

# Decryptions From The Freudian Crypt, Another “Death Song of John”: The Famous Letter of September 21, 1897

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In my book *Passion for Murder: The Homicidal Deeds of Dr. Sigmund Freud* (1984) and more recently published to my website [www.Passion4Murder.com](http://www.Passion4Murder.com) with “Part One: Passion For Murder in the Light of New Facts” (July, 2008), I make a strong case for the fact that Freud SK (Serial Killer) was obsessed with his first known murder of his half-brother John Freud (nominally known as his “nephew”)—which occurred when Sigmund was 19 and John was or was-just-about-to-be 20, in the summer of 1875 in Manchester England.

Indeed, I advance the claim that the entire semantic, linguistic and etymological basis of Freud’s psychoanalytical *weltanschauung* is rooted in Freud’s *Wahnsinn* (“insanity” in German, read the “Juan Sinn” or “Vahn-Sinn), and that he encoded that fact in virtually everything he wrote of himself in his so-called “auto-psychoanalysis.” In his autobiographical accounts—which served as the foundation for his mad theory—Freud often employs in his writing involved codes and puzzles, the decipherment of which leads clearly to his murder confessions of John and others. Other times, however, Freud’s confessions are so transparent and obvious that as soon as one is “on to him” it is apparent that it was just stupid of him to think his murder confessions could not be readily “solved” and his “monster within,” as he called it, could be clearly seen. A case in point is yet another instance of his confession to his murder of John in various “songs”—as I have already detailed in my recent article cited above in my “Part One” (section “The Song of John”). Yet another very important “Song of John,” confession, not included in that collection has been identified and is presented below:

The letter of September 21, 1897 (generally referred to as L.69 for Letter 69) is already one of the most famous in all of Freudiana. Hundreds and hundreds of Freudian commentators have touched upon it, or dealt with it at length, as it is considered one of the key letters which marked the turning point in the history of the creation of Freud’s monumental “psychoanalytic” theory. Jeffery Masson, a fellow Freudian

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co-conspirator, and the authorized translator of Freud’s letters to his lunatic friend, Dr. Wilhelm Fliess (Harvard University Press, 1985) wrote in his *The Assault On Truth* (1984), that:

No other letter that Freud wrote has called forth such a response. Hardly any major historian of psychoanalysis has failed to comment on it in detail. Because of the critical place it occupies in the history of Freud’s thinking, this letter deserves to be quoted at length.

And Masson includes in the above remarks a footnote, number 2, to the Chapter, which details a sampling of the many prominent writers who have dealt with the letter of September 21, 1897 at length. In that footnote, Masson informs the reader that James Strachey, the editor of the Standard Edition of Freud’s complete works, “improved” on the translation of earlier versions in regard to L. 69. The earlier editions of Freud’s letters to Fliess (Dr. Wilhelm Fliess) included in fact, drastic corruptions of many of the letters, including the one of September 21, 1897. *Origins* (1954), for example, an early collection of the so-called Freud/Fliess correspondence, entirely deletes, for American consumption, Freud’s confession in the letter that his father was a sex pervert. Indeed, the letter was drastically corrupted and fraudulently substitutes the very passage we shall deal with (i.e., by substituting Freud’s use of the word “Dan” for the word “Gath” as we shall discuss below) and rewrites the letter to hide offensive parts). No mention is made of a number of these corruptions by Masson in his book, as though they never existed. However, he does, nonetheless, “rat” on his fellow-conspirators when it comes to promoting his own pet theory.

Masson, having worked his way into the inner circle of the inner circle of the Freud organization revealed that previous Freud-editors of Freud’s letters used certain perversions of the German language to work their way into the American market. (For German consumption important passages were simply deleted from the published German text). These corruptions are partially and easily discoverable by comparing the text side by side. Without Masson’s “special access” to the Freud letters, I produce many examples of these corruptions in *PFM*. Where the original letters in Freud’s handwriting are not available for analysis, however, no credible researcher can be expected to rely upon the

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integrity of any Freudian’s representation (*a la* Masson) of the facts or in the handling of primary evidence—as the historical record of the corruption of Freud’s personal correspondence proves.

