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Varieties of Nostalgia**

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Nostalgia is not a mental disease but it may develop into a monomaniacal, obsessive mental state causing intense unhappiness and leading to a complete uprooting of a settled existence.

It usually manifests itself in an intense desire to return to the country or town from where we came, or—on more acute analysis—to return to the home which we had left behind. Motives of frustration and a desire to escape from reality are clearly discernible behind it but do not exhaust its syndrome.

It was commonly observed before the last great war with immigrants who became violently homesick during their first few years in the United States and could not be cured until after a visit to their country of origin. The cure was costly but usually complete.

After the last great war one would have thought that those who have escaped from the Nazi, Fascist or a communist terror would never develop a longing for a home or town that no longer existed or for a country in which cherished conditions of life had totally changed. Nevertheless, not even the victims of concentration camps were entirely free from attacks of nostalgia. I know of some who still attempt to return and face ruination, and of others who had committed suicide because they could not go back.

Assuredly, this is a phenomenon worthy of psychological investigation. Why does an old country, often of wretched and beggarly existence, become a fairy land to the victims of nostalgia? What is the spell which binds them and achieves the miraculous transformation of sordid and depressing memories into glowing fantasies?

The simplest answer is that behind the love of the old country or home the yearning for our childhood is hidden and that the victim of nostalgia is a mentally regressive compulsive neurotic. This view explains many features of the nostalgic obsession but I do not find it sufficiently penetrating. I discern

signs of a deeper enchantment, the spell of immemorial utopian fantasies combined.

The word "utopia" means "no such place". In Samuel Butler's backward spelling it became fabulous "Erehwon", the Incas called it El Dorado, James Hilton immortalized it under the name of Shangri

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La. For some two thousand years at least, since Plato's "Republic", the first Utopian book appeared we see Man spellbound by the vision of a far-away fairy land where all strife ceases and life rolls smoothly in a state of perfection and bliss. Who has not heard the whisper of a still small voice that a distant, inaccessible country where happiness reigns supreme does indeed exist? Who has not been haunted by the feeling that we had lived in it in a dim and glorious past?

Whether we yearn to return to a desert island washed by waves of the sea, or to a lonely mountain top with an unbroken horizon bathed in oceans of air; whether we are spellbound by stories of sunken Atlantis, cities under the sea, in the bowels of the earth, in the Moon or on other planets floating in the vast interplanetary void; whether we search for the Garden of Eden or the City of Gold of apocalyptic prophecies, we feel the touch of Mystery, that such visions are not idle dreams and that once we knew the reality on which they are based.

Freud was the first to point out that our very belief in a future life may spring from the certainty of a past existence. If this feeling of certainty is retrojected too far, one may become a firm believer in reincarnation, if it is projected one may become a religionist or a spiritualist. The instinctual acceptance of one or the other springs from sensations that still haunt us but for ever escape clear recollection. The foundation of such sensations is the simple fact that we have, indeed, lived before within our mother's womb.

Memories of such an existence, in the strict sense of the word, we have none. We may curl up in bed and sleep with arms folded across the chest without ever thinking of the position of the embryo within the womb. We may love being rocked by cars, trains or boats like a child in the cradle without realizing that the soothing effect is due to the unconscious identification of the gentle movement with the undulation of the mother's body in walking while within her we were sheltered and protected. We hardly devote a thought to the strange passion of

children to be cooped up in tiny places called houses, because so many of us have contrived to replace such childish delights by claustrophobia. We pass without comment the water fantasies of friends, whether they spend many hours a day floating in a tub of hot water or swimming under the water in warm seas, face up and eyes open watching the wonders of submarine life or the sunshine above. We have little curiosity for the psychological motives that impelled a William Beebe to construct diving bells for the exploration

of the bottom of tropical seas; or a Williamson to build a submarine post-office to which one has to descend through a vertical hollow tube from the belly of a ship; or a Hubert Wilkins to reach the North Pole by submarine under the arctic icefields; or a Houdini to have himself buried underground, or shut in boilers and safes, and packed in boxes to be thrown into the sea. It never occurs to us to seek an explanation for a morbid love of hot-houses and an obsessive interest in things growing in flower pots, because we have forgotten that we were tropical creatures once upon a time and that one of the first shocks on our arrival was the coldness of the post-natal world for which the delicate human plant had not been prepared.

