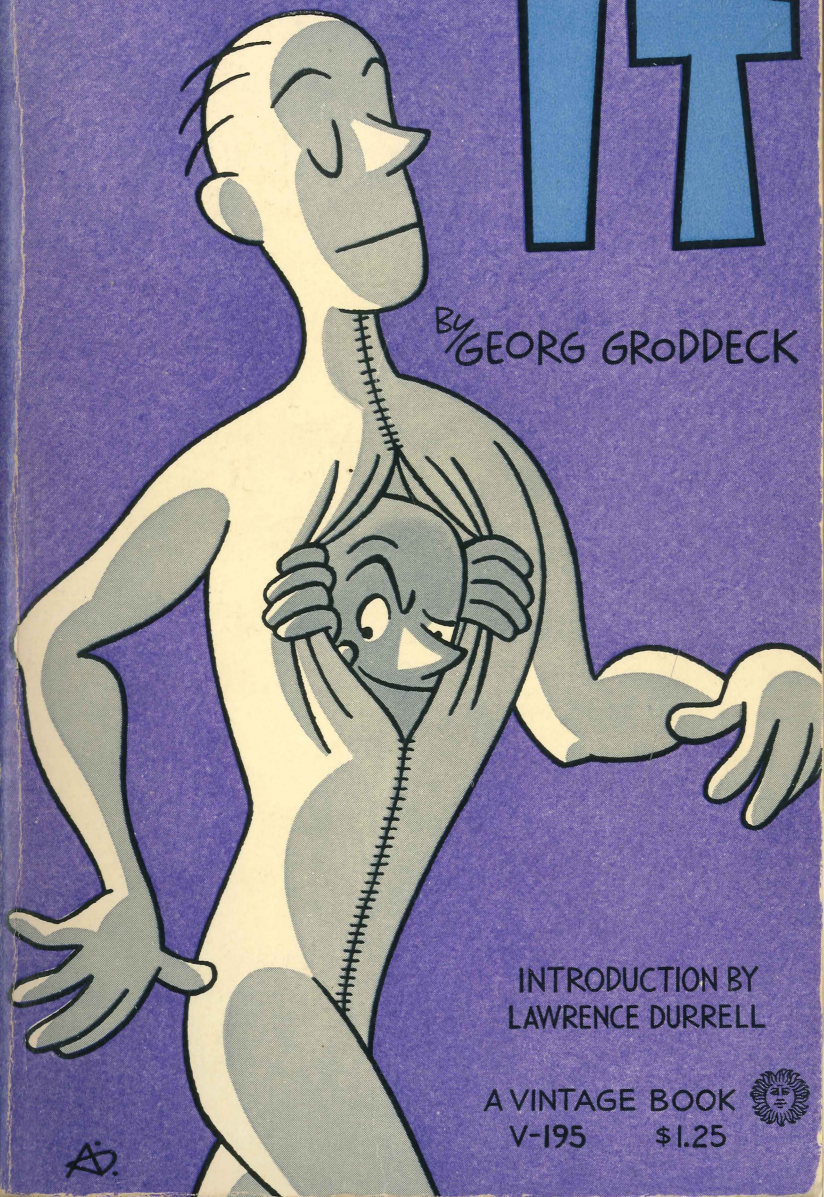


# THE BOOK OF THE

# IT

By GEORG GRODDECK



INTRODUCTION BY  
LAWRENCE DURRELL

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# *THE BOOK OF THE IT*

by

GEORG GRODDECK, M.D.

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*Introduction by*

LAWRENCE DURRELL



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often than not his successful intervention is an accident. Thus the art of healing for Groddeck was a sort of spiritual athletic for both doctor and patient, the one through self-knowledge learning to cure his It of its maladjustments, the other learning from the discipline of interpretation how to use what Graham Howe has so magnificently called "the will power of desirelessness": in other words, how to free himself from *the desire to cure*. This will seem a paradox only to those—and today they are very many—who have no inkling of what it is like to become aware of states outside the comfortable and habitual drowsings of the ego. We are still the children of Descartes, and it is only here and there you will find a spirit who dares to replace that inexorable first proposition, with the words: "I am, therefore I can love."

