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Promotional Demo



Discoveries in the Realm of the Soul

First Book:

The Life of the Dream

*Entdeckungen auf dem Gebiete der Seele
Erstes Buch: Das Leben des Traums*

Karl Albert Scherner

First published in Berlin in MDCCCLXI

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Translated for the first time into English from the original
German by B. C. P. Statema

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A Brief Introduction

to this New Translation of Dr. Karl Albert Scherner's Foundational Text

Many English-speaking thinkers acquainted with modern psychology, or any form of analysis from the likes of Freud or Jung, may know brief histories of the science and have second- or third-hand notions of its roots in philosophy. Today, many believe it began with Freud and Breuer, but have not asked where their notions stemmed from aside from a fascination with dreams. While it is true that dreams are compelling enough to spark the question on their own, Freud did not arrive at his theories in isolation. Much of his inspiration came from a philosopher and early psychologist who wrote this text, *The Life of the Dream* (1861), decades earlier. Indeed, the opening chapter of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* (1899) explicitly cites this text as a premier authority and inspiration.

In my research into the history of Freudian and Jungian analysis, I encountered a brick wall, as there was no English translation of this text to date. Considering how much time has passed since the work was written, and how profoundly psychology has changed since 1861, I felt it wise to take on the responsibility of translating the text into English. My goal is to bring this work to the eyes and souls of English-speaking readers who may find it of interest—whether for the study of the history of psychology, the study of symbolism, or simply for the general reader. Instead of delving into the why and how of this translation, I seek to be brief so as not to inflate this introduction with my own interpretations. If you feel the need to understand my views on the psychology of the text itself through the lens of a Jungian analysis, I have appended a commentary from this perspective at the tail of the work.

I must make a brief note regarding specific recurring terms in the text, namely *Soul*, *Spirit*, *Object*, *Subject*, and *Nothing*. Scherner uses these words not as casual literary expressions, but as precise, deliberate building blocks of his psychological and philosophical system. Because standard English text formatting tends to smooth over these critical distinctions, I have chosen to capitalize these specific terms throughout the translation. This is done entirely to preserve Scherner's original technical structure and to ensure that

the careful architecture of his thought shines through clearly for the modern reader.

Where I found it necessary to help a reader in terms of understanding—and hopefully not interpretation—I have strategically placed a few footnotes. This is because the original high-flown style of the German text has nuances that do not cleanly translate to a corresponding term in English. Some single words in German require a short phrase to make them intelligible. Lastly, I want to apologize in advance for any mistakes made in this work, or areas where I may not have made it as intelligible as I would have hoped. This is, after all, a 19th-century text written by an academic of that era. In the style he chose and the terms he used, there is no easy or universally acceptable method to handle such things. Many of the concepts used herein were employed when dream science was fetal; thus, many of the conceptions Scherner used have entirely different meanings today.

B. C. P. Statema
September 2026
Kenosha, Wi.

An Introduction to this Promotional Demo text

In the modern time we happen to live in, the world has largely forgotten Scherner, despite Freud's citations of him which I spoke of in the text's official TTP introduction. The world has largely forgotten many historical works which I believe have not yet yielded to our generation the quantity of wisdom which I know they still bear. At the moment, I am preparing several groundbreaking text translations that have never been rendered into English. These upcoming releases include a couple of medieval exorcistic manuals. One of these volumes lays out theories of sonic healing and herbal remedies for those who are afflicted or bewitched, as it was thought at the time, combined with exorcisms to be read during the healing. I am also working on a twin-set of philosophical texts which have never outlived their welcome to the yearning hearts of readers searching for wisdom. These companion volumes feature a newly printed edition of Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* and *Beyond Good and Evil* in hardcover format, appended with an original essay titled *On the Psychology of Friedrich Nietzsche's Sibling Masterworks*.

There are several projects being undertaken which are still under wraps, and the twin-set which I spoke of had yet to be publicly announced prior to publication of this promotional text. I feel it necessary to explain that my goal in all of my endeavors in life, and consequently the founding of The Thinking Press and the texts therein, is to guide the reader through his own faculties toward the knowledge of his inner workings, to his Self. The method of this guidance is held within my philosophy of the Will Toward the Good, that is aligning your life with the benefit of all of these criteria simultaneously: To act in a way which benefits you, your immediate family, your relatives, your friends, your wider community, your nation, and your world now, in a week, in a year, in a decade, and throughout your lifetime, and those who live after you.

It is with a heavy heart that I see many fellow human beings act in accordance with their benefit in only immediate circumstances, and with that lifestyle one can never achieve inward

sight enough to claim that they have even a tenuous grasp of the self. Sadly, the work done behind institutional walls will be diluted so much in the stream which flows out to those who really need the guidance, since it is those who blaspheme the holy spirit, so to speak, who need the information most! But it is also those same individuals who are least likely to go in search of it, since those living in the worst conditions, whether mental or physical, don't have the mental real estate to read a copy of *Symbols of Transformation* or Viktor Frankl. They lack what they need in terms of the most fundamental needs such as Food, Shelter, and a supportive circle upon which they can rely.

Many charities exist to help those who truly are in need, though many who truly need this are caught in the cycle of the wounder's whip. These are the exact minds whom I have the utmost desire to reach, and it is precisely why recovering these forgotten psychological texts is so vital. Material needs are important, but they are not the only problem of the cosmos' Darwinian state. The same structural neglect applies directly to the human psyche. I will end my talk of the world's problems, and I want to leave this on the note that my goal in every action is to bring forth wisdom from pages which have been closed in many cases for centuries. In my forthcoming work, *The Wisdom of Catastrophe*, I lay out my complete system for healing the cosmos and finding the true balance between Chaos and Order.

To support this recovery of ancient wisdom and secure these texts for your own library, we invite you to read through this initial promotional demo, share your feedback, and secure your pre-order of our upcoming foundational volumes as soon as they become available for submission.

B. C. P. Statema
Kenosha, Wi.
22 September 2026

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Since this edition is shortened as a Promotional read for our website viewers, This table of contents, despite its inclusion of the entire works contents, most of its entries do not apply to this promotional copy since it only contains the first four Chapters of the text.

Promotional Demo

Introduction to the Discoveries in General

I will search into the Soul and make discoveries, so far as I am able—and I dare it! For I am drawn by her beautiful form, and still more by what lies concealed behind it; and I am drawn, in general, by whatever is concealed, and I bear toward it an inexpressible longing.

But the Soul remains, still, concealed; for despite the millennia during which philosophy has occupied itself with her, one has not yet arrived at the firm insight that the Soul is a being possessed of selfhood—still less that she is a magnificent being, one that far surpasses, in fullness, splendor, and loftiness of organization, everything else in the cosmos; and there reigns, concerning the Soul, a complete uncertainty. The natural consequence of this is the total disintegration of belief afflicting mankind in the present age. Such a sorry state of affairs in the domain of the science of the soul naturally serves all the better those to whom the artful edifice of the body lies nearer the heart than the Soul does, and who boldly set up the brain in the place of Spirit, and the material tissue of the body as the source of the Soul. However degrading this may be for man, both in his own eyes and in his standing within the cosmos, one may nonetheless not bear them ill will for it, for science and her teaching are free, and must remain forever free; and so long as philosophy herself has not raised the Soul above an uncertain Nothing, every opinion about her, even the crudest, stands free. All the more, then, is it the duty of philosophy to take up the Soul anew, and to seek to investigate her, with every exertion of spirit, as searchingly as possible—setting aside all vanities, and applying only whatever leads to a real result.

And it seems to me that philosophy, so long as she has not fathomed the essence of the Soul, has staked her honor before the

world; since it is she who received the highest dignities of spirit in the world of men, and who therefore owes to mankind the highest exertions of spirit, and the satisfaction of its most precious interests. To provide for the mere freedom of human development, as before, is no longer philosophy's affair, now that the State, legislation, and the free press have themselves taken this in hand; but to fathom the essence of the human spirit—for whose sake all the freedom the State has won is meant to exist—this the most excellent king cannot accomplish, nor can the joint parliamentary power of the people within the State, nor the ever-courageous cleverness of the press; but philosophy can accomplish it, to whose sphere of action it falls, and she will compel it with her acuteness and her depths, if only she is willing to compel it in full earnest.

