

**FRANCES RAVAL**

**THE STORY OF DORA**

**A NOVEL**

**UNIVERSITY PRESS  
OF THE SOUTH**

**2021**

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Published in the United States by University Press of the South. Printed in France by Monbeaulivre.fr

E-mail: [universitypresssouth@gmail.com](mailto:universitypresssouth@gmail.com)

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Frances Raval.  
The Story of Dora. A Novel.  
Fiction Series, 78.  
346 pages.

Front Cover Photo: 'Ida Bauer.1882-1945.' Cover Design by Ana María Calatayud.

1. Novel. 2. Twentieth Century. 3. Sigmund Freud. 4. Psychoanalysis. 5. Turn-of-the-Century Hapsburg Vienna. 6. Wilhelm Fliess. 7. Biography. 8. Ida Bauer. 9. Dora: An Analysis of a Case Study of Hysteria. 10. Frances Raval.

ISBN: 978-1-937030-06-3 2019 (First Edition in the USA)

ISBN: 978-9-403638-19-5 2021 (First Edition in Europe)

2021

*For my daughter, Shanti*

[The Dora manuscript] ... should not disappoint you... There are only glimpses of the organic [elements], that is, the erotogenic zones and bisexuality... It is a hysteria with tussis nervosa [nervous cough] and aphonia [loss of voice], which can be traced back to the character of the child's sucking, and the principal issue in the conflicting thought processes is the contrast between an inclination toward men and an inclination toward women.

Sigmund Freud, Letter to Wilhelm Fliess,  
January 30, 1901

[The Dora manuscript] is a fragment of an analysis of a case of hysteria in which the explanations are grounded around two dreams; so it is really a continuation of the dream book. In addition, it contains resolutions of hysterical symptoms and glimpses of the sexual-organic foundation of the whole. It is the subtlest thing I have written so far and will put people off even more than usual.

Sigmund Freud, Letter to Wilhelm Fliess,  
January 25, 1901

I am actually not at all a man of science, not an observer, not an experimenter, not a thinker. I am by temperament nothing but a conquistador... with all the curiosity, daring, and tenacity characteristic of a man of this sort. Such people are customarily esteemed only if they have been successful, have really discovered something; otherwise they are dropped by the wayside.

Sigmund Freud, Letter to Wilhelm Fliess,  
February 1, 1900

## CHAPTER 1

Vienna, 1895

Although Martha Freud had slept all night, her exhaustion remained in the morning. She lay silently in bed, tears running over her face. Her body was swollen from giving birth, her breasts bandaged to stop the flow of milk. Her back ached, as did the leg that had become lame. She looked at her sleeping husband. Sigmund was not unkind; he understood she was in a state of decline and would be a long time recovering. There had been 6 births in less than 9 years – a full year of abstinence before Anna’s birth—then a final compulsive act that, though she loved him, had left her dead to certain aspects of his theory. What need was there for her to debate matters with him? The bedrooms were overflowing with children; he himself had said that “monkey house” was full. Bleeding, anemic, weeping with hormonal fluctuations, her one leg dragging behind her, she had no strength left to nurse the child herself, the other five wanting her time so. There would be little sympathy from her now concerning the neuresthenias, hysterias, and obsessions said to arise from coitus interruptus, use of a condom, lack of gratification, those which could be remedied if pregnancy were allowed to occur. His theory had provoked so much scorn from fellow doctors she would not add her opinion to theirs. But she would fall into exhaustion like a planet falling into an orbit.

She wiped the tears from her face with the flat of her hand and gazed at him. From the back of his throat came a snore loud enough to startle him from sleep. Her tears came more abundantly now. She saw that the upper part of his nose was still swollen, a condition she attributed to various causes: allergens afloat in the unclean air of the city, cigar smoking, cauterization of the cardiac spots in the nose and other operations on the nasal sinuses performed by Wilhelm Fliess, and, though he discounted it, changes in the membrane brought on by cocaine. What gynecology was to her, rhinology was to him; he was lured towards every theory, procedure or drug having to do with the nose.

She put her hand on his chest and said, "Sig." He came out of his sleep a little, turned onto his side to quell the snores for her. He clasped her hand in his. There was no doubt that their physical relations were at an end. She would no longer "restore him to health," or guarantee him "proof against neurosis." His need of her, Martha thought, his gratitude towards her would certainly diminish. She slipped her hand out of his and put a pillow under the knee of her lame leg. She was too tired to suffer strong regret. His breathing quieted.

She lay next to him, imagining the garb of a nun draped over her body. She had not intended then to give up, nor could she prevent it. She could only notice that, in looking quietly and tiredly at what ran counter to desire, she approached the quality of renunciation and was calmed by its simplicity. Earlier expressions of his love, "My Princess," "My darling," were like frocks of childhood that would not fit her; "generosity," "sanity," "goodness," "passion" would be like bouquets for other women who were not yet so tired. She shut her eyes and could see a little red striped dress of Sophie's, a lacey white gown brought for Anna, bouquets of cyclamen, lilies, roses. She watched them swirl, like an old woman watching a carousel laden with children; they became mere colors, mirages born of his sweetness of speech.

She felt him take her hand and kiss it. As paint on a canvas creates an impression of water and yet remains dry, his touch gave an impression of love and she did not drink it in.