It was this dissatisfaction with the current acceptance of disease as clinical entity that drove Groddeck finally to abandon, wherever possible, recourse to the pharmacopoeia or the knife; in his little clinic in Baden-Baden he preferred to work with a combination of diet, deep massage, and analysis as his surest allies. On these years of successful practice his reputation as a doctor was founded, while his writings, with their disturbing, disarming, mocking note, brought him as many pupils as patients, as many enemies as admirers. The majority of his theories and opinions, together with the It-concept on which his philosophy is based, were already worked out before he had read Freud. Yet he gladly and joyfully accepted the Freudian findings in many cases, and never ceased to revere Freud; but whereas the work of Jung, Adler, Rank, Stekel might well be considered as modifications and riders to basic Freudian theory, Groddeck's case is unique and exceptional. He stands beside Freud as a philosopher and healer in his own true right.

"With Groddeck," wrote Keyserling after his death, "has gone one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He is indeed the only man I have known who continually reminded me of Lao-Tzu; his non-action had just the same magical effect. He took the view that the doctor really knows nothing, and of himself can do nothing, that he should therefore interfere as little as possible, for his very presence can invoke to action the patient's own powers of healing. Naturally he could not run his sanatorium at Baden-Baden purely on this technique of non-interven-



tion, so he healed his patients by a combination of psychotherapy and massage in which the pain he inflicted must have played some part in the cure, for in self-protection they developed the will-to-life, while the searching questions he put in analysis often touched them on the raw! . . . In this way Groddeck cured me in less than a week of a relapsing phlebitis which other doctors had warned me would keep me an invalid for years, if not for the rest of my life."

For the patient, Groddeck sought to interpret, through the vagaries of outward symptom and clinical manifestation, the hidden language of the It. "I do maintain," he writes, "that man creates his own illnesses for a definite purpose, using the outer world merely as an instrument, finding there an inexhaustible supply of material which he can use for this purpose, today a piece of orange peel, tomorrow the spirochete of syphilis, the day after, a draft of cold air, or anything else that will help him pile up his woes. And always to gain pleasure, no matter how unlikely that may seem, for every human being experiences something of pleasure in suffering; every human being has the feeling of guilt and tries to get rid of it by self-punishment." To Groddeck plainly the ego is only a reflexive instrument to be used as a help in interpreting the motive force which lies behind the actions and reactions of the whole man; it is perhaps this which gives his philosophy its bracing life-giving quality. It is a philosophy with a boundless horizon, whereas the current usages of psychoanalysis plainly show it to have been built upon a cosmogony as limited in scope as that which bounded the universe of Kelvin or of Huxley.

If Freud gives us a calculus for the examination of behavior, the philosophy on which it rests is a philosophy of causes; to Groddeck, however, all causes derive from an unknowable principle which animates our lives and actions. So we are saved from the hubris of regarding ourselves as egos and of limiting our view of man to the geography of his reflexes; by regarding the ego as a function we can reorientate ourselves more easily to the strains and stresses of a reality which too often the ego rejects, because it cannot comprehend, or because it fears it. So much, then, for the basic difference between the philosophies of Freud and Groddeck; it will be evident, if I have stated my case clearly, that they complement one another,

that they are not antithetical, as some have believed them to be; for Freud supplies much of the actual heavy machinery of analysis, and Groddeck joyfully accepts it. In return Groddeck offers a philosophy of orientation and humility which justifies the technocratic contributions of Freud, and allows us to understand more clearly the problems and penalties not merely of disease, for that does not exist *per se*, but of suffering itself. With Freud we penetrate more deeply into the cognitive process; with Groddeck we learn the mystery of participation with the world of which we are part, and from which our ego has attempted to amputate us.

And what of the It? Groddeck does not claim that there is any such thing. He is most careful to insist that the It is not a thing-in-itself, but merely a way-of-seeing, a convenient rule-of-thumb method for attacking the real under its many and deceptive masks; indeed, in this his philosophy bears a startling resemblance to the Tao-concept of the Chinese. The It is a way, not a thing, not a principle or a conceptual figment. Having accepted so much, Groddeck is prepared to attempt a half-length portrait of it.