But how must one investigate the Soul, so that she may be discovered? For what is properly at issue, I believe, is her disclosure or discovery, and not her existence—since she has already set as witnesses before the common confluence of the matter of the terrestrial globe such great works of culture, of science, of art, of religion, of the State, of freely moral historical deeds, commanding reverence, and has brought these into being; although, on the other hand, a thorough science of the soul must still inquire after her existence as well, and thereafter after her essence.

Let us see, then, first, how one must not proceed in the investigation of the Soul, if one wishes to arrive at a decided result. One cannot arrive at a result if one wished to make use solely of pure speculation; for the pure movement of reason, without regard for the very thing to be considered (that is, with the setting-aside of the receptivity of the cognitive faculty, which necessarily attaches itself to the object of cognition), remains forever and always only a one-sided, subjective movement of spirit—which, however exalted the philosophizing Subject may feel in the process, however artful,

consistent, and subtle the speculation may proceed in its development, nonetheless only ever concerns itself with what it pleased a meditation, proceeding freely on its own—that is, unconcerned with the real psychical Object—to conceive of it; and precisely the freely chosen basis of the system, and its consequences, permitted one to accept as pertaining to the Soul—but not what the psychical Object itself commanded to be said about itself, and left to the subjectivity of spirit for sharper, more penetrating, and more exhaustive investigation.

For this reason, too, all previous conceptions of the Soul arrived at through speculation have remained just as fickle and arbitrary as they are insufficient—indeed, altogether void, and wholly at odds with natural human feeling. But the negation of the Soul thereby expressed does not prove that the Soul herself does not exist, but only that free speculation alone is not capable of grasping her. For the Soul is a fullness in herself; she must therefore be grasped together with the receptivity of spirit, which is fitted for the fullness of its object. Absolutely speaking, however, free speculation—even were it to arrive at reliable results—would never be capable of creating an adequate science of the soul; for speculation is, by its nature, universal and general, whereas the human Soul is everywhere organized in the finest and most delicate manner—that is, in the most particular manner—so that the subtlest precision of inquiry, and the most supple and willing pliancy of investigation, are required merely to grasp her in her spiritual nature and organization at all. Through the wide nets of general speculation, the Soul's fine, immediate essence slips everywhere through. One must fit the organs that would capture her precisely to her measure, or she remains, as before, unrecognized in her true essence. Furthermore, there lies also in the very manner in which speculation proceeds in the development of its content (in that, lacking any support or regulation on the part of the object itself, it must support itself

chiefly through the correctness of its developmental form, and must therefore give the weight to construction rather than to content) no invitation for natural, vigorous human conviction; for such conviction seeks only the kernel of cognition, and not its husks—still less husks set above the kernel in worth; and a substantial, kernel-like content overcomes conviction immediately, requiring for this no artificial supports whatsoever. Speculation does, however, recommend itself—and this is its indisputable right within the science of the soul—for the highest synthesis, into a total idea, of the real cognitive content already found in its individual parts, and for all the highest surveys and regulations bound up with this. She must therefore enter in after real investigation, and not before it; then she will not need the deadening excess of construction, will preserve, in the creation of thoroughgoing, all-encompassing, and unifying ideas, the freedom and lofty sense of the movement of reason, and will exert, through the full marrow and substance of her ideas, a far greater influence upon mankind than she does today.

Next to this, however, applied speculation—that is, speculation attaching itself to the object of cognition—stands, as the steadily invigorating element of real investigation, an indispensable lever for all the deeper questions of the Soul; and it seems to me that, on the most decisive core questions concerning the Soul, which absolutely must be resolved, it is a very honorable thing for philosophical speculation to work together with real investigation—as, for instance, on the question of where the boundary lies between brain and Soul and their respective activities—and on very many others besides. That, however, a merely superficial empiricism is, in the end, not suited to the investigation of the Soul, since the most essential problem lies precisely beyond its reach, is too self-evident for us to need to speak of it at length. Let us turn, therefore, to the true manner of investigation.

First: with which faculty of thought or cognition must the Soul be grasped? To this the answer is: with the human faculty of thought and cognition taken as a whole. The human faculty of cognition contains, by nature, intuition and thought together; sense, understanding, and reason belong together in a single, inseparable organism; and the division—now grown customary—between the thinking of reason and sense amounts to nothing less than a presumptuous assault upon the very cognitive nature of man. And this assault upon nature punishes itself; for pure speculation, pursued this way, has not led to any real result, while the empiricism of natural science, for its part, persists nonetheless in a merely external mode of operation—for all the richness of its cognitive content—and fails to reach the depths of being, remaining without any thoroughgoing depth or unification of its content. All the powers of cognition condition one another reciprocally. The understanding is rooted in sensory intuition, reason in the understanding; and, conversely, reason itself encloses and illuminates both the understanding and sensory intuition, and is, from above downward, their root, just as, conversely, from below upward, sense and understanding give it life and force. It is within this total organism of the cognitive-thinking apparatus that the investigation of the Soul must move; only so does it gain force sufficiently penetrating, sufficiently comprehensive, and sufficiently supple, pliant, and elastic;

only so does it yield a fully rounded result of its labor of thought; only so does it achieve a fully sustained impression upon the power of conviction, in respect of both the particular and the whole of consciousness at once. Through the vigorous exercise of intuition, the investigation of the soul becomes, in and of itself, forceful in content, fresh, and alive; through the exertion of the power of understanding, deeply incisive, fine, and sharp in its cognitive material; through the activity of reason, wholly transparent, deeply

exhaustive, leading toward being, and all-encompassing, drawing from the very source of life. But through all these powers together, the idea of cognition unfolds, surging in force, in scope, in sharp emergence, in fullness, in depth, and in the exhaustive unification of its content. Should one meet this with the tired proposition that things-in-themselves are unknowable, I answer: just as the Soul, at every instant, steps forth out of her hidden inner being into outward life, so too can one, by way of her life thus stepped forth, arrive back again, by that same path, into her essence. Indeed, one sees, in considering the life of the Soul, immediately thereby into her essence; for—I must anticipate this broadly—the Soul (Spirit) is, in herself, a being of the utmost mobility, even in her very being; and her essence, in that it is, already appears immediately in movement, and has its being through movement; wherefore the consideration of the movement that has stepped forth, which is life, leads immediately into being itself. Finally, it becomes clear that, since the Soul herself is the very thing to be investigated, and is also, in turn, that very thing which grasps and investigates, Object and the power of investigation stand in complete correspondence to one another; hence the mutual, self-exhausting interpenetration of the Soul with herself must appear entirely possible and natural; and no one, however systematically paralyzed and prejudiced he may be by that unnatural proposition, will wish to deny that reason is a very deep power, and understanding a very sharply incisive one—a matter it is not the place here to pursue further.

Secondly, however: how must one investigate the Object itself, according to its own command, as against that of thought? For the Object of the psyche, however extremely mobile it is, is a crystalline content of being, persisting in and through movement, and has its own quite fixed formation within itself, and wholly immovable norms and laws of its own appearance, and cannot be molded this

way or that; rather, it wills, and must, insert itself into cognition without any violation of its real nature.

To this question, then—how the Object, for its part, demands to be investigated—the answer is: exactly as it gives itself, and not otherwise; and were one to seize it otherwise, one would weaken and distort the Object, and thereby cognition itself. But as what, then, does the psychical Object present itself to the researcher's consideration? In the first place, the psychical appearance forms a massive wealth of splendid phenomena, especially in a multitude of distinct and manifold groups en gros, and there offers itself to research the fullest opportunity to grasp and sketch the Soul in her living splendor, just as one describes every other living beauty. Out of every relation of human life the Soul shoots forth; out of the living machinery of the State she herself rises up, magnificently alive; and through every great sphere of culture her immense life unfolds and offers itself to research. In each single individual, too, when one considers his life and development—and, differently again in man and in woman—one has splendid, self-moving portraits of the living Soul; and in great men especially one sees her rise, bolder still, upon her course, like star and comet. One is a fool who believes the Soul shows herself too little to be capable of investigation; rather, she shows herself too much and too often—for she shows herself continually—and it is the very universality of her immaterial light that renders her effects upon us less perceptible, especially since she does not act as material stimulus does. Yet through all her appearing there shines the manifoldness of her essence and her gathered force, and one sees, in this, the clarity of her lawful being, and, still more, the concentrated stream of being within herself, which generates out of itself all this splendor and force of life, and all this light of law. And from wherever one begins, the path opens to survey her most immediate essence itself; be it directly in the crystallization of her substantial core; be it directly in the living movement of that same

substantial core; be it in the fullness, height, and refinement of her organization; be it in the inexhaustible wealth of her manifested force and development.