In Letter 69 Freud emphatically confesses that his own “father” was a sex “pervert” and also that he had “certain knowledge” of the etiology of hysteria deriving from family incest. Elsewhere, it should be noted, Freud confesses that sexual perversion and apparently even infant rape was rampant in his own family—as I reveal in *PFM*. Freudian propagandists, including Masson, lied to the American public about Freud and his theories and what he actually said in his secret correspondence. Freud’s homicidal mania, that he was supported by a mafia-like “gang” who were guilty of nefarious and even criminal dealings is “well-developed” and documented in detail in my works cited above, as well as by other cited authorities

Here, however, we are only concerned with but yet another of Freud’s confessions to the murder of his half-brother John, as contained specifically in L. 69 (i.e., Letter of September 21, 1897). The interested reader will find that in dealing with this letter and its corruption we will merely be here giving yet another sample of what has been done on a wholesale scale to hide the real Sigmund Freud from public knowledge. It is an on-going criminal scheme to hide the real Freud from public view and promote psychoanalysis as a money-making “scientific” scheme to deceive the gullible and trusting public.

With 5 versions of the letter of September 21, 1897 in hand before me (i.e., those contained in: *Origins of Psycho-Analysis* (1954); *Standard Edition of Freud’s Complete Works*, Vol. 1, *Extracts* (1966), Masson’s *Assault On Truth* (1984), and Masson’s Harvard Edition of the *Freud/Fliess Correspondence* (1985) which includes what purports to be a holograph of the letter (i.e., in Freud’s own handwriting). With this text in hand it is easy for the English reader to see how dishonestly the translated language is manipulated to serve a fraudulent purpose. When it suits his purposes Masson himself for the “complete” publication uses now this version, now that version—now he borrows from this editor or that or he just makes up his own version of the letters to fit his own intent—quite in keeping with the history of predecessor Freudian corruptions (that Harvard University Press gave “cover” for these goings-on, is itself shameful and merits investigation).

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Dr. Max Schur, Freud’s personal physician, biographer, and one-time President of the American Psychoanalytic Society indicates in his book, *Freud Living and Dying* that the Letter of September 21, 1897 was the first in a series of letters (Letters 69-79 of the Fliess correspondence) detailing Freud’s discoveries “that had radical influence on the future of human thought.” It is interesting that a letter that had a “radical influence on the future of human thought” should not be worthy of quoting or dealing with in depth. Rather Schur, skirts by it as fast as he can and skillfully manages to avoid discussing any of its shocking contents. Instead he gives only the thinnest of summaries of L.69. Indeed, Schur only states about letter 69 that:

After his discovery that “the firm ground of reality was gone,” which might well have deterred a lesser man from pursuing his work any further, Freud’s whole seduction theory of hysteria had fallen apart. Yet he was able to declare that he was proud because the discovery had resulted from intense intellectual effort and because he possessed a faculty for serious self-criticism. He surmised that this episode might represent progress toward further understanding—which, indeed, it did. The recognition that the fantasies of his patients represented what he later called “psychic reality” paved the way for the eventual discovery of infantile sexuality and the decisive importance of the first years of life for normal and abnormal development. (Schur, p. 114-115)

With the above comment Schur avoids Freud’s confession that his father was a sex pervert, that the letter itself shows he was in a manic, confessional state of mind. Schur states, oddly, that:

One of the first important results of the self-analysis [contained in letter 69] was the realization that the early “seductions” by relatives reported by patients were in most cases fantasies. He cheerfully reported this to Fliess on September 21, 1897 (L. 69). (p. 114).”

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Here (and elsewhere as well) Schur himself shows himself to take an active role in the criminal cover-up of the truth of what the letter reveals—that Freud himself confesses he came from just such a family steeped in sexual perversion. In the letter Freud clearly states that he had, because his own father was a sexual pervert, “certain knowledge” of the derived etiology of hysteria. Indeed, this is just this point Masson seizes on to promote his own resurrection of Freud’s mad sexual theory. (Masson elsewhere confesses he himself had a sexual sickness, which is what led him, too, to psychoanalysis). Masson, contradicting Schur and all the “little Freudians” who followed after him, claims that Freud was *right* the first time and wrong in thinking that he was wrong. It is to be noted, however, that it is difficult to see that Freud ever really denied his own “certain knowledge” that the father’s “seduction” (read child rape) was at the root of “all” cases of hysteria, certainly it was, at least in part, at the root of his own.

