

ancient initiations is handed on from generation to generation. Ever and again human beings arise who understand what is meant by the fact that God is our father. The equal balance of the flesh and the spirit is not lost to the world.

The contrast between Freud and myself goes back to essential differences in our basic assumptions. Assumptions are unavoidable, and this being so, it is wrong to pretend that we have made no assumptions. That is why I have dealt with fundamental questions; with these as a starting-point, the manifold and detailed differences between Freud's views and my own can best be understood.

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Archaic Man

The word "archaic" means primal—original. While it is one of the most difficult and thankless of tasks to say anything of importance about civilized man of today, we are apparently in a more favourable position with regard to archaic man. In the first case we try to reach a commanding point of view, but actually are caught in the same presuppositions and blinded by the same prejudices as are those about whom we wish to speak. In the case of the archaic man, however, we are far removed from his world in time, and our mental capacities are more differentiated than his. It is therefore apparently possible for us to occupy a point of vantage from which we can overlook his world and the meaning it held for him.

This sentence delimits the subject to be covered in the present essay. Save by restricting myself to the psychic life of archaic man, I could hardly paint his picture in so small a space. I shall confine myself to the task of making this picture sufficiently inclusive, and shall not consider the findings of anthropology with regard to primitive races. When we speak of man in general, we do not have his anatomy—the shape of his skull or the colour of his skin—in mind, but mean rather his psychic world, his state of consciousness and his mode of life. Since all this belongs to the subject-matter of psychology, we shall be dealing here chiefly with archaic or primitive mentality. Despite this limitation it turns out that we have actually widened our theme, because it is not only primitive man whose psychic processes are archaic. The

civilized man of today shows these archaic processes as well, and not merely in the form of sporadic "throw-backs" from the level of modern social life. On the contrary, every civilized human being, whatever his conscious development, is still an archaic man at the deeper levels of his psyche. Just as the human body connects us with the mammals and displays numerous relics of earlier evolutionary stages going back even to the reptilian age, so the human psyche is likewise a product of evolution which, when followed up to its origins, shows countless archaic traits.

When first we come into contact with primitive peoples or read about primitive mentality in scientific works, we cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the strangeness of archaic man. Lévy-Brühl himself, an authority in the field of the psychology of primitive societies, never wearies of insisting upon the striking difference between the "pre-logical" state of mind and our conscious outlook. It seems to him, as a civilized man, inexplicable that the primitive should disregard the obvious lessons of experience, should flatly deny the most evident causal connections, and instead of accounting for things as accidents or on reasonable grounds, should simply take their "collective representations" to be valid offhand. By "collective representations" Lévy-Brühl means widely current ideas whose truth is held to be self-evident, such as the primitive ideas regarding spirits, witchcraft, the power of medicines, and so forth. While it is perfectly understandable to us that people die of advanced age or as the result of diseases that are recognized to be fatal, this is not the case with primitive man. When old persons die, he does not believe it to be as a result of age. He argues that there are persons who have grown much older. Likewise, no one dies as the result of disease, for there have been other people who recovered from the same disease, or never contracted it. To him, the real explanation is always magic. Either a spirit has killed the man, or sorcery has done so. Many primitive tribes recognize death in battle as the only natural death. Still other tribes regard even death

in battle as unnatural, holding that the adversary who brought it about must either have been a sorcerer or have used a charmed weapon. This grotesque idea can on occasions take an even more impressive form. For instance, two anklets were found in the stomach of a crocodile shot by a European. The natives recognized the anklets as the property of two women who, some time before, had been devoured by a crocodile. At once the charge of witchcraft was raised; for this quite natural occurrence, which would never have aroused the suspicions of a European, was given an unexpected interpretation in the light of one of those presuppositions which Lévy-Brühl calls "collective representations." The natives said that an unknown sorcerer had summoned the crocodile and had bidden it to bring him the two women. The crocodile had carried out the command. But what about the anklets in the beast's stomach? The natives maintained that crocodiles never ate people unless bidden to do so. The crocodile had received the anklets from the sorcerer as a reward.

This story is a perfect example of that capricious way of accounting for things which is a feature of the "pre-logical" state of mind. We call it pre-logical, because to us such an explanation seems absolutely illogical. But it only strikes us in this way because we start from assumptions wholly different from those of primitive man. If we were as convinced as he is of the existence of sorcerers and of mysterious powers, instead of believing in so-called natural causes, his inferences would seem to us perfectly reasonable. As a matter of fact, primitive man is no more logical or illogical than we are. His presuppositions are not the same as ours, and that is what distinguishes him from us. His thinking and his conduct are based on assumptions other than our own. To all that is in any way out of the ordinary and that therefore disturbs, frightens or astonishes him, he ascribes what we should call a supernatural origin. For him, of course, these things are not supernatural; on the contrary, they belong to his world of experience. We feel we are stating a natural sequence of events

when we say : this house was burned down because the lightning struck it. Primitive man senses an equally natural sequence when he says : a sorcerer has used the lightning to set fire to this particular house. There is nothing whatever within the experience of primitive man—provided that it is at all unusual or impressive—that will not be accounted for on similar grounds. In explaining things in this way he is just like ourselves : he does not examine his assumptions. To him it is an unquestionable truth that disease and other ills are caused by spirits or witchcraft, just as for us it is a foregone conclusion that an illness has a natural cause. We would no more lay it down to sorcery than he to natural causes. His mental activity does not differ in any fundamental way from ours. It is, as I have said, his assumptions alone that set him apart from ourselves.