One need only look upon her—the Divine one—and one finds, from every side, only the immediate proof of her being, and, in contrast to matter, such a comportment of being in its own unfolding, and such a shaping in the very crystallization of being itself, that one wholly forgets to think of matter at all in connection with the Soul; although, on the other hand, real investigation can easily demonstrate where a natural transition from the psychical to living connections with matter lies. It is the case, however, viewed within the cosmos, that matter is set as the fixed foundation of the All, and bears within its imponderables the force that sustains its life-movement against congealing into rigidity; while, on the other hand, spirit is set within the cosmos as the supremely creative, ideally-moving principle of the All—and nothing is more moving and more all-encompassing in movement than spirit. And even if one considers but this one power in the Soul—how she strives, consciously active, to inwardly appropriate the whole universe, so far as ever she is able to reach it; and how she bears, remembering, the gigantic images of the universe in its totality and in the countlessness of its multiplicity, all gathered together within her own minute point of being—then one must admire her, one must acknowledge her greatness, one must at last restore to her force and rank within the cosmos, and one must, at last, deem her worthy of a grander, deeper, sharper, and more thorough investigation.

This is what I had to say, in sum, by way of introduction to my investigations, for I am not fond of long preambles, but of the deed of research itself. But if I have given my investigations the name ‘Discoveries,’ this means that I intend to strive to investigate in an original way, and to open new points of view concerning the Soul,

so far as lies within my resolute strength and inborn enthusiasm for the Soul. Should the name nonetheless appear boastful, I gladly confess that to reach for the treasures of the Soul, which lie everywhere in plain view, is no great glory—although to see this fullness within the Soul seems to have been granted to very few. I shall present my discoveries under the following heads: 1) The Soul in dream (the life of the dream). 2) The Soul in the somnambulistic state (the essence of magnetic clairvoyance, real investigations into the wealth of this phenomenal realm). 3) The Soul grasped in fully formed individuality (the soul of Frederick the Great, its construction, real investigations thereupon). 4) The formation of the human soul according to man and woman (the differing structure and mode of manifestation proper to the male and to the female soul). 5) Immediate views of the organization of life within the Soul (the essence of the life-organism, the physiology of the Soul). 6) The rich structure of the Soul in her various faculties or powers (the essence of these faculties and their thoroughgoing organic oneness). 7) The being of the Soul in its universal nature and form (the construction of the Soul's being according to every decisive point of view). 8) The continuance of the Soul in particular. It becomes clear that my undertaking is to introduce a thoroughgoing real science into the domain of the Soul. If the Soul, so treated in the most real manner from within and from without, presents herself as a true, essential, and exceedingly rich, splendid, and wondrous being, then belief in her will of itself return, doubt will recede, and for this deepest wound of mankind a remedy will have been found. Come, then, whoever desires that a strong science of the soul may arise; that the soul-life within man may again become vigorous and sound; that all the ideal factors of humanity may again take effective hold; and that force may come into the ennobling of the spirit: let him step forward for the spirit, build up a vigorous investigation of the soul, and set down greater works for the Soul than my own beginnings.

Promotional Demo

Introduction to the Life of the Dream

(1861 ed. pp. XVII–XX, complete)

I begin my discoveries with a phenomenal sphere; for the real investigator must first seek to grasp the Soul within her circles of appearance, before he approaches her essence, and then penetrates ever deeper and more closely into her innermost secret of being. I choose the Soul 'in dream,' however, because, as I hope, the life of the dream is one of the most appealing fields of appearance of the Soul, and can most easily win for her a more general affection. And finally, I am convinced that, if I succeed in showing, already within the flitting shadow-plays of the dream, the life of the Soul as something magnificent, this will win for her, in advance, a correspondingly more favorable opinion regarding her more powerful and deeper regions.

As for the execution of the problem, however, since I have resolved to investigate in a manner full of life and objective, I must not, in doing so, be guided by any preconceived abstract method; rather, I must ask the subject-matter itself in what manner it permits and demands to be investigated most many-sidedly, most penetratingly, and most vividly; and this must be the method of the investigation. In this way, then, the problem of the dream offers the following fruitful and essential points of view for consideration.

The dream-life presents itself, first, in its universal manifestation, and forms therein very lush and manifold universal views, wherein the living Soul of the night smiles upon us, in her own way, as appealingly as does the living concord of nature's impressions in the world. But underlying the universal manifestation of the dream-life, secondly, is the universal inner condition of psychical life in the dream, which produces the fullness of outer appearances, and whose quite peculiar organization brings it about that the conscious life of the night—for the dream is a form of

conscious life—takes shape wholly and entirely otherwise than that of the day. This inner organization, taken as a whole, in turn encloses a host of particular moments for consideration, in that it has as its nearer content the multiplicity of spiritual powers in their altered states and relations, and the new combinations of activity, original to the dream, that arise therefrom. Thirdly, and finally, there develop, out of the fixed lawful being of the dream-life in its inner organization and outer manifestation, a host of distinct, determinate, and constant, as it were crystallized, types of dream-representation, each of which has its own peculiar, characteristic form resting upon a specific cause. And the entire dream-life of the night proceeds within these specific types of representation, so that it continually appears as though poured forth now from this form, now from that, however inexhaustible the manifoldness that wells forth beyond them. From the various dream-types, moreover, are formed the various genera and species of dreams, which together contain a great wealth of classification, and grant a wholly distinctive insight into the fabric of the dream; indeed, every dream-fabric can be analyzed, in an understanding-governed way, down to its finest and most intricately combined web of appearance, and traced back to its origin and its laws.

It is this threefold point of view, then, which conditions a threefold division of the investigation, and which underlies the three successive Sections of this book; wherein, needless to say, each of the following Sections presupposes the content of the one preceding it for its own correct comprehension, so that the whole thereby has as its purpose a many-sided knowledge advancing by stages. In the first Section I present the dream-life according to its universal manifestation; in the second, according to its inner organization; in the third, according to the wealth of the dream-types in genus and species.

In the first Section, where the universal phenomenal life of the dream as such is to be brought to view, the inquiring understanding, while pursuing its own purposes, must at the same time make use of imaginative intuition, in order both to grasp the phenomenal appearance in its living total impression, and to lend, in advance, a more vivid impressive force upon inner intuition to its essence, which is not sensibly graspable—something very necessary in all psychological investigation; and, further, imagination is the most flourishing power of the dream, especially since it proceeds there in full emancipation from the reflective powers of spirit, and deserves, for its own sake, a certain prominence also in the manner in which thought apprehends it. The second Section, however, since it occupies itself with the inner essence of the dream-life, must be grasped chiefly by reason; the third, finally, which has as its object the particularizing essence of the genus and species of dream, the characterization of the distinctions therein, and namely the special analysis, sifting, and grouping of the most manifold facts of dream, belongs essentially to the understanding—although, needless to say, the cooperation of all the mental powers of thought and cognition is everywhere required.

If, then, in my investigation, reason and understanding have thus been satisfied, as well as the living intuition of spirit, without which it never comes forth with full force, then I hope that my book, in this mode of presentation demanded by the investigation itself, will also appear worthy of attention to the professional philosopher. But should this form nonetheless be held against it as a reproach, I would remind the reader in reply: that without abandoning philosophical pride, and the reluctance philosophy has hitherto shown toward penetrating investigation by way of a pliant adaptation of thought to its object, one cannot arrive at thoroughgoing results in the domain of the Soul—or, rather, the essence of the Soul remains undeciphered, that is, just as questionable as before—to

philosophy's own very great disadvantage; for, so long as it remains uncertain whether the human spirit, whose highest representative is philosophy, exists and is at all for itself, the very authority of philosophy itself must become questionable; while materialistic presumption, meanwhile, will only swell the more, and the existing preponderance of natural science will remain a lasting one. To establish belief in the human spirit through a free science—one with which the microscopy of natural science cannot compete—this appears to me to be, above all, the task philosophy faces in our time; for the freer state-life that has now come to be, having given the human spirit its own path and movement, requires a corresponding inner strengthening of spirit within itself, and its moral consolidation and regulation through conviction in itself.