## CHAPTER 2

On June 5, 1938 the Orient Express, on its way from Nazi Austria to Paris, was about to pass over the Rhine Bridge into France. The oldest refugee on board—he had less than two years to live—was Sigmund Freud. He sat next to his wife, Martha. Across from them were their daughter Anna, nearing middle age, and her friend Josephine, a pediatrician.

Anna leaned forward, took his hand and said, “Soon we’ll be free.”

“Not so free,” he replied. He was too tired to speak. He had left four elderly sisters in Vienna.

It was two in the morning. Freud thought they were two hundred miles from Paris. It was safe now and he shut his eyes. If he could will a dream for himself it would be of those who would meet them in Paris: the American ambassador William Bullitt, Ernst and Harry, Princess Marie. Instead, images from the newspapers came before his eyes, Stalin’s paranoid glare, Hitler’s hysterical shouting. In them he saw the brutal force he had called the Primal Father, whose life with others he had summarized in the words, “He used them shamefully.” The stress from travel, his weakened heart, the pain from his cancerous palate caused the images to blur into one.

He turned his mind away from this. He saw images of his father Jacob’s face that bore traces of his own face, these arising from the pictures already packed and sent on to London. Surely, his brothers and sisters had been confused about their father; surely, they were like Jews hiding in burrows because of false stories.

Across the aisle a two-year old girl was screaming on her mother’s lap. Her face was feverish, damp with sweat. Josephine examined the baby’s ears; Anna fished a sweet from her pocket.

At the railway station in Paris, Freud sees a priest, with a long rosary swinging from his cassock, surrounded by pilgrims from Lourdes. They have medals of the Immaculate Conception around their

necks, sucking on lozenges made of Lourdes water; a prayerful woman carries pictures of St. Bernadette and M. Peyramale, persons satirized by Zola. A thought flashed through Freud's mind—the Church which is the “slender reed” the Jewish people will grasp.

Within minutes reporters surrounded Freud and greeted him with cheers. Memories of fifty years before came over to his mind: he had come to the Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris to study under Charcot; learned hypnosis from Hippolyte Bernheim; dissections at the Paris Morgue; met hysterical patients of Dr. Bernheim who also believed they had visions of the virgin and wished to be saints.

Freud and his companions are whisked away to Princess Marie's elegant home. A night boat takes them to England. Ernst Jones and his wife have come to receive them and drive them to a rented home in London.

On June 28 Freud told Arnold Zweig that three secretaries of the Royal Society had visited him bringing “the sacred book of the [Royal] Society” for his signature. “They left a facsimile of the book with me, I could show you the signatures of I. Newton to Charles Darwin. Good company!” Pleased with his reception in London, Freud wrote in a letter, “We are choking in flowers.”



### CHAPTER 3

20 Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, England

In September 1938 Freud settled down in the house in Hampstead. To Anna, the house seemed sad without the Princess, she who had protected them in Vienna and greeted them in Paris, then blessed their journey to England with a statuette of Athena. Now Athena sat on her father's windowsill by a vase of white and yellow roses, her gray, sober gaze disinterred from some pit. From a distance, one might take it for a statuette of the Blessed Virgin, so near the glass, impervious to the percussive shock of falling bombs.

Yet the Princess, revering her father to a fault, had distressed him with her reverence. It was not Marie's fault, Anna thought: Marie had suffered too much from the sacrilege of his books having been burned in Berlin; she herself couldn't be expected to burn the Fliess letters, which the Princess had declared "as sacred to Western culture as the works of Socrates and Plato."

Anna sat down at her desk. There were newspaper pictures of war orphans, hollow-eyed, dark haired children staring from the grainy newspaper print. They were the age that would miss their parents the most.

She looked away from them at last. She picked up a pad of paper and began jotting down names: Freud, Darwin, Helmholtz, Bernheim, Zola, Bernadette of Lourdes. On a fresh page, she drew two columns, one headed "Renunciation of Instinct," a phrase for which her father was revered, and the other "Examine yourself every day for moral insanity,"—the advice given her father by his mentor, Joseph Breuer. Under "Renunciation" she wrote "sublimation," "culture," "altruistic surrender." Under "Moral Insanity," she wrote "Letters to Fliess," "Nose/Sex," "Sexual Toxae," and then she drew a circle around the names she had written down, so that Freud, Darwin, and Bernadette embraced above the columns of irreconcilable items.

Lists concerning an infant had the same quality. "Finger paint,"

“clay,” “feces” -- could all be played with by the same child. Anyone who became hysterical over such a fact could not have worked in her nursery. There was a line of progression, that was all; it was her work to make note of such things. Surely, it was not wrong to begin with “insanity” and end with sublimation and reason? Athena was buried in rubble one day, and centuries later rose from an excavation with the same mute, knowing gaze.