It is often supposed that primitive man has other feelings than we, and another moral outlook—that the “pre-logical” state of mind differs from ours in these respects also. Undoubtedly he has a different code of morals. When questioned as to the distinction between good and bad a Negro chieftain declared : “When I steal my enemy’s wives, it is good, but when he steals mine, it is bad.” In many regions it is a terrible insult to tread upon a person’s shadow, and in others it is an unpardonable sin to scrape a sealskin with an iron knife instead of a flint one. But let us be honest. Do we not think it sinful to eat fish with a steel knife, for a man to keep his hat on in a room, or to greet a lady with a cigar in his mouth ? With us, as well as with primitive man, such things have nothing to do with ethics. There are true and loyal head-hunters, and there are men who piously and conscientiously practise cruel rites, or commit murder from righteous conviction. Primitive man is no less prompt than we are to value an ethical attitude. His good is just as good as ours, and his evil is just as bad as ours. Only the forms under which good and evil appear are different ; the process of ethical judgement is the same.

It is likewise thought that primitive man has keener

sense-organs than we, or that they somehow differ from ours. But his highly refined sense of direction or of hearing and vision is entirely a question of his occupations. If he is confronted with situations that are foreign to his experience, he is amazingly slow and clumsy. I once showed some native hunters, who were as keensighted as hawks, magazine pictures in which any of our children would have instantly recognized human figures. But my hunters turned the pictures round and round until one of them, tracing the outlines with his finger, finally exclaimed : “These are white men.” It was hailed by all as a great discovery.

The incredibly accurate sense of locality shown by many natives is a matter of practice. It is absolutely necessary that they should be able to find their way in forests and jungles. Even the European, after a short while in Africa, begins to notice things he would never have dreamed of noticing before ; he does it out of the fear of going hopelessly astray in spite of his compass.

Nothing goes to show that primitive man thinks, feels, or perceives in a way that differs fundamentally from ours. His psychic functioning is essentially the same—only his primary assumptions are different. Compared to this it is a relatively unimportant fact that he has, or seems to have, a smaller area of consciousness than we, and that he is not very capable, or is quite incapable, of concentrated mental activity. This last, it is true, strikes the European as strange. For instance, I could never hold a palaver for longer than two hours, since by that time the natives always declared themselves tired. They said it was too difficult, and yet I had only asked quite simple questions in a desultory way. These same natives showed an astonishing concentration and endurance when out hunting or on a journey. My letter-carrier, for instance, could run seventy-five miles at a stretch. I saw a woman in her sixth month of pregnancy, carrying a baby on her back and smoking a long pipe of tobacco, dance almost the whole night through round a blazing fire when the temperature was 95°, without collapsing. It cannot be denied that primi-

tive people are capable of concentrating upon things that interest them. If we try to give our attention to uninteresting matters, we soon notice how feeble our powers of concentration are. We ourselves, like them, are dependent upon emotional under-currents.

It is true that primitive man is simpler and more childlike than we, in good and evil alike. This in itself does not impress us as strange. And yet, when we approach the world of archaic man, we have the feeling of something prodigiously strange. As far as I have been able to analyse it, this feeling comes mainly from the fact that the primary assumptions of archaic man differ essentially from ours—that he lives, if I may use the expression, in a different world. Until we come to know his presuppositions, he is a riddle hard to read, but when we know them, all is relatively simple. We might equally well say that primitive man ceases to be a riddle when we have come to know our own presuppositions.

It is a rational presupposition of ours that everything has a natural and perceptible cause. We are convinced of this. Causality, so understood, is one of our most sacred dogmas. There is no legitimate place in our world for invisible, arbitrary and so-called supernatural forces—unless, indeed, we follow the modern physicist in his scrutiny of the minute and secret world of the atom wherein, as it appears, curious things come to pass. But that lies far from the beaten track. We distinctly resent the idea of invisible and arbitrary forces, for it is not so long ago that we made our escape from that frightening world of dreams and superstitions, and constructed for ourselves a picture of the cosmos worthy of rational consciousness—that latest and greatest achievement of man. We are now surrounded by a world that is obedient to rational laws. It is true that we do not know the causes of everything, but they will in time be discovered, and these discoveries will accord with our reasoned expectations. That is our hope, and we take it as much for granted as primitive man does his own assumptions. There are also chance occurrences, to be sure, but these are merely accidental, and we have

granted them a causality of their own. Chance occurrences are repellent to the mind that loves order. They have a laughable and therefore irritating way of throwing out of gear the predictable course of events. We resent the idea of chance occurrences as much as that of invisible forces, for they remind us too much of Satanic imps or of the caprice of a *deus ex machina*. They are the worst of enemies of our careful calculations and a continual threat to all our undertakings. Being admittedly contrary to reason, they deserve contempt, and yet we should not fail to give them their due. The Arab shows them greater respect than we. He writes on every letter *Insha-allah*, "If it please God," for only then will the letter arrive. In spite of our reluctance to admit chance, and in spite of the fact that events run true to general laws, it is undeniable that we are always and everywhere exposed to incalculable accidents. And what is more invisible and arbitrary than chance? What is more unavoidable and more annoying?

