

sexual life (even in childhood), the members of a family hold together permanently and become incapable of contact with strangers. Thus incest is anti-social and civilization consists in a progressive renunciation of it.¹ Contrariwise the “superman”.

65

Tuesday, 12. 6. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

Your letter amused me greatly, especially the part about the title. At our next congress you shall call me “Herr Professor”—I mean to be a gentleman like other gentlemen. The fact is that we keep pace wonderfully in sufferings, but less so in achievement. I have never yet imagined anything like my present spell of intellectual paralysis. Every line I write is torture. You are flourishing again, while I open all the doors of my senses and take nothing in. But I am looking forward to the next congress. At Aussee I hope and in August. . . .

At Aussee I know a wonderful wood full of ferns and mushrooms, where you shall reveal to me the secrets of the world of the lower animals and the world of children. I am agape as never before for what you have to say—and I hope that the world will not hear it before me, and that instead of a short article you will give us within a year a small book which will reveal organic secrets in periods of 28 and 23.

Your remark about the temporary disappearance of periods followed by their reappearance above the surface again struck me with the force of a correct intuition. That is what has happened with me. Incidentally, I have been through some kind of a neurotic experience, with odd states of mind not in-

¹ This seems to be the earliest statement of Freud's views of the conflict between civilization and the instincts, which he further developed in “‘Civilized’ Sexual Ethics and Modern Nervous Illness” (1908 d); *Totem and Taboo* (1912-13); and *Civilization and its Discontents* (1930 a); and “Why War?” (1933 b).

telligible to consciousness—cloudy thoughts and veiled doubts, with barely here and there a ray of light.¹ . . .

I am all the more pleased that you are at work again. We share like the two beggars² one of whom allotted himself the province of Posen; you take the biological, I the psychological. Let me confess that I have recently made a collection of deeply significant Jewish stories.³

During the summer I had to take on two new cases, which are going very well. The latest is a girl of nineteen with almost pure obsessional ideas, who greatly interests me. According to my hypothesis obsessional ideas date back to a later psychical age, and so *a priori* do not point back to the father, who treats the child the more carefully the older it is, but to her slightly older brothers and sisters in whose eyes the child has not become a woman. Now in this case the Almighty was kind enough to remove the father by death before the child was eleven months old, but two brothers, of whom one was three years older than my patient, shot themselves.

Otherwise I am empty and ask your indulgence. I believe I am in a cocoon, and heaven knows what sort of creature will emerge from it.

Heartiest greetings and an early meeting,

Your

Sigm.

66

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
at the University.

Vienna, 7. 7. 97.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I know that I am a useless correspondent just now, with no

¹ This passage can be regarded as a sign of the beginning of, or rather of the preparation for, Freud's self-analysis. The subject is more plainly referred to in the next letter and is specifically mentioned in the later letters of this summer. In his letter of August 14th Freud states: "This analysis is harder than any other". It is the principal subject of the following letters. See Introduction p. 30 *sqq.*

² [Freud here uses the Jewish word *Schnorrer*.]

³ [No doubt the first material for what was to become Freud's book on jokes (1905 c).]

right to any claims to consideration, but it was not always so and it will not remain so. I still do not know what has been happening to me. Something from the deepest depths of my own neurosis has ranged itself against my taking a further step in understanding of the neuroses, and you have somehow been involved.¹ My inability to write seems to be aimed at hindering our intercourse. I have no proofs of this, but merely feelings of a very obscure nature. Has anything similar been the case with you? For some days past an emergence from this darkness seems to have been in preparation. I notice that meanwhile my work has made some progress, and every now and then I have started having ideas again. No doubt the heat and overwork have contributed.

I see for instance, that defence against memories does not prevent them from giving rise to higher mental structures, which persist for a while and are then themselves subjected to defence, which, however, is of a highly specific nature, just as in dreams, which in any case contain the whole psychology of the neuroses in a nutshell. The result is all these distortions of memory and phantasies, either about the past or the future. I am learning the rules which govern the formation of these structures, and the reasons why they are stronger than real memories, and have thus learned new things about the characteristics of processes in the unconscious. Side by side with these structures perverse impulses arise, and the repression of these phantasies and impulses which later becomes necessary gives rise to the higher determination of the symptoms resulting from the memories and to new motives for clinging to the illness. I am learning a number of typical cases of the composition of these phantasies and impulses and a number of typical conditions under which repression comes into play against them. My knowledge of all this is not complete yet. So far as technique is concerned I am beginning to prefer one particular way as the natural one.

The firmest point seems to me to be the explanation of dreams; it is surrounded by huge and obstinate riddles. The organological side is waiting for you; I have made no progress with it.

¹ See Introduction, p. 43 and preceding letter.

An interesting dream is that of finding yourself half or completely naked surrounded by strangers and feeling anxious and ashamed.¹ The curious thing is that they generally do not notice you, for which you have wish-fulfilment to thank. This dream material, which goes back to exhibitionism in childhood, has been misconstrued and tendentiously worked over in a famous fairy tale (the Emperor's new clothes—"Talisman").² The ego habitually misinterprets other dreams in the same way.

The thing that interests me immediately about the summer is when and where we shall meet, for meet we must. Dr. Gattl is becoming much attached to me and my theories. . . . I hope you will find something in him and like him when he comes to Berlin.

All goes well at Aussee. I am very anxious for news of you.
With heartiest regards to the whole family,

Your

Sigm.

67

Aussee, 14. 8. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

I have to keep reminding myself that I did the right thing yesterday in saying no; otherwise I should feel too sorry about it. But I know that I was right. . . .

This time you are losing nothing in what I have to tell. Things are fermenting inside me, but I have nothing ready; I am very satisfied with the psychology, tortured with grave doubts about the neuroses, very lazy, and have done nothing here to get the better of the turbulence of my thoughts and feelings. That must wait for Italy.

After a spell of good spirits here I am now having a fit of gloom. The chief patient I am busy with is myself. My little hysteria, which was much intensified by work, has yielded one stage further. The rest still sticks. That is the first reason for my

¹ See Freud's dream mentioned in Letter 64.

² [A play by Fulda, based on the fairy tale.]

mood. This analysis is harder than any other. It is also the thing that paralyses the power of writing down and communicating what so far I have learned. But I believe it has got to be done and is a necessary stage in my work.

My cordial greetings to both of you, and after this brief disappointment please give me something new to look forward to.

Your

Sigm.

68

Aussee, 18. 8. 97

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I see that I have been rather neglecting our correspondence, because a meeting was in prospect. Now that the prospect is over—in my thoughts—I intend to open the way again to the old, unjustly despised technique of exchanging ideas. My handwriting is more human again, so my tiredness is wearing off. Your writing, I see with pleasure, never varies.

Martha is looking forward to the journey, though the daily reports of train accidents do not make the father and mother of a family look forward to travelling with any pleasure. You will laugh—and rightly—but I must confess to new anxieties, which come and go but last for half a day at a time. Fear of a railway accident deserted me half an hour ago when it occurred to me that Wilhelm and Ida were also on their way. That ended the idiocy. This must remain strictly between us.

. . . This time I hope to go rather more deeply into Italian art. I begin to see your point of view, which looks, not for what is of cultural-historical interest, but for absolute beauty clothed in forms and ideas and in fundamentally pleasing sensations of space and colour. At Nuremberg I was still far from seeing it. By the way, have I already told you that Naples is off, and that the route is *via* San Gimignano, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Ancona—in other words Tuscany and Umbria?

I hope to hear from you very soon, even if only briefly. For

the next few days I shall be here; from the 25th to September 1st my address will be Venice, Casa Kirsch.

My best wishes for the rest of the summer,

Your

Sigm.

69

21. 9. 97.

IX. Berggasse 19.

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
at the University.

My dear Wilhelm,

Here I am again—we returned yesterday morning—refreshed, cheerful, impoverished and without work for the time being, and I am writing to you as soon as we have settled in again.¹ Let me tell you straight away the great secret which has been slowly dawning on me in recent months. I no longer believe in my *neurotica*. That is hardly intelligible without an explanation; you yourself found what I told you credible. So I shall start at the beginning and tell you the whole story of how the reasons for rejecting it arose. The first group of factors were the continual disappointment of my attempts to bring my analyses to a real conclusion, the running away of people who for a time had seemed my most favourably inclined patients, the lack of the complete success on which I had counted, and the possibility of explaining my partial successes in other, familiar, ways. Then there was the astonishing thing that in every case . . . blame was laid on perverse acts by the father, and realization of the unexpected frequency of hysteria, in every case of which the same thing applied, though it was hardly credible that perverted

¹ A reference to Freud's unusually late return from his summer holidays.

acts against children were so general.¹ (Perversion would have to be immeasurably more frequent than hysteria, as the illness can only arise where the events have accumulated and one of the factors which weaken defence is present.) Thirdly, there was the definite realization that there is no "indication of reality"² in the unconscious, so that it is impossible to distinguish between truth and emotionally-charged fiction. (This leaves open the possible explanation that sexual phantasy regularly makes use of the theme of the parents.)³ Fourthly, there was the consideration that even in the most deep-reaching psychoses the unconscious memory does not break through, so that the secret of infantile experiences is not revealed even in the most confused states of delirium. When one thus sees that the unconscious never overcomes the resistance of the conscious, one must abandon the expectation that in treatment the reverse process will take place to the extent that the conscious will fully dominate the unconscious.

So far was I influenced by these considerations that I was ready to abandon two things—the complete solution of a neurosis and sure reliance on its ætiology in infancy. Now I do not know where I am, as I have failed to reach theoretical understanding of repression and its play of forces. It again seems arguable that it is later experiences which give rise to phantasies which throw back to childhood; and with that the factor of hereditary predisposition regains a sphere of influence from which I had made it my business to oust it—in the interests of fully explaining neurosis.

Were I depressed, jaded, unclear in my mind, such doubts might be taken for signs of weakness. But as I am in just the opposite state, I must acknowledge them to be the result of

¹ Freud's attention had for months past been directed to the study of infantile phantasy; he had studied the dynamic function of phantasy and gained lasting insights into this field. See pp. 204 and 207 and Letter 62 *sqq.* He had drawn near to the Oedipus complex, in which he recognized the aggressive impulses of children directed against their parents, but had still remained faithful to his belief in the reality of the seduction scenes. It seems reasonable to assume that it was only the self-analysis of this summer that made possible rejection of the seduction hypothesis.

²[See "Project," p. 429.]

³The next step from this was insight into the Oedipus complex.

honest and effective intellectual labour, and I am proud that after penetrating so far I am still capable of such criticism. Can these doubts be only an episode on the way to further knowledge?

It is curious that I feel not in the least disgraced, though the occasion might seem to require it. Certainly I shall not tell it in Gath, or publish it in the streets of Askalon, in the land of the Philistines—but between ourselves I have a feeling more of triumph than of defeat (which cannot be right).¹

How delightful that your letter should come just at this moment! It gives me the opportunity to make a suggestion with which I intended to finish this letter. If during this slack period I slip into the North-West Station on Saturday night I can be with you by Sunday midday and travel back the next night. Can you make the day free for an idyll for two, interrupted by one for three and three-and-a-half? That was what I wanted to ask. Or have you a visitor in the house or something urgent to do? Or, if I should have to leave and come home again the same evening, which would not be worth while, could the same arrangements apply if I went to the North-West Station on Friday evening and stayed one-and-a-half days with you? I mean of course this week.²

To go on with my letter. I vary Hamlet's remark about ripeness—cheerfulness is all. I might be feeling very unhappy. The hope of eternal fame was so beautiful, and so was that of certain wealth, complete independence, travel, and removing the

¹ See Introduction, p. 29 *sqq.* In a footnote dated 1924 to the section on "the specific aetiology of hysteria" in "Further Remarks on the Neuro-Psychoses of Defence" (1896 b) Freud states:

"This section was written while I was under the ascendancy of an error which I have since then repeatedly acknowledged and corrected. I had not yet found out how to distinguish between patients' phantasies about their own childhood and real memories. I consequently ascribed to the aetiological factor of seduction an importance and general validity which it does not possess. When this error was overcome, the door was opened to an insight into the spontaneous manifestations of infantile sexuality which I described in my *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905 d). Nevertheless, there is no need to reject the whole of what appears in the text above; seduction still retains a certain aetiological importance, and I still consider that some of the psychological views expressed in this section meet the case."