To some people the haunting memory of the pre-natal Garden of Eden is just a dream of a Never Never Land. Others are more conscious of its psychological reality and experience strange stirrings and disturbances. Here is how an anthropologist described his sensations on the analytic couch:

"A strange feeling of remembrance used to come to me until I was 18-19, often years apart and more frequently in childhood. Looking out of a window towards the North or the East when the sun was in the West, I would vaguely remember a place that was extremely beautiful, with a kind of violet or amethyst coloring, and I would have a most intense longing to be there. I used to think it was the memory of a previous life, that it argued for reincarnation.

"I had a similar mystic feeling in a dream in which I wandered through a large number of rooms and finally got out into the open and saw a beautiful, white city in the distance. I felt I belonged there, that it was a city of my own."

Experiences of this type are classified by psychologists under the heading of "déjà vu" (already seen), to explain the strange familiarity which unexpected landscapes sometimes inspire. A curious de-personalization may accompany the experience; reality becomes vague and undefined; a feeling of historicity, of living somewhere else, in a past and distant epoch, takes its place. Probably no single explanation is sufficient to account for all such experiences. My own view

is that pre-natal emotions, which the unconscious mind often clothes in scenic pictures of a fairy land, might play an important part in the genesis of such sensations. A beautiful landscape in dreams may represent a beautiful feeling. Idyllic life is rarely represented without a sylvan setting and poets have always known how to translate into pictures the mysterious emotions of the heart. The poems that depict these strange yearnings live. Goethe's "Kennst du das Land

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wo die Citronen blühen" stirs us today as it stirred his generation. Yet the lines are almost too simple to hold so much magic. In a rough translation of my own they read:

Knowest thou the land where the lemon blossoms into flower,

Oranges glow like gold in a dark and leafy bower?

Where marble statues stand and at you silently gaze?

Why, poor child, tears are streaming down thy face!

A prose quotation from the unpublished autobiography of an American poet, which I quote with her permission, will further illustrate this problem of "déjà vu":

"But there was another land—where had I known it? A land of idyllic meadows and fair skies, a land of satisfying symmetries, of melting music where loving and beautiful companions greeted one with reassuring gestures and harmonious speech, a land where one's sweetest impulses broke spontaneously into dancing and singing, a land where nothing was forbidden because everything was good, and where young and old met and mingled in pleasure and in vibrant peace. A land that however clearly I could see it in my mind's eye, lay deeper in my consciousness than anything that the eye could see or hear. Truly a land of wholeness,—a land of the heart.

"What is the source of such preoccupations? Can it be, as Robert Frost suggests in that moving poem, 'The Trial by Existence', that life upon Earth is the

'sacrifice

Of those who for some good discerned

Will gladly give up Paradise?'

"I cannot say. Nothing has answered that question. I only know that this vision is bound up with my earliest memories and that I cannot connect it with any earthly experience, that a recurring nostalgia troubled me with the conviction that it was something I had left rather than somewhere I was going—or could hope to go—and that over and over again, in the face of disappointment and failure, I have been teased and seduced by the dream that the perfection I seemed to remember could be approximated on this rich, exciting, baffling but still imperfect earth. This desire for perfection was so strong and so unreasonable that I projected it like a garment fabricated out of the stuff of my yearning over one or another of the beings I loved,—a Jean's, not a Joseph's coat of many colors. Discomfited they were who had to wear it, and the unwanted garment was returned to me

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again and again, often in shreds, but like the magic robe it was, it made itself whole again for the next idol—or was it victim?"

The poet who wrote this fascinating confession, was completely unconscious of its pre-natal significance, even after the fantasy assumed more precise shape in musings over the soap bubbles that her mother used to blow for her:

"Before it rounded itself into the bubble, for all its fragility, it swayed heavily and pear-shaped, and reminded me for a startled instant of my mother's breast. Then it settled roundly for a moment, and in that moment the red brick high school, separated from our backyard by an alley, the locust and maple trees, the bright blue sky with its floating island clouds, were reflected sharply and upside down, glazed over with the mother-of-pearl shimmer of the bubble. I saw an enchanted world. I must cast myself into it and dwell in that clean place of lovely colors. 'What is it, oh what is it, Mamma?' I questioned, carried out of myself, breathless. 'Germany, that's Germany,' said my mother, smiling down at me as the bubble burst.