Schur would have the reader believe that in L.69 Freud “cheerfully” reported to Fliess that he had been wrong in the central thesis of his entire psychoanalytical theory. The fact is Freud was in a desperately manic state, for as Schur himself observes, Freud confessed that, as far as his life’s work was concerned, “the firm ground of reality was gone.” That phrase of Freud’s, quoted by Schur, actually is from Freud’s recounting in his *History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement* (1914). But the phrase that parallels it, *which is in L.69*, as given by Masson is: “In this collapse of everything valuable. . .”. Be that as it may, the essence of the matter is clear—and Freud stated it clearly at the beginning of the letter: “And now I want to confide in you immediately the great secret that has been slowly dawning on me in the last few months. I no longer believe in my *neurotica*.”

And then, after giving confused reasons for his claimed non-belief in the very theories he had been proclaiming everywhere he could, including fraudulent claims of cures derived from this very theory, and which made him in his own eyes the most important man on the planet (to the stunned disbelief of the Vienna medical establishment), Freud declared:

If I were depressed, confused, exhausted, such doubts would surely have to be interpreted as signs of weakness. Since I am in an opposite state I must recognize them as the result of honest and vigorous intellectual work and must

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be proud that after going so deep I am still capable of such criticism. Can it be that this doubt merely represents an episode in the advance toward further insight?

Imagine it. The paragraph states that Freud claims that, with the total collapse of his world and everything in it that was valuable, he finds himself in the “opposite state” of depression—which is elation; the opposite state of confusion—which is mental clarity; the opposite state of exhaustion—which is a state of active alertness. Indeed, Schur would have us believe Freud was miraculously proud and happy as a lark about the fact that there was no reality to his beliefs. Nothing, it seems, could have made Freud happier and more proud of himself than to be wrong—colossally wrong, even though, as Freud himself says:

The expectation of eternal fame was so beautiful, as was that of certain wealth, complete independence, travels, and lifting the children above the severe worries that robbed me of my youth. Everything depended on whether or not hysteria would come out right.

But, as we see it didn’t come out right, it was totally wrong, so wrong that the bottom fell out of everything causing a complete collapse of his megalomaniac world, and yet, Freud is happy as a lark and proud as Punch with himself. Simply, he is tremendously relieved to declare that his theory was wrong! He is suddenly energized, clear-minded, elated, and, even more strangely, somehow now in **a state of readiness!**

It is strange, too, that no feeling of shame appeared—for which, after all, there could well be occasion. Of course, I shall not tell it in Dan, nor speak of it in Ashkelon, in the land of the Philistines, but in your eyes and my own, I have more the feeling of a victory than a defeat, which is surely not right.

And now we are on the track of the true Freud. He continues the vein of confession of odd and “strange” feelings, strange feelings of having a lack of all sense of shame. Freud says he will not “tell it in Dan, nor speak of it in Ashkelon, in the land of the Philistines”—and what in the

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world does that mean? Of course, Freud misquotes the biblical text of Samuel 2: 20, which says “Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. . .”

Well, certainly, Freud cannot disavow his publically much-vaunted “scientific discoveries” which allegedly served as the basis for his theory of hysteria—on which he had placed all his bets for certain wealth and “eternal fame” and not *tell* anyone. After all he had unabashedly claimed that he had, with his theories, “demonstrated to them [the scientific community] the solution of a more than-thousand-year-old problem, a *caput Nili*. [source of the Nile].” He could not now hide the fact that the “firm ground of reality had fallen out” of all his mad theories, his “scientific Fairy tale” not a “scientific fact.” How could he hide that? That would be insane, would it not, to try to do so. Certainly he does not mean that, does he? No, he does not mean that. Freud, is, like the Devil, quoting scripture for his purpose (“Don’t you know,” Freud once said, “I am the Devil”). Freud’s allusion to the biblical verses in Samuel (his only living *English nephew* was named Samuel) is an allusion to the Death Song of Saul and Jonathan by the great poet-King, David, upon learning that Saul and his most beloved friend, Jonathan, had been killed—“*How the mighty have fallen!*.”

### **ANOTHER SONG OF JOHN: THE DEVIL QUOTES SCRIPTURE FOR HIS PURPOSE**

Just after Saul and Jonathan died in battle, David wrote a psalm of remembrance which is recorded at Samuel 2: 20.