If we consider the matter, we might as well say that the causal connection of events according to general laws is a theory which is borne out about half the time, while for the rest the demon of chance has his way. A chance occurrence also has its natural causes, and we must often discover to our sorrow that they are commonplace enough. It is not the fact that the cause of the accidents is unknown to us that annoys us; the irritating thing about them is that they befall us here and now in an apparently arbitrary way. That is how it strikes us, at least. An accident is always irritating, and even the most dyed-in-the-wool rationalist may be moved to curse it. However we interpret an accidental event, we cannot alter the fact that it has the power to affect us. The more the conditions of existence become subject to regulation, the more is chance excluded and the less do we need to protect ourselves against it. None the less, everyone takes account of the possibility of accidental occurrences, or counts upon them, even though the official "credo" does not countenance this belief.

It is our assumption, amounting to a positive conviction, that everything has causes which we call natural and which we at least suppose to be perceptible. Primitive man, on the other hand, assumes that everything is brought about by invisible, arbitrary powers in other words, that everything is chance. Only he does not call it chance, but intention. Natural causation is to him a mere semblance and not worthy of mention. If three women go to the river to draw water, and a crocodile seizes the one in the centre and pulls her under, our view of things leads us to the verdict that it was pure chance that that particular woman was seized. The fact that the crocodile seized her seems to us natural enough, for these beasts occasionally do eat human beings. For primitive man such an explanation completely obliterates the facts, and accounts for no aspect of the whole exciting story. Archaic man is right in holding our view of the matter to be superficial or even absurd, for the accident might not have happened and still the same interpretation would fit the case. The prejudice of the European does not allow him to see how little he really explains things in such a way.

Primitive man expects more of an explanation. What we call chance is to him arbitrary power. It was therefore the intention of the crocodiles—as everyone could observe—to seize the woman who stood between the other two. If it had not had this intention it would have taken one of the others. But why did the crocodile have this intention? These animals do not ordinarily eat human beings. This assertion is correct—quite as correct as the statement that there is no rainfall in the Sahara. Crocodiles are really timid animals, and are easily frightened. Considering their numbers, they kill astonishingly few people, and it is an unexpected and unnatural event when they devour a man. Such an event calls for explanation. Of his own accord the crocodile would not take a human life. By whom, then, was he ordered to do so?

It is on the facts of the world around him that primitive man bases his verdicts. When the unexpected oc-

curs he is justifiably astonished and wishes to know the specific causes. To this extent he behaves exactly as we do. But he goes further than we. He has one or more theories about the arbitrary power of chance. We say: Nothing but chance. He says: Calculating intention. He lays the chief stress upon the confusing and confused breaks in the chain of causation—upon those occurrences that fail to show the causal connections which science expects, and that constitute the other half of happenings in general. He has long ago adapted himself to nature in so far as it conforms to general laws; what he fears is unpredictable chance whose power makes him see in it an arbitrary and incalculable agent. Here again he is right. It is quite understandable that everything out of the ordinary should frighten him. Anteaters are fairly numerous in the regions south of Mount Elgon where I stayed for some time. The anteater is a shy, nocturnal animal that is rarely seen. If one happens to be seen by day, it is an extraordinary and unnatural event which astonishes the natives as much as the discovery of a brook that occasionally flows uphill would astonish us. If we knew of actual cases in which water suddenly overcame the force of gravity, such knowledge would cause us no little anxiety. We know that tremendous masses of water surround us, and can easily imagine what would happen if water no longer conformed to gravitational law. This is the situation in which primitive man finds himself with respect to the happenings in his world. He is thoroughly familiar with the habits of anteaters, but when one of them transgresses the laws of nature it acquires an incalculable sphere of action. Primitive man is so strongly impressed by things as they are, that a transgression of the laws of his world exposes him to unforeseen possibilities. Such an exception is a portent, an omen, comparable to a comet or an eclipse. Since in his view such an unnatural event as the appearance of an anteater by day can have no natural causes, some invisible power must be behind it. And the alarming manifestation of a power which can annul cosmic laws calls

of course for extraordinary measures of placation or self-defence. The neighbouring villages must be aroused, and the anteater must be dug up with the utmost pains, and killed. The oldest maternal uncle of the man who saw the anteater must then sacrifice a bull. The man descends into the sacrificial pit and receives the first piece of the animal's flesh, whereupon the uncle and the other participants in the ceremony also eat. In this way the dangerous caprice of nature is expiated.

As for us, we should certainly be alarmed enough if water began to run uphill for unknown reasons, but are not when an anteater is seen by day, or an albino is born, or an eclipse takes place. We know the meaning and the sphere of action of such happenings, while primitive man does not. Ordinary events constitute for him a coherent whole in which he and all other creatures are embraced. He is therefore extremely conservative, and does what others have always done. If something happens, no matter where, to break the coherence of this whole, he feels there is a rift in his well-ordered world. Then anything may happen—heaven knows what. All occurrences that are in any way striking are at once brought into connection with the unusual event. For instance, a missionary set up a flagstaff in front of his house so that he could raise the Union Jack on Sundays. But this innocent pleasure cost him dear. It was a singular and disturbing action, and when shortly afterwards a devastating storm broke out, the flagstaff was of course made responsible. This sufficed to start a general uprising against the missionary. It is the regularity of common occurrences that assures primitive man of a sense of security in his world. Every exceptional event seems to him the threatening act of an arbitrary power that must be expiated. It is not only a momentary interruption of the ordinary course of things, but also the portent of other untoward events.

