

LYSERGIC ACID DIETHYLAMIDE (LSD-25): XXXII.
RESOLUTION OF COUNTER-IDENTIFICATION
CONFLICT OF FATHER DURING OEDIPAL
PHASE OF SON*

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A. INTRODUCTION

In previous communications (1, 2, 3, 4, 6) it has been maintained that doses of 25 to 50 mcg of LSD taken orally may produce an elated state (hebesynthesis). Advantage can be taken of this period of elation, which lasts several hours, to deal more effectively with unconscious and preconscious material during psychotherapy. The reconstructive potential and integrative functions of the ego under LSD provide insight into conflict situations not hitherto as readily accessible to the patient.

In this study, LSD was given to a patient, Jack C., 34 years of age, who had had approximately 500 hours of psychoanalysis (7). As a result of his psychoanalysis, he understood many of the mechanisms of his difficulties of adaptation. However, following the birth of a second son, he became uncontrollably irritable with his older son. During many weeks of discussion, no progress was made toward solving this problem. For example, he spoke with great emotion of the "rendezvous" of his older son with his wife when the child "visited" her during the night. LSD had been administered to this patient with success before. It was decided to give him LSD once again in an attempt to reactivate and reconstruct those conflicts responsible for his uncontrollable anger toward his older son.

Because the patient had so many hours of analysis and freely discussed (and interpreted) his feelings from a dynamic point of view, the following verbatim report may be given without much comment at this time. The LSD was administered as described in earlier publications. The details of the procedure will be readily followed from the text.

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B. VERBATIM RECORDING

Dr: This is January 28th, and one hour ago patient Jack C. was given 35 micrograms of LSD.

Pt: The time before last when I had LSD it seemed that I had a marked effect. You said the dosage was a little higher than usual.

Dr: Yes, but it was only 40 micrograms.

Pt: Then the last time I had comparatively less and yet we produced so many great results, I think. It really must be similar to alcohol consumption, for instance, or beer. There are times when you have a cocktail and, you know it's as though you've had nothing. And then there are other times when you can have the same cocktail, and you do get a little giddy or lightheaded or tired or sleepy.

Dr: All drugs, not alone—

Pt: Of course, your chemistry is changing constantly; is that it?

Dr: Of course.

Pt: The chemistry of your body? So your reaction would be different?

Dr: Of course.

Pt: Well, anyway, just within the last, I guess, 10 or 15 minutes, I started to feel, ah, more of a reaction than I remember last time, so that's why I felt perhaps I had a little more, you see?

Dr: No, there is an individual variation.

Pt: Mmm. Well, I want to get right down to business. I have, again, certain daily problems that I am confronted with. And also there's a certain trend in dreams that I've been having; and since the dreams are in sort of a trend, I think they must be very important. For instance, I've had dreams quite a number of times, you know, during the last few years, but I've noticed that in the last week or so, maybe in the last two weeks, I'm not quite sure, there's been an increase in frequency of this type of dream; not necessarily this type of dream, but this symbol, this part of a dream. The dreams contain the images or the picture of elevated structures, like the Third Avenue El or the various elevated subways. And they're very complex patterns, with overpasses and underpasses and many hundreds of beams and frames and tracks and ties and traffic switches. But strangely enough, never a station. There seem to be a lot of tracks and big girders of steel and tremendous frames, very similar to various elevated lines crisscrossing each other in a very complex way. Another thing I notice is that these frames are always varied. They're not just elevated at the normal height, but they're very high: oh, two to three, maybe four times the normal height of an elevated structure. And they always look very threatening because of their height, threatening because it may all collapse. Ah, that's the feeling; not the threat, not the fear of falling off, because very seldom, if ever, do I have the feeling that I'm on any of the tracks. I'm always underneath, looking way up high into this big maze of girders and stuff. Now this has come up in quite a few dreams, not just the scene itself.

But I'd either be in a subway riding through this, or I'd be walking the street, looking up and seeing one set of tracks turning off the street that I'm walking on through various buildings, and so on. I seem to compare it with a sort of relationship between my emotional setup and analysis.

And, of course, as I have been saying these last few weeks, it almost seemed as though my whole knowledge, my whole knowledge of what I've gained from analysis seems to be poised above me ready to cave in on me; the sort of thing as when the chips are down, as though I haven't really lifted myself above the level at which I was, let's say three or four years ago. Ah, now realistically I know this is nonsense. In many areas, I mean, I can plainly see the advance; I feel it, I live it, etc. And yet I'm sort of frustrated about this inability to muster the aggression, or to get an incentive to forge ahead and start putting a rocket in my behind and get going, you know. Ah, there are times when I get little spasms of it. I figure, well, I'll do this and I'll do that, and then nothing happens. I don't know why, really. I used to find excuses; my family, this, that; but I realize that's a lot of utter nonsense. It's me, and my family provides a very easy, within reach, scapegoat. I'd sure love to work out my feelings toward my son, Don, I'll tell you that. Of course, I think if I could ever do that and track it back properly—I know full well it's not Don—but I, if I could really get to it, I think I could beat a lot of problems down. I remember that for the longest time the mere thought of Don—of course, I could only speak consciously—the thought of him used to bring on a glow, a love, a feeling, a swelling, a wonderful feeling. If I'm to be honest I can only say that these last, oh Christ, I don't know, maybe this last year the feeling changed. And if I'm to be real honest, I would even go back before the recent birth of Herbert. It seems to have been his (Don's) increase of hostility. It almost seems to be that two things happen as a result of analysis. I become a little more honest, perhaps too honest, with some of my feelings, and therefore the hostility breaks out into the open and I can't control it; or the more infantile part of me resents development of Don's intelligence—no, not intelligence, but his ability to function for himself. And in many ways, as we have discussed here, ah, in many ways I am reduced very quickly and very easily to his level. We'd be constantly arguing *at his level*; it was as though he were choosing the weapons, he were choosing the site of battle, etc.

Getting back to dreams, I had an extremely interesting one; I don't remember the dream, I just remember one thing in it. It must have meant a great deal, because it's as clear in my mind now as it was then. And symbolically, it's dynamite.

"I dreamed that I had an ejaculation: I had sperm coming out of my penis. Now, at the very beginning of that, it's, it was the exciting type of feeling that would, would accompany anything

sexual or the sexual act, and so on. But then the feeling, the sexual feeling, diminished and practically disappeared, but the sperm kept coming and coming and coming, unending. Then it would sort of stop and then continue again, almost as though I were urinating, and you know how it is at the very end, near the end, when you're all through urinating, you always have a few extra drops to get out, and it was the same thing, only it never ended. I would get a few extra out, and then—first I was aware of nothing but the sperm coming out in great force, in great quantity. Then later, sort of gradually, I became aware of the fact that I was just standing over a toilet bowl, you know, as if I were urinating, but it wasn't urine that was coming out; it was sperm. As I said, by that time there was no sexual thoughts or feelings whatsoever; I was just completely perplexed; and I couldn't lose that scene; that scene kept sticking with me for days."

Dr: When did you have this dream?

Pt: I think Saturday night. Of course, I have many thoughts with regard to it; why, you know; try to figure out a few things. And it all ties in with my general, well, to me, loss of power, loss of the ability, or slipping in ability to function as well as I'd like to. To really be more specific, I feel as though I'm letting my—well, symbolically, it's as though I'm letting my manhood get away from me. I can only guess, of course, but I think what has been happening is that the pressures, the threatening pressures, have been from many angles rather than just one, and they all point to this feeling in me. I'm not saying it's proper to have this feeling, ah, or right, and I certainly would like to improve it, but nevertheless, when Don upsets me and we go through our little scenes and my being ineffective with him as a father and as an adult, this is some manhood leaving me.

When I try sometimes to make my wife happy, almost at any price, although it doesn't often get to that, but when it does, I will some times do it just to keep her happy. That, too, is the feeling of the threatening loss of manhood. And then very high up on the list I think would be not being able to get down in the middle of the jungle, which is Manhattan, and the advertising world of the jungle, and stir up some action.

I gave thought to the framework again, and I remember a long time ago having a discussion about coming home from school one day, or rather, going to school. A man had fallen on the tracks of the subway. I was then about 13, and this man was run over by the subway, completely mangled. And very visible was the flesh, parts of the body hanging from the tracks, and the blood was all over the street, and I'll never forget the horrible sight of this cat licking the blood, this I'll never forget! This was about 12:30 in the afternoon, of a very sunny day; Christ, right there on ——— Avenue on the IRT train! Now at ——— Avenue, the IRT train at that point is the highest point in its elevation. And it's raised at such a height to go over the BMT tracks, which is the ——— Avenue

station of the ——— Line. And the words "IRT," "BMT" all represent my whole life from the age of 11 until—oh gosh, I'd say until around just several years ago; certainly all of my adolescence. And I think when I get right down to it, that's all my life has been; everything stayed at the adolescent level. A lot of my emotional feelings stayed at the adolescent level. I think in that lies my biggest, or has laid my biggest problems—have lain (chuckle). Oh, yes, and I've given much thought to our discussion during my last visit here where in the dream the man was shouting in the street, and my son asked me, "How come he doesn't get laryngitis?" and I explained to him, "Well, he's trained to do it that way, but as soon as microphones and everything come into being, he'll be out of a job." And I remembered giving a great deal of thought to all these years, I would say, of your constantly being after me to get training in writing and art or whatever, and my fighting you on this consistently. And I remember saying, although I wasn't completely sold on how much it would affect my work one way or the other—I do have to admit that there's some kind of a change going on along those lines anyway. And maybe this, too, is giving up some of my—I'm speaking in sort of a satirical way—giving up a very strong feeling and therefore another piece of manhood going out, being taken from me, being lost.

Dr: I don't understand.

Pt: Well, it's not sensible; it's not a realistic feeling.

Dr: You mean the adolescent equivalent of manhood? You just said, "All my life I've really been adolescent; that has been my biggest problem." Then you said, "For years you've been trying to persuade me to get trained for my profession, and I recently began to see that your point of view might have some virtue in it." And then you said, "The fact that I've given in to you is the equivalent of ineffectiveness with my son, Don; feeling humiliated if I must keep my wife happy at any price and my inability to get down to the advertising business jungle." And you make giving in to me to get training the equivalent of these three items.

Pt: Yes. I mean—when you sum it up that way, I cannot deny that it's definitely in that whole category, yes.

Dr: Now, talk about it. Are you giving in to keep me happy?

Pt: I don't know, I don't know! The more I think of it, the more complex this gets. This becomes very much like those frames and girders and what not, because frames and girders are built very strongly, and yet if you pull away just one girder in the right place, the whole damn thing can come tumbling down. And for some reason or other the thought of that man being run over by that train just keeps coming back again

and again. It isn't something I haven't thought of for years; I did bring it up here once at length. We had quite a talk about it and how I thought that the man that was killed was my father. Because I believe it was said that the man that was killed was a mechanic; he had overalls on, and my father was a mechanic at that time. And I remember I cried. I had absolutely no reason at all to suspect that it was my father, but yet I carried on, you know; I got very worried and anxious. I remember how relieved I was, how happy I was to see my father come back home that night.

Now, I can see, having learned a little bit, you know, of the mechanism involved, that perhaps the only real reaction, the only reason for such a violent reaction that was so unrealistic, was that there was an out-and-out wish for my father's death, and, ah, definitely not being able to stand the shock of such a thought, then, carrying on in the reverse. And somewhere in this maze or haze or whatever is a similarity of feelings between that situation and Don and myself. Or maybe I fear that he wishes me dead. Then I identify again very strongly with my father, and so the feeling becomes so damned enmeshed and hard to define and very hard to separate.

Don kept saying something last night that was very upsetting to me. Now, Don has had colds before. As a matter of fact, generally, fortunately, his health has usually been very good. He's had very few colds when other kids had colds every other week. Ah, but when he did get a cold, he was an excellent patient, usually shook it off quite fast, and he never became, you know, never became concerned with it. His nose was stuffed; he tried to clear it, and that was the end of it. Now if his nose is stuffed, he goes into a real, wild frenzy, and last night he said something that was so ridiculous and yet to him it's as real as could be, and that's what made it more upsetting, "Why is it nobody has trouble with his nose like I do? Only my nose is the worst nose there is." And he doesn't want to live; he actually said he does not want to live, in a moment of real anger with his nose and whatnot. My wife and I looked at each other; we said, "My God, what the hell has happened to a five-and-a-half-year-old; he's an old man already to say such a thing." You know, he gets completely irrational when he gets real angry like that. He starts saying all kinds of wacky things. "Aw," he says, "only my nose bothers me. Nobody else has trouble with their nose like this. Gee, I don't want to live with a nose like this." It is only recently, I'd say the last six months, that this kind of thing has happened. If a toy of his breaks, he says, "Oh, only my toys break. Nobody else's toys. . . ." He's really beating himself down, and he can only do this if we have made him feel this way; that's all I can say about it.

And I have honestly thought that we have done everything to build him up . . . and I guess in some way we have been banging him down all the way, thinking that we're building. I really have been very—I get very sad. I think the only real sadness I know in my life now is something I wouldn't even admit that I have. Oh, there are things I have to work out all my life, you know, but, there is a sadness in my life, a thing that creates a melancholy, a sadness, a regret that I couldn't have done things differently for Don. When I see the difference between him now and what he was like—again, I'm showing the difference of the passing of time, you know, in self-analysis ability. But still, the look on his face when he was two, two-and-a-half, was such a happy, animated, wide-open, aggressive look; it was just beautiful to behold. And now I guess he's been scarred, he's been hurt and burned, and he's defending himself. It's not there any more, and he's begun to defend himself from these feelings of being beaten, psychologically beaten: he has become rebellious in many areas, just ornery and just happy to create unhappiness, it seems; which I know is ridiculous, because no one is really happy to be unhappy. Nobody wants to be unhappy, yet it seems—

Dr: What is the relationship of this dramatization of certain items with the birth of Herbert, or the anticipated birth of Herbert? Hasn't all of this been enhanced by his brother's arrival?

Pt: Mmm, if I'm to be real honest, I would say no. Now, that might come as a surprise to you, because I think it goes back to even before.

Dr: But you never talked this way before.

