of dolls, "keeping shop", or toy kitchens. Whether these preferences are forced upon children by the persons constituting their environment, or whether they are inborn peculiarities, it is hard to say. In any case little boys are prone to show a greater liking for the mother, and little girls for the father. Consequently it often happens that a feeling of jealousy arises in the youngster's heart towards the parent of its own sex. Freud has introduced a term for this situation which seems to me peculiarly apposite. King Oedipus slew his father Laius and married his mother Jocasta. Every boy has to go through a period in the course of his development during which he can be called a little Oedipus—though the term is an exaggeration in certain obvious respects. If Father goes away on a journey, the little son can come to sleep in Mother's bed. As soon as Father returns the boy is banished to his cot. Added to this, the mother is almost always more tender and gentle than the father. The father becomes a rival to his son in winning the love of the mother. Father obviously is the owner of Mother, and Mother does Father's bidding. But she does not always do what the boy wants. She is ever at the father's beck and call, whereas her relationship to her son is a more independent one. Where we have to do with normal and quiet growth, this so-called Oedipus complex seldom becomes manifest. In less happy circumstances, when for instance a child's sexual impulses are prematurely aroused, the Oedipus complex secures overt expression, and this is one of the shocks which leaves irreparable damage behind. Frequently, a child observes something of the sexual life of the parents, and its observations are the source of an uncanny series of emotions. It will overhear heavy breathing and weird little cries which make it fancy that its parents are fighting, that Father is beating Mother, or that something equally

horrible is taking place. The child's urge to "find out", whipped up by an innate impulse towards activity, is thus set in motion, but the real truth remains elusive; the child hardly ever asks direct questions concerning the matter, and seldom turns this difficult corner without the development of anxiety consequent upon repression. Fairly often, a child comes very near the truth.

In regard to girls, we see this same motif finding expression in a preference for the father and a tendency to feel jealous of the mother. Be these things as they may, the parents are the first people a child falls in love with. Such love in tender childhood is of an altogether different quality from the love of a sexually ripe adult for the chosen mate; and yet the difference is not fundamental. The desire for physical contact (known as the contrectative or caressive impulse) is, even in a child, tinged with sensual appetite; and a child's jealousy is hardly distinguishable from that of grown-ups. These childish passions have lasting effects. Children that are unusually dependent upon their parents, especially if the intimate relations continue until puberty or even later, will tend when grown up to fall in love with persons much older than themselves or with those who most closely resemble the basic ideal of the parents a young man or woman had constructed in early days. Such persons can never experience love as a primary emotion, for at bottom they are for ever in love with their parents (a woman with the father ideal, a man with the mother ideal)—who may be long since dead. Even if they are able to transfer this love to a suitable partner (a thing it is extremely difficult to do), the new love is at the best no more than an inferior substitute for the fixation upon the beloved parent.

In the relationship between children and parents, we are confronted with the interplay and alternation of

four possibilities: the child loves and hates its father, and it loves and hates its mother. These four emotions get entangled and disentangled in the pre-logical soul of the child, and are constantly coming into conflict with the laws and conventions of the civilised community. A child must love its parents; but its love should not be too ardent, otherwise such love runs the risk of becoming sexually tinged. We delude ourselves if we think that children are free from sexual feelings. The distinction between the sexuality of a child and that of a grown-up is merely one of degree. If a child's sex is too early awakened, then it loves the persons composing its environment with the same fiery ardour as inspires grown-ups who are in love. The difference lies in the fact that in the child the external products of the genital glands do not as yet exist. The sexual organs being so closely in contact with the evacuatory organs are apt to react upon the latter, and to be thus indirectly the cause of bed-wetting—a thing greatly dreaded in the nursery. Freud holds that bed-wetting is the consequence of a larval sexual excitement. Matters are made worse, often enough, by our contemporary educators, who are wont to treat the symptom with severity and ridicule.

The avenging hand of the bringer-up of children falls with especial heaviness upon the heads of those youngsters who give plain expression to their hatred for parents or guardians. It is not for nothing that among the ten commandments we should find one which tells us to honour and love our parents. Had this love been so easy to bestow and so much a matter of course as we are prone to imagine, Jehovah on Mount Sinai would not have needed to thunder such a commandment from the clouds. But the hatred, which invariably forms part of the child's love towards its parents, had to be sup-

pressed by the majesty of a divine prohibition. When, in spite of laws and moral sanctions, a child feels hatred rising up in its heart against its oppressors (and every person charged with the upbringing of the young is necessarily to a certain degree an oppressor), it is overwhelmed by a sense of guilt (though it has in fact committed no sin), and the suppressed thoughts of revenge which seethe in its little brain turn back upon itself. One of Freud's most important discoveries is that evil wishes against parents or other persons placed in authority over the child and demanding respect from the child are repressed into the unconscious as soon as the conscious has become too moral to countenance them. The conscious ego is frightened of its own vengeful thoughts once it has recognised that they are evil, and an unconscious judgment (for we have to recognise that the thoughts which condemn are likewise unconscious) is pronounced upon the "wrongdoer". In such circumstances the child may often be a prey to a genuine dread of death, as though an inner voice (an echo of the severity wielded by paternal authority) had boomed forth the words: Because you desired my death, you yourself shall die! The boomerang thus comes back to strike the thrower.

Parents certainly need to curb their children's lawless impulses, but they should endeavour to do so without hurting the child's feelings and without a routinist prohibition of all the things it has set its heart on doing. ("Mary, go and see what Jack's doing and tell him he mustn't!") A delicately poised equilibrium should be established between denial and fulfilment, and this will facilitate the child's conquest of life when it grows up. Nothing is more detrimental than the premature awakening and excitation of the child's impulsive life. Children should never be allowed to sleep

in the same bed as grown-ups; great precaution should be exercised in the bathing of the young, in the use of enemas and of clinical thermometers per rectum (the less frequently parents resort to the two latter, the better). Needless to allow children to see their parents nude. Nudity is, of course, "natural"; but since we are living in a civilised community where it is customary to wear clothes and in especial to veil the genital organs, a child does not become accustomed to seeing the body naked. It is given the merest glimpse of nudity. Wholly to avoid ambiguity and secrecy with regard to the genital organs and their purpose is impossible. In this respect education in classical Greece was superior to ours. The Judaic-Christian outlook upon the world brought fresh problems to western humanity. To-day, it is hard to decide how, in these matters, we elders should behave towards our offspring. Conceivably the best plan is to safeguard the child against this aspect of nature so long as possible during the perilous years of growth.

In a civilised community we draw as little attention as possible to the sexual life and to those organs which are the instruments for the gratification of the sexual impulse. This attitude is termed "moral". But morality need not engender hypocrisy. The primitive strength of the sexual life and the important position the sexual urge holds for mankind are strange indeed if we compare them with the pusillanimity of a respectable social order when confronted with such puissant forces. Since a child is incapable of dissembling to the same extent as an adult, since it is invariably reproved if it shows an interest in its own or in others' genital organs, we force the child to satisfy this portion of its curiosity as best it may unaided. When the parents are washing and dressing, the child is sent out of the room. Why may it not stay? This very question was put to his mother by a clever

little chap of four. The mother answered evasively, but the boy intervened with: "I know quite well why you won't let me stay. You don't want me to see your wee-wee!"

Male children assume as a matter of course that females have a "wee-wee" precisely similar to their own. If perchance they have an opportunity of seeing for themselves that such is not the case, they often remain quite unimpressed. This applies as much to girls as to boys. Children as a rule are firmly convinced there is nothing worthy of note in this connexion, so that, in normal circumstances, they do not make the discovery until later years. If they should notice the difference between the male and the female organs, they do not correct their previous ideas without a certain amount of affective reaction. A boy fancies that in this respect there is something lacking to a little girl. Many boys say to themselves: "She hasn't got it yet, but it'll grow." Other children come to the conclusion that it was there, but has been cut off. Little girls, and even older ones, become obsessed with this idea when once they have been made aware of the difference between the male and the female genital organs.

Such conditions need to be freely discussed, precisely because they are never mentioned in the nursery and are the starting-point of mental conflicts whose immense significance has been clearly recognised by psychoanalysts. Before Freud's time, elders were inclined to regard children as innocent little angels so far as the sexual life was concerned. No one wished to admit the fact that very early in life an interest in the genital organs is habitual among children. The error arose because, in the educative process, every hint at sexual excitement was promptly suppressed by the child's elders. But we can no longer blind ourselves to the truth

that native innocence is a chimera, and that these organs are invested with mystery and uneasiness of mind. At the outset a child has no sense of shame, and never dreams of covering its nakedness. Unless a child has been frightened about the matter, it will not show any shyness, even before grown-ups, in playing with its genital organs. It would be extraordinary if a baby failed to play with these parts seeing how convenient they lie to its hand, how naturally it plays with anything that comes within its grasp, how it seizes upon its big toe to put it into its mouth, and so forth. Besides, a special sort of pleasure is obviously procured by the child when it manipulates the genitals, and there can be no doubt that such pleasure arises at a very early date.

If we gently take hold of the little hand which in all innocence is playing with the genital organs, and thereby stop the child's game, perhaps at the same time remarking in a kindly tone, "You must not do that," we are almost sure to be asked, "Why not?" Everything depends upon how we answer the question. By the time a specialist is called in to cure such "bad habits", he has hardly ever to do with a natural and unsophisticated child; on the contrary, he finds that the child has been filled with fears of all sorts, or else that it has had to take refuge in a realm of secrecy.

The mother of a five-year-old boy (a woman who like so many young matrons of to-day had the courage to let her child grow up quite naturally) allowed her little son to play on the beach with a girl of his own age. Both children were stark naked, and after a while began to take an interest in one another's genital organs, touching them with their hands. The mother gently separated the children and drew their attention to a steamship that was going by. She had no difficulty in distracting the boy's mind from his previous investigations. But the

mother noticed that her son, in other respects so confiding, who was wont to hold long discussions with her, who was unflagging in his demands to know "why", never referred to his interesting new discovery in connexion with his little playmate. She knew that a certain amount of repression must here be at work. The boy's interest had not ceased to exist, but it had been thrust away as something that made the child's conscious mind uneasy, it had been thrust away into the unconscious. Under ordinary circumstances the lad would have asked: "Mummy, what's that? Why has Susie nothing to do wee-wee with?"

No need to assume the existence of a mysterious feeling of shame whose sudden onset would be incompatible with the child's previous lack of this feeling. By the most senseless and irrational threats, a child is frightened in order that it may refrain from touching those parts. Adults are usually inclined to go into fits of hysterics where child masturbation is concerned. A mother or a father who approaches this matter with kindly and cheerful intelligence is the rarest of exceptions, for reasons which I cannot here discuss since they belong to the study of adult neuroses. The simplest way out of the difficulty would be to answer a child's question as to why it must not play with those parts, by the words, "All children have to cure themselves of the habit." The authoritative, "Such things are not done", is better than the giving of specious reasons. In no case should a child be frightened into desisting by threats of illness or other evil consequences. Fright is more dangerous for a child than masturbation can ever be. If we set about the task of curing the habit we shall commonly find that gentleness combined with a mildly authoritative manner will open the child's eyes to the unseemliness of its actions. If it does not respond

to such treatment, we had better leave it alone than implant the germs of fear or of disgust from which it will never afterwards be free.

It is very natural that a child should be frightened almost out of its wits by such threats as are customary in these cases. When we read what certain specialists and general practitioners have to say as soon as they come to deal with masturbation among children, when we realise how medieval their outlook is even now, we have to admit that the lack of insight on the part of medical men is largely to blame for the hysterical exaggeration of the parents' attitude of mind in connexion with this everyday incident.

How frequently do we hear the threat: "If you do that, it will be cut off." The amputation can be done in a variety of ways. A mother, who is alleged to be an able and clever woman, says to her little boy: "A flea will come and bite it off." Another person will remind the child of the awful fate that befell Conrad, the little suck-a-thumb in *Struwelpeter*. Dr. Hoffman, a specialist in children's diseases, and the worthy author of that book (which provides the young with such ample means for experiencing horror and cruelty), would not have ventured to suggest that the child's genitals should be cut off. That would have been improper! But children have no difficulty in understanding that the tailor with his scissors who cuts off Conrad's thumbs is the symbol for any method whereby they may be deprived of another part of the body. As a rule, a child places so great a confidence in its elders, that threats of this terrible sort are not fully believed. Nevertheless, boys in the end learn that little girls entirely lack this organ, and the discovery leads to reflection. Then the threats, which so far have not been taken seriously, assume a different aspect, for there may be some truth in them

after all! Since at this stage the child is already battling with the Oedipus motif and, half consciously and half unconsciously, is occupied with unfriendly thoughts towards the father, the fresh discovery leads to a conflict which is solved by the only weapon lying to the child's hand when it wants to rid its mind of insoluble or unpleasant questions: it has recourse to the mechanism of repression. Freud and his school go so far as to maintain that neurotic anxiety which appears later in life can often be traced to the anxiety created in childhood by the dread of castration.

A girl, it needs hardly to be said, escapes this particular difficulty in the process of her development. She cannot fear to lose a thing she has not got. But a very similar motif underlies her feelings of incompleteness when these arise. The inferior position of women in this man-made world of ours forces a girl to wonder why she must always play second fiddle. When she discovers that a boy has genitals of a different kind from those she possesses, she is inclined to infer that the more imposing male organs must account for man's superior position. From this assumption, combined with an early sexual valuation of the member, there issues a desire that she, too, may possess such a thing. Some people may think this is a pleasantry, and not in very good taste. But we have to remember that children are hindered in their understanding of sex affairs because, though they may ask as many questions as they please anent other matters, the social code has hitherto drawn a veil of hypocritical pretence over this subject and has thus prevented the young from asking grown-ups for assistance. Even the kindest and most indulgent of parents and guardians are apt to let fly at a child if it ventures openly to approach the subject of sex, and they thus create a fog of mystery around the matter. We need

not be surprised, therefore, that a dark corner should be set up in the child's mind, a focus of gloom which more or less paralyses the youngster's truthfulness, innocence, trust, and, most important of all, undermines the wellspring whence it derives the courage needed to come to grips with life.

Freud and his disciples, because they have mainly to deal with neurotic people and not with normal ones, have been accused of exaggeration in the drawing of conclusions. But their patients merely show on an enlarged scale a sore which is latent in normal adults and which comes to light as soon as we make a profounder study of the human psyche. We can never too often remind ourselves that children face other problems and have different troubles from those of grown-ups.

Even among adults, the sexual life occupies a special position; and those who are dubious as to the truth of psychoanalytical teaching, which sets out from the assumption that such a special position exists, would do well to recall Schopenhauer's outlook upon "the metaphysics of sexual love". Love, says this philosopher, serves for the propagation of the human race; it makes mankind immortal. All the other activities of man serve merely to maintain the individual of the species. The individual dies, but the species continues adown the ages. Nature deals harshly with the individual, for in any case the individual is foredoomed to death after a short or a long life; but, for the maintenance of the undying species, she makes use of every device, of every arbitrary power at her command. Schopenhauer, therefore, declares that sexual love is a phenomenon far outstrippping the destiny of the individual. Man in a civilised community is so predominantly occupied in labouring to procure his daily ration of bread, that in the hurly-burly of the struggle for existence he is wont

to close his ears to the claims of the sexual life. But a child has no other vocation than, as the saying goes in the nursery, "to grow big and strong". This means above all that it must become an adequately developed creature whose sexual activities in later life shall provide for the propagation of the species. A little child is as yet incapable of entering into the struggle for material existence. Where, nevertheless, it is prematurely forced to earn its living, the value of such upbringing is highly dubious. The first thing a child has to learn is to love. It must be able to find in its home that which later it will never get of so fine a quality, namely: perfect trust, fidelity, and the everlasting nature of love. Never again in later life will it be able to repose such confidence in any person as it does in its parents if these are as they should be. Even though your beloved may forsake you when you have grown to manhood or womanhood, you will have no right to complain that such an action is unheard of and contrary to nature. If you are lucky in the choice of a mate, you may possibly secure a further edition of this confidence and fidelity of childhood's days, but then only in a happily wedded state. Schopenhauer thus sees in the home life of parents and children the preparation of the latter for subsequent love activities, for a belief in love, for the possibility of a permanent union. Elders must see that nothing shall interfere with the course of this natural development. Life is so various in its manifestations that one cannot count on being able to give counsel applicable to every individual case. Sometimes it suffices to instruct the parents; in many cases, however, the children are in need of psychical treatment. Where the natural instinct has gone astray, there is only one piece of advice to give, namely: take the children away from the parental house. Unfortunately there at present exists no law enabling us to act thus

wisely, even in the most blatant cases of parental mishandling.

So far as the secrecy surrounding the sex life and the genital organs is in question, a child would prosper much better in a community life with other children than it can in the parents' bedroom. Educational trends to-day are in the direction of candour and truth. But where little children are concerned, we are forced to use care and discretion when certain aspects of the sex life are under discussion. A boy of four and his young mother came to be treated in a sanatorium. The family was of Turkish nationality, and alarmed the staff greatly by the way in which sexual relationships were discussed in the presence of the fully enlightened boy. A masseuse found the mother lying perfectly naked on a sofa, ready for treatment. The little son clapped his mother on the belly, saying to the masseuse: "Look, that's where I came from." The father, standing by the mother's couch, shook with laughter over the precocious frankness of his offspring. This is indeed naturalness pushed to an extreme, where it resembles the innocence displayed by the animal world. Such naturalness is more frequently met with among southern and oriental peoples than among ourselves. We must wait to see how little Mahmoud develops in later years before we shall be in a position to judge of the effects this idyllic scene may have produced. The greatest hysterics are to be found among Turks, with their heavy-lidded eyes and the profound melancholy of their faces.

Still, our elderly Turk is preferable to the masked sadists who beat their children black and blue whenever the poor little things manifest any sexual inclinations. The educationist may well despair of elaborating the refinements of pedagogy and may think it hopeless to recommend them when such horrors as those just

mentioned remain common form, being practised without let or hindrance on the part of the State, school authorities, the Church, or any other community. In the spring of 1926, an out-of-work butcher in Vienna murdered his wife, cut her body in pieces, and threw them into the Danube. This man had two children, boys respectively aged fifteen and eight. During the subsequent judicial investigation, the most horrible details came to light. Proceedings had been taken against the murdered woman for acts of violence no less than eight times in the last year of her life. It transpired that the murderer had two years before raped his illegitimate daughter, a girl of seventeen, and had then killed her. The couple made their livelihood by letting a room to prostitutes who came and went as they pleased. All this was known to the police, as was evidenced by the fact that they knew where to look for the murderer when the woman's left thigh was found on the abutment of a bridge. Such was the environment in which the two boys were growing up, such had been the parents to whose tender mercies the unfortunate lads had been unceasingly exposed. Neither the police, nor the neighbours, nor the women superintendents of the Viennese Child Protection Bureau, had seen any reason to interfere. Even after the ghastly murder and its discovery, the boys were left in the care of a neighbour, instead of being sedulously removed from the atmosphere of blood-curdling gossip and from all that could needlessly remind them of what had taken place. Such instances disclose what abominations still prevail in the matter of the upbringing of children. People were certainly horrified to learn that, for several nights in succession, the boys had gone on sleeping in the same bed, not only with their father the murderer, but beside the rotting fragments of their mother's corpse. In the literal sense of

the phrase, as well as in the metaphorical, the offence is rank and smells to heaven. But we are tough-minded! This is shown plainly enough in less outrageous cases, which none the less are bad enough to clamour for the removal of children from the injurious influences that radiate from certain parents. Cruelty on the part of parents and nurses is frequently ignored because cruelty does not necessarily exclude tenderness and a readiness for self-sacrifice. There is such a thing as sadistic tenderness. Most parents consider that children have come into being in order to provide their parents with gratification. The parents have power and children must submit.