Anna sat back. Charles Darwin had been about fifty when her father was born, and St. Bernadette had been 12. The year before her father’s birth there had been severe famine in Europe. Bernadette was a child of famine. Like the Jewish orphans she had seen after the First World War in Vienna, the girl was malnourished, asthmatic, unable to read. Bernadette saw the Virgin Mary in the grotto at Massabielle before Freud was two. Darwin published Natural Selection and The Origin of Species before he was three. And her father came into the prime of his youth around the time Darwin and Bernadette died. He was 23 when Bernadette died and 26 when Darwin died. His debt to Darwin was well known but it was Bernadette with whom he really competed. Her fame exceeded his, yet it was the same fame for curing hysterical sufferers by means of catharsis. His reputation for immorality had somewhat declined, and now she herself understood “over-goodness” so well she might have headed a convent...

Anna remembered the day--1933, some weeks before Christmas--when Bernadette was canonized in Rome. Bernadette had been dead for fifty-four years and her father was beginning to wish for death. He had had tissue removed from his mouth and he was bleeding and sore yet continuing to smoke for mental clarity. The day so many people gathered in Rome, her Aunt Mitzi collapsed from angina; the Germans were threatening Vienna...It was written in the papers that Bernadette had spent so much time in the convent infirmary that she said her job was “to suffer.” Her father, her Aunt Mitzi, the Austrian Jews had the same “job,” Anna thought, and his patience in suffering was not, in her view of it, eclipsed by anyone. But, as the papers had been pointing out bravely, it had been the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Turks’ defeat at the

gates of Vienna. And it was hoped the Germans would somehow be turned back like the Turks. Perhaps the Germans would be afraid of the date?

It was around that time of his own greatest resignation that he had taken to calling her "St. Anna." A reproach for her over-goodness and overwork, an ironic reference to the Church, genuine affection, her complete lack of interest in men. Though he had a reputation for recommending immorality, he could not object to her life, her celibacy, devotion to children, what they called her altruistic "surrender." If any sarcasm were implied, she had long ago forgiven him with what seemed to her a natural culmination of love. Despite the letters to Fliess, would the world not also forgive--though *have patience with* was perhaps a better way of putting it--all that which was not as sacred as the Princess thought?



## CHAPTER 4

Maresfield Gardens, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Sigmund Freud lies propped on a couch in the room that was his study. He gazes past his books, antiques, the final draft of Moses and Monotheism onto a quiet garden of leaves. A metal prosthesis, replacing his palate and parts of his jaw, pinches his nasal cavity cut off from his mouth. He cannot eat, smoke, or talk without the Monster. His organs of speech have been a welter of pressure sores, crusts, and scars, now surgical wounds that don't close. The death-smell draws late summer flies.

Martha Freud walks in. She readjusts the mosquito net over his bed. Forty years before, she quit speaking of his filthy cigars, his beloved Soberanos, Pearls, Reina-Cabanas. She leans over his bed, snaps wrinkles from the sheets and complains a visitor has mussed them. Her homely face bears the dream-trace of his Beloved Martha. In his mind, the refrain plays as from a love song: A healthy girl would not be disgusted.

Martha asks if he would like a dish of soup. No, nothing please. His time is come, he is not afraid. Martha leaves.

Martha, Old Beloved, I have loved you. But I owed to the Cigar, to Nicotine, my particular capacity to concentrate. Austrian tobacco was always bad; Dutch was good. In Italy, the matches were bad; I had to strike four till one lit. My father smoked till his 81st year; should I have lived past my father?

A snarl of pain, then skeins of thought to bind it: *A passive repetition of fatality, a large unknown factor which we are obliged to carry over.* Years before he had written, "A headache which equates the head with the other end of the body." Hair in both places, lips in both places. Certain headaches are a wished-for defloration of mind.

He sees the dark face of his scientific colleague, Wilhelm Fliess. Saved from the Nazis are his letters to Wilhelm, all *safely* in the hands of Princess Marie. I looked forward to our scientific Congress; I brought nothing but two open ears; I brought one temporal lobe, with lubrication for reception.

In ten years, Martha bore six children. Her tears, thrombosis, exhaustion...A healthy man cannot tolerate a condom, but can tolerate a modicum of abstinence. Five months after Mathilde, five after Martin, six after Oliver, three after Ernst, after Sophie—Martha's thrombosis—abstinent twelve months; and after Anna, I was done with the begetting of children.

A woman sat at the piano, dyspeptic, with paresthesia of the heart, her head swimming with Oppression, her Desire for her husband concealed as an urgency to urinate.

My famous one, Dora. Patient whom I did not love, could not cure.

Girl who didn't like men. First to be given use of my Dreambook, for whom I wrote out my language of dreams.

The train in your dream was a phallus. The thick woods you rode past was the clotted bramble of your pubic hair. The forecourt where the train pulled in was your hysterical vaginal lips—you dreamed it and wished it. You loved men, you wished it. I am not afraid of sex or death.

I stopped smoking once, Dora, and my gums grew inflamed. The cigar was a phallus, the child was a phallus, the train was a phallus.

“It is not a train.”

“Yes, it is a train.”

“It's not a cigar!”

An engaging, clever girl.

A train sped through the brambles.

Oh God, Dora, Amalie my Treasure. Did I ever tell you of my fear of trains? Did I tell you of my fear of train

## CHAPTER 5

20 Maresfield Gardens, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

I remembered before I could remember. Moses was saved by the Pharaoh's daughter; I was washed in red water.