Pt: Well, because in many ways we were functioning very well together. And I guess, I wanted only to believe that the good was happening, and I didn't want to see the bad happening. I felt helpless to do anything about the bad happening. You see, all these thoughts, helpless, losing this and that all bring back the sperm symbol thing, as in the dream. But then again, Don is the result of this sperm, so is Herbert, so am I, you know. I mean I could go on and say so is all of, of humanity, but my thought isn't in that way. I said exactly what I meant to say, and that was the thought of Don, Herbert, myself, and my father. . . . And they are the four closest male symbols that I can think of. So I could go on in this vein and say that I always had an inner threat to my masculinity, that I carried with me all the time. You remember, when I first started I had many—I didn't know what the hell they were, but I had feelings of—hidden feelings of homosexuality, which I feared, I did not understand, I didn't even know whether I had or not and . . . It seems that my goal in Don and myself . . . and my father, were the biggest threats to my masculinity within me. Now somehow my brother doesn't

come into this. Somehow my brother may come into other things, but I just don't think he comes into this. I never saw it like that, so clearly—Herbert, Don—now I realize even as I say this, that there has been extremely little talk of Herbert. Well, since, you know, I still have the warmest, most wonderful feelings, which even now, as I see him, I still get, because he has such a fantastic disposition. Now Don, at the same age, was also typical of a child of 11 months, playful and so on, but he was not nearly as friendly and as trusting as Herbert is. Herbert is extremely—I mean any stranger, with anybody, he's ready to be friendly. Don was distrustful, but again, I realize that Don was born to two very shaky parents, and Herbert was born to parents, I guess, who are basically still shaky, but at least have a better understanding of where they are shaky. And so Herbert was born to two different parents. Also he was nursed; he was nursed by a mother who wanted to nurse him and who loved to nurse him, and he was nursed up to the age of eight months, which is a hell of a good launching; a good long period.

The framework of all these girders and elevated structures and whatnot not only represent the framework of analysis, because—I remember this building that's right next to us here near your office. I remember coming here every day and seeing a little more and a little more going up until finally it was completed. And you once reminded me of how similar the construction of a new building is to analysis. After a certain phase when the construction takes place, when the framework and then the various floors and then the wiring and the plumbing and the plastering and the electricity is put in, then comes the finishing and the furnishing and the occupation, you know. It was so interesting. Well, the framework is very much like analysis, and at the same time I think, in view of what I've been saying, it indicated the framework of my family.

Something very interesting happened: in 1954, when I was at the Baltimore Advertising Convention, I wrote to you. It was the hayfever season of 1954, and I remember I rambled and raved and I was so jubilant that I was going through this very high pollen season in Baltimore, and every one around me was suffering from all kinds of distress of hayfever and whatnot, and I felt like a million bucks, remember that?

Dr: Yes, oh yes!

Pt: And I remember I hired a typewriter and kept it in my room, and I was knocking out letters to everybody, and I was really having a ball. I love to write letters; I don't know why, I just love to write letters. I love to receive letters, and when I'm at home, I don't have much opportunity to sit down and start writing letters, but away from home I can usually get a typewriter and just sit down and bat out a bunch of letters. *But I*

remember, I wrote my brother a long letter, and then I was going to write to my mother, and believe it or not, I could not recall the address. I couldn't remember—it astounded me that I couldn't remember the address where my mother lived. It was where—it seemed as though for the first time I came face to face with my mother's remarriage. But because of a phase, I think it was the result of a phase, of my analysis, the Oedipus thing, and so on and so forth, this suddenly came very much in focus, especially when I was at Virginia Beach that day, and I saw a middle-aged couple. Remember that?

Dr: Yes.

Pt: *They were on the beach and acting like lovebirds, you know, and it was so upsetting to me, and it produced almost within minutes a severe asthmatic attack which was the beginning of practically six weeks of asthma and many, many uncomfortable days, emotionally and physically. That was when I could not recall my mother's address. It was fantastic, that time in Baltimore.*

Dr: You didn't tell me this part, did you? This is new, isn't it?

Pt: I think so.

Dr: Yes, I don't recall it at all.

Pt: You mean that I never mentioned to you that I couldn't think of her address. . . .

Don has been doing things, ah, which I hope might help me in trying to understand him. For instance, again he's having difficulty sleeping, which I know indicates a disturbed mind; he's not at peace with himself. Monday started a new career in Don's schooling. Now, I might add, it's ironic that I've begun to think once again of this episode, thinking my father was the man who was killed on the subway. And I began thinking along these lines as of Monday; Monday was the day that Don changed from his afternoon sessions. Beginning Monday, he started his morning sessions. Now I don't know what the hell that has to do with it except that I do so vividly remember that when I saw this death, it was after having come back from lunch, and I was going back to school. And, now Don, who has been going to school after lunch—this is leading me nowhere—is going before lunch.

I begin to wonder if there isn't a possibility that I am, in a sense, wishing myself dead; and then sort of blaming Don for having this thought towards me, as a result of my reflections on the memories of that incident, which I keep saying concerned my father. And in real life it didn't concern my father at all, and yet to me, as vividly as possible, it definitely concerned my father—that man being killed on the subway. . . .

I noticed something new; by new, I mean from whatever I've ever experienced with LSD. Up until now, LSD has always produced an ability within me to be just taken up with whatever

I was discussing, and I would always discuss it in a detached way. In other words, there'd be no feelings connected with what I was saying, at least naturally. I can understand how you'd look back and say, "Oh, there were lots of feelings here and there," and so on, but I would feel nothing consciously. In other words, it would have to be observed by you, but I would feel no feelings consciously, except if I were to find something I had been looking for, there would be a certain feeling of elation, a certain feeling of recognition, of accomplishment. But I noticed today I have a feeling, a real feeling. *I just don't remember having had one before, and unfortunately the feeling is a very sad one. Just now, reflecting upon the . . . this . . . ah . . . this death at the subway station, the thought of my father came back to me and then of his, of actual death, and then just death in general. I suddenly became very preoccupied with death and dying, and I became very, very sad, almost felt like . . . as though I would soon be on the verge of tears; and this is something I've never experienced before. Now I know in the past few weeks, or months, for that matter, I've been on the fringe of a real depression, and I also know that when I go to a movie—*

Dr: Excuse me, you haven't been on the fringe of a depression according to my notes. According to my notes, you only began to feel depressed at the end of a very successful business venture.

Pt: That's what I said: the last few weeks.

Dr: Yes, but it had to do with a change in the business picture in your field.

Pt: But it's showing up in so many ways in my family behavior, you see?

Dr: Yes, but you yourself have pointed out to me explicitly that a change in your position in business would markedly affect—

Pt: Yes.

Dr: This is not something within you; it's something that's affecting you from without.

Pt: Definitely.

Dr: All right. Now that's pretty—

Pt: There should be some strength within me to fortify myself against such a rapid change of behavior. I should have the strength and the courage not to go into a panic, because these past few weeks I have been, if I'm to lay it out bare, I must have been in some kind of panic, from all sides—my work, my position as a father, my position as a husband, etc., etc. We went back to the losing of the masculinity thing and the sperm spilling thing and the whole thing; it is all pretty interwoven there.

Dr: All right, let's stop at this point.

Pt: I just did what I had—I noticed in recent weeks when I go to see a movie and I see a drama of some sort, you know it's almost as though I hope there are sad scenes so that I could cry.

I don't think I've thought that consciously, but now in looking back at that time, it almost seems to be that I wanted to cry; I wanted release.

(Rest Period)

Dr: Let's see, now, the time is 2:04 and you had LSD—

Pt: When did we start?

Dr: We started at 1:00 o'clock, and you had LSD at about 12:30.

Pt: You know, it seems like more hours. I just came in and I looked at my watch and I was astounded. I thought it was about three—

Dr: Well, you've been here—

Pt: Well, I know, but I thought I was in discussion, you know.

Dr: You had your LSD at about quarter past twelve or twelve thirty this morning.

Pt: Yes.

Dr: So you've had LSD approximately two hours ago. Well, now, during the pause you went back and listened to the material.

Pt: No, I just—

Dr: Well, you couldn't have listened to all of it.

Pt: No, a bit here, a bit there, and, of course, the word "death" was thrown all over the place, like rose petals, you know, which are associated with death in the Asiatic countries, as I saw Saturday in Cinerama. I've seen all the Cineramas, and this was the most disappointing. And I was doubly let down, because I had heard that this was the greatest of them all. For my money, the first and the third were the best.

Dr: You saw Cinerama Saturday night?

Pt: Saturday afternoon, with Don.

Dr: And Saturday night you had that dream?

Pt: Yes. I was going to get to it because I can see the time. And ironically enough, the name of this latest Cinerama is "Search for Paradise." And not only did I not find paradise, but even the show was disappointing. And this, by the way, is not just my comment; a lot of my friends have seen it and agree that "Seven Wonders of the World," which was the one before this, was excellent.

Dr: Didn't your wife object to your coming to see me recently?

Pt: I let her have it. We had a very good discussion Saturday night, rather Sunday morning, and I sort of let her have it. She says, "I never know when you're angry with me." And I said, "Well, you should know enough by now that you do know when I'm angry with you." And then finally I told her something I have never told her before. I said, "There are times when I get just a little fed up with hearing you say, 'I can't take this any more and I can't take that any more. I can't take this any more and I can't take that any more.'" I said, "For Christ's sake, what

have you got that's so tough?" And she just looked at me, you know. I said, "We're not starving." I said, "I'm in a sort of a quandary in regard to my business status, but for crying out loud, there is an income, and the little things you may want, you're holding yourself back from. If you need help in the house, get it, and use it, and take advantage of it." And there was a great mellowing after that. That, by the way, was the morning after I had this dream with the sperm flying all over the place.

Last night I had a dream, and it comes into play right here:

"My wife and I were standing in a subway station, and there was a very old-fashioned—and this thing has come up once or twice before—there was a very old-fashioned airplane, a biplane, that was having trouble. It was falling, the motor was sputtering, and the pilot was desperately trying to bring the plane under control to prevent it from crashing into all the houses, the tenement and apartment houses of this crowded area, which could have been Brooklyn or the Bronx or Manhattan or what have you. And my wife and I both watched this plane, which seemed to be gray, in sort of horror, you know, as we realized that there was a man in that thing, struggling with it to prevent this thing from crashing and to save his life and to save the lives of the people in the buildings. We never did find out the outcome of that plane; it just went out of sight. It crossed diagonally over the subway station, went right from beyond the windows of the subway station and out of sight. And I was very aware of the tail skid."

Know what a tail skid is?

Dr: No, go ahead.

Pt: Remember the old-fashioned planes?

Dr: Oh, yes.

Pt: Under the tail they—

Dr: Two wheels were used and a place to skid on.

Pt: That's right.

Dr: Yes, I remember.

Pt: It's a sort of hook at the very back on which the tail could skid, whereas the newer planes have wheels back there. Of course, the very new planes have the tails elevated entirely, so that the landing gear is a tricycle landing gear. Now, two things come into view along these lines. Yesterday I was working with two friends. They're going back into publicity, and they're formulating a new business based on very old-fashioned ideas; but yet, strangely enough, I think it's going to be commercially very successful. The old-fashioned thing reminded me of my friends, whom my wife and I both agreed acted like a couple of kids. Their enthusiasm for the business is wonderful, but their enthusiasm is such that—well, they get blinded by their enthusiasm to the point where, in many ways, they become unrealistic. The other part that that old-fashioned plane brings to mind is Don, because Don has this fascination for planes and aviation; he's got pictures of all kinds all over his room; in view of how I've been speaking of Don,

and how my feelings seem to be going down, down, and we stand by helpless to do anything about it. Last night, when Don went to bed, it was obvious that he was very disturbed again, with this obsession with his nose. He's supposed to go to bed earlier now, because he has to get up earlier than usual. He went to bed about 7:30, but I don't think he fell asleep until about 9:30, and my wife had to rest with him and talk with him and this and that and so on. And I was up writing, and I couldn't function as long as I heard Don talking the way he was. I was very upset; I couldn't concentrate; I was making lots of errors and I had to erase and then rewrite and so on. And finally, once he fell asleep, then I went right through the manuscript, and I worked with greater precision and greater accuracy.

And early this morning—and this happens very often—Don wakes up, and he has to go to the toilet or something. He comes over to our door—and it just so happens he did this just after I went to bed, and that's why I realized what was happening; otherwise, it could have happened a billion times without my knowing it, but my wife has seen him do it, too. He comes over to our door, to the room, on the ground, on his hands and knees, and he sort of peeks around the corner and then he slides—hoping not to be detected by me—he slides on the floor, around the bed, over to my wife's side, for his little rendezvous, so to speak. And then starts to wake her up and annoy her with this and annoy her with that, but in a whisper, only to annoy her, you see, and meanwhile he's keeping me from sleeping. So I always tell him, "Now, get back into bed," and he always says, "There he is, butting in again." He says, "Who's asking you?" And he's been doing this a lot, and Jesus, at those early hours of the morning, it's very hard to have a sense of humor, I'll tell you that. I don't know where the hell this is going to end.

Dr: You just said that you tell your wife that she says, "I can't take this any longer." And you ask her, "What is the beefing about, what's the trouble?" And here, just because Don comes in and talks to your wife, you say, "Where is this going to end?" Aren't you doing just what your wife's doing?

Pt: Mmm. Well, see now—

Dr: Magnifying certain events because—

Pt: It's all there, right there in this spot in particular. It's with Don that I . . . that that expression was said.

Dr: Yes. But you can't handle his hostility; that's quite obvious.

Pt: Just why is he hostile?

Dr: After all of the psychoanalysis that you've gone through, even the material of today, you ask, "Why is he hostile?"

Pt: That, well, I'm not asking because I don't know, but that's what I'd like to work on.

Dr: Oh, it's perfectly natural and normal for him to say to you,

"There he is, butting in again." You, yourself, point out that he's having a "rendezvous" with your wife. You, yourself, pointed out the complexity of your own feelings for your father, yet you won't grant your own son the same complexity of feeling. If I may be a bit brutal with you, you want to be the only complex personality in the family.

Pt: Mmm. Almost seems like that, doesn't it?

Dr: Doesn't it?

Pt: Yes. . . . It's almost as though I don't even want my wife to be complex. And Herbert—bless him, he's too young to be complex, so everything is milk and honey with him, you see?

Dr: Now, did you discuss with your wife's friend this problem with Don? Did she have any ideas?

(Jack's wife had been talking over her problems with a close friend.)

Pt: Just vaguely.

Dr: Because she knows you a lot better, your family and the way you live and so on, a lot better than I do.

Pt: Well, she—I know she scared the hell out of Don, I know that.

Dr: Why is that?

Pt: You know, she says "Hi" and he says, "Hi." He hardly has seen her, but he sort of knows her, and you know what I mean? And he has seen her, of course, but not very often, and then after she was there a while, she says—and we were talking about Don—it was time for Don to go to sleep. So, she says, "What's this with you having trouble sleeping? Don't you like to go to bed and have a good night's sleep?" He gave her the funniest look I ever saw him give anyone; he looked at her like—"Hey, what's this?" And then he ignored the question completely, and then just said, "Mommie, put on my pajamas." He's perfectly capable of doing that himself, but when he's in that kind of a state, my wife, of course, always gets him into his pajamas. He tells you when he wants to be babied; he tells you then.