Almost the first discovery Freud made was that the death of a father constituted the most important event in a young man's life. I feel inclined to amend this by substituting "either of the parents" for "father", and "any human being" for "young man". There is nothing of a mystical nature in the statement, but we have to recognise that the big and all-powerful figures of the parents loom so large in our civilisation that a child needs all its strength of mind to hold its own in relation to them, and that even then it fails to cope with them. Neither love nor hate is sufficient to deal with the situation. There is no possibility of getting rid of these giants, and a child can never wholly succeed in identifying itself with them. Nor can it completely submit its own will to theirs. If it rises in protest it is met with ferocious moral rebuke. Indeed, a psychical mechanism, so well oiled that it never creaks, is set up to regulate the points of contact between children and parents. This mechanism operates so smoothly that we do not hear it, but it is always in motion nevertheless, and the nerve specialist can tell a tale of its reactions.

Psychoanalysts have to listen to the neurotic's reminis-

cences of the days of his youth. Parents throw about words to which they themselves attach no meaning. But the child stores them up in its memory as tokens of a lack of love on the part of elders, and it inscribes these sayings as a motto over all subsequent events. "You are a coward," says Mother. Since its mother has told it that it is a coward, it becomes a coward. Father declares: "You're a rotter. You'll never make good." Two alternatives are open to the boy in this case: he will cease to try to improve, and in effect remain a rotter; or, to show that his father was wrong, he will be filled with ambition and will rise steadily in his profession, his upward progress continuing under spur of this impulse even though the father may long ago have died. In the latter case, the paternal prophecy still plays a part, for, no matter to what heights the son attains, his heart is never satisfied with his achievements, or, perhaps, his ambition leads nowhere.

It is no easy lot for a boy to be the child of celebrated parents, to be the only son of a Goethe or a Napoleon. One grows up in the shadow of the giant, and cannot see the sun because of the paternal effulgence. History furnishes few instances where the son achieved even greater things than the father: Charlemagne and Alexander the Great, the sons of such men as Pepin and Philip of Macedon constitute the rarest of exceptions. Usually a boy in such a case is obsessed by the thought: "I shall never be able to do what my father has done." The sons of geniuses suffer from a despair which paralyses their activities.

But we have to recognise that it is not only children labouring under the burden of possessing distinguished parents who suffer in this way. The same can be said of the offspring of the most ordinary citizens. Parents crush and subjugate their children, in all innocence

maybe, and quite unaware of what they are doing, but outsiders perceive it plainly enough. The children of specially capable and successful parents are perpetually in danger. The father may have begun life at the bottom of the ladder and have worked like a galley-slave, until, in spite of many hindrances, he became something worth while. Success oozes from every pore of his being, pervades the house; he is invariably cheerful, looks upon difficulties as bagatelles: he is "all there". An individual of this kind usually has a large family, and does all that in him lies to bring his youngsters up properly. But he does not reap the reward of his endeavours. He is not capable of coercing life itself. He cannot inspire his children with an energy similar to his own. In such circumstances he is likely to give way to impatience and to exclaim: "Little rotters, that's what you are! Lucky for you I was not a weakling and a dreamer!" And his words come true; the young generation squanders what he has amassed. Not so long ago a facile explanation was given of such an ascent in one generation, followed by a decline and fall in the next. The younger generation was called degenerate, or was said to be suffering from hereditary taint of one sort or another. Now we contemplate the matter from a psychological angle, and recognise that a child's spirit can be broken by a vituperative father. Never is such a father to be persuaded that it would be better for his children if he were to keep his personal success in the background. It is, of course, natural that a child should imitate its father. In this respect, a peasant has an easier time of it; for just as he follows the plough so will his son after him. Difficulty may arise because the family will find it hard to tolerate exceptional efficiency on the part of one of its members. A peasant family has been established because its founder settled down somewhere

as tiller of the soil. Fidelity, diligence, and love of the land have been its mainstays. There is no scope for genius here. But apart from this, as far as a child's interests are concerned, it is undesirable that parents should be exceptionally good-looking, exceptionally able, wealthy beyond the average, or outstandingly successful. Trouble will invariably ensue for the children of distinguished parents—making work for the psychoanalyst.

In modern education there is another way of relieving children from these and from many additional conflicts. I refer to the "Children's House", where children associate with their like, and are removed from the arena of an unequal struggle. Picture to yourself a number of persons climbing a mountain. Suppose that some of them are in training, and the others not. Very soon those who are not in training will fall behind, lose courage, and at length abandon the climb. They will never reach the summit. Yet if from the outset we had separated the two groups, and had allowed the persons not in training to mount at their own pace, they would have climbed slowly but without discouragement, and would have got to the top in due time. They have to be saved from an unequal struggle. In a Children's House the children flourish, happy because none of their associates are oppressively superior.

In the Children's House they are spared such unamiable criticism as: "You are a coward; how stupid you are; you will never be good for anything!" How can it possibly be expected that a child should make headway against discouragement of that sort? Our little ones are accused of being liars, of breaking their word, and of all kinds of other misdeeds, before they are in a position to understand what telling a lie or breaking one's word means. They are punished before they have grasped that there is any connexion between misdeed

and punishment (is there really any connexion between the two?). Yet it is in good faith that parents commit these errors of education. All the same, in the conduct of the elders there is an unmistakable sadistic element. Quite apart from the medieval survival of "a good thrashing", consider the aspect of many a father who is punishing his son in some milder fashion. The youngster is thoroughly enjoying a bar of chocolate and fails to heed one of his father's commands. "Don't you hear?" asks the latter. "Oh, Dad," says the boy protestingly. That is all. But it is enough to put the father in a rage. "Take away his chocolate!"—"What a fuss about a trifle," many of my readers will probably exclaim. In answer, I have to say that this incident of his childhood was related to me by a man of forty, for whom it remained in memory as one of the most terrible experiences of the fourth or fifth year of his life. The question arises whether, in the relationship between parents and children, the former are not inclined to think in their secret hearts, "I belong to the earlier generation—shall die before you—you will see me go down into the tomb—but as yet I am the stronger—I am still master of the house—I shall make you realise this." The reader must not suppose me to imply that there are many parents who think such thoughts in the conscious. But who among us realises his own unconscious impulses? We are glad enough if we can regulate our conscious life decently! In actual fact, there is unceasing warfare between fathers and sons—a fight in which either the father must lay the son low, or the son the father. Bloodless slaughter, for the most part, but not invariably so. In August 1926, at Villach, a drunken father flung his daughter out of the window and she was killed. I knew a father who was perfectly sober when he held his little boy out of a first-floor window

and cried to the mother who was standing in the garden below: "Shall I throw him down to you?" A merry jest? But what about the deadly fear of the child? What about his sense of powerlessness; his rage; his feeling of guilt because of his schemes for vengeance upon his father? Let us remove children from such "homes" as these, and bring them up in Children's Houses. The contagious maladies of childhood to which they will thereby be exposed count for little as against the incurable defects of character produced in the home by an excess of severity and by its counterpart, an excess of tenderness.

We who champion the Children's House are continually hearing from those who favour the old methods an objection which it is difficult to refute without incivility. "Look at me! I was brought up at home, and I shall always be grateful to my parents for having cared for me so devotedly." In the case of most of those who use such an argument it would be easy enough, but for the convention of politeness, to reply that the results do not seem to have been altogether satisfactory. Who really knows what a home upbringing was like in the old days? We know what it is like to-day, and that the difficulties it entails are almost insuperable. Perhaps things were otherwise of yore. There is a mitigating factor in the relations between children and grown-ups which is becoming far less operative in modern times. What children find hardest of all to bear is coercion; but when they see that their parents, too, are coerced, it is easier for the youngsters to endure constraint. In army life, harsh discipline is tolerable because the recruit speedily realises that the sergeant has to obey the lieutenant; the latter, the captain; and so on, through all grades, up to the supreme war-lord. Even he, the supreme war-lord, the monarch, voluntarily submits himself to a superhuman authority in heaven, lest it

should be said of him that he has no superior officer. Applying this simile to the nursery, things go better when the child can plainly see the moral compulsion to which its parents have to submit. When the father and mother work hard, children's minds are less troubled than in homes where the parents belong, or seem to belong, to the great tribe of the Do-as-you-likes—with the result that the children appear to themselves to be perpetually under the stress of "must" or "must not", what time the adults live in paradise. That is presumably the chief reason why there are so many ne'er-do-wells among the offspring of those who are comfortably off. In a certain school "Mother" was given out as topic for an essay. A girl of nine produced the following remarkable composition: "When I get up in the morning I don't see Mother, for she is still in bed and asleep. She comes home very late every evening. That is because she is always at a party or at a theatre, where she enjoys herself very much. When I get home from school she is in the bathroom rubbing her cheeks with rouge and reddening her lips with lipstick. She has brown touche for her eyebrows. . . ." This is a distressing document. Hatred of the mother breathes from every line; and who can blame the child for that if, as seems likely, the record is a true one? A boy of five to whom I said in joke: "Your daddy is very disobedient!" rejoined: "Father hasn't got to be obedient. Only children have got to be obedient." That is the child's customary outlook. Children believe that grown-ups, like the gods, are subject to no authority. Surely it is natural that children should envy their parents, however affectionate these may be, for a happiness which exists, of course, only in a child's imagination?

Of old, when a civilisation was vigorous and effective, it was shot throughout with compulsion. Often the

compulsion was scarcely noticed because those who had to endure it could not conceive of a life from which it was absent. Compulsion was part of the essence of religion and ritual. Church-going, the confessional, prayers for each appropriate hour of the day, combined to keep parents and children in a thraldom which was common to them all. Well, it is futile to look back regretfully towards such a past. Evolution has marched over it, and the wheel of time cannot be turned backward. What is now incumbent on us is to establish a contemporary culture as a substitute for the lost culture of piety. Such a substitute is indispensable. Time alone can show whether its establishment will make an end of the family as it has hitherto existed. This much is certain, that the community education of children in Children's Houses will play a notable part in the civilisation of days to come.

CHAPTER EIGHT

PARENTS AND THEIR CHILDREN

INFANTS and little children would perish were it not for the care taken of them by their parents or their nurses. Obviously, then, parents are of supreme importance to their children. It is not so easy to define the importance of children to their parents. In the case of all the higher animals, indeed, maternal love is plainly evidenced. Such love is a biological institution, and we cannot but regard as morbid the instances in which it is wanting or much below the normal in intensity. On the other hand a good many observers are inclined to regard paternal affection as an artificial rather than a natural product. The Old Man of the primal horde did not love his children. Until the monogamic family became established, a father did not even recognise his children as his own; and, in the horde, the mothers could consider themselves lucky if the Old Man did not (like Cronus) devour his offspring. Children made claims on the time and the energies of his women, hampering his possession and enjoyment of them; thus children became his adversaries, whom he would bite to death when he got the chance. The mothers had to defend their children against the dangers of the outer world, and of these dangers the father's hostility was not the least. On the island of Brioni, off the coast of Istria, Herr Kuppelwieser reared a family of baboons, and visitors to the place had ample opportunity of watching the malicious way in which the father eyed his offspring. One after another, he killed them in the night time. There seemed to be no way of saving them, for the mother had to suckle them, and

it was apparently impracticable to separate her from her mate.

People are always comforted, after a fashion, when they rediscover certain human attributes or institutions among monkeys or anthropoid apes. But their alleged monogamy is not our monogamy; the horde life of primitive man, group marriage, exogamy, and matriarchy lie between. Monogamy among ape-men was discarded, and was only reintroduced as a fairly late outcome of civilisation. We are not justified in drawing any inferences as to our own habits from the habits of monkeys. It would be rather discreditable to the science of psychology if it were necessary for us to ask monkeys and other brute beasts for information as to what goes on in our own minds. When we wish to study the problems of human fellowship we must do so with the aid of an imaginative insight into the human psyche—and it must be an insight into the psyche of modern civilised man. The life of the primitive horde lies too far back in the mists of time, and the interpretation of the manners and customs of contemporary savages is too difficult, for us to be able to find trustworthy reflexions of ourselves either in the one or in the other. It is very, very difficult for a civilised man to understand the thoughts and feelings of a primitive.

Psychoanalysis has shown that fathers (and mothers as well) are bipolar in their attitude towards their children. Each of the parents is simultaneously brutal and tenderly affectionate, simultaneously selfish and self-sacrificing, towards the child. The phrase often enough heard in a parent's mouth, "I love you so much that I could eat you", is susceptible of two interpretations. The difference between legitimate and illegitimate birth makes so immense a difference in the paternal outlook that the father of an illegitimate child does not

as a rule show the smallest affection for his offspring, whereas a "lawful" father will shrink from no sacrifices on his children's behalf. But if a mere scrap of paper, a registrar's certificate of marriage, can make so much difference, we are hardly justified in speaking of paternal affection as having strong biological roots. A father, it would seem, cannot truly love his children except under the spell of officially recognised family life. Even maternal love is greatly influenced by this question of legitimacy. When the social situation conflicts with a mother's "natural" feelings, the latter often get the worst of it. Infanticide on the part of the mothers of illegitimate and unwanted children is no rarity, and in such cases the law is often willing to listen to the plea of extenuating circumstances. Under stress of poverty (and the poverty is not always extreme) a girl will entrust her infant to the care of a baby-farmer and hire herself out as wet-nurse, whereas a lawful mother will tell you that she would rather die than hand over her child, even for a day, to strangers.

We see, then, that, to the natural feelings which impel the parents to care for the young, there have, so far as human beings are concerned, been superadded social influences which can only be understood psychologically. There are fathers and mothers in the lower animal kingdom as well as among human beings, but their behaviour can throw little light upon that of human parents. The primary maternal feeling, the "maternal instinct", is hormonal. Gland cells produce certain substances, some of which are passed out of the body or help to form the digestive juices, etc. These are known as excretions and secretions. But the same glands also pour active substances into the blood; and certain glands exist only to contribute such substances to the blood, being ductless glands which have no external

secretion at all but only an internal secretion, nowadays called for short an "incretion". The active substances in these incretions are the hormones which, carried to all parts of the body by the circulation, affect, not only the tissue chemistry of remote parts, but behaviour as well. It is the hormones of the reproductive glands, the sexual hormones, which stimulate a female mammal's breasts to secrete milk at the appropriate time; it is a sexual hormone which, when October comes, transforms the stag from a quiet creature into a fiercely combative and jealous beast; and it is a sexual hormone which makes the timid doe courageous for the defence of her young and skilful in their care. The effect of such hormones may be compared to that of alcohol, which will, for a time, animate a poltroon with "Dutch courage". Motherliness is a sort of intoxication, provided by nature for the safeguarding of the newborn.

But this intoxication is not lasting. It is far from persisting throughout the lengthy period of human immaturity. We often see that normal parents love their children more and more ardently as the years pass; and every one will be familiar with instances in which mothers are especially devoted to those of their children who, for illness or some other reason, have given them more trouble or caused them more sorrow than the others. At the outset, indeed, human infants, like the young of the lower animals, are guaranteed maternal love and care by the hormonal method, though less efficiently than kittens and puppies, for instance. After a time, when the hormone ceases to operate, the child has to effect a conquest of the mother in order to ensure the continuance of her love. The infant's vital manifestations, the budding reason of the little child, its prolonged helplessness, the signs of its affectionate trust, touch the mother's heart—and the

father's. Hence the current phrase that a child does not become really "attractive" until it is two or three years old. We have therefore to distinguish between primary or physiological and secondary or superimposed (cultural) maternal affection. As regards paternal affection there is little that can be called primary, for such love as a father feels for his baby is not of a steadfast quality, and is mainly inspired by a contemplation of primary maternal love. It is like the fainter rainbow sometimes seen as a reflexion of the first. All the more powerful, therefore, is the secondary, the cultural component of a father's love for his children, associated as this love is with that proprietary instinct which is one of the strongest known to our species. In our civilisation the child is regarded as the property of the parents. The problem of the relationships between parents and children is part of the great problem of property.

This particular aspect of the problem of property, the one which concerns educationists, is not a matter of material possessions but of serfdom, or (to put it yet more bluntly) of the enslavement of germinating minds. Slavery used to be an essential part of civilisation, though we moderns are prone to forget that the achievements of classical days, the art we so greatly admire, and so on, were all based upon slavery, which was in those days taken as a matter of course. A good many of the slaves, probably, regarded their lot as natural and inalterable. They knew themselves subject to the law of the stronger, but it does not follow that their lives were embittered by the recognition of the fact. In ancient days there were learned defenders of slavery, and priests taught that it was divinely ordained. In the United States, less than seventy years ago, while the civil war which resulted in the abolition of negro slavery was still in progress, many people continued to ask themselves what

the multitude of slaves would be able to do with freedom if it were granted. Would not the poor wretches starve? As to what many term the "wage-slavery" of our own days, that is so controversial a topic that it will be better to leave the matter undiscussed here. Children are our affair, and the title of this book is *Set the Children Free!* Well, of them as of the negro slaves, many will ask: "What will the poor things do if you set them free?" We must not shirk the answer!

Children are slaves, but they mitigate their slavery by turning the tables on those who hold them in thrall. Although they belong to their parents, their parents likewise belong to them, and they use the tender phrases, "my father", "my mother", in a possessive sense. Love, therefore, when abundantly offered and whole-heartedly accepted, overcomes even this perilous degradation of the child to a slave status. Still, the gilding of affection must not make us overlook the real situation that lies beneath. Children come into the world, not as free beings, but as serfs; not as Promethean creatures, but as chattels, which always belong to some one, though this some one be their own father. Their dependent position cannot fail to arouse in them a servile mentality. The "patria potestas" of Roman law gave the father power of life and death over his children. Our modern legal codes do not go so far as this, but children are still (in their own estimation at any rate) subject to the unrestricted authority of family discipline. They believe that their father, though not perhaps their mother, can do whatever he likes with them. There can hardly be a child which has not occasionally pondered the peculiarity of its situation. The question how that situation originated is a puzzle to its mind. A good little boy of three and a half asked thoughtfully: "How did you get hold of me?"

There are only two alternatives for a child: resistance and subordination. Each of these alternatives has its counterpart, which is usually repressed into the unconscious. The refractory child loves its father devotedly, though the fact is hidden both from itself and from others. It identifies itself with him or with the mother. The "model child" is unconsciously cherishing plans of vengeance. Such is the way of the world. Universal conflicts, leading in the end to volcanic eruptions.

There is nothing more detestable, nothing more unnatural, than a class of exemplary pupils, ranged on forms in a schoolroom. These very forms are, as Dr. Montessori vigorously phrases it, an abomination. The spine is the strongest part of our skeleton, but so ill-designed are the forms in general use that curvature of the spine has become the rule rather than the exception. If our educational system actually twists children's spines, what else is it not likely to twist in these frail beings? Drill may be requisite to produce the maximum of productive efficiency, and yet drilled children are the sin against the Holy Ghost. A boy of eight from a Prussian country town remarked one day at dinner time: "I say, Father, the caning you gave me yesterday has done me good already. I am sitting much straighter!" Any one present who could enjoy the meal after such a remark must have known nothing of human dignity or human freedom. The incident happened in Constantinople where the family was established during the war, the father having been assigned as officer to a Turkish regiment. This same youngster was taken to see the old cemetery at Scutari, a famous place, picturesque in its ruinous way. The boy said: "What a funny-looking place! That stone ought to be more to the left; and this one is crooked; hardly any of them are in proper rows. I should like to see it all set in order.

It would look much nicer then." Unhappy boy, and unhappy nation that brings up its children with minds like this!

Emperors, kings, field-marshals, high-priests, captains of industry: they all want to see straight lines, and they all want the workers to be docile. Patience and subordination have come to be looked upon as cardinal virtues; and, in very truth, if virtues they be, they are the only ones which the old educational system could be counted on to produce. But wrath repressed will burst the boiler, like superheated steam. How little capacity have carefully drilled men for anything which makes men worthy of the name, beginning with the capacity for happiness and for loving—to say nothing of the highest achievements of a free spirit, which issue one and all out of love and have a healthy impulsive life as their foundation. Agreed that culture and civilisation are impossible without the renunciation of many freedoms. All the same, the inner freedom must remain inviolable. "Outwardly restricted, inwardly unrestricted," was the watchward of the German idealist philosophers. Thanks to the unwarrantable parental claim to ownership of children, these children become unfree inwardly as well as outwardly, become slaves who either wear their chains as patiently as an ox bows its neck beneath the yoke or else are continually kicking against the pricks.