Even if this book, then, is not devoted to the essence of the Soul—for it takes as its object only a shimmering sphere of the Soul's appearance—it nonetheless leads, directly and without constraint, often more deeply into the inner nature of the Soul than the problem might at first seem to allow. And just as one may dig toward the interior of the earth from any point upon its surface, so too, from every point on the periphery of psychical life, access stands open toward the deeper constitution of the Soul. The chief task of phenomenological investigation, however, must always remain this: through the disclosure of the rich force, fullness, manifoldness, beauty, depth, and lawful clarity within the life of the Soul, to work toward conviction in her being and her substance.

May it be granted to thee, Psyche—thou who art, in dream, as cheerful as the youth of maidens, and often more joyful, more playful, more roguish than the loveliest maidens at their merriest play—to win for thyself, through this, friendly lovers.

**The Dream-Life According to Its Universal
Manifestation.**

§ 1. The Pliant Nature of the Dream.

(1861 ed. pp. 1–4, complete)

There is surely no more faithful friend, one who has accompanied us so lovingly throughout the whole of life, as the dream. Even upon the countenance of the infant he expresses, through a blissful smile, his kindly, friendly presence. But he follows the boy yet more powerfully; for the boy already possesses more than the flowing mother's breast, more than the deep-souled gaze of the mother's eye. For him, nature, life, freedom, merry companionship are the whole interest of life; and out of the song of birds, out of the many-shimmering colors of the meadow-plants, out of shrubs and hedges, out of joyful chasing and comradely wrestling, the dream weaves for him his most precious joys by night. But when the boy has grown large, and rises up a stately and handsome youth, emulating and marveling at the ideals of Rome and Greece, painting for himself the fragrant meadows of his own life's future, loving his friends, scarcely daring to gaze upon maidenly beauty: then the dream takes this too into his brush, and conjures forth, more beautifully than in reality, Grecian heroes and Cicero, the love of friendship and blossoming longing for the maiden, within his paradises; and the future-forms of hope, the immeasurable ideals of glowing youthful vigor, rise up like fairy castles, gold, flowers, and bright diamonds within the dream's regard. Nor does the dream forget to remember the virtuous maiden herself; he follows her, reverent and dutiful, as befits one before chaste beauty, and with the wings of the zephyr, with the invisible, flattering essence of flowers' fragrance, he fans before her worlds scarcely dared even in presentiment; and upon the carpets of the springtime meadow he lets her leap and dance,

with her companions all around, in the lovely round-dance; youths swarm caressingly near, laying their whole full manly heart, in the form of a blossom, before the fair one. Or else the dream frightens her, teasingly, letting her stumble in the race for the hoop, yet catching her up again more swiftly than she herself could, lest the tender one's poised, graceful limbs be exposed; or he vexes her, by granting another the victory of beauty, leaving her standing disconsolate, alone and forsaken, while the full round-dance of maidens surges away, brisk, upon the arms of the youths. — With like constancy, though grown more serious through the iron nature of manhood, he follows the man. Here he has no games, no flowers to paint; here he paints the man's struggles. Now he leads the man into threatening cliffs, where he must first fight his way up to the laughing summit of the mountain; now he sets him in the midst of war and cannon, and bids him now be brave and bold, great, unshaken in the battle of the airy dream-idea, and helps him stoke his courage in surging muscle and arm.

Now he follows him into the day's earnest business, and resolves for him all the dry examples of numbers, of understanding, into lovely chains of alluring images; indeed, he loves greatly the artist, the thinker, the industrious man, and often, where the worthy man labored at his problems even to the point of falling asleep, without solving them, the dream solves them for him in play; and the divine, diamond-woven fabric of philosophy, the enchanting form of beauty belonging to the painter or the sculptor, the dream has often enough created for us, and for the world, and for future ages. — But he follows women more punishingly, and whatever they, in the day, do defiantly and stubbornly against the will of man, the dream repays them richly for it. He lets them drift about amid waves and waters, screaming; now he tears a child from their arms and hurls it suddenly down, to the mother's despair; or he lets it vanish in the tumult of the street, where curiosity had driven her, until the teasing spirit takes

pity once more and brings it back, feasting now, as before upon her pain, so now upon the joys of love. And often, too, he seizes women by their vanity! Which woman has not been thoroughly startled by a tooth falling out of her lovely mouth in a dream! which has not found her waist, or her adornment, disarranged in dream, to the vexation of her beauty! Yet the dream also indulges, for men's sake, women's domestic sense, and lets them cook and stir and bake, till the dish steams and the room fills with scents intelligible even to the stomach; and which of the good, worthy housewives, who sacrifices herself to the washing, has not already, upon the kitchen's noodle-board, drifted down some stream, or even upon the great soup-ladle, by the dream's magic power!

And he loves the old men and old women greatly, too, and follows their winter bravely and undaunted; for the poorer life becomes for the old in freshness and color, the more richly does the dream adorn it with joyful images of memory; and childhood's lovely trace, the youth's longing and loving, the man's intellectual and paternal happiness, he paints for the old man; and how often does the matron see herself, in dream, in the beauty of youth, her lovely locks falling golden down, her eyes full of diamond-fire and the splendor of a radiant soul, the bridal wreath in her hair—and then, who shall forbid the dream—amid the guests at the maiden's bridal altar, her own sons and daughters as witnesses of the wedding.

Ever does the dream hasten near, uncalled, like a faithful friend, to enliven the sleeper's monotonous existence, and with every hue of his creative image-making power he plays about the spirit. Now he brushes bright colors, confusedly intermingled, to arouse and to distract one sunk deep within himself; now he teases him comically with droll images, to conjure a smile; now he reaches with full hands into earnest images, to steel him to energy in the midst of rest; now he leads him unexpectedly into gentle tones of feeling, to smooth

and sweeten the choler of one grown agitated with the softness of the soul. Often he disturbs the brooder, when reflection has been awakened in the sleeper by some too boldly created image, and destroys the intrusiveness of an anatomically dissecting understanding through more swelling images of lovely beauty, whose harmonious charm carries the gaze away with it. But should he wish to rouse the sleeping spirit, he conjures such monstrous forms and myths that it becomes too much even for the sleeper, so that he is astonished and startled, and with that fright tears through the mists of sleep.

Wondrous, too, is his delight in accommodating himself to every wish and whim, and nothing is too difficult for him to fulfill. What grumbler or curmudgeon has not experienced the dream painting for him, entirely according to his mood, gloomy landscapes into which he imagines himself fleeing, walking alone and murmuring in rivalry with the forest brook! Colossal cliffs, defiant and rigid, like the curmudgeon's stubborn self-will, he sets around him on every side, a servile retinue to his sullen, dark humor; and wild boar or bull he drives menacingly out of thicket and ravine, to pour yet more marrow into the darkness of the mood. But most blissfully does he ply his brush when he approaches the cheerful spirit: here wine, here merry youthful revelry, there the innkeeper's lovely daughter, the laughing meadow and the wood ready for dance and rest. And whoever is an admirer of feminine beauty has never, in waking life, seen nobler necks, tenderer bosoms, rosier cheeks, and a more ravishing sight than the dream's heavenly houri paints for him, herself enchanting and enchanted alike! — Well known is the dream's tireless delight in creating ducats and thalers for whoever desires them, and who would not desire them, knowing that from them shines forth the strength of joy and of life; here you scoop up the gold, there a new vein already wells forth, and the more eagerly you grasp, the more richly the ground gushes forth, and wherever

you stamp your foot, ducats grow up, and everywhere is California. And even into the boldest wishes of earthly existence, into the problems of the freest upward flight of human movement and power, he follows us, and victoriously he strikes the triumphs of natural science; for the problems of aerial navigation he solves as though in play, often enough letting us fly and soar freely over houses and rivers and trees to our heart's content; and when he grants flight, he grants it absolutely, for he gives us wings ourselves. — Nor does the dream hold sway only in earthly matters, provided only that you yourself live for the Divine. Ah, how he gleams, how he radiates in a halo of holiness, when the flowing form of divine geniuses appears to the sleeper, lily-wreathed about the head, sandal-adorned about the heavenly step, ineffable bliss upon the countenance, the eye full of clarity! Strewing flowers down upon you, lifting you up to the heavenly, departed beloved ones, showing you, in the distance, youth arisen anew! Or how terribly he paints, how fearfully he rolls hell's menacing chorus down upon you, how the venomous brood multiplies and multiplies, how the dragon grins, when, filled with devilish specters, you yourself demand hell from the dream, or when torments of body and nerve drive him to reproduce the terrible!

