
FREUD

THE PENULTIMATE BIOGRAPHY D. HARLAN WILSON

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For the Wolfman.

“His principal subject of complaint was that for him the world was hidden in a veil, or that he was cut off from the world by a veil. This veil was torn only at one moment—when, after an enema, the contents of the bowel left the intestinal canal; and he then felt well and normal again.”

—Sigmund Freud, “From the History of an Infantile Neurosis”

CHAPTER 1

I walked into the dealer room of the biggest science fiction writing convention in the Anglophone world. Editors and publishers and writers and aspiring writers and over-enthusiastic readers stormed up and down the aisles and filled out the ranks. I noticed a few academics too. Bald and pensive-looking as half-dead frogs, they wore khaki shorts and long black knee socks and tried to stay clear of the fanboys.

“Holy hell I’ve never seen a bigger bunch of fuckin’ dumbasses in my entire life.”

I guess I said that aloud. Looming near the doorway like a Slender Man, the Master of Ceremonies asked me to leave. Next to him was the Guest of Honor and he

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seconded the motion while straddling an excretion of speculative aficionados with his heavy legs.

I did a 90 minute workout in the hotel gym, then got drunk on Protein Freeze margaritas and left the convention. I wrote this biography of Sigmund Freud as fast as I could on the flight home.

CHAPTER 2

According to Wikipedia:

The United States has the highest rate of obesity. Estimates have steadily increased, from 19.4% in 1997, to 24.5% in 2004, to 26.6% in 2007, to 33.8% (adults) and 17% (children) in 2008. In 2010, the CDC reported higher numbers once more, counting 35.7% of American adults as obese, and 17% of American children.

A thoroughbred European, Sigmund Freud wasn't obese. In fact he was relatively trim and kind of a stringbean in his elder years, preferring smoking to the overindulgence

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of food. He took regular walks, but he didn't work out and his eating habits were in feverish need of improvement. Technically we can't fault him for this shortcoming. Nobody really knew about good diet back in those days.

Freud was a tireless workaholic. Neurotically so. But this is repetitious: all obsessions are empowered by the worm of neurosis.

Freud possessed a devout interest in numerology and believed he would die at the age of 61. He did the math and that's the number that tumbled out of the equation's chute.

Freud died at the age of 83. Mouth cancer. He had endured over 30 surgeries on his hard palate. He couldn't stop smoking cigars.

Das Ende.

CHAPTER 3

I know exactly what I'm going to do in this biography, unlike its predecessor, *Hitler: The Terminal Biography*, the first installment in my Angry Black Author trilogy, which took me awhile to figure out, a few minutes anyway, although I'm uncertain what to do in lieu of the "Exploding Airplane Chapters," a series of vignettes interspersed throughout *Hitler: The Terminal Biography* that focus on the avian exploits of a man named Alois Villafuerte. Let me begin by saying that, like some dictators, therapists and orators, I'm at my best when I'm telling other people they're at their worst. Without the riffraff I'm nothing.

CHAPTER 4

Here's a blurb I got for this biography from a fellow author (not a writer, an author). He's more successful than I am. Of course, I only solicit blurbs from authors that make more money and generate more acclaim than me.

“Irrefutable proof that this author has mastered the literary smackdown.”

—Superior Author

His name isn't important. Blurbs don't sell books. That's a myth. I ask Superior Authors for them only to feed my ego. And yet when the authors give them to me I feel guilty and never read them again. Usually I don't even allow my

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publisher to put them on or in the book. The prospect of somebody, especially a Superior Author, devoting even a fragment of their time to me turns my stomach. I'd rather forego the endorsement than have to withstand it.

CHAPTER 5

All of the motorcyclists have decided to wear their helmets even though the law doesn't require them to wear their helmets. It is at this moment that all of the motorcyclists crash and die.

The streets are quiet, desolate. You can hear a *solifugae* crawling across the dirt, its prickled legs cracking like brown thunder.