² Freud went to Berlin and returned to Vienna on the 29th.

children from the sphere of the worries which spoiled my own youth. All that depended on whether hysteria succeeded or not. Now I can be quiet and modest again and go on worrying and saving, and one of the stories from my collection¹ occurs to me: "Rebecca, you can take off your wedding-gown, you're not a bride any longer!"

There is something else I must add. In the general collapse only the psychology has retained its value. The dreams still stand secure, and my beginnings in metapsychology have gone up in my estimation. It is a pity one cannot live on dream-interpretation, for instance.

Martha came back to Vienna with me. Minna and the children are staying away for another week. They have all been very well. . . .

I hope to hear from you soon in person—assuming your answer is yes—how things are going with you and whatever else is doing between heaven and earth.

Cordially your

Sigm.

70

Vienna, 3. 10. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

One advantage of my visit to you is that, as I now know the present outline of your work as a whole, you can keep me informed of the details again. But you must not expect an answer to everything, and in the case of many of my answers you will not, I hope, fail to make allowances for my limitations on your subjects, which are outside my sphere. . . .

Outwardly very little is happening to me, but inside me something very interesting is happening. For the last four days my self-analysis, which I regard as indispensable for clearing up the whole problem, has been making progress in dreams and yielding the most valuable conclusions and evidence. At certain

¹[Of Jewish anecdotes.]

points I have the impression of having come to the end, and so far I have always known where the next night of dreams would continue. To describe it in writing is more difficult than anything else, and besides it is far too extensive. I can only say that in my case my father played no active role, though I certainly projected on to him an analogy from myself; that my "primary originator" [of neurosis] was an ugly, elderly but clever woman who told me a great deal about God and hell, and gave me a high opinion of my own capacities; that later (between the ages of two and two-and-a-half) libido towards *matrem* was aroused; the occasion must have been the journey with her from Leipzig to Vienna, during which we spent a night together and I must have had the opportunity of seeing her *nudam* (you have long since drawn the conclusions from this for your own son, as a remark of yours revealed); and that I welcomed my one-year-younger brother (who died within a few months) with ill wishes and real infantile jealousy, and that his death left the germ of guilt in me. I have long known that my companion in crime between the ages of one and two was a nephew of mine who is a year older than I am and now lives in Manchester; he visited us in Vienna when I was fourteen. We seem occasionally to have treated my niece, who was a year younger, shockingly. My nephew and younger brother determined, not only the neurotic side of all my friendships, but also their depth.¹ My anxiety over travel you have seen yourself in full bloom.²

I still have not got to the scenes which lie at the bottom of all this. If they emerge, and I succeed in resolving my hysteria, I shall have to thank the memory of the old woman who provided

¹ Cf. *Interpretation of Dreams* (p. 483) where Freud refers to this piece of analytical insight in greater detail.

"My emotional life has always insisted that I should have an intimate friend and a hated enemy. I have always been able to provide myself afresh with both, and it has not infrequently happened that the ideal situation of childhood has been so completely reproduced that friend and enemy have come together in a single individual—though not, of course, both at once or with constant oscillations, as may have been the case in my early childhood."

For the possible bearing of this passage on Freud's relationship with Fliess it may be of importance to mention that Fliess's (dead) sister was named Pauline, as was Freud's niece, the sister of his older nephew John. See Introduction, p. 31.

² See Letter 68 and 77.

me at such an early age with the means for living and surviving. You see how the old liking breaks through again. I cannot give you any idea of the intellectual beauty of the work.

The children arrive early to-morrow. The practice is still very bad. I fear that if it gets still worse it may interfere with my self-analysis. My recognition that difficulties of treatment derive from the fact that in the last resort one is laying bare the patient's evil inclinations, his will to remain ill, is growing stronger and clearer. We shall see.

My cordial greetings to you and your little family, and I hope soon to receive some crumbs from your table.

Your

Sigm.

Oct. 4th. The children have arrived. The fine weather is over. Last night's dream produced the following under the most remarkable disguises:

She was my instructress in sexual matters, and chided me for being clumsy and not being able to do anything (that is always the way with neurotic impotence: anxiety over incapacity at school gets its sexual reinforcement in this way). I saw the skull of a small animal which I thought of as a "pig" in the dream, though it was associated in the dream with your wish of two years ago that I might find a skull on the Lido to enlighten me, as Goethe once did. But I did not find it. Thus it was "a little *Schafskopf*".¹ The whole dream was full of the most wounding references to my present uselessness as a therapist. Perhaps the origin of my tendency to believe in the incurability of hysteria should be sought here. Also she washed me in reddish water in which she had previously washed herself (not very difficult to interpret; I find nothing of the kind in my chain of memories, and so I take it for a genuine rediscovery); and she encouraged me to steal "Zehners" (ten-Kreuzer pieces) to give to her.² A long chain of association connects these first silver Zehners to the heap of paper ten-florin notes which I saw in the dream as

¹ [Literally "sheep's head"; figuratively "blockhead".]

² See the "verification" of this interpretation in the next letter.

Martha's housekeeping money. The dream can be summed up as "bad treatment". Just as the old woman got money from me for her bad treatment of me, so do I now get money for the bad treatment of my patients; a special role in it was played by Q, who conveyed through you a suggestion that I ought not to take money from her as the wife of a colleague (he stipulated that I should).

A severe critic might say that all this was phantasy projected into the past instead of being determined by the past. The *experimenta crucis* would decide the matter against him. The reddish water seems a point of this kind. Where do all patients derive the horrible perverse details which are often as alien to their experience as to their knowledge?

71

15. 10. 97.
IX. Bergasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

My self-analysis is the most important thing I have in hand, and promises to be of the greatest value to me, when it is finished. When I was in the very midst of it it suddenly broke down for three days, and I had the feeling of inner binding about which my patients complain so much, and I was inconsolable. . . .

My practice, ominously enough, still allows me plenty of free time.

All this is the more valuable from my point of view because I have succeeded in finding a number of real points of reference. I asked my mother whether she remembered my nurse. "Of course", she said, "an elderly woman, very shrewd indeed. She was always taking you to church. When you came home you used to preach, and tell us all about how God conducted His affairs. At the time I was in bed when Anna was being born" (Anna is two-and-a-half years younger) "she turned out to be a thief, and all the shiny Kreuzers and Zehners and toys that had

been given you were found among her things. Your brother Philipp went himself to fetch the policeman, and she got ten months." Now see how that confirms the conclusions from my dream interpretation. I have easily been able to explain the one possible mistake. I wrote to you that she got me to steal Zehners and give them to her. The dream really means that she stole herself. For the dream-picture was a memory that I took money from a doctor's mother, *i.e.*, wrongfully. The real meaning is that the old woman stood for me, and that the doctor's mother was my mother. I was so far from being aware that the old woman was a thief that my interpretation went astray.¹ I also asked about the doctor we had in Freiberg, because I had a dream full of animosity about him. In analysing the dream-personage behind whom he was hidden I remembered a Professor von K., my history master, who did not seem to fit in, as I had no particular feelings about him and indeed got on with him quite well. My mother told me that the doctor of my infancy had only one eye, and among all my masters Professor K. was the only one with the same disability!

It might be objected that these coincidences are not conclusive, because I might have heard that the nurse was a thief in later childhood and to all appearances forgotten the fact until it emerged in the dream. I think myself that that must have been the case. But I have another unexceptionable and amusing piece of evidence. If the woman disappeared so suddenly, I said to myself, some impression of the event must have been left inside me. Where was it now? Then a scene occurred to me which for the last twenty-nine years has been turning up from time to time in my conscious memory without my understanding it. I was crying my heart out, because my mother was nowhere to be found. My brother Philipp (who is twenty years older than I) opened a cupboard² for me, and when I found that mother was not there either I cried still more, until she came through the door, looking slim and beautiful. What can that mean? Why should my brother open the cupboard for me when he knew that

¹ See previous letter.

² [*Kasten.*]

my mother was not inside it and that opening it therefore could not quieten me? Now I suddenly understand. I must have begged him to open the cupboard. When I could not find my mother, I feared she must have vanished, like my nurse not long before. I must have heard that the old woman had been locked, or rather “boxed”¹ up, because my brother Philipp, who is now sixty-three, was fond of such humorous expressions, and still is to the present day. The fact that I turned to him shows that I was well aware of his part in my nurse’s disappearance.²

Since then I have got much further, but have not yet reached any real resting-place. Communicating the incomplete is so laborious and would take me so far afield that I hope you will excuse me, and content yourself with hearing the parts which are established for certain. If the analysis goes on as I expect, I shall write it all out systematically and lay the results before you. So far I have found nothing completely new, but all the complications to which by now I am used. It is no easy matter. Being entirely honest with oneself is a good exercise. Only one idea of general value has occurred to me. I have found love of the mother and jealousy of the father in my own case too, and now believe it to be a general phenomenon of early childhood, even if it does not always occur so early as in children who have been made hysterics. (Similarly with the “romanticization of origins” in the case of paranoiacs—heroes, founders of religion). If that is the case, the gripping power of *Oedipus Rex*, in spite of all the rational objections to the inexorable fate that the story presupposes, becomes intelligible, and one can understand why later fate dramas were such failures. Our feelings rise against any arbitrary, individual fate such as shown in the *Ahnfrau*,³ etc., but the Greek myth seizes on a compulsion which everyone recognizes because he has felt traces of it in himself. Every member of the audience was once a budding Oedipus in

¹ [*Eingekastelt.*]

² Freud did not use this example of a verified reconstruction based on a dream interpretation in any of his published works. But he used the screen-memory of the cupboard in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901 b). In subsequent editions he added a reference to the cupboard’s symbolic meaning (pregnancy).

³ [The title of a play by Grillparzer.]

phantasy, and this dream-fulfilment played out in reality causes everyone to recoil in horror, with the full measure of repression which separates his infantile from his present state.

The idea has passed through my head that the same thing may lie at the root of *Hamlet*. I am not thinking of Shakespeare's conscious intentions, but supposing rather that he was impelled to write it by a real event because his own unconscious understood that of his hero. How can one explain the hysteric Hamlet's phrase "So conscience doth make cowards of us all", and his hesitation to avenge his father by killing his uncle, when he himself so casually sends his courtiers to their death and despatches Laertes so quickly? How better than by the torment roused in him by the obscure memory that he himself had meditated the same deed against his father because of passion for his mother—"use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" His conscience is his unconscious feeling of guilt. And are not his sexual coldness when talking to Ophelia, his rejection of the instinct to beget children, and finally his transference of the deed from his father to Ophelia, typically hysterical? And does he not finally succeed, in just the same remarkable way as my hysterics do, in bringing down his punishment on himself and suffering the same fate as his father, being poisoned by the same rival?¹

My interest has been so exclusively concentrated on the analysis that I have not yet set about trying to answer the question whether, instead of my hypothesis that repression always proceeds from the female side and is directed against the male, the converse may hold good, as you suggested. But some time I shall tackle it. Unfortunately I can contribute so little to your work and progress. In one respect I am better off than you. What I have to say about the mental side of this world finds in

¹ The views and examples briefly set out here are familiar from the *Interpretation of Dreams* (p. 261-6). This passage, the first in which the Oedipus complex is mentioned as such, enables us to see that Freud either first became aware of it or confirmed his conviction of its universality in his self-analysis. He illustrated the connection between his self-analysis and the analysis of his patients in the following words: "I can only analyse myself with objectively acquired knowledge". (Letter 75).

you an understanding critic; what you tell me about its starry side rouses in me only barren admiration.

My cordial greetings to you, your wife, and my new nephew,

Your

Sigm.