And all the pleasures, all the joys and sorrows, which the dream grants us, are real. If it paints the mood of sadness, it paints it in such a way that the dreamer truly feels it; often enough children and women awaken from the dream bathed in tears, wailing and sobbing. We men rejoice, each in his own way, over the dream's joyful images, and the cheerful, fresh, work-eager awakening is often only the continuing echo of a joyful dream. But if one brings against the dream the reproach that its pleasures are merely fleeting, the answer must be that every pleasure, even the waking and real kind, is such only in the very moment in which it occurs; for in itself every pleasure, within the wave of life, is set down only as a fleeting point,

and the strength of life, as its normal determination, is the rising force of longitudinal extension, the wrestling and the striving; and where the pleasure of fulfilled striving joins on as a sweet point of rest and refreshment, it is only there to offer the soul a fleeting gathering-place for the rekindling of its force, whereupon it rises up all the more vigorously and freshly to create, and hastens onward.

§ 2. The Dream World-Realm.

(1861 ed. pp. 5–9, complete)

More than the comedic delight the dream takes in bending and finding itself into every possible mood of the soul, which so amused us, it is the fullness of psychical life-content within the dream, and the wealth of its lawful thoroughgoing organization and its definitely regulated modes of dream-formation, that fills us with wonder. One would never guess, from the fleeting image-work of the dream, that so great a power of life unfolds within it, and that within its easily dissolving webs of shadow, law and order stand nonetheless just as firm as in the fortresses of the real world. The night-life of the spirit, the dream-life, is the vigorous counterpart of the day-life, or waking; the mighty all-oneness of the ego has here ceased to govern and to master the elements of spiritual life; unfettered, the multiplicity of life lives here for itself. Roaring, the images roll onward before the gaze, themselves their own lords and powers; no law of spirit, of understanding, hinders them; they are their own law, and out of themselves they form their own peculiar modes of existence. Many rise up to a centralizing power over the others, and out of this arise living organisms of the most fleeting kind that the cosmos knows.

Vying with the images of the power of representation, the stimuli of the body and the nerves swing forth in their unfettering; each casts itself as lord of a particular circle of representation, and draws and threads the images after it into forms suited to itself. The drives of the body do violence to themselves; they are now the rulers;

what do they care for decorum and moral law, once they are freed! Frank and free, just as the nature of the body engendered them, they press forth out of themselves toward discharge, and bid the power of imagination set before them whole troops of images to express their distress, or their burning desire. And everything that ever moved you deeply, or frightened you, by day—in boyhood, in youth, in manhood—now rises up and towers, wondrously, without regard for time, into a mighty mist-formation of the present, and delights or threatens you. The affects rush forward, pregnant with agitation; they seize upon everything terrible that our real life has ever brought forth, drawing it into representation, and out of it form uncannily gloomy, threatening, raging thought-shapes; but often drive and affect, however much they generally govern only the image-work of the soul, seize hold too of the sinewy strength of the body itself, rousing the muscle to tension and movement—indeed, they compel the dynamism of the nerve to make itself as effective as lies within the quite determinate sense-content of the dream-representation. Almost as powerfully as affect, one might well believe, the gentle, soft tones of feeling—the moods—are able to give birth, out of themselves, to whole worlds of corresponding trains of thought! Sorrowful moods summon forth never-ending chains of affliction; the sweetly harmonious moods revel in an equally luxuriant welling-up of joys; the cheerful and mischievous, in their own corresponding kind; and everywhere the free creation of the spirit's night mingles with the memory of the day.

And when, further still, the imagination discharges itself without limit, then you see a wholly new world of existence within the realm of thought: new formation of shapes, new substance of being, new specters of the comic, new wonders beyond what was already wondrous—and everywhere originality foams up from every point. Picture to yourself the bacchanalian frenzy of the dream's image-making power, how, in monstrous leaps, it races through every

region of memory; now uniting lovely scenes of early childhood with the earnest plans of manhood; now summoning this or that one from among your long-dead loved ones to rejoice and reel at a merry drinking-bout, given by her own hand; now confusing the priest's venerable cassock with a nightshirt, and bidding him mount the pulpit so attired; how it lets the eagle, accustomed to beat the air, tread the waves among ducks and fishes, unconcerned for his swimming; how it suddenly catapults you, a poor man, up among kings, to the table of princes, where a host of servants awaits your every gesture; how it takes the plain wayfarer on the highway, his cloak flapping in the wind, and hangs him, the very next moment, from the weathervane atop the tower, raising a cry of distress—and so on. And in peculiar half-lights, in the fragrant, misty garment of mysterious magic, the life of the soul shows itself in dream, whereas by day it was only the bright, sharply gleaming sunshine of the ego. Here is the realm of creative, plastic imagination, where form pours into form, as though the very substance being shaped did it of itself, without any cleverness of the understanding and against its very patterns, into the fusion of harmony, out of which spiritual light shines forth. And all images and thoughts here take on far more fusion-rich forms, since they have escaped the sharp spiritual beam of the ego; they gleam, therefore, more magically in tints of darkness, out of which brightness breaks forth; over everything lies a delicate scent of feeling—none of the artful weave of the dream is seen or perceived in the strict sense of the word, but only softly and delicately felt; wherefore all seeing, and all that is seen, in dream stands in the closest kinship to the tones of feeling and mood. And all echoes of sense in the dream appear far more fruitful; the light-images richer in color, the tone-images far more soaring—because no ray of light or sound from without, and no counter-force from within the spirit, dulls or disturbs them; wherefore the magical, melodic reverberation of every tone heard in dream is comparable

to those musical tones of waking life which are produced not by the artistic understanding, but by the simple child of nature upon flute and shawm, immediately out of the soul.

And what a romantic glow of light now unfolds, when into the magical half-darkness of the dream a bright flash of sparking, reflective understanding suddenly breaks in! Ah, how the magic cloud is torn asunder then, how the ethers and the shudders take flight! And yet again, how they gather themselves anew, how they swallow up the ego's feeble diamond-flash so easily and so hastily, that it itself becomes darkness within the magic night! And truly sublime to behold is that mighty wrestling between reflection and the power of the dream, in those brighter epochs of the dream before waking, where the sunken power of the ego's spirit, rising up again with force out of sleep, wages battle after battle with the dream's image-making power, without ever wholly breaking it—for again and again the united power of the ego shatters into the endless expanse of the dream's associations, or is goaded on by the boldness of imagination—until, at last, a mightiest surge of the ego's power tears through the web of shadows with force and, breaking forth like a sun, drives all the images of the dream back into the markless spaces of forgetfulness.

But just as the life of the dream everywhere reveals the mightiness of its content, so too does it show itself everywhere strong and clarified through the law that governs both its expanses and each of its individual points. From the very outset, one marvels at the greatness of the realm in which the dream's law holds sway. Like a prince who governs a world of lands, the dream extends its lawful dominion cosmically; for by means of the sensitive power of psychical feeling, fused into unity and grown finely excitable and mighty in its radiance, the life of the dream, together with its law, is able to extend far beyond the dreaming individual, out into the real

world of nature and of mankind; and even as you dream and behold within yourself what forms there, the imagination shapes it according to the impression which the far-reaching, sensitive gaze received in spaces twenty or a hundred miles distant from you. Hence the multitude of dream-presentiments, speaking darkly or clearly, in which the image-making power of the dream rightly represented to you what, at that very moment, was truly happening far away from you—and which the news that later arrives confirms. And not only into the distance of space, but also into the distance of the future, through the indeterminate mists of pre-figured fates and deeds, do you see the dream's law ruling and weaving—when the infinite fineness and delicacy of that sensitive gaze rose up in advance along the thread of your life, or along the fates of those bound to you in love. Hence the wealth of dreams which foresaw, long in advance, some approaching misfortune, by way of symbolic proclamation, or with a perception so sharp in advance, down to the smallest detail, that you revere in awe the spirit's mysterious power to see through the darkness. Indeed, not only from living beings outside itself, but even from the dead, the feeling-power of the spirit in dream is still able to discover traces of life, which the understanding's subsequent critique labors in vain to destroy.

