

5.5 | *Dreams*

Long before dreams and dreaming became the subject of psychological investigation and psychoanalytical theory, the occurrence and content of dreams were objects of wonder, fear, and speculation. The quotations drawn from the Old Testament and from the poets, historians, and biographers of antiquity bear witness to the influence of dreams and to the importance of the role played by soothsayers and prophets as interpreters of their content. Famous dreams and famous interpretations of dreams are here reported, along with discussions by the philosophers of antiquity concerning the art of divination through dreams. The ancients were not without their skeptical doubts about the supernatural origin of dreams or about their trustworthiness as forecasters of the future. Aristotle, for example, offers some purely naturalistic explanations of dreaming and dream content.

The modern treatment of dreams stresses the relation of dreaming to the powers of the imagination, and the reader is, therefore, advised to relate this section to the preceding one on the imagination. What is ordinarily called day-dreaming or fantasy is, of course, nothing but the imagination at work under more or less conscious control or with some directive purpose. In contrast, the dreams that take place during sleep, or in the process of awakening, manifest no such control or direction. It is precisely this fact that lies at the heart of Freud's unique contribution—his interpretation of dreams as an expression of the unconscious, revealing to the interpreter wishes, emotions, or tendencies of which the dreamer was himself unaware. The significance of dreams for the diagnosis and treatment of psychic disorders connects this section with the one that follows on madness.

1 And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

Genesis 28:10-16

2 Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.

Joel 2:28

3 *Penelope.* Two gates for ghostly dreams there are:
one gateway

of honest horn, and one of ivory.

Issuing by the ivory gate are dreams

of glimmering illusion, fantasies,

but those that come through solid polished horn

may be borne out, if mortals only know them.

Homer, Odyssey, XIX, 562

4 *Chorus*. It is vain, to dream and to see splendors,
and the image slipping from the arms' embrace
escapes, not to return again,
on wings drifting down the ways of sleep.
Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 423

5 *Clytaemestra*. Eyes illuminate the sleeping brain,
but in the daylight man's future cannot be seen.
Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 104

6 *Jocasta*. As to your mother's marriage bed,—don't
fear it.
Before this, in dreams too, as well as oracles,
many a man has lain with his own mother.
Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*, 980

7 *The Second Maiden*. Oh! to set foot, if only in a
dream, in my father's home and city; a luxury
sweet sleep affords, a pleasure shared by us with
wealth!
Euripides, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 453

8 *Socrates*. Let me feast my mind with the dream as
day dreamers are in the habit of feasting them-
selves when they are walking alone; for before
they have discovered any means of effecting their
wishes—that is a matter which never troubles
them—they would rather not tire themselves by
thinking about possibilities; but assuming that
what they desire is already granted to them, they
proceed with their plan, and delight in detailing
what they mean to do when their wish has come
true—that is a way which they have of not doing
much good to a capacity which was never good
for much.

Plato, *Republic*, V, 457B

9 *Socrates*. When the reasoning and human and rul-
ing power is asleep; then the wild beast within us,
gorged with meat or drink, starts up and having
shaken off sleep, goes forth to satisfy his desires;
and there is no conceivable folly or crime—not
excepting incest or any other unnatural union, or
parricide, or the eating of forbidden food—which
at such a time, when he has parted company with
all shame and sense, a man may not be ready to
commit.

Most true, he [Glaucon] said.

But when a man's pulse is healthy and temper-
ate, and when before going to sleep he has awak-
ened his rational powers, and fed them on noble
thoughts and enquiries, collecting himself in med-
itation; after having first indulged his appetites
neither too much nor too little, but just enough to
lay them to sleep, and prevent them and their
enjoyments and pains from interfering with the
higher principle—which he leaves in the solitude
of pure abstraction, free to contemplate and as-
pire to the knowledge of the unknown, whether in
past, present, or future: when again he has al-
layed the passionate element, if he has a quarrel
against anyone—I say, when, after pacifying the

two irrational principles, he rouses up the third,
which is reason, before he takes his rest, then, as
you know, he attains truth most nearly, and is
least likely to be the sport of fantastic and lawless
visions.