My nursemaid was an old, sharp-spoken, ugly woman, Monika Zajic. She boiled a kettle of water hauled from a spigot in the dirt-yard; Philipp, my handsome half-brother, poured my bath. Mrs. Zajic was squatting behind a curtain, washing herself in my bath; it was my intense desire to look. Blood flows into the bath from a wound in her penis.

She rises with gray skin, pale redness over her buttocks and thighs. Hurriedly dresses. Tells me something of God and the Devil. She unbuttons my shirt with thick fingers. You are like me, take your clothes off, you have nothing I haven't seen, Yes, I'm like you! You know God and the Devil, you know you're like me.

I was washed in her red-colored water. Cheeks, eyes, ears, neck, bleeding, soapy baptismal...

What were your tears for, what was your wound, Monika? I have gone into Father's satin pocket to steal shiny zheners for you, then into Mother's housekeeping money.

When Mrs. Zajic was taken away, my half-brother and Mother shouted, laughing, "Oh, your Monika's been stealing zheners, she's boxed up now!"

My father Jacob, my mother's father-husband, was past forty when they married. Not yet twenty, she was all beauty, will, belligerence, "the race who fought the German army on the ruins of Warsaw." I am that part of her body.

She would not love an old man. Bartered to Jacob, her parents not

deceived, not in tears, in one room with a curtain.

It is my father's grown son, Philipp, of his first marriage, whom my mother loved. My mother's breathing, their kissing, my heavy breathing, asthma, masturbation, Shekinah, the Female Splendor of God...A night's train ride, when I was two and a half, her white shoulders, the globe of her breast... "Libido towards matrem aroused." What Philipp touched, what all Universal Desire touched, I touched...

Before I came under the threat of castration, I had the most intensive desire to look. Wished to see the genitals of other persons, which reached its height in the longing to see my Mother's phallus. With the cognition acquired only later that the woman has none, this transformed into the cause of psychic impotence, of misogyny and of lasting homosexuality. But my fixation on the once so vividly desired object, the Penis of the Woman...



## CHAPTER 6

20 Maresfield Gardens, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

My deathbed is the recollection of my marriage bed. The wounds of my palate and jaw correspond to my wife's wounds after childbirth. I am speaking, for the last time, of my resolve, after the unwanted birth of Anna, never to touch my Marty again. I was reading Malleus Maleficarum, the medieval cleric's guide to interrogating witches, while I myself was pounded on the Witch's anvil.

I was preternaturally aware of Martha's bleeding, of her swollen belly, her sore flesh, but most obsessively of the brownish-red vaginal bleeding that continues so many days after birth. For blood will flow from a corpse in the presence of the murderer, because the wound is influenced by the mind of the murderer, and receives a certain atmosphere saturated with his violence; when the murderer draws near, the blood wells up and gushes forth—

She's bleeding, that is to say, and yet I want *her*. But No, it could be said, I don't want her, but a woman far removed from me. For semen has no power of generation unless the heat of life remains in it; this is why the witches say the Devil's sperm is cold. The sperm of nocturnal emissions, collected by an Incubus, who interposes that sperm on a woman—that woman not being my wife—such sperm will lose the heat of life in transport, for the devils carry it great distances. Yet such sperm fails to evaporate, by reason of the speed at which the devils travel. For something *causes* a disposition to some effect, as he who chops wood causes the actual fire. My having a body chops wood, that wood burns the corpse of my wife.

The Body cannot un-love. But the following occurs to me: Devils eat clots of dung from the bum of Pan; my Wolfman viewed his father's copulation with the bleeding anus of the mother; after copulation with

the Devil, the witches defecate great pieces of bones and brambles; no Sodomite perseveres beyond the mortal life of Christ, which is 33 years: the Mind can say this to the Body.

There are three things in Man: Will, Understanding, and Body. The first is ruled by God, the second is enlightened by an Angel, the third is ruled by moon and stars. Because of Understanding, which now I call Ego, my Body dwells on murder, blood, dung and other filthy delights. Because of Understanding, my children's mother will live, I will live past my 33<sup>rd</sup> year, and the Devil allotted to me will transport my thoughts into the devils allotted to Women. By this witchcraft, my wife goes on dreaming tonight. Because I have loved her.

I am hardly a human being anymore; as I amortized my marriage, so shall I soon amortize my life!

## CHAPTER 7

20 Maresfield Gardens, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Freud is resting in his deathbed, enjoying a warm breeze from the garden. His mind wanders over his student days in college. He's a student sitting in his rented room. He wears gray pajamas his fiancée has sent him and is smoking a coca cheroot. He's writing a letter to Martha.

The words flow without effort: Marty, My Princess, Precious Treasure, a man's love is gladly ruled by his Princess, I'm ready to be ruled by my Princess. If I had money, we'd marry this week.

Monday, I had an over-hearty lunch with my colleagues; like Mantegazza before me, I have noticed how gastric pressure and fullness, the subsequent discomfort and disinclination to work disappear following small doses of cocaine. I cured my friends and myself; the larger question remains if cocaine would not cure heart disease and diabetes.

The next day I set myself the task of becoming giddy on the swing-boats in the Prater and observed in what brief time cocaine removed my sense of nausea, giving way to the most gorgeous excitement. I wished you were with me.