Compressed, by contrast, into the tiniest points, you see the dream's laws in the most inconspicuous atoms of images within the dream's chains, each of which appears merely as the bearing miniature substance of some determinate law, of some moving or binding force, and shows itself bound, linked, woven, and thoroughly organized from this side and that, from other and from many sides, through the finest threads of the spirit's dynamism. Here you have the filigree-work of the spirit, which it brings forth without the light of understanding or reason, solely through its night-side, and through the power of laws that themselves cling to its very elements of life. Admirable are the plays of life here, in the delicate

vibration and hovering of a breath of spiritual force—more admirable, indeed, than in the microscopic creatures of nature.

Here you have not, any longer, worlds of merely sensible microscopy; here only the delicate feeling-gaze of the spirit suffices for grasping and consideration; indeed, so fine and delicate is the world here that the immaterial, needle-sharp ray of the understanding destroys and disperses it the very moment it touches it; hence the dream immediately dissolves and volatilizes beyond recovery, the moment one looks upon it sharply with spontaneous power of thought.

Most comprehensively of all, finally, the wealth, manifoldness, and flourishing power of the dream's law show themselves in the rich array of genera and orders of dream-formation, which, as broader and narrower concepts, unite and govern the countless concrete dream-formations. Here, too, you have a logical development—but one belonging to the formative life itself and to its own creative power—since you find therein order, law, definite differentiation, and consistency. No dream unfolds itself without a fixed, magical law; magical it is, because it appears wrought, as if by miracle, without the spontaneity of spirit. All dream-formations are regular, when considered from their own law; just as you can weigh and judge the idea of reason only from the categories of reason, so too the formations of the dream only from the schemas integral to them, to which the waking spirit can easily adapt itself. And what a manifold array of law-groups you see arise, living and swinging, plastic as plant-organisms, before your gaze, forming themselves and again vanishing amid the multitude of dream-forms—resembling the fleeting mist in the air, which now takes this cloud-shape, now that, and continually reshapes itself into a new one, nowhere by chance, always according to ground and law. Out of things most contradictory to the sense of waking life, the dream-form fashions

the most coherent fabrics, wherein the waking spirit can scarcely emulate it, even in wit. The clearest and the most delicate stirrings—indeed, the inner processes of the bodily organism wholly hidden from the waking spirit—the dream is still able to represent and express symbolically, in the finest and most fitting manner; every nerve-stimulus in sleep, every stirring in the bowels, the lungs, the movement of the heart, the most delicate stimulus in the retina of the eye near the moment of waking, and so forth, it represents in the most ingenious kind of painterly, fitting images; whole outlines of the inner organic bodily form it sets immediately and vividly before your eyes therein, and everywhere it builds, in doing so, firmly according to its own law—it begins and develops, carries out and concludes its formation with strict lawfulness—you will yet learn to admire it yourself. All the formative powers of imagination rise up into their own particularly creative souls, and a whole flood of dream-forms already presents itself to you in those belonging to imagination alone. And wherever an affect, or a mood of feeling, or flashes of the power of thought, or echoes of the day's will, and so on, emerge in sleep: everywhere a luxuriant world of dream-forms grows out of it, and you, beholding all this, fall into doubt as to whether you should admire more the greatness of the world outside in nature, where it presents itself in fixed substances, or here, where it arises and passes away so splendidly in flowing and flitting.

Therefore you see, in dream, the cosmos once more—a cosmos which you yourself help to form, as spirit and body of your own; and you behold the cosmos in dream considerably enlarged in richness and adornment, for here you discover new fields of its beauty and power which you never perceived amid the waking bustle of the spirit. Therefore the dream is for us a treasure-trove of knowledge concerning soul and world; and you may boast with no small pride that, even where your spiritual life is but foam and shadow, it still

accomplishes, and brings to display, the force and law of its own mighty essence—creating and multiplying the universe itself.

§ 3. The Life-Current in the Dream.

(1861 ed. pp. 10–13, complete)

Even in itself, the life of the soul flows more mobile than the subtlest imponderable of matter; its force streams swifter than light, falls upon the being it touches more gently than light; in its most sluggishly moving waves it still flits more lightly than the zephyr. And yet, in the chief force of its evolutions, so far as it is waking, daytime life, it moves only heavily and in fetters; for the almighty ruler of the whole psychical periphery, the eternal king of the day, the ego, holds it in bonds, and to everything that dares stir freely within it, it holds up the iron measuring-line of category and the dry rhythms of logic, to march it into step. Only when, with the closing of the eyelids, leaden sleep falls upon the strength of the ego, overpowering and subduing it, until its power awakens again in the morning, does the fleeting, generative force become free. In dream, life flows freely; scarcely has the fettering gravity of the ego vanished than it shoots forth in a frenzy. Life is movement; movement is flight, once gravity has fallen away. With infinite haste the stream circles, fleeing round and round; well may it surge centerless, once its center has sunk away, yet never does it escape the closed circle round which the very being of the soul, out of which it broke forth, itself traced and gave birth to—however freely it may surge through the expanses. At the periphery, life now kindles, gathered together; the lingering shadows of conscious life, the images, fill themselves with fire, with youth, with force—and with elastic buoyancy the rounds of images fly past. Shadow stretches toward shadow and draws near and coquets with one another; furiously the bond is knit, more swiftly still it fades away; for out of the fleeting union whole droves of more swelling images shoot forth and consume the

generative force; atom clings to atom in the dream-image, and, ever spreading atom by atom, the chain of images draws onward in flight; it flees even as it comes to be. Here being dwells in motion; here it stands in the ascendant over the quiet pathos of being; how powerless, like a mere accessory, being wavers here upon the very substance of movement which it nonetheless bore out of itself! What a raging and roaring!—as in the tumult of the state, when the people's suppressed periphery rises up in storm, so now the images drive their own regency. Oligarchies of image-power ascend; the power of loudly resounding impressions rises up to become rulers over the others; realm upon realm surges up out of the scattering dignities of the ego—yet it disperses faster than it arose, and again there was new vanishing even as it came to be. And in the eternal alternation it roars and hisses; here you hear love's flute-tones, there swords clash; flames, men, beasts and gods, nature and the power of the soul, and the imitated traces of all being and life, rise up into powers; and the battle-tumult and song of victory of all the elements hurls the soul's circling upward and downward, ever pounding and clamoring around the sunken power of selfhood at the center: yet the roaring of all the elements was softer than the zephyr, lighter than the song of elves; it was the spirit's freely wafting breath of life amid unleashed passion, yet weightless through the abandonment of the power of the ego; and however mightily it surged along the confines of the periphery, however numberlessly it dispersed into the foam of consciousness—it was but the empty shadow-breath of a weightlessly slipping-away force.