Internal freedom is a splendid feeling, being equivalent to the sense of omnipotence induced by the conviction that one has entered into alliance with the divine power. According to psychoanalysts, this feeling originates in the interconnexion between the budding ego and its tu. The child's ego must revolve round the sun of the parental tu, and only by avoiding any interference with this natural planetary motion can we hope

to produce persons who, while outwardly disciplined, remain inwardly free. See to it, parents, that you, regarded by your child as its divine tu, do not poison for it this most important of cognitions, which is the first, the most primitive element of a child's philosophy. No doubt the child will ere long recognise your inadequacy, and thus become aware of its own. But, first of all, let it absorb your sufficiency, this meaning your love. "Honour thy father and thy mother." So be it—but then, as Anzengruber justly remarks, the parents must be worthy of honour.

A boy of eight wanted to go down to the landing-stage to see the river steamboat that had just arrived. His father forbade him to go. The boy angrily exclaimed: "When I am grown up, I shan't allow my children to go and see the steamboat either!" The damnable logicality of the remark is plain enough. But there is a no less damnable pre-logicality as well, the pre-logicality of the scales. The boy is weighing the disagreeable feeling of renunciation at the moment against the pleasure he will feel in exercising his power to forbid in days to come. We can consider it almost certain that he will play the tyrant in his turn. Generally speaking, fathers will sing the tunes the grandfathers sang, and this gives a clue to the way in which parents treat their children. Parents think their child a new edition of themselves. Obviously they are mistaken, but the mistake is almost universal and it is the chief cause of the sorrows of education. If only the parents could remember their own childhood and its uniqueness, the consequences would be less serious. But inasmuch as they fancy that they themselves are reproduced in the child, they ascribe to the latter feelings which they believe themselves to have had but which memory has distorted in various ways. They therefore "talk down" to the child, use

a faked "baby language", believing that in this way they are being just to their offspring. A boy of four was eating an apple in the street. A man "fond of children" came up and said: "Gib me an icol bit." For days the child continued to ask why the man talked like that, and what sort of language he had been speaking. Most people believe that they are doing the right thing by a child when they feign stupidity. They quiz a child. The youngster is not slow to perceive that it is being made game of, and resents the operation unutterably. Nothing, in fact, is more distasteful to a child, or at any rate to one which has good stuff in it. Children give their sympathy to those who treat them seriously, who regard them, not as property, but as human beings with rights of their own.

Nigh on a hundred and fifty years ago, during the great French Revolution, the third estate, the bourgeoisie, was discovered. Since then, a good while back, the fourth estate, the proletariat, fought its way to recognition. Behind these there looms already a fifth estate, consisting of the masses of those who have no rights and who still lack the power to organise themselves: criminals, prostitutes, and other so-called anti-social elements. Perhaps in due time a sixth estate and a seventh will arise. Last of all, however, constituting a very large proportion of mankind, is the estate of children, who, owing to the erroneous attitude of parents and educationists, are not allowed to live their own lives. It is no chance matter that the children of the well-to-do love to frequent the kitchen, to fraternise with those who labour and are heavy-laden, and even with domestic animals. They feel that they belong to the ranks of those who are despised and rejected.

The reintroduction of monogamy after the life of the horde had endured for ages and when civilisation

was beginning, would seem to have been dependent upon the institution of private property. Human beings acquired possessions (in the man's State, where men formed the dominant sex, men for the most part were the holders of property) and wished to transmit them to their children. Naturally the male property-owner wanted to be sure that the heirs were of his own begetting. He was ready, in case of need, to make sacrifices for the upbringing of his own flesh and blood, and he demanded fidelity of his wife. The legitimate child, being thus advanced to the position of heir, suffered correspondingly, inasmuch as it came to be regarded as part of the paternal property, and found itself in the grip of the great sausage-machine. What are men chiefly busied about? The acquisition of property. What do they need when they have acquired something, be it a throne, a few acres of land, or a substantial balance at the bank? An heir! The child, which hitherto had run beside its mother like a foal, therewith acquires a significance which, if not positively unnatural, at any rate is not part of a child's true nature. Napoleon's son was already king of Rome in the cradle. He continued, none the less, to wet his clouts like any other infant.

But what about the proletarian? He has no property, and therefore cannot bequeath any. His children are not heirs, but only property. The proletarian has few rights. One of those left to him is the right to box his children's ears, because they are "his" children. He wants to prove himself a good father even though he has no other property. His children, at least, are his own, and the possessing classes have no interest in interfering with his ownership in this respect by enlightening his mind. Why should he not work off his ill-humour on the kids? Surely it would be unwise to accustom this spawn of unfreedom to the delights of freedom! Let

the youngsters get used to having their ears boxed, and then they will not be surprised in later days that life brings them more kicks than ha'pence. When they grow up and become fathers, they, in turn, will regard their offspring as defenceless property.

From treating children harshly to treating them tenderly is but a step. Who will venture to say that slaves were invariably mishandled? But if even slaves had a good time of it under a kindly master, how much more reasonable is it to give one's own children a good time, the children one loves as bone of one's bone and flesh of one's flesh? From about the fifth year of life, however, the genius of the child protests against love of this sort, which arises in great part out of self-love, termed by the psychoanalysts narcissism. A human being has an ego-ideal, something he would like to be but never succeeds in being. He would like to be handsome, clever, rich, happy, beloved, powerful, and, above all, immortal. For the most part, we grown-ups have renounced the attempt to attain our ego-ideal in the conscious. But our dreams and our delight in fairy-tales show that it lives on in the depths. If a circular were sent round inquiring which fairy-tale was the most entrancing, I, for my part, should say *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*. Aladdin is almost omnipotent, is universally loved, can clothe, feed, and house his poverty-stricken mother as though she were a princess. We gladly identify ourselves with him because he so closely resembles our ego-ideal.

That is what happens in a fairy-tale. Psychoanalysis explains that our narcissism has been repressed from the world of reality to persist in the world of the unconscious. Then, a little miracle happens. Unto us a child is born, and our mortifications are soothed as by the tones of an organ or by a carillon of bells. Let Freud

take up his parable. "When we contemplate the attitude of affectionate parents towards their children, we cannot but see that it is a revival . . . of long dormant narcissism. As every one knows, the unmistakable characteristic of overvaluation . . . is dominant here. The parent is under an urge to ascribe to the child perfections which sober observation fails to disclose, while defects are concealed and forgotten. . . . But the parent is also inclined, when in presence of the child, to suspend all those cultural acquisitions before which the adult has compelled his narcissism to bow, and to renew, as far as the child is concerned, the long-abandoned claim to certain privileges. The child is to be better off than its parents, is to be freed from subordination to the necessities which the grown-up has come to recognise as preponderant in life. Illness, death, the forgoing of pleasures, the bridling of one's own will, are not to trouble the child; the laws of nature and the conventions of society no longer apply in its case; it is to be once more, in very truth, the centre and the core of creation. 'His Majesty, the Baby'—as one used long ago to regard oneself. It is to fulfil the unfulfillable wish-fantasies of the parents; the little boy is to be the great man, the hero, whom the father can no longer hope to be; the little girl is to marry a prince who will compensate the mother for the ordinariness of her actual partner. The weakest point of the narcissistic system, that conviction of the immortality of the ego, which is so cruelly shaken by the realities of experience, has found a defensive armour in a flight to the child. The touching and fundamentally childlike love of parents for their offspring is but the renascent narcissism of the father and mother which, though transformed into love for an objective being, still unmistakably betrays its original nature."

To the master's words on this matter I will add (refer back to the beginning of the chapter) that until monogamy was reintroduced the father scarcely recognised his children as his own and that in early youth they were removed from the mother's care. In those days, therefore, narcissism had to follow another path, had in its flight through dreamland to glimpse other peaks. Not until monogamy had brought the child into such close contact with the thoughts and actions of the parents (now become property-snatchers) could the narcissism of parents grow active once more in its direction towards the child. The passage quoted from Freud gives us vistas into an illimitable region of injustice where children are grievously wronged through tenderness. In one way or the other, through tenderness or through manifest cruelty, violence is done to children. Hardly ever are they allowed to develop freely, like the flowers of the wild. A child may well say of itself what Heine wrote:

They made my life a burden,
  Embittering my fate.
Some of them did it with their love,
  The others with their hate.

CHAPTER NINE

THE NURSERY AND THE CAREER

It is natural that the parents' hands should press most heavily upon an only child. Nowadays the one-child system gains ground at an alarming pace, and there is good reason for anxiety as to its social upshot. If things were as they should be, we ought never to be obliged to speak of the psychology of "the" child, inasmuch as where there is one child there are or ought to be other children as well. Things being as they are, it has been found necessary to write a good many books upon the psychology of the only child.

So recently as a generation ago, families with an only child were extremely rare. But even before the Great War, the one-child system was becoming established among the middle classes, its development being ascribed to the parents' love of their own comfort. Thanks to modern technical progress, money can command many more material enjoyments than of old. Consider, for instance, expensive journeys and the ownership of a car. People have less taste for spiritual pleasures, among which may be reckoned the happiness of those who have "their quiver full". Add to this that the forces which used to impose restraints upon pleasure-seeking no longer operate. People enjoy themselves far more frankly and intensely than they did in the nineteenth century; and, for enjoyment, time and money are needed. Hence potential parents restrict births, since children also demand the expenditure of time and money. After the war, there was an even greater longing for ease and comfort and luxury; and in certain quarters there was also enhanced wealth. Speaking generally, however,

middle-class and proletarian families were on short commons. Anxiety as to the future was widespread, with the result that to-day the one-child system is largely the outcome of poverty or the fear of it.

Many educationists have pointed out that the upbringing of an only child is a difficult matter. The fact is so obvious that I need hardly dilate on it. An only child associates mainly with grown-ups instead of living in a nursery with other children as playmates. Its parents devote to it far more time and attention than is natural. On the other hand, the only child is unduly exposed to its parents' whimsies and fits of ill-temper. Again, there is too much tenderness in its environment, too much anxiety concerning dangers real or imaginary—a general atmosphere of nervousness and fuss which exert a sort of contagion upon the budding mind. Modern educationists have of late established community schools even for very little children (Children's Houses), and some authorities go so far as to recommend that children should be entirely removed from the care of their parents to be entrusted to responsible experts. Since an only child has such urgent need of the company of other children, its upbringing in a Children's House as recommended by Dr. Montessori would seem to be especially desirable. Unfortunately, however, it is above all the parents of an only child who are loth to be separated from their darling, failing to recognise that even though the herding of children together brings with it an increased liability to contagious ailments, the danger of these is unimportant as compared with that of fostering a neurotic temperament such as is almost inevitable in a solitary child.

The eldest child in a family suffers, transiently at least, from similar difficulties, since for a time it is an only child. In those early days, it has a surfeit of affec-

tion; and then, when brothers and sisters are born, it is deposed from its high estate. The parents expect it to set an example to the younger children, and often to act as their protector. It stands midway between the elders and the nursery. When it wants to be a child it is told: "You are the eldest, so you must be good." When it plumes itself upon its position as a sort of supplementary parent, it is snubbed, with the remark: "Don't be so bossy; you're only a child." Similar difficulties arise for children of intermediate age, who do not know whether they can claim the rights of elder children or of younger. The youngest child is menaced, in some degree, by the fate of the only child, for, as the perennial "baby", it is apt to be spoiled, before all if there is a considerable gap between it and its elder brothers and sisters.

Only children tend to grow up as egoists, thinking perpetually of themselves and their own advantage. Thereby they become unamiable. They even find themselves unamiable, with the result that they are unhappy in spite of subsequent success in their career. Psychoanalysts describe them as having a fixation on their parents. They are never able to break away from the ego-and-tu relationship; and, as a rule, they lack the toughness and the staying-power that are indispensable to lasting achievement. Things have been made too easy for them in the nursery; they have been coddled; their wishes have been fulfilled at the merest hint. In youth they are little tyrants, and form a conception of life utterly different from the harsh realities of the unknown world which awaits conquest as soon as they leave the nursery. To begin with they are horrified by this strange world, speedily grow discouraged, and are continually seeking refuge in a return to the mother. This is the explanation of those remarkable households

in which an only child of forty or fifty is found to be still living with the parents or with the surviving parent.

It would seem that the father of an only son generally dies before the mother. Even when the widow is still quite young, she will seldom marry again, but will remain in close union with her son, having made up her mind to devote herself exclusively to his education. The boy is, in a way altogether unnatural, to embody the fulfilment of the mother's instinctive desires, which are no longer allowed to flow in their normal channel. An older widow, who has an only son already grown up when the father dies, will take it as a matter of course that the son shall go on living with her. At times such a mother will be so sturdily selfish as to threaten suicide if the son proposes to marry. Women of gentler disposition will not talk like this, but the son's fixation will usually suffice to prevent his entertaining any thought of marriage.

Herein we see one of the reasons why so many girls cannot find a husband. I do not exaggerate. If only sons with fixation upon the mother were as rare as they used to be, this factor in the production of superfluous women would hardly count statistically; but there can be no question that there is a steady increase in the number of such unnatural mother-and-son households. Perhaps we may recognise here one of the ways in which weakly stocks are being eradicated.

Mother's darling, however fondly he may be attached to his mother, will nevertheless, in the unconscious, regard as an enemy this elderly woman from whom he is unable to break away. He cannot break away, however, because he cannot even conceive the possibility of living without her. The psychoanalyst, in such cases, tries to make the patient aware of the hidden incestuous impulse. He will find this difficult until

society at large has come to recognise the true nature of the relationships we are now considering. It may seem harsh to disclose this reality to two persons who seem to be leading blameless lives, and who, in the conscious, believe themselves to have made great sacrifices for one another. But those whose main interest lies in social welfare are concerned with ridding the world of this and many other evil consequences of the one-child system. Obviously, in many respects the best remedy would be a return to the practice of having large families. Failing that unlikely event, the only child must be brought up in the society of other children. Should even this prove impracticable, the parents ought to separate from the only child as soon as it becomes able to earn its own livelihood. In the last resort, we have early marriage for such young persons. When they in their turn become parents, they may emerge from the realm of everlasting childhood.

The nursery can never be an independent entity. It is inconceivable except in close proximity with the parents' rooms. The children in a nursery are never really left to themselves. They are always in the glare of a searchlight, always under the spell of father, mother, or other grown-ups. It is sometimes said that children's groups or cliques within the family are entirely free from a sexual tinge so long as the children are young. Freud's researches have shown that this view is erroneous. A brother and a sister or two brothers and two sisters respectively will form pairs united by tender affection, and it is difficult to decide in such cases whether the pairing has occurred spontaneously or whether it is an imitation of the parental grouping. Over and above affectionate and caressive (contrectative) manifestations, sexual practices of a crudely material kind are extremely common among siblings. We gain nothing by talking

about "depravity", although it is true that premature manifestations of the sexual impulse impose difficulties in the educational path. When children are ill-treated by their parents, they draw more closely together, entering into an alliance against the enemy. If the family should be a large one, the parents will always have favourites, and the others will feel themselves to be Cinderellas. In general we find that boys are more closely linked with the mother and girls with the father, sexual differences thus manifesting themselves early.

We often notice that a centrifugal force radiates from "favourite" children, with the result that the others, feeling out in the cold, incline to develop in an opposite way. Thus one child will become gentle and another defiant. Everything which sets human beings in conflict with one another is intertwined with jealousy. By envy, by a sense of grievance because certain members of the family are preferred, the other children will be given a kink. It would be well if educationists were to keep watch upon the force I have here termed centrifugal (it might also be called fratrifugal) and to mitigate its effects. The enmity of brothers as depicted by Schiller in *Die Braut von Messina* plays a great part in ordinary life, with this difference, that the hostile brethren do not habitually draw knives or manifest their mutual antagonism as plainly as do the brothers in Schiller's first work *Die Räuber.* Matters are not so simple in real life as in this play, where one of the brothers was a noble-minded robber and the other a wolf in sheep's clothing. We have also to remember the workings of the unconscious, for the fundamental characteristics of such enmities may be veiled. Often enough, nothing but a lengthy analysis by an expert will disclose that the relations of two brothers or two sisters well on in years are dependent upon, and that their general behaviour

is determined by, such a feud dating from childhood. One brother will marry and have five or six children, and for that reason the other brother will remain a bachelor. Every one knows that the latter is a celibate, but only the psychoanalyst knows why. One brother devotes himself to study or research and becomes a noted man of science, whilst the other remains a dullard. History and biography are full of such instances. We have all heard of Casanova, the "Chevalier de Seingalt", whose memoirs and amorous adventures have made him famous. He had been destined for the Church, and was in a seminary for some time studying for the priesthood. His subsequent career, however, was not conspicuous for piety. What is less generally known is that the Chevalier's elder brother was a painter of considerable ability who became a professor of art and director of the Dresden Academy. A third of these Casanova brothers was likewise a painter. Were all the data available, we should probably find some psychological reason, some condition in the man's early life and family relationships, which was predominant in making Giacopo Casanova what he became. These contrasts originate in the nursery through the conflicting ways in which parents treat their children. "Brotherliness" has become proverbial, but is more often talked about than seen. The influences exerted by the older generation hinder its chances of development. Only too often does jealousy nip it in the bud.

The most deplorable consequences ensue when the education takes the form known as "strict", this meaning that the cane is freely used. Matters would not be quite so bad if justice were observed after a fashion. But the wretches who work off their violent tempers upon children because they are too cowardly to take the cane in hand where they might encounter resistance, make distinctions

in their cruelty. There will, for instance, be "baby"—the youngest child, a pampered darling who is never chastised. Such a youngster cannot fail to develop a bad character. Inasmuch as it is the favourite of the elders, it looks upon itself as set apart from the others, whose sense of justice is vainly aroused against the privileged position of the favourite. They have to put up with the situation, to look on in impotent wrath while the pet of the family grows into a selfish tyrant, and often into a sneak—learning all too soon how easy it is for injustice to triumph, how easy it is to get on in the world when the rights of one's associates are disregarded.

The other children experience the passive side of the triumph of injustice. They lose faith in justice and in love, get discouraged, with a discouragement that persists through life. As long as they are still children, the drama is played upon a small stage. Freud has spoken of psychoanalysis as the microscopy of the mind. Very few people take the trouble to look at the human mind under a lens. If they did so they would more often recognise that beneath a wry mask of defiance the children who are permanently out of favour conceal an immense yearning for love which they express in their fantasies by identifying themselves with the favourite. We may see this even in very little children. A girl of four had a baby brother, and watched the mother giving suck. Long since, she had given up the use of the comforter. Now she resumed it, and, because her mother had two breasts at the disposal of the infant, the little girl, happening to have a few coppers, bought herself an additional comforter that she might be as well off as the baby. Subsequently this identification was repressed into the unconscious, and dislike became the manifest attitude of mind.

George was strictly brought up, which meant that he had frequent canings. Teddy was the youngest in the family and used to look on while George was being punished. The father died when the boys were respectively nineteen and seventeen years of age. George, the elder, having a natural desire to escape from a place so full of memories of injustice, left home to earn an independent livelihood. Teddy, the younger, stayed on with his mother, being eager to do his best to make up for the loss of his father. Whenever George came on a visit, the atmosphere was disagreeable. Perhaps he would find his mother away, though he had written to announce his coming, for Teddy would have persuaded her to go away for a time. If George asked how his mother was, Teddy would reply: "Don't you bother about her. If you really cared for her, you would not have left home." George was thus continually forced back into the attitude of hostility and defiance which he would have preferred to abandon. The choleric father was dead, and there would have been nothing to prevent the revival of affectionate relations between him and his mother had not Teddy been in the way, now playing the paternal role. At length the mother died. Teddy was a young man who knew his way about. He married money, and in the course of the next few years his wife had several children. George, having retained a secret admiration and repressed love for the brother who had been the family pet, now secured animal gratification without affection in intercourse with loose women. In the depths, his brother's example continued to influence him, and, after several broken engagements, he, too, married. The marriage was unhappy. There had been talk of a small dowry, but it was not forthcoming. After the marriage had been consummated, the wife acknowledged having had "a past". She was

"nevertheless" a charming woman, whom any normal man would have found a delightful companion, being gentle, devoted, and of a yielding disposition. During the first years of wedded life, George railed against his wife, quite unjustly for the most part. He was imitating his father and brother, both of whom had made the home unbearable with their hectoring ways. Since, however, his wife never answered back, and remained invariably good-humoured, he gave up this quarrelsomeness after a time. Instead, he began to suffer from anxiety states, and found the continuance of married life intolerable. The experiences of the nursery were wrecking his new home. Whenever he saw Teddy, he had a bad attack of palpitation, rendering a day in bed necessary. Teddy, on his side, continued to do whatever he could to humiliate George. George was a draper. Teddy showed him some cloth bought at another establishment, and asked whether George thought the price reasonable. His hairdresser had advised him to buy it. George was profoundly mortified because Teddy had more confidence in the hairdresser than in his own brother. . . .