Dr: I wish now that you're under LSD you'd speak freely of why you cannot tolerate Don going through the five-year-old period, the Oedipus situation, and his own difficulty in handling the arrival of Herbert. In all of our discussions, you lend a tremendous amount of material and evidence to indicate that these are the problems. And yet, when it comes to your own feelings, you cannot manage these problems. For example, as you described Don sliding over to your wife to hold the "rendezvous" with her, you spoke rather proudly of his adroitness, but you couldn't handle Don's telling you, "Stay out, old-timer."

Pt: I want to tell you something, honestly. I don't think I would be as annoyed if he were to walk on the other side and just tell her he wants to be near her, or he wants to talk

to her, or something, but it seems that he always goes to that side to bother her and to wake her up, to get her to do something, you know.

Dr: Don't you see that he doesn't understand his own feelings?

Pt: Yes, I do understand that.

Dr: Why do you insist on putting the cap and gown of a Ph.D. in Social and Family Psychology on this five-year-old?

Pt: Well, but if it is the love and affection that he wants, he starts off by repelling it.

Dr: Not love and affection that he wants. It's the love and affection of a five-year-old child going through the Oedipus conflict.

Pt: Mmm. In other words, if he has to get attention with anger, which is the way he probably felt he always got it before, he will just go at it that way?

Dr: It will be very complex, and you, yourself, have been through that, through hundreds of hours here, to solve your own problems.

Pt: Maybe all this is reminding me again, or reactivating this whole area.

Dr: Well, it did, in terms of the train station accident.

Pt: Mmm. . . . that network of steel girders is also very reminiscent, as I said before, of the ——— Avenue and ——— Junction Stations, where there's a tremendous network of tracks and girders and steel bridges where these various tracks go into the train yard and different stations and whatnot. I had to pass this every single day when I went to high school. The subway that I took used to pass that all the time when I went to high school, and it's a very high elevation point. . . . so that I can't think of steel beams and girders and subway trains and so on without always, always being brought back to my high school and junior high school years. . . . I know in this dream that I had last night the light was very dim, it was very dull; there was also the feeling of spaghetti, again spaghetti.

Dr: Spaghetti?

Pt: A dream, yes; that joint where I didn't want to—where that actress said that she had to do that Sunday spaghetti show. Remember that?

Dr: Mmm.

Pt: But this wasn't the spaghetti itself.

"I remember something about the spaghetti sauce in the dream last night. And then after being awakened and going back to sleep again, I had this dream about a motor scooter, like there were lots of in Italy. Then there was a fire, not a big fire, but a piece of plastic container of the scooter burned away. And then I remember—I didn't remember this this morning, but I do now. I remember, ah, Betty M. was in the dream again, the girl I keep

telling you about. She definitely would fit into that whole period during my 16, 17 years of age. And then, there was this girl that looked like Fred S. Well, she didn't really. Fred S. was the guy I was in the army with. He now lives in Chicago and has five sons, and I see him every time I'm in Chicago."

As soon as I said Fred S. has five sons, I thought back to last year when we visited him: my wife, my daughter Joan, Don and I; and my wife was then in about her seventh month, and his wife was in her seventh month with their fifth child. He had four sons up until that time.

Dr: Would you mind repeating that second sequence of the dream? Is that the whole dream?

Pt: I really don't remember. My mind's very fuddled.

Dr: I see, just a fragment then.

Pt: This morning I didn't remember any of it. Now I'm amazed I can go back this much:

"The thing I do remember very well about last night was that plane coming down. And then, after going to sleep again, awakening, and then going to sleep again, there was this dream about the scooter that caught fire and a plastic container burned up. I just barely remember Betty being in it. She was in a sort of semi-transparent night—not nightgown, but pajamas; not the sexy kind, but just the regular domestic kind they use (laughter). She was standing there—Jesus Christ, she was standing in water; she was standing as on a beach. Her back was to me, and I could see her behind and all, you know, but yet there seemed to be no sexual interest in that. I don't know, I can't explain it; she was just there, you know, with her back toward me, as though looking out towards the sea. And actually, she lives out on Long Island, facing the sea."

Dr: Now, is the girl who looked like Fred in there, too?

Pt: Well, she's the same one, but in true life she doesn't at all.

Dr: Oh, I see.

Pt: Because in the dream I remember I got the two of them together, and I introduced them to each other. I said, "Now, here's the guy." I said, "You look so much alike." You see, I remember that. I said, "I know the two of you won't see it, but I do." Now, Fred S., when I was in Boston, and my wife and I had only been married a short time—her girl friend Dora, the one whose son is an asthmatic. Remember I was telling you about that?

Dr: Go ahead.

Pt: And, ah, she was single then, of course; she was a young girl. She came to visit us in Boston, and she was Fred's date, and we all got a big kick out of the idea that the landlady with whom we lived thought that we were having a big orgy of some sort. What had happened was that Dora had no place to sleep, so she slept with my wife, and I slept in another room with Fred, you see, and it was perfectly legitimate. I don't remember exactly, but the landlady got things mixed up and thought that we were—

that my wife and I were in one room, and that we were putting Fred and Dora up together, and ah, she was a little angry at us the next day. And actually that didn't happen at all. But again, the old proof that people with ugly minds, so to speak, create ugly situations, you know. We've often spoken of that; because it was a big joke. We had a lot of fun that night, and it was all sort of a big party thing.

It's funny; the real complexity of this thing is tremendous. My wife and I were only married at that time maybe two months at the most, and I guess we were having many problems; but boy, we sure as hell didn't know it then. We had a lot of fun then. In other words, it almost seems as though I want to say: if my wife and I could be alone now, with what we have learned, it would really be a different picture entirely. And this, of course, removes the children, which then takes away our whole substance as a family. I always used to think in terms of my wife and me as being the family, and now it's the family as a five-member unit. And I come from a family of a five-member unit, with two sons who are five-and-a-half years apart in age; but for the most part that's quite similar, it's a very similar situation.

I think the big difference—and I can even say this now—between (my son) Don's parents and my parents is that we love each other and are capable of loving each other. I honestly feel that, and I don't think my parents ever loved each other. They might have had some physical, sexual attraction at the beginning, but I know it generates nothing, because all through my life I remember nothing but their open hatred for each other. I mean, there was no two ways about it. It was all out in the open, all the hostility they felt for each other. Now, Don, if he ever witnessed hostility, it would be of the invisible type, and I guess perhaps that might even be a worse kind. By invisible I mean there's no yelling or scenes, but I guess children can feel an antagonism. I don't think our hostility was with the consistency—our hostility was a spasmodic thing, because I know for a fact we would go for the longest time and everything would be fine, and then there would be a setback of one thing or the other, but we'd make up, and so on. Now, the last couple of weeks, my wife and I, as I told you, have been going through a real kind of a hell, where we couldn't communicate, and I've withdrawn. I figured I had to solve my problems and when I do I'll be able to manage her and so on. She, in the meantime, was becoming frightened—gee, I noticed a sudden increase of tempo, as I speak—ah, she, in the meantime was becoming frightened by my withdrawal and, ah, with her own insecurities and whatnot becoming intensified by this, ah, she sort of started to withdraw from me. It was a horrible situation, but we did have some very good talks, and we find

that when these talks are over we always love each other a great deal more and cling to each other, and feel warmth towards each other. And whenever we do fall in love again—I have to use that expression—it's always a bigger and deeper and more meaningful love than what we had when we got married, because now we know each other sexually; I think we know each other inside out, sexually, and we didn't then. So now, whatever feelings of love do come about. . . . cover more areas than just a physical—I don't know if I can make it clear, but it's a different kind of thing now. And when we are in that accordance, in that parallel, then we are really very happy. And so far, luckily, we always come out of these scraps with such a talk, with such an emergence that then there's this glowing feeling. I would hate to think of the time when this couldn't put an end to the hostile periods that we go through. At least we know we're saved by this feeling of love that comes out of it. Of course, I'd love to see these periods of hostility go altogether, for crying out loud.

But I know with my parents—I couldn't conceive of the two of them loving each other; I remember them never kissing each other, and my wife and I frequently kiss and hug in front of the children. And many times, for instance, we draw Don into it and we go through the whole thing. Now young as Herbert is, he'd have a very perplexed look on his face, as if to say, "What the hell are they doing?" Herbert, I'm sure doesn't know what the hell we're doing, but at the same time when he sees us do this—and this happens every time without fail—he always laughs and and he always seems to be made happy by what he sees. Now Herbert is much slower than Don in many ways, and therefore I think he's going to be a lot better off for it. I realize he is slower only because we let him alone.

Dr: How many months old is he now?

Pt: Eleven. Yes, four-and-a-half years difference. You see, we leave Herbert alone more and yet he, I know he knows he's loved. With Don—we used to stand over him. He was talking at a year and doing a million things. *Never before have I been more aware of how many parents do this with the first-born. We see it around us all the time: they're constantly pressuring their child and setting goals way the hell in front of him; and then the child breaks his neck to keep up to these speeds and to try to measure up to these goals; and then finally he starts to find he can't, or maybe he doesn't want to. . . . and that's when the deck of cards starts to collapse.* That's exactly what I think Don is going through, in addition to this Oedipus thing. I think this is all being thrown back in our faces now by Don, because Don, in truth, is a brilliant child, and he's using this intelligence to take the ammunition that we have sort of fortified him with, and he's throwing it right back

at us. And, in plain English, it's a bitter pill to swallow. Herbert, on the other hand, has received very little pressure and expects very little, is frightened by very little. The only pressure in Herbert's life is Don. Because every once in a while, when Don gets rambunctious, it's extremely interesting to watch the way Herbert will smile but will look at Don with a wary eye, you know. As soon as Don shows the slightest bit of a smile or a friendliness, then Herbert will light all up. But he has to, he knows he must, defend himself from Don, and it's such an interesting thing to see. Because he absolutely loves—he goes into ecstasy when Don plays with him. He just jumps all over him; he screeches and he absolutely loves it. But every once in a while, when Don is sitting and watching television or something, Herbert will go climbing into his room, and Don won't make a move; he'll just sit in a chair like the king, you know, and say, "Get him out of here" (laughter). And Herbert looks so perplexed when you go dragging him out of the room, as if to say, "I didn't do anything. What do you want from me?"

(A section that might identify the patient has been omitted.)

Pt: Ah, perhaps I don't remember as well what happened last time I took LSD. Physically, I don't think I had this much, not the feeling of nausea, but as if on the verge of gagging. Perhaps it's the material that I'm uncovering. You know, all the things I keep saying: "It's a hard—it's a bitter pill to swallow; it's a tough thing to take; it's a tough thing to say," etc. Could this possibly contribute to this feeling, or is it just strictly a biological—or a matter of both, perhaps?

Dr: It could contribute to the feeling very well.

Pt: Mmm. Because these last few minutes I felt—oh, a million thoughts have been running through my mind, and now I'll be glad if I can get some of them out, because I think they're all very important. This is something very interesting: This is the first time that I can remember when I felt that it was too bright in here.

Dr: Would you like me to cut the illumination down?

Pt: Well, when I say "too bright" I don't mean that it's uncomfortable, but it seems as though I can't talk. I might be better able to talk if it were a little more dim. Now, this is something new with me.

Dr: No, it's a perfectly reasonable request.

Pt: Perhaps it's as though, since I'm reaching in the dark, I want to try to recreate this kind of atmosphere. I had a very interesting thought before—first, before we go any further—I'm scheduled to finish here at 4:30, is that right?

Dr: Yes.

Pt: Now, because I couldn't get anyone to pick me up, the only

one that could come here was my friend, and he can only pick me up fairly early, which means 4:30 or 4:45. Now, does that create a problem?

Dr: Well, it's a slight problem. I don't think you should—

Pt: Because usually you have me hang around a while.

Dr: I think I should like you to "hang around" because your reaction will be tapering off, but I can give you a secondal. I wouldn't like you to leave until about 5:30, if that's all right?

Pt: I think that would be almost impossible.

Dr: Almost impossible—

Pt: Well, let me tell you how we operate this thing. When my friend picks me up, usually we ride home on the train to his home, and then he drives me from his home to my house, you see.

Dr: How long will it take you to get home?

Pt: Well, it will be more than an hour.

Dr: I see. Well, by that time the effects will be—

Pt: As a rule, yes.

Dr: Well, don't go wandering away from him. Stay with him all the time.

Pt: I know you always warn me about this, but I couldn't conceive of myself just wandering away.

Dr: Well, it's true you've taken a fairly low dosage, but still you won't be over it until about six o'clock.

Pt: Ok, well, that's that. I don't want to take advantage of his time. I had an extremely interesting thought, important thought. I remember telling you that in my adolescence, especially my early adolescence, I was a very habitual, if there be such a word, masturbater. I masturbated in excess. It was as though I were carrying out this dream that I told you about, with this constant depleting of the sperm supply, so to speak. And in reviewing all that I've discussed today, with the thoughts of death and the intricate relationship and identification with four males: myself, Herbert and Don, and my father . . . it's as though I'm now fighting very hard within myself to identify with my father, instead of at the age in which I should have been doing it. *In looking back I think I identified very strongly with my mother. And I don't know if I can draw these pieces all together, but in thinking of the time that I was a habitual masturbater, or masturbated to excess, it was during this IRT, BMT time, and it all seems to begin with that death on the tracks. It almost seems as though I were trying to kill myself for having thought of killing my father! I mean—I'm speaking very broadly now, but in view of this reaction of mine to this death of a man whom I did not know—and I wasn't even sure, and yet, I was sure. Emotionally, that man was my father, because I started crying. I started worrying about him, and so on and so forth. It almost seemed that at that time masturbation*

could easily have been a sort of self-punishment. . . . Somewhere, in all that's going on right now, something of a similar nature is taking place; with me and Don, or Don and me—I don't know which way to put it first.

Now, I know that in the past you've said that my reactions to Don are based on my reaction to something between my wife and myself or with a reaction to myself. *But here, I think, Don, at this stage of his life, is exposing this sort of hitherto or heretofore unexposed area of my development or lack of development, which could very well, now that I think of it, have contributed to my feelings of—in an exaggerated way; the feelings of the small penis—things like that. . . . I wish I could get something more out of that and I can't.*

Dr: You said you identified with your mother, in part, as you grew up?

Pt: In looking back, I think I identified with my mother much too much, and this could have only—

Dr: What makes you say that?