"Germany was the place Mamma had come from when she was three. Germany was the country where the Rhine River flowed at the base of the castles, where Die Lorelei and the horrible Master of Bingen who was eaten by his own rats, the Black Forest and the horse market of Elberfeld, and all the best musicians mingled together in a fairy-tale-like picture that had no beginning and no end."

Having confessed to her haunting vision of Utopia, our poet all but yields to the desire to throw herself within that fairy land, now associated with her mother's pear-shaped breasts. Her mother was caught by the same spell. She, too, had known a fairy land, a faraway country, the mother land, the womb. Lorelei, who

enchants the swimmers and drags them under the waters, is a beautiful representation of the fear and fascination of pre-natal return.

In some poetic confessions the place of the mother is taken by the Beloved. Here is how Louis K. Anspacher describes the same deep nostalgia in "The Pilgrim" ("Slow Harvest", Brentano, 1943):

It's somewhere hereabouts that she was born.

She told me once and I have not forgot.

Her eyes, when they first opened, saw this spot

That now is sacred to me. Here the morn

Was sunnier and the night less forlorn

Because of her. I pondered: Is there not

Some music clinging, or I. know not what

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Of footfalls somewhere on some pavement worn

Ever so lightly by her passing? So

I wandered through the clangour of the street,—

I was so still. I listened, walked so slow,

Looked everywhere among the hurrying feet

For some dim traces of the long ago.

An ache came over me, but an ache so sweet

I would not change for many a joy I know.

More inchoate but still recognizable are the pre-natal elements in this make-believe fantasy of a child:

"Underneath grandfather's house was another world, inhabited by mice or rats rather like grown-up people, hoarding treasures of gold and diamonds, and a little railway full of trucks running in the middle transporting the treasure. Secret doors permitted these people to come into the upper world."

The fascination of secret doors for the imagination of a child is identical with the mystery of its arrival into this world. We do arrive through a secret door, and the high valuation we set on prenatal happiness could hardly find more fitting description than in terms of diamonds and gold in making the womb an Aladdin's cave. The mice or rats that are like grown-up people approximate the parasitical underground existence of the human embryo.

The appeal and success of Tarzan novels is chiefly due to a response from the pre-natal levels of our mind. The jungle, to the Western mind, is a place of darkness and of mysterious life. Tarzan's ape-like prowess, his solitude and his tremendous strength, meet with an echo of recognition from the depths of our being. We like to identify ourselves with him and, in a remote way, we feel that we have been he. We all had Tarzan dreams when we were young and still may have them. The essential elements of such dreams are very simple; climbing big trees, swinging about in the branches with ease, being friends with wild animals, gamboling, laughing, being happy together with other children. The presence of other children is the usual indication that the dream is to be interpreted on the infantile levels of life.

Childhood is not simply the place where our cradle has been rocked. The arms and voice of the mother in lulling us to sleep left an impression deeper than the cradle. Beyond it, on a deeper level, we are still haunted by a yearning for our prenatal home. The forms

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of fetal nostalgia vary considerably. It may appear as a fascination for mysteries in general or as a specific passion for cave exploration, submarine research, voyages of discovery, the lure of faraway islands, the desire to climb unconquered mountain peaks, a passion for solitude in nature or isolationism in politics.

Sometimes it manifests itself in childish forms, in an excessive fondness for sweets, as suggested by the following statement of a young married woman:

"When I wake up dazed from a heavy sleep, I have to rush into the kitchen and eat any sweets I can find in the ice box or elsewhere. It is a hunger which I find impossible to control. It only comes when my sleep was very heavy."

It seems as if sweets had been accepted, by the infantile levels of this lady's mind, as a compensation for the loss of uterine sleep.

"I always wanted to go to Rio de Janeiro", confesses a girl. "The place fascinated me and the thought of going there was a kind of obsession. I had no idea why. I knew nobody there and I could not think of any reason why it should mean so much to me, until I discovered that Janeiro means January and that the complete translation of the name of the place is River of January, so called because the river was discovered in January. January happens to be my month of birth and my middle name is *Jeannette*. From the moment I established this connection, the obsession disappeared."

This statement is valuable as it shows how spontaneous discoveries, without the help of a psychoanalyst, may achieve release.