In a social order which still regards man as the dominant sex, psychologists are led astray like the rest of us, so that they are continually talking of men and boys rather than of women and girls. Mutatis mutandis, conditions similar to those just described prevail where girls are concerned. One daughter will be her father's favourite and will become a gentle but somewhat mischievous creature. Her sister will feel thrust out into the cold and, under stress of the unhappy love for a father who gives his preference to another, will become a bumptious, punctilious, and exacting tomboy. Her conduct in the nursery is of such a kind that her father (though he is far from understanding what lies at the

root of the trouble) grows more and more dissatisfied with her. Thus one of the girls becomes constantly better behaved and the other the reverse. Since the nursery is but a preparation for grown-up life, it is important to follow the history of such cases and to learn their subsequent development. Brothers at odds with one another are common enough. Sisters at odds are perhaps even commoner. But it lies in the nature of girls that they should tend to hide or repress these enmities, which manifest themselves as their counterparts. We therefore often see sisters who, at bottom, cannot endure one another, making their progress through life hand in hand and with a show of great affection. No doubt what is called luck or chance plays its part in the later history of two such girls. The mutinous sister may develop into a virago who, like Diana, goes about with wolf-hounds on a leash; she may win prizes for horsemanship; or, if she is not so well off, may keep very strict order as librarian of a public library, may play the martinet as manageress of a department in some big shop, or what not. Perhaps she will pick up a husband whom she will keep under her thumb. Such girls are fond of saying that they take the man who pleases them. Pride of the sort is a belated expression of the moody defiance which originated and was nourished in earlier years by the preference shown to a sister.

As with all things built upon volcanic soil, we are, in cases such as these, faced with the danger of a complete collapse. The epoch when the collapse is more or less likely to occur can usually be foreseen. An initial danger is already present in the nursery. Certain children who are crushed at an early stage never even attain to the defiant and rebellious period, but all too soon suffer from the discouragement consequent upon a lack of love, a discouragement which hinders

them from developing the capacities needed for the battle of life. They are the persons who while still quite young experience love on the grand scale. Ardent affection is to compensate them for the lack of love in childhood's days. Such love relationships are seldom happy. They are too passionate to last. The beautiful flower of love is constantly running the risk of destruction. Disappointment, so frequent in cases of calf-love, is the second bitter experience in the affective lives of these girls. Henceforward, they, who as children never got all the affection they wanted, doubt whether they are ever destined to find an escape from misery through love. Their first love experience being shattered, they say to themselves: "You'll have to give it up. Renunciation is your cue." Even if these two shoals are safely weathered, there remains yet a third on which a woman's heart may suffer shipwreck. How often do we see women who have lived a life free from sentimental passion, are beautiful, and are popular among men, but who, when they reach the forties, suffer a sudden collapse because they fancy they can no longer charm the men they meet. They imagine that their attractiveness is waning, and under the stress of this conviction they seek out the most unsuitable object of affection, perhaps a very young man or some other lover from whom, in the circumstances, fidelity cannot possibly be expected. These are women who do not know the art of growing old with dignity. Those who have passed their childhood in the full assurance of mutual affection between themselves and their parents know how to grow old. They merge themselves in the inviolable certitude of sympathy between themselves and their parents, even though the parents may have long since passed away. On the other hand, the children of egoists and sadists who have themselves become egoists and sadists through absorbing the

nature of their parents, are incapable of renouncing anything they have possessed. They cannot bear to forgo their youth. In mind they are old from the outset, with the result that melancholy overwhelms them as soon as the body begins to age.

Now let us turn to consider the favourite of two sisters, the one that flourishes in the sunshine of paternal favour, and perhaps (like the two elder sisters in the old fairy-tale) takes a malicious delight in the humiliations inflicted on "Cinderella". It is likely that the favourite will be prompt to marry, to move from a cosy home to a warm conjugal fireside; and that she will be so firmly convinced of her self-sufficient right to exist, to get without giving, as to be a source of ineffable weariness to all who come in contact with her. We have seen that the persistent snubbing of the sister who is out of favour may induce an inferiority complex against which she reacts by lofty aspirations and exceptional achievement. On the other hand, the other sister's perennial enjoyment of her father's favour is likely to have less fortunate results. She may, of course, fall on her feet, make a happy marriage, and so on. Failing this, she is likely to become one of those unhappy wretches who always have a grievance, and whose main business in life seems to be to find fault with everything. Such persons are not slow to sing their own praises. The virtues they believe themselves to possess are the fruit (grown a trifle rotten on the tree) of the indulgence shown to them by their father in days of yore. They claim unceasing admiration for good deeds which exist only in the realm of fancy. There are, of course, contrasted types. One will be a virago, tall and lean, revolutionary-minded, a stickler for woman's rights, free-and-easy in her manners, vociferous. Another will be the professional aunt, plump and feminine, of conservative inclinations, and a home-loving disposition.

Only daughters will enter into rivalry with the mother at a very early age. They will endeavour to oust their mother from their father's good graces, and will frequently succeed. They quit the dreamland of childhood too early, effecting a conquest of the father by talking like a grown-up even while sitting on his knee. Of late years you will find such a little girl, perhaps at the age of three, singing some obscene ditty to her father, much to the latter's amusement! An only daughter whose mother is a good-looking woman unwilling to take a back seat is likely enough to be sent away from home. "Töchter machen alt", says the German proverb. A daughter makes her mother look old! If the mother's reaction to this danger induces her to send the only daughter away to herd with those of her own age, so much the better for the child.

Some writers contend that, when there are several children in a family, nursery life exerts wholesome cultural influences wherein the dangers resulting from undue association with adults and especially from the parent-child relationship are obviated. But in the family as ordinarily constituted no such happy results can be expected. In one way or another, the "triangle" invariably comes into being. As already said, an only child necessarily forms the apex of the triangle. When there are several children, the father or the mother constitutes the apex, while two of the youngsters (generally two that are much of an age) will form the other angles. Where there are great gaps between ages, and especially when a youngest child is born after a long interval, the only-child relationship will often be mimicked, the "baby" becoming the apex of the triangle, while the eldest brother and the eldest sister, as father-substitute and mother-substitute, constitute the other two angles.

CHAPTER TEN

SELF-DEFENCE IN CHILDREN: SELF-ASSERTIVENESS, IMAGINATION AND PLAY, FAIRY-TALES, RELIGION

An infant's first line of defence is crying. Some one must be interested in the child, some one must be fond of the child, if its cries are to produce the desired effect. Only because there are people around it who want it to be content, can an infant gain satisfaction for its wishes by yelling at the top of its voice. The same remark applies to all the other ways in which a child manifests its self-assertiveness. Weakling as it is, how can this pygmy venture to defy the giants? It does so, confiding in their love and complaisance—a confidence which so early becomes part of a child's picture of the universe. Take the refusal of food for instance. We rarely see this except in cases when the child can count upon setting the whole house in an uproar by starving itself. No child could conceive such a notion unless it had observed a gap in the lines of the environing forces of the grown-ups, who have very much at heart that the child shall be properly nourished, and who have been incautious enough to make no secret of the fact. The child knows, therefore, that when it refuses food it is inflicting a deadly wound on its parents, and the temptation to defy them in this specific way is naturally great. The weaker the child, the more eager will it be to seize any opportunity of asserting itself. A boy of four who used, day after day, to wake his parents at an unearthly hour, could not be induced, either by the promise of reward or by the threat of punishment, to

refrain from making a clamour the instant he awoke. At length his father threatened to go away for ever unless the youngster would let him have his sleep out. For a day this seemed to have a good effect. Next morning, however, the little boy awoke an hour before the usual time, banged his head on the side of the crib, and raised a huge bump, whereupon, of course, he began to howl. Then he screamed: "Father, don't go away!" He was inconsolable. The little boy had made up his mind "to be good", but the unconscious will-to-power outweighed the moral sense that was operative in the conscious. He could not renounce the possibility of terrorising the grown-ups. The self-inflicted punishment of banging his head played a part in the spiritual drama.

We should do our utmost to spare children this petty warfare against adults, which cannot but be harmful to the development of character. In this matter, as in almost everything that concerns the upbringing of a child, the best way is to give it, as far as may be, associates of its own years with whom the combat it wages will not be so unequal. Of the first importance is to avoid putting or leaving a child in a position in which it can terrorise its elders and thereby acquire a sense of guilt. A child cannot avoid having to arm itself for defence against its parents. The more vigorous it is by temperament, the more effective will be its self-justification for its tantrums, and the earlier will it tend to break away from the parents with whom at the outset it had identified itself. A good many children whose mothers have the habit of carrying them off in triumph morning after morning into the conjugal bed, will protest against this invasion of their personal freedoms by refusing to go unless the bedclothes from their own cot are brought along. Even a very affectionate child may be stand-

offish (though in a masked fashion) when its parents are too obtrusive in their proffers of affection. A certain mother found it agreeable to get into her child's cot beside the little one, who was thereby very much crowded. The child said: "Look how you are crumpling the counterpane. Poor Rosa will have to wash it and iron it again!" One would think that such a veiled reproof would make the mother ashamed, but this rarely ensues. As a rule the mother will go on behaving in the same way because she will find it amusing to tease the child. In the next act, the child will strike its mother, and will then suffer from a sense of guilt. Grown-ups would do well to avoid arousing these defensive mechanisms. A child should be neither irritated nor discouraged.

The exponents of "individual psychology", Alfred Adler and his school, are never weary of reiterating the excellent maxim that children should be encouraged and encouraged and yet again encouraged. How sound this advice is and how time-honoured, we may learn from the following passage in Rousseau's *Emile*: "Distressing experiences convince a child all too soon that it neither knows its position nor understands its own powers. Since children cannot do everything, they speedily come to fancy that they can do nothing. They are discouraged by a multitude of hindrances, are robbed of self-confidence by the contempt their elders so often show towards them. They grow cowardly, timid, subservient; and tend to abase themselves all the more if previously they have been allowed to take liberties." There will be no need for direct encouragement unless a child has first been discouraged. Children bring a goodly store of self-satisfaction with them into the world, and, speaking generally, they should be left in tranquil possession of this heritage, although it is doubtless necessary from time to time, to give them a hint. An

overplus of encouragement is the outcome of an excess of tenderness, and it cannot be too often repeated that immoderate tenderness does harm.

As regards a child's relations with its mother, various instincts play their part, and the sense of smell has something to do in the matter. From very early days, a child knows its mother's smell. In the close contact of being put to the breast, the infant's olfactory organs are stimulated, and the smell of the mother, though pleasing at first, may come in time to arouse dislike or actual loathing. Such aversion serves to strengthen the incest barrier, which is strong in civilised human beings and exists already among savages. These considerations throw light upon the fact that, although milk is the first and exclusive food of the nursling, many older children conceive a great distaste for it and especially for the skin on the surface of boiled milk.

A number of children develop an antipathy for kissing or a puzzling aversion for particular articles of diet. Most of the banned comestibles will be found to have something in their odour or their aspect which recalls in children a memory of the stools they passed as babies. For instance, spinach, which children often find repulsive, is served as a green pulp resembling the stools of infants suffering from intestinal catarrh. Various other articles of diet, some solid and others fluid, have similar unpleasant associations for the child.

Grown-ups must be very stupid (and many of them are very stupid!) when they force a child to eat whatever is set before it, regardless of instinctive loathings, and often thereby arousing a paroxysm of despair. Those who have the care of children should take a broad view of such difficulties, and should refrain from offering food for which a strong disinclination has been manifested. In the case of the very young there is no

possibility of applying the psychoanalytical method in order to make the person concerned grasp the origin of distaste, which might in this way be overcome; nor does the dislike for one or two articles of food matter so long as there is a sufficiency of others to ensure that the child shall be properly nourished. Experience shows that in adult life "fancies" of the sort disappear spontaneously and that a taste for any and every kind of wholesome food is readily acquired. Why, meanwhile, should a child's life be made a hell because it will not eat this or that? The usual answer is: 'Because children must learn to obey." Agreed! Children have to be habituated to some measure of discipline. But strict training is out of place where unconscious influences are at work, biological influences as powerful as those which operate through the sense of smell and which take the form of a disinclination for what used to be attractive.

The trouble that sometimes arises in the nursery when a child refuses all food is, as previously explained, on a very different footing from this dislike of certain articles of diet. The absolute refusal of food does not signify a distaste for food as such. It is the expression of hostility towards the environment and constitutes an act of defiance or self-assertion. In grave cases our sole resource will be a change of environment. It should be more generally recognised that children behave very differently when transferred from contact with parents or nurses, governesses, tutors, etc., to the cool and, so to say, free atmosphere of persons with whom they have had no previous connexion. Doctors, and even the much dreaded dentist, can work wonders with a child, so long as the parents are not there. At long last, people have come to recognise that even the milk-teeth need a dentist's care, and that when they undergo premature

decay the cavities must be filled. Nowadays, therefore, children of only two or three years old are taken to the dentist. Often, they show no fear at all, open their mouths wide at the word of command, are keenly interested in the whole affair, and retain no unpleasant memories of the visit to the dentist. On the contrary, that experience ministers to their self-esteem, and provides a motif for subsequent nursery games.

I have been considering the case of a child alone with dentist or doctor, or with only a trained nurse, a stranger, in attendance. Should the father or the mother be present it is another story. Even the kindest of fathers seems to incorporate the principle of authority, to embody a coercion which the child dreads and detests. The mother, again, would appear to be on hand only "to make a fuss". It is probable that the majority of children have their affects unduly aroused whenever their parents are present.

In their fight with grown-ups, children have at their disposal all the pre-logical possibilities we "rid ourselves of" when we grow up—this meaning that they are repressed into the unconscious. Every educationist could tell a tale of the way in which a child can close its eyes and its ears to things it does not wish to see or hear. This is a vestige of the "shamming dead" reflex which is well-known in spiders. When grown-ups do the same thing we call them struthious because the ostrich was fabled, when cornered, to bury its head in the sand.

The disagreeable aspects of the outer world—prohibitions, commands, blame, etc.—are annulled by the child. We do not take a correct view of this mechanism when we say a child behaves as if it did not see or hear. It really does not hear. And yet were we to say a child does not hear, we should still be guilty of misrepresentation. Its ears are open, the sound-waves enter, and their effect

is registered in one of the centres of the brain. Perhaps the best way of describing what happens is to say that pre-logical conditions obtain. The child takes a photographic or a phonographic record of its experiences without incurring any obligation to react. For the time being, it simply rejects that part of the outer world which is inconvenient.

A bright boy of three is taken to the Zoo. He sees lions and tigers in cages, bears and wolves; monkeys swing and climb; elephants walk to and fro. Curiously enough, little Louis scarcely glances at these strange beasts. His attention is concentrated upon a chain hanging close to one of the cages and nearly touching the ground. Then he catches sight of a coloured pebble, and picks it up. Amid all the objects which are so interesting to his companions, he plays at trains, puffing as he runs backwards and forwards and stamps on the gravel paths. Notwithstanding repeated admonitions, nothing can induce him to pay heed to the creatures he has been brought there to look at. A few years later, wild beasts will play a great part in his fantasies, but just now he is otherwise engaged, can make no use of the impressions they arouse, and ignores them. Well, let us respect the child who finds nothing to engage his fancy at the Zoo. This assemblage of animals from all quarters of the globe, this penning-up of the denizens of the wild, This artificial collection of the fauna of the world—is it not a monstrosity, the product of a perverted taste, and only enjoyable by those whose minds have been corrupted? Our youngster at the Zoo says, in effect: "This has nothing to do with me, and I have no part or lot in it." The intentions of those who brought him thither were doubtless excellent. Since he holds aloof, let his elders avoid trying to insist. The child has what we lack: instinct. Consequently, the child is generally

right, and we shall do well to let it follow its own bent unless there is risk of serious harm resulting.

Contrasted with a child's weakness in respect of muscle and of logic, is its superiority in the realm of imagination. By its feebleness in the domain of actuality, the child would be condemned to passivity if it did not enjoy the capacity of fancifully decorating in its games all that the world offers to it as hard fact. Freud has emphasised the significance of play, the transformation of what has been passively experienced into activity. When the doctor has been called in, a child plays at being a doctor. When a child has been taken somewhere by train (it does not go of its own choice, but because it has been "taken"), or when it has merely seen a train go by, the soles of its shoes have to believe that the wearer is a railway train which is rolling along the path. Merely to note the steadfastness with which a child plays, the seriousness and the energy it devotes to the affair, should suffice to show us that the picture of the world in a youthful head must be vastly different from the picture in the head of an adult. Until serious schooling begins, the child lives in a play world. The father of play is the imitative impulse. A child grows to understand the world only so far as it can imitate the world in play.

The younger a child, the more pre-logical are its games. Always a child is the central figure in the world of its own amusements. "You are the sky," says a little boy to one of his playmates. "You are the sky, too," he says to another. "I am a cloud, and now it is going to rain." As a result of the investigations made by French psychologists concerning thought among primitive peoples, we know that a child has no difficulty in believing itself to be a cloud or a tree, and that even

more easily it can fancy itself a prince, a giant, a wolf, or Puss-in-Boots. "Now I am going to draw a man riding," says the youngster, picking up a pencil and tracing a wavy line across the paper. Has the child failed to carry out its intention because it does not know how to draw? By no means. The wavy line is a man on horseback, a king's palace, or anything else the little draughtsman wants it to be. Thus in the world of fancy it is omnipotent, and it clings to this omnipotence as a counterpoise to that other omnipotence which confronts it so menacingly on all hands. Imagination is the subjective omnipotence of the child and the artist. It is likewise the subjective omnipotence of the fool, who is a sort of intermediate creature betwixt child and artist, and is certainly more akin to either of them than to ordinary grown-ups.

But the educationists have invaded the playground, trying to systematise the working of the child's imagination. Froebel's kindergarten was designed to help the child, which must not be allowed to find amusements after its own heart, but must be taught simple weaving, easy drawing. The girls must be given stitching to do on paper; the boys are to build with wooden bricks in accordance with a prescribed plan. Thus play is to be put in harness. That will be advantageous, not only to the cause of education, but also to those who live by making toys! Well-to-do parents buy their children expensive trains running on rails, steamships and motor-cars that go by clockwork, and so on. What need of all this apparatus has a child, for whom a pencilled line on paper represents a castle in Spain and for whom a scrap of wood becomes an ocean liner? There are Christmas trees which are not lighted with "proper" candles but by an electrical installation. You turn a switch and the whole tree is flooded with light. But

beneath such a tree the manger with the Infant Jesus is out of place, and the meaning of the festivity has vanished so far as the child is concerned.