I quite agree.

In saying this I have been running into a di-
gression; but the point which I desire to note is
that in all of us, even in good men, there is a
lawless wild-beast nature, which peers out in
sleep.

Plato, *Republic*, IX, 571B

10 It is not improbable that some of the presentations
which come before the mind in sleep may even be
causes of the actions cognate to each of them. For
as when we are about to act [in waking hours], or
are engaged in any course of action, or have al-
ready performed certain actions, we often find
ourselves concerned with these actions, or per-
forming them, in a vivid dream; the cause wher-
eof is that the dream-movement has had a way
paved for it from the original movements set up in
the daytime; exactly so, but conversely, it must
happen that the movements set up first in sleep
should also prove to be starting-points of actions
to be performed in the daytime, since the recur-
rence by day of the thought of these actions also
has had its way paved for it in the images before
the mind at night. Thus then it is quite conceiv-
able that some dreams may be tokens and causes
[of future events].

Aristotle, *Prophesying by Dreams*, 463^a22

11 On the whole, forasmuch as certain of the lower
animals also dream, it may be concluded that
dreams are not sent by God, nor are they designed
for this purpose [to reveal the future]. They have a
divine aspect, however, for Nature [their cause] is
divinely planned, though not itself divine. A spe-
cial proof [of their not being sent by God] is this:
the power of foreseeing the future and of having
vivid dreams is found in persons of inferior type,
which implies that God does not send their
dreams; but merely that all those whose physical
temperament is, as it were, garrulous and excit-
able, see sights of all descriptions; for, inasmuch as
they experience many movements of every kind,
they just chance to have visions resembling objec-
tive facts, their luck in these matters being merely
like that of persons who play at even and odd. For
the principle which is expressed in the gambler's
maxim: 'If you make many throws your luck must
change,' holds good in their case also.

Aristotle, *Prophesying by Dreams*, 463^b11

12 Of all animals man is most given to dreaming.
Children and infants do not dream, but in most
cases dreaming comes on at the age of four or five
years. Instances have been known of full-grown
men and women that have never dreamed at all;
in exceptional cases of this kind, it has been ob-
served that when a dream occurs in advanced life

it prognosticates either actual dissolution or a general break-up of the system.

Aristotle, *History of Animals*, 537^b14

- 13 To whatever pursuit a man is closely tied down and strongly attached, on whatever subject we have previously much dwelt, the mind having been put to a more than usual strain in it, during sleep we for the most part fancy that we are engaged in the same; lawyers think they plead causes and draw up covenants of sale, generals that they fight and engage in battle, sailors that they wage and carry on war with the winds, we think we pursue our task and investigate the nature of things constantly and consign it when discovered to writings in our native tongue. So all other pursuits and arts are seen for the most part during sleep to occupy and mock the minds of men.
- Lucretius, *Nature of Things*, IV
- 14 Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lies.
- Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI
- 15 Darius was by this time upon his march from Susa, very confident, not only in the number of his men, which amounted to six hundred thousand, but likewise in a dream, which the Persian soothsayers interpreted rather in flattery to him than according to the natural probability. He dreamed that he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and Alexander waiting on him, clad in the same dress which he himself had been used to wear when he was courier to the late king; after which, going into the temple of Belus, he vanished out of his sight. The dream would appear to have supernaturally signified to him the illustrious actions the Macedonians were to perform, and that as he, from a courier's place, had risen to the throne, so Alexander should come to be master of Asia, and not long surviving his conquests, conclude his life with glory.
- Plutarch, *Alexander*
- 16 The senses are suspended in the sleeper through certain evaporations and the escape of certain exhalations, as we read in the book on *Sleep*. And, therefore, according to the disposition of such evaporation, the senses are more or less suspended. For when the motion of the vapors is considerable, not only are the senses suspended, but also the imagination, so that there are no phantasms; and this happens especially when a man falls asleep after eating and drinking copiously. If, however, the motion of the vapors be somewhat less, phantasms appear, but distorted and without order; thus it happens in a case of fever. And if the motion be still more attenuated, the phantasms will have a certain order; thus especially does it happen towards the end of sleep, in sober men and those who are gifted with a strong imagination. If the motion of the vapors is very slight,