"Some moment of beginning must be supposed for this hypothetical It, and for my own purposes I quite arbitrarily suppose it to start with fertilization . . . and I assume that the It comes to an end with the death of the individual—though the precise moment at which we can say an individual is dead is again not so simple a matter as it seems. . . . Now the hypothetical It-unit, whose origin we have placed at fertilization, contains within itself two It-units, a male and a female. . . . It is perhaps necessary here to comment upon the extent of our ignorance concerning the further development of the fertilized ovule. For my purposes it is sufficient to say that after fertilization the egg divides into two separate beings, two cells as science prefers to call them. The two then divide again into four, into eight, into sixteen, and so on, until finally there comes to be what we commonly designate a human being. . . . Now in the fertilized ovule, minute as it is, there must be something or other—the It, we have assumed?—which is able to take charge of this multitudinous dividing into cells, to give them all distinctive forms and functions, to induce them to group themselves as skin, bones, eyes, ears, brain, etc. What becomes of the original It in the moment of division? It must obviously

lator of the extra-causal forces which rule us. That he fully appreciated the terrible ambivalent forces to which the artist is so often a prey is clear; but he also sees that the artist's dilemma is also that of everyman, and that this dilemma is being perpetually restated in art, just as it is being restated in terms of disease or language. We live (perhaps I should paraphrase the verb as Groddeck does), we are lived by a symbolic process, for which our lives provide merely a polished surface on which it may reflect itself. Just as linguistic relations appear as "effective beliefs" in the dreams of Groddeck's patients, so the linguistic relations of symbolism, expressed in art, place before the world a perpetual picture of the penalties, the terror and magnificence of living—or of being lived by this extra-causal reality whose identity we cannot guess. "However learned and critical we may be," writes Groddeck, "something within us persists in seeing a window as an eye, a cave as the mother, a staff as the father." Traced back along the web of affective relations these symbols yield, in art, a calculus of primitive preoccupation, and become part of the language of the It; and the nature of man, seen by the light of them, becomes something more than a barren ego with its dualistic conflicts between black and white. Indeed the story of the Gospels, as reinterpreted in the light of Groddeck's non-attachment, yields a far more fruitful crop of meanings than is possible if we are to judge it by the dualistic terms of the ego, which is to say, of the will. "Only in the form of Irony can the deepest things of life be uttered, for they lie always outside morality; moreover, truth itself is always ambivalent, both sides are true. Whoever wants to understand the Gospel teachings would do well to bear these things in mind." And Groddeck's Christ, interpreted as an Ironist, is perhaps the Christ we are striving to reinterpret to ourselves today. There is no room here for the long-visaged, long-suffering historical Christ of the contemporary interpretation, but a Christ capable of symbolizing and fulfilling his artistic role, his artistic sacrifice, against the backcloth of a history which, while it can never be fully understood, yet carries for us a deliberate and inexorable meaning disguised in its symbolism.

If we have insisted, in the course of this essay, on the presentation of Groddeck as a philosopher, it is because what he has to say has something more than a medical



## \* LETTER I \*

So, my dear, you want me to write to you, and it is to be nothing personal or gossipy. I am not to make fine phrases but to be serious, instructive, and, as far as possible, scientific. That's tiresome! For what has my humble self to do with science? The small amount one needs as a practicing physician I cannot well display to you, or you would see the holes in the gown with which, as qualified physicians, we are officially endowed. Perhaps, however, I shall meet your wishes if I tell you why I became a doctor, and how I was led to reject the claims of science.