It is true that, as the days pass, a child's pride in the possession of costly toys gets the upper hand of its natural instinct for simplicity. But the essence of play is the imaginative transformation of simple objects into the machinery of environing life, which is for the most part beyond the grasp of a child's understanding. The transformation is effected by the coupling of some trifle or another—the nail from a horse-shoe, a pebble, a piece of tape, a fragment of broken glass, a stick of chalk, or, best of all, some plasticine—with the child's own ego. "I am a cloud; I [with the aid of the piece of tape] am a funicular railway; I am a train." A child describes a steamboat it has seen. Pointing to its own head, it says: "Here is the funnel, and here," pointing to its forehead, "is the searchlight." Imagination does all that is requisite, and from this point of view the toymakers and the kindergarten do harm rather than good. In modernised kindergartens things are better than they were; but from the windows of latter-day toyshops, filled with dolls that cry Papa and Mama, and with little "six-cylinder cars", the devil Mammon stares forth upon our children. Toymakers of this sort run counter to our aim of setting children free.

H. G. Wells has written two booklets about children's play, entitled *Floor Games* and *Little Wars*, in which he tells us how he played with his own children. He made very little use of purchased toys, but in a corner of the nursery had such simple articles as could be picked up anywhere—planks, corrugated cardboard, remnants of cloth, stones, leaves—supplies for any one stranded on a desert island. He built villages, inns, railway lines; and no doubt the children of this highly imaginative

father had an excellent time of it. Still, it seems possible that they might have had an even better time had he let the youngsters play by themselves. He made them a present of his imagination instead of allowing them to give rein to their own. He dominated them although they probably remained unaware of the fact. They remained unaware, because they loved him and he loved them, so that there was mutual understanding.

Some children allow themselves to be manœuvred out of their pre-logical and mystical attitude at too early an age. It is true, no doubt, that real life demands, in great measure, the renunciation of fancy. You will find other children that take refuge in solitude and in day-dreams, endeavouring to escape from the oppressive environment of grown-ups. Becoming hypnotised with their own fantasies, they run the risk of failing to effect the conquest of real life. Had they not been menaced with reality too early, had not a Gradgrind world been forced down their throats, had they not had too strict an education, too much association with grown-ups and too little fellowship with other children, had they not had premature experience of defeat and too early an experience of the need for renouncing love—they would not have fled into dreamland. A boy of nine spreads a newspaper on the floor, steps on to it, and stands there motionless: Robinson Crusoe sailing on the vast Pacific. Next he seizes a stick and bangs the sofa fiercely till the dust flies: Prince Shemsuddin fighting the infidels. Upon this child, fairy-tales have had an effect which can no longer be regarded as harmless. He has eaten more of the food than he can digest.

There is nothing more delightful than to watch a child whose feet are firmly planted in the world of its imaginings. It has a culture all its own, one we should regard with reverence. How detestable it is, on the

other hand, to hear a child of three reciting obscene limericks; or another (this unpleasant phenomenon has passed with the days of inflation) which at six knows how to look in the newspaper for the standing of the mark. Our grown-up culture is far from being so finished a product, or from being so well-calculated to round off the personality, as to justify our saying that, when we grow up, the primitive culture of the child is replaced by one as good or even better. Whenever and wherever human beings have really had a culture, child nature could grow harmoniously into adult nature, for the reason that true culture invariably contains childlike elements. In the East to-day, people are as poor as church mice; yet in every little Asiatic town you can watch porters, water-sellers, and carters standing in a corner of the bazaar listening with unconcealed delight to the monotonous sing-song of a professional storyteller. There you have a native culture and an indigenous art. Unfortunately, these oriental towns have not been able to protect themselves against the invasion of cheap European commodities, with the result that in Aleppo and Damascus to-day, the bazaars are roofed with corrugated iron, while canned goods and tins of petroleum are on sale. The caravanserais of old have been converted into shabby modern hotels; tram-standards and telegraph-posts disfigure the streets. These changes have destroyed the romance of oriental life, so that the octagonal wells have vanished, the minarets and cupolas are falling into ruin, and the charm of the days of fable has evaporated. Our children recall this decay to our minds when their wonderful spontaneous culture is replaced (as it is everywhere being replaced) by what we grown-ups force upon them, by a culture against which the young cannot defend themselves because it is so practical and so cheap.

During the last decade, however, it has become increasingly clear to thoughtful persons that we must follow a new trend in our dealings with children. Child labour, with all its horrors, has now been greatly restricted and to some extent abolished by social legislation. What the novelist and the poet and the sociologist, what a Dickens or a Mrs. Browning or an Engels, wrote about child labour in the course of the nineteenth century, has now only a historical interest. Of late, moreover, we have begun to grant children the freedom of the city in their own land of childhood. The growth of educational insight has led to a recognition of the culture of childhood; and the new science of education, though still in its beginnings, is already bearing wholesome fruit.

The fairy-tale is the form of literary art most conformable to the pre-logical mentality of the child. We grown-ups cannot understand or enjoy fairy-tales unless we retain intimations of that world we inhabited during childhood. There, animals can speak, stones can change into kings' sons, and "a dryad lives in every tree". Anything can be the cause of anything. A man sitting alone and eating dates, throws away the stones at random; one of them kills the invisible son of a jinnee, and the innocent eater of dates is guilty of a crime. The most abominable cruelties become tolerable because the relation of them is spiced with improbability and humour. Stepmothers are punished and Cinderellas rise to honour. Little boys slay giants. Craft triumphs over malice, while simplicity gets the better of unworthy shrewdness and self-centred learning. Poor folk grow rich, and the devil changes the hoarded gold of the wealthy into a heap of withered leaves. Who that has once entered this lovely world of fable would like to quit it for ever?

We can readily understand why a child loves fairy tales, and can never have enough of them. The world they describe is the world of childhood. When grown-ups tell such tales, they confirm for their little auditors the law of participation ("tout s'enchaîne"—everything is connected with everything); they accept the child's pre-logical confounding of opposed concepts, of dead and alive, strong and weak, good and evil, allowed and forbidden. Children actually live in Fairyland; they experience our reality as fabulous; and when we give them fairy-tales to read, we are endorsing their mystical philosophy.

The question arises, then, whether we grown-ups do wisely when we thus say to the child, in substance: "Yes, you are right, it is a wizard's world!" We want to educate our children until they become like ourselves, or perhaps a trifle better. We want to help the child to understand, to grasp, reality. The child is quick to learn that grown-ups live in a different world from its own; it expects from its elders consistency, justice, truth, reliability, strength, and various other things which may be subsumed under the heading "morality". A boy who says his playmates are the sky and that he himself is a cloud has told a fairy-tale. It is all right (though not "reasonable") for a child to say: "I am a cloud." It is neither right nor reasonable for a grown-up to say to a child: "You are a cloud." The adult is a logical being, and must therefore know that a child cannot be a cloud. How is a child to become logical if logic, which is at best hard to acquire, is so full of flaws in a grown-up's mouth?

Yet life would be insupportable, one must grant, without some admixture of fable. If all the fairy-tales were forcibly uprooted, they would sprout afresh out of the pre-logical nature of mankind. Though the child

must by degrees quit its world for the world of adults, it certainly needs, in childhood, the consolation of fairy-tales and myths. Somewhere it must be left a place for the world of fable, the world of "wonders". If untrammelled, the child will find its "wonders" everywhere. To a child a locomotive, a motor-car, a post sticking up out of the water, is as mysterious and impressive as a fairy-tale is to us. The marvels of nature, the achievements of modern technique, a pretty flower, a waterfall, a red pebble: show your children these, and you will have introduced them to fairy-tales. You must, of course, bring such objects into touch with the child's ego, for otherwise it will have no interest in them. But we are continually being astonished afresh by the discovery of how trifling a motive can awaken a child's interest, provided that the child is given a part to play upon the stage.

One day a boy has the experience of a failure in the electric current, and the father has again and again to tell the story of what he was doing when the light failed. Father was in the bathroom, shaving, and needed electric light there even in the day time. Suddenly the light went out. Ansell, the janitor of the flats, stood on the front steps, most uneasy. No current in the building, none in the street, none in the whole town. The tramcars stopped running; the passengers had to get out and walk. There had been a short-circuit, and the main cable had fused. A new length of cable had to be inserted. An hour passed, then everything was in order again. The "electricity" had been entranced like the Sleeping Princess in the Wood, and like her it had reawakened.

This experience remains incomprehensible, all the same. The answer to a thousand whys can never make the youngster understand. Electric current, light, power, the transmission of energy, a fused cable—what do these

items mean to a four-year-old boy? The only thing that seems of any use is to relive the affair in memory as vividly as possible. "Father, tell me the story of the failure of the current!" When the story is finished, it has to be repeated, da capo. Every one knows how a child insists on having a familiar tale retold in exactly the same words, and with every detail in its proper place. Father must begin with his having been in the bathroom, shaving, when the light went out; must proceed to Ansell on the front steps; must not forget the stopping of the tramcars and the passengers having to walk; and must always end with the light coming back in the bathroom. After a time, however, the boy ceases to ask for this story. Presumably he thinks he has given enough labour and pains to the understanding of an interruption in the electrical supply. New happenings have diverted his interest; life is marching on.

Grown-ups must be patient in acceding to the child's wish to relive an experience of this kind. The demand for verbal accuracy of repetition is a scientific one—on the childish plane. Since the causal nexus of the failure in the current is beyond the little boy's grasp, he cannot tell which details are important and which unimportant. For him Ansell on the front steps may have quite as much to do with the matter as the fused cable. He wants to hear all about it over and over again, and gives equal attention to every incident, hoping thus to attain clarity, in the spirit of a scientific investigator or a detective who watches and records all the facts since he does not yet know which may be relevant. Of course our youthful researcher is shipwrecked on the rocks of incomprehensibility. After he has heard the tale a hundred times, he knows no more than he knew at first about the nature of the interruption to the town supply. Still, he has been "thoroughly well informed", mistakes the shell for

the kernel, and in this respect resembles the overwhelming majority of adults! The phrase "a nine days' wonder" has become proverbial, for a marvel is only a marvel so long as it is new. The daily miracle ceases to arouse our interest or to attract our attention, since in the end we delude ourselves into the belief that we understand it. But do we really know what electricity is?

An important feature of fairy-tales and fables is that they are full of morality, immorality, and cruelty. Death in fairy-tales appears in its most horrible forms. The unadorned tragedy of human life; the bare fact that in the midst of life we are in death, that a day is coming when, for all its present wealth of experience, our ego will cease to be—this is not emphatic enough for the teller of folk-tales. He wants ogres who reek of human blood; stepmothers who give their stepchildren poisoned apples, and, as a punishment, have to dance in red-hot slippers till they die of exhaustion; witches who keep little boys in cages and fatten them for the table. Heads are cut off by the score; the sexton's wife is thrown out of the window; Jews are hanged. The wolf devours whole families; giants are fiercer than a wolf, and dwarfs more cunning than a fox, more spiteful than a cat. The dragon's fiery breath sets towns ablaze; princesses have their wooers impaled; and the more horror is heaped upon horror, the better is the tale liked in the nursery. To poison the child mind yet earlier and yet more effectively, fairy-tales are illustrated, often in gaudy colours, and can thus teach the young idea how to shoot before the art of reading has been mastered. For instance, the full moon will be pictured with a gaping maw, into which babies are being shovelled with a pitchfork; or we see the witch-wife making little Johnny thrust his fingers through the bars of the cage to show her whether he is fat enough to be eaten. And

in all such stories the child who reads the book or looks at the pictures is the hero of the narration. In these circumstances, how can a child fail to become aware of being personally subject to the fate which it sees befall animals day by day, and which in fairy-tales (at first implicitly believed, and then faintly doubted) overtakes human beings and, above all, children as well. Many attempts have been made to eradicate the cruelty from fairy-tales, but, in the old folk-tales at any rate, cruelty is the salt wherewith they are spiced, and without it would lose their savour. If humanitarian sifting were to be vigorously applied, the prettiest and the most pithy of these folk-stories would become unmeaning and insipid; and many of them, cruelty being part of their essence, would have to be put on the Index without qualification. How charmingly does *Snow-White and Rose-Red* begin, with the queen who pricks her finger while sewing, and thereafter brings into the world a lovely little girl, white as snow, red as blood, and with hair black as ebony. But this is the story in which the child is poisoned by her stepmother who, as aforesaid, has in punishment to dance in red-hot iron shoes. There is a struggle for existence among folk-tales, and it is the most atrocious that survive. Malice and cunning, avarice and vengefulness, all the worst qualities known to poor humanity, are prominent in folk-literature; and it avails little that, in the end, wrongdoers are savagely punished while right shines triumphant. We should, therefore, be cautious in our telling of fairy-tales to young children.

Such books as *Struwelpeter* and *Max and Maurice* are part of a professed campaign against cruelty and misdeeds. Naughty children misconduct themselves, and are punished—vindictively, as a rule. Freddy is badly bitten by a dog. Caspar, who won't eat his soup, comes

to a grievous end. Little Suck-a-Thumb has his thumbs cut off. Pauline, who plays with matches, is burned to death, while the pussy-cats look on and weep over her sad fate. Max and Maurice, after many mischievous pranks, are ground to pieces in the mill, and the fragments are fed to the fowls. All this garbage is greedily gulped down by children. They know well enough that the "morality" is mere padding, and they aspire to outdo the pranks of Max and Maurice. After a shrewd analysis of the difficulties of teaching children, to any advantage, such a fable as La Fontaine's *Le Corbeau et le Renard*, Rousseau goes on to write: "Watch children studying fables, and you will see that, when the time comes to apply the 'moral', they will almost always do so in a way which conflicts with the author's designs. Instead of taking to heart the need for avoiding the mistake or misdeed that is described, they will glorify the misconduct of one who profits by another's weakness or folly. In this particular fable, they will laugh at the crow, but will admire the fox." Very seldom will they imaginatively espouse the cause of the under-dog. When playing the fable of the wolf and the seven kids, almost every child wants to be the wolf, the eater rather than the eaten—unless it be the one clever kid which gets the better of the wolf in the end. They side with the lion—in all those fables wherein the lion proves the stronger. Preaching morality to children is futile, since example is better than precept; but, even as regards example, its bearing must be within the child's comprehension. Rousseau says: "Let us come to terms, Monsieur de la Fontaine. For my part, I promise to read you with pleasure, to like you, to make myself well-acquainted with your fables, for I do not think I shall misconceive their aim. But as far as my pupil is concerned, allow me to tell you that I shall not let

him study a single one of them until you can convince me that it will be good for him to learn things of which he will not understand so much as a quarter; that, among those which he does understand more or less, he will not take up the moral the wrong way about; that he will not be fain to imitate the cheat instead of trying to avoid the folly of the cheated."

[The author's strictures on fairy-tales and folk-tales, and on such modern substitutes as the two he mentions, are less applicable to printed matter that is available for English-reading children. There is, indeed, a deplorable harshness about the Teutonic folk-tales in the Grimm collection, which breathe the primitive ferocity of a barbaric age; and this barbarism, not to say blood-lust, lives on in *Struwelpeter* and *Max and Maurice*. The Anglo-Saxon counterparts, as presented in Jacobs' two volumes, are much gentler, while quite as amusing; although the old English favourites, *Jack the Giant Killer* and some others, embody savage reminiscences of the border warfare between the Saxon and the Gael. Perrault's French collection, Englished as *The Fairy Book* par excellence, is not so bloodthirsty as that of the brothers Grimm. Greek mythology and folk-lore, as presented in English, are so remote from English life and character that the element of faëry can do its work almost uncontaminated by the dross of cruelty from which it would be foolish to contend the Greek mind was free; just as the *Arabian Nights* is read by children as a fairy-book without any attention to the vivid sexual imaginings of which even the customary bowdlerised version is full. Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and *The Wonder Book*, Kingsley's *Heroes*, and Cox's *Tales of*

Ancient Greece will satisfy the youthful need for mythology and romance, without, like Grimm or La Fontaine, indoctrinating a tender mind with what Rousseau calls "lecons d'inhumanité". Again, Aesop's *Fables* in English prose and Chandler's *Uncle Remus* are free from the objection of incomprehensibility to children which Rousseau adduces against La Fontaine's verse (La Fontaine, like Kryloff, wrote for adults—and so, indeed, did Aesop!); while the tarnish of cruelty is little in evidence. As for modern substitutes, unquestionably harmless, their name is legion; and there are plenty of jewels amid the tosh. Think of *Alice*, the *Jungle Books* and *Just-So Stories* and *Puck of Pook's Hill*, of *Peter Pan*, and (a translation) *The Blue Bird*. Apart from the tales of adventure bordering on fairy-tales, which appeal mainly to children that have outgrown the nursery, there is in English a wealth of fairy-tales which can minister to the child's need of them without breaking the first rule of medical practice: "Above all, do no harm!"—E. and C. P.]

Most people still consider that faith and religion occupy a peculiar place among pre-logical possibilities. With incomparable seriousness, indefatigable energy, and a solemnity calculated to make a great impression on the child, they tell it religious tales—which they would speak of as myths or as fairy-stories if they happened to form parts of any other religion than their own. The child eagerly accepts the information that there is a God in heaven, for in this way it is enabled to enter into communion once more with the omnipotent tu, known for a time (and then lost) in the person of the father, the primal embodiment of authority.

Religiousness is a phase of development which no child can escape. Even when its parents are utterly irreligious, a child will rarely fail to become inspired with an ardent belief in God and his goodness, and will earnestly strive to obey the commandments of religion. The child likes to feel that there is a God in heaven stronger than its parents. This religious inclination, likewise, is part of the child's defensive mechanism. To begin with, a child regarded its parents as all-powerful, all-knowing, all-good, and eternal. When it has gradually come to realise that they have none of these superlative attributes, it is ready to receive the doctrine that, even though divine qualities do not exist on earth, they are forthcoming elsewhere. During the first phase of its mental development, the child was fully convinced of the divine qualities of the tu. When, during the second phase, it found itself compelled—on the one hand, to recognise that the tu lacked the qualities of divine perfection; and, on the other hand, to admit that this tu (whatever its qualities might be) was not so insolubly linked with itself as it had hitherto believed—it hastened to accept the new religious tie or communion, and, becoming one with its god, experienced afresh the linkage of the ego with the tu. This new sense of "at-one-ment" made the onslaughts of education more bearable. Joining forces with God, having God as omnipotent auxiliary, it felt itself stronger than the giants by whom it was surrounded, and whose absolute goodness it had already begun to question. In the previous phase of its existence, the child had swallowed enough of the primal authority (then regarded as all-powerful), and had also imitated it sufficiently, to feel assured that there must be divine elements in its own spirit. The manifest impotence of the child is contraposed by an inward conviction of omnipotence such as we all harbour

throughout life, though it usually remains unconscious. In the play of children, in their limitless imaginings, this feeling of omnipotence is disclosed plainly enough. The religious sentiment is a regurgitation of the swallowed and ruminated divinity of the primal authority, the primal perfection, which is now extrojected into the skies.