Pt: *It seems weird to me now, but it might very well be because at the age—well, let me put it this way: All through my life I remember my mother openly expressing death wishes toward my father.* This is a very common habit of a type of overemotional housewife of the previous generation. I didn't only hear it in my own home, I heard it in other homes, too. You know, you've heard accounts of this, I'm sure: "You should only be run over by a truck; you should go out and not come back again,"—that kind of stuff. I heard it all my life, and I realize that as I say that I start laughing, and I realize now I laugh only because it must have been very unpleasant. And I think I laugh about a lot of things that are unpleasant. Well, primarily, scientifically, in laughter our unhappiness is being recognized by those who are listening to us. Now, this is very warped, I think, but I'm going off on a tangent. I feel that perhaps laughter, even if only based on how many times we laugh at a thing that we really don't want to laugh at, as I did before, when I mentioned when I went to a movie and I wanted to cry; as I said it, I sort of laughed. You pointed out to me, "But you didn't have to." I realized that I did. And I realized how many times I do this in ordinary conversation, and how many other people do this constantly. I don't know how far off base such remarks are, but I'm wondering, as I say this, how many comedians today have even scratched the surface of this type, this train of thought. . . . It seems as though—and I've said this many times before—when I am kidding or something, I want to be laughed at. And if I become serious about something, and then some one starts to take that seriously, too, instead of getting encouragement from this, I begin to feel an inadequacy, as

if to say, "I'm really not that good. I really don't have that much ability." And then I'll turn that into a kidding: "See, I was joking all the time. I'm not really artistic. I was just kidding, see?" But if you really get right down to it, I can't, I'm not—I'm not properly trained; I'm not properly, ah, schooled in art. But, I, by some miracle and my very keen artistic sense, have been able to capture enough to work with it. And here we come into the area of my constant conflict between my actual means to earn a living; what I want to do; and also my conflict with you in regard to training and schooling and so on. Now when I got out of high school, I couldn't wait to get out; I hated school, yet I was a fairly good student. It was almost as though I wanted to get the best marks so that I could get out faster; not to do anything with it, just to get the hell out of school. When I got out of high school many students were taking advantage of, ah, of scholarships and so on, to which I was entitled; I had the average and everything. I couldn't even think of it; I wouldn't even dream of going to college. I said, "Hell, what am I going to get out of college?" I wanted art and that was it! I didn't think I could get anything out of college in connection with art. And yet when I did try to study seriously on my own through a scholarship—ironically enough, before I ever learned a thing, I was already on my own and I was capable of doing good work on my own; I had studied with the best. And I had a good school and good teachers, which is a rare combination. But I had this one woman—I remember speaking of her in the past—who was a very prominent teacher. We used to have tremendous fights. I was then 17-years-old, and she was a very masculine type of woman. Now perhaps it's unfortunate that I didn't have another teacher. Perhaps if I'd had another teacher, a more feminine teacher, or a man, a more masculine teacher, I might have been responsive to the training. I remember they kept saying to me, "Why do you fight so hard when we tell you to do this and that, when you have this tremendous ability?" And I said, "Because my prime reason for coming here is not to be an art gallery artist. I want to go into commercial art, advertising." And then they said, "But to do that you must have training." And I said, "I don't think so." And even then, I was showing such definite signs as I am now, in fighting a technique of learning. I always wanted to learn it my way. Because whenever I did learn things my way, I learned fast and well.

Dr: By whose criterion?

Pt: By my criterion—well, no actually; by anyone's criterion when they observed what I did learn on my own. I know this: To this day, when I have talks with certain men in the field, they're astonished by my know-how with the very limited education

that I have, most of which was self-education, trial and error. Mind you, I realize that there's nothing like schooling for that, more so than for anything else. And yet, I've become too deeply entrenched in the business world, with the income that I can get out of it and so on—potential income. This is, by the way, something that we spoke a great deal of Saturday night with my cousin. Of course, even as far back as 1946 and 1947, I felt a very close relationship with this man, because he was a very, by my standards—I have never met anyone like him before; a man who had a great understanding of my background; not mine alone, but our background and tenement living. He was a product of it, and at the same time knew so much of the other side of the fence, because actually he was the first one who ever pointed to me—pointed out to me the connection between allergy and asthma and disturbances of the mind and the emotions. This is as far back as 1946, when, intellectually, I found much merit in what he said, and I agreed, yes; but then, emotionally, I wasn't even nearly ready to accept it.

Dr: Could the same thing be true as far as your studies go, or your proposed study? Intellectually, you accept it, but emotionally your narcissism blocks it.

Pt: That's very possible, very possible.

Dr: I've been emphasizing that for a long time.

Pt: Yes, yes.

Dr: But there you have the analogy very beautifully constructed.

Pt: Now, again, getting back to my father: There might be an area in which there is more identification on which we haven't touched; that is: My father was always, in my eyes, an intelligent man; certainly, again in my eyes, much more intelligent than a lot of the other fathers in my neighborhood and in our economic and social level. He was well read, something of which I was very proud; I used to love him for that. I used to feel that he was something great in that he had read Dickens and Shakespeare. He was a lover of the arts. I don't think he was too aware of, or keenly appreciative of, the musical arts, so to speak; I'm afraid I'm that way, too. I appreciate good music every so often, but my interests lie more in art; although in school I was very good in music. And many times I thought of taking lessons in that field, because I remember in high school they always used to want me to play in the school band, and I wouldn't because it would take up too much of my free time (laughter). Jesus Christ, free time! What the hell did I have to do at the age of 14, 15, and 16? Now, in view of all that I've said today I can easily understand what I had to do: nothing but masturbate, it seems. Instead of doing something constructive, I seemed bent on doing something destructive. And now, as I said "bent,"

I go to something very interesting. My posture has been the source of discussion, oh, a million times, all through my adolescent life and right up until now. I remember asking you, do asthmatics— That's interesting, I said "asthmatics," getting the word *cosmetics* mixed up with *asthmatics*, but—

Dr: It could also be "ass medics."

Pt: Eh? Ass medics? Medics are asses?

Dr: That's right.

Pt: No, I don't—I doubt it. *Cosmetics* was the important word, there; at least that's what I grab. Ah, I was just thinking as you inserted the "ass medics," that that might be just a little—a little drop on your part (laughter). Getting back to—oh, yes. Up until I was 14 or 15, I think 15—oh yes, wait, let me—Christ! Before I get into that: I remember asking you, "Do asthmatics necessarily have bad posture because of something that happens to their spine as a result of severe coughing spasms, etc., and medication and whatever in hell the process is?" Now I would say that this is possible if an adult is an asthmatic since childhood—infancy. Isn't that true?

Dr: Why yes, the whole chest—

Pt: Ok, but asthma did not show itself in my history until (at least that I was aware of—let me put it that way: asthma as I know it now, with wheezing and so on) I was 16-years-old, and it concerned itself with the summer romance of Betty M., of whom I was speaking all the time. But my posture became noticeable to others, and then later to me, around the age of 15, when I went to Boston to spend some—to spend the summer with my cousin there, my cousin Esther, the librarian, and my aunt who is now dead, who was the wife of my father's brother who died when I was an infant of about one year. Ah, I want to get that thought back again—oh, yes. And she always used to, ah, smack me on the back and say, "Stand up! For crying out loud, you're such a good-looking boy, stand up!" You know, be tall. And my, my aunt, also my mother's sister, always used to say, "Stand up, for Christ's sake, you're walking around like a hunchback!" And I can see now where, how much of my posture was physical and how much of it was self-inflicted punishment. Now more than ever, the whole area of masturbation comes out in a new way that I've never seen before, as to what it meant to my life. In other words, it all boils down to this; it seemed that to get even with somebody or something, if I wanted to hurt someone, it would be done through masturbation, even if it meant hurting me, even if it meant a drainage—again I speak exaggeratedly—but a drainage on my manhood, a self-imposed bad posture, since I was loaded with feelings of inferiority at that time anyway, during my adolescence; with big ears; with not being a good-

looking fellow; and being short; and all that adolescent stuff.

Ah, I was really wallowing in that kind of thinking between the ages of 14 to 17. And, again, I can see more clearly that instead of being helped by it, it seems that I became more frustrated. Again, I see a little more clearly some of the things that are happening in Don. It causes an alarm in me, and of all times when I should be strong, and of all times when I should be a healthy male father to Don, it seems as though, again, I'm turning a lot of energy into hostility and aiming it all at Don, almost in the same way. I can't get any further, deeper, than that. But almost in the same way that, the same kind of, ah, feelings motivated me into masturbation.

And since I don't masturbate now, it almost seems that I feel—Gee, this is very interesting. How many times have I told you of how I would act this way with Don and feel rotten, inadequate, inefficient, degraded, all these words, which you could—by you, I mean, one could, or I could—put right back into anything with regard to masturbation; the thoughts, guilt, dirt, all these feelings that, as I said, I must have been wallowing in, and which I must have carried on for a long, long time in my attitudes towards anything sexual.

Isn't this interesting? You know, what just came to my mind? Ah, my wife doesn't know it, but she did me a very, very big favor. Saturday night, the night before I had this dream with all the sperm coming out of my penis, and in the beginning of the sequence with sexual feeling—not a feeling that I felt, but I mean, it was attached with something sexual, very similar to what it was like when masturbating, although I wasn't actually in the dream. And then, later it changed to just urinating, but blobs of sperm kept coming out and I was saying, "When the hell is this going to stop?" Almost as if to say, "When is all my need for analysis going to stop?" You see? It almost all seems to be centralized in that area; my whole identity with analysis right now is starting to become focused around that area. But anyway, getting back to what I was going to say about that, my wife and I went to bed very much in love that night, and we kissed and held each other and so on. *But when we were loving each other we didn't have sexual intercourse, but regressed to our adolescent selves.* So that's what I meant when I said that my wife in a great sense, in a great measure, did me a very big favor that night—I think through that very vivid scene—after all, that was Saturday night, and look how many times I have a dream which I can't remember minutes later. And here was a dream that I had Saturday night, and it was there in front of my eyes every day since then.

Dr: Would it be all right to take our break now, or would you feel frustrated?

Pt: No.

Dr: All right.

Pt: You see, before, I felt frustrated, but now I don't feel so frustrated.

(Rest period)

Dr: Let's see. The time is now 4:00 o'clock.

Pt: In the last five minutes I followed my usual pattern of tying up my little package, and I think I got something very definitely significant to me that has gained me a new plateau in understanding myself. Because what I get out of Betty M., in the dream with the pajamas, and Fred S., and that plane, and the subway station, and all this put together, I think adds up to this: that as a result of circumstances, the professional field, and my economic status, and so on, and as a result of the inner workings of my family and the emotional reaction on my part resulting from the inner workings of the family, the formula has been equaled. *In other words, pretty much the same elements have been added together to bring about the resulting reaction; and that is, all of the elements in my life, of the teen-age life, I think, have added up again in my not being able to react because of this Jack C. (myself) aged 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21. I have become, in my feelings, adolescent again, and that's why my wife was not Mrs. Jack C., the wife, but Joan L. (the patient's wife's maiden name), the girl that I knew when I went with Betty M.; and I, Jack C. became the Jack C. of that same time.* Now, in those years there was no daughter, no Don and no Herbert, so it almost seems, again, I can only speak in a very exaggerated and broad way. It almost seems as though my children are preventing me, within my mind, from functioning in a clear way, and by "clear way," I mean the clear way of my teens by my standards. I remember in the very early part of my analysis, you mentioned that you—in the way I described a certain thing; I forget which it was, but I don't think it's too important right now—but it was just that expression that you used that I liked, and I told you that I liked it. Oh, it didn't solve a damn thing for me, but I liked hearing it. And that was: You said that you felt that in what I say and how I say it, I am covering up something of a volcanic intensity. Do you remember that at all? It's a long way back.

Dr: Go ahead.

Pt: The expression, "volcanic intensity." I liked it, because, in truth, it was true. *And it seemed as though I liked hearing it because it was as though someone else knows;* I no longer have to carry this by myself. And, oddly enough, in spite of this, how I continue, how I continued, rather, through the years to fight you on many things; at the same time there was a feeling of relief and satisfaction in knowing that it's off my chest, it's been gotten

out, and it's shared by someone else. What's extremely interesting to me is my use of words today, just now, in describing, what came about as a result of the discussion of masturbation: dirt, guilt, rotten, low—all these words. I can see now what a tremendous weight I have been carrying around; I must say, right up until the present. *And in many ways, in my sexual life with my wife, I have gotten rid of a great many of these adolescent feelings, but it's obvious to me, now, not entirely. And somehow I feel that because I am so aware of it, I think it, I don't think it'll be a burden any more.* Now I don't know if I'm talking as a result of some kind of euphoria that comes out of all this, but, and what I'll feel like tomorrow, but right now I think that it's real. Ah, if I may ask at this time; "Is it often that a patient will leave an LSD session in a state of depression? Or would you say for the most part they leave with a feeling of, an elation; feeling as though they had gained something? Which would you say?"

Dr: At this dose level, by far, the feeling of elation.

Pt: Well then, may I ask: "Do you think it's realistic? Or is it just a chemical phenomena?"

Dr: I think it's both.

Pt: In other words, it's an emotional achievement through the use of chemistry?

Dr: Yes.

Pt: Gee, it almost sounds like I read that in a book. You know, I have such a weird vanity, as do we all, I guess. But occasionally someone will show me a letter that I wrote to him or her many years ago, and although I might read something in it that will sound like tripe, I'll say, "Oh, gee, did I write that?" Yet, I'll find a sentence now and then that is made up in such a way, I'll say, "Jesus Christ, that's brilliant! Did I say that?"

Dr: The pilot was struggling to prevent the biplane from crashing on the tenement.

(The therapist decided to go back to the content of the dream.)

Pt: Now, that's funny. The very first thought I got was: The abrupt injection of that in the middle of this talk was perhaps—my talk now is the pilot struggling with the plane to prevent it from crashing on the tenements, and so on. Until now, I didn't know who the hell the pilot was, and now I think that in the dream I was the pilot struggling with the plane and with all that I have learned and all that I was fighting in my daily life, to prevent my feelings from getting so out of hand that I would end up crashing on those that I love: my family, my children, and my wife and myself. Now there has been a lot of talk in the past few weeks or so of death and self-destruction and, in one way or the other, of doing away with myself—things like that.

Now the funny thing about it is that in true life I don't think I could any more carry out an actual suicide than fly to the moon on a shoe, because I remember my father many times—and this is probably important: When he'd read about this one committing suicide, or that one committing suicide, he used to say openly—and this was in my teens that I heard him say this—"There's a brave man." And I used to argue with him; I used to say, "There's a coward." He said, "No, it took guts to do what he did." You see! So that even at that time my father was, ah, openly expressing a desire to die. Although, at that age, I interpreted it merely as philosophizing: I didn't interpret it as having a meaning other than a point of view. And I used to argue, "When you commit suicide you're dead, you're finished, that's it; you don't have a second chance at bat, no matter what." I said, "The guy who has the guts is the guy that'll hold on and just keep fighting, because as that old joke goes for the difference between the two twins—you know, one is a pessimist and one is an optimist and they put them both in a vat of shit. Did you ever hear this joke?"