This strikes us as nothing less than absurd inasmuch as we forget how our grandparents and our great-grandparents still felt about the world. A calf is born

with two heads and five legs. In the next village a cock has laid an egg. An old woman has had a dream, a comet appears in the sky, there is a great fire in the nearest town, and the following year a war breaks out. In this way history was always written from remote antiquity on down to the eighteenth century. This juxtaposition of facts, so meaningless to us, is significant and convincing to primitive man. And, contrary to all expectation, he is right to find it so. His powers of observation can be trusted. From age-old experience he knows that such connections actually exist. What seems to us a wholly senseless heaping-up of single, haphazard occurrences—because we pay attention only to single events and their particular causes—is for primitive man a completely logical sequence of omens and of happenings indicated by them. It is a fatal outbreak of demonic power showing itself in a thoroughly consistent way.

The calf with two heads and the war are one and the same, for the calf was only an anticipation of the war. Primitive man finds this connection so unquestionable and convincing because the caprice of chance seems to him a far more important factor in the happenings of the world than regularity and conformity to laws. Thanks to his close attention to the unusual he has preceded us in discovering that chance events arrange themselves in groups or series. The law of the duplication of cases is known to all doctors engaged in clinical work. An old professor of psychiatry at Würzburg always used to say of a particularly rare clinical case: "Gentlemen, this is an absolutely unique case—tomorrow we shall have another just like it." I have myself often observed the same thing during my eight years' practice in an insane asylum. On one occasion a person was committed for a rare twilight-state of consciousness—the first case of this kind I had ever seen. Within two days we had a similar case, and that was the last. "Duplication of cases" is with us a joke of the clinics, but it has also been, from time immemorial, a fact of primitive science. A recent investigator has ventured the statement: "Magic is the science of the jungle." As-

tology and other methods of divination may undoubtedly be called the science of antiquity.

What happens regularly is easily observed because we are prepared for it. Knowledge and skill are only needed in situations where the course of events is arbitrarily disrupted in a way hard to fathom. Generally it is one of the cleverest and shrewdest men of the tribe who is entrusted with the observation of events. His knowledge must suffice to explain all unusual occurrences, and his art to combat them. He is the scholar, the specialist, the expert on the subject of chance occurrences, and at the same time the keeper of the archives of the tribe's traditional lore. Surrounded by respect and fear, he enjoys great authority, yet not so great but that his tribe is secretly convinced that their neighbours have a sorcerer who is stronger than theirs. The best medicine is never to be found close at hand, but as far away as possible. I stayed for a time with a tribe who held their old medicine-man in the greatest awe. Nevertheless he was consulted only for the minor ailments of cattle and men. In all serious cases a foreign authority was called in—a *M'ganga* (sorcerer) who was brought at a high price from Uganda—just as with us.

Chance events occur most often in larger or smaller series or groups. An old and well-tried rule for foretelling the weather is this, that when it has rained for several days it will also rain tomorrow. A proverb says: "Misfortunes never come singly." Another has it that "It never rains but it pours." Such proverbial wisdom is primitive science. The people believe it and hold it in awe, while the educated man smiles at it—until something unusual happens to him. I will tell you a disagreeable story. A woman I know was awakened one morning by a peculiar tinkling on her night-table. After looking about her for a while she discovered the cause: the rim of her tumbler had snapped off in a ring about a quarter of an inch wide. This struck her as peculiar, and she rang for another glass. About five minutes later she heard the same tinkling, and again the rim of the glass had broken off. This time she was

greatly disquieted, and had a third glass brought. Within twenty minutes the rim broke off again with the same noise. Three such accidents in immediate succession were too much for her. She gave up her belief in natural causes on the spot, and brought out in its place a "collective representation"—the conviction that an arbitrary power was at work. Something like this happens to many modern people—provided they are not too hard-headed—when they are confronted with events which natural causation fails to explain. We naturally prefer to deny such occurrences. They are unpleasant because they disrupt the orderly course of our world and make anything seem possible. Their effect upon us shows that the primitive mind is not yet dead.

Primitive man's belief in arbitrary power does not arise out of thin air, as was always supposed, but is grounded in experience. What we have always called his superstition is justified by the grouping of chance occurrences. There is a real measure of probability that unusual events will coincide in time and place. We must not forget that our experience is not fully to be trusted in this regard. Our observation is inadequate because our point of view leads us to overlook these matters. For instance, in a serious mood it would never occur to us to take the following events as a sequence: in the morning a bird flies into your room, an hour later you witness an accident in the street, in the afternoon a relative dies, in the evening your cook drops the soup tureen, and, on coming home late at night, you find that you have lost your key. Primitive man would not have overlooked a single item in this chain of events, for every new link would have answered to his expectations. And he is right—he is much more nearly right than we are willing to admit. His anxious expectations are justified and serve a purpose. Such a day, he holds, is ill-omened, and on it nothing should be undertaken. In our world this would be reprehensible superstition, but in the world of primitive man it is highly appropriate shrewdness. In that world man is far more exposed to accidents than we in our protected and well-regulated

existence. When you are in the wilderness you dare not take too many chances. The European soon comes to appreciate this.