In modern town life a healthy child does not remain deeply religious for long. The religious sentiment is undermined by doubt, and is replaced by other ideals which seem to the child more intelligible and more tenable. Still, our sympathy and humankindliness should teach us to refrain from hastening a child's loss of faith by heartless irony. The religious phase of development is a necessary one, and the child will spontaneously bring it to a close by adopting a peculiar, quasi-humorous attitude towards its own piety. Many children will choose patron saints with remarkable names. The guardian angel of a girl of seven was St. Expeditus. She said: "St. Expeditus does whatever I want. Last night Father was playing the piano and I could not go to sleep though I was very tired, and so I prayed to St. Expeditus to stop Father playing the piano, and, sure enough, Father stopped directly."—"O sancta simplicitas!" one is inclined to exclaim. But why did not the child adopt the obvious expedient of calling out: "Father, do stop; I can't go to sleep!" There was nothing truculent about the father in question, which might have made the little girl afraid to voice so reasonable a request. On the contrary, this was a family in which the parents were devoted, honestly and sensibly devoted, to promoting their children's welfare. Yet the child went all the way round by heaven in the hope of getting what she might have got easily enough without so long a detour. Probably she wanted to see whether St. Expeditus would be equal to the occasion. As luck would have it (she knew quite

well that luck was one of the ingredients) the prayer was answered. Here was a chance of putting her parents in a quandary. With the double-mindedness characteristic of grown-ups, they were simultaneously believers and unbelievers. They said one must have faith, and yet they had no real confidence in the intercession of the saints. Well, what happened when the little girl told her artless tale? The big folk burst out laughing. Thereupon the child wept bitterly, and was for a time inconsolable, her sense of piety having been outraged. But an additional cause of distress was that by their laughter her elders had deprived her of a weapon she needed in her defensive warfare against them. Let me reiterate that such processes in the child mind are not strictly regulated by the canons of logic. Much like her parents, the little girl who prayed to St. Expeditus was swayed both by faith and by unfaith—though in her case the scales inclined towards faith. While making fun of her own belief, she continued to take it seriously. She laughed at a saint with so absurd a name; and yet she wept bitterly when others dared to laugh at this saint—and at her. Grown-ups may inquire: "How can one understand a child; how can one do justice to the workings of its mind; how can one know what it really wants?" Those who ask such questions are unfitted to associate with children. As Hamlet says of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern trying to play upon him as if he were a pipe, such unsympathetic persons can fret children but cannot play upon them.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

STEPCHILDREN

THE death of either parent is always a misfortune for the children, an irreparable disaster. Even worse is it, perhaps, for children to know that one of their parents is in a lunatic asylum, and to be taken, at regular intervals, to visit this father or mother with a darkened mind. Worst of all, when the parents are divorced or are seeking divorce; when they hate one another and quarrel in their children's presence; when they use these tender offshoots as missiles with which to assail one another in the law courts, and prate of sacred feelings of affection though in reality a desire for vengeance and unalloyed selfishness are their dominant motives. In all these cases alike, the children have really lost their parents, for the orphaned condition is not the outcome of death alone. At the other end of the scale you have parents who tyrannise over their children through excess of tenderness; and strict parents who consider it their duty (with or without the aid of the cane) to break their children's spirit, to destroy their children's originality and independence.

In Thuringia about eighty years ago there was born of peasant stock a man who has been dead for more than two decades. He became father of a family whose history I propose to tell. When he was a boy of two, his father deserted his mother. The latter moved to the neighbouring country town to live with her married sister there, and her boy (an only child) was brought up to hate his father, to regard his father as an unfeeling wretch who had treated wife and son cruelly. When he was six, his

mother died, and, thus doubly orphaned, the lad spent the remainder of his nonage in the narrowing environment provided for him by his uncle and aunt. They treated little Robert kindly enough, but, having children of their own, made a perceptible distinction between him and his youthful associates. The youngster was allowed to follow his own bent, had a poor sort of education, and at seventeen left for Berlin in order to fend for himself as a commission-agent. When he was nineteen he married a girl belonging to a village near the town where he had been brought up. From the first he was on bad terms with his wife's parents, who were probably nowise at fault in the matter. It is, of course, the custom to address parents-in-law as "Father" and "Mother", but in young Robert's mind the word "father" had the most disagreeable associations. No matter what the worthy couple might do, they could never do right in their son-in-law's eyes. At length matters came to such a pass that Robert forbade his wife to hold any converse with her parents. This trend towards isolation is manifest in the character of all persons who, for one reason or another, have been brought up apart from their parents in the absence of any adequate substitute for parental society in a children's community or Children's House. The unappeasable yearning for parents and for affection probably played its part in bringing about Robert's extremely early marriage. No doubt like factors account for the seeming heedlessness with which the young man, whose financial position was by no means brilliant, speedily became the father of five or six children, two of whom died in early infancy. Of course we must not forget that those were the old days in which large families were still the rule, and small ones the exception. Children in a family used to be as closely set as organ-pipes, and families of twelve or

more were taken as a matter of course. Infant mortality was proportionally high, and aroused comparatively little agitation. Nowadays, among the middle and upper classes, the death of a child is a profoundly harrowing event. Four of Robert's children grew up, the eldest being a daughter and the other three being sons. He found it hard to keep them supplied with daily bread, but was a devoted parent—differing in this respect from his father, who continued to lead the life of a gay bachelor in the countryside.

Robert's daughter was a pretty girl. Being the only daughter of a father little more than twenty years older than herself, she was very much under the harrow of what psychoanalysts term the Oedipus situation. She was in fact her mother's rival. Both she and her mother, however, repressed their feelings into the unconscious; and when the girl wished to become a singer, her mother gave all the help that was possible. At the singing-class, a sanguine view was taken of the pupil's prospects. The girl had herself photographed in various striking poses, and her father carried the photographs about in his pocket-book. She put her brothers into the shade—all the more seeing that there was a gap of six years between herself and the eldest one, for the two children that had died in infancy had come in between. At the time when Charles, the eldest of the surviving boys, was born, the father's financial position was more than usually precarious. Herbert, the second boy, was born under a more fortunate star. During the year which preceded and that which followed his birth, the father's earnings were so substantial that the family was able to move into a larger flat. The mother, who was weary of scraping and contriving, had acquired a distaste for thrift, and promptly began to live up to the enlarged income. Tutors were engaged to instruct the daughter

(obviously the most talented member of the family) in foreign tongues, in singing, dancing, and various kinds of sport. When she was still only a "flapper", dances were given in the house—dances on so grand a scale as to be the talk of the neighbourhood. But by the time the youngest boy was born, the father's earnings had fallen off once more, so that, though the house remained well furnished, there was not enough money to run it properly, and it seemed as if this last addition to the family had brought bad luck. Robert, the father, was not man enough to curb his wife's extravagance, although he knew that his position was now shaky. He let her do as she liked—and we may suppose that what she liked (unconsciously, no doubt) was to revenge herself on him for having estranged her from her parents.

Harry, the youngest boy, certainly proved himself to have been the herald of misfortune when, a few months after his birth, his mother suddenly died. At the time when the four children were thus half-orphaned, the daughter was sixteen, while Charles and Herbert were respectively ten and five. Their father was thirty-seven. He sent for his late wife's sister, to look after the children; but she was too countrified to take kindly to life in Berlin, was regarded as an incubus, and returned home after two months. Robert had, in the shock of the loss, made a truce with his parents-in-law; but this proved to be nothing more than a temporary patch-up.

Hitherto Robert had had intimate relations with one woman only, his wife. Widowed at thirty-seven, he was at a loose end. When he talked matters over with his daughter she told him that things would be all right—that she would be more than a mother to her three little brothers. Her father hinted that this was not the only trouble. Widowers with young children usually make the latter an excuse for remarrying. Strangely

enough it is looked upon as more "moral" for a man to marry again in order "to provide a mother for his children" than because he is subject to the urge of the flesh and would rather gratify his instincts in a respectable than in an unseemly fashion. Now and again Robert would say to his daughter: "Look here, I don't want to run after light women. I shall have to marry again." The daughter would rejoin: "Don't plague us with a stepmother. I shall stay at home, renouncing all thought of an artistic career."—"But, even so, you wouldn't like to have your father a libertine?"—"Better that than a stepmother," said the girl.

All to no purpose. Before a year had elapsed, Robert married again, his new wife being a Berlinese of good standing, a fine-looking woman, but "of a certain age".

What are we to say about stepmothers? Whatever can be adduced in their defence will fail to cope with the immemorial folk-prejudice against the woman unlucky enough to marry a widower with young children. There are doubtless some who declare that the main trouble in such cases is the outcome of prejudice, of the anti-stepmother attitude aroused in the children by the tales they have heard about "wicked stepmothers" from their earliest years. The fact is, however, that the structure of the human family is of a very peculiar kind, with the inevitable result that a second wife cannot do right by the children of her predecessor, even when she is a good woman, and is animated by the most earnest desire to be a true mother to her stepchildren. How is it possible for her to fulfil this wish? If she has herself been married before and has had children by her first husband, she will, by force of nature, give them the preference. Even if, by superhuman efforts, she avoids making favourites of them, the stepchildren will still believe that she does so, and will bear her a grudge

on that account. If she has not been married before, or has had no children by her first husband, she will want to bear children of her own. Should she remain childless, she will have a sense of inferiority to her predecessor, and this will react on her relation towards her stepchildren. If, as usually happens, the second wife brings children into the world, she would have to be an angel from heaven not to feel more loving towards the fruit of her own womb than towards stepchildren who are in any case prone to regard her as an interloper.

Such is the state of affairs in the generality of cases, and apart from the personal qualities of those concerned. Coming to the consideration of Robert's reorganised family, we find that the situation developed as follows. The daughter, now a young woman, was not simply mortified by her father's remarriage, but felt herself thrust out and betrayed. In the case of her own mother she had effectively repressed her Electra impulse [psychoanalysts, though they often apply the term Oedipus complex to a daughter's passion for a father as well as to a son's passion for a mother, sometimes use the term Electra complex for the former]. Now, in relation to the stepmother, her jealousy manifested itself in the form of neurotic gastralgia, which no doctor could relieve. Francisca resumed her singing-lessons with greatly enhanced fervour, her supreme desire being to get away from home as soon as possible. Meanwhile she did as much mischief there as she could, actuated partly by conscious and partly by unconscious motives. She did her utmost to make the servants disaffected towards their new mistress, drawing their attention to the foibles of the second wife, magnifying them, and putting them in the worst possible light. Poor Robert was in a cross-fire, loving both the women, and finding it impossible to please them both. As things turned out, the wife,

with whom he was enjoying a new honeymoon, continually gained ground, despite all that Francisca could do. The latter did her best to show that the newcomer was at any rate not needed in the house to play a mother's part. The youngest child, who had been the herald of misfortune, was now a little boy of nearly two. She bought him blue satin frocks with wide pointed collars, rigging him out like a doll. In the early mornings she took him into bed with her and kissed him passionately from top to toe. She would show her father that she had much more affection for the baby than had this so-called second mother! The stepmother, not to be outdone, also made much of the little one, who had to spend part of the morning hours in her bed as well. She had his hair dressed in the Fauntleroy style, made him recite little verses, fussed over Harry here and Harry there in all sorts of ways, until the unhappy youngster, to the consternation of the family, though he had long outgrown the incontinence of babyhood, became a confirmed bed-wetter. (Of course neither woman understood that their endearments were the cause!) Harry showed himself in other ways to be an unpleasant little beast, after the manner of pampered darlings. He raged and stormed, was extremely disobedient, and struck out with his fists at both the rival patronesses, who were naturally outraged that the affection they lavished on him should be answered by such black ingratitude.

Meanwhile Charles, the eldest son, had moved on from the elementary school to the middle school. At the former he had made good progress in his studies, and had got on well with his schoolfellows. In the middle school, however, it was another story. He was scatterbrained, and brought home bad reports—his compositions, exercises, etc., being so unsatisfactory that the masters covered nearly half of each page with red ink

corrections and angry comments. Let us suppose that he had to translate a simple sentence into Latin; for instance, "The Romans killed many (of their) enemies." This should run in Latin, "Romani multos hostes necaverunt." Charles would write in his exercise book the one word "Romanus", making no attempt to finish the sentence, and putting even the subject in the singular instead of the plural. As for the predicate, there was no sign of it. Of course none of his masters, in those days, could be expected to have the faintest clue as to what was wrong with the poor lad, and why he was so "absent-minded". Charles lived in a dream world, peopled with spectral representations of what was going on at home. This dream life was the wolf which had gobbled up the predicate of the before-mentioned sentence, and much besides.

Disturbed by the reports, his new mother went to the school to make inquiries. She was told that of the forty boys, Charles was the most troublesome, and that she would have to remove him if he did not mend his ways. The father decided to punish him, gave him a smart dressing-down, and banished him from the family table for a week. His stepmother, choosing the alternative of kindness, got Charles to promise reform, and gave him sixpence in advance of the fulfilment of his good intentions. Charles was greatly touched, wept copiously, and determined to put away the sixpence in a safe place. Next day, however, he could not find the money. The fact was that he had left it on the table and the cook had pocketed it. This forgetfulness was the outcome of parapraxis, a blunder deliberately made at the instigation of the unconscious. In the bottom of his heart, he did not want to accept a gift from his stepmother, and any one could have the sixpence for all he cared. Furthermore, he likewise had an Oedipus complex

which had been effectively repressed so long as his mother was alive. His stepmother played a very peculiar role here, one extremely noxious to the developing mentality of Charles, and made all the more injurious to him because of the enmity between Francisca and her stepmother. Charles detested his little brother Harry, a "nasty little sneak" who wetted his drawers and his bed, but to whom the stepmother and Francisca devoted so much loving attention. The jealous Charles called Harry "Grunter", this implying that the little boy was a pig.

We have to bear in mind that a child (and, indeed, a grown-up) can simultaneously love and hate. Charles was in love with his stepmother, but he loathed her at the same time. He hated his father too, being confirmed in this feeling by the attitude of Francisca, who made no secret of her opinion that the father had been much to blame in bringing a stepmother into the home. Brawls were of almost daily occurrence. Francisca would come back from her singing-lesson and would declare that Mrs. So-and-So had advised her to scatter a few needles in her stepmother's bed. Another lady had said that none of the neighbours could understand how a man whose first wife had been so charming could possibly have married a woman like that. Naturally, the stepmother was not to be expected to remain unmoved when spite was volleyed at her in this fashion. She was afraid of losing her husband's love and respect, all the more seeing that Francisca was a brilliant and beautiful young woman, whereas she herself, though fresh and buxom, was not particularly well favoured. She rallied her energies for the defence. Her husband had given her a trinket which had belonged to her predecessor. Francisca made a row about it, insisting that the article in question really belonged to her and that her father

had no right to give it away. "Besides, why should he give you presents of that sort? So plain a woman as you has no use for jewelry." With a self-satisfied smirk, the elder woman rejoined: "Don't you know yet why husbands give presents to their wives?"—Francisca: "I wish you'd keep your nasty allusions to yourself."—Stepmother: "Don't play the prude. Girls like you who are training for the stage know about such things only too well, and are no better than they should be!" Francisca's virginal modesty was profoundly mortified. There was a further exchange of heated invectives; doors were slammed; and by the time the father came home, Francisca had flung out of the house and refused to return for several days.

Between Charles, the twelve-year-old boy, and little Harry, came the other brother, Herbert, the boy who had been born under a prosperous star. The stepmother was not slow to perceive that her husband was especially fond of him, and in his case, therefore, she made a special effort to show how good a mother she could be unless difficulties were put in her way. She had no luck in this direction either. Herbert repelled her advances, kept away from home as much as possible, becoming a gutter-snipe and the terror of the neighbourhood. His father believed that Herbert had got into bad ways through following the evil example of the ne'er-do-well Charles. The brothers certainly had one quality in common, that they disliked school, but really it was Herbert who had begun by playing truant from the elementary school, and Charles who had then followed his younger brother's example by staying away from the middle school. Herbert was far more ready-witted than Charles, having an apt answer to every question and an excuse for every misdeed. "Why didn't you come to school yesterday?" the master would

ask. Without batting an eyelash, Herbert would answer: "My aunt died yesterday, and I spent the whole night sitting up with her."—Master: "Ask your mother to come and see me, that I may hear what she has to say about the matter."—Herbert: "Mother is away in the country, and won't be back before the end of the month."

If Robert had had ten children, they would all have gone wrong in one way or another. The most obvious and helpful expedient, that of removing the children from the unwholesome environment, was not adopted. Troubles went from bad to worse. By the time Robert was forty they were proving too much for him, so that he began to suffer from a nervous ailment which unfitted him for work. The doctor said that the avoidance of worry was of the utmost importance. Of the three sons, Charles was now fourteen; Herbert, nine; and Harry, five. Francisca was twenty, and, having been given an engagement in a provincial town, had left home for good. Charles stole something from a schoolfellow and was expelled. In view of the father's illness and of the importance of keeping his mind as easy as possible, it was decided that Charles should be shipped off to America. In the 'seventies, and even later, you could hardly find a German family in which one of the numerous members had not been sent to the States because he had been a failure at home. Of course it was a thorough change of air! There were then no restrictions upon emigration into the United States, and although many of the countless immigrants must have succumbed amid the harsh and unfamiliar trans-Atlantic conditions, one cannot but suspect that contemporary America owes some of its peculiarities to the unruly elements that were mingled in its composition forty or fifty years ago.

Nothing more was heard of Charles, after he had

been swallowed up by the Great Republic. Very likely he died young or went altogether to the bad; but he may be one of the German-Americans who have entirely forgotten their homeland. The "repression" of the disagreeable memories of youth must, of course, play a large part in causing such forgetfulness. If he succeeded in making a home for himself in the new country, perhaps becoming fairly well-to-do, marrying and rearing a family, there will still have remained a scar in the depths of his mind. It seems improbable, however, that Charles can ever have emerged from dreamland effectively enough to make much of a position for himself. Francisca, whose character was already stabilised when her father remarried, got the better of the shock, and was moderately successful. Her subsequent history is a story by itself, and cannot be considered here.

The fact that two of the children had left home seemed to give the father the necessary relief, and he was soon on his feet again. The stepmother was unjustly accused of having got rid of a couple of her stepchildren. Herbert and Harry developed along divergent lines. The younger a child is when big changes occur in the family relationships, the more deeply is it impressed thereby for good or ill. Having got through the years of puberty, the two boys developed altogether differently from what might have been expected. Herbert, the "lucky" one, became a criminal, took part in a knifing affray in a suburban haunt, and was brought home by the police. His numerous sweethearts bore him many illegitimate children. Harry, who had been cosseted so much as a toddler, became an hysterical hypocrite who suffered from agorophobia, and could, consequently, not bring himself even to cross the street. It is fairly evident to the discerning eye that these children were given an unhappy twist by the premature death of the

mother, and that their evil fortune was confirmed by the advent of a stepmother. I cannot sufficiently insist upon the fact that Robert's second wife was a thoroughly normal, good, and sensible woman. She was inspired with the best intentions. But good intentions and their execution do not entirely depend upon the person who makes them. Other factors cooperate. They need to be met half-way by those in whose interests they are made, otherwise they miscarry.

CHAPTER TWELVE

DIVORCED PARENTS ; ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN AND ORPHANS

So many marriages end in divorce, and there are so many children of divorced parents, that our social life is, as it were, corroded by the fate of such children. This is a familiar story: the peculiar difficulties, the lack of sunshine, the sense of being superfluous from which the children of divorced parents suffer. Maybe in their case the State will decide, ere long, to intervene, and see to it that they shall be properly brought up in Children's Houses. If so, a day will come when people will have forgotten the present unhappy state of affairs, and it will therefore be just as well to give an unadorned account of how things are under the existing dispensation.

When a divorce takes place, some one is to blame, but human beings are so constituted that in general they only get their deserts. So often do defects of character seem to attract disaster that one feels impelled to congratulate persons who escape the breath of evil fortune. I speak of grown-ups. Children, on the other hand, standing as they do in the power of their elders, are continually being wronged. Were it for this reason alone, we must consider the legal aspects of the problem.

Every one knows that marriages are entered into more heedlessly where divorce is easy to obtain. When children have issued from the union, marriages that have not turned out well are endured longer than if the parents had remained childless. People humbug themselves and others by saying that, though they do not get on well together, they still keep up appearances for the children's

sake. Sometimes parents even say as much to the children themselves. One parent will accuse the other parent before the children; and, often enough, these children, who as yet know little or nothing of the world, are called in to act as judges in parental quarrels. I need not waste words in explaining how children suffer in such circumstances, how their characters are permanently injured, their trust in their parents for ever destroyed. But the parents imagine that they are making a sacrifice on the children's behalf; that they continue living together because they wish their children to be happy though they can no longer be happy themselves. Unfortunately this wish is overridden by the hard fact that unhappy parents cannot make their children happy. Parents who, for the sake of their children, remain unhappily tied together, are perpetrating a fraud which is not even a pious one. The fate of innocent children is too serious a matter to be subjected to such pretences. If, for any reason whatever, the married life of parents has become very unhappy, it is better for such a couple to part than that the children should be dragged into a witch's cauldron. To a divorce-court judge it seems that most unsatisfactory marriages have proved a failure because the persons concerned were ill-behaved, undisciplined, lacked the capacity for renunciation, were devoid of the qualities without which no social relationship can run a smooth course. For the novelist, the "triangle" is almost always the reason for a divorce—the fact that one or other party to the marriage has conceived an unanticipated passion for a third. To the physician, however, matters seem less simple. He realises that what so often wrecks a marriage is the onset of some kind of nervous disturbance for which no one can be held responsible since it could not have been diagnosed before marriage. We have to look

forward to a time when every neurotic, or, better still, every human being who wants to marry, will first undergo psychoanalysis in order to rid himself or herself of the unconscious kinks which may make the ties entered into by the conscious intolerable.

