

Prelude

A Visit to the Shrink

The psychoanalyst was kindly disposed to the man on the couch. “No, there is no need to worry just because you love a car. Especially when it’s a car with feminine curves, a voluptuous rear, and a décolleté that softens even the hearts of car-haters.” Such forms answer a basic anthropological need, and in the first place, the world of forms is a feminine world, even if this isn’t apparent with the majority of cars.

Anyone who has fallen in love with a car as a young boy would have never have expected one of their earliest conscious passions to survive into adulthood. But with the 911 this is possible. The car grows up along with you, and in a quasi-miraculous way appears to escape the usual aging process. The Porsche 911 was unveiled at the Frankfurt Motor Show in 1963, and since then has stayed with us. That makes it unique. No existing sports car is so old.

“You shouldn’t blame everything on childhood,” commented Professor Rainer Kaus in his calm and friendly manner, surrounded by the mass of books, pictures, and *In-Treatment* DVD boxes crammed into his office. “When young men pull up in front of the university in a Porsche with screeching tires, then the psychodynamic implications remain their secret.” But the experienced psychoanalyst has a few ideas. It is simply about the intoxication of speed, and the intoxication itself. The sports car becomes a sex object that we use to arouse both ourselves

and others. And to crown it all, there is the allure of envy. The arousal of envy should not be seen as a destructive force, but as a provocation designed to set one’s environment in motion, to lend it dynamism. Everyone is envious and produces envy. Unfortunately our society fails to deal with it productively.

Driving a Porsche is something very positive, continued the nice gentleman. The idea of sitting in a tight cockpit, intimately connected to the vehicle, is a symbiotic experience that everyone is actually in search of. Symbiosis is like a bath that one can immerse oneself in. The important thing is that one doesn’t sink or become so entangled with the object that separation is impossible. Becoming frozen in symbiosis could be problematic. Symbiosis includes the desire to let oneself fall. The engine propels us through the world at high speed, and in the process we can let ourselves fall. In answer to the question from the couch as to whether this isn’t perhaps dangerous or questionable, the psychoanalyst quietly responded: “One must keep an eye on the technical things.” Which means? “Okay, I regress, I enter into a symbiosis with the vehicle, the intoxication, the speed, but I don’t lose control, and that also applies to my feeling of pleasure. Intoxication, regression, and symbiosis are important pleasure-generating principles; however, they need to be set limits to prevent potential self-harm.” He looked at me earnestly. “There are people who submit to intoxication, regression, and symbiosis with abandon, and they don’t care what happens to them. Every regression requires an instant of reversal.” The Porsche driver knows instantly what he is talking about: an unsuccessful reversal that had already brought him close to death and dispatched the beautiful sports car to the junkyard. Not every piece of information has to be processed during the first session, though.