Another mode of the power of flight arises when the unleashed current of life, in deep sleep, having discharged its overflowing intoxication of freedom, flows back into the depths of being, and, through the flowing-together of being with itself—out of which springs the firm persistence of being and its own outward-pressing life-urge—becomes wholly fused into one. Primordial within itself,

where being, bounded upon itself, surges onward in its own power, gathers itself, and holds itself together in the densest fusion, the fleeting life-stream now also takes on, outwardly, the mightiness and the reach of that hearth of all force gathered within itself; closed into one, it wells forth out of that closed being; strong, as the power of being itself, it sends itself forth, grandiosely and mightily, like the tail of a comet, into the distances, and the narrow circular orbit of the life-periphery no longer suffices it. The life of the soul becomes presentiment reaching into the distance, becomes a striving of being toward the highest points of extension and boundary of its life within the cosmos; far off, in imperceptible gentleness, the stream, empowered by being's own swiftness, follows the melting-away of longing within inner feeling, and stretches itself in an instant into the distances of space, where friend, wife, or children beckon to it; or it plunges itself, in a flash, into the whole expanse of the already-traversed span of life, down to the very first impressions of childhood, surveying the whole chain of the past in crystal clarity; or it darts high up above its own present into the forerunning paths of the future and the veiled, everywhere sensing and beholding, radiating mightily into the distance of times and of space, even as the gathered being that bore it. A truly sublime kind of thing is shown here by this unfettered, vibrating ray of life; the mightiness of the stream's power slips away here into the distance without any foaming or roaring; gently and softly, full of the majestic calm of being, the stream drifts away toward the breadth of the world and of its own self—and there is nothing stiller in psychical life, no gentler beat of wing of the vibrating power, than the dream's presentiment reaching into the distance.

Or the stream unites itself, insofar as it has already begun to escape deep sleep, with the upheaving affect, when joy, astonishment, terror, and wrath shakingly arouse the feeling-gaze of the dreaming spirit. In every eruption of affect, the soul's being is

shaken mightily from within, and the shock of that being discharges itself like a tremor into the very midst of the rushing of the life-stream's force. Hence the rushing of life undergoes a new alteration, a change both in its longitudinal course and in its force. Through the affect's flowing into the stream, the force of the current is compressed and life does violence to itself; but since the affect was a concentrated outpouring from being, the life-stream contracts in its running force and shortens itself in length, even as it expands in breadth.

An entirely different flight of life then begins. Growling and trembling, as though charged with thunder, the stream moves—heavily, pregnantly striding onward; the mighty self-eruption out of itself, the surging-forth out of gathered accumulation, the dense succession of gathered points of force, belongs to it as its own. In it, the whole force of life stirs itself through, from within outward; it churns it up and drives life through its own waves and windings from within, and frees it from the compulsion of the day, dissolving once more, into the fusion of free streaming, the systematic, template-like ossification of arbitrary daytime conduct.

And in the nimblest of manners the stream rocks itself—an eternal leaping and swaying of oscillating force, hither and thither—when, as morning draws near, before the ego's flashes of reflection yet threatened to fetter it once more to gravity, the swelling love-stream of imagination poured itself into it. Here it received, as though it were soul from within, the joyful urge to bend and yield in every direction, to lengthen and to shorten itself, to compress and to radiate itself outward—according as a stimulus, from this side or that, lured it on to pour and wind itself into swelling forms. Every model of the lovely and the delicate, of the mischievous and the monstrous, of the wondrous and the natural, the oscillating thread now pursues; out of the monotonous, lengthwise run into breadth

arises the pliancy of the curve, the proportion of self-turning bends; in spirals the fleeting course wells up, like an organic living form, and living shapes bead and blossom forth from it, as though it were the dryad of the plant herself, weaving and spinning there. And the life-stream flits and swings after everything that teases and entices it, and as it hastens after it in fleeting course, it sets its very formation through that course. Thus, out of the menacing lion of affect-laden vital power, a lovely butterfly had come to be, fluttering in the breath of force; and life winds and coils itself in flight, the stream's course sprays and swells, and forms, and creates.

§ 4. Nature-Reflections in the Dream.

(1861 ed. pp. 14–19, complete)

Certainly it may well seem strange to credit the dream, which after all weaves only in airy images, with any resemblance, in its products, to the real creatures and plants of nature; and yet the weaving and spinning, which the dream indeed has in common with all life, is already a weighty consideration that permits a further comparison with the real world of created things. And in fact the human soul is a threefold weaving life-force. Spiritually, she weaves in the triumphs of the spiritual over the sensuous, in that commanding power by which the law of the spirit, deifying and moralizing, spreads itself over every other interest of life and there sets itself up as force; in the shaping of noble beauty, and above all in the anticipatory drawing-out and unfolding of the cosmic pathways of spiritual life's development, before the more ponderous whole of man, and the complacent colossus of state and nation, are able to set foot upon the clearly pre-traced tracks. Her second power the soul has in the animal machinery of the nerve- and muscle-sphere of her life, wherein she raises up matter to be the messenger and servant of her divine powers; her third, finally, in the vegetal plasticity of the body

generally, by which she carries out the foundation of that splendid cathedral which is her body.

Now, however, when the soul sleeps, she does not hold sway in her own highest spheres; for she has sunk to rest out of the free circles of spiritual life, down into the workshops of her own animal and vegetal life, abandoning herself, carefree, to the majestic power of her bodily plasticity, sweetly rocked up and down upon its swelling waves. And if consciousness now comes to appear within sleep—as indeed happens at every moment in dream—it comes from the soul deeply sunk into the weavings of bodily life, and the conscious life of the soul must then take on a shape resembling the animal and vegetal realm in which the soul now breathes and weaves.

Imagination now steps forth with power out of the sleeping soul, and the eternal associative movement of images in dream, their wealth of material and their eternal urge toward change, goad her into luxuriance and fire. Now, imagination is in herself matter-weaving and plastic; she does not think, she does not speculate, she does not draw conceptual schemas and systematic pre-forms, but sets down, without hesitation, matter and form together at once, in a single, inseparable casting and fusion. This, then, she has in common from the outset with the plant- and animal-forms of nature: that just as plant- and animal-organization is set immediately as one out of matter and form, so too everything that her creative power brings forth in dream is organically formed and shaped—though naturally with this difference, in the matter out of which the weaving is done, and in the kind of force that weaves. For there it is real natural matter out of which the weaving is done; here, only a matter of form, an image or representation; and there it is an unconscious weaving force, whereas here it is the very creation of a living consciousness itself.

Further still, imagination in dream, since with sleep the reflective powers of thought belonging to understanding and reason go out of operation, now steps forth as well out of the compelling fetters of the categories of thought, which in waking life, holding her creative power on a rein and a bridle, banished every welling-up surge into the narrow formulas of regularity; now all the confining measures fall away, the creative power of imagination strides forth freely and self-sufficiently; her formative outpouring becomes measureless, taking only itself, so far as its own elasticity reaches, as its measure; her plastic forms develop, boldly enlarged and monstrous, the form appearing luxuriant, as though it were its own operative factor. Hence all such dream-creations—and there are very many of them—are, in and of themselves, comparable to the luxuriant growth of nature's tropical flora, or indeed to those gigantic megatheria of the vanished animal world, in which the body-forming animal soul received, from the over-fertile conditions of nature, a living incitement to the most extravagant expansion of its bodily weavings. Massively does this monstrous world inhabit the labyrinths of the dream; all image-content appears therein enlarged, and indeed imagination, in its unbridled state of freedom, shows itself incapable of seeing or forming otherwise than through a magnifying glass. If one wishes to see a similar process in waking life, one need only observe the exotic growth of rumor, which is engendered not by any love of lying, but by the very swelling nature of imagination itself: through some peculiarity of the first report, the imagination of the hearer was stirred, and as he told it again, he already described it, out of his own excitement, as greater; and the imagination of a third party, thus excited to a still higher power, described it again in turn with further enlargement, and so on, until at last, as we so aptly put it, out of a gnat an elephant is made. To create and to form in such a manner is, however, just as peculiar and strange to waking life as it is common, regular, and natural to the dream.

Further, all spiritual life is, in itself, luminous. All consciousness and thought of the day contains light, spiritual light. In logical periods of thought, in thoroughly considered concepts, in representations bound together out of concept, there is light—spontaneous light, radiated by thought itself—and thoughts are clear and bright, illuminated down to their finest fibers, or distinct, or else only faintly lit by reflection, and hence dark, and so on. And in every image-atom of consciousness itself, in every receptive becoming-conscious of an intuited image, concept, or idea, insofar as these must resonate with the consciously-grasping ego, there is light through the apprehending ego; hence, too, all degrees of illumination of the representative images are able to emerge through the ego's agency. Yet out of the materials of daytime life the dream weaves its own peculiar forms, and although predominantly out of the concrete representations and intuited images of the senses, these are nonetheless intermingled with their reproduced concepts and ideas—that is, out of images saturated with concepts and ideas: spiritual light, then, must be present everywhere in dream as well. And above all, the eternally mobile masses of images in the dream shine like whole worlds full of light; for upon each of them clings the spiritual ray of the ego, by means of which it became conscious, and each appears enveloped and bathed in that ray, and every voluntary or involuntary emergence of images in memory, or upon the theaters of the dream's display, is made possible only through those spiritual light-cohesions with selfhood.