*"Your glory, O Israel, lies slain on your heights.  
How the mighty have fallen!*

*"Tell it not in Gath,  
proclaim it not in the streets of Ashkelon,  
lest the daughters of the Philistines be glad,  
lest the daughters of the uncircumcised rejoice.*

*"O mountains of Gilboa,  
may you have neither dew nor rain,  
nor fields that yield offerings of grain .  
For there the shield of the mighty was defiled,  
the shield of Saul—no longer rubbed with oil.*

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*“From the blood of the slain,  
from the flesh of the mighty,  
the bow of Jonathan did not turn back,  
the sword of Saul did not return unsatisfied.*

*“Saul and Jonathan—  
in life they were loved and gracious,  
and in death they were not parted.  
They were swifter than eagles,  
they were stronger than lions.*

*“O daughters of Israel,  
weep for Saul,  
who clothed you in scarlet and finery,  
who adorned your garments with ornaments of gold.*

*“How the mighty have fallen in battle!  
Jonathan lies slain on your heights.*

*“I grieve for you, Jonathan my brother;  
you were very dear to me.  
Your love for me was wonderful,  
more wonderful than that of women.*

*“How the mighty have fallen!  
The weapons of war have perished!”*

It was Freud’s brother Johann; after all, whom Freud declared was the most hated and most loved of all the human beings who ever populated his life. It was Johann, whom he murdered, and it was the secret of John his Juan-Sin—who was the *idée fixe* at the root of Freud’s murder mania. John and the Song of John followed him everywhere, into his dreams, his theories, his buried murder confessions. John was his most cherished “trophy” – as all, or most all—serial killers treasure. If Freud were to persist in his confessions he would have to “give up John” and openly confess to that murder and others. No, that he would not do. That is why when his world collapses—his choice between being honest and confessing and perhaps being executed for his murders he is happy to have to give up even eternal fame and certain wealth for mere survival. There are some secrets that cannot, *must not* be told: “Das beste was Du wissen kannst/Darfst Du den buden doch nicht sagen.”

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(The best of what you know/cannot be told to boys) which *Johann Goethe once wrote and which Freud often repeated as a defense against his full confession.*

That Freud knew he must never tell openly his secret, we need but quote Freud himself shortly after L.69, on December 3, 1897. In that letter he once again, predictably brings up John, this time as “Hann”, the Semitic form of “John,” the English form of the German Johann:

My longing for Rome is, by the way, deeply neurotic. It is connected with my high school hero worship of the Semitic Hannibal, and this year in fact I did not reach Rome any more than he did from Lake Trasimeno. Since I have started studying the unconscious I have become so interesting to myself. It is a pity that one always keeps one’s mouth shut about the most intimate things.

Das beste was Du wissen kannst  
Darfst Du den buden doch nicht sagen.” (L.77)

And the letter, after quoting *Johann Goethe*, goes on to say that this “deeply neurotic” fixation relates to early childhood and seeing “gas flames” which reminded him of “souls burning in hell.” He also knows a little of the connections, he tells us, because they are related to his “travel anxiety.” In *Passion for Murder*, I reveal that the Freud’s travel anxiety relates to his first journey abroad, to England, at 19, when he killed John and it was then (not when he was three) that gas lights came into use for the first time and he noted the fact in one of his letters at the time immediately after returning home from his trip abroad to England (“. . . in England every beggar uses gas” – Letter to Silberstein of September 9, 1875).

It was Freud’s great fraud that he concealed his murder mania under the guise that he was possessed with it when he was between 17, 18 or 19 *months*, rather than *years*. And just about everybody bought-into the absurd premise. And this is true, despite the fact that Freud in “Screen Memories” and other writings indicated that the early childhood memories, involved in hysteria, are mere projections back into the early past of events that occurred often much later. They were, as Schur,

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mentions referred to by Freud as “psychic reality” rather than actual memories of real events. Indeed, that is what the whole L.69 was about—Freud realizing (or pretending to) that those early memories of hysterics, of which he was a severe example, were not real or true, they were only “psychic realities.”

(Note that this letter is included in the series L.69-79 which Schur identifies as revolutionizing human thought—a pathetically “religious” point of view).

As to the “Freudian slip” of using “Dan” instead of the proper name of “Gath” in “Tell it not in Gath/publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon,” we must remember that Freud, by his own accounting *never* made a slip of memory that was not determined by a desire to repress some hidden matter. He discusses this infallibility at length in his defense of his “mistakes” in stating, for example, that Hasdrubal was Hannibal’s, father, etc., in *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*—which I discuss at some length in *Passion for Murder*. That we are correct in identifying the issue, the problem, the *modus operandi* of Freud’s coding his murder, once again, in yet another Song of Juan, or Song of John, or Song of Johann, or Song of Jonathan, is evidenced in Freud’s slip (“ . . . where an error makes its appearance a repression lies behind it—or more correctly an insincerity, a distortion, which is ultimately rooted in repressed material.” Freud, *PEL*, p.281) .