72

Vienna, 27. 10. 97.

IX. Berggasse 19.

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
at the University.

My dear Wilhelm,

I do not seem to be able to "wait" for your answer. The explanation of your silence certainly is not that you have been whirled back by some elemental power to the times when reading and writing were a burden to you, as happened to me on Sunday, when I wanted to write you a letter to mark your not-yet-fortieth birthday; but I hope it was something just as harmless. As for myself, I have nothing to tell you except about my analysis, which I think will be the most interesting thing about me for you too. Business is hopelessly bad, it is so in general, right up to the very top of the tree, so I am living only for "inner" work. It gets hold of me and hauls me through the past in rapid association of ideas; and my mood changes like the landscape seen by a traveller from a train; and, as the great poet, using his privilege to ennoble (sublimate) things, puts it:—

*Und manche liebe Schatten steigen auf;
Gleich einer alten, halbverklungenen Sage,
Kommt erste Lieb' und Freundschaft mit herauf*¹—

as well as first terror and strife. Some sad secrets of life are being traced back to their first roots, the humble origins of much pride

¹ ["And the shades of loved ones appear, and with them, like an old, half-forgotten myth, first love and friendship."] From the "Dedication" of Goethe's *Faust*, mentioned by Freud in his "Address delivered in the Goethe House at Frankfurt" (1930 c) as a "quotation that could be repeated for all our analyses".

and precedence are being laid bare. I am now experiencing myself all the things that as a third party I have witnessed going on in my patients—days when I slink about depressed because I have understood nothing of the day's dreams, phantasies or mood, and other days when a flash of lightning brings coherence into the picture, and what has gone before is revealed as preparation for the present. I am beginning to perceive big, general framework factors (I should like to call them) which determine development, and other minor factors which fill in the picture and vary according to individual experiences. Simultaneously a number of my doubts about the interpretation of the neuroses, if not yet all of them, are being resolved. An idea about resistance has enabled me to put back on the rails all the cases of mine which looked like breaking down, with the result that they are now going on satisfactorily again. Resistance, which is in the last resort the thing that stands in the way of the work, is nothing but the child's character, its degenerative character, which has, or would have, developed as a consequence of those experiences which one finds in conscious form in so-called degenerate cases; in these cases, however, the degenerative character is overlaid by the development of repression. In my work I dig it out, it rebels, and the patient, who started by being so civilized and well-mannered, becomes vulgar, untruthful or defiant, a malingerer, until I tell him so, and thus make him able to overcome this degenerative character. Resistance has thus become an objectively tangible thing for me, and I only wish that I had also grasped what lies behind repression.¹

This infantile character develops in the period of "longing", after the child has been deprived of sexual experiences. Longing is the chief characteristic of hysteria, just as actual anæsthesia (even if only potential) is its chief symptom. During this period of longing phantasies arise and masturbation is (invariably?) practised, which later gives way to repression. If it does not, no hysteria arises; discharge of sexual excitation largely removes the possibility of hysteria. It has become clear to me that various

¹ Many of the phenomena of resistance seem to have become intelligible to Freud through his self-analysis.

obsessional movements are a substitute for abandoned masturbatory movements. That is enough for to-day. I shall send you details another time, when I have heard good and new things from you. . . .

Your

Sigm.

73

31. 10. 97.

IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Business with us is such that I think we must look forward to very bad times; in other fields things have been bad for a long time. As I have time on my hands, I have decided to take on two cases without fee. That, including my own, makes three analyses which bring in nothing.

My own analysis is going on, and it remains my chief interest. Everything is still dark, including even the nature of the problems, but at the same time I have a reassuring feeling that one only has to put one's hand in one's own store-cupboard to be able to extract—in its own good time—what one needs. The most disagreeable thing about it is one's moods, which often completely hide reality from one. Also sexual excitation is of no more use to a person like me. But I am still cheerful with it all. At the moment another period lacking in results has set in.

Do you think that children's talk in their sleep belongs to their dreams? If so, I can introduce you to the very latest wish-dream. Little Anna, aged one-and-a-half, had to fast for a day at Aussee, because she had been sick in the morning, which was attributed to eating strawberries. During the night she called out a whole menu in her sleep: "Stwawbewwies, wild stwawbewwies, omblet, pudden!" I may perhaps already have told you this.¹

¹ See *Interpretation of Dreams*, p.130 ; and "On Dreams" (1901 a).

Under the influence of the analysis my heart-trouble is now often replaced by stomach-trouble.

Forgive to-day's chatter, which is only intended to keep our correspondence alive.

Cordially your

Sigm.

74

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 5. II. 97.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I have really nothing to say, but I am writing at a moment when I feel the need of company and encouragement. . . .

It is interesting that writers are now turning so much to child psychology. To-day I received another book on the subject, by James Mark Baldwin.¹ So one still remains a child of one's age, even with something one had thought was one's very own.

Incidentally what horrifies me more than anything else is all the psychology I shall have to read in the next few years. At the moment I can neither read nor think. I am sufficiently absorbed in observation. My self-analysis is stagnating again, or rather it trickles on without my understanding its progress. In the other analyses I am getting more and more help from my latest idea about resistance. Not long ago I had occasion to take up again an old idea—it has appeared in print—about the choice of neurosis—that hysteria is connected with sexual passivity and obsessional neurosis with sexual activity. Otherwise it goes slowly, slowly. As I can do nothing but analyse, and am not fully occupied, I am bored in the evening. My lectures are attended

¹ Obviously Baldwin's *Mental Development in the Child and the Race* (1895), of which the German translation appeared in 1898. It is quoted in "Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality" (1905 d). Baldwin's views on the relation between ontogenesis and phylogenesis and on the relation of the individual to the community agree in many respects with Freud's.

by an audience of eleven, who sit there with pencil and paper and hear damnably little that is positive. I play the part of neuro-pathological researcher before them and comment on Beard, but my interest is elsewhere.¹

You have said nothing about my interpretation of *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet*. As I have not said anything about it to anyone else, because I can imagine in advance the hostile reception it would get, I should be glad to have some short comment on it from you. Last year you turned down a number of my ideas, with good reason.

Not long ago I was treated to a stimulating evening by my friend Emanuel Löwy, who is professor of archæology in Rome.² He has a fine and penetrating mind and is an excellent fellow. He pays me a visit every year and keeps me up till three o'clock in the morning. He spends his autumn holiday in Vienna, where his family lives. He tells me about Rome. . . .

Cordial greetings to you and your wife and child,

Your

Sigm.

75

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 14. 11. 97.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

“It was November 12th, 1897; the sun was in the eastern quarter, and Mercury and Venus in conjunction—” no, birth

¹ Freud took an early interest in Beard, whose works were translated into German. In the years 1894-96 he referred repeatedly to Beard's conceptions of neurasthenia and in his “‘Civilized’ Sexual Ethics and Modern Nervous Sickness” (1908 d) he criticized Beard's belief that neurasthenia was “a new nervous disease which had developed particularly in America”.

On the connection between Beard's researches, which date back to 1869, and those of Freud, see Bunker (1930), pp. 108-114.

² Emanuel Löwy (1858-1937), Professor of Archæology in Rome and Vienna, with whom Freud maintained a life-long friendship.

announcements do not begin like that any more. It was on November 12th, a day under the influence of a left-sided migraine, on the afternoon of which Martin sat down to write a new poem¹ and on the evening of which Oli lost his second tooth,² when, after the terrible pangs of the last few weeks, a new piece of knowledge was born to me. Truth to tell, it was not entirely new; it had repeatedly shown and then withdrawn itself again;³ but this time it remained and saw the light of day.⁴

¹ I was not supposed to know this; his poetic tonsils seem to have been cut out.

² The first was extracted by his nurse on the evening of November 9th; otherwise it might perhaps have lasted to the 10th.

³ None but tall guardsmen for Sa Majesté le roi de Prusse.

⁴ The dates at the beginning of this letter refer to Fliess's period theory. The introductory sentences are, presumably, a parody of Vasari's life of Michelangelo; Freud was familiar with Vasari's *Lives* of the Italian painters. The "discovery" which Freud introduces in this way was that of the development of the libido. In talking of his "advance knowledge" of his discoveries Freud in fact describes his own method of work. In the language of psycho-analysis his preconscious worked over scientific connections before they became conscious. Hence the sudden advances in theory-making of the kind described in this letter. The ideas here expressed were in part taken over unaltered into the *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905 d). Others were developed only in later years. For instance, the idea of the meaning of the transition from walking on four legs to walking on two and the role of the upright stance (first touched on above on p. 186) were carried further only in 1928 in *Civilisation and its Discontents* and also discussed in the case history of the "Rat Man" (1909 d). In this letter Freud does not yet distinguish clearly between the three meanings of the word "repression": (i) the psychological mechanism of repression; (ii) those processes which take place in the course of the child's development towards maturity by means of which cathexis is withdrawn from certain zones of the body; and (iii) alterations in the apparatus which takes place in the course of the development of the species and correspond to Freud's later conception of "organic repression". The picture of the development of moral attitudes given in the letter was later fundamentally altered. What Freud here describes is on the whole still at the level of what he later (in *Three Essays*) regarded as reaction-formation. The influence of environment is only partially recognized, and no attention is paid to the influence of object-relationship on development (identification).

In this letter Freud for the first time puts the mechanism of regression in the centre of his dynamic explanation of the neuroses; previously it had been mentioned only incidentally. The subsequent differentiation between topographical and historical regression is not yet attempted.

On the other hand Freud develops in this letter a point of view to which he held fast in all his later works, though due attention has not always been paid to it in psycho-analytic literature. This is the idea that the effect of specific experiences

In a strange way I am aware of these events some time in advance. Thus I wrote to you once during the summer that I was about to find the source of normal sexual repression (morality, shame, etc.), and then for a long time I did not find it. Before the holidays I mentioned that my most important patient was myself, and after my holiday trip my self-analysis, of which there had previously been no trace, began.¹ A few weeks ago I mentioned that I wanted to get behind repression to the essential that lies behind it, and that is what I am writing to you about now.

I have often suspected that something organic played a part in repression; I have told you before that it is a question of the attitude adopted to former sexual zones, and I added that I had been pleased to come across the same idea in Moll. Privately, I would not concede priority in the idea to anyone; in my case the suggestion was linked to the changed part played by sensations of smell: upright carriage was adopted, the nose was raised from the ground, and at the same time a number of what had formerly been interesting sensations connected with the earth became repellent—by a process of which I am still ignorant. (“He turns up his nose”=“he regards himself as something particularly noble.”) Now, the zones which no longer produce a release of sexuality in normal and mature human beings must be the regions of the anus and of the mouth and throat. This is to be understood in two senses: first, that the appearance and idea of these zones no longer produce any exciting effect, and secondly, that the internal sensations arising from them no longer make any contribution to the libido like the sexual organs proper. In animals these sexual zones retain their power in both respects; where they do so in human beings the result

on the child's development is dependent on the stage of maturity it has reached. He seems to state this idea clearly in the sentence: “The choice of neurosis probably depends on the nature of the step in development which enables repression to occur”.

In the last part of the letter Freud rejects a number of false hypotheses; that of the close connection between libido and anxiety, a problem with which he dealt afresh in *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* in 1926; and the proposition, developed in connection with Fliess's period theory, of explaining libido as the masculine factor and repression as the feminine one. See also Introduction, p.39 *sqq.*

¹ See, however, Introduction, p. 30.

is perversion. We must suppose that in infancy sexual release is not so much localized as it becomes later, so that zones which are later abandoned (and possibly the whole surface of the body) stimulate to some extent the production of something that is analogous to the later release of sexuality. The extinction of these initial sexual zones would seem to be a counterpart to the atrophy of certain internal organs during the course of development. Now, the release of sexuality (as you know, I have in mind a kind of secretion, which we correctly perceive as an internal state of libido) comes about not only (1) through peripheral stimulation of the sexual organs and (2) through internal excitations arising from those organs, but also (3) from ideas (from memory traces)—that is to say, by deferred action. (You are already familiar with this train of thought.) [Cf. *e.g.*, p. 410 sqq.] If a child's genitals are irritated, years afterwards the memory of this will produce by deferred action a release of sexuality far more powerful than the original one, because the determining apparatus and the amount of secretion have increased in the meantime. Thus a non-neurotic deferred action can occur normally, and this generates compulsion. (Apart from this, our other memories only produce effects because they have already produced them when they were experiences.) Deferred action of this kind, however, operates also in connection with memories of excitation arising from the *abandoned* sexual zones. The consequence, however, is not a release of libido but a release of unpleasure, an internal sensation analogous to the disgust felt when an object is concerned.