"Where would you like to live best?" I asked one of my patients of Germanic stock. She answered unhesitatingly:

"On a mountain, in pure air. All great things were given on mountains: the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. When I dream of my dead husband, I always meet him on a mountain top. He used to call me Carpathian Princess because I was born in the Carpathians. I used to love to climb mountains. I don't like sea-level. Down in the valley means to me to be on a low level, being unable to reach upward. I was fascinated by Thomas Mann's 'Magic Mountain'."

In this case, the fresh air was an antidote to a slight claustrophobia. The mountain meant freedom of body and mind, the valley the reverse. The legends of the race invests mountains and high places with a feminine significance. Venusberg is a symbol that could not have failed to impress the unconscious mind of a woman of German education. To her husband, she was a mountain princess.

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Never had anybody appreciated her so much before, nor since. So, befittingly, she meets him in her dream land, the place of the fulfilment which she last knew in her mother's womb.

An unconscious resentment against expulsion from the womb might be suspected from the study of this dream:

"I was in a small boat by a pier as a life guard. Two fellows were swimming. One dived and stayed under the water too long. At first I paid no attention, as I thought he was only playing. Then it occurred to me that perhaps he had

drowned. Next I saw him being pulled out. He was wading in shallow water in a rage and shame over what happened.”

The patient commented on the dream in this fashion:

“Drowning people always swear and curse at life guards after they are rescued. Nobody knows why. A fellow guard saved three hundred men. Only one of them gave him a gift, a box of cigars, and he did not smoke.... I was saved by a life guard when I was four years old.”

This association is exceedingly interesting. As dreams deal with personal matters, the inference is plain that he himself was mad and ashamed at being pulled out of the waters. That he was once pulled out, is shown by his recollection from the age of four. At the time when this dream occurred, the analytic problem under discussion was why he suffered from unreasoning attacks of rage throughout his life. The dream seemed to provide an answer: he had resented being born, he had hated being pulled out of the uterus and this hatred had survived in his unconscious mind throughout the years without any conscious knowledge of its preposterous foundation.

Royalty Fantasies

Behind the fascination that royalty holds for the youthful mind, one may frequently trace the vague memory of an ante-natal royal estate. The general assumption is that such fantasies indicate unhappiness in a boy, that he is dissatisfied with his lot and dreams of being a foundling in his parental home. If he were a foundling, he would have real parents somewhere. They would be of high lineage and one day they would come and help him regain his lost heritage.

While it is quite true that unhappiness is the first cause leading the child's mind away from reality, we need not see an escape in royalty fantasies. Obscure organismic memories of a truly royal estate account well for the pattern which their fantasy takes. Here is an example from the confessions of the anthropologist whom we quoted before:

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“For a long time, I was crazy about royalty. I would read everything about the doings of royal personages in Europe and would imagine myself partaking in their activities. When I was eleven to twelve years old, I pretended to be the King of England and my three aunts and sisters would enter with me into these

imaginative games, royal blood was something very precious in my eyes. The fantasy was gradually transferred upon teachers and professors who became a special cast to me."

This is the usual form of royalty fantasies and it is generally ascribed to the child's fondness for make-believe. Occasionally, the regressive element appears with sufficient clarity to show the inadequacy of this view:

"I often think there must have been an imperial side to my family. The feeling is strong when I see royal palaces and elegant furniture. When I was young I had the idea that I was a foundling, and not a child of my parents. A few days ago I dreamed that I was in a tall, dome-like place and saw there very rich, red furniture and draperies. The place was very quiet and luxurious in atmosphere, something I never saw before. The architecture was renaissance."

The rich, red furniture and draperies are a typical reference to the gentle folds of the womb. Of this the dreamer was unaware. But he succeeded in putting in the word renaissance, which, as a birth reference, is a covert pointer to the pre-natal state.

Sometimes the dreamer is conscious of the uterine setting of the dream fantasy as in this vivid dream:

"I was inside the Earth, yet at the same time I was conscious of being inside the uterus. It was round and I was watching the formation of the world. Things were in motion and the beauty of it was poignant. It was something you could not see at any other place. In the end I said: 'If I stay here a little longer and watch, the timbers will crash down and I won't be able to get out. Then I got out of the cave.'"

Another woman whose dream life was full of byzantine fantasies, longed to spend a night in the Hagia Sophia. The desire to sleep in caves or in such odd places as the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid (as described by Paul Brunton in 'My Search in Secret Egypt') goes back to the same mysterious urge.