Now, just as all spontaneous thought-life and all receptive intuitive life are full of light, so too is all the daytime life of inner feeling and of will. Essentially, all the weaving and living of the side of thought and cognition, on the one hand, and of the will-side of the soul, on the other, belongs to a sharply bright, clearly defined radiance of light. In every counsel, plan, and resolution, in every striving after means and ends in action, processes of light-

permeation are realized; the will clarifies, illuminates, and orders itself by the spiritual bright ray of thought-images and their various combinations and relations. Every process of preparing an action, every counsel, deliberation, plan, and so forth, is a spiritual charge of light; every real act of will, a discharge laden with light. For this very reason, too, every memory left behind by some concrete intention or action, every expression retained in memory, is in itself a luminous image; and the after-images of striving, willing, and acting are so numerous that they form a whole world unto themselves: hence the dream, too, receives from them, in turn, a whole world of luminous formative material. It is further striking that, according to whether the will determines and discharges itself into action through sensuous drives, or through interests of advantage or understanding, or through motives holy, spiritually sublime, and consecrated, an entirely different coloration of light arises, which likewise furnishes the dream-creating power of imagination with the most manifold luminous material. Finally, the light of thought and cognition has, in and of itself, an inclination inward, toward the spirit, streaming onward toward becoming-conscious and toward further passage through feeling and willing: it is, accordingly, a centripetal ray, striking inward toward the ego; in willing, by contrast, all the energy of light runs predominantly outward, seeking to discharge itself outward together with the works of the will: we behold, therefore, how, just as in thinking and cognizing there is incident light, so here, in willing, there is reflected and refracted light, with all the modifications of reflection. Opposed to thinking and willing taken together, both of which contain a sharply bright light, is the spiritual glow of feeling; it is, in itself, spiritual light, for it is conscious, yet it is not a sharply radiant and differentiated light, but a light of half-darkness and fusion. Now, feelings are extremely numerous and various, and already in the opposition of the joyful and the sorrowful there expresses itself a fruitful general contrast, out of which, in the

most various tints and shadings, a magical realm of interplay is driven forth.

The dream possesses this richly; for not only do the feelings of living resonance out of daytime life swing over into it unimpaired, with the full freshness of waking life, but they multiply themselves further still upon the harmonious and disharmonious formations of the dream, which, in the very act of the soul's beholding, at once touch and arouse its power of feeling. If we now take together the mystical half-lights of the light of feeling—which contain a light held together, not one that radiates outward and scatters into clarity—with the sharply bright, oppositely-streaming, differentiated masses of light belonging to the sphere of thought and will, this yields a summary confluence of very different, richly varied kinds of luminance within the dream. To this is added, further, the peculiar double-shimmer produced by the fusing-together of all elements of spirit with the dynamic life of brain and nerve; further still, the multitude of light-echoes, of the most various coloring, independently generated out of nature's own imponderable light; further, the ceaseless contrast of light produced by the constant shifting of association among the images, each in its own differently-colored sheen; and finally, the flashing incidence of reflection's lightning-flashes in dream, which clarify the whole magical luminous atmosphere, from moment to moment, with the brightness of the sun: all of this together is the shining material out of which the dream's imagination weaves its magical growths—more delicate in the very breath of its light than the loveliest flower, because breathed out of spiritual light; more radiant than the scarlet of nature's own coloring, because full of the most penetrating of all light, the spiritual; richer in fusion than the most precious crest of plumage upon the meadow, because fused and woven by the spiritual casting-power of imagination; richer in variation than the motley of spring's own garment, because scattered and united out of the infinitely more

modulable iridescences of spiritual light. So adorned, the luxuriant growth of imagination enters the lists together with the colorful splendor of nature's creatures, and surpasses, as it surpasses the flora of nature, so too the ornamental plumage of birds and the iridescent-skinned creatures of the animal world.

And the resemblance of the dream-world descends even into the particular genera of the plant- and animal-kingdoms; for the cactus-form, in which member touches and grows fast to member only at a single point, and then again attaches itself anew only at a single further point, is precisely the form the dream-life takes in every association-dream, which heaps up whole chains of individual members, forward and sideways; and in this, what has already grown always draws to itself, and out of itself, what is newly to be formed, through the inwardness of its own associative power. With those plants, on the other hand, which bear within themselves the character of sensibility, there speaks a telling resemblance to that quite distinctly different kind, the 'sense-dream,' which, even as it grows forth out of the inner substance of the dream's own vision, at the same time takes up into itself stimuli of hearing and other stimuli falling in from without, and unites them with the delicacy of its own plastic inner web. With the climbing plants of nature, the ascending hop-vine, the liana, there is a telling resemblance in the ever-higher-climbing dream of the sleepwalker; with those herbs and trees whose far-radiating root-work conquers whole stretches of land for itself and for its foliage, the ever-more-distance-striving presentiment-dream, and so forth. Likewise the dream vies with the genera of the animal kingdom; for every 'marked' dream forms itself centrally out of one sharply marked, most intensive representation, around which the less powerful images range themselves, spreading outward from it, radially, in ever-weaker images, so that the form of the starfish finds itself reproduced here. In the long, swiftly fleeting flitting of the dream before the gaze, in the many-membered, variously moving

association-formations, we believe we see thousand-footed vermin, or richly coiling, supple serpents, running past us. Most interesting, further, are those remarkable combination-dreams, forming a quite special kind of their own, where a single emergent phantom arises out of two or more entirely different kinds of dream-formation, and yet is but a single dream-being—wholly resembling those antediluvian creatures in which several genera of animal are fused and merged into a single form. Everywhere, finally, in the so frequent dreams of fright and danger, there grins at us the freely created monster of imagination, its jaws agape, against which, spellbound, we are scarcely able to stir or defend ourselves with the sham weapons of sleep.

Surprising, finally, is the dream's strong inclination to translate all the stimuli of common feeling, of mood, or of inner intuition that emerge in sleep into images of real animals. Already in Pharaoh's dream the cows attained to prophetic significance; to this very day the unruly bull rages through the realm of the dream, and with him the stormy stimulus-dream rolls raging onward. Often, in the dream of youth, the unbridled steed pursues us, from which we spring nimbly over fences and hedges; the bite of dog or serpent is something quite ordinary for inner nerve-stimuli; the rumbling in the bowels quite merrily conjures forth the hare, while apes, wolves, tigers, and similar frightful creatures are very readily conjured by affect. In the dream of visual stimulus, partridges, doves, and the like fly in immeasurable numbers through the air, or wholly original, wondrously invented bird-forms capture our gaze. The bright yellow bird in particular, independent of any visual nerve-stimulus, is a favorite dream-creature of women and maidens fond of children; the yellow, like the white, is the preferred bearer of letters and notes, which the visionary sight of somnambulists makes use of in their intercourse with spirits. That we so often imagine ourselves flying likewise expresses the dream's lively inclination toward the animal

world, and even in the winged angel-forms of the night, religious feeling is unable to express itself otherwise than through the animal kingdom. In equal measure, the dream pays its love and gallantry to the real flora of plants. A cheerful dream-mood paints itself through friendly, nodding blossoms; youthful joy, in emerald-green meadows and forests; ardent, rapturous love, in the scent of roses, in gardens full of enticing fruits fused in the loveliest blending of colors, over which the azure blue of the heavens holds its protective canopy. Often, in dream, the tulip appears at the sight of overly-powdered feminine figures, whom imagination itself had first painted in just such a fashion; the lily, in company with the delicate and the modest; and how mischievous the dream can be! For if you know a certain slang term for a budding young girl, and had occasion the day before to occupy yourself with it more than usual, you may easily see, in dream, a troop of merry girls leaping about in the open air, and yourself, close beside them on the grassy bank, casting your fishing-line, catching fish—the very same fish which the dream's imagination allowed itself to form out of the leaping girls.