To put it crudely, the current memory stinks just as an actual object may stink; and just as we turn away our sense organ (the head and nose) in disgust, so do the preconscious and our conscious apprehension turn away from the memory. This is *repression*.

Now, what is the outcome of normal repression? Something which can turn free anxiety into psychically "bound" rejection—that is to say, the affective basis of a multitude of intellectual developmental processes, such as morality, shame, etc. The whole of this, then, arises at the cost of extinguished

(“virtual”) sexuality. From this we can see how, with the progressive steps of a child’s development, he becomes invested with piety, shame, etc., and how, in the absence of any such extinction of the sexual zones, “moral insanity” may result as a developmental inhibition. These steps in development have a different chronological arrangement in the male and female sexes. (Disgust appears earlier in little girls than in boys.) But the main distinction between the two sexes emerges at the period of puberty, when a *non*-neurotic distaste for sexuality overtakes girls and libido asserts its hold on men. For at that period a further sexual zone is partly or wholly extinguished in females, which persists in males. What I have in mind is the male genital zone, the region of the clitoris, in which during childhood sexual sensitivity seems to be concentrated in girls as well as boys. This accounts for the flood of shame by which girls are overwhelmed at that time, till the new vaginal zone is awakened, whether spontaneously or by reflex action. Hence too, perhaps, the anæsthesia of women, the part played by masturbation in children predisposed to hysteria, and the cessation of masturbation if hysteria results.

And now for the neuroses. Experiences in childhood which merely affect the genitals never produce neuroses in males (or masculine females) but only compulsive masturbation and libido. But since as a rule experiences in childhood also affect the two other sexual zones, the possibility remains open for males also that libido awakened by deferred action may lead to repression and neurosis. In so far as a memory refers to an experience connected with the genitals, what it produces by deferred action will be libido. But in so far as it refers to the anus, mouth, etc., it will produce internal disgust; and the final result of this will be that a certain amount of libido will be unable to make its way through, as it normally would, to action or to translation into psychical terms, but will be obliged to proceed in a *regressive* direction (as happens in dreams). Libido and disgust would here seem to be associatively linked. We owe it to the former that the memory cannot lead to general unpleasure, etc., but can be employed psychically; while the latter results in

this psychical employment producing nothing but symptoms instead of purposive ideas. It ought not to be difficult to take in the psychological side of this; the decisive organic factor is whether the abandonment of the sexual zones takes place according to the masculine or the feminine type of development or whether it does not take place at all.

The choice of neurosis (the decision whether hysteria, obsessional neurosis or paranoia is to emerge) probably depends on the nature (that is, the chronological relation) of the step in development which enables repression to occur, *i.e.*, which transforms a source of internal pleasure into one of internal disgust.

This is where I have got to, then—with all the obscurities involved. I have decided, then, henceforth to regard as separate factors what causes libido and what causes anxiety. I have also given up the idea of explaining libido as the masculine factor and repression as the feminine one. These, at least, are significant decisions. The obscurity lies essentially in the nature of the change which causes the sensation of disgust to develop from the sensation of internal craving. I need not draw your attention to the other obscure points. The main value of my synthesis lies in its linking together the neurotic and normal processes. There is now a crying need, therefore, for a prompt elucidation of common neurasthenic anxiety.

My self-analysis is still interrupted. I have now seen why. I can only analyse myself with objectively acquired knowledge (as if I were a stranger); self-analysis is really impossible,¹ other-

¹ Freud later regarded self-analysis as no more than a supplement to an analysis undertaken with an analyst. Exceptionally he showed interest in the attempts of individuals to obtain insight into their childhood history by means of self-analysis. For instance, he advised the editors of the *Internationale Zeitschrift für Psychoanalyse* to publish a paper by Dr. Pickworth Farrow in the following terms: "The author of this book is known to me as a man of strange and independent intelligence who, probably because of a certain wilfulness of character, could not get on well with the two analysts with whom he experimented. He then had recourse to a consistent application of the process of self-analysis which I had once used myself to analyse my own dreams. His results deserve notice, especially because of his special individuality and technique." This recommendation of Freud's was later used with his consent as a preface (Freud, 1926c) to Pickworth Farrow (1942).

wise there would be no illness. As I have come across some puzzles in my own case, it is bound to hold up the self-analysis.¹

76

18. 11. 97.

Dr. Sigmund Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Early to-day I had a pleasant feeling, as if I had succeeded in something important. But I do not know what it can be. It was in some way connected with the idea that one must begin the analysis of a hysteria by uncovering the actual operative motives for accepting the illness—of which I certainly know some already.² (The illness is not established until the aberrant libido is put in touch with such motives, finding a definite employment, as it were.) But it cannot be just that. I tell you all this because such feelings after a time usually turn out to have been justified, and because to-day has been a rather bad-period one (tired head, and a particularly bad lecture).

Cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

77

Vienna, 3. 12. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Dec. 5th. A critical day prevented me from going on. In honour of your wife's visit a piece of explanation came to me, which she was to have taken back to you. But probably it was not a favourable day, because the idea which occurred to me during my euphoria withdrew again, I no longer liked it, and it

¹ [This letter, being enclosed with another, was not signed.]

² This letter points to insight into the "secondary gain from illness".

must wait to be born again. Every now and then ideas whirl through my head which promise to explain everything, and to connect the normal and the pathological, the sexual and psychological, and then they disappear again, and I make no effort to retain them, because I know that both their appearance in consciousness and their disappearance are not the real indication of their fate. On stagnant days such as yesterday and to-day everything inside me is stagnant and terribly lonely. I cannot talk about it to anyone, and I cannot force myself to work, as other workers can. I have to wait until things move inside me and I experience them. And so I often dream whole days away. All this is only introductory to the subject of our meeting—in Breslau, as Ida suggested, if the train connections suit you. You know that what happened in Prague proved that I was right. When we decided on Prague last time, dreams played a big part. You did not want to come to Prague, and you know why, and at the same time I dreamt I was in Rome, walking about the streets and feeling surprise at the large number of German street and shop names. I awoke and immediately realized that the Rome of my dreams was really Prague (where it is well known that there is a demand for street signs in German). Thus the dream had fulfilled my wish to meet you in Rome rather than in Prague.¹ Incidentally my longing for Rome is deeply neurotic. It is connected with my schoolboy hero-worship of the Semitic Hannibal, and in fact this year I have no more reached Rome than he did from Lake Trasimene.²

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 Buben doch nicht sagen.*³

¹ This dream is described with further associations in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 195-6.

² For the significance of Freud's predilection for Hannibal and its roots in his relations with his own father, see *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 196-8.

³ ["The best that you know you must not tell to boys."] See *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 142. This quotation from Goethe's *Faust* arose in the course of

Breslau plays a part in my childhood memories. At the age of three I passed through the station when we moved from Freiberg to Leipzig, and the gas jets, which were the first I had seen, reminded me of souls burning in hell. I know something of the context here. The anxiety about travel which I have had to overcome is also bound up with it.¹ I am good for nothing to-day. . . .

Kindest regards, and let me have a sensible . . . answer soon,

Your

Sigm.

78

Vienna, 12. 12. 97.

IX. Berggasse 19-6.

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Can you imagine what "endopsychic myths" are? They are the latest product of my mental labour. The dim inner perception of one's own psychical apparatus stimulates illusions, which are naturally projected outwards, and characteristically into the future and a world beyond. Immortality, retribution, the world after death, are all reflections of our inner psyche . . . psycho-mythology.²

associations referring to the resistance that Freud had to overcome before he could expose so much of his "intimate nature" to the public in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud said of Goethe in his "Address delivered in the Goethe House at Frankfort" (1930 e) that "as a poet not only was he a great revealer, but he was also, in spite of the wealth of autobiographical hints, a careful concealer". In connection with this statement Freud went on again to quote the same words of Goethe's Mephistopheles.

¹ See Letter 70; also Sachs (1945). According to Bernfeld (1946) E. Simmel informed him that Fliess in conversation years after his estrangement from Freud had remarked that Freud freed himself by his self-analysis from a phobic symptom.

² The expression "endopsychic myth" stands for an idea which Freud expressed in another form in "Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming" (1908 e). There he says: "As far as it goes, this material is derived from the popular treasure-house of myths, legends and fairy-tales. The study of these creations of folk psychology is in no way complete, but it seems extremely probable that myths, for example, are distorted vestiges of the wishful phantasies of whole nations—the age-long dreams of young humanity."

Let me recommend you a book of Kleinpaul's, *Die Lebendigen und die Todten*.

May I ask you to bring me the enclosed examples of dreams (in so far as they are on separate sheets) to Breslau? I gave a lecture on dreams to my Jewish society (an audience of laymen) last Tuesday, and it had an enthusiastic reception. I shall continue it next Tuesday.¹ . . .

The *Meistersinger* recently gave me extraordinary pleasure. . . . The *Morgentraumdeutweise* moved me considerably. . . . Real ideas are put into music as in no other opera through the association of feeling-tones to meaning.

Take care of yourself until Breslau,

Your

Sigm.

But I hope to hear from you and to write to you before then.

79

Vienna, 22. 12. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

I am in good spirits again, and keenly looking forward to Breslau—that is, to you and the fine new things you will have to tell me about life and its dependence on the world-process. I have always been curious about it, but hitherto I have never found anyone who could give me an answer. If there are now two people, one of whom can say what life is, and the other can say (nearly) what mind is, it is only right that they should see and talk to each other more often. I shall now jot down a few novelties for you, so that I shall not have to talk and shall be able to listen undisturbed.

It has occurred to me that masturbation is the one great habit that is a “primary addiction”, and that the other addictions, for

¹ For Freud's relations to the B'nai B'rith see his letter of 1926 published in his posthumous works (1941 e).

alcohol, morphine, tobacco, etc., only enter into life as a substitute and replacement for it.¹ Its part in hysteria is prodigious, and perhaps my great outstanding obstacle is, wholly or in part, to be found in it. The doubt of course arises whether such an addiction is curable, or whether analysis and therapy must stop short at this point and remain content with transforming a hysteria into a neurasthenia.

It is becoming confirmed that in obsessional neuroses the *verbal idea*, and not the concept dependent on it, is the point at which the repressed breaks through. (More accurately, it is the verbal memory.) Hence in the case of an obsessional idea the most disparate things tend to be brought together under a word with more than one meaning. Ambiguous words serve the break-through tendency as a way of killing several birds with one stone, as in the following case, for instance. A girl attending a sewing class which was soon coming to an end was troubled by the obsession: "No, you mustn't go yet, you haven't finished, you must *do*² still more, you must learn all that it's possible to learn." Behind this was the memory of childhood scenes; when she was put on the pot, she did not want to stay on it and was subjected to the same compulsion: "You mustn't go yet, you haven't finished, you must *do* some more". The word "do" permits identification of the later with the infantile situation. Obsessions often clothe themselves in a remarkable verbal vagueness in order to make possible manifold applications of this kind. Looked at more closely, the (conscious) content of this one yields: "You must go on learning". What, later, becomes the fixed, compulsive idea arises from such misinterpretation on the part of the conscious.

All this is not entirely arbitrary. The word *machen* [to "make" or "do"] has itself undergone a similar transformation of meaning.³ An old phantasy of mine, which I should like to

¹ Freud neglected this approach to the problem of addiction in the years that immediately followed, *e.g.*, in his *Three Essays* (1905 d) and did not return to it till "Dostoevsky and Parricide" (1928 b) in the course of an analysis of gambling.