My darling! I was propped up in bed reading Don Quixote, splitting my sides laughing, as I thought, I am coming to rescue my Marty from her wicked uncle! I shall take the train to Tobosa fortified by cocaine, kiss Martha's hand, and I'll give my Princess enough coca to redden her cheeks!

I had a long conversation on moral insanity and nervous diseases with my colleague Joseph Breuer, during which I said of you: Martha's a sweet "Cordelia."

I mean that you're so totally normal and give your love only to

me. And Breuer calls his own wife, Mathilde, “Cordelia” for this same reason, that she displays no affection to others, including her own father. Perhaps I’d name our first daughter Mathilde.

Marty! I was walking down a street in Hamburg, in search of an engraver; for I had resolved to make you a gift of stationary papers. I met with an elderly Jewish engraver, who showed me the great Deutsche Bank where gold and silver are stored, and he gave me the following speech: the Jew is the finest flower of mankind, made for joy, and the law commands him to appreciate every pleasure.

In a few days, your papers were ready. Pale, watermarked, delicate as the sheaf of Cordelia’s brain. At the top of each paper my S is entwined with your M, making every page a form of intercourse between us. I carry this box up to my room and touch the blank papers, on which all beloved fragments of her life, random threads of her thoughts will arrive, with myself entwined. Oh God, how my thoughts rose or fell by erotogenic zones!

Because I knew how sweet you were, I thought you would rise above all those common weaknesses older women are despised for: quarrelsome, peevish, petty, sadistic.

Because you were Luck itself, without you I would have lacked the will to live.

Marty! would you keep young and fresh as long as possible? Even after 7 years, even after 38 years, would you not be so charmingly surprised by everything?

## CHAPTER 8

20 Maresfield Gardens, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Anna! you're not the hysterical type; the open space between the oral cavity and the air seems not to bother you. For hysterical fantasies go back, as I see it, to what's overheard but only later understood—from 6 or 7 months on. My darling, you of all my children, overheard nothing. I gave your mother a 3 to 5 months rest between birth and the next begetting, so that each child but yourself overheard, in ascending degree, my desire met with hesitation—I mean the talk of dates, pain, tiredness, thrombosis. What your brothers and sisters heard, what I heard between my mother and father, you will dimly hear as genetic recollections of the race, no more.

You will remember my investigations on the subject of hysteria in males. I mean the fainting, headaches, palpitations, flatulence, dyspepsia, the pseudo-angina, with its origins in puberty. Its source was masturbation; men seduced by women at an early age escape it, but I did not escape it. The second noxa, Anna, onanismus conjugalis—incomplete copulation to prevent conception. All methods of achieving it act similarly in the case of men, intolerance exhibited, in ascending degree, against use of the condom, extra-vaginal coitus, coitus interruptus, the most severe noxa.

And thus and so, dear Anna, goes that epithalamium of mine to unprotected copulation, or psychotic openness to fate, the groom without pollution, the bride surviving childbed six times, that I would be spared more neuresthenia, she spared all hysteria, as if sex had been a nutrient! It is known that the honeymoon passes. She perceives her body is a wound, which he cannot be permitted to enter, and he will float in isolation, between hysteria and sublimation. Anna! You've not overheard my murdering your mother, though you've seen me smoke many cigars!



## CHAPTER 9

20 Maresfield Garden, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Anna! I am walking towards the deep woods near Mount Rax. Your brothers and sisters are born; you were not yet conceived. It's a warm day in August. I've stopped in the clearing. At a slight distance there are deciduous trees. Leaves cover the branches like nappy green fabric over a woman's umbrella. This is not unlike a bustle, which is not unlike a cage of bones. Anna, spread my jacket on this log, we can sit here, looking upwards. The phallic trunks of trees arise from green bushes and grasses; the brush is the pubic hair of trees; these trees sprout brown cones and winged seeds. Anna, the word "panic" comes from Pan, the fertility god—it occurs when a woman understands the place her husband leads her. If your mother visits a meadow, the buttercup and mustard wave their generative parts in the breeze, a frightening imitation of her woman's walk.

Anna! let's go back to the hut on Mount Rax. On both sides, I see tall stands of fir, botanical rigs of erection. Then my sudden sighting of a stump. As we walk on, a cord of stacked wood. At tea, there will be noodle pudding.

Did you know your mother's "home psychology" competes with mine? Just yesterday—the first time since our marriage—she hiked with me and my friend Oscar Rie. She bore up under the strain. She loved the view from a height. It's the first time in seven years she is not pregnant.

I'm lounging in the bedroom of the hut. A lovely woman enters my room; she's flushed with exertion. I'm staring at her. I would like a kiss from her mouth. But I'm obliged to recognize this woman is my wife, and that for seven years I've not kissed her. She's experienced the usual bleeding and pain, thrombosis, hemorrhoids, the nutritional decline of pregnant women; she can't tell the difference between desire and pain, and her deepest wish is for a year of abstinence. Anna, I'm

giving your mother her wish. So it is she enters my room and strokes my cheek. “I’m coming back to life,” she says. She wants to stay another two days on Mount Rax, away from her children.

During our abstinent year, a male patient consults me, a Mr. von F. He’s my age, darling Anna, but he’s lost every bit of his natural vigor; belching, headache, loss of appetite, sluggish bowels. We investigate his sexuality: married for many years yet only two children; he always uses a condom. He admits to feeling wretched after use of a condom—not immediately, but two days later—when headache and dyspepsia occur, these preceded by belching and all those symptoms.