Ecstasy of Floating

The search for pre-natal happiness is also recognizable in many floating fantasies. Not all floating dreams have a uterine setting. Those that have are rendered conspicuous by the sense of exhilaration

which accompanies such dreams. The dreamer remembers little else than the delightful sensation. He may fly as a bird or swim in the air as if it were water or combine both:

"In my flying dreams I used to make motions with my hands as if I were swimming. I could sustain myself in the air that way. At first I was sitting in a box. Later the box disappeared.

Here the box is a reference to the womb.

The bird gods of Egypt probably originated in pre-natal floating fantasies. The ancient Mexicans frequently identified themselves with birds. The medicine men wore bird masks and they used whistles in bird form. The bird to them was a symbol of power; some birds, like the eagle, of supernatural power.

Modern man no longer has to dream of being a bird. Technical progress has placed the aeroplanes at our disposal. Man flies like a bird, even more so. The accomplishment satisfies the hunger for uterine bliss and is an example how inventors can harness the desire to return to the womb constructively for the good of mankind.

The connection between flying dreams and aeroplanes clearly appears in the following dream and comments of a man:

"I was conscious of being in my body; at the same time I had a sensation of floating as if I were two separate beings, yet in my body all the time. I heard a voice tell me that if I went out I would not be able to come back.

"I always had a desire to fly and I particularly wanted to learn to fly a glider. I figured I was a born flyer because my hand is steady, even though I am scared to death. I have made up my mind that I shall buy a glider as soon as I can afford it."

This patient believed that some of his floating dreams were the result of astral projection. There was a suicide element in these fantasies and as his floating dreams impressed me as clearly of uterine origin, I believed that the message behind the so called astral projection was a warning that by returning into his mother's body he would die. The silver cord which is said to tie the astral body to the physical during life time is an excellent substitute for the umbilical cord. I find it quite possible that people who are obsessed with the idea of astral projection are trying to satisfy an unconscious yearning to return into the womb. Occultists and spiritualists who spend half of their lives on the astral plane will not be thrilled by this solution of their preoccupation. On ripe

reflection, however, they will find little ground for militating against it. We cannot be certain what happens to us

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when we die but we may safely say that at one point we have been in definite contact with the Infinite: at the time of conception, within the womb.

Motives of Fetal Return

The outstanding motive behind the desire to return into the womb is the attainment of happiness in the only perfect form we have known it.

The Biblical concept of Heaven is a projection of organismic memories of a Canaan flowing with milk and honey, where wants were satisfied without wanting, and where we reigned as kings and were the absolute center of the universe because nothing else seemed to exist, the post-natal world being as yet beyond comprehension. None of us ever succeeds in completely forgetting this royal state. The measure of remembered perfection may be the very drive behind our restless search for happiness and our ceaseless struggle for betterment.

In normal circumstances the memory of this happiness is an ideal and inspiration. With faith in our strength and worth, we turn towards the future and pursue happiness in a forward march. Only when we lose courage, when we grow weak and ill, when continued failure casts a pall of gloom over us, do we veer around and seek solace, safety and refuge in the glory of the past as in a beautiful dream.

For the average dreamer, such visions serve the same purpose as consolation dreams. They adduce argument against a pessimistic philosophy, against loss of faith in the quest for happiness, and they imbue him with new courage to go forth and resume the struggle. In that form the desire to return and the splendor of the vision that unleashes it is an asset to humanity.

Unfortunately, we do not always find the vision turned to such constructive use. The neurotic personality sees in it the promise of an easy escape from unhappiness. Because of the grandeur of the dream, the persuasion develops that its attainment is a positive goal and that in the very safety of the womb lies the guarantee of ultimate happiness.

Colloquial language well expresses this delusion: we want to crawl into a hole when we are deeply hurt and feel unwell; we sink into the earth in humiliation and shame, vanish from the face of the earth or feel so small that we almost shrink out of sight. On close examination

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all our escape fantasies from the trials and tribulations of life reveal the spell which pre-natal security and happiness had cast over our unconscious imagination.

The simplest of such escape fantasies manifests itself in retirement into bed in our misery. Bed enfolds and consoles, it lulls us into sleep and gives us oblivion from all earthly cares. It makes us feel safe and secure as if we were back in the womb. It entices with the promise of a new life, of a magical transformation. When "The Sleeper Awakes" (in H. G. Wells's fantasy), he finds himself the owner of the world. When Snow White opens her eyes after her long death sleep, she finds the Prince. As a faithful friend, the bed has few rivals. Closest in the race is the home itself, in which we can dream of the past and work for the future.