² [In German *machen*.]

³ This discovery of Freud's in connection with obsessional neurosis was later recognized by him as a general property of the primary process.

recommend to your linguistic perception, deals with the derivation of our verbs from such originally copro-erotic terms.

I can hardly tell you how many things I (a new Midas) turn into—filth.¹ This is in complete harmony with the theory of internal stinking. Above all, gold itself stinks. I think the association is that “miserliness” is “dirty”. Similarly birth, miscarriage, and menstruation are all connected with the lavatory *via* the word Abort² (Abortus³). It is quite crazy, but completely analogous to the process by which words assume a transferred meaning as soon as new concepts appear requiring definition . . .

Have you ever seen a foreign newspaper after it has passed the censorship⁴ at the Russian frontier? Words, sentences and whole paragraphs are blacked out, with the result that the remainder is unintelligible. A “Russian censorship” occurs in the psychoses, and results in the apparently meaningless deliria.

Au revoir,

Your

Sigm.

I shall take the eight o'clock train on Saturday as arranged.

80

Vienna, 29. 12. 97.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . A small piece of interpretation turned up soon after I got back. Herr E., whom you know, had an anxiety-attack at the age of ten when he tried but failed to catch a black beetle [*Käfer*]. The meaning of this attack remained obscure for a long time. Then, while dwelling on the theme of “being unable to make up one’s mind”, he repeated a conversation between his grandmother and his aunt about his dead mother’s marriage,

¹[The German *Dreck* also means excrement.] These and many subsequent passages in the letters refer to the phenomena of the anal phases of libidinal development.

²[Lavatory. ³ Abortion.]

⁴The first appearance of a conception made public in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. [See, however, *Studies on Hysteria* (1895), *Ges. Werke*, I, pp. 269 and 284; also “Further Remarks on the Neuro-Psychoses of Defence” (1896) *Ges. Werke* I, p. 402.]

from which it emerged that she had not been able to make up her mind about it for a long time. From this he jumped to the black *Käfer*, which had not been mentioned for months, and from that to *Marienkäfer* [Ladybird] (his mother's name was Marie). Then he laughed, and inadequately explained his laughter by remarking that zoologists call these beetles septempunctate, etc., according to their number of spots, though they are all the same insect. At that point we broke off, and at the beginning of the next session he told me that the meaning of *Käfer* had occurred to him. It was *que faire*?—*i.e.*, being unable to make up one's mind. . . .

No doubt you know that here a woman can be called a "nice *Käfer*". His nurse and first love was a Frenchwoman; he actually learned to speak French before he learned to speak German. You will remember our conversations about the use of the words *hineinstecken*, *Abort*¹, etc. . . .

What I want now is plenty of material for a mercilessly severe test of the left-handedness theory. I have got the needle and thread ready. Incidentally the question that is bound up with it is the first for a long time on which our ideas and inclinations have not gone the same way.² . . .

¹ [*Hineinstecken*, to stick into, *Abort*, lavatory.] A continuation of the theme of the primary process. See previous letter.

² Fliess took this remark of Freud's amiss; see the next letter. The question of bilateralism, which led to the two men's subsequent estrangement, had arisen during their meeting at Breslau shortly beforehand. Fliess referred to this meeting in a letter written in 1904, three years after their relationship had come to an end, in which he laid emphasis on his having been the first to put forward the theory of bisexuality, as against Otto Weininger (see Introduction, p. 41). It appears from this letter that Fliess took Freud's doubts about his theory of bilateralism as a denial of his ideas about bisexuality.

"We first discussed the subject (*i.e.*, bisexuality) in Nuremberg, while I was still in bed and you were telling me the case-history of somebody who had dreams about enormous snakes", Fliess wrote. "At that time you were very much struck with the idea that under-currents in a woman might derive from the male part of her psyche. That made me all the more surprised at your resistance at Breslau to the idea of bisexuality in the psyche. At Breslau I also mentioned to you that there were such a large number of left-handed married couples among my acquaintances, and from the left-handedness theory I worked out an explanation that corresponds in every detail with Weininger's (who does not mention left-handedness). True, you rejected the left-handedness idea. . . ." (Letter of 26. 7. 1904 in Pfennig (1906), p. 29 and Fliess (1906), p. 16). For Freud's later attitude to the problem of bilateralism see also a letter of his quoted by Saaler (1914), p. 430.

A happy New Year, and may we see each other frequently in 1898!

Your

Sigm.

81

Vienna, 4. 1. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . It interests me that you should take it so much amiss that I am still unable to accept your interpretation of left-handedness. I shall try to be objective—I know well how difficult that is.¹

The facts of the matter seem to me to be as follows: I seized eagerly on your notion of bisexuality, which I regard as the most significant for my subject since that of defence. If I had had some aversion on personal grounds, because I am a bit neurotic myself, it would certainly have taken the form of aversion to the idea of bisexuality, which we hold to be responsible for the inclination to repression. It seems to me that I object only to the identification of bisexuality and bilateralism which you demand. At first I adopted no attitude one way or the other to the idea, because I still felt that the whole subject was remote from me. On the second afternoon in Breslau I was feeling rather out of form . . . or I should have expressed the doubt I felt, or rather have taken you up when you said that each of the two halves probably contains both kind of sex-organs. What becomes of the femininity of the left half of a man if the latter includes a testicle (and the corresponding lesser male sexual organs) just as the right half does? Your proposition that for all effective purposes male and female must unite is satisfied in the one half by itself!

It also occurred to me that you may have considered me to be partially left-handed; if so, you should tell me, for there would be nothing hurtful to me in such a piece of self-knowledge. You have known me long enough, and you know me well enough, to know that it is your own fault if there is anything personal

¹ See footnote to previous letter. There is no mention of Fliess's hypothesis in modern literature on left-handedness. See Blau (1946).

about me that you do not know. I am not aware of any preference for the left hand, or that I had any such preference in childhood: I should rather say that in my early years I had two left hands. There is only one point on which I cannot object. I do not know whether it is obvious to other people which is their own or others' right and left. In my case in my early years I had to think which was my right; no organic feeling told me. To make sure which was my right hand I used quickly to make a few writing movements. To the present day I still have to work out by their position, etc., which is other people's right or left hand. Perhaps that fits in with your theory; it may be connected with the fact that in general I have a very poor feeling for space, which made the study of geometry and all kindred subjects impossible for me.

That is how it seems to me. But I know very well that it may be otherwise, and that the disinclination I have so far felt to accepting your ideas about left-handedness may be the result of unconscious motives. If they are hysterical, they have certainly nothing to do with the subject itself, but with the word. Perhaps it suggests to me something "left-handed" or guilty. If that is the case, the explanation will come some time; heaven knows when. . . .

You must promise me to expect nothing from the chit-chat article. It really is nothing but tittle-tattle, good enough for the public, but not worth mentioning between ourselves.¹

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

82

16. I. 98.

IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . All sorts of little things are happening: dreams and hysteria are fitting in with each other even more neatly. These

¹ The reference is to the paper "Sexuality in the Aetiology of the Neuroses" (1898 a).

details are now standing in the way of the great problems touched on in Breslau. One must take it as it comes, and be glad that it does come. I send you herewith the definition of happiness (or did I tell you a long time ago?)

Happiness is the deferred fulfilment of a prehistoric wish. That is why wealth brings so little happiness; money is not an infantile wish.

All sorts of other things keep dawning on me and driving their predecessors into the shade. It is not possible yet to piece it all together. . . .

Your

Sigm.

83

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 9. 2. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

On Sunday I was in Hungary for a consultation. The case was that of a lady of fifty, who imagines she goes about on wooden rollers and that her limbs are limp like a doll's, and that she will soon start crawling on all fours. However, I am exceedingly cheerful, entirely without cause, and have found my interest in life. I am deep in the dream book,¹ writing it fluently and smiling at all the matter for "head-shaking"² it contains in the way of indiscretions and audacities. If only one did not have to read! The literature on the subject, such as it is, is too much for me already. The only sensible thing on the subject was said by old Fechner³ in his sublime simplicity: that the psychical territory on which the dream process is played out is a different

¹ *I.e.*, *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

² A quotation from the *Jobsiade* of Karl Arnold Kortum.

³ Fechner (1889, II, 520-1). [The passage is quoted in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 48].

one. It has been left to me to draw the first crude map of it. . . .

Self-analysis has been dropped in favour of the dream book. The hysterical cases are doing rather badly. I shall not finish any this year either; next year I shall have no patients to work on.

I finished the tittle-tattle article to-day.¹ It is fairly trailing my coat; Breuer will say I have done myself a lot of harm.

There is a rumour that we are to be invested with the title of professor at the Emperor's jubilee on December 2nd. I do not believe it, but I had a fascinating dream on the subject; unfortunately it is unpublishable, because its background, its deeper meaning, shuttles to and fro between my nurse (my mother) and my wife. . . . Well, the best that you know, etc.²

Zola keeps us breathless. He is a fine fellow, a man with whom one could get on.³ The disgusting behaviour of the French reminded me of what you said on Breslau bridge about the degeneracy of France, which at first I could not believe.

Schweninger's lecture at the talking shop here was a disgrace.⁴ I did not go, of course; instead I treated myself to listening to our old friend Mark Twain in person, which was a great pleasure.⁵

My greetings to the whole family, present and future,

Your

Sigm.

¹ "Sexuality in the Aetiology of the Neuroses" (1898 a).

² [The quotation from *Faust* used in Letter 77.]

³ The reference is to Zola's trial in Paris (February 7th-23rd, 1898). Two days after the acquittal of Esterhazy, the principal prosecution witness in the Dreyfus case, Zola published his famous open letter *J'Accuse*, in which he revealed the machinations of the anti-Dreyfusards. The result was that Zola was himself convicted.

⁴ On February 5th, 1898, Schweninger, Bismarck's well-known doctor, delivered a lecture in dialogue form jointly with Maximilian Harden in which he advocated medical nihilism. He attacked specialization in medicine, made derogatory remarks about the diagnostic value of X-rays and confessed that he envied veterinaries, because their patients could not talk. The climax of his lecture was the phrase: "The world belongs to the brave, including the brave sick".

⁵ Freud attended one of the lectures that Mark Twain gave in Vienna (see *Civilisation and its Discontents*) and used frequently to recall it in later years.

84

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 10. 3. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . It was no small feat on your part to see the dream book lying finished before you.¹ It has come to a stop again, and meanwhile the problem has deepened and widened. It seems to me as if the wish-fulfilment theory gives only the psychological and not the biological, or rather metapsychological explanation. (Incidentally I am going to ask you seriously whether I should use the term "metapsychology" for my psychology which leads behind consciousness.) Biologically dream-life seems to me to proceed directly from the residue of the prehistoric stage of life (one to three years), which is the source of the unconscious and alone contains the ætiology of all the psychoneuroses; the stage which is normally obscured by an amnesia similar to hysteria. I am beginning to suspect that dreams are the result of things *seen* in the prehistoric period; that phantasies are the result of things *heard*; and that the psychoneuroses are the result of *sexual experiences*. The repetition of experiences of the prehistoric period is a wish-fulfilment in itself and for its own sake; a recent wish leads to a dream only if it can be associated with material from that period, if the recent wish is a derivative of a prehistoric wish or can get itself adopted by such a wish. I do

¹ This remark is obviously connected with a passage in a letter of Fliess's referred to in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (p. 172). The passage is as follows: "I had a letter from my friend in Berlin the day before in which he had shown his power of visualization: 'I am very much occupied with your dream book. I see it lying finished before me and I see myself turning over its pages'."

This enables one to conclude that the present letter was written on the day or very soon after the "Dream of the Botanical Monograph" reported in *The Interpretation of Dreams* was written down. In the interpretation of this dream the connection with an infantile scene plays an important role. It is evident from this letter that Freud based one of the fundamental principles of his dream interpretation on the interpretation of this dream.

not know yet to what extent I shall be able to stick to this extreme theory, or let it loose in the dream book.