not only does the imagination retain its freedom, but also the common sense is partly freed, so that sometimes while asleep a man may judge that what he sees is a dream, discerning, as it were, between things and their likenesses. Nevertheless, the common sense remains partly suspended, and therefore, although it discriminates some likenesses from the reality, yet is it always deceived in some particular. Therefore, while man is asleep, according as sense and imagination are free, so the judgment of his intellect is unfettered, though not entirely. Consequently, if a man syllogizes while asleep, when he wakes up he invariably recognizes a flaw in some respect.

Aquinas, *Summa Theologica*, I, 84, 8

- 17 *Pandar*. And all your dreams and other such like folly,
To deep oblivion let them be consigned;
For they arise but from your melancholy,
By which your health is being undermined.
A straw for all the meaning you can find
In dreams! They aren't worth a hill of beans,
For no one knows what dreaming really means.
- Priests in the temples sometimes choose to say
That dreams come from the Gods as revelations;
But other times they speak another way,
And call them hellish false hallucinations!
And doctors say they come from complications,
Or fast or surfeit, or any other lie,
For who knows truly what they signify?
- And others say that through impressions deep,
As when one has a purpose firm in mind,
There come these visions in one's sleep;
And others say that they in old books find,
That every season hath its special kind
Of dream, and all depends upon the moon:
But all such folk are crazy as a loon!
- Dreams are the proper business of old wives,
Who draw their auguries from birds and fowls,
For which men often fear to lose their lives,
The raven's croak or mournful shriek of owls!
O why put trust in bestial shrieks and howls!
Alas, that noble man should be so brash
To implicate his mind in such like trash!
- Chaucer, *Troilus and Cressida*, V, 52-55
- 18 Let us bend our course another way, and try a new sort of divination. Of what kind? asked Panurge. Of a good ancient and authentic fashion, answered Pantagruel; it is by dreams. For in dreaming, such circumstances and conditions being thereto adhibited, as are clearly enough described by Hippocrates . . . by Plato, Plotin, Iamblicus, Synesius, Aristotle, Xenophon, Galen, Plutarch, Artemidorus, Daldianus, Herophilus, Q. Calaber, Theocritus, Pliny, Athenæus, and others, the soul doth oftentimes foresee what is to come. How true this is, you may conceive by a very vulgar and familiar example; as when you see that at such a time as suckling babes, well nourished, fed

and fostered with good milk, sleep soundly and profoundly, the nurses in the interim get leave to sport themselves, and are licentiated to recreate their fancies at what range to them shall seem most fitting and expedient, their presence, sedulity, and attendance on the cradle being, during all that space, held unnecessary. Even just so, when our body is at rest, that the concoction is every where accomplished, and that, till it awake, it lacks for nothing, our soul delighteth to disport itself, and is well pleased in that frolic to take a review of its native country, which is the heavens, where it receiveth a most notable participation of its first beginning, with an imbuement from its divine source, and in contemplation of that infinite and intellectual sphere, whereof the centre is every where, and the circumference in no place of the universal world, (to wit, God, according to the doctrine of Hermes Trismegistus,) to whom no new thing happeneth, whom nothing that is past escapeth, and unto whom all things are alike present; it remarketh not only what is *preterit* and gone, in the inferior course and agitation of sublunary matters, but withal taketh notice what is to come; then bringing a relation of those future events unto the body by the outward senses and exterior organs, it is divulged abroad unto the hearing of others. Whereupon the owner of that soul deserveth to be termed a vaticinator, or prophet. Nevertheless, the truth is, that the soul is seldom able to report those things in such sincerity as it hath seen them, by reason of the imperfection and frailty of the corporeal senses, which obstruct the effectuating of that office; even as the moon doth not communicate unto this earth of ours that light which she receiveth from the sun with so much splendour, heat, vigour, purity, and liveliness as it was given her. Hence it is requisite for the better reading, explaining, and unfolding of these somniatory vaticinations, and predictions, of that nature that a dexterous, learned, skilful, wise, industrious, expert, rational, and peremptory expounder or interpreter be pitched upon.

Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, III, 13

- 19 Those who have compared our life to a dream were perhaps more right than they thought. When we dream, our soul lives, acts, exercises all her faculties, neither more nor less than when she is awake; but if more loosely and obscurely, still surely not so much so that the difference is as between night and bright daylight; rather as between night and shade. There she sleeps, here she slumbers: more and less. It is always darkness, and Cimmerian darkness.

Sleeping we are awake, and waking asleep. I do not see so clearly in sleep; but my wakefulness I never find pure and cloudless enough. Moreover sleep in its depth sometimes puts dreams to sleep. But our wakefulness is never so awake as to purge and properly dissipate reveries, which are the

dreams of the waking, and worse than dreams.

Since our reason and our soul accept the fancies and opinions which arise in it while sleeping, and authorize the actions of our dreams with the same approbation as they do those of the day, why do we not consider the possibility that our thinking, our acting, may be another sort of dreaming, and our waking another kind of sleep?

Montaigne, *Essays*, II, 12, Apology for Raymond Sebond

- 20 I have no cause to complain of my imagination. I have had few thoughts in my life that have even interrupted the course of my sleep, unless they have been those of desire, which awakened me without afflicting me. I seldom dream, and then it is about fantastic things and chimeras usually produced by amusing thoughts, more ridiculous than sad. And I hold that it is true that dreams are faithful interpreters of our inclinations; but there is an art to sorting and understanding them. . . .

Plato says, moreover, that it is the function of wisdom to draw from them instructions for divining the future. I see nothing in that, except for the marvelous experiences related by Socrates, Xenophon, and Aristotle, personages of irreproachable authority.

Montaigne, *Essays*, III, 13, Of Experience

- 21 *Mercutio*. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 54

- 22 *Brutus.* Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, II, i, 62
- 23 *Hamlet.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell
and count myself a *king of infinite space*, were it
not that I have bad dreams.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II, ii, 260
- 24 The imaginations of them that sleep are those we
call *dreams*. And these also (as all other imagina-
tions) have been before, either totally or by par-
cels, in the sense. And because in sense, the brain
and nerves, which are the necessary organs of
sense, are so benumbed in sleep as not easily to be
moved by the action of external objects, there can
happen in sleep no imagination, and therefore no
dream, but what proceeds from the agitation of
the inward parts of man's body; which inward
parts, for the connexion they have with the brain
and other organs, when they be distempered do
keep the same in motion; whereby the imagina-
tions there formerly made, appear as if a man
were waking; saving that the organs of sense being
now benumbed, so as there is no new object which
can master and obscure them with a more vigor-
ous impression, a dream must needs be more
clear, in this silence of sense, than are our waking
thoughts. . . .
And seeing dreams are caused by the distemper
of some of the inward parts of the body, diverse
distempers must needs cause different dreams.
And hence it is that lying cold breedeth dreams of

fear, and raiseth the thought and image of some
fearful object, the motion from the brain to the
inner parts, and from the inner parts to the brain
being reciprocal. . . . In sum, our dreams are the
reverse of our waking imaginations; the motion
when we are awake beginning at one end, and
when we dream, at another.