I do not remember that as a boy I had any special liking for the profession of medicine, and I am very certain that, neither then nor later, did I bring any humanitarian feeling into it; if, as may well be, I used to deck myself out with such noble sentiments, you must look upon my lying with a lenient eye—the truth is I became a doctor just because my father was one. He had forbidden all my brothers to follow that career, probably because he wanted to convince himself and other people that his financial difficulties were due to a doctor's wretched remuneration, which was certainly not the case, since his praises were sung by young and old alike and he was correspondingly rewarded. But he liked, just as his son does, and indeed every one of us, to look for outside causes when he knew that something was out of harmony within himself. One day he asked me—I don't know why—whether I would not like to be a doctor, and because I looked upon this inquiry as a mark of distinction which set me above my brothers, I said yes. With that my fate was sealed, both as to my choice of a profession and as to the manner in which I have followed it, for from that moment I consciously imitated my father to such a degree that an old friend of his,

life has been a steady chain of enmity whose separate links are forged by revenge. She plagued her mother as long as she lived, deserted her on her deathbed, persecuted, without realizing what she was doing, everyone who reminded her of her mother, and to the end of her life will be a prey to the envy which hunger bred in her. She is childless. People who hate their mothers create no children for themselves, and that is so far true that one may postulate of a childless marriage, without further inquiry, that one of the two partners is a mother hater. Whoever hates his mother, dreads to have a child of his own, for the life of man is ruled by the law, "As thou to me, so I to thee," yet this woman is consumed by the desire to bear a child. Her gait resembles that of a pregnant woman; when she sees a suckling babe her own breasts swell, and if her friends conceive, her abdomen also becomes enlarged. Though used to luxury and society, she went every day for years to help at a lying-in hospital, where she kept the babies clean, washed their swaddling clothes, and attended to the mothers, from whom in uncontrollable desire she would snatch the newborn infants to lay them to her empty breast. Yet she has twice married men of whom she knew in advance that they could beget no children. Her life is made up of hatred, anxiety, envy and the yearning cry of hunger for the unattainable.

There is also a second woman who went hungry for the first few days after her birth. She has never been able to bring herself to the point of confessing a hatred of her mother, who died young, but she is incessantly tormented by the feeling that she murdered her, though she recognizes this as irrational since her mother died during an operation of which the girl knew nothing beforehand. For years she has sat in her room alone, living on her hatred for all mankind, seeing no one, spurning, hating.

To return to my own story: the nurse finally arrived and stayed in our home for three years. Have you ever pondered over the experiences of a baby who is fed by a wet nurse? The matter is somewhat complicated, at least if the child has a loving mother. On the one hand, there is that mother in whose body the baby has lain for nine months, carefree, warm, in undisturbed enjoyment. Should he not love her? And on the other hand, there is that second woman to whose breast he is put every day, whose milk he drinks, whose fresh, warm skin he feels, and whose

## \* LETTER II \*

Fair lady, you are not pleased; is there too much of the personal in my letter, and you would have me objective? But I thought I had been! Let us see then; what I wrote about was the choice of a profession, certain aversions, and an inner conflict which lasted from childhood onwards. Certainly I spoke of myself, but these experiences are typical, and if you apply them to others there is much that you will learn to understand. One thing above all will become clear to you, that our lives are governed by forces that do not lie open to the day, but must needs be laboriously sought out. I wanted to show by an example, by my own example, that a great deal goes on in us which lies outside our accustomed thought. But perhaps it would be better if I made my purpose quite clear, and then you will be able to decide whether the theme is sufficiently serious. If once I drop into chit-chat or into fine writing, you must tell me; that will help both of us.

I hold the view that man is animated by the Unknown, that there is within him an "Es," an "It," some wondrous force which directs both what he himself does, and what happens to him. The affirmation "I live" is only conditionally correct, it expresses only a small and superficial part of the fundamental principle, "Man is lived by the It." With this Unknown, this It, my letters will be concerned. Are you agreed?

Yet one thing more. Of the It, we know only so much as lies within our consciousness. Beyond that the greater part of its territory is unattainable, but by search and effort we can extend the limits of our consciousness, and press far into the realm of the unconscious, if we can bring ourselves no more to desire knowledge but only to phantasy. Come then, my pretty Dr. Faust, the mantle is spread for the flight. Forth into the Unknown. . . .