My course of lectures was particularly lively this year, and the audience included an assistant of Erb's. During the involuntary interruption caused by the closing of the University I went on lecturing in my room over a mug of beer and with cigars. Two newcomers have already enrolled for next term, in addition to the old ones.

I picked up a recent book of Janet's¹ on hysteria and *idées fixes* with beating heart, and laid it down again with my pulse returned to normal. He has no suspicion of the clue.

So I keep on growing older, contentedly on the whole, watching my hair rapidly going grey and the children rapidly growing up, looking forward to Easter, and practising patience in waiting for the explanation of the problem of neurosis.

Rumour has it that R. W. is coming too this year. In that case shall we let him make the children's acquaintance? . . .

Your

Sigm.

85

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 15. 3. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

If I ever underestimated Conrad Ferdinand, you converted me long since with the *Himmelsthor*² . . .

I do not in the least under-estimate bisexuality either; I am looking forward to further enlightenment about it, particularly

¹ Janet (1898).

² The reference is to the poem *Am Himmelsthor* by the Swiss poet and novelist Conrad Ferdinand Meyer (1825-1898). Fliess drew Freud's attention to Meyer's works, to which he subsequently paid much attention. See Letters 90 and 91. His predilection for Meyer remained with him for the rest of his life. See Sachs (1945) p. 50.

since the moment in Breslau market-place when we both said the same thing. Only I feel remote from it at the moment, because I am burrowing in a dark tunnel and can see nothing else. My freshness for work seems to be a function of the distance of our congresses. At this stage I am just plain stupid . . . I have no more ideas at all. I really believe that my way of living, nine hours of analysis daily for eight months in the year, is playing havoc with me. Unfortunately the recklessness of mine which would advise a holiday from time to time cannot stand up to the bad earnings of these times and the prospect of still worse. So I go on working like a cab-horse, as we say here.¹ It struck me that you might want to read what I have written about dreams but were too discreet to ask. It goes without saying that I should have sent it to you before sending it to the printer's. But as it is at a standstill I can let you see it in fragments. Here are a few explanations. What I am sending you is intended to be the second chapter. The first, on the literature of the subject, is not yet written. After that there will be:—

3. Dream material;
4. Typical dreams;
5. The psychical process in dreaming.
6. Dreams and the neuroses.²

The two dreams described will reappear in later chapters, where the partial interpretations will be completed. I hope you will not object to the candid remarks in the professor-dream.³ The Philistines here will rejoice at the opportunity of being able to say that I have put myself beyond the pale. The thing in the dream which will probably strike you most will be explained later (my ambition). Remarks about *Oedipus Rex*, the Talisman fairy-tale and perhaps *Hamlet* will also come in. First I must read more about the Oedipus legend—I do not know what yet.

I am reluctant to impose upon you at a time when you feel disinclined to work, but against that I set the idea that the

¹ Freud uses the term *Komfortableross*, a Viennese colloquialism.

² This arrangement is substantially altered in the published work.

³ This is obviously a reference to the dream "My friend R. was my uncle", in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (p. 137 sqq.).

chapter, with its minimum of speculation, will only cause you some harmless amusement.

I am now completely at sea over hysteria. . . .

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

86

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 24. 3. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

You will not be surprised if I write to you to-day about your judgment on my dream manuscript, which made it a good day for me. . . .

Fortunately I can answer your objections by referring to what is to come in the later chapters. I have just reached the one which deals with the somatic stimuli of dreams. It will also mention anxiety-dreams, on which new light will be shed in the last chapter, "Dreams and Neurosis". But in the part you have read I shall put in cross-references which will avoid the impression it gave you that the author was skirting over difficulties.

I certainly do not think of this version as final. First I want to get my own ideas into shape, then I shall make a thorough study of the literature on the subject, and finally make such insertions or revisions as my reading will give rise to. So long as I have not finished my own work I cannot read, and it is only in writing that I can fill in all the details. So far I have finished another twenty-four pages, but no part of the rest of the book will be so entertaining or fundamental as the part that you have read.

I hope to hear by word of mouth what you think of many points of detail. You must not refuse the duties attached to being my first reader and supreme arbiter. . . .

Martin recently described in verse the seduction of the goose by the fox. The wooing went thus:—

*Ich liebe Dich,
herzinniglich,
komm, küsse mich,
Du könntest mir von allen
Thieren am besten gefallen.*¹

Do you not think the form is notable? Occasionally he makes verses to which his audience objects, e.g.:—

*Der Fuchsvater sagt: Wir gehen nach Aussee,
Darauf freuen sich die Kinder und trinken Cafe.*²

To pacify us he said: “When I make up things like that, it’s only like making faces”.

And Robert Wilhelm? Are you going to bring him when you come to Vienna?

That there may soon be the best of news is the wish of
Your

Sigm.

87

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

3. 4. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . At odd hours³ I go on writing the dream book. Another chapter, dealing with the sources of dreams and typical dreams, is nearly finished, but it is much less satisfactory than the first and probably needs rewriting. Apart from that I have no scientific progress to report, and I am not interested in anything but dreams.

¹ [I love thee with all my heart, come kiss me. You could be my favourite among all animals.]

² [Father fox says: We are going to Aussee, whereupon the children are delighted and drink coffee.]

³ [These three words are in English in the original.]

The influenza has run its course, doing little harm and showing no favouritism for the male sex. The children are lively and amusing, the womenfolk well, the man of the house moody. . . .

The children want me to play the great travel game of "A Hundred Journeys through Europe" with them to-day. I shall do so, for appetite for work is not always present.

My lecture course bores me; I cannot talk about hysteria so long as I can come to no firm decision on two essential points.

I should love to go to our lovely Italy again this year, but earnings have been very bad. I must economize. . . .

Your

Sigm.

88

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 14. 4. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I think it a good rule in letter-writing to leave unmentioned things that the recipient knows already and to tell him something new instead. So I shall pass over the fact that I heard you had a bad time at Easter; you know that anyway. Instead I shall tell you about my Easter trip, which I undertook moodily but from which I returned refreshed.¹

We (Alexander² and I) left the South Station on Friday evening and reached Gorizia at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. We walked in bright sunshine between whitewashed houses, saw trees covered with white blossom, and were able to eat oranges and crystallized fruit. We compared memories—the view from the fortress recalled Florence, the *fortezza* itself recalled San

¹ A planned meeting with Fliess had been frustrated by the latter's illness. The trip to Istria described in this letter is specifically mentioned in the "Castle by the sea" dream in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (p. 463 sqq.).

² Freud's younger brother.

Pietro at Verona and the castle at Nuremberg. The first impression that one always has of the Italian landscape, that of missing meadows and woods, was very vivid, as is natural in any such transition. The Isonzo is a magnificent river. On the way we passed three spurs of the Julian Alps. On Sunday we had to get up early to go by the local Friulian railway to near Aquileia. The former capital is a dump, though the museum possesses an inexhaustible wealth of Roman finds: tombstones, amphorae, medallions of the gods from the amphitheatre, statues, bronzes and jewellery. There are several priapic statues: a Venus indignantly turning away from her new-born child on being shown its penis; Priapus as an old man, with a Silenus covering up his genitals for him—from which point onwards he will devote himself to drink; a stone priapic ornament with—instead of a penis a winged animal with a small penis of its own in the normal place and wings that themselves end in penes. Priapus stood for permanent erection, a wish-fulfilment representing the opposite of psychological impotence.

At ten o'clock, just when it was low water, a little steamer was towed into the Aquileia canal by a remarkable tug. It had a rope round its middle and puffed through a pipe while it was working. I should have liked to have brought it back for the children, but as the only link between the world and the resort of Grado it could not be spared. A two-and-a-half hour trip through the dreariest lagoons brought us to Grado, where we were at last able to gather shells and sea-urchins again on the shore of the Adriatic.

We returned to Aquileia the same afternoon, after a meal in the ship of our own provisions, which we washed down with delicious Istrian wine. Several hundred of the prettiest Friulian girls had just gathered in the cathedral for High Mass. The splendour of the old Romanesque Basilica was comforting in the midst of the modern poverty. On the way back we saw a piece of an old Roman road laid bare in the middle of a field. A modern drunk was lying on the ancient paving-stones. The same evening we got to Divaca on the Carso, where we spent the night, so as to be able to visit the caves on the next and last day, Monday. In

the morning we went to Rudolf's Cave, a quarter-of-an-hour from the station, which is filled with all sorts of curious stalactitic formations, giant horsetail, pyramid cakes, tusks growing upwards, curtains, corn-cobs, tents and draperies, hams and poultry hanging from above. Most remarkable of all was our guide, strongly under the influence, but completely sure-footed and humorous and lively. He was the discoverer of the cave, and obviously a genius run to seed. He kept talking about his death, his conflicts with the priests, and his achievements in these subterranean realms. When he said he had already been in thirty-six "holes" in the Carso I recognized him as a neurotic and his *conquistador* exploits as an erotic equivalent. He confirmed this a minute later, because when Alexander asked him how far one could penetrate into the caves he answered: "It's like with a virgin; the farther the better".

The man's ideal is to come to Vienna to get ideas for naming his stalactites from the things in the museums. I over-tipped the "biggest blackguard in Divaca", as he called himself, to help him drink his life away the faster.

The caves of St. Cangian which we saw in the afternoon, are a horrifying freak of nature—a subterranean river running through magnificent vaults, with waterfalls and stalactites and pitch darkness, and a slippery path guarded by iron railings. It was Tartarus itself. If Dante saw anything like this, he needed no great effort of the imagination for his *Inferno*. The ruler of Vienna, Herr Dr. Carl Lueger,¹ was with us in the cave, which after three-and-a-half hours spewed us all out into the light again.

On Monday evening we began the journey home. Next day I could see from a recurrence of fresh ideas that rest had done the apparatus good. . . .

Your

Sigm.

¹ The burgomaster of Vienna. See p. 124, footnote 3.

89

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 1. 5. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Herewith Chapter III of the dream-book. You will find me rather uninteresting, I am completely wrapped up in dreams and very dull about them. I have now finished the psychological part, at which I had got stuck, but I do not like it, and it will not stand. The chapter you have now is still quite crude in style and in parts badly, *i.e.*, lifelessly, written. The passages I have left in about the somatic stimuli of dreams need to be brought out still more strongly. I am of course expecting you to give me all sorts of pertinent criticisms when we meet again. I think the conclusions are right.

I wish a powerful stimulus of some kind were present. As I heard someone say of himself the other day, I am an engine meant to run under a pressure of ten atmospheres, and under a pressure of two atmospheres I run hot. So far I have hardly got to the stage of feeling tired this year, and normally at this time of year I have been gasping for a holiday for a long time. I have little on hand, and what I have taxes me even less.

I have never been able to force my intellectual processes; so my leisure is wasted. . . .

My cordial greetings, and I hope to hear from you several times before Whitsun.

Your

Sigm.

90

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 9. 6. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . The dream-book is dragging.¹ (Ida will explain the word

¹ [In the original *hapert's*, a Viennese colloquialism.]

to you). I have reached page 14, but it is impossible to publish it as it is, and perhaps even to show it to anyone. It is nothing but a first rough draft. It is abominably difficult to set out the new psychology in so far as it relates to dreams, as it is necessarily fragmentary only, and all the obscure parts which I have so far neglected out of laziness are now crying out for clarification. I need a lot of patience, cheerfulness and some good ideas. I am stuck over the relationship between the two systems of thinking; I must get down to them in earnest. For a time I shall be of no use for anything again. The tension of uncertainty results in a state of wretched discomfort, which one feels almost physically. . . .

I am reading C. F. Meyer with great pleasure. In *Gustav Adolfs Page* I find the idea of deferred action twice: in the place you mentioned, the incident of the sleeping kiss, and in the episode of the Jesuit who insinuates himself as little Christine's teacher. At Innsbruck they actually show the chapel where she was received into the Catholic faith! But otherwise I find myself bewildered by the arbitrariness of the assumption on which the plot rests. The likeness in hand and voice between the page and the Duke of Lauenburg is in itself so very improbable and is given no plausible basis.