As things now are, the children's miseries begin before the divorce that will in the end prove inevitable. One might speak of the children of parents who are "almost divorced". The course of true love never did run smooth, says the old saw; but the same may be said of divorce. When the breach of a marriage is imminent, the persons concerned are perpetually jarring with one another, and when at length the case comes into court the children are apt to play a great part in the proceedings. No doubt it is disagreeable to appear before a judge in the mood of one who frankly admits the shipwreck of marriage and begs for the boon of divorce. One feels so much more self-satisfied, so much more "moral" if one fights like a lion for the custody of the children. Whereas it would as a rule be better if the children were removed from the custody of both parties to a divorce, they are generally assigned to one parent or the other, and if it be to the mother, and the children be under age, the father is usually ordered to pay alimony—an obligation which he seldom ungrudgingly accepts. Suits for the enforcement of claims for alimony on the part of women who have divorced their husbands congest the law courts. The father, in such cases, will sometimes say that he would be prepared to provide for his offspring if only they were removed from the custody of the mother. The mother stands out against this, and is therefore subjected to the reproach of being an obstacle to her children's welfare. Thus does the divorced husband take vengeance on the woman who used to be his wife, and to wound whom as deeply

as possible seems much more important to him than the wellbeing of their children. Who can tell us what has become of "paternal affection" in these cases?

A townsman in one of our large western cities fell in love with a working-class girl. Belonging to the propertied classes, he had regarded himself as "entitled" to marry a girl of his own station who would have brought him a good dowry. For reasons which were less meritorious than might be imagined, he wedded this very young and simple girl of the people. In a year, she gave birth to a daughter, and when another year had elapsed she ran away, taking the baby with her. Instead of being happy because she had wedded a well-to-do man, she found life with him insufferable and went home to her parents. Then she took up with a lover. Divorce proceedings were instituted, and were carried through with extreme bitterness. The husband told every one who would listen to him that he was not really troubled about his wife at all. She was "a bad lot", "a woman lost to all sense of duty", and were it not that she bore his name he would sum up the situation by saying that he was delighted to be rid of her. As to the little girl, that was another story. He was devoted to the child, and could not dream of leaving her to the care of so "depraved" a creature. As far as money was concerned, he was ready to make a generous allowance, but she should not have the child if he had to brief every barrister in the country. He succeeded in obtaining custody of his daughter, for the mother had deliberately run away from him and had thereby put herself in the wrong. Counsel made very fine speeches about it, but apparently no one troubled to inquire what was happening or might happen in the poor little lassie's mind.

The hardships of such a situation are frequently mitigated by the existence of a motherly sort of woman

who comes to live in the house as nurse and does all she can for the child, rather out of love than because of the wages she earns. In the case we are now considering an agreement was come to according to which the girl was to spend ten months of each year with her father and two months with her mother. The judge told the injured husband that it would be inhuman to deprive the mother wholly of her child; adding that it was to the little girl's interest (since she could no longer enjoy the advantage of living with both parents at once) at least to learn in this see-saw fashion that she had a mother as well as a father and to be made aware of all that maternal affection could signify. False sentimentality, unquestionably, of the kind that flourishes in an official atmosphere! In reality, these bureaucrats deal with children as if they were parcels or some other kind of property to be unheedingly passed from hand to hand.

Hardly had the father and the mother signed the agreement when the mother married her lover, with whom she had had a liaison for some time. She said she would have married him sooner, but that her legal adviser had urgently dissuaded her from taking this step until the agreement concerning custody and various arrangements relating to property had been signed. The father of the child had no intention of marrying again, being determined, so he said, to devote himself wholly to the upbringing of his daughter—apparently thinking that it made a difference to a little mite of five whether an elderly gentleman should devote himself exclusively or only in part to her education. When he learned of his divorced wife's remarriage, he made up his mind to repudiate the agreement, declaring that it could not be a matter of indifference to him if his daughter saw another man than himself living with her mother,

and if, as would probably happen, she were taught to call this man "father". That could not but confuse her budding mind. By marrying a second time, his former wife had forfeited her rights in the child. Here was a father who said that the education of his daughter was all in all to him. In reality, vengeance had become his main purpose in life—vengeance on the young woman who had not only dared to desert him, but was now making it plain to any one who cared to see that she could live a happy married life with the right man.

The father's ten months were drawing to a close, and the mother had already bought a cot for her "dear little girl" to sleep in. The father summoned experts to make affidavits that the child did not wish to have anything to do with her mother, and that if she were taken from her father's house to her mother's it would be against her own will. The father declared that he had never said a word to set the girl against her mother; she had noticed for herself how lonely and unhappy her father was, and realised that it was not his fault that her mother had behaved so badly.

The first expert found a confiding child in splendid bodily trim. Jane began to prattle away to him with apparent unrestraint. Still, she looked at him from time to time in a searching and serious way which seemed out of keeping with her years. Again and again the expert tried to guide the conversation towards the mother, but the little girl evaded this issue.—Expert: "You've a jolly little crib there. Do you think you'll have as nice a one at your mother's?"—Jane: "Yes. Look at our gramophone. I can wind it up myself."—Expert: "Is the crib at your mother's as good as this one?"—Jane: "It has black spots." [This presumably means that the white paint has been chipped off here and there. Some memory or other.] "I can build a house

with my bricks. You just look at the one I have built."

The expert could try as often as he liked, but Jane would never say a word about her mother.—Expert: "Do you see your mother often?"—Jane: "We used to go and see her. But I'm showing you my bricks."—Expert: "Whom do you like best in all the world?"—Jane: "Daddy and Brownie." [Brownie was Jane's pet-name for her governess, Miss Brown.]—Expert: "No one else?"—Jane: "Every one."—Expert: "Well and good, but isn't there any one else you are specially fond of?"—Jane: "No."—Expert: "And what about your mother?"—Jane: "Oh, yes!"

The expert showed her some picture postcards.—Expert: "To whom are you going to send these picture postcards?"—Jane: "Daddy."—Expert: "Not to Brownie?"—Jane: "Brownie's always with me."—Expert: "Won't you send a card to any one else?"—Jane: "No."—Expert: "I see there's a car waiting at the door. Where are you going for a drive?"—Jane: "To the woods, to our farm, right away into the country."—Expert: "Won't you drive to see Mother?"—Jane: "Mother can come here."

All questions bearing on the mother are obviously distasteful to Jane. Her attitude towards her absent mother is manifestly a "complex attitude", this meaning that she can only come to terms with the problem of her mother by repressing the whole or most of the complex out of consciousness. She does not like to hear anything about her mother and refuses to tackle the subject at all. "Brownie" tells the expert: "Jane is usually cheerful and equable, but she always seems gloomy and thoughtful in bed after she has said her prayers. Once I asked her: 'What are you thinking about?' Jane answered: 'Whether Brownie will always love me,' and then she added: 'I am thinking of Daddy.'

Another time I asked her: 'What's up, dearie? Why are you so sad?' The child turned her face to the wall and began to cry. Then she said: 'Please don't ask me that again.'" It is scarcely needful to multiply words in order to explain what has been going on here. Jane cannot get over the fact that her mother does not live with her. She helps herself out of the difficulty by the mechanism which psychoanalysts speak of as repression. She will become gloomy and lonely, just like her father. How can she develop into a cheerful being when at this early age her mind is already overcast with melancholy? Her earlier experiences, mentally indigestible, are the source of nervous disturbances, persistent doubt, ponderings, and a sense of inferiority. This cannot but prove disastrous. On one occasion, Jane, who was in her father's room when the bed was being made, asked: "Why are there two beds here?" The father, in a way characteristic of the man, had never had his wife's bed moved out of the room. Jane was fobbed off by the maid with the answer: "Sometimes Master uses one bed, and sometimes the other." It seems most unlikely that the child believed this story, but no further questions were asked about the matter.

The estranged parents had to meet one another in the district court. When the expert's opinion was read out, the mother wept bitterly, for it was plain to all hearers that her little girl had come to regard her as a sinister being. The judge was thorough. Not content with one opinion, he adjourned the case until he could hear the report of a second expert. This involved several months' delay, and when the second expert at length visited Jane, the symptoms noted by the first expert were no longer much in evidence. In the interim the mother had effected a reconquest of the little girl. She met Jane from time to time in the street or in the park,

gave her sweets, and numerous presents—overwhelmed her with tenderness. They played together; she made Jane laugh, and the child felt herself understood. Every one knows how easy it is to bribe a child. Mother was much better-looking than Brownie. She was far more companionable to Jane than was the moody father. It is likely enough that Jane would now rather stay with her mother than with her father. Yet Daddy was good and kind. Poor little Jane's mind had become the stage of a conflict. That is what happens to a child when the parents struggle for possession of it. Remember, too, that these parents were not savage creatures. All the persons concerned were well-behaved, and, as people go, self-controlled. Yet the danger to a child thus fought for as a prize is no less great.

In another instance the parents, although they speedily realised that their marriage had been a mistake, put up with one another as long as they could "for the sake of the children". It was the husband who first insisted upon a divorce, when the two children of the marriage, a boy and a girl, were respectively seventeen and fifteen. Both of them went to live with their mother, because their father remarried forthwith. During the critical years of childhood, which have more to do with the development of character than decades of grown-up life, these youngsters had been the witnesses of deplorable domestic scenes. The father was said to be extremely selfish, and probably was so. Children, however, have little or no capacity for forming sound judgments as to their parents' qualities. In the case we are now considering, although the son and the daughter openly espoused the cause of their mother, they remained inwardly dependent upon their father. The lad was the weaker of the two, and yet to him was now assigned the difficult task of replacing his father for his divorced mother.

She redoubled her manifestations of affection towards the children, but none the less (no one who knows the power of the Oedipus complex will be surprised) she could not prevent the young man from lapsing into melancholy, from becoming a pedantic youth who was unable to complete his university course owing to inability to pass his examinations. The father henceforward saw very little of his children. Three years after the divorce, the daughter married, and at about the same time the father's second wife became pregnant. At this juncture the melancholy youth took an overdose of veronal, and was found dead in his bed. It had been too much for him to lose his sister by marriage, and simultaneously to feel that the founding of a new family would definitively cut him off from his father. I have had to take extreme cases in illustration of my thesis, for nothing but dramatic effects can impress a modern reader, who has a surfeit of sensationalism in his daily paper. Still, I should like to draw attention to the fact that a problem can scarcely be said to exist any longer when the tragedy has reached the close of the fifth act, and when the corpses of the persons in whom we have been chiefly interested litter the boards. The problem is urgent in earlier phases, and a human destiny cannot be summed up in a few words. Children of parents who have been divorced can rarely escape becoming so neurotic as to be unfitted for the ordinary demands of life. They are not always deprived of the means of subsistence; they are not invariably used as missiles with which their parents bombard one another; they do not all commit suicide. But they all suffer grievous wrong, for which society is to blame, since by forethought and by wiser institutions it could prevent most of the trouble.

A flood of tears has been shed, and is still being shed,

over the fate of illegitimate children, in former days abusively spoken of as bastards. Kindlier vernacular terms are a "natural child", and in country districts a "love child". Recent reforms notwithstanding, an illegitimate child is still a pariah. It has no father; and, very frequently, no mother if the mother should have married and should wish to ignore the fruit of her youthful indiscretion. In Vienna, a few years ago, a dentist was shot by his natural son, who killed himself then and there with a second bullet. The murdered man, then forty-seven years of age, had had a liaison with the young fellow's mother a quarter of a century before. He had made an inadequate allowance for the upkeep of the child, but in other respects had practically ignored mother and son. Both parties to this irregular union had subsequently married and had had lawful issue. The woman's husband, being a man of kindly disposition, had adopted his wife's love child and had brought the lad up as his own. The youngster believed that the putative father was his real father, and that he only bore a different surname from his parents and their children because he had been born before wedlock. A growing boy could not have been more affectionately guarded against the distresses of his position as a bastard. When he grew up and had to earn his livelihood, he became a bank-clerk. Then, in a conversation with his mother's solicitor, he learned the secret of his birth. Having a tooth which needed attention, he took the opportunity of consulting his real father without disclosing his identity. A few days later, on a subsequent visit, he shot the dentist and then committed suicide, as previously described. Since the parricide is dead and buried, neither the public prosecutor nor society at large has any interest in the matter, which was but a passing sensation.

But if the discovery that he is of illegitimate birth and that his mother was abandoned by his father (the illegitimacy had caused no trouble so long as the young man had looked upon it as a temporarily irregular family relationship) can cause such a brain-storm in a man otherwise sensible and well-behaved, it is obvious how great must be the suffering of children who are from their earliest years taunted with bastardy. The carking sense of inferiority is, under extant conditions, ineradicable. Yet this sense of inferiority is not exclusively an outcome of the illegitimate child's irregular social position, being in great measure a transference of the unsatisfied craving for affection—a transference from the individual into the social sphere. What does a child know about legitimacy and illegitimacy? What does a child care whether a parson has called down a blessing upon its parents' union? But a child that has no father, and whose relationship even to the mother is consequently inadequate, feels a lack of affectionate possession which scars the mind. Such a child is even worse off than an orphan, which has no parents at all. The love privation of an orphan has characteristics of its own, very different from those of the love privation of an illegitimate child. Illegitimacy is momentous in the shaping of destiny. We bow before the might of death, knowing that it is useless to kick against the pricks.

A study of the psychology of the orphan, likewise, leads us into abysses more profound than our modern rationalists are aware of. Necessarily an orphan will develop in a different way from those happier children whose parents are spared to them. No other child, perhaps, has such a capacity for loving as an orphan. From birth, Tristan is doubly orphaned. His uncle, King Mark, becomes a substitute father. Isolde, whom Tristan loves, must also be a substitute mother, inas-

much as the son's craving for a mother and the man's desire for possession of the woman are mysteriously conjoined. "Wilt thou, Isolde, follow Tristan whithersoever he goes? . . . Follow me to the land of darkness whence my mother sent me to you!" Unwittingly, the orphan is longing to return to his mother.

Speaking generally, orphans seem cold and lacking in affection, for no one has taught them how to love. They are as if paralysed by an apoplectic stroke. Their arms hang inertly, and their faces are inexpressive. Yet they are unaware of it, until an onlooker points it out. Sometimes in the street you may encounter an old man who has just had the beginnings of a stroke (doctors call it "ingravescent apoplexy"), and, catching sight of his gait and expression, you may exclaim: "What on earth is the matter?" But he will hardly be aware that anything is amiss, for, while losing the power to move his limbs properly, he has also lost cognisance of how they ought to be moved. One who has been bereaved of his parents very early, will know as little about parental love as the incipient paralytic knows about the stroke that is coming on. Incomprehensibility is, in a measure, a safeguard against despair. Just as Faust, after exploring all the realms of knowledge, feels convinced that there must still be much remaining to be known, so, late in life, does the orphan, looking back on his career, realise that he has been paralysed all along, that something has been denied him which others have as a matter of course.

If the privations an orphan suffers may be compared with the paralysis of an apoplectic, so likewise can the distresses of an illegitimate child, which is daily and hourly put in mind of its inferiority, be compared with certain other kinds of paralysis due to affections of the peripheral nerves. Here the poor wretch knows what is

wrong, and cannot cease lamenting. Yet society could supply what is lacking. Its failure to do so, and the way in which illegitimacy is still in many circles regarded as a disgrace, will be charged heavily to the discredit of our "civilisation"—when we have a civilisation worthy the name!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW

THE reader will be helped in the understanding of this concluding chapter by a brief account of the educational system in Germany and Austria, which contrasts in certain respects with that which prevails in England.

Practically all education in the German-speaking lands is public education, the universities (called "Hochschulen" quite as often as "Universitäten") being State institutions, and there are very few schools comparable to the bodies quaintly miscalled in England "public schools". Indeed, boarding-schools are rare (religious seminaries excepted).

From six to ten years of age, education is carried on in the elementary schools. Then follows the "middle-school" period, which lasts eight years—"middle school" because it intervenes between elementary school education and "high school" (university) education. This takes place at the Gymnasium, the first four years being at the Untergymnasium and the second four years at the Obergymnasium. On the whole these correspond to what in England we speak of as a secondary or middle school and a high school respectively. Although they are public institutions, fairly heavy fees have to be paid at the Gymnasia, so those whose parents are comparatively impecunious remain for eight years, from the age of six to fourteen, at the elementary school, and have no middle-school period at all. Some of the secondary schools are not called Gymnasia, but Gewerbeschulen, where the training is technical, and Realschulen, where the education is "modern" rather than "classical". At the age of eighteen, those who have qualified for it by

passing satisfactorily out of the Obergymnasium, and who have means and ambition, proceed to higher education at a university. In the present chapter we shall use the terms elementary school, secondary school (= Untergymnasium), high school (Obergymnasium), and university in the senses that will be obvious from the foregoing remarks. Middle school will be used as a general term to include both the Untergymnasium (secondary school) and the Obergymnasium (high school). [Author's supplement to English edition.]

Only to a minor extent does the school serve the purpose of helping children to develop into civilised adults. In the schoolteacher's brain the chief preoccupation is: "How can I best stuff my pupils with all that is prescribed by the curriculum?" At the university, the acquirement of knowledge is the chief aim. So it is at the middle school; but here education is carried on much more under duress than at the university. At the present time the elementary schools are in course of transformation, and the more modern among such institutions are trying to adapt themselves—with considerable success—to the play impulses, the spontaneous urges towards activity, and the pre-logical mentality of the child. At length educationists are facing up to the reality which had become plain to Rousseau more than a hundred and sixty years ago, namely that a healthy child before the age of twelve need learn nothing which can only be learned by one who sits at a desk. Children must be given time to strip themselves of their pre-logical swaddling-clothes. Freud teaches that, to all seeming, the primitive life of impulse subsides between the sixth and the eighth year, so that the youthful being becomes what its elders call ambitious, moral, and tractable—in a word, social. Tractable or docile it remains until,

at puberty, the impulsive life manifests a new surge of activity. The period from about eight until about fourteen during which the impulsive life of the child has capitulated pending the development of the impulsive life of the adult (which lasts on until the fires die down in old age) is termed by Freud the "latency time". This latency time falls within the "close time" of childhood. Whatever a child at this epoch is disinclined to learn—and of course there is much that the child will voluntarily and eagerly learn—can without disadvantage be postponed to a later day, when it is older.

Till recently, all schools, and especially the middle schools, were horrible places. The pupils were harassed and enslaved, and the results as far as the acquisition of knowledge was concerned were pitiful. For eight weary years they studied Latin, an hour's class work and an hour's home work. Six years were devoted to Greek. Yet at the end of this time hardly one of the scholars had acquired such a command of either language as to be able to converse from time to time in these tongues; and there was not one in a hundred of them who in later life was able to read a classical author. The speed with which Greek and Latin (especially the former) were forgotten was almost uncanny. It seemed as if there must be a secret purge at work sweeping them out of the memory. No doubt there was some such force, an expression of the persistent reluctance of those who had been forced to devote themselves to the "niceties" of Greek grammar. The time spent at the secondary school and the high school in the study of the dead languages had been utterly wasted. They were dead languages, and could not in any way be brought back to life. The teachers knew this perfectly well. To save their own face, they were accustomed to say that Greek

and Latin grammar, being systematised and beautifully consistent, were eminently adapted to promote accuracy of thought, and to bring about a general sharpening of the mental faculties. The statement is untrue. Any shopkeeper who at fourteen began the practical work of life by sweeping out his master's shop while those who had hitherto been his companions at the elementary school had passed on to the middle school and were immersed in the study of books, enjoyed a training which made him more alert and clear-sighted than the unfortunates who were artificially cut off from the contemporary world.