The name “Dan,” Freud’s error, means “Judge” in Hebrew. Tell it not in “Dan”—underlines the issue of criminal matters that are subject to Judgment and Condemnation and Justice. Dan also fulfills the sound-associations which Freud stated he was so sensitive to in matters that triggered his hysteria—such that, for example, he felt overwhelmed just on hearing a few bars from “Don Giovanni” (the Italian version of Don Juan, or Don John). Freud frequently encodes his “JAHN” “AHN” sounds in direct reference to John so that DAHN is equivalent to WAHN (crazy), JUAN (John in Spanish and pronounced the same as WAHN), HAHN (John diminutive in German), and in one of his code-puzzles dealing with a head and a boat, KAHN, etc. “DAHN” or “DAN” makes a perfect substitute for the repressed matter and associates it with his greatest fears of criminal punishment—to be JUDGED, DAN, the JUDGE relating to John, travel, early youth, England, anxiety, death songs, souls burning in hell, and thing about which “one must keep one’s mouth shut”.

**The 2<sup>nd</sup> Layer: Shakespeare: Murder And Preparations For Death, Cheerfully**

But we have only indicated the first and most obvious layer of Freud’s confession, the Song of Jonathan on his death, “O, how the mighty are slain.” The very next paragraph, which continues the train of thought expressed in the paragraph just quoted above dealing with L. 69 and Gath/Dan and Ashkelon takes us even deeper into the labyrinth of madness in which Freud SK lived:

Now to continue my letter. I vary Hamlet’s saying, “To be in readiness”: to be cheerful is everything!

First, we must deal with another “parapraxis” of Freud’s, or to rid the language of Freud’s hocus pocus, another of his errors resulting from “repression,” or wanting the “push something away” which is intentionally or not revealing. Hamlet, of course, never had a saying “To be in readiness” so it can hardly be varied to “cheerful is everything.” Freud is confusing or conflating, intentionally or not, Shakespeare’s phrase “the readiness is all” from Hamlet and is paraphrasing the statement in King Lear that “Ripeness is all.” Did Freud commit another literary blunder or was he passing on “codes” to his madman pervert lover, Dr. Wilhelm Fliess. The conflation of “Readiness is all” and “Ripeness is all” both relate to *accepting death and being resigned and alert to its sudden inevitability.*

Hamlet: There’s a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, ’t is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is ’t to leave betimes?

Freud misquotes Hamlet, or shall we say he “varies” the phrase. The phrase he varies, “To be in readiness”, is, of course, not Shakespeare’s (as shown above) it is his own, and so he varies his own phrase to “cheerful is everything.” The phrase, that Freud claims to vary, which is his own, is another variation of Shakespeare’s phrase, “Ripeness is all.” Are these literary blunders or more of Freud’s obsessive secret codes to his dearest, Wilhelm Fliess?

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As to “Ripeness is all” a commentator make the simple and accurate statement that: “Ripeness is all, comes, of course, from King Lear [Act 5, Sc. 2]. The meaning is clear; the main thing is to be ready for death.” That Freud has in mind the idea that *he needs to be ready for death*, ready for judgment can hardly be doubted—why else would he use such literary allusions if not to indicate his state of mind? Such allusions would be completely mad-cap literary *non sequiturs* if they were not used to indicate his own emotional state?

Glo. No further, sir; a man may not even here

Edg. What? Ill thoughts again? Men must endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all. Come on

Glo. And that’s true too. [*Exeunt*]

It is further interesting to note that the part of the quote Freud was fumbling for comes from Act 5, Sc. 2 And it also contains Hamlet’s pleas that it was madness made him murder.

Hamlet. Give me your pardon, sir; I’ve done you wrong;  
But pardon’t, as you are a gentleman.  
This presence knows,  
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish’d  
With sore distraction. What I have done,  
That might your nature, honour and exception  
Roughly wake. I here proclaim was madness.  
Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never Hamlet:  
If Hamlet from himself be ta’en away,  
And when he’s not himself does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it then? His madness. If’t be so.  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d;  
His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy.  
Let my disclaiming from a purpos’d evil  
Sir, in this audience,  
That I have shot mine arrow o’er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

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“And hurt my brother.” That Freud was habitually in a state of readiness, a readiness of being discovered to be the serial killer that he was, is a fact clearly evinced in his many confessions to murder, a fact amply evidenced in *Passion for Murder*. The Letters 69-79 wherein Freud supposedly penetrates the depths of the human psyche to reveal, through his so-called heroic self-analysis is a complete fraud and fairy tale. Freud always knew he was a homicidal maniac, since his earliest years of existence, and it was all an elaborate psychotic game of “puzzles,” “conundrums,” “codes,” “secrets” “and riddles” wherein he planted his murder confessions—just like BTK (Bind Torture Kill) Rader and many another serial killer, no doubt before and certainly after him.