When a Pueblo Indian does not feel in the right mood, he stays away from the men's council. When an ancient Roman stumbled on the threshold as he left his house, he gave up his plans for the day. This seems to us senseless, but under primitive conditions of life such an omen inclines one at least to be cautious. When I am not in full control of myself, my bodily movements may be under a certain constraint; my attention is easily distracted; I am somewhat absent-minded. As a result I knock against something, stumble, let something fall or forget something. Under civilized conditions these are mere trifles, but in the primeval forest they mean mortal danger. It is fatal to make a false step upon the rain-soaked trunk of a tree that serves as a bridge high over a river teeming with crocodiles. Suppose I lose my compass in the deep grass, or forget to load my rifle and blunder into a rhinoceros trail in the jungle. If I am preoccupied with my thoughts, I may tread upon a puff-adder. At nightfall I forget to put on my mosquito-boots in time, and eleven days later I die from an onset of tropical malaria. To forget to shut one's mouth while bathing suffices to bring on a fatal attack of dysentery. For us a distracted state of mind is the natural cause of such accidents. For primitive man they are objectively conditioned omens, or sorcery.

But it may be more than a question of inattention. In the Kitoshi region south of Mount Elgo I went for an excursion into the Kabras forest. There, in the thick grass, I nearly stepped on a puff-adder, and only managed to jump away just in time. In the afternoon my companion returned from a hunt, deathly pale and trembling in every limb. He had almost been bitten by a seven-foot mamba which darted at his back from a termite hill. Without a doubt he would have been killed had he not been able at the last moment to wound the animal with a shot. At nine o'clock that night our camp was attacked by a pack of ravenous hyenas which

had surprised and mauled a man in his sleep the day before. In spite of the fire they swarmed into the hut of our cook who fled screaming over the stockade. Thenceforth there were no accidents throughout the whole of our journey. Such a day gave our Negroes food for thought. For us it was a simple multiplication of accidents, but for them the inevitable fulfilment of an omen that had occurred upon the first day of our journey into the wilds. It so happened that we had fallen, car, bridge and all, into a stream we were trying to cross. Our boys had exchanged glances on that occasion as if to say: "Well, that's a fine start." To cap the climax a tropical thunderstorm blew up and soaked us so thoroughly that I was prostrated with fever for several days. On the evening of the day when my friend had had such a narrow escape out hunting, I could not help saying to him as we white men sat looking at one another: "It seems to me as if the trouble had begun still further back. Do you remember the dream you told me in Zürich just before we left?" At that time he had had a very impressive nightmare. He dreamed that he was hunting in Africa, and was suddenly attacked by a huge mamba, so that he woke up with a cry of terror. The dream had greatly disturbed him, and he now confessed to the thought that it had portended the death of one of us. He had of course assumed that I was to die, because we always hope it is the "other fellow." But it was he who later fell ill of a severe malarial fever that brought him to the edge of the grave.

To read of such a conversation in a corner of the world where there are no snakes and no malaria-bearing mosquitoes means very little. One must imagine the velvety blue of a tropical night, the overhanging black masses of gigantic trees standing in a virgin forest, the mysterious voices of the nocturnal spaces, a lonely fire with loaded rifles stacked beside it, mosquito-nets, boiled swamp-water to drink, and above all the conviction expressed by an old Afrikander who knew what he was saying: "This isn't man's country—it's God's country." There man is not king; it is rather nature

—the animals, plants and microbes. Given the mood that goes with the place, one understands how it is that we found a dawning significance in things that anywhere else would provoke a smile. That is the world of unrestrained, capricious powers with which primitive man has to deal day by day. The extraordinary event is no joke to him. He draws his own conclusions. "It is not a good place"—"The day is unfavourable"—and who knows what dangers he avoids by following such warnings?

"Magic is the science of the jungle." A portent effects the immediate modification of a course of action, the abandonment of a planned undertaking, a change of psychic attitude. These are all highly expedient reactions in view of the fact that chance occurrences tend to fall in sequences and that primitive man is wholly unconscious of psychic causality. Thanks to our one-sided emphasis upon so-called natural causation, we have learned to distinguish what is subjective and psychic from what is objective and "natural." For primitive man, on the contrary, the psychic and the objective coalesce in the external world. In the face of something extraordinary it is not he who is astonished, but rather the thing which is astonishing. It is *mana*—endowed with magic power. What we would call the powers of imagination and suggestion seem to him invisible forces which act upon him from without. His country is neither a geographical nor a political entity. It is that territory which contains his mythology, his religion, all his thinking and feeling in so far as he is unconscious of these functions. His fear is localized in certain places that are "not good." The spirits of the departed inhabit such or such a wood. That cave harbours devils which strangle any man who enters. In yonder mountain lives the great serpent; that hill is the grave of the legendary king; near this spring or rock or tree every woman becomes pregnant; that ford is guarded by snake-demons; this towering tree has a voice that can call certain people. Primitive man is unpsychological. Psychic happenings take place outside him in an objective way.

Even the things he dreams about seem to him real; that is his only reason for paying attention to dreams. Our Elgonyi porters seriously maintained that they never had dreams—only the sorcerer had them. When I questioned the sorcerer, he declared that he had stopped having dreams when the British entered the land. His father had still had "big" dreams, he told me, and had known where the herds strayed, where the cows took their calves, and when there was going to be a war or a pestilence. It was now the District Commissioner who knew everything, and they knew nothing. He was as resigned as certain Papuans are who believe that the crocodiles have in good part gone over to the British Government. It happened that a native convict had escaped from the authorities and been badly mangled by a crocodile while trying to cross a river. They therefore concluded that it must have been a police crocodile. God now speaks in dreams to the British, and not to the medicine-man of the Elgonyi, he told me, because it is the British who have the power. Dream activity had emigrated. Occasionally the souls of the natives emigrate, and the medicine-man catches them in cages as if they were birds; or strange souls immigrate and cause diseases.