Is it not strange that we should know hardly anything of our three first years of life? Now and then a man pro-



duces some faint remembrance of a face, a door, a wall-paper or whatnot, which he claims to have seen in his infancy, but never yet have I met anyone who remembered his first steps, or the manner in which he learned to talk, to eat, to see or to hear. Yet these are all vital experiences. I can well imagine that a child in stumbling across a room for the first time receives a deeper impression than his elders would from a visit to Italy. I can well imagine that a child who realizes for the first time that the person with the kind smile over there is his mother, is more completely gripped by his emotion than the husband who leads his bride home. Why do we forget it all?

There is much to say on that, but one point must be made clear before proceeding to the answer. The question is wrongly put. It is not that we forget those three first years, only the remembrance of them is shut out from our consciousness; in the unconscious it goes on living, and continues to be so active that all we do is fed from this unknown treasure-heap of memory: we walk as we then learned to walk, we eat, we speak, we feel just as we did then. There are matters, then, which are cast out of consciousness although they are essential to life, which, just because they are essential to life, are preserved in regions of our being which have been named the unconscious. But why does the conscious mind forget experiences without which mankind could not exist?

May I leave the question open? I shall often have to put it again. But now it is more in my mind to inquire from you, as a woman, why mothers know so little of their children, and why they too forget the substance of those three first years? Perhaps mothers only act as if they had forgotten it? Or perhaps with them also the essential things do not reach consciousness?

You will chide because once more I am making merry over mothers, but how else can I help myself? A yearning is in me: when I am sad my heart cries for my mother, and she is not to be found. Am I then to grumble at God's world? Better to laugh at myself, at this childishness from which we never emerge, for never do we quite grow up; we manage it rarely, and then only on the surface; we merely play at being grown up as a child plays at being big. So soon as we live intensely we become children. For the It, age does not exist, and in the It is our own real life.

Do but look upon someone in his moments of deepest sorrow or of highest joy: his face is like that of a child, his gestures too, his voice is flexible again, his heart leaps as it did in childhood, his eyes glisten or cloud over. Certainly we attempt to hide all this, but it is clearly there, and if we pay attention we observe it, only we fail to notice in other people those signs that tell so much because we do not want to perceive them in ourselves. No one cries any more after he is grown up? But that is only because it is not the custom, because some silly idiot or other sent it out of fashion. I have always joked about Mars shrieking like ten thousand men when he was wounded, and it is only in the eyes of the would-be great that Achilles is dishonored by his tears over the body of Patroclus. We play the hypocrite, that is the whole story, and never once dare to give a genuine laugh. Still, that does not prevent our looking like schoolboys when we are up against something we can't do, from wearing the same anxious expression as we did in childhood, from showing always the same little mannerisms in walking, lying, speaking, which cry to everyone who has eyes to see, "Behold the child!" Watch anyone when he thinks he is alone; at once you see the child come to the surface, sometimes in very comical fashion. He yawns, or, without embarrassment, he scratches his head or his bottom, or he picks his nose, or even—yes, it has got to be said—he lets out wind. The daintiest lady will do so! Or notice people who are absorbed in thought or in some task; look at lovers, at the sick, at the aged. All of them are children now and again.

If we like, we can think of life as a masquerade at which we don a disguise, perhaps many different disguises, at which nevertheless we retain our own proper characters, remaining ourselves amidst the other revelers in spite of our disguise, and from which we depart exactly as we were when we came. Life begins with childhood, and by a thousand devious paths through maturity attains its single goal, once more to be a child, and the one and only difference between people lies in the fact that some grow childish, and some childlike.

This same phenomenon, that there is something within us which puts on at will the appearance of any possible degree of age, you may observe also in children. Old age is familiar on the face of infancy, and is often remarked.



a man with a man's brain and a man's heart, can also bring forth cancer or pneumonia, or a dropping of the womb?

I must explain, by the way, that I do not suppose that women invent their abdominal pains out of anger or jealousy. That is not my meaning. But the It, the unconscious, drives them into illness against their conscious will, because the It is greedy, is malicious, and longs to have its rights. Remind me of that at some opportune moment, that I may tell you something about the way in which the It secures its right to pleasure, whether in good or in evil.