Specific instruction in German began during the first year at the middle school with the detailed study of grammar: the "seven" conjugations, the irregular verbs, and so on; and the pupil who could not memorise these lessons, failed to rise from class to class. Later came the study of the German classical writers, carefully bowdlerised, not only of all the sexual, but likewise of all the revolutionary and humanist elements. We were taught about a poet named Ladislaus Pyrker (he ultimately became an archbishop) and were urged to read his epic *Moses*. But at school we learned nothing of Hölderlin, of Heine, of Gottfried Keller, of Fritz Reuter. In the examination for passing-out of the middle school, the title set for our German composition was: "Sin and Atonement in Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans*." Joan's sin had been that of falling in love with an English soldier; her atonement, that of never seeing him again. What earthly use was "knowledge" of that sort; in what sense was its acquisition a mark of fitness for passing from school to university? So little did we learn about Schiller's true greatness, which was rooted in his enthusiasm, that on leaving school we were ready at short notice to succumb to the onslaught of those who

so shamefully underestimated his value. Thanks to misdirection at school we lost touch with this magnificent poet, and few of us rediscovered him after we had grown up. Germany and German Austria would have been in better case after the defeats of the Great War had the nation still known its Schiller. Doubtless, schoolboys are not yet ripe for an understanding of Schiller's idealism, and are still less fitted to grasp the titanic greatness of a Goethe. This being so, our teachers would have done better to avoid burdening our minds with such topics prematurely. What actually happened was that we were put out of humour with all that is fine in literature. Extant instruction, working upon extant youthful psychology, turns the great classical writers—from Homer to Goethe—into insufferable tyrants. Hostility to teachers and to schools is transferred to the matter of instruction, and becomes the substratum of that cleavage between the mind of the university don and the mind of the cultured layman which is disastrous for both.

For the pupil at a German middle school, in the old days, universal history ceased at 1815, with the battle of Waterloo. He learned about wars and treaties of peace; had his mind stuffed with the names of emperors and kings and field-marshals. Everything was contemplated through nationalist spectacles; and in Austria took on a Habsburg and Jesuit complexion. Austro-Germans were not taught how the compound microscope was discovered and improved; we learned nothing about the pioneer work performed by Wells, Simpson, and Clover in the introduction of anaesthetics into general use in midwifery and operative surgery: but it was thoroughly drummed into our heads that the Persians under Cambyses defeated the Egyptians under Psammetichus III at Pelusium in the year 525 B.C. No hint

was ever given us that there were such things as a social problem and a socialist movement. In Austria at this epoch the conflict of nationalities (which ultimately disrupted the old empire) had already become acute. In Vienna we were told so little about it that it came as a great surprise to me, when I first visited Triest immediately after leaving school, to find the street-names posted up in Italian. It seemed to me self-evident that the united monarchy, including as it did Prague, Lemberg, Budapest, Agram, and Laibach, must be fundamentally German. For patriotic reasons the fact that ours was a polyglot realm had been ignored. The Germans in Austria-Hungary were brought up to wear blinkers. We all paid for this subsequently in blood and tears. Mathematics and physics were, on the whole, much better taught than history and sociology; and if we forgot our lessons even in these subjects as quickly as might be, this was only because we discharged our hatred of the teachers upon the unoffending topics.

This is now an old story, and to-day the middle school is less out of touch with real life than of yore. True, its curriculum still smacks of Comenius, who was born as long ago as 1592; and so antiquated an edifice is not easily adapted to modern requirements. Can we hope that the instructors have changed rapidly and thoroughly enough to guarantee the freedom of their pupils? Too many teachers have sadistic inclinations. Power is too seductive for them to renounce its pleasures. As regards their bodily weakness, pupils are now to a considerable extent protected by law and public opinion; but in respect of their mental and moral weakness they are delivered over to the superior might of the teacher. Were it only in the matter of sarcasm, boys and girls have no defence against the cutting remarks of a

"witty" schoolmaster or schoolmistress. Shelley's magnificent lines:

> Power, like a desolating pestilence,
> Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
> Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
> Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
> A mechanised automaton.

apply to school tyrants as well as to the tyrants of a wider world. One who wields power is prone to misuse it, and schoolteachers must be deprived of this possibility. Yet how can this be effected when the massed sadisms of the pupils so soon make utterly ridiculous any instructor who seems to them a weakling? The desirable admixture of strength, tenderness, and amiability is rare.

Nowadays the enforcement of school discipline is, in great measure, left to the youngsters, a plan of which there was no talk in Austria when I was at school (1890–1898). "School-communes" have been established; the pupils hold a considerable measure of executive and judicial authority; and it is remarkable to watch the seriousness with which these duties are discharged. Seriousness and strictness—for the teachers have often to intervene in order to temper the severity of the sentences. The boys know one another much better than the teachers know them, have a much better grasp of one another's moral and intellectual capabilities. Not a few whom the master had considered as "poor scholars" were looked up to by their schoolmates, who quickly recognised high qualities of head and heart which had not been visible from the chief's platform. If the head boy in a class so often proves a failure in subsequent life, this is a surprise only to the teacher. The schoolfellows knew well enough that this model pupil was bad in grain and would never be able to cope with the difficulties

of life. There is no place for marked talent, and still less for genius, within the framework of the curriculum. Prolonged instability, absence of mind, inattention, delay in emerging from the pre-logical phase of childhood, protest against strait-jacketing in the schoolroom (qualities almost indispensable to subsequent efficiency), interfere with the smooth course of instruction and are a nuisance to the teacher. No schoolmaster is devoid of human weaknesses. Naturally, a well-drilled and docile classroom of youngsters, attentive listeners, pupils who make apt answers, those who show no marked peculiarities, are unemotional and "give no trouble"—are more agreeable to him than a pack of originals who may be likely to grow up into geniuses. After all, is it the function of a school to produce geniuses? Certainly a school able to do this has not yet come into being. Yet every child is in some sense a genius, one who wants to go his own way, and can be satisfied by no other force than that of love. This is why happiness at school depends much less upon the curriculum than upon the personality of the teacher. Teachers who are worth their salt, pay little heed to an official curriculum, and the choice of subjects of study has of late years been mainly determined by love for the child. Schooling should be a pleasure to the pupil, and the basic principle of scholastic reform must be love. No set programme, no wearisome examinations, no note-taking, no punishments. The pupils must never be discouraged, and censoriousness must be avoided like the plague. "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace", said Danton. Let me paraphrase this by saying that children need encouragement, and more encouragement, and yet again encouragement. All this is but part of that love which is the child's rightful heritage. So far, so good. But what we need is teachers who will put these precepts into practice.

Were it easy to find them our schools would already be much better than they are. The precepts, as I have shown, were enunciated four or five generations ago by Rousseau, and long before him by Montaigne, though by the latter less simply, and by one who always breathed the sceptical atmosphere of a distinguished scholar. The practical realisation of such measures in our contemporary schools is perpetually hindered by the sadism and the indolence of teachers. It is so much easier to thump the table and frighten the class than to individualise in accordance with the needs of every pupil. The psychoanalyst learns about such difficulties in the practice of his profession. He listens to the troubles of each particular patient for hour after hour, giving affection and reaping affection in return.

When I was at school, we were told one morning that our comrade Schindler had hanged himself because he could not master the third Latin declension. The suicide took place wellnigh forty years ago, and since then I have seen many deeds of blood in this poor world of ours. But for me, the blood of Schindler, aged ten, still "cries from the ground". For my own part, I did not bother about the third declension. I had been full of ambition when I entered the middle school, but in early days had had this ambition damped by the phrase "Very unsatisfactory" in my report. We had learned the first two declensions, the feminine nouns ending in "a" and the masculine nouns ending in "us". When we were told to translate into Latin, "Homer is a poet", I wrote, "Homerus poetus est". How could I tell that Homer, who had certainly been a man, had nevertheless to be designated "poeta"? "Squeers" rewarded me with six strokes of the cane, which aroused in me a defiant attitude of mind.

In the drawing-class, the master said: "Draw a

horizontal line." Since I did not know what horizontal meant, I glanced at what my neighbour was doing and saw that he was ruling a line. But surely that could not be a "horizontal" line, which must have something to do with the horizon, and I knew that this bounded one's field of vision? Then the drawing-master said: "A vertical line next." All the other boys drew what was wanted, but my page remained blank, for I had no clue as to what I was expected to do. I began to cry and the next boy pointed at me mockingly. Of course my tears flowed on account of mortified vanity, for I did not want to appear stupider than the rest. The teacher crept up behind me and said: "What a cry-baby you are!" For years thenceforward I was nicknamed Cry-Baby, and consequently did my utmost to be better than my reputation. I founded gangs, played truant, learned nothing, gave pert answers, was guilty of numberless pranks—and gained nothing by all my efforts than this, that a schoolfellow who had read a tale about pirates expanded my nickname to "Cry-Baby, the Pirate".

For these and various other reasons I did not feel impelled, like poor Schindler, to hang myself because I could not master the third declension. Like Shakespeare's *King Richard III*, I was "determined to prove a villain". During this phase, it would delight me if, unnoticed, I could pin to the coat-collar of the boy sitting in front of me, a piece of paper on which I had written the word "Donkey". I made myself more and more disliked by the masters, and one of them, Golling (now deceased), frequently said: "We shall have to expel you if you go on like this!" Whenever I put up my hand to indicate that I knew the answer to a question, Golling would look at me scornfully; and he would invariably deride me even when my achievements were passably good. So often did he call me "Blockhead",

that this would certainly have become my nickname had not that of "Cry-Baby, the Pirate" already caught on. When my mother came to make inquiries, she was told that I was a thoroughly bad lot and was advised to remove me from the school. Since she would not go to this extreme the following report was penned:

Religion	Unsatisfactory
Latin	Satisfactory
German	Satisfactory
Geography	Fairy satisfactory
Mathematics	Unsatisfactory
Natural Science	Unsatisfactory
Drawing	Unsatisfactory

Special Remarks: Continually talking in class; very disobedient; very disorderly.

I publish this document in condemnation, not of the pupil, but of the schoolmaster. What a venomous attitude does it not show towards a boy of ten? Often so bad a report must have led parents, in utter despair, to take their son away from the school, with the result that, in the caste-State of those days he would have been debarred from rising. Such was the school; what about the home? I was supposed to take the unfavourable report to my father, and to bring it back with his signature. This was too much to expect of me, in view of my home circumstances, so I forged my father's name. It was the school and the home in cooperation which made me a forger. Putting on his spectacles, Old Golling scrutinised the signature. "Who wrote this?" he inquired, looking at me sharply. "I did," was my faltering reply. Those were not the days in which educationists had begun to insist that children need to be encouraged, and he had discouraged me. I know better than any one else how much harm was done me by this perpetual warfare between

a child and the authorities. True, it did not cost me my life, as it cost poor Schindler his!

The suicide of schoolchildren, the suicide of children in general! We cannot say that such suicides have become rarer since love has been instilled into education. This is because love must not be played with. In my own schooldays, which I have described at considerable length, enmity and ill-feeling were so obvious that at any rate I knew where I stood. The teachers were my enemies, and I expected hostility from them. If, on the other hand, one professes to be a child's friend, the friendship must be trustworthy. I am much afraid that numbers of schoolteachers who, according to the letter of the law, put themselves forward as the affectionate friends of the children under their care, at the outset make their pupils yielding and docile, but go on to make them extremely unhappy by mortifying the immature heart that has been freely opened to them.

Child suicides really belong to the chapter on guilt. Children take their own lives because they have acquired a guilt complex. The paths of this sense of guilt lead down into the realm of the unconscious, winding hither and thither in the domain of the pre-logical. In many respects, the sense of guilt which causes suicide may be compared to the recoil of a gun. The animus against authority, which in a child readily induces death-wishes and homicidal fantasies, discharges itself, in virtue of a mysterious mechanism, upon the person who harbours these guilty thoughts. But the enigma of child suicide cannot be unriddled by any one-dimensional explanation. Nor does dread of punishment suffice to account for it. Anxiety without relevance to punishment is a more comprehensive explanation; for anxiety is a titanic force which, being akin to insanity, can suddenly arise and slay.

Freud's researches began with the attempt to answer the question what anxiety really is. As a septuagenarian he has devoted himself to a special study of the subject. But not even the life-work of this man so eminent for his investigations and his scientific insight has solved the problem to our complete satisfaction; whether on the plane of abstract science or on that of feeling. What ferments in the child to burst forth so conspicuously at puberty would seem, like all that is psychical, to have two conflicting phenomenal forms: on the one hand, the vital impetus; and, on the other, its opposite, a dread of life, leading to death, to insanity, to all that is evil and annihilative. The fact is that young folk are much readier to throw life away than are their elders. They, who might enjoy life so heartily, are willing to renounce it directly they find it disappointing. Thus when they kill themselves they are not negating life but affirming it, inasmuch as they reject it because it is not what they want it to be. What makes their mistake so tragical is that they have but one life to live, and cannot get another when they shuffle off the one they find so distasteful. Youthful suicides, nay, most of those who take their own lives, do not really want death, but are playing with death, which, like everything conceivable by us, everything that comes within the scope of our experience, is really a part of life. Thus many of the self-slaughterers were far from desiring the nonentity which follows upon dying. No one has yet grasped the mystery of non-existence; and those who think they have grasped it, do but delude themselves. Yet being is no less incomprehensible than not-being, and even though we may feel we understand being, the feeling is one which cannot take up the challenge of reason. In supreme moments; at the climax of enjoyment or of suffering; on the boundless ocean or on the

summit of a lofty mountain—still we are aware that death stands behind ready to tap us on the shoulder. When life has become an intoxication, no matter whether of bliss or of despair, its polarity is more conspicuous than ever, and we are keenly aware that the most trifling push can thrust us into the abyss. The condition of youth at puberty, when we are drunken without wine, is closely akin to intoxication. The sexual impulse, fermenting strongly but obscurely, is a new vintage, ready to burst the bottle. The essence of the sexual impulse is that it can lead the individual to transcend the ego in order to wed the ego of another. Besides love there is only one other power, that of death, competent to make us transcend the impulse to self-preservation.

It behoves educationists to discuss with their young charges these twofold possibilities of the uprushing impulsive life. If they do this, they will not need to be so anxious lest they may arouse a suicidal impulse in their pupils. The Church, which treats its children as minors by offering them rewards and threatening punishment, has placed its interdict upon suicide. If we wish to exercise a corresponding influence upon young people who are no longer subject to the authority of the Church, that cannot be by avoiding all that might possibly arouse a suicidal impulse. What we have to do is to depict suicide as an error of judgment. Life and death are as closely interconnected as are love and fear, and any one who voluntarily seeks death is voluntarily affirming life.

I believe that every young person who is reasonably healthy would be amenable to such explanations. We can speak, moreover, of the fallacious character of the feelings of defiance and vengefulness which are among the commonest motives of youthful suicide. Where we have to do with pathogenic suicidal impulse, no general

rules can apply, and the analyst must deal with each case on its merits. When a near relative has committed suicide, identification makes the example infectious. A good many children use the threat of suicide in order to terrorise over the family. The only resource in such instances is to remove the youngster at once and for a long time from the environment where such threats can have the desired effect. My readers must not suppose that I believe my schoolfellow Schindler's main reason for killing himself can have been his difficulties with the third declension. The impulses that have been prematurely awakened are apt to induce suicide, and the motive furnished by what psychoanalysts term rationalisation is not the real motive. From the biographies and autobiographies of men of action we learn that many of them in youth toyed with the thought of suicide, which is the deed of a man of action who is not courageous enough to perform other deeds. Akin to this is the fact that during the phase of youth when heterosexual love is beginning to ripen, an aversion to the other sex is common.

The function of the school is to prepare young people for grown-up life. It must bring children forth from dreamland and make them acquainted with reality. In these respects it necessarily comes into conflict with attempts to regard childhood and youth as ends in themselves and to leave the child to the undisturbed enjoyment of its own culture. The modern school has become aware of this contradiction, and is determined to pay due heed to the known, or at any rate felt, characteristics of the child. Children learn nowadays by what is termed the play-way. The logic of instruction insinuates itself into the pre-logic of the child. Allowance is made for a child's urge to activity, for its dislike of the passive roles of sitting still, listening attentively,

being examined and admonished. The triumph of the policy of setting our children free is achieved in the Children's Houses, which are organised after the model of the "children's communes" for older children, and function as independently as possible. The supervisors keep in the background, their business being to take care that the children do not hurt themselves or one another. With his customary humorous exaggeration, Bernard Shaw declares that a human being should be considered of age not at one-and-twenty years but at one-and-twenty hours. It is, indeed, amazing how much the unrestricted imitative impulse can effect even in the case of children of the tenderest age. If only the insufferable elders can be cleared out of our children's environment so that the youngsters have merely to compete with one another and not with the "giants", one relieves the pygmies of a factor of discouragement which for many millenniums has obviously had a devastating effect upon the development of youth—and which is still widely operative. "Can an apprentice do good work?" Oh yes, if he does not suffer perpetually from having Hans Sachs held up before him as model. Children are better, more alert, more affectionate, and, above all, far more original than we grown-ups. They are still free from the need to earn a livelihood, the acquisitive impulse, which holds us fettered and makes us meaner than we should otherwise be. Unsophisticated children have no understanding of caste, make no distinction between rich and poor. Since they do not distinguish clearly between man and beast, why should they differentiate "Negro" from "White", "Jew" from "Gentile", "German" from "French", in the unworthy fashion of grown-ups, whom the example of other grown-ups influences until habit has become second nature? A child is unable to understand religious differences, and to apppraise one religion

more highly than another. Let us learn in these matters from our children.

We grown-ups have no genuine community life, no satisfactory civilisation, and our chance of achieving either the one or the other seems slender. Religious culture no longer exists. Nationalist culture is in extremely bad odour. Mammonism is a festering sore at the world's heart. Master and servant, baron and serf, emperors, kings, vassals, aristocrats—all these belong to the past. As for the socialist future, it is, like the rainbow, always in the next field. We seem too much burdened with guilt to build a better world with our blood-stained hands. How would it be were we to let our children get to work, fashioning the future as may seem best to them? Hitherto we have drilled them and disciplined them; and, since we are slaves ourselves (slaves of other slaves, and slaves of our own ignorance), the elder generation has ever and again brought up the younger into slavery, brutally crushing the originality of youth.

At length a new wind is blowing athwart the educational field. No longer is a child made into a mere machine for producing utilities such as is an adult; but the grown-up who undertakes the work of education becomes like a child, playing, fooling, laughing among the children. Even better (as far as may be) he effaces himself and lets the children play by themselves. We have to wait and see what will be the outcome of this new development. Perhaps, in the play-way, our children will elaborate a new culture. Two generations ago, when children were larking in the fields, or, in winter time, "kept the pot a-boiling" on a slide, their elders would shout at them: "Lazy little wretches, run home and help Mother!" A generation back, people began to organise amusements for children; and of late years the growth of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements,

of open-air schools, camping out, and the like, have made a sport of instruction. To-day, grown-ups, too, play like children, and become continually younger. Women's dress has approximated to that of the child. Men, though slower to move and needlessly earnest, will follow in the same path. These are the outward signs of a great transformation. Our children will effect for us a conquest of community life, la vie au grand air, and a culture of joyfulness. All that we need do is to look on and listen, allowing children to do what they will. Sometimes one feels as if the happy day had already dawned. At other times? . . . I write in a mountain village, sitting among trees, and my spirit is jarred by the voice of a woman who is yelling abuse at her children. Often she slaps them, whereupon they scream until they are almost choked. There are still many such women in the world. We may have to wait a long time for the promised dawn.

We shall have to wait a long time. Many difficulties arise in the carrying of our new plans into effect, and unforseen problems obscure the issue. Yet the fundamental idea is plain and simple. Leave your children to themselves. Do not educate them, for you cannot. It would be very much better were teachers to write a thousand times in the exercise books, "I must leave the children to themselves!" instead of, as now, making children write a thousand times, "I must not talk in class!" We hear much about the century of the child. That century will not really begin until grown-ups realise that children have less to learn from them than they have to learn from children.

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