When we examine even the single theme of “The Song of John” we are amazed at the depth of Freud’s psychotic fixations as he endlessly defied discovery through a huge outpourings of writings and tempted discovery at the same time, believing himself, as all serial killers believe themselves, invincible—of such superior stuff that, with incredible boldness they continue their murders and their daring-dos. For the serial killer, their lives are dominated by great secrets, their lives are like puzzles that no one can figure out, and when and if they do, their jig is up. The mystery of their very beings cries out for a “solution” So, we see that the puzzle of “Dan and Ashkelon”, the secret that cannot be published or “told to boys,” which relates to the death of John, the anxiety of *his* soul burning in hell and all the rest of the elaborate superstructure of Freud’s confessions to murder is the single piece of the puzzle which, once discovered, easily explains and clarifies the picture of all else, as Freud well knew:

It is exactly like putting together a child’s picture-puzzle: after many attempts, we become absolutely certain in the end which piece belongs in the empty gap; for only that one piece fills out the picture and at the same time allows its irregular edges to be fitted into the edges of the other pieces in such a manner as to leave no free space and to entail no overlapping. In the same way, the contents of the infantile scenes turn out to be

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indispensable supplements to the associative and logical framework of the neurosis, which insertion makes its course of development for the first time evident, or even, as we might often say, self-evident.

“Self-evident,” indeed! Freud’s “Self” thus becomes evident. The above words, which Freud read before the Society for Psychiatry and Neurology, Vienna, April 21, 1896, a little more than a year before his letter of September 21, 1897—*as far as Freud himself is concerned and his murder mania*, is as true today as they were when he delivered them in his speech on “The Aetiology of Hysteria.” The piece which belongs in the empty gap is the simple fact: “I murdered my brother, Johann.” Freud’s other murders, as a serial killer, were basically “freebies.” O, yes, they figure in his dreams, his commentaries, his confessions, he makes rich use of them, to embellish all his murder confessions but it was John who was at the heart of the heart of his monster inside. Only three months before the letter of September 21, 1897, on June 20, Freud acknowledged the real nature of his monster-self, immediately after his discussion of a girl 19 years old and her sex pervert father and deranged siblings Freud wrote:

Now in this case [unlike his own] the Almighty was kind enough to let the father die before the child was 11 months old, but two brothers [who took the place of the father in their sexual rape of the little sister], one of them three years older than the patient shot themselves.

I believe I am in a cocoon, and God knows what kind of beast will creep out of it.

In the letters that follow immediately Freud tells his sex pervert fiend, Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, exactly the kind of beast that “crawled out” of the cocoon. He is absolutely vicious, murderous, and hateful in the extreme. He is also as “one of the dead.” In his letter of September 6, 1897, for example, and there are many such examples, he states that he is seeking the punch that the dead drink from Lethe, the “river of forgetfulness”:

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As you know, in Italy I am seeking a punch made of Lethe; here and there I get a draft. One savors the strange kind of beauty and the enormous creative urge; at the same time my inclination toward the grotesque, perverse-psychological gets it due.

Hmm, Freud is experiencing a “strange kind of beauty” that triggers his “enormous creative urge” and “grotesque” psychological perversions which “here and there” “get its due” –now what could that be? Freud is traveling when he writes this letter, a perfect opportunity to let his grotesque, pervert nature get its due as he travels among strangers in strange lands seeking victims (the traveling serial killer who has these experiences that “get their due” is in a state called successful “trolling” in the serial killer lexicon). Serial killers often refer to themselves as “beasts” “monsters” the “Devil,” and refer to their existence and origins as subhuman or themselves as denizens of the dead, just as Freud characteristically and frequently did. And that is the kind of beast that we all now know, unless we don’t want to know, who creped out of the Freudian cocoon--SFSK. And that is certainly something Freud was not about to speak about in “Dan”—Ooops—“Gath” or publish in the streets of Ashkelon, that fact that John-Athon was slain “on high” and that was the simple secret of his momentous struggle with the demons of his inner soul to “understand” why he was the way he was.

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