No, my view of the power of the unconscious and the powerlessness of the conscious will is so comprehensive that I take even simulated diseases to be an expression of the unconscious, for to me the voluntary imitation of illness is a screen behind which are hidden wide, unsurveyed tracts of life's dark mysteries. From this point of view it is a matter of indifference for a doctor whether he is told lies or the truth, if only he stays quiet and unbiased, noticing what the patient has to tell with his tongue, his gestures and his symptoms, and working on these with might and main, as best he may.

But I am forgetting that I wanted to tell you about the hatred of the mother against her child. And for that I must point out to you another of the curious ways of the unconscious. Remember, it is possible—and it often happens so—that a woman longs with all her heart to have a child, and yet remains unfruitful, not because her husband or she herself is sterile, but because there is a tide in the It which refuses to turn; it is better that you should not bear a child. And this tide flows so mightily that when there is a possibility of conception, when the seed is actually within the vagina, it prevents fertilization. Perhaps it constricts the os uteri, or it manufactures a poison which destroys the spermatozoa, or it kills the egg, or whatever else you like to think. In any case the result is that no pregnancy is brought about, simply because the It will not have it. One might almost say, because the uterus will not have it, so independent are these processes of the lofty thoughts of men. On that too I must find some opportunity to say a word. Briefly, the wife receives no child until the It, by some means or other, possibly through treatment, becomes convinced of the fact that its aversion to pregnancy is some sort of relic of its childish thinking in the earliest years of life. You cannot imagine, my dear,



what strange ideas come to light in the course of investigating such cases of denial of motherhood. I know one lady who is haunted by the thought that she will bear a double-headed child, through a mixing of early memories of a circus, and, more pressing, of scruples about troublous thoughts of two men at the same time.

I called this idea unconscious, but that is not altogether true, for these women who yearn to have a child and do every mortal thing to attain the happiness of motherhood, who do not know, and who absolutely refuse to believe it when they are told, that they themselves refuse to bear a child, these women yet have an uneasy conscience—not, indeed, because they are childless and therefore seem to be despised, for today women are no longer despised for being childless—and this uneasy conscience is not relieved by pregnancy. It only disappears when one succeeds in tracking down and purifying the filthy swarm in the recesses of the soul, the poisonous swarm which corrupts the unconscious.

What a toilsome business it is to speak about the It. One plucks a string at hazard, and there comes the response, not of a single note but of many, confusedly mingling and dying away again, or else awakening new echoes, and ever new again, until such an ungoverned medley of sounds is raging that the stammer of speech is lost. Believe me, one cannot speak about the unconscious, one can only stammer, or rather, one can only point out this and that with caution, lest the hell brood of the unconscious world should rush up out of the depths with their wild clangor.

Is it necessary for me to say that what is true of the woman in this matter of childlessness may also be alleged of the man; that on this account he may choose to remain a bachelor, a monk, or a devotee of chastity, or that he may infect himself somewhere with venereal disease in order to beget no children? Or that he renders his semen sterile, or permits no erection, or whatever else may be done? In any case you are not to think that I want to cast all the responsibility on women. If it appears so, that is only because I am a man myself and therefore want to throw my own burden of guilt on the woman; for that also is a peculiarity of the It, that every conceivable form of guilt is weighing on everyone, so that he has to say of

the murderer, the thief, the hypocrite, the betrayer: "Such an one art thou thyself."