Hobbes, *Leviathan*, I, 2

- 25 To say He hath spoken to him in a dream is no
more than to say he dreamed that God spake to
him; which is not of force to win belief from any
man that knows dreams are for the most part nat-
ural, and may proceed from former thoughts; and
such dreams as that, from self-conceit, and foolish
arrogance, and false opinion of a man's own good-
liness, or other virtue, by which he thinks he hath
merited the favour of extraordinary revelation. To
say he hath seen a vision, or heard a voice, is to
say that he dreamed between sleeping and wak-
ing: for in such manner a man doth many times
naturally take his dream for a vision, as not hav-
ing well observed his own slumbering.
Hobbes, *Leviathan*, III, 32
- 26 Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth,
and the brother of death exacteth a third part of
our lives. A good part of our sleeps is peered out
with visions, and phantastical objects wherin we
are confessedly deceived. The day supplyeth us
with truths, the night with fictions and falsehoods,
which uncomfortably divide the natural account
of our beings. And therefore having passed the
day in sober labours and rational enquiries of
truth, we are fain to betake ourselves unto such a
state of being, wherin the soberest heads have act-
ed all the monstrosities of melancholy, and which
unto open eyes are no better than folly and mad-
ness.
Sir Thomas Browne, *On Dreams*
- 27 If we dreamt the same thing every night, it would
affect us as much as the objects we see every day.
And if an artisan were sure to dream every night
for twelve hours' duration that he was a king, I
believe he would be almost as happy as a king,
who should dream every night for twelve hours on
end that he was an artisan.
If we were to dream every night that we were
pursued by enemies and harassed by these painful
phantoms, or that we passed every day in differ-
ent occupations, as in making a voyage, we should
suffer almost as much as if it were real, and should
fear to sleep, as we fear to wake when we dread in
fact to enter on such mishaps. And, indeed, it
would cause pretty nearly the same discomforts as
the reality.
But since dreams are all different; and each sin-
gle one is diversified, what is seen in them affects
us much less than what we see when awake, be-
cause of its continuity, which is not, however, so

continuous and level as not to change too; but it changes less abruptly, except rarely, as when we travel, and then we say, "It seems to me I am dreaming." For life is a dream a little less inconstant.

Pascal, *Pensées*, VI, 386

- 28 Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband
gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and
faint.

Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my
night.

Milton, *Methought I saw my late espoused Saint*

- 29 He [Johnson] related, that he had once in a dream a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. 'Now, (said he,) one may mark here the effect of sleep in weakening the power of reflection; for had not my judgement failed me, I should have seen, that the wit of this supposed antagonist, by whose superiority I felt myself depressed, was as much furnished by me, as that which I thought I had been uttering in my own character.'

Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1780)

- 30 I would ask if dreams (from which our sleep is never free, although we rarely remember what we have dreamed), may not be a regulation of nature adapted to ends. For, when all the muscular forces of the body are relaxed, dreams serve the purpose of internally stimulating the vital organs by means of the imagination and the great activity which it exerts—an activity that in this state generally rises to psycho-physical agitation. This seems to be why imagination is usually more actively at work in the sleep of those who have gone to bed at night with a loaded stomach, just when this stimulation is most needed. Hence, I would suggest that without this internal stimulating force and fatiguing unrest that makes us complain of our dreams, which in fact, however, are probably curative, sleep, even in a sound state of health, would amount to a complete extinction of life.

Kant, *Critique of Teleological Judgement*, 67

- 31 Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:

Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 190

- 32 Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality.

Byron, *The Dream*, I

- 33 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

Keats, *Ode to a Nightingale*

- 34 When I was a child, I well remember a somewhat similar circumstance that befell me; whether it was a reality or a dream, I never could entirely settle. The circumstance was this. I had been cutting up some caper or other—I think it was trying to crawl up the chimney, as I had seen a little sweep do a few days previous; and my stepmother who, somehow or other, was all the time whipping me, or sending me to bed supperless,—my stepmother dragged me by the legs out of the chimney and packed me off to bed, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st June, the longest day in the year in our hemisphere. I felt dreadfully. But there was no help for it, so upstairs I went to my little room in the third floor, undressed myself as slowly as possible so as to kill time, and with a bitter sigh got between the sheets.