While love of the home is the rock on which family life is built and is the basis of the social structure, it is also a medium of escape for those who cannot face reality. Neurotics who closet themselves in their home and deny admittance to others, attempt to lock out the world in the manner of the unborn whose happiness depended on complete isolation. Not realizing that the land of enchantment beckoning in dreams and visions is as unattainable as the Fata Morgana of the desert sky, they persist in playing the victim of this ancient sorcery and fight for their dreams with tooth and claw. To convince them that once we have been admitted into this world we can no longer keep away from it, that the healing balm for frustration cannot be found by regression into the womb, is an important and difficult educational task. The proper function of the home is the reverse: to change reverie into constructive activity, to transmute the power of our yearning into the creation of an ideal unit in a network of homes all over the land, thereby substituting social orientation for self-seeking.

On the national level, the same regressive tendency produces isolationism. The place of the womb and the home is now taken by the mother country and the political isolationists fight as tenaciously for keeping themselves away from the rest of the world as those who suffer from neurotic seclusion.

Those who are not blind to reason, can discover a jarring note in the very fantasy of escape. It may be no more than a ripple over the smooth waters, a

vague disquiet or a distinct protest which they may or may not heed but which nevertheless will continue its whispering campaign against a life of sterility.

The fundamentals of the delusion are not difficult to assimilate.

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We begin life in pain and regret. Birth is a shock both physically and mentally; and it is also the beginning of dissociation. The prenatal mind is not prepared for dealing with the post-natal world; it is meant to sink out of evidence as soon as direct contact with the new world, and together with it, consciousness develops. By returning into the womb, we would escape from this dissociation. However, such return, such a-sociation obviously would have no integrating effect. Life progresses by complexity and diversity. Once we become dissociate by birth, we cannot—with impunity—become a-sociate again.

The Fetal Man

A good deal is yet to be learned about the driving power which pre-natal nostalgia plays in our culture. From the omnific emotions of the unborn, fantasies of great historic mission or of demonic power may develop. They need not be on the negative side of life, but often are. Many grown-ups live the life of the fetus in the womb of the world. In Hindu cosmogony, the world is described as a lotus flower floating in a shallow vessel which rests on the back of an elephant, and the elephant on the back of a tortoise. The fetal man lives in a floating world. As a rule, he dislikes making efforts and considers himself the center of the universe. The neurotic desire to be carried, to lean on somebody and demand constant attention reveals such fetal character traits. Children who forget to grow up and still have fantasies of being in the arms of their mother draw sustenance for this dream life from memories of being carried within the mother's body.

The same fetal tendency manifests itself in the life of ascetics who live in dried-up wells, deserted dens of wild beasts or among the tombs. Jeanne Le Ber who built a chapel with her dowry and lived in a three-tiered stone tower behind the altar in a living tomb from which she only came forth at midnight each day for a half-hour's stroll in the church, shows fetal regression in its worst form. The reason why religion permits the use of its protective cloak for such waste of human life is a mystical one. The return into the womb satisfies the yearning for the union with the divine. It is the place where we last saw God, where the Word became Flesh, and religion would not be true to its esoteric mission if it

frowned on those who seek to find God by immuring themselves within the walls of the Holy Mother, the Church.

Others, instead of shutting themselves within the womb, shut out the world by hysteric blindness in order to recapture the happiness

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of the pre-natal night, and to be fed and looked after by a wife as they were fed and provided for by the mother's body before birth. Still others behave like human kangaroos. A marsupial was defined by a school boy as "an animal with a pouch in the middle of its stomach into which he can retire when hard pressed." Many neurotics retire into themselves in a similar psycho-physical way. Sometimes they hate their mother and this forms an unconscious barrier for the normal form of pre-natal return. Instead of the mother, they may imagine creeping into the father's or the lover's body, or, if nobody cares for them and is willing to carry them, into their own body which they equate with the maternal organism by unconscious mental acrobatics. One can carry oneself in a pendulous belly, which associates with pregnancy, in a blown-up stomach or in any other organ which is extensible. Self-love knows no end to monstrous manifestations. He who is not carried, may carry himself at all cost.

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