But this *réalité de la vie* is wildly insignificant. Consider a more pressing issue such as the physics professor who works at the University of Fostoria's Ludavico Campus. My campus. His frayed hair grows from the sides of his head like Arizona kelp and he's got a big swollen potbelly. It's as if he's following the potbelly, or the potbelly is stringing

him along. He works out with the best intentions, but he has no concept of weight training, and he lifts dumbbells and kettlebells and barbells as fast as he can, arms and legs moving like broken pistons. I often glance in his direction with an expression that says: SLOW THE FUCK DOWN ASSHOLE!!! I know he sees my expression. But he won't listen to it.

The physics professor shouldn't be working out at all aside from daily walks. He needs to go on a diet and get rid of his stomach first. Then he can think about lifting weights and so forth. We all have a core frame, but anybody can do anything with their body in terms of dropping fat and building muscle. Additionally, as I've noted before in other biographies, 90% of what you do with your body is contingent upon what you put inside of your body. Wake up and smell the potential of your germ cells.

The Ludavico Campus, where I am an Associate Professor of How to Tell the Truth, sits on a lake made toxic by all of the runoff from the farmlands that surround it. The physics professor lives on the other side of the lake and drives to and from work on a sputtering pontoon boat. He's nice enough, but I don't like talking to him. Here's our last conversation. I will begin the conversation *in medias res*:

“. . . and he was, like, yeah, up there, that kite,” I said.

“Kike?” said the physics prof.

“No. Kite.” I thought about it for awhile. “Kike? Do people even use the word kike anymore?”

“White supremacists.”

“White supremacists?” I thought about it for awhile.

“Do white supremacists even exist anymore?”

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“Yes. They all live in Coeur d’Alene, Idaho, the Nazi capital of America. They shave their heads and sit on their porches and stare at you when you drive by.”

“When were you in Coeur d’Alene?”

“On my way to Spokane. My family lives in Spokane. I grew up there. There’s a lot of white supremacists in Spokane too.”

“Oh. All right.” I thought about it for awhile. “Are you a white supremacist?”

He made a face. “No more than any other white man, I guess.”

I will end the conversation *in medias res*.

CHAPTER 6

The idea behind this trilogy of biographies, which I referred to as the Angry Black Author trilogy in chapter 3 of *Freud: The Penultimate Biography* for the first time, is that it will achieve a parasitic connection with other biographies about Hitler, Freud, and whoever I'm going to write the final biography on (either Tom Cruise or Frederick Douglass) at Amazon.com, the only viable marketplace in the twenty-first century publishing world. Quality means less than nothing. What matters is who buys a book that sounds something like your book and then buys your book too. If somebody buys, say, *The Freud Reader*, which currently sells quite well at Amazon, and the same person buys *Freud: The Penultimate Biography*,

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thinking it's similar to *The Freud Reader*, Amazon pools the titles together on its **Customers Who Bought This Item Also Bought** page and a snowball effect ensues. Because of this one sale, thousands of readers will now mistake *Freud: The Penultimate Biography* as a book that might be similar to *The Freud Reader*, even though, for sake of argument, they are really only linked by Freud's name in the titles. I've done this more than ten times with other books under different pseudonyms and it's worked like a charm: each pseudonym has become a bestselling author in a matter of weeks. Again, what's inside the book is altogether meaningless. For instance, in one of my alter-ego's books, each page contains a large black dot with this thick-skinned inscription:

THERE IS A HOLE HERE
WHERE SOMETHING ELSE USED TO BE

The depth of meaninglessness in this instance actually amplified book sales because readers, feeling cheated and hurt, wrote so many negative reviews. If there are enough reviews, it doesn't matter if they are positive or negative; as a general rule, the madder you make readers, the more they buy your bullshit, i.e., the more they allow and want you to take advantage of them.

THESIS: Quantity, as always, dictates desire.