“Why then use a condom?” I ask.

“One mustn’t have too many children,” he says!

Anna, the condom—like displaced or incomplete coition—is a continuous cause of melancholia in men. There’s an instinct towards furious motion, another toward absolute stillness. And as St. Augustine understood well, total abstinence is easier than perfect moderation.

In the first year of my abstinence, Anna, I note that smoking clarifies my thoughts. Yet this threatens my life and thus yours, for you are not yet conceived.

I was working at my desk all morning and smoking like chimney. I’m rapidly, lucidly writing on hysteria. In mid-sentence, a stinging pain in my chest, then thundering, irregular heartbeats, then a cold sweat and shortness of breath. I stagger to the couch and lie down. I look straight up at death—delirious, but fully conscious. Anna, if I’m smoking in a state of abstinence and thinking of sex, would it be “Nicotine Heart” or the surrogates of long omitted coitus? Breathlessness and tachycardia and sweating belong to sex, being subsidiary paths of discharge, now the only outlet—oh, a kind of conversion on the wrong path, which can’t enter my psychical field—

Anna! I can do without cigars, on doctor’s orders. Yes, I can stop anytime. But I continue to suffer the full raft of cardiac symptoms, along with the horrible misery of abstinence. I can do no theoretical work without cigars to clarify my thinking. Dear Anna, don’t cry.



Please go to my desk and fetch me a cigar from the drawer. Dearest, will you unwrap it and light it? Good. Now I'm thinking, my girl. Yes, I know I might abruptly perish, but we owe God a death.

Anna! Make a note of these analogies: the less the man's potency, the more pronounced his wife's hysteria; the less I smoke, the more cardiac distress from nicotine withdrawal, and the rebound inflammation of my gums. From her pelvis comes the body of a child, from my head a body of thought; my throat was not a sewer.

Anna! Will you take a short letter to Wilhelm, to Wilhelm Fliess? I agree with him the cardiac trouble was nasal, and though the wounds from his operation on my sinuses are still bleeding and swelling, I painted the nose with cocaine. Finally, a thick expulsion of pus. Which feels wonderful of course—though my rapid heartbeat still remains. Anna, it's a bad period day. Influenza with fever, pus from the sphenoid, a return of cardiac symptoms—I'm congested, hoarse, breathless—

Anna! Is this 24<sup>th</sup> or 25<sup>th</sup> of the month? Your mother and I are counting period days; your mother worried whether her periods are 28 or 29 days apart. Tell Wilhelm that Martha takes a long time to recover. Say she is left somewhat lame.

Child! A year of abstinence is over. You are so soon to be conceived. Anna! I'm kissing your mother; when I kiss her, she freezes. I tell her Wilhelm knows a formula whereby to avoid days of conception. Her body stiffens, but she listens to my voice. My arm cradles her head, my hand caresses her back; it's so long since I've held her. Her tears fall on my neck. I'm speaking of the repetition of the times of gestation, and the mathematical beauty of life; she delights in the sound of my voice. She flings an arm around my neck.

Anna! Sex stops time. Sex stops the neuroses born of time—those of consequence, remorse, anticipation...

Anna! I know blood comes from wounds. I know the Devil, in the work of Rabelais, takes fright at the sight of a vulva. I know the sight of coition makes a sadistic impression, but the room in which you

were conceived was dark. I know God made use of my mind like a man makes use of a strumpet: He gave me the ability to write with the mind of a penis in darkness.

Anna! I know all about defenses, ambiguities, treble lines of thoughts. I tolerate no exception to my language. In particular, I stand or fall with the usage of double- or treble-faced terms, for my voice is that of a multitude of creatures, and one's reality is the reality of every other...

In the beginning, God mated with Matter. Anna! The root of evil comes from God's Lust. God's Holy Sparks—as in a vast plume of sperm—thus were scattered. Human beings are compelled to gather them back. I begot six children on my Beloved's tired body. When Love sees God encased in evil, she lies still, without undue objection; her tired eyes are the eyes of deep-water fishes.

Only the Messiah or Devil would rise in the Temple to utter the full name of God: of Spirit mathematically moving through matter.

Anna! Don't you know I'm the Devil? All my life I've played the Devil so that others made beautiful cathedrals from what I produced. You will notice, Anna, in every transcript of possession, that God's priest makes the Devil speak, but he cannot make God speak. God is Voiceless, without Substance, while the Devil speaks through every particle of matter. As Augustine has it, the devil creeps in by all the sensual approaches, puts himself in figures, adapts himself to sounds and colors, adapts himself to angry, wrongful conversation, he abides in smell which fills the channel of Understanding, all the clanging, non-logical senses of associations, contradictions, inversions.

Anna! This is the united flow of opposites which is a fount of hysterical thought: AnusMouth, PleasurePain, DevilGod, DisgustLove. Yes and No are the same.

There arises the question of how to bear this without hysterical formations; but the answer to this cannot be written. The answer is very slowly given in secret, in the course of much reticent hinting. But a prerequisite to this is the interminable analysis of a girl's every word,

every dream, every illness, every wheeze. Anna! When I comprehended Dora's cough, torrents of meanings poured from my mouth.