I shall soon send you a little essay on *Die Richterin*.

Cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

91

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 20. 6. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I came back this morning from Aussee, where I found my poor family freezing and suffering from colds. They do not

want to go to Aussee again in spite of its loveliness. I find there is enough work here to last till the end of the month. . . .

*Die Richterin*¹

There is no doubt that this is a defence against the writer's memory of an affair with his sister. The only remarkable thing is that this happens exactly as it does in neurosis. All neurotics create a so-called family romance (which becomes conscious in paranoia); on the one hand it serves the need for self-aggrandisement and on the other as a defence against incest. If your sister is not your mother's child, you are relieved of guilt.² (The same applies if you yourself are the child of other parents.) Where does the material about adultery, illegitimacy, etc., needed to create these romances come from? Generally from the lower social order of female servants. Such things are so common in that class that there is never any lack of material, and it is made all the easier if the seducer herself was a servant. In all analyses one comes upon the same story twice over; the first time as a phantasy relating to the mother, and the second time as a real memory of the servant. This explains why in *Die Richterin*³—who is the mother—the same story appears twice over without modification, which would not normally be considered good literary composition. Mistress and maid end by lying lifeless side by side. In the end the maid leaves the house, which is the usual end of stories about domestic servants, but in the story this is also the maid's punishment. This part of the family romance also serves as an act of revenge for being surprised and scolded by the strict mother. In the family romance and the story alike it is the mother who is surprised, unmasked and condemned. The removal of the horn is a truly infantile subject of complaint and its recovery a plain infantile wish-fulfilment. But in the story the sister's condition, her anorexia, obviously the neurotic consequence of infantile seduction, is not laid to the brother's door, but to the mother's. In paranoia poison corresponds exactly to the anorexia of hysteria, and thus to the form of perversion most usual among

¹ Freud's first application of analysis to a work of literature.

² For the family romance, see p. 205.

³ ["The (female) Judge."]

children. Even fear of a “stroke” appears in the story (anxiety about having a “stroke”, as a phobia, refers to blows feared in childhood). Also the violence which is never absent from an infantile love affair is represented in the story by the sister who is dashed against the rocks, but here it takes the form of a manifestation of outraged virtue, because the child is too forward. The schoolmaster-figure is introduced in the person of Alcuin. The father-figure makes his appearance in the person of the Emperor Charles, who stands for the father’s greatness and remoteness from the world of the child’s activities. In another incarnation he appears as he whose life was poisoned by his mother and he whom the family-romance regularly does away with because he stands in the son’s way (wishful-dream of the father’s death). Parental quarrels are the most fruitful source of infantile romances. Hostility to the mother is expressed in the story by the fact that she is turned into a stepmother. Thus in every single feature it is identical with the revenge-and-exoneration romances which my hysterics compose about their mothers if they are boys.

The psychology is going curiously; it is nearly finished, was written as if in a dream, and certainly is not in a form fit for publication—or, as the style shows, intended for it. I feel very hesitant about it. All its themes come from the work on neurosis, not from that on dreams. I shall not finish any more before the holidays.

The summer will soon be becoming very boring. Let me hear soon about you and your family.

Your

Sigm.

92

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases.

Vienna, 7. 7. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Here it¹ is. I found it very difficult to make up my mind to let

¹The reference appears to be to another chapter of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, probably to the analysis of a specific dream.

it out of my hands. Personal intimacy would have been an insufficient justification for letting you have it, but our intellectual honesty to each other required it. It was all written by the unconscious, on the well-known principle of Itzig, the Sunday horseman. "Itzig, where are you going?" "Don't ask me, ask the horse!" At the beginning of a paragraph I never knew where I should end up. It was not written to be read, of course—any attempt at style was abandoned after the first two pages. In spite of all that I of course believe in the results. I have not the slightest idea yet what form the contents will finally take.

I am now living in comfortable idleness and enjoying some of the fruits of familiarity with hysterical matters. Everything is easy and transparent. On Sunday and Monday I had a distant, consultant's view of the battlefield of Königgrätz.¹ I am not going to Aussee yet. They are now at last enjoying themselves there. I am free from pain at present, which is exceptional; when I am well I am terribly lazy.

Our author's best novel,² and that furthest removed from infantile scenes, seems to me to be *Die Hochzeit des Mönchs*,³ which illustrates magnificently how in the process of phantasy formation in later years the imagination seizes on a new experience and projects it into the past, so that the new figures are a continuation of the old and provide patterns for them. The secret theme is that of unsatisfied revenge and inevitable punishment, represented by Dante as continuing through all eternity. In the foreground, as by a mild misinterpretation of the conscious content, is the theme of loss of mental balance that takes place when a man has abandoned his firm foundations. Common to both the manifest and the latent theme is that blow follows on blow, as if *Die Richterin* were the reaction to infantile misdeeds which came to light, while this novel is the echo of those which remain undetected. The monk is a *frate*, a brother. It is as if he constructed a phantasy before his wedding, meaning: A

¹ The scene of the Prussian defeat of the Austrians in 1866.

² The author is, of course, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. Freud's interpretation, in which the role of latent and manifest themes is stressed, leads directly to his subsequent analysis of Jensen's *Gradiva*.

³ ["The Monk's Wedding."]

brother like me should not marry, or my infantile love affair will be revenged on my wife.

Cordial greetings to all three-and-three-quarters of you.

Your

Sigm.

93

Aussee, 20. 8. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

Your note revived the pleasure of our trip. The Engadine, composed in simple lines out of a few elements, a kind of post-Renaissance landscape, and Maloja, with Italy beyond, wearing an air of Italy—perhaps only because we were looking out for it—were really magnificent. Leprese was also idyllic because of the reception we had there and the contrast with the journey up from Tirano. The road is by no means level, and we travelled up it in an appalling dust-storm, and arrived half-dead. The air made me feel brisk and aggressive—I have seldom felt so aggressive before. The height of 5,000 feet did not affect the soundness of my sleep.

Up to the last day in Maloja the sun did not trouble us. Then it grew hot, even at that altitude, and courage to go down to Chiavenna, *i.e.*, to the lakes, failed us. I think that was sensible, because at Innsbruck a few days later we were both in a state of almost paralysing weakness. Since then it has grown still hotter, and here in our lovely Obertressen we lie about from ten in the morning until six in the evening without venturing a step outside our small domain.

Little Anna has not inappropriately described a small Roman statuette I bought at Innsbruck as “an old child”.

Being entirely removed from all intellectual activity, and being barely in a fit state, for instance, to understand your magnificent explanation of the time of life covered by old age, my mind is principally occupied with feelings of regret that so much of the holiday has already gone. My lively regret that both of you have been tied to town during this period is tempered by

the thought that your trip is behind you and that Ida has a fine compensation ahead.

Yes, I too have skimmed through Nansen, whom my whole household is now hero-worshipping—Martha because the Scandinavians (grandmother, who is staying with us, still talks Swedish) obviously fulfil a youthful ideal of hers, which she has not realized in life, and Mathilde because she is transferring her allegiance from the Greek heroes she has hitherto been so full of to the Vikings. Martin as usual reacted to the three volumes of adventures with a poem—not a bad one.

I shall be able to make good use of Nansen's dreams; they are practically transparent. I know from my own experience that his mental state is typical of someone who is trying to do something new which makes calls on his confidence and probably discovers something new by a false route and finds that it is not so big as he expected. That is something I know from my own experience. Fortunately, the secure harmony of your nature preserves you from that. . . .

My cordial greetings to you and your wife. I am still not reconciled to the distance which divides us while at work and is so seldom eliminated in the holidays.

Your

Sigm.

94

Aussee, 26. 8. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . You ask what I am doing here? I am getting a little bored at Aussee, where I know all the walks so well. I cannot do without work altogether. I have set myself the task of making a bridge between my germinating metapsychology and what is in the books, and I have therefore plunged into the study of Lipps,¹ whom I suspect of being the best mind among present-

¹ Theodor Lipps (1851-1914) was Professor of Psychology in Munich. Freud was bound to seize on his works with interest, as he worked on the assumption of unconscious mental processes. In the summer of 1898 Freud (see Letter 95) read

day philosophical writers. So far he lends himself very well to comprehension and translation into my terms. This is, of course, a poor time for progress in clarification. My work on hysteria seems to my mind ever more dubious and its value slighter—as if I were still leaving a number of powerful factors out of account—and I dread taking it up again.

I have at last understood a little thing that I have long suspected. You know how you can forget a name and substitute part of another for it, to which you could swear, though it invariably turns out to be wrong.¹ That happened to me not long ago over the name of the poet who wrote *Andreas Hofer* (“*Zu Mantua in Banden . . .*”). I felt it must be something ending in *au*—Lindau, Feldau, or the like. Actually of course, the poet’s name was Julius Mosen; the “Julius” had not slipped my memory. I was able to prove (i) that I had repressed the name Mosen because of certain associations; (ii) that material from my infancy played a part in the repression; and (iii) that the substitute names that occurred to me arose, just like a

part of his *Grundtatsachen des Seelenlebens* (Lipps, 1883). The following passage, among others, is marked in the copy in Freud’s library (p. 149). (We believe) “not only in the existence of unconscious mental processes side-by-side with the conscious ones. We further believe that unconscious processes lie at the bottom of all conscious ones and accompany them. As we have already said, the conscious, when fortune favours, arises from the unconscious and then sinks back into it again.” Certainly the words “conscious” and “unconscious” do not have for Lipps the same meaning that they have for Freud. Lipps uses them purely descriptively, without any dynamic implications. In this he follows the tradition of German romanticism, expressed in Eduard von Hartmann’s celebrated *Philosophy of the Unconscious*. Freud himself stated in his *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905 c) that he owed “the courage and ability” to deal with problems of the comic to his acquaintance with Lipps’s *Komik und Humor* (1898). In his own book on the subject Freud dealt in detail with the differences between his views and those of Lipps. He agreed with the latter’s view that it was “not the contents of the conscious but inherently unconscious mental processes” which were of decisive importance (Lipps’s *Komik und Humor*, p. 123) and expressed the opinion that he differed with Lipps only in speaking of “the cathexis of psychical paths”. Freud added: “It was, in fact, experiences of the displaceability of psychical energy along certain associative paths and of the almost indestructible persistence of the traces of psychical processes that encouraged me to attempt to construct a picture of this kind of the unknown”. The experiences to which Freud here appealed were only accessible to a scientist with a knowledge of biology and could only be obtained in the field of psychopathology.

¹ This is the first finding in the field of *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. The example quoted here was not used in Freud’s published works.

symptom, from both groups of material. The analysis resolved the thing completely; unfortunately, I cannot make it public any more than my big dream. . . .

Best regards. How long shall we still have to wait for little Pauline's arrival?

Your

Sigm.

95

Aussee, 31. 8. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

At midday to-day I leave with Martha for the Adriatic; we shall decide on the way whether to go to Ragusa, Grado or possibly somewhere else. The way to grow rich, according to an apparently eccentric but wise saying, is to sell your last shirt. The secret of this restlessness is hysteria. In the inactivity here and the lack of any interesting novelty the whole thing has come to weigh heavily on my mind. My work seems to me now to be far less valuable, my disorientation is complete, and time—a whole year has gone by without any tangible advance in the principles of the thing—seems hopelessly inadequate for what the problem demands. On top of it, it is the work on which I have staked my livelihood. True, I have a good record of successes, but perhaps they have been only indirect, as if I had applied the lever in the right direction for the line of cleavage of the substance; but the line of cleavage itself remains unknown to me. So I am running away from myself to gather all the energy and objectivity I can, because I cannot throw the work up.