At the moment, however, I am dealing with the hatred of the woman against the child, and I must hasten if I am not to overburden this letter quite too heavily. Up till now I have been speaking of the prevention of conception, but now give your attention to the following: A lady who desired a child was visited by her husband while she was away, taking the baths. In mingled hope and fear she awaited her next period. It failed to come and on the second day the lady stumbled and fell over a stair, and quivered with the joyful thought, "Now I have got rid of the child again." That woman kept her child, for the desire of her It was stronger than its aversion. But how many thousand times has such a fall destroyed the scarce-fertilized germ? If you only speak of your own acquaintances you will in a few days have a veritable collection of such occurrences, and if you have what is seldom freely given between people, but must first be won, the confidence of your women friends, you will hear: "I was pleased that it so fell out." And if you penetrate deeper, you will discover that there were unanswerable reasons against pregnancy, and that the fall was intended, not by the conscious mind, be it understood, but by the unconscious. And so it is with lifting, with getting a push, with everything. Believe me or not, there has never been a miscarriage that has not been brought about by the It on easily recognizable grounds. In its hatred, if this wins the mastery, the It compels the woman for this purpose to dance, to ride, or to travel, or to go to people who employ the kindly needle or probe or poison, or to fall or get pushed or knocked about, or to fall ill. Yes, some comical cases occur in which the unconscious does not itself understand what it is doing. And so the pious lady who leads a lofty existence far above the level of sex, takes care to have hot foot-baths in order to procure a guiltless abortion. But the hot bath is merely pleasant for the germ, it helps its growth—you see, now and again, the It is laughing at itself.

Now at the end I can scarcely go further than I have already done today in my bad, mad views, but still I will try. Listen: I am convinced that the child gets born through hatred. The mother has had enough of being

swollen and carrying a burden of so many pounds, and so she casts the child out, with more than necessary roughness. If this disgust is not present, the child stays inside the body and petrifies: that can happen.

To be just, I must add that the child also does not want to sit in that dark prison any longer, and for his part takes a share in the labor. But that is another story. Here it is sufficient to establish that there must be in mother and child a common desire for separation, for the birth to come about.

Enough for today.

Always your  
PATRIK TROLL.

## \* LETTER IV \*

My dear, you are quite right: I wanted to write of mother love, and what I did write of was mother hate. But love and hate always exist side by side; they are mutually conditional, and since so much has been said about mother love and everyone thinks he knows all about it, I thought it just as well for once to cut the sausage at the other end. Moreover I am not at all sure that you have ever busied yourself with the subject of mother love otherwise than to feel it, and to express or to listen to some fine phrases about it, of lyrical or tragic import.

Mother love is axiomatic, it is implanted from the first in every mother, it is an instinctive and holy emotion of womanhood. That may very well be, but I should be very much astonished if Nature had left herself to this womanly emotion, without any further effort, if indeed she has any use for feelings which we humans describe as holy. If one looks more closely, one may possibly discover some, though not all of the sources of this primitive emotion. They have, it seems, little to do with the oft-quoted instinct of reproduction. Let yourself for once dismiss from your mind everything that has been said about mother



love and see for yourself what goes on between these two beings, mother and child.

First there is the moment of conception, the conscious or unconscious remembrance of a blissful instant, for without this truly heavenly feeling no conception would take place. You question that and quote the numerous instances of detested bridals, of violations, of conceptions accomplished during unconsciousness. But all these cases only show that the conscious mind need take no part in this intoxication; of the It, of the unconscious, they tell us nothing at all. If its feelings are to be confirmed you must turn to the bodily organs through which it speaks, to the woman's means of voluptuous expression, and then you will be amazed to find how little these concern themselves with the conscious feeling of aversion. They answer to stimulation, to purposeful excitation, in their own way, quite irrespective of whether the sexual act is, or is not, agreeable to the conscious mind. Ask of women's doctors, of judges, or of criminals; you will find they confirm my statement. You can also hear the same thing from women who have conceived without pleasure, who have been violated or abused when unconscious, only you must know how to put your questions, or better, how to win their confidence. It is only when people are convinced that the questioner has no thought of blame, but is seriously carrying out the commandment, "Judge not," that they will open a little the portals of their souls. Or listen to the dreams of these frigid sacrifices to man's lust: the dream is the speech of the unconscious, which allows something of itself to be read therein. The simplest test, however, is for you to take counsel with yourself, honestly, as your custom is. Will it not yet have happened to you that the man you love is at times unable to have union with you? If he is thinking of you, his manhood rises so powerfully as to give pleasure, yet when he is near you, his highness sinks exhausted. That is a remarkable phenomenon; and it means that the man may be fully potent even under unusual conditions, but that in no circumstances can he receive an erection while in contact with a woman who desires to prevent it. It is one of woman's most secret weapons, a weapon which she uses without hesitation when she wishes to humble a man, or rather, the woman's unconscious makes use of this weapon, as I think, for I would not willingly believe a woman to be capable of