Dr: No.

Pt: They take two twins, two twin brothers; one is an optimist and one is a pessimist; and they put them in a big (laughter)—they put them in a big vat of shit, you see, and the pessimist says, "Oh, God, I'm going to drown in this horrible wretched stuff; this is terrible." And the optimist says, "Gee, somewhere in all this shit there must be something good!" (laughter). And he's looking for toys and goodies in all that shit! That was one of my prime lines; I used to always say, "As long as you keep fighting, somewhere in all this shit there's something—there's something good." *Now I've noticed for the first time, when I told this little joke, it made my pulse pick up tremendously.* Now I don't know whether it was because of the excitement and laughing and telling the joke, or whether it was just, ah, some feelings I had with regard to this sentiment, but it is a sentiment which I have often voiced. Because when all is said and done, I love life. Either it's that way, or I'm just plain afraid to die.

Dr: I don't understand, when you say that we've been talking about death, and self-destruction.

Pt: Well, there has been a lot of discussion. I have said a lot in that line in the last few visits. I know I have; I remember it.

Dr: Would you mind going over that again; what you have in mind?

Pt: Well, I can't remember that specifically. But I remember just a few visits back I chatted about my friend's father who died—suicide.

Dr: Oh, yes, I see. You mentioned people who died, yes.

Pt: Yes; but then, also, in a lot of my dreams it seemed that

I was having so many hostile wishes toward Don—primarily there is this feeling of self-preservation. In other words, to preserve yourself first, to live first. Now, romantically and according to novels and all, there are people who believe you should lay down your life for duty and love and all that. But I think the, the first reaction to a—of a human being, as an animal, as a living thing, is to preserve his life and then to preserve the lives of his loved ones.

Dr: The plane flew off diagonally to the tracks, I believe.

Pt: Across the tracks.

Dr: Yes.

Pt: Well, that's like my route. I've been flying over my own tracks for the last four years, always struggling to keep the plane from crashing. . . . As you say, "diagonally," I just picture the word "cross section." And cross section means the—cross section is analysis, it's a potpourri of everything; and diagonally is the—the—the wire that, ah, that I walk on in analysis.

Dr: Now, if we take your point that your masturbation represented a technique of dealing with an inner struggle—

Pt: The—the what?

Dr: Your masturbation represented your technique of dealing with some inner struggle—

Pt: A technique, yes.

Dr: —and add to that the fact that your identification with your father was unsatisfactory, and that you identified with your mother somewhat; and if you did identify with your mother—

Pt: To push that a little further, since I could not have any sexual relations with my mother, emotionally, it would almost seem as though I would have them with myself; which I think points out more the fact that I identified with my mother, because I wanted to do it to myself.

Dr: Self being mother?

Pt: Yes.

Dr: Then that, of course, would disturb your relationship with your father.

Pt: True.

Dr: Which we've already worked out in your analysis.

Pt: *Yes, but in the new light of my life today, it could have a lot to do with my butting in between my wife and Don, when Don, at his tender age of five-and-a-half, displays more realistic sense than I when he says to me, "Don't butt in, this is between Mommy and me!" You see?*

Dr: Betty M. was in pajamas.

Pt: Well, this is a very strange thing. At the age of 17, 16, when I had this infatuation with Betty—Betty was an unusually physically mature girl for that age, as compared with all the other

girls in our crowd. She was very voluptuous; she was very big busted; she was very feminine looking. And yet, even then, I did not desire her in that way. I desired her in a nominal sense only; in other words, I only wanted her to be my girl friend. I'm saying this almost sarcastically, as a teen-ager would say it. I wanted her to be my girl friend, because if I were to have had her as my girl friend, this would have been the symbol of all that a teen-ager could have in a girl friend; but even that was so unrealistic then. And I think now of all the teen-age scenes that I see around me, where the "going steady" thing is the new religion, so to speak. And I realize now these kids don't know which end is up. And I think their position is even a bit worse than mine in 1942, because they have many more methods of mobility and escape and hiding than we did. And instead of lifting themselves out of their confusion and despair and conflicts and the feelings that they have, they only pull themselves deeper into it. This, of course, doesn't go for all of them, naturally, but a great many of them. I think it has a lot to do with contributing to this increase in juvenile delinquency and so on. But today—it's a funny thing: Betty does not represent any excitement to me whatsoever, nor is there the desire for the Betty of that time. I just think that the whole Betty symbol in the dream is really my wife and that whole time, perhaps, perhaps, a symbol of my wife's meaning to me, all of our married life; in other words, not to have entirely as a woman, as a man would need a woman, but just something that is expected of you to have. In other words, doesn't everyone get married? I'll get married too, even though I'm 20-years-old. I feel safer with my wife; I know her. These are thoughts I doubt very much if I thought of at that time, but, trying to project myself into that time, I think this is what I must have been holding on to. There was no thought of my wife as a sexual partner, a real sexual partner, as a woman, but as a boy friend and girl friend playing house, very much at a childish level.

Dr: How do you feel?

Pt: All right. Feel good!

Dr: How much effect of the drug is still present?

Pt: Some, but not as much as before.

Dr: Would you like to take a secondal now? That will cut it down a little.

Pt: I don't feel the need for it, but if you suggest it—

Dr: No, no. How do you feel about this dose of LSD? Do you think it was too high or too low?

Pt: I can't argue with you. I don't think it was either. I feel, in looking back on all the—how many times did I have this? I think this is about the fourth or fifth time.

Dr: Fifth, I think.

Pt: I think it is the fifth. I find a lot has to do with your state of being at the time you take it.

Dr: That's correct, yes.

Pt: Because I have slept very little these last few weeks. By very little, I mean compared to the amount of hours I usually get. I've looked more haggard than I've looked in a long, long time. I'm more tired, and I'm not doing that much work, so I'm draining myself emotionally, which means I'm in a sort of low physical state as well as emotional state. So perhaps coming in this way, I would react in such and such a manner to so many micrograms. Then, if I were to come in with having had several weeks of good sleep—but then again, there would be no call for LSD.

Dr: There might be, though.

Pt: Actually I have, as you know, been struggling with myself as I never have before; I mean, everything else, sure, was a struggle. This was a struggle, that, up and down. It seems that this was the toughest struggle of all, and I didn't know with what. And it was that big "X" that was driving me crazy.

Dr: Now, do you think that our three and a half hours today will help solve that "big X"?

Pt: I think in many ways it has. I don't know about solve, but I'll—

Dr: Help solve?

Pt: Well, I'll say this: In many ways it has already been at least identified. It has thrown light on the big darkness, the big nothing that was there, you see. And, even if only that, it's like what ——— said. About two years ago, he wrote an article on what psycho-analysis had done for him. Did you ever read that?

Dr: No.

Pt: All those who know him read that and laughed. They said, "This guy is nuttier now than he ever has been." But they said it made a wonderful article.

Dr: Has he been analyzed?

Pt: Yes. They said it made a wonderful article, and for those who are thinking about analysis this will be a great thing, a great thing. But they said it hasn't helped him a bloody bit, because he can intellectualize and carry on. But he's a bigger nut than he ever had been. He did write one thing that caught my eye. He said in many ways analysis to him was like walking into a dark office, all the lights out; it would be pitch black—and this is before analysis: There would be a desk in front of him, and he banged into the desk, and he didn't know the desk was there until he banged into it. But he said analysis put the light on in the room, so that he didn't necessarily remove the desk, but he at least walked around the desk. And I liked that;

I don't know what it was, there was something about that which to me was so well put. You yourself have told me many times: You can't throw things out or remove them as though they had never been there, but you learn to deal with them in many ways. Let sleeping dogs lie? Not in every respect, but in many ways.

Dr: Do you want to leave with your friend now?

Pt: I can, unless you think we can talk a little more.

Dr: We can talk a few moments more.

Pt: Ok. Well, another thing about feeling a little unpleasant; I did notice this: For the most part I felt a little odd. But every time I took a cigarette, after I smoked a few puffs, I got that feeling, now that I think of it; whereas normally a cigarette doesn't create this feeling at all, but yet with LSD in me, ah, it did.

Dr: But LSD affects the nervous system; the body as well as the mind.

Pt: As does a cigarette or tobacco or alcohol.

Dr: Or else the act of sucking might—

Pt: I was just thinking what a thing it would be—I wonder if you've ever done—I doubt it; you've had no experimenting along these, although it would be interesting. What would happen if a person had LSD in them, and then instead of a puff on a cigarette had a highball.

Dr: Oh, I've done it.

Pt: Yes, well, what happens? Is it intensified or deadened?

Dr: It's a long story, but it depends on the—

Pt: The person?

Dr: The amount of alcohol and the kind of alcohol.

Pt: And the person, and the mood, and the receptiveness, and you're right back where you started. Oh, well sure; that's why I have to go home with someone—right?

Dr: That's right. You've put your finger on it.

(End of LSD Session)

Dr: This is January 29th, one day after the patient was given LSD.

Pt: I remember, consciously, a lot of what was said yesterday and I started to review it, think about it, and look at other things in a different light. Now, for instance, last night something happened to me that really struck me as being a little odd. For instance, after I was home a while, and I was in our bedroom, I noticed a little nick in the furniture and I said to my wife, "Gee, do you see this?" And she looked at me askance and she said, "That's been here since we moved here." In other words, it's been there for years, in the same spot, and it's not a hidden spot. It's not near a wall, it's right out in the

front, and I've never noticed it. And last night I noticed it. And then, in Don's room there were a couple of paper dolls. You know, when you cut sheets of paper or something and then you open it up, you have dolls. They were taped on the wall, and I said, "Oh, did Don make this in school today?" So my wife said, "He's had this up on the wall for about a year." It's as though I noticed these tiny little things for the very first time. Now, they have been under my nose, practically. I felt that was very odd. It just struck me as being odd that I never noticed them before; noticing everything else, why not notice those little things? And, the stimulus to the thinking processes, as I said, lasted very long, because I found my mind was really—

Dr: That's why I wanted you to take seconal when you left here. Do you begin to understand why now?

Pt: Yes, oh yes, but it didn't affect me in the sense that—

Dr: Well, it might have. You might have talked too much to your wife. No, I really advise—

Pt: I talked to my wife but I don't think there was anything as— all I said was that I loved her.

Dr: Of course, that's all right, but still—

Pt: But, yes, I understand. Although I must be honest and say that in the past—

Dr: Well, in my LSD experiments the men have their wives bring them to the experiments and take them home after the experiments. But the situation is a little different.

Pt: Yes, yes, I can understand that. In the past, when I would come home after an LSD session, I found that there were very little after-effects of which I was aware.

Dr: Yes, but—

Pt: It seemed as though when I got home, it was as though nothing had happened, except that I would think in terms of what I had said, and I'd think over what I had said during the day, ah, during the session. But last night it was truly a different reaction. It was as though the LSD had had a more lingering effect than previously.

Dr: Any dreams?

Pt: Yes, that's very interesting, too, because when I first woke up, ah, I said, "Gee, what a sound sleep I had last night. The best night's sleep I've had." And I said, "I didn't dream. I didn't dream at all." And then I said, "Well, it must have been the seconal I took before I went to sleep," which I guess has nothing to do with the dream at all. And about 10 minutes later, it suddenly came back to me that I did have a dream. The dream came back to me suddenly, and it's a continuation of the same kind of dream that I have had the last two times or so; one thing in particular. It seems like certain symbols of the dream were

amplified. For instance, ah, remember I spoke yesterday of a dream about the plane and the tracks and so on, and I also very briefly mentioned about a motorscooter. Remember that?

Dr: Yes.

Pt: One of these small motorscooters, and I said that one of the plastic covers that might have covered the engine or something had a mark on it as though it had been burned. You know how plastic burns when it's near direct heat; it looks bubbly and it shrinks down in that area and burns away; melts away, sort of. Well, last night, in the dream, there was a motorcycle; not a motorscooter, but an actual motorcycle, that I was driving. Now, I have never—well, that I can remember—I've never dreamed of being on a motorcycle. I have many times dreamed that I was in an automobile, or just maybe flying by myself, or something like that. But, the night before last was the first time that I dreamed about such a thing as a scooter, although I didn't remember driving it; I just remember sitting on it, or I had it or something.

"But last night I dreamed that I was on this motorcycle; actually driving it. I asked someone the direction to a certain place, and they said you have to go to such and such a street and make a right turn until the end of the street, and that's where you want to go. And it seemed that the street that I wanted to make the right turn on was a big avenue type of thing, and it was Woodburn, or Woodbury Street, or Wood—well, in the dream—it was Woodburn or Woodbury. And I remember that when I made the right turn on the motorcycle, I was a little apprehensive about the speed of the motorcycle. It seemed to me that it had a lot of speed and I had to be extra careful of the way I handled the speed. And also, when I made the right turn, I became very tense when I lifted my arm to make the signal to the car behind me. In other words, it wasn't like making a signal in a car, where you have a hand on the wheel and you just put your other hand out. But this was a matter of balancing myself on the motorcycle, controlling the speed while making the turn, and holding my left hand out to notify whoever was behind me that I was to make the turn. After I got to where I was to go—I don't remember where I was or what I had to do, but I do remember I had to go somewhere. And when I came from this visit with whomever I had to see, the motorcycle was parked near the curb and one of the wheels, I think the hind wheel, the back wheel was bent. In other words, it was no longer a circle, but the wheel was bent as though it had been hit by either a passing vehicle or the motorcycle itself was damaged.

Now the next thing I remember, and I don't remember the exact sequence, but I was in ——— which is the city in which I was born. And while walking down the street, I was passing blocks and blocks of apartment houses, red brick apartment houses, four floors, and they all seemed to look like the kind of apartment houses you saw near the East side section, which is a better section. And while passing each block, I remember looking up at the street sign at the corner, and every street was very

vivid. I mean, every sign was very vividly marked, very clear, and each one had a different name. And yet, now I can't recall any of the names. There was this and this avenue, that and that street, such and such square. But more interesting than that was the fact that somewhere along the line I was walking down the street and the sun was shining, and the buildings, although they were not big buildings, looked extremely big to me, and I, therefore, was very small. In other words, these weren't skyscrapers; these were just regular store buildings and offices; two, three, four floors; just like all the other ones, except that now they looked very high, very tall, almost as though I were reduced to a, to a—not a child, but even smaller than that; almost like a little animal or something. And one sight in particular that stands out in my mind was that on the right hand side there was sort of a church, and in either a garden of the church or part of the church, I'm not sure, there was a tremendous, but an ever so tremendous, statue of some kind of God, or something that looked like Jesus or Buddha, or something. You know, one of those religious types of shrine statues, and it was tremendous. It towered way up into the sky, and I remember looking up at it and saying, "Boy, what pictures you could take around here with a camera." Now, the next thought I remember, the next dream I remember—now, this one is really a weirdy.