This projection of psychic happenings naturally gives rise to relations between men and men, or between men and animals or things, that to us are inconceivable. A white man shoots a crocodile. At once a crowd of people come running from the nearest village and excitedly demand compensation. They explain that the crocodile was a certain old woman in their village who had died at the moment when the shot was fired. The crocodile was obviously her bush-soul. Another man shot a leopard that was lying in wait for his cattle. Just then a woman died in a neighbouring village. She and the leopard were one and the same.

Lévy-Brühl has coined the expression *participation mystique* for these curious relationships. It seems to me that the word "mystical" is not well chosen. Primitive man does not see anything mystical in these matters.

but considers them perfectly natural. It is only we who find anything strange about them, and the reason is that we seem to know nothing about such psychic phenomena.* In reality, however, they occur in us too, but we give them more civilized forms of expression. In daily life it happens all the time that we presume that the psychic processes of other people are the same as ours. We suppose that what is pleasing or desirable to us is the same to others, and that what seems bad to us must also seem bad to them. It is only of late that our courts of law have adopted a psychological standpoint and admitted the relativity of guilt in pronouncing sentence. Unsophisticated people are still moved to rancour by the tenet *quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*. Equality before the law still represents a great human achievement; it has not yet been superseded. And we still attribute to "the other fellow" all the evil and inferior qualities that we do not like to recognize in ourselves. That is why we have to criticize and attack him. What happens in such a case, however, is that an inferior "soul" emigrates from one person to another. The world is still full of *bêtes noires* and of scapegoats, just as it formerly teemed with witches and werewolves.

Psychic projection is one of the commonest facts of psychology. It is the same as that *participation mystique* which Lévy-Brühl remarked as a peculiar trait of primitive man. We merely give it another name, and as a rule deny that we are guilty of it. Everything that is unconscious in ourselves we discover in our neighbour, and we treat him accordingly. We no longer subject him to the test of drinking poison; we do not burn him or put the screws on him; but we injure him by means of moral verdicts pronounced with the deepest conviction. What we combat in him is usually our own inferior side.

The simple truth is that primitive man is somewhat more given to projection than we because of the undifferentiated state of his mind and his consequent inabil-

* *I.e.* dissociation and projection. (*Trans.*)

ity to criticize himself. Everything to him is perfectly objective, and his language reflects this in a radical way. With a touch of humour we can picture to ourselves a leopard woman. We often represent a person as a goose, a cow, a hen, a snake, an ox, or an ass. As uncomplimentary epithets these images are familiar to us all. But when primitive man attributes a bush-soul to a person, the poison of the moral verdict is absent. Archaic man is too naturalistic for that; he is too much impressed by things as they are to pass judgement readily, and is therefore much less prone to do so than we. The Pueblo Indians declared in a matter-of-fact way that I belonged to the Bear Totem—in other words, that I was a bear—because I did not come down a ladder frontwards like a man, but backwards, using my hands like a bear. If a European said that I had the nature of a bear this would come to much the same thing, with perhaps a slightly different shade of meaning. The theme of the bush-soul, which seems so strange when we meet with it in primitive societies, has become with us, like so much else, a mere figure of speech. If we take our metaphors in a concrete way we return to a primitive point of view. For instance we have the medical expression to "handle a patient." In concrete terms this means to lay the hands upon—to work at with the hands. And this is precisely what the medicine-man does with his patients.

We find the bush-soul hard to understand because we are baffled by such a concrete way of looking at things. We cannot conceive of a "soul" as an entity that emigrates and takes up its abode in a wild animal. When we describe someone as an ass, we do not mean that he is in every respect the quadruped called an ass. We mean that he resembles an ass in some particular respect. As far as the person in question is concerned, we isolate a part of his personality or psyche and concretize this part of him in the image of an ass. So, for primitive man, the leopard-woman is a human being, and only her bush-soul is a leopard. Since all unconscious psychic life is concrete and objective for archaic man, he sup-

poses that a person describable as a leopard has the soul of a leopard. If the concretizing goes further, he assumes that such a soul lives in the bush in the form of a real leopard.

These identifications, brought about by the projection of psychic happenings, create a world in which man is contained not only physically, but psychically as well. To a certain extent he coalesces with it. In no way is he master of this world, but rather its component. Primitive man, in Africa for instance, is still far from the glorification of human powers. He does not dream of regarding himself as the lord of creation. His zoological classification does not culminate in *homo sapiens*, but in the elephant. Next comes the lion, then the python or the crocodile, then man and the lesser beings. It never occurs to him that he might be able to rule nature; it is civilized man who strives to dominate nature and therefore devotes his greatest efforts to the discovery of natural causes which will give him the key to nature's secret laboratory. That is why he strongly resents the idea of arbitrary powers and denies them. Their existence would amount to proof that his attempt to dominate nature is futile after all.

Summing up, we may say that the outstanding trait of archaic man is his attitude towards the capriciousness of chance which he considers a far more important factor in cosmic happening than natural causes. Chance occurrences have two aspects; on the one hand it is a fact that they tend to take place in series, and on the other that they are endowed with an apparent purposefulness through the projection of unconscious psychic contents—in other words by "*participation mystique*." Archaic man, to be sure, does not draw this distinction, for he projects psychic happenings so completely that they coalesce with physical events. An accident seems to him to be an arbitrary and intentional act—an interference by an animated being—because he does not realize that unusual events move him only in so far as he invests them with the force of his own astonishment or fear. Here, it is true, we move on treacherous

ground. Is a thing beautiful because I attribute beauty to it? It is well known that great minds have wrestled with the question whether it is the glorious sun that illumines the worlds, or whether it is the human eye by virtue of its relation to the sun. Archaic man believes it to be the sun, and civilized man believes it is the eye—so far, at any rate, as he reflects at all and does not suffer from the disease of poets. He must strip nature of psychic attributes in order to dominate it; to see his world objectively he must take back all his archaic projections.