consciously perpetrating such villainy, and it seems to me more probable that unconscious processes in the organism of the woman are responsible for the diversion of the fluid which weakens the man. However that may be, it is in any case quite impossible for a man to take possession of a woman if she is not, in some way or other, consenting. In this connection you will be well advised to doubt the wife's frigidity, and to believe rather in her quest for revenge, and her unimaginably malicious intentions.

Have you never had the phantasy of being violated? You immediately say no, but I don't believe you. Perhaps you do not feel the terror experienced by so many women, more especially by those who feign coldness, of being alone in a wood or on a dark night; I said to you before that anxiety betokens a wish; whoever fears violation, desires it. Probably, if I know you aright, you also are not in the habit of searching under the beds and in the wardrobe; but how many women do this! Always with the fear and the wish to discover the man who is strong enough to have no terror of the law. You have heard before now the story of the lady, who, when she saw a man under her bed, broke out with the words, "At last! For twenty years I've been waiting for it." How significant it is, that this man is phantasied with a shining knife, a knife which is to be thrust into the body. Now you are superior to all this, but once upon a time you were younger; go back to that. You will discover a moment—do I say a moment? No, you will remember a whole series of moments when you went cold all over, because you thought you heard a step behind you; when you woke up suddenly in the night in a strange hotel wondering if you had locked the door. When you crept shivering under the bedclothes, shivering because you had to cool your inward heat lest you be scorched? Have you never put up a show of resistance to your husband, playing at a violation? No? Alas, what a little fool you are to deprive yourself of the joys of love, and what a little fool, to think that I believe you! I only believe in your poor memory, and your cowardly wilting before self-knowledge. For that a woman should not desire this highest proof, one might say this unique proof of love, is out of the question. To be so beautiful, so alluring, that the man forgets all else and simply loves, that is what every woman



wants, and whoever denies it is in error, or willfully lying. And if I may presume to advise you, try to revive this phantasy within you! It is not good to play by oneself with hidden things? What will you wager? Shut your eyes and dream freely, without prejudice or forethought. In a few seconds you will be held by the fetters of phantasy, so transported that you hardly dare to go on thinking, to go on breathing. You hear the snap of the branches. There is a sudden spring and a clutch on your throat, you are thrown down, your clothes blindly torn, and then your mad terror! Is he tall or short, dark or fair, bearded or smooth-shaven? The wizard's name! Oh, I could see that you already know him! You saw him yesterday, or the day before, or many years ago, in the street, at the station, or hunting on horseback, or at a dance. And the name which flashed into your mind made you tremble, for you never would have believed that it would be just that man who roused your passion! You were indifferent to him? You shunned him? He was loathsome? Yet listen: your It is laughing at you! Now, don't get up, don't bother with your watch or your keys but dream and dream again. Of martyrdom, of disgrace, of the babe in your body, of the court, of meeting the criminal again in the presence of the stern judge, and of the torment of knowing all the time that you wanted him to do the deed for which he is now to pay the penalty. Terrible, inconceivable, but gripping you tight! Or another picture, how the child is born, how you work and stab your fingers with the needle, how the little one plays carelessly at your feet, and you do not know where to get it food—poverty, distress, destitution. And then comes the prince, the noble hero who loves you, whom you love and whom you renounce. Just hark, how the It makes merry over that fine gesture! Or another picture still: how the child grows in your body, and with it your terror, how it is born and you strangle it and throw it into a pond, and how you yourself are haled as a murderess before the threatening judge. Suddenly the scene changes, the scaffolding is erected, the child killer stands upon it, chained to a stake, and the flames lick round her feet. Hark again, the It is whispering the meaning of the stake and the tongues of fire, and is telling you whose feet those are which your deepest being brings to the flames. Is it not your mother? The unconscious is full of mysteries, and in the tracks between