There was this little midget, and this midget was supposed to have been in the service and everything. In other words, this midget had a history that everybody talked about. It seems as though this midget was in the armed forces in the war. The midget did not look like a regular midget, in other words, like a boy. You know, most midgets look like a—I'm not talking about about a dwarf, now, but a regular midget. They look like a, you know, little boy of about 9 or 10 or 12. But this midget looked like a baby, a big, pudgy baby; you know, with little rolls of baby fat and the face all round and pudgy looking. But the baby did not look like a happy baby; he looked worried; he looked frightened. And I'm not very clear on the next episode which concerned the baby, but it seemed that he kept looking at my cousin Mary from Boston in a very frightened and almost a guilty way. And then, of course, comes the wonderful punch line: I don't remember how or what, but suddenly I was aware that everyone around was in horror at this baby who went staggering away with an arrow in it. Now in the dream I don't remember the arrow, but I do remember that the baby's back and stomach were red; the suggestion of blood, as though it had been shot or wounded with an arrow. Again, I say I did not see an arrow, but I had the feeling that an arrow had caused this. And that's all I remember."

Now I can't help but feel that this was a definite reflection or reaction to all that had been said yesterday, you know, during the LSD session. There were a great many old feelings and old memories that were once again stirred up, but as you said in an entirely new way. And I was able to observe or look at or study these repeated memories and feelings, but with a new reaction, a new interpretation. *And perhaps what I get out of last night's dream, more than anything else, consciously, it seems to come in the form of a warning to me that we have*

come across some material that I was not as ready to handle as I thought I was. For instance, when riding a motorcycle you do not have the protection of the frame of a car. You have to balance it, which means if you should hit anything you could fall off very easily, or you're much more vulnerable to being hit yourself with something, with some other vehicle. You're open to the elements: to the rain, to the wind and cold, and so on. And I think it was extremely indicative with my hand up as a signal that I'm going to make this right turn; the fact that the motorcycle seemed a little too fast for me; that I had to be extremely careful; with my right hand I was controlling the accelerator, which is on the handlebar of a motorcycle; and with my left hand I was giving this signal. This signal that I was making with my hand up in the air—you know, when you make a right turn signal you have your hand, your elbow is out, parallel to the ground, and from the elbow up your forearm is in a right angle with the other part of your arm—it seems to almost signify raising your hand in class when the teacher would ask for an answer to something, and those who knew the answer would raise their hands. Also, you raise your hand in school to get the attention of the teacher; to ask something. In getting on that wide avenue, it seemed as though I wanted to get on, although I was going to a definite place; it seemed as though I was trying to get on a wider, therefore, less hazardous avenue. *And although consciously I would not like to think that I'm not prepared to handle what came up yesterday, emotionally, I seem to think that that's what the dream is trying to tell me, because after a session I more or less end up with a bent hind wheel.* The hind wheel of a motorcycle is the wheel that drives it, but the front wheel is the one that steers it. And so, putting first things first, the front wheel comes first, because it's called the front of the motorcycle and that's used for steering. And that could more or less be your conscious mind that steers you through your daily life, and the hind wheel could be your whole unconscious setup; all the motivations, and all your driving forces; all your desires, hostilities, and memories, and everything that makes up the tremendous network of thoughts and memories and impulses and drives of the unconscious mind. Because when I came from this visit, the hind wheel was bent.

Dr: In what way was it bent differently than previously?

Pt: Well, it was as though it were ah—how can I draw a picture for you?

Dr: No, no, no, I mean, in what way did you feel—

Pt: Oh—

Dr: —after your LSD session?

Pt: Oh, you mean, now I should not talk about the actual wheel, but talk about the way I might have been bent?

Dr: Yes. You said, "I was not ready to handle the material I came across."

Pt: So it would seem—

Dr: In other words, the unconscious wheel had a stress? Well, you'd expect that under LSD, wouldn't you?

Pt: Yes. But this, I think, brought forth more than the previous, ah, sessions. This brought forth a lot of, shall we say, unpleasant material? In the past, if I remember correctly, all the LSD sessions brought up all kinds of things, some of which were unpleasant. But then, ah, compared to this, it seemed of a much more superficial nature. This seems so much deeper, so much darker; by darker I mean it was so much deeper and so much more hidden, and it was brought out—almost as if to say that this was brought forth with great reluctance. *Well, now, let me put it this way: To make peace with my conscious self, I feel that I must accept and use the information that had been brought forth yesterday; but unconsciously there is a sort of hesitancy or resistance; because actually I think the baby in me has been competing with Herbert and Don, and it has been killed off.* I might be getting a little, a little too classical or symbolic, but it seems to me that the baby in me has been killed off in last night's dream. . . . Now my father comes into this very strongly because of my cousin Mary being in the dream. I have heard that my cousin Mary had a tremendous crush on my father many years ago, because they were not very far apart in age: I think they were about 12 years, 14 years apart in age. And to a teen-ager it's very common that they—well, I don't know about common, but I mean, you hear often of a young teen-ager having some infatuation with an uncle, or an older neighbor, or an older relative. So when I say that this baby kept looking at Mary with a sort of a feeling of guilt and fear, this was more or less the way I was facing or trying to face the feeling that I had for my father. And in fearing this feeling so much, I think I added it to the already planted feeling for my mother; getting back to what we said yesterday about my identifying, that I thought I identified with my mother. *I think I put both images into my mother, making the mother, mother and father—almost. Now that I think of it, it seemed that sexually I was having an affair unconsciously—Here's where it gets really complicated to me, but I think it might be old hat to you—I think I was having some sort of sexual, an unconscious sexual thing for my father through my mother. Is that possible?*

Dr: Keep on talking.

Pt: Well, I guess anything is possible, but that's the way I seem to piece this whole thing together.

Dr: Go ahead, please.

Pt: Ah, and I think perhaps, I might be now, at this time, terribly frightened, alarmed—I was going to say “alarmed and frightened” at the same time and I said “frightened,” which also brings into view the word “flight.” Perhaps that is why I have been extremely hostile towards Don, because, getting back to one of the first principles that I learned here, hostility is fear, anger is fear. And this hostility toward Don

on my part might have been activated by my fear of the tremendous emotional—sexual—problems that I might have been going through if my father, at that same age. . . .

Now I noticed this last night when Don asked me to play with him. As I've told you many times, he's asked me to play with him a million times. About the first two or three years, four years, perhaps, of his life, I played with him freely and happily. And most times I really played with him because I wanted to play with him; I used to get a big kick out of it. Many times I think people thought that I played with him too much; by too much, they mean that he gets used to thinking of his father as a pal and as a kid; there is such a thing, most people seem to believe. Whether that is so, I don't know. In other words, that seems to be a throwback to the old "keep a little distance and respect, and the difference between officers and men," etc., etc. But I never felt this, because I felt that when I was away from him I missed him and I wanted to play with him, that's all. And so I did, and we played together very well; lots of fun, and so on. But in the last year and a half or so, it seemed as though if I did play with him, it was with great impatience. I couldn't get enthused, and many times I would just out-and-out tell him, "No, I don't feel like playing with you." *Now last night, for the first time in a long time, I played with him, enthusiastically, with fun, and he absolutely lit up like a Christmas tree. He never whined, he never acted silly; he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the game. He seemed so happy, I think, that I was playing so freely with him, like old times. He was laughing, giggling, making little jokes, and so on. Now the last two days or so he'd had a cold in the nose. Remember, I told you about his nose being stuffed, and he goes into all kinds of wild things. Well, last night he went to bed and his nose was just as stuffed as it was the night before. And yet, he never once carried on about "I can't breathe," and so on. Never once did he do that. He did ask, however, before he went to sleep, if we could give him another spray in his nose with some of this nose spray for children. So we told him, we showed him, that the sprayer was empty. "Oh, O.K., can I just hold the sprayer?" he says. "Sure," we said, and that was that. So, obviously, it would seem to me that I have let off a lot of steam, because I definitely was able to handle Don last night better than I had been able to handle him in I don't know how long. And, needless to say, it felt very good. I think in a great part, in great measure, last night's dream was a reminder to me about what had happened to me as a result of the LSD session. Because, in a sense, all through analysis, I am constantly reduced or I regress, so that in a way, or in a sense, you become the big god, the big figure. And then again, on the other hand, so was my father the big god or the big figure when I was a little boy looking up to this very big man. And you remember my saying the buildings looked exceptionally big. Well, to a child all buildings look big. From the angle that I see this room here, as I lie on the couch,*

it looks much bigger than it actually is, because I am at a comparatively low elevation. The ceiling seems further away, and I'm right up against this wall, which makes the other wall seem further away. So, all in all, there seems to be a similarity between my reaction to the size of this room when I'm dealing with unconscious material and also the size of all rooms and things when I was a child. To add it all up, it seems to me what I'm saying now is that many of my feelings and memories of my very early childhood were—I won't say aired out—but certainly were brought closer to the foreground yesterday. . . .

Now this is very interesting, too: for the past, oh, several weeks, several months, I guess, when we would discuss the insecurity of my profession, the doubts that exist, my wife thought that perhaps it might be a lot better if we could live in an apartment, so that we would never have the tremendous pressure, which somehow I don't feel—this is very funny: I don't feel that my house is a big pressure to me financially. I feel that if we were to live in a fairly decent apartment, it would cost as much or almost as much as we pay a month to keep up the house. But, in the meantime, the cash that you have tied up in your house, you could have tied up in investments and so on, to give you more return. The last two days I've had dreams that were very obviously trying to show a lot of multiple dwellings and apartment houses. And it seems to me that I wanted, with a very strong feeling, right from the beginning, when we decided to settle down to have a home of our own. I was determined not to have an apartment, but to have a home, a private home. Now, consciously, I've always argued that I like my private home because we don't have to worry if we have a party or if we yell. We never have anything to worry about; we have the privacy of our home. Also, I like the idea that we have our own entrance. I like it because you don't smell the cooking. In the most modern apartment houses that I have visited, I'm always aware that there are so many other people living there; you get the food odors, or you can hear people talking next door. I've been in some \$400-a-month apartments where next door you could hear laughing or coughing or talking. You see? And I could never have any privacy that way. I felt that family privacy is very important, and this, no doubt reflects—and yet, when I lived in an apartment, even as a teen-ager, I never seemed to think this way; I didn't care one way or the other. But, I guess, in facing every possibility, there is the possibility of having been frightened as a child, perhaps at Don's age, by sounds of my parents' bedroom. Now again, I say, consciously, I don't remember any such thing, but from my reading, I guess I wouldn't—this is blocked out. But do you remember my telling you of an episode in a motel in Reading?

Dr: Yes, I do. I remember it very well.

Pt: Where there was a door separating my room from the next room, which was locked. They open it when people want to use the two rooms together, you see. And in this next room you could hear everything almost

as though they were right in your own room. And this couple was engaged in sexual intercourse. Do you remember me telling you of my reaction? This was the winter of 1955. This couple was having intercourse. Now, they were an older couple. They were about—I would make a rough guess—in the middle or late forties, so that chronologically there's almost the same difference in age between myself and that couple and myself as a five-, or six-, or a four-year-old and my parents. *I was tremendously excited by this couple next door; the sounds and the visions that I sort of put together and so on. I could hardly sleep that whole night; I remember I was extremely agitated.* Now this is getting to the, ah, analysis—well, unconscious material. I'd like to ask, parenthetically, so to speak, if an average, well-adjusted man was in the one room, and he was subjected to the same set-up that I was subjected to: Would he feel "nothing?" That's a loaded question, I know, but I would like to know the answer to that. I think it might—

Dr. I don't know of any data.

Pt: Well, of course, there's no data, but I'm sure you must have an opinion.

Dr: Well, it would all depend on the type of feeling you had. From the way you describe it, you were not only sexually excited by it, which is understandable—

Pt: But disturbed by it.

Dr: You were disturbed. That I think—

Pt: Yes, disturbed in this sense—now this is important—that I could not participate. Now that's exactly as a child would feel, wouldn't he? If he were to see his parents in such a situation?

Dr: Well, I wouldn't say that was exactly—

Pt: Well, from what I read in the book by English and Pearson, they seem to indicate that it was a strong possibility.

Dr: Yes, but again, I don't think we have enough data, except indirectly.

Pt: Well, haven't you noticed? I know I've noticed many times, in my own family, and I've seen it in other families as well, where the mother and father kiss, if there's an older boy around—I've seen it more with boys than with girls—he'll always run to the two of them and sort of take them both in, like he wanted to be in on the whole thing.

Dr: Yes, or try to separate them, either one or the other.

Pt: Yes, but most times they don't try to separate them, although they may want to. I think they might want to, they may want to, separate them, because they always do sort of wedge themselves in between—

Dr: Yes, they wedge in between.

(New Session)

Dr: Today is Friday, January 31st.

Pt: When I left here Wednesday, I left with a feeling that I never had after leaving a session. From the very day that I began, as I

said, there were many times when I left with a feeling of accomplishment, lift, I had gained something, or a little more light had been shed on this; a few more layers were taken away, and so on. But this time when I left Wednesday, I felt, for the very first time, not just a lift; a lift is too superficial. The expression "a lift," itself seems to indicate something that's just a little temporary. But this time when I left, it wasn't just a lift; it was a release. I felt as though: At last I'm out of jail I felt as though all kinds of shackles had been broken, all kinds of gates had been opened, all kinds of light had come in; and not only did I think it, but I acted it, and not on purpose, but automatically. It carried over into my life at home. It carried over into the reaction almost—now this is going to sound kind of ridiculous because I have to think about it. I think—now wait a minute—there is so much you can do and the rest takes time, but I would honestly say that almost immediately—it began, mind you, the night after the LSD session. The change I'm referring to was the change in the relationship, consciously—now I'll speak on a conscious level—between Don and myself. It changed almost immediately and got better and better. It is so wonderful to smile at Don again. It is so wonderful to see him do little things that give me pleasure, instead of my constantly looking for things to tear down. *And one of the biggest thoughts I had was this: I am now free to love my wife because I no longer—the word "long" got in there, too—I no longer fear having loved my mother. And for the very first time—this, to me, is really something—for the very first time I can say now to myself that I loved my mother.* Now, I love her, I think, for the first time in my life in a very healthy, adult way, because as the result of analysis I more or less built up a sort of tolerance for my mother. And I understood my mother a lot better than I did previously. Therefore, it wasn't as pained, it wasn't as defensive, as before. But still this indicated a pressure, the fact that I had to tolerate, the fact that I had to constantly try to understand this and that. When I left here, in going over in my mind all that I had discussed; the discussions of my sexual feelings towards my mother and my father and myself, and how they were so mixed up and thwarted and misdirected. As a parent now, myself, and as you pointed out to me—you said, "Try to keep in mind what Don must be going through and he doesn't understand what he's going through. He couldn't even begin to understand what he's going through." Not only do I have to realize what has come about through my working out this phase of my life, but I must also realize how I have worked out my reaction to what Don is going through simultaneously. And Wednesday night, when I went to bed with my wife, I think it was easily compared to a belated, a twelve-year-belated, wedding night. I have found that I have been extremely buoyant; it hasn't subsided. I imagine, there will be times when the stresses will come up again, but I notice I have been, I have smiled more; just smiled, you know, not waiting for something to laugh at; but I have smiled more since

Wednesday than I have in months. I wonder if in part a, little things like—remember, I mentioned to you that I saw a little nick in the furniture?