In the primitive world everything has psychic qualities. Everything is endowed with the elements of man's psyche—or let us say, of the human psyche, of the collective unconscious, for there is as yet no individual psychic life. Let us not forget, in this connection, that what the Christian sacrament of baptism purports to do is of the greatest importance for the psychic development of mankind. Baptism endows the human being with a unique soul. I do not mean, of course, the baptismal rite in itself as a magical act that is effective at one performance. I mean that the idea of baptism lifts a man out of his archaic identification with the world and changes him into a being who stands above it. The fact that mankind has risen to the level of this idea is baptism in the deepest sense, for it means the birth of spiritual man who transcends nature.

It is an axiom in the study of the unconscious that every relatively independent, psychic content is personified whenever the opportunity arises. We find the clearest instances of this in the hallucinations of the insane and in mediumistic communications. An invisible person arises wherever and whenever an autonomous psychic component is projected. This explains the spirits of an ordinary spiritualistic séance and the ghosts which appear to primitive man. If an important psychic content is projected upon a human being, he becomes *mana*—that is, endowed with the power of producing unusual effects. He or she becomes a sorcerer, a witch, a werewolf, or the like. The primitive belief that the

medicine-man catches the souls that have wandered away by night and puts them into cages like birds, strikingly illustrates this. Psychic projections endow the medicine-man with *mana*; they cause animals, trees and stones to speak; because they are psychic activities, they compel the individual to obey them. For this reason an insane person is hopelessly at the mercy of his voices. That which is projected is his own psychic activity. Without knowing it, he is the one who speaks through his voices, just as he is the one who hears, sees and obeys.

From the psychological point of view, primitive man's belief that the arbitrary power of chance answers to the intentions of spirits and of sorcerers is perfectly natural, because it is an unavoidable inference from the facts as he sees them. And let us not delude ourselves in this connection. If we explain our scientific views to an intelligent native he will credit us with a ludicrous superstitiousness and a disgraceful want to logic. He believes that the world is lighted by the sun, and not by the human eye. My friend Mountain Lake, a Pueblo chief, once called me sharply to account because I had given voice to the Augustinian tenet: *Non est hic sol Dominus noster, sed qui illum fecit*. Pointing to the sun, he declared indignantly: "He who goes there is our father. You can see him. From him comes all light, all life—there is nothing that he has not made." He became greatly excited, struggled for words, and finally exclaimed: "Even a man in the mountains who goes alone cannot make his fire without him." The archaic standpoint can hardly be more beautifully expressed than by these words. The power that rules us comes from the external world, and through it alone are we permitted to live. With us, religious thought still keeps alive the archaic state of mind, even though our time is bereft of gods. Untold millions of people still think in this way.

In speaking of primitive man's outlook upon the caprice of chance, I expressed the view that this attitude serves a purpose, and therefore has a meaning. Shall

we, for the moment at least, venture the hypothesis that the primitive belief in arbitrary powers is justified by the facts and not merely from a psychological point of view? This sounds alarming, but I have no intention of jumping from the frying-pan into the fire and trying to prove that witchcraft actually exists. I wish only to consider the conclusions to which we shall be led if we follow primitive man in supposing that all light comes from the sun, that things are beautiful in themselves and that a human part-soul is a leopard. In doing this we accept the primitive idea of *mana*. According to this idea, the beautiful moves *us*, and it is not we who create beauty. A certain person *is* a devil—we have not projected our own evil upon him and in this way made a devil out of him. There are people—*mana* personalities—who are impressive in their own right, and in no way thanks to our imagination. The *mana* conception has it that there exists something like a widely distributed force in the external world that produces all those effects which are out of the common. Everything that exists, acts, for otherwise it would not be actual. It is only actual thanks to its inherent energy. Being is a field of force. The primitive *mana* conception, as we can see, is of the nature of a crude theory of energy.

So far we can easily follow this primitive idea. The difficulty arises when we try to carry its implications further, for they reverse the process of psychic projection of which I have spoken. These implications are as follows: it is not my imagination or my awe that makes a sorcerer of the medicine-man; on the contrary, he *is* a sorcerer and projects his magical powers upon me. Ghosts are not hallucinations of my mind, but appear to me of their own volition. Although such statements are logical derivatives of the *mana* idea, we hesitate to accept them and begin to look around us for our comfortable theory of psychic projection. The question is nothing less than this: does the psychic in general—that is, the spirit, or the unconscious—arise in us; or is the psyche, in the early stages of consciousness, actually outside us in the form of arbitrary powers

with intentions of their own, and does it gradually come to take its place within us in the course of psychic development? Were the dissociated psychic contents—to use our modern terms—ever parts of the psyches of individuals, or were they rather from the beginning psychic entities existing in themselves according to the primitive view as ghosts, ancestral spirits and the like? Were they only by degrees embodied by man in the course of development, so that they gradually constituted in him that world which we now call the psyche?