That I invented a language, a system of pauses, cognitions, deflections, all proceeding toward a knot of gory fables, a language with which to think obsessively of sex, yet never feel the slightest titillation! I am not a pornographer like the scholar Mantegazza; but I am that immensity of achievement, Anna, of the most recent layer of cortical tissues over the reptilian brain. I am God's Darwinian Jew. My Word binds erection to castration—my dear Anna, should there be any need of condoms! How the blood hides in the dryness of my language, how it seeps off through lifts and pumps into hypothetical germ cells of a trillion tons of past animal flesh.

As I could never fantasize about Mathilde, Emma, Dora, and at the same time hold in mind the life of your mother, so sexuality lies next to murder. Was I in love with Aunt Minna? Do you remember Aunt Minna's colitis? I inspected her for blood and fragments of flesh.

But a young wife's own psychosis of love casts garlands of lilies over the implement of murder, as my patients cast lilies over the grave of my wife.



## CHAPTER 10

20 Maresfield Garden, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Anna! Drugs and sex have carved me. A river carves the cleft of a canyon. Layers of rock, the fossils of dead animals remain when the river's red water is dry.

Anna! Cocaine is an aphrodisiac. In the beginning, God mated with matter; water ran over the rock. To a cocaineist, God is substance, a most gorgeous excitement. I did not see His Face, yet He loved me, He was the most gorgeous excitement. Anna! I felt God in my body.

Anna! Come sit on my bed. To keep this rabbit from jumping, I'll inject cocaine into its leg. There. Take it back to the glass cage on my desk. Now notice the rabbit's behavior: first the frantic running and erection; now the perfect immobility. Anna! Cocaine makes me happy. The greatest bliss is perfect immobility that lies astride great desire. Seven wolves sit in a tree in the garden; they are perfectly still. Yet I know their stillness is the same as the most furious movement. A certain wolf, who is a cocaineist, is a lover of God; his sexuality is perfect immobility, which is the outward sign of perfect prayer. In furious movement, my heart pounds, my pulse is too high, my speech is impeded and filled with depravity and slang.

Anna! I am known to have moderated the lethal dosage. 0.05 to 0.10 grams; I take so much and not more. For depression, for hysterical headache, or if I have too much for lunch. The only consequence: euphoria and banishment of pain. I am not left with a craving, but rather a slight sense of disgust for the drug. And my euphoria is nothing more than my cerebral cortex unconscious of the organs of the mortal body to which the higher mind belongs. Cocaine is the anesthetic that makes the spirit unaware of matter. Perfect prayer, perfect oneness. Your mother and I—who are One—know what it is to not want bodies. I know what it is to not want a mouth, she knows what it is not to want sexual

organs.

Dear Anna! There is abstinence from pain; its name is anesthesia. The Incas named cocaine “Manco Capac,” that is, royal son of the Sun God. There was coca champagne at my wedding; in my study, coca cheroots; there was coca paste to rub into gums. Yet most cocainists, myself foremost among them, will choose a paint or powder for the nasal cavity. Anna! have you guessed the reason?

I do not partake of pleasure for the sake of pleasure. Bolivian savages do heavy labor in the silver mines only if they chew cocaine, and the Church allows them three or four doses a day. Just so, Anna, I sent myself and others into the mines chewing coca; there are mines of the spirit and mines of the body.

For the mines of women’s bodies, I prescribe cocaine for a virgin suffering vaginismus, or spasmodic contraction of her sphincter; next, three grain suppositories of cocaine for a lady with hyper-anesthesia; two weeks later, for the same lady’s hemorrhoids, cocaine with opium and belladonna, after which she feels the most gorgeous, hysterical excitement. Another woman hates the pain of intercourse; a 16% solution applied to the mouth of her vagina. Your mother and I mined silver; I brought you out of the shaft in an ancient reed basket.

On my travels, an Italian cave guide--an undoubted neurotic--is asked how far one can penetrate a Roman cave. His reply: “it’s like a virgin; the further the better!” Cocaine is both an aphrodisiac and an anesthetic. Love is so often followed by death in lower animals and children. The cell wall opens, one Protista devours another, then the wall divides. A raped child in the Paris Morgue—chancres on his lips, death from anal hemorrhage. Death hounds sexuality as the order of Crabs who eat parts of one another’s bodies while in the throes of copulation—the cells feel bliss and then the body numbs in death.

After cocaine, the silent speak with eloquence; both the rabbit and the wolf will feel a gorgeous excitement. The scientist’s speech of this excitement is the excitement of the excitement itself, the feeling feels itself, it cannot be refuted. Child! Take a full glass of wine of

cocaine with each meal; in several months, no reproach or recollection will bring tears to your eyes. I worked like a peon, massaging the bodies of women, digging complaints, repetitions from the minds of neurotics; but inject one grain of cocaine and the patient talks with free-flowing precision. My health should be preserved.

Anna! Find the vial we used on the rabbit. Just a grain on my forearm. Now listen.