Dr: Yes.

Pt: Without becoming upset by it; it's just that I saw it for the first time. And, also, those little paper dolls on my son's wall, you know; they've been there all the time and I never even noticed them. Certainly, I must have seen them; I just never noticed them. And now it seems like a lot of things are coming up that way, things that have been there all the time; and I didn't notice them because so much of this preoccupation with self has become removed, so it seems to me. Funny, only a few weeks ago I saw nothing but black in my past with regard to my professional status and my life. I figured, well, it'll go on and on, and all of a sudden there has become such a sense of optimism that I haven't known—I mean a real one. I've kidded myself and said, "Well, this is going to be great!" But this is the first time I have developed a sense of optimism, with also keen perspective regarding the obstacles that are still there and the conditions which still exist. Now, when was it? Wednesday, after I left there, I went up to the office to have a brief chat with one of the men there about some details of a new job. And I was just going to walk out because the place was empty. They had all gone to lunch. One fellow, Phil, had to stay in because he was expecting a client in about half an hour. He was sitting around and I went in during that half hour and I think I took more advantage of that half hour with Phil than I had in all the weeks that I've been going up there and really accomplishing nothing. I did something which I would never do before. Now, I know Phil well. He is a very young fellow. He's the one I told you went in as an office boy.

Dr: Yes, 28-years-old.

Pt: But for a 28-year-old to be head of the department, which he was just made; this is fantastic! He came in as an office boy! He's a real "What-Makes-Sammy-Run," with only one big difference; and that is, that during the last two years he has been going through analysis and it's taking; because while he's still the runner, you know, he has learned methods of pausing, of reflecting, unwinding, and so on. His marriage was saved—his marriage was completely through. His wife is going through analysis, and it's a wonderful thing. Anyway, I had a talk with him, and I was there for one reason; I wanted to talk about me. I didn't want to go up there to say how great this project was, or how wonderful this guy was, and so on; I wanted to talk about me. And so I did it in this way: He was showing me a new gimmick that was devised and that they are thinking of promoting. I knew he had only half an hour, and I had about an hour, and I'd like to make this half hour pay off. So, I didn't cut him short. He was talking to me and telling me about this new gadget, and then I said to

myself, "As soon as I possibly can, I have to find the right place to jump in and get a hold of this thing and steer it away from him without hurting him, because he's in the middle of his pitch." And this I did. And within minutes he was extremely interested in what I was discussing. Now this, I think, is not the narcissism of which I've been accused, and I think justly now; this was realistic. I think this was a right, that I had to take advantage of a limited amount of time in a constructive way, because I did not destroy him in any way, you know; I didn't hurt his feelings. I didn't cut him short, and at the same time I know when I left, he was so enthusiastic about seeing me, he said, "For Christ's sake, let's get together and talk like this. Gee, we've been missing each other," and so on and so forth. I said, "Wonderful, we'll have lunch sometime"; and then he said, "Well, lunch is funny because my lunch periods fluctuate so much. But it won't hurt to check with my secretary; maybe we can get a lunch together." I said, "Well, then, I'll do that. We'll have that lunch." And I left feeling that I had accomplished a great deal. Nothing in dollars and cents, black and white, but he did make two very important telephone calls with regard to my work. Did I mention that? The possibility of doing some work for _____ Company?

Dr: Yes, you mentioned something about it.

Pt: That's all on the good side—Oh, there's lots more. I don't know where the hell to grab hold of it.

My, my preoccupation, sexually, getting back to that—with symbols—we spoke about this Wednesday. I think that I understand so well now that, symbolically, the big voluptuous type of woman could always excite me; and yet there never could be, I realize now, or there never could have been, a fulfillment in any way. It would always have to be: Let's keep it right there. Also, it indicated why I married a woman built like my wife. I don't think that was an accident, although now, as you probably know, I've known my wife since I'm 14 years old. But the only women that I was physically involved with, prior to marriage, were very slim. And now more than ever, it's of no importance. I'm not going to say that this type of women couldn't arouse me again, but I think it would be what is known as a different ball game. Now this is all the plus. Wednesday night we, my wife and I, must have talked until about four in the morning. We just went on and on. She knew, she saw—I mean, she wasn't blind—she saw this tremendous thing, this lift, this buoyancy. I was in love with her! It was the strangest thing, the strangest thing meaning, after all these years. I've always loved her, but many times I'd go through periods when I didn't love her; I wasn't in love with her and I wasn't out of love; I was nothing. It was as if I was just—you know—nothing. I remember, many times my wife would ask me, "Well, what do you feel about your mother?" Because sometimes she'd think that my mother would still get me upset, and I would say, "To tell you the truth"—and I've said

it here many times—"I don't feel anything." And this is impossible with some one that's that close. You can't feel "nothing." You've either got to feel hostility or affection. It's one or the other.

Dr: One *or* the other?

Pt: Well, one and the other, but certainly not "nothing," you see. It's either one or the other, both; well, naturally, they're parallel, so to speak. But, now, it wasn't "nothing," and I suddenly felt that, Jesus! I haven't seen my mother now in about six weeks. But there wasn't a need to see her, like a feeling of guilt. For the very first time, I said, "It's really not right," but not out of guilt. I can't fortify that with words. It seems like there's a sudden reappearance of a feeling that I should have had a long time ago, and I must have stuffed down in my ankles somewhere. You know what I mean? And now I've permitted it to come out. And I was passing the theater and I remember her saying just a few days ago—I was talking to her on the telephone—that she wanted to see "Around the World in Eighty Days." And every time she passes this theater—she can only go on either a Friday or a Saturday night, and they are booked up four or five weeks ahead, and she's afraid to buy tickets for that time because she may not be well on that day (laughter). So I went in and bought two tickets for Friday, next Friday night, and I'm going to send them to her. I'm bringing my brother's car—I told you I had my brother's car about two months now while he was ill. I'm bringing it home to him tomorrow. So I figured that we would talk over there and visit.

Now in this big talking spree we went on I committed a cardinal sin.

Dr: You mean talking with your wife?

Pt: Yes, I committed a big sin. I guess you could guess what it was. There was one thing you have, from the beginning of my analysis warned me against, and that was discussing the inner part of the analysis with my wife. You said, "It's perfectly all right to deal with some of the realistic problems you have that you find you can solve through discussing them with your wife; some of the things you found out in your analysis, or some superficial things here and there." But you again and again warned me never to get into any deep discussions. Just benefit by what you have; use it for yourself; carry it over to your family and your life and be happy with that. Well, we had this big talking spree and she was very happy; she seemed to reflect a lot of what I felt, you see. And we started talking about impressions of girl friends, of girls that she knew, we all knew. And we went back, and just in a conscious conversational level, you know; things we've discussed before in the past, but now in a different way. And after the discussion, I went to sleep. And all day yesterday, all of a sudden, she wasn't feeling so well. She started to get in this little—not a depression, but there was a little—the wall was up again. I said to myself—the first thing that hit me was: I shouldn't have told her.

Dr: Told her what?

Pt: Well, I'll get to that. I shouldn't have spoken. I got carried away, you see. I shouldn't have spoken like that; she wasn't ready to hear it. And then I said to myself: In the rest of my life, I could just as well not have said that to her. I said: Well, why did I say it to her? Although, certainly, at the time I said it, there was no conscious motive. It was this: Very fortunately, many times when she was hurt about something I said or did or that I didn't know I said, she'd let it lie for weeks. And it would build and build, and she would let it fester, until finally one day it would come up, you know. And the real thing would come out that happened three weeks before. I used to tell her again and again, "Tell me right away about these things, if you disagree; right then and there—tell me. Now, don't let it lie." But you know, one thing was conscious and one thing was unconscious. But this time, luckily, it only took about 12 hours for her to come out and say it. And I'm glad, I'm very glad, because at that discussion I think we fixed it up; but I learned though. It was this; and this is strange too. Christ, we can go on (laughter): She says to me—and I don't doubt that she said this. It was near four in the morning and we had seen the show "West Side Story" that night; the Leonard Bernstein thing; the musical. Have you heard of it at all? That's that Romeo and Juliet story. It's a fantastic thing. Well, we saw it, and it was one of the greatest things we have ever seen; the first show, by the way, I have ever seen where I thought of buying tickets again and seeing it another time. Oh, I've enjoyed shows, but I have never been so moved, and I want to buy tickets to see it again; That's how great it was. My wife felt the same way. So during that late hour we were talking about what kind of woman I would have wanted at that age and what kind of fellow she was looking for, because in her family—. It was a real two-way discussion. And then she said yesterday—I'm trying to quote her now—"Then there's a good possibility that had you met, had you married, someone else, you might not have had asthma." And I was supposed to have said—and I say this with all honesty— I don't remember this, I actually don't—she said that I said, "Well, it's possible." And in my wildest dreams I couldn't image saying a thing like this, because my asthma was there, that I knew of when I was 16 years old, you see. So, I thought one of two things: either I was half asleep and I only half heard her, or it might have been possible that what I thought she said was, "If you married another girl, you would have asthma too?" Because "wouldn't" and "would" in a conversation at four in the morning, when you're tired—although there's a big difference, but I can honestly think I could have misheard, otherwise I have no understanding of what could have made me say such a thing. And this is what tightened it up. She said, "I know it's sick of me and I know it's immature of me, and I couldn't love you more than I do now and I did at that time, but for some reason or other the girlishness in me wanted that reassurance, and you slapped me down with that." Oh, another thing she resented: She says,

"Are my feelings going to have to depend so completely upon yours? In other words, here I was so unhappy to see you so unhappy." She understood enough about herself to realize it reflected some of her guilt, and maybe she's causing all of it. Then all of a sudden when I got this lift, she got the lift. Then all of a sudden with this one little thing, this one little remark—and again, I say I don't doubt that she heard this, and that I said it, but I can only say that I must have misheard her. I didn't even know what the hell I was saying, I don't know.

Dr: I'm going to interrupt you for a moment. I feel that your wife may have believed that that was the remark. I feel though—

Pt: Because of some of her feelings at the time?

Dr: The whole tenor of the conversation, as you describe it, was bordering a little bit on the dangerous side.

Pt: Oh, yes, I said that—

Dr: And your remark was inconsequential, but it was the whole relationship there which depressed her. Because it's quite conceivable that if you had married someone else, you might not have had severe asthma. But that would have nothing to do with what you told her.

Pt: Of course, and I explained that to her.

Dr: Yes.

Pt: And she understands that.

Dr: So I do feel that there are other factors involved.

Pt: But it taught me a very, very valuable lesson. I realized there is no need, there's absolutely no need at all to discuss these with her; it doesn't matter. It's what I do from now on that counts.

Dr: That's correct.

Pt: And how I can benefit and use it unconsciously, for the most part. I don't think it's good if I have to stop and figure out my motivations in advance.

Dr: Well, I will say this: that if at times you appear to be ineffective or a decision is difficult, then you might explore the presence of a possible maladaptation.

Pt: Yes, yes. But for the most part, I notice there's a difference in my behavior every minute of the day. I just thought of something this morning that I thought was fantastic. I've always heard of Leonard Bernstein and what a genius he is, how brilliant he is. And yet for some reason—and I have no real reason for disagreeing because I'm no authority and have no right to disagree; it was just an opinion—I used to think he was very overrated. And when I saw the show "West Side Story," for which he wrote the music, I came away saying, "This man is from another planet! He's a genius, the likes of which we haven't seen on the music scene, perhaps never, or perhaps since the days of Beethoven, Brahms, Liszt, and so on. Not only is he a sensitive composer, you know—he wrote symphonies and concertos—but he also writes musicals, which is in a different field entirely. He has some dance sequences there that are the wildest modern jazz sounds you could ever

get. And you'll hear this symphony, one and two, and it's of a strict classical nature, with a modern sound, you see. Not only that, he's one of the greatest lecturers; he's done more for classical music with children. He says, "I don't believe in making classical music sugar-coated, because that shows that under the sugar-coating there may be some distasteful stuff. Let's just take the music for what it is and educate the children to that music; and start right off with a complete symphony, with a complete concerto. Don't give them a story that he wrote it when he was sick, and he was lying in bed." And obviously he's right, because he's drawing crowds of children and teachers to his concerts. There's never been such interest. And you've heard what a success his television things have been. It's fantastic! He hums a song, and he runs over to the piano and demonstrates and then conducts. He's a great show; he's great everything. And this to me was very important, because I was able to accept the genius of another person, a contemporary, you see. It was a turnabout for me. For no reason, I mean, I had the negative attitude. It was just a stupid child-like reaction. And that was it!

Dr: How about modern art?

Pt: Well, modern art; I accept that as I accept the sack dress.

Dr: Fashion.

Pt: A fashion.

Dr: Well, are you still hostile toward it?

Pt: I don't like it, but I'm not as hostile toward it. I'm resigned to it. I know it's there. I don't think it'll completely fade, but I think it will modify itself, in time.

Dr: Because I thought your attitude toward modern art was a bit overdeveloped—your hostility toward it.

Pt: Well, I'll be very honest with you. I don't think modern art is of importance to me now; it isn't as magnified as before. As a matter of fact, I think now that you mention it, I still believe in a lot of my theories with regard to what I would have to do to get into my own business. But I think—

Dr: Yes, but if you had your own business, you would have to have realistic attitudes toward the different things which are in fashion.

Pt: Yes.

Dr: And you couldn't say, "I won't do this because I don't like it."

Pt: Yes, and I've been looking at ads now for different art schools, different teachers; oh, a million and one things. I've just reached a whole new life.

Dr: Would you like to listen to these tapes again sometime? Or do you think we'd better leave well enough alone? I'll have them transcribed at some time if you want to read the transcription.

Pt: I remember how interesting it was to read the transcription of my first LSD session.