This whole idea strikes us as dangerously paradoxical, and yet we are able to conceive something of the kind. Not only the religious teacher, but the pedagogue as well, assumes that it is possible to implant in the human psyche something that was not previously there. The power of suggestion and influence is a fact; even the most modern behaviourism expects far-reaching results from this quarter. The idea of a complicated building-up of the psyche is expressed in primitive form in many widespread beliefs—for instance, possession, the incarnation of ancestral spirits, the immigration of souls, and so forth. When someone sneezes, we still say: "God bless you," and mean by it: "I hope your new soul will do you no harm." When in the course of our own development we grow out of many-sided contradictions and achieve a unified personality, we experience something like a complicated growing-together of the psyche. Since the human body is built up by inheritance out of a number of Mendelian units, it does not seem altogether out of the question that the human psyche is similarly put together.

The materialistic views of our day have a tendency which we can discern in archaic thought. Both lead to the conclusion that the individual is a mere resultant; in the first case, he is the resultant of natural causes, and in the second, of chance occurrences. According to both accounts, human individuality is nothing in its own right, but rather the accidental product of forces contained in the objective environment. This is through and through the archaic conception of the world ac-

ording to which the single human being is never considered unique, but always interchangeable with any other and easily dispensable. By way of a narrow view of causality, modern materialism has returned to the standpoint of archaic man. But the materialist is more radical, because he is more systematic, than primitive man. The latter has the advantage of being inconsistent; he makes an exception of the *mana* personality. In the course of history these *mana* personalities were exalted to the position of divine figures; they became heroes and kings who shared in the immortality of the gods by eating of their rejuvenating food. This idea of the immortality of the individual and of his imperishable worth is to be found in primitive societies, first of all in the belief in ghosts, and then in myths of the age when death had not yet gained an entrance into the world through human carelessness or folly.

Primitive man is not aware of this contradiction in his views. Our Negro porters assured me that they had no idea what would happen to them after death. According to them a man is simply dead; he does not breathe any longer, and the corpse is carried into the bush where the hyenas eat it. That is what they think about it by day, but the night teems with the spirits of the dead who bring diseases to cattle and man, who attack and strangle the nocturnal traveller and indulge in other forms of violence. The primitive mind is full of such contradictions. They could worry a European out of his skin, and it would never occur to him that something quite similar is to be found in our civilized midst. We have universities where the idea of divine intervention is considered beneath dispute—but where theology is a part of the curriculum. A research worker in natural science may hold it obscene to attribute the smallest variation of an animal species to an act of God, but may have another drawer in his mind in which he keeps a full-blown Christian faith which he likes to parade on Sundays. Why should we excite ourselves about primitive inconsistency?

It is not possible to derive any philosophical system

from the elementary thoughts of primitive man. They furnish us only with antinomies. And yet it is just these which are the inexhaustible source of all mental effort and provide the problems of thought in all times and in all civilizations. Are the "collective representations" of archaic man really profound, or do they only seem so? I cannot answer this most difficult of questions, but I can tell of an observation which I made among the mountain tribe of the Elgonyi. I searched and enquired far and wide for traces of religious ideas and ceremonies, and for weeks on end I discovered nothing. The natives let me see everything and were free with their information. I could talk with them without the hindrance of an interpreter, for many of the old men spoke Swahili. At first they were reluctant enough, but when the ice was broken, I was cordially received. They knew nothing of religious customs. But I never gave up, and finally, at the close of one of many fruitless palavers, an old man exclaimed: "In the morning, when the sun comes up, we leave our huts, spit in our hands, and hold them up to the sun." I got them to perform the ceremony for me and describe it exactly. They hold their hands before their mouths and spit or blow into them vigorously. Then they turn their hands round and hold the palms towards the sun. I asked them the meaning of what they did—why they blew or spat in their hands. My question was futile. "That is how it has always been done," they said. It was impossible to get an explanation, and I was perfectly convinced that they knew only what they did, and not why they did it. They see no meaning in their action. They greet the new moon with the same gestures.

Let us suppose that I am a total stranger in Zürich and have come to this city to explore the customs of the place. First I settle down in the outskirts near some suburban homes, and come into neighbourly contact with their owners. I then say to Messrs. Müller and Meyer: "Please tell me something about your religious customs." Both gentlemen are taken aback. They never go to church, know nothing about it, and emphatically

deny that they practise any such customs. One morning I surprise Mr. Müller at a curious occupation. He is busily running about the garden, hiding coloured eggs and setting up peculiar rabbit idols. I have caught him *in flagrante delicto*. "Why did you conceal this highly interesting ceremony from me?" I ask him. "What ceremony?" he retorts. "This is nothing. Everybody does this at Eastertime." "But what is the meaning of these idols and eggs—and why do you hide them?" Mr. Müller is stunned. He does not know, and just as little does he know the meaning of the Christmas-tree. And yet he does these things. He is just like primitive man. Did the distant ancestors of the Elgonyi know what they did? It is highly improbable. Archaic man does what he does—and only civilized man knows what he does.

What is the meaning of the Elgonyi ceremony just cited? Clearly it is an offering to the sun which for these natives is *mungu*—that is, *mana*, or divine—only at the moment of rising. If they have spittle on their hands, this is the substance which, according to primitive belief, contains the personal *mana*, the force that cures, conjures and sustains life. If they breathe upon their hands, breath is wind and spirit—it is *roho*, in Arabic *ruch*, in Hebrew *ruach*, and in Greek *pneuma*. The action means: I offer my living spirit to God. It is a wordless, acted prayer, which could equally well be spoken: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Does this merely happen so, or was this thought already incubated and purposed before man existed? I must leave this question unanswered.