There's a pleasant thrill in my body, an acceleration of heartbeat, with increase of cardiac force; so much like the heartbeat of coitus. There are twitches in my face, and the desire to speak; tremors in my hands, the desire to write; an exceedingly great desire to write; a great conviction this writing is more than a concatenation of subjects. Anna! We pursue not the jumble of pictures, but the abstract connections between them. Brown hairs are forest, a boy's mouth overflows with mother's sperm, a child's sweet box is the pubic shell of Venus. Anna! We pursue not the jumble of pictures, but the abstract connections between them. I glance up at the wall, a Cosmic stream pours in from a crack in the wall. I've brought God back a bucket of jewels stolen from Hell in this bug-ridden crack in the plaster.

Another cocaineist, in my place, injects 4 grains of cocaine, then 8, then 12; he writes page after furious page. He throws these declamations on the floor and is thrilled, yet he's completely incoherent. He injects 18 grains of cocaine. His mind passes far beyond reason, his pulse is too rapid to count. What good is this to God? The next day—close to noon—this slut gets out of bed and walks to his study. His papers and reference books are thrown all over the floor, two or three chairs overturned.

Anna! You've never seen my chair upside down, yet I speak from the mouth of speechless depression. When red water carves out a canyon, bones of dead addicts litter its walls. Every cocaineist writhes from delusions of sight, hearing, smell and taste; he writhes with impotence astride erotic desires, with aphasia astride an irresistible urge to speak. A cocaineist who goes by way of the nose suffers swelling of the nose, with ulcers on the nasal septum, sometimes perforations of the

septum; he will have a fixed stare.

Anna! I stare because I so profusely perceive. The girl Dora lies on my couch. She describes a woman's pearl earrings as being in the shape of "drops." Life begins in salt-drops of the sea. There are pearl-drops of the genital mucus, drops of a man's teaspoon of sperm; a woman's monthly cycle remembers the breeding of intertidal creatures, which are ruled by the tides, which are ruled by the moon; a man's body remembers Sea-Squirts and milt. Of these "drops," I can write many pages.

Outside my study, seven wolves watch from a tree, like seven virtues. Their red mouths are prisons, vaginas with teeth; each tongue is a phallus. They know what I write, they watch my madness transmute: paranoia will be a scientific tone; hysteria, a literary gift; an obsession with sex, a lament over God and His vicious mating with matter. Furious movement becomes absolute stillness; a marriage ends in abstinence.

Anna! I'm pitting cocaine against the Neuresthenias, the Universal Malaise: against dyspepsia, flatulence, frigidity, colic, gastralgia, hysteria, spinal irritation, obscure and intrinsic convulsions; the viciousness of matter.

Anna! Take a letter to my fiancée, your mother: I'm rushing to you on a train, from Paris to Wandsbek. You'll see who is stronger—a frail little girl, who doesn't eat, or a big wild man with cocaine in his body! I'll feed you cocaine till your face turns red!

Anna! In my last depression, in my last headache, a small dose of cocaine carried me up to the heights.

There are green roots and green grasses near graves. There was quite a famous saying in Vienna: "All roads lead to the central cemetery." But on the way, the silent will talk; they will project their many voices; the childish coward will be surprisingly brave. Dr. J. B. St. John Roosa will cure a masturbating woman with cocaine, her habit begun by scratching the vulva. He'll pack her vulva with cloths soaked in cocaine, and she will be cured of the habit; the same will work for a



male.

On the way to the grave, cocaine will be endorsed for allergic rhinitis; yet patches of deadness occur in the nasal mucosa. There will be wet and dry gangrene; there will be casting out of the Devil by Beelzebub; all roads lead to death, but then we owe God a death.

Anna! the devil Erlenmeyer is carrying on an agitation against my alkaloid; he speaks of the “3<sup>rd</sup> scourge of mankind,” brought on by your father! My essay “On Coca” shall be reprinted as a pamphlet; I’ve had such a flood of requests for the dosage. There are grave reproaches towards me in Vienna: “Reckless judgment,” “Moral insanity,” “paranoia scientifica,” innuendos of murder.

A machine in the lab has mangled the hand of my friend Fleishcl. He suffers unbearable pain and is addicted to morphine. Yes, I’ll advise him how much cocaine is needed to overcome his morphine addiction.

Learn to defend me, Anna!



## CHAPTER 11

20 Maresfield Garden, England. September 1939

Freud on his deathbed

Anna! You know that I have written that libido is like an unruly horse, ego that which rides and constraints it, the harshness of superego like a swarm of bees that buzz around the head of the rider. These bees are attracted by the color of language and the fragrance of candor; candor not concerning what was done, but concerning desires and thoughts, most of which are ignored or repented. I have done this to show the nature of the mind, the nature of that which watches over the mind. I am the horse, the rider, the bees, and that which watches over these three from inside the three states; and you are also that.

Anna! You are my Cordelia, my Antigone. When you read my letters to Wilhelm, you must remember that you are my daughter Anna, absolutely and immaculately protected by me. You may read the letters in the garden. Break the soil, lay some rocks in a circle; have a box of matches on your armrest when you read. Remember that it is an act of mercy to burn the bodies of the dead, for I was long dead when that witch Ida Fliess sold my body—she'll travel all over Europe on the proceeds, saying "This is Freud, this is a Jew, this is Annerl's father." So read them, burn them at once, bury the ash around the roses—there will be bouquets next June, you'll decorate the house--