I lay there dismally calculating that sixteen entire hours must elapse before I could hope to get out of bed again. Sixteen hours in bed! the small of my back ached to think of it. And it was so light too; the sun shining in at the window, and a great rattling of coaches in the streets, and the sound of gay voices all over the house. I felt worse and worse—at last I got up, dressed, and softly going down in my stockinged feet, sought out my stepmother, and suddenly threw myself at her feet, beseeching her as a particular favour to give me a good slippering for my misbehaviour; anything indeed but condemning me to lie abed such an unendurable length of time. But she was the best and most conscientious of stepmothers, and back I had to go to my room. For several hours I lay there broad awake, feeling a great deal worse than I have ever done since, even from the greatest subsequent misfortunes. At last I must have fallen into a troubled nightmare of a doze; and slowly waking from it—half steeped in dreams—I opened my eyes, and the before sunlit room was now wrapped in outer darkness. Instantly I felt a shock running through all my frame; nothing was to be seen, and nothing was to be heard; but a supernatural hand seemed placed in mine. My arm hung over the counterpane, and the name-

less, unimaginable, silent form or phantom, to which the hand belonged, seemed closely seated by my bedside. For what seemed ages piled on ages, I lay there, frozen with the most awful fears, not daring to drag away my hand; yet ever thinking that if I could but stir it one single inch, the horrid spell would be broken. I knew not how this consciousness at last glided away from me; but waking in the morning, I shudderingly remembered it all, and for days and weeks and months afterwards I lost myself in confounding attempts to explain the mystery. Nay, to this very hour, I often puzzle myself with it.

Melville, *Moby Dick*, IV

- 35 In a morbid condition of the brain, dreams often have a singular actuality, vividness, and extraordinary semblance of reality. At times monstrous images are created, but the setting and the whole picture are so truthlike and filled with details so delicate, so unexpectedly, but so artistically consistent, that the dreamer, were he an artist like Pushkin or Turgenev even, could never have invented them in the waking state. Such sick dreams always remain long in the memory and make a powerful impression on the overwrought and deranged nervous system.

Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*, I, 5

- 36 The world of dreams is our real world whilst we are sleeping, because our attention then lapses from the sensible world. Conversely, when we wake the attention usually lapses from the dream-world and that becomes unreal. But if a dream haunts us and compels our attention during the day it is very apt to remain figuring in our consciousness as a sort of sub-universe alongside of the waking world. Most people have probably had dreams which it is hard to imagine not to have been glimpses into an actually existing region of being, perhaps a corner of the "spiritual world." And dreams have accordingly in all ages been regarded as revelations, and have played a large part in furnishing forth mythologies and creating themes for faith to lay hold upon. The "larger universe" here, which helps us to believe both in the dream and in the waking reality which is its immediate reductive, is the total universe, of Nature plus the Supernatural. The dream holds true, namely, in one half of that universe; the waking perceptions in the other half.

William James, *Psychology*, XXI

- 37 In the dream life, the child, as it were, continues his existence in the man, with a retention of all his traits and wishes, including those which he was obliged to allow to fall into disuse in his later years. With irresistible might it will be impressed on you by what processes of development, of repression, sublimation, and reaction there arises out of the child, with its peculiar gifts and tenden-

cies, the so-called normal man, the bearer and partly the victim of our painfully acquired civilization.

Freud, *Origin and Development of Psycho-Analysis*, III

- 38 That all the material composing the content of a dream is somehow derived from experience, that it is reproduced or remembered in the dream—this at least may be accepted as an incontestable fact. Yet it would be wrong to assume that such a connection between the dream-content and reality will be easily obvious from a comparison between the two. On the contrary, the connection must be carefully sought, and in quite a number of cases it may for a long while elude discovery.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, I, B

- 39 The dream represents a certain state of affairs, such as I might wish to exist; *the content of the dream is thus the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish.*