Dr: Sometime I may want your permission to publish this.

Pt: I wondered, for a while, I said "Gee, everything with Don and me is going so great," because Don actually was reacting to this.

I knew I had a road in front of me to try to repair some of this, win back his confidence, try to erase a little bit of the fear, you know. Fear there'll always be, I guess; but I mean, some of the exaggerated fear because of my exaggerated feelings. So then I said, "But what happens if he's just a normal kid?" It's like doing something—I'm still capable of getting angry and wanting to enforce a little discipline, and so on. I said, "I wonder what will happen if such a thing should turn up?" And sure enough, last night, he started. If I were to satirize the situation, it seems as though he was saying, "Let me give it another try. Let's see, I haven't been able to get him lately. Let me see if I can just get—." So he went back to one of his old little tricks again, the going-to-sleep routine. And I became firm with him, but there was such a different sound, and even as I spoke, it was as though I was listening to myself from somewhere else. At the same time, I was listening with another speaker, so to speak. I said, "Now, look, Don, you have to get up early in the morning for school, and the longer you delay going to sleep—you're going to be tired. You know how you feel in the morning." And you know, he was getting so anxious about perhaps being late for school—my wife would wait—he'd have to leave the house at 8:30. You see, up until last week, he went in the afternoon. My wife would plan to wake him up about 7:45. She would get up at 7:30, get a few things ready, and then at 7:45 would plan—but never did that happen, because he would be up at 6:30 to make sure that he wasn't late for school. Last night I said to him, "Look, you know Mommy's going to wake you up at the right time. She always does. She's right there. We have the alarm, we have the radio alarm," and so on and so forth. "All you do is just go to sleep and have a good sleep, and Mommy will wake you up, and she'll get you to school in plenty of time." This morning, for the first time, my wife had to wake him up. Now, this is—well, what can I say—this is such a reaction that you almost would think, well, there must be some coincidence involved, too. But yet I can't help but feel something took, because this is the first morning in all of the weeks that my wife got up and walked over to him and just gently got him up.

Dr: Well, I'm sorry we have to stop now but I'm very glad that you've had all these good results out of the really painful revelations of the LSD session.

Pt: And yet as I said, as I was saying: Under LSD there was a feeling of gagging and a bitter pill to swallow; expressions like that. But yet when it was over, there wasn't the memory. Let me put it this way: There didn't seem to be the memory of a painful experience because the good feeling I had far outshone the—

Dr: Well, I can see that.

Pt: —pain, you see. And then the next visit, Wednesday, for the first time seemed to top it, but it, more or less for the first time, was a climax rather than an anticlimax. And it seemed to crystallize everything so brightly and clearly.

(End of Verbatim Recording)

C. DISCUSSION

The foregoing data represent a psychosynthesis of unconscious and realistic material supporting the view that LSD is useful as an adjuvant in psychotherapy. But this question remains: How long did the improvement in the patient's relations with his family last? Fortunately, data are available. The patient returned February 10th, 1958, 10 days after his last session. He stated that he had had a "real wedding night." Moreover, the patient's drop in professional status did not bother him to the same extent. He remarked, with insight into the dangers ahead, "Now I must find a palatable way to share my new feelings with my wife." He reported that his son was now sleeping through the night, was eating breakfast, and that he was establishing an excellent relationship with him. His wife also appeared to be pleased with the improved situation, and was reading "The Patient Speaks" (6) in a further effort to understand some of her difficulties with her mother.

On February 12th, 1958, Jack pointed out to the therapist that his son was intimidating him, but that he, himself, did not react in his usual hostile way. At this time, however, a danger signal arose. Jack's wife, who had some years before been hospitalized and had received shock therapy for a reactive depression, now "felt weaker" and "showed a little suggestion of hysteria during sexual intercourse." Jack felt, however, that ever since the last LSD session, he no longer had the same need to satisfy himself in regard to his masculinity, and that in his sexual activity, he had reached his highest point. He stated, perhaps prophetically, "Although there has been better sexual intercourse, as far as my wife and I are concerned, than there had been in our whole married life, the change in the relationship might force my wife into a feminine role which might be unpalatable to her."

On March 10th, 1958, Jack reported that his new confident, aggressive self, with all of the positive improvements in him, was interpreted as a threat by his wife. She told him, "You make me feel as if you were an imposter." She began to get shy, and stated that her feelings were like a pendulum and that her belief in herself was shaken. She said, that although she realized that what had happened to her husband was good for their marriage, she felt that she had to go back into psychotherapy. She started to see her former analyst five times weekly, although she had given up psychotherapy one year before.

Jack came into the office on March 11th, 1958, with the following dream.

I was on a ship that had something to do with the advertising field. Something was leading up to something; there was a door leading to something. There was a feeling that I had to go through that door.

There were metallic deck plates, and there was a flame in a space. It was a bright blue flame that constantly burned with 60 jets. I hesitated to cross the threshold for fear of burning myself, because the flames were in the opening—I did not cross.

Thus, the unconscious conflicts in Jack were renewed by his wife's rejection. Because Jack's wife had gone into therapy, the extra financial burden prevented him, temporarily, from continuing therapy with the writer. This also fit in with the wife's goals. Jack's relationship with his son began to deteriorate.

During the summer of 1958 (six months after therapy with LSD) the patient was seen several times. An attempt by the therapist to persuade the patient that his difficulties with his son involved his wife's rejection of him as an aggressive, masculine person, failed. It was as if the patient deliberately chose to subordinate his own drives for the sake of peace with his wife. As a result of Jack's subordinate position the cold war with his wife continued, with his wife, however, controlling the "bright blue flame with 60 jets."

The patient was not seen again until April, 1959, when the data of the previous year were again recapitulated, and problems connected with his son were discussed. One item which the patient omitted during the previous year, was that his wife's mother had been living with them all along. Jack denied that this omission was significant. His relationship with his wife continued to be stressful. He attempted, at times, to play a less subordinate role. This led his wife to threaten the integrity of the family by stating, "I don't know how long I can put up with this. I can't take much more." These remarks were not specifically related to anything in particular.

The foregoing data emphasize the complicated structure of the family hierarchy, when the head of the family becomes successful. At the beginning of Jack's analysis, his wife came in for an interview. Her criticisms of him were along the most trivial lines, and his extraordinary success at an early age was overlooked. The realistic problems faced by Jack, during his successful emergence from a pre-analytic to a more mature post-analytic frame of reference, are to be found, as mentioned, in the family hierarchy; in this case, a wife who could neither readily accept her husband's financial success, nor his transformation into a more mature, masculine person.

Several interviews during the past year (1960), have disclosed that Jack's success in business, although fluctuating, is definitely increasing. He stated that his hostility toward his wife was in a different direction than in the past. It was now, he believed, derived from weaknesses in himself, which he knew she recognized and took advantage of, and which were reflected in his con-

versations with her. His hostility was aroused with the knowledge that she was using his weaknesses to achieve her own narcissistic goals. His wife began to exert pressure on him to have her mother join them in a move to another state.

Although Jack, following repeated discussions with the therapist, is attempting to establish a stronger position in the family hierarchy, the wife's psychotherapy has not enabled her to accept her husband as the head of the household. She and her mother have formed a quasi-invincible barrier against domination by a male having Jack's dependency needs. If Jack's interests expand and he becomes more successful, his experiences (both with and without LSD in the framework of psychotherapy), in the opinion of the writer, have enabled him to adapt more effectively to extraordinary stresses faced in the home and in the outside world.

1. *Counter-Identification and the Cronus Complex*

In previous reports (5, 6) it has been pointed out that the notion that allergic symptoms are incited or even induced primarily by maternal rejection, should be replaced by another more logical psychodynamic process. It was held that the allergic child rather than being rejected by the mother or surrogate parent is rather introjected by a process of maternal engulfment. Both parent and child obtain neurotic satisfaction through this usually destructive symbiotic relationship. The emotional complications resulting from pathological engulfment of the allergic child by the parent was termed the *Cronus Complex*. How does the counter-identification process psychodynamically fit in with the Cronus Complex? I believe that one of the most important parts of the Cronus Complex leading to difficulties is the regression of the parent to the psychosexual level of the developing child, as illustrated by the foregoing data. The parent being intimately in contact with the child's psychosexual development is over-sensitive in those areas, himself.

The child passes through the complex psychodynamic processing of the oral phase, the anal sadistic phase, genital organization, Oedipus and castration complexes, periods of sexual latency, puberty and adolescence. All of these must proceed in the child in a complicated transaction with his parents and siblings. The parents (especially the one of the same sex), perforce, re-enact these emotional trials within themselves, not only consciously, but more important, unconsciously. No parent is without unresolved conflicts incidental to dysfunction in his own psychosexual development. Therefore, the process of development in an essentially normal child may suddenly and unexpectedly lead to anxiety in his parent by triggering the parent's own conflicts (counter-

identification). This is apt to be more intense where the Cronus Complex leads to psychologic vectors of introjection beyond the normal. The pathological counter-identification by the parent may be slight if the parent's neurotic framework with special reference to his child's normal developmental phase is localized and fairly specific. When the counter-identification is distorted, normal family relationships may be inexplicably disturbed. Perhaps the most common examples are to be observed in the reaction of parents during the toilet training of their children and during the adolescent period of their daughters when courtship by the male begins. The comparative serenity of most parents during the latent periods of their children's development should be borne out by studies if our theory is correct.

When the counter-identification process is distorted, then the guilty fears of the parent are projected suddenly, not only toward the child in question, but are spread throughout the family hierarchy, with the emergence of other psychological manifestations in the parent and/or unconscious, e.g., hostility, depression, anxiety attacks, etc., of unknown origins. Somatic manifestations may also be present. It must be re-emphasized that the child's development may be essentially normal, and that our concept deals with the dysfunction of the parent's adaptation process that leads to the development of characterological disorders. A good many of the post partum depressions may be due, not to a non-specific "immaturity" for example, but may be caused by counter-identification with the (introjected) child, who engenders regressive forces within the parent, interfering with the normal maternal instinct. It would be of interest to study a series of women with post partum depressions for specific conflicts in the oral and/or anal periods. In other words, it is proposed here that it is not the need for a career by the mother, but rather the presence of pregenital conflicts suddenly fired by the introjected newborn infant. This is one of the extreme examples of counter-identification.

Needless to say, a vicious cycle may ensue eventually leading to neurosis in the primarily healthy child, itself. Thus, "the sins of the fathers are carried unto the children" in varying degrees and understandable replication through the generations.

For example, the following brief case reports will illustrate the technique of employing the principle of counter-identification in analyzing the psychodynamics of certain case records.

Case 1. A 50-year-old woman, with a degree in a profession generally considered as masculine, became very depressed during the psychoanalysis of her daughter. It soon became apparent that whenever the daughter showed evidence of homosexuality by her dress or attitude,

the mother became depressed. When the daughter showed feminine traits, the mother was elated far beyond the level of pleasure that ordinarily should have been anticipated. That is, if the daughter acted as a normal girl in our culture, the mother became elated; when the daughter acted with masculine traits, the mother became depressed. I believe that in this patient's case, the acute depression of the mother, connected with homosexual trends in the daughter, triggered unresolved homosexual conflicts in the mother, herself. By understanding the psychological mechanisms similar to this, the mother was able to realistically appraise the fact that her daughter was in therapy, attempting to become a more mature member of society.

Case 2. A 40-year-old woman became both agitated and depressed as the responsibilities of taking care of her two young children, especially the younger, mounted. One of her main objections to her friends was that they told dirty stories. Four-letter words were anathema even when used by her husband under the most intimate circumstances. This patient, it is believed, was inwardly unable to tolerate the excretory and instinctual manifestations of young children, although outwardly, she performed her tasks well and efficiently. She had led an extraordinarily pasteurized existence in the sexual area prior to marriage, and during the entire period of adolescence and maturity no physical (sexual) contact with men occurred, even though there was constant social contact with men and she was always being courted. The presence of young children and counter-identification with their instinctual drives could result in the agitated depression manifested by this patient.

Case 3. A 40-year-old woman, married, with two children, became agitated and depressed as her oldest daughter approached adolescence. It soon became apparent that she was re-living her own adolescence with the sexual fears of that period. These were especially catalyzed by an attempted seduction by her own father when she was 15 years old. This patient had counter-identified with her adolescent daughter, and she had regressed to her daughter's level of psychosexual development. There were lengthy discussions of homosexuality, sexual premarital relationships during adolescence, and other topics which all fitted in with her own stormy psychosexual development.

In general, whenever a parent becomes overconcerned with what is a normal part of a child's psychosexual development, it is wise to look for problem areas in the parent which correspond to the period of the development of the child. In this way, insight into the nature of the parent's problem is more rapidly achieved and a better relationship in the parent-child constellation is more readily brought about by counseling, with the avoidance of lengthy psychoanalytic procedures necessary in the cases given verbatim (Jack C.).

D. SUMMARY

In keeping with previous data, LSD may be used as an adjuvant to psychotherapy. LSD produces an elated state (hebesynthesis) which lasts several hours. The reconstructive potential and integrative functions of the ego under these doses of LSD provide insight into conflict situations not hitherto as readily accessible to the patient. In this study, LSD was given to a male patient, 34 years of age, who had had approximately 500 hours of psychoanalysis. As a result of his psychoanalysis, he understood many of the mechanisms of his difficulties of adaptation. However, following the birth of a second son, he became uncontrollably irritable with his older son. During many weeks of discussion, no progress was made toward solving this problem. For example, he spoke with great emotion of the "rendezvous" of his older son with his wife when the child "visited" her during the night. LSD had been administered to this patient with success before. It was decided to give him LSD once again in an attempt to reactivate and reconstruct those conflicts responsible for his uncontrollable anger toward his older son.

The child passes through the complex psychodynamic processing of the oral phase, the anal sadistic phase, genital organization, Oedipus and castration complexes, periods of sexual latency, puberty and adolescence. All of these must proceed in the child in a complicated transaction with his parents and siblings. The parents (especially the one of the same sex), perforce, re-enact these emotional trials within themselves, not only consciously, but more important, unconsciously. No parent is without unresolved conflicts incidental to dysfunction in his own psychosexual development. Therefore, the process of development in an essentially normal child may suddenly and unexpectedly lead to anxiety in his parent by triggering the parent's own conflicts (counter-identification). This is apt to be more intense where the Cronus Complex leads to psychologic vectors of introjection beyond the normal. The pathological counter-identification by the parent may be slight if the parent's neurotic framework with special reference to his child's normal developmental phase is localized and fairly specific. When the counter-identification is distorted, normal family relationships may be inexplicably disturbed.

The verbatim recording of the LSD interview and the interviews immediately following the LSD session form the main body of the paper.

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