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, II

- 40 The dream is not comparable to the irregular sounds of a musical instrument, which, instead of being played by the hand of a musician, is struck by some external force; the dream is not meaningless, not absurd, does not presuppose that one part of our store of ideas is dormant while another part begins to awake. It is a perfectly valid psychic phenomenon, actually a wish-fulfilment; it may be enrolled in the continuity of the intelligible psychic activities of the waking state; it is built up by a highly complicated intellectual activity.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, III

- 41 The dream often appears to have several meanings; not only may several wish-fulfilments be combined in it . . . but one meaning or one wish-fulfilment may conceal another, until in the lowest stratum one comes upon the fulfilment of a wish from the earliest period of childhood.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, V, B

- 42 In a certain sense, all dreams are convenience-dreams; they serve the purpose of continuing to sleep instead of waking. *The dream is the guardian of sleep, not its disturber. . . . The wish to sleep, to which the conscious ego has adjusted itself, and which . . . represents the ego's contribution to the dream, must thus always be taken into account as a motive of dream-formation, and every successful dream is a fulfilment of this wish.*

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, V, C

- 43 It has been my experience—and to this I have found no exception—that every dream treats of oneself. Dreams are absolutely egoistic.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, C

- 44 The inclusion of a certain content in a dream within a dream is, therefore, equivalent to the wish that

what has been characterized as a dream had never occurred. In other words: when a particular incident is represented by the dream-work in a dream, it signifies the strongest confirmation of the reality of this incident, the most emphatic *affirmation* of it. The dream-work utilizes the dream itself as a form of repudiation, and thereby confirms the theory that a dream is a wish-fulfilment.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, C

- 45 The investigation of day-dreams might really have afforded the shortest and best approach to the understanding of nocturnal dreams.

Like dreams, they are wish-fulfillments; like dreams, they are largely based upon the impressions of childish experiences; like dreams, they obtain a certain indulgence from the censorship in respect of their creations. If we trace their formation, we become aware how the wish-motive which has been operative in their production has taken the material of which they are built, mixed it together, rearranged it, and fitted it together into a new whole. They bear very much the same relation to the childish memories to which they refer as many of the baroque palaces of Rome bear to the ancient ruins, whose hewn stones and columns have furnished the material for the structures built in the modern style.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VI, I

- 46 Dreaming is on the whole an act of regression to the earliest relationships of the dreamer, a resuscitation of his childhood, of the impulses which were then dominant and the modes of expression which were then available. Behind this childhood of the individual we are then promised an insight into the phylogenetic childhood, into the evolu-

tion of the human race, of which the development of the individual is only an abridged repetition influenced by the fortuitous circumstances of life . . . and we are encouraged to expect, from the analysis of dreams, a knowledge of the archaic inheritance of man, a knowledge of psychical things in him that are innate. It would seem that dreams and neuroses have preserved for us more of the psychical antiquities than we suspected; so that psycho-analysis may claim a high rank among those sciences which endeavour to reconstruct the oldest and darkest phases of the beginnings of mankind.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VII, B

- 47 And what of the value of dreams in regard to our knowledge of the future? That, of course, is quite out of the question. One would like to substitute the words: *in regard to our knowledge of the past*. For in every sense a dream has its origin in the past. The ancient belief that dreams reveal the future is not indeed entirely devoid of the truth. By representing a wish as fulfilled the dream certainly leads us into the future; but this future, which the dreamer accepts as his present, has been shaped in the likeness of the past by the indestructible wish.

Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*, VII, F

- 48 Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Yeats, *He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven*

5.6 | Madness

Irrationality is peculiar to the so-called "rational animal." Though we sometimes refer to other animals as "mad," we do not do so in the sense in which human madness is understood as loss or disorder of mind. It is that sense of the term which runs through the quotations below, even when the word itself does not appear, but some other

word—such as "frenzy," "lunacy," "melancholy," or "insanity"—takes its place. Only in quotations drawn from comparatively recent writers do such technical terms as "neurosis," "psychosis," or "hysteria" occur, together with the medical names for the symptoms or other manifestations of mental disease. The clinical picture of one mental