The psychology is going better. In Lipps I have rediscovered my own principles quite clearly stated—perhaps rather more so than suited me. "The seeker often finds more than he seeks." Lipps regards consciousness as only a sense organ, the contents of the mind as ideation, and all mental processes as unconscious. In details the correspondence is close too; perhaps the divergence on which I shall be able to base my own contribution will come later. I have read only about a third of him. I got stuck at

the treatment of tone-relations, with which I have always had trouble, lacking the most elementary knowledge of the subject because of my stunted acoustic sensibility. The great news of the day, the Tsar's manifesto, stirred me personally. I diagnosed the young man years ago as—fortunately for us—suffering from obsessional ideas, being “unable to bear the sight of blood”, like Koko, the Lord High Executioner in *The Mikado*. If I could be put in touch with him, two people would be helped. I should go to Russia for a year and cure him sufficiently to prevent him from suffering any more, but leave him with enough to make sure that he would not start a war. After that you and I would have three congresses a year, on Italian soil *only*, and I should treat all my patients for nothing. Incidentally, I believe he is actuated by mixed motives, and that the egotistic side of the manifesto is the intention to gratify himself by securing the peaceful partition of China at the conference.

The most extraordinary thing about the manifesto is its revolutionary language. The use of such language about militarism by a leader-writer in a democratic paper in Austria would lead immediately to its confiscation; in Russia itself he would be sent to Siberia.¹

My cordial greetings to you, Ida, Robert and little Pauline, and I shall send you further news of our trip.

Your

Sigm.

¹ On August 28th 1898, Count Muraviev, the Russian Foreign Minister, handed to the diplomatic representatives accredited to the court of St. Petersburg a Note in which the Tsar summoned to a peace conference all nations genuinely devoted to the ideal of universal peace as a way of overcoming the elements of disharmony and subversion. International solidarity was simultaneously to be reinforced by universal recognition of the principles of equity and justice on which national security and popular welfare depended.

The “revolutionary language” to which Freud refers occurs in the following passages: “The maintenance of universal peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations in the present condition of affairs all over the world represent the ideal aims towards which the efforts of all governments should be directed. . . . During the last twenty years aspirations towards general pacification have grown particularly strong in the consciences of civilized nations. The preservation of peace has been made the aim of international

96

Vienna, 22. 9. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

It was high time that I came home, but I had been back hardly three days when the whole depressing atmosphere of Vienna descended upon me again. It is a misery to live here, and it is no atmosphere in which the hope of completing anything difficult can survive.

I wish you thought less highly of my powers and that you were available in the neighbourhood so that I could hear your criticisms more often. But I am not in the least in disagreement with you, and have no desire at all to leave the psychology hanging in the air with no organic basis. But, beyond a feeling of conviction [that there must be such a basis], I have nothing, either theoretical or therapeutic, to work on, and so I must behave as if I were confronted by psychological factors only. I have no idea yet why I cannot yet fit it together [the psychological and the organic.¹]

I have explained another instance of name-forgetting even more easily. I could not remember the name of the great painter who painted the Last Judgement at Orvieto, the finest I have seen. Instead Botticelli and Boltraffio occurred to me, with the certainty that they were wrong. Eventually I found out the name, Signorelli, and the fact that I then at once remembered the Christian name, Luca, showed that repression was at work and not true forgetfulness. It is clear why "Botticelli" came up; only *Signor* was repressed; the "Bo" in both substitute-names is

policy; for the sake of peace the great Powers have formed powerful alliances, and for the purpose of establishing a better guarantee of peace they have developed their military forces in an unprecedented degree and continue to develop them in spite of every sacrifice. . . . The ever-increasing financial burdens attack public prosperity at its very roots. The physical and intellectual strength of the people, labour and capital, are diverted for the greater part from their natural application and wasted unproductively. . . . Economic disturbances are caused in great measure by the system of extraordinary armaments, and the danger lying in this accumulation of war material renders the armed peace of to-day a crushing burden more and more difficult for the nations to bear."

¹ See Introduction, p. 43 *sqq.*

explained by the memory responsible for the repression, which concerned something that happened in *Bosnia*, and began with someone saying: “*Herr* [Sir, *Signor*], what can be done about it?” I forgot the name of Signorelli during a short trip into *Herzegovina*, which I made from Ragusa with a lawyer from Berlin (Freyhau), with whom I got into conversation about pictures. In the course of the conversation, which aroused memories which, as I say, evidently caused the repression, we talked about death and sexuality. “*Trafio*” is an echo of *Trafoi*, which I saw on an earlier journey! How can I make this seem credible to anyone?¹

I am still alone. The “household”, whom I already miss very much, are coming back at the end of the month.

A letter from Gattl, who wants to keep in touch, urges me to come to Berlin because of a patient whom he is to treat. It is one of these half-and-half affairs which I might use as an excuse to come and see you (and the new daughter). But it would conflict with my medical conscience, and I must not provoke gods and men by more travelling, but wait here patiently for the sheep to flock to me.

I hope to hear soon from you how your daughter² is getting on and—what interests me specially—how Robert behaves towards his sister. I have heard here already that their mother is doing well.

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

97

Vienna, 27. 9. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I have made a little essay out of Signorelli and sent it to Ziehen (Wernicke).³ If they reject it I think I shall adopt an

¹ Freud used it in “The Psychical Mechanism of Forgetting” (1898 b) and in the first chapter of *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901 b).

² Fliess’s second child, Pauline.

³ Ziehen and Wernicke were the editors of the *Monatsschrift für Psychiatrie und Neurologie*, which published a number of Freud’s early papers.

old idea of yours and send it to the *Deutsche Rundschau*. . . .

I still have nothing to do, *i.e.*, only two hours a day instead of ten. I have started a new case, so I am approaching it entirely without prejudice. At first, of course, everything fits in beautifully. He is a young man of twenty-five, who can hardly walk because of stiffness in the legs, cramp, trembling, etc. A safeguard against the risk of a wrong diagnosis is provided by the anxiety which makes him cling to his mother's apron-strings, like the baby that lies behind him. The occasion for the outbreak of his condition, which has persisted since his fourteenth year, was provided by the death of his brother and the death of his father in a psychosis. He feels ashamed of being seen walking in the way he does, and thinks that is natural. He patterns himself on a tabetic uncle; the current popular aetiology of tabes (sexual excess) caused him to identify himself with him when he was a boy of thirteen. Incidentally, he is of bear-like physique.

Please note that the shame is only appended to the symptoms, and must refer to other precipitating factors. He says himself that his uncle is not all at ashamed of his gait. The connection between his shame and his gait was a correct one several years ago, when he had gonorrhoea, which was naturally noticeable from his walk, and several years before that, when he was hampered in walking by constant (aimless) erections. There is also a deeper cause for the shame. He told me that last year, when the family was living by the River Wien (in the country), the Danube suddenly started rising, and he had a panic fear that the water would come into his bed, *i.e.*, flood his room, and during the night too. Note the double meaning of the expression; I knew he wetted his bed as a boy. Five minutes later he said spontaneously that in his schooldays he still regularly wetted his bed, and his mother threatened that she would come and tell his master and all the boys about it. He suffered great anxiety over this. So *that* is what the shame applies to. On the one hand the whole story of his youth culminates in the leg-symptoms, and on the other it discharges the affect associated with it; the two things are only welded together in his interior perception.

The whole of his forgotten childhood history has yet to be fitted in between.

Now, a child who regularly wets his bed up to his seventh year (without being epileptic, etc.) must have experienced sexual excitation in infancy. Was it spontaneous or the result of seduction? That is the question, which will also settle the closer determination—about the legs.

You see that if need be I can say of myself: *Zwar bin ich gescheiter als alle die Laffen*,¹ etc., but unfortunately the gloomy consequence is not entirely inapplicable to me either. *Führe meine Leute an der Nase herum und seh', dass wir nichts wissen können*.²

Who is Lipps? He is a professor at Munich, and he says in his jargon just what I worked out about consciousness, quality, etc. I was studying his *Grundtatsachen des Seelenlebens* until I went on my trip; now I must pick up the thread again.

I am expecting the children back from Aussee in the next few days. . . .

Cordial greetings to you, Ida, Robert and little Pauline,

Your

Sigm.

98

Vienna, 9. 10. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

My moods, critical faculty, reflections—in short, all my secondary mental activities—have been buried under an avalanche of patients which overwhelmed me a week ago. Being unprepared for it and spoilt by the holiday, at first I felt knocked flat. But now I have recovered my vigour again, though I have no energy left over for anything else. It is all concentrated on

¹ ["Though I am cleverer than all the coxcombs. . . ."]

² ["I lead my people around by the nose and see that we can know nothing." This and the previous quotation are from the celebrated soliloquy at the beginning of Goethe's *Faust*. The second quotation is slightly distorted.]

work with my patients. Treatments—after two short visits first—begin at nine o'clock and go on till half-past one. From three to five there is a pause for consulting hours; my consulting room is alternately crowded and empty; and then from five to nine treatments again. Another case is definitely coming. That makes ten or eleven psychotherapeutic sessions a day. Naturally by evening I am speechless and half-dead. But Sunday is almost entirely free. I turn things over in my mind, test them and modify them here and there, and I am not entirely without new clues. If I hit on anything, you shall hear about it. Half my patients are now men, of all ages from fourteen to forty-five. . . .

Leonardo, of whom no love-affair is recorded, was perhaps the most famous case of left-handedness. Can you use him?

Cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

99

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 23. 10. 98.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

This letter is intended to reach you on the most important date of all to you, and to bring you good wishes for your happiness from me and mine across the distance between us. These wishes are, as they should be, according to their nature, though not according to human misuse, directed towards the future, and they run like this: May you maintain and extend your present possessions and acquire fresh possessions in children and knowledge, and, finally, may you be spared every vestige of suffering and illness over and above that which a man needs to

extend his powers and to stimulate his enjoyment of good things by comparison with bad.

Things are probably going well with you, as there is so little to be said about them. It would be the same with me, had the recent influenza epidemic not left me with an infection which has undermined my good spirits, made it difficult to breathe through my nose and will probably have unpleasant after-effects.

Martha is very well, and Mathilde is putting up with school and enjoying it better than we expected. I no longer find it a burden to work from nine to nine—indeed, if an hour falls free I feel unemployed. I have a glimmer of hope that in the course of the next year I shall be in a position to find my way out of serious mistakes to the truth. But the light has not dawned yet, and I shall not talk about it now, so as not to deliver myself before our meeting, on which I have been counting for so long.

In any case I am not in a state to do anything else, except study the topography of Rome, my longing for which becomes more and more acute. The dream book is irremediably at a standstill. I lack any incentive to prepare it for publication, and the gap in the psychology, and the other gap left by the thoroughly analysed example, are both obstacles to finishing it that I cannot overcome yet. Apart from that I am completely isolated, and have even given up my lectures this year, in order not to have to talk about things I do not yet understand. . . .

One thing I have learned, however, which makes an old man of me. If the ascertaining of the few points required for the explanation of the neuroses involves so much work, time and error, how can I ever hope to gain an insight into the whole of mental activity, which was once something I proudly looked forward to?

Bearing this in mind, it was with a sad and envious smile that I greeted the first volume of Kassowitz's *Allgemeiner Biologie*. Do not buy it; I shall send you my copy.

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

100

5. 12. 98.

My dear Wilhelm,

The literature (on dreams) which I am now reading is reducing me to idiocy. Reading is a terrible infliction imposed upon all who write. In the process everything of one's own drains away. I often cannot manage to remember what I have that is new, and yet it is all new. The reading stretches ahead interminably, so far as I can see at present. But enough of that. I marked the passing of our beloved C. F. Meyer¹ by buying the volumes I lacked—*Hutten*, *Pescara*, *Der Heilige*. I believe I am now as enthusiastic about him as you are. I can hardly tear myself away from *Pescara*. I should like to know something about his life story and the order in which his books were written, which is indispensable for interpretation.

I am glad that you are well again and making plans just as I am making "programmes". Pain is soon forgotten.

To our next meeting, then. In the meantime we shall exchange a few letters, and you will probably receive a small reprint of mine before you leave Berlin.

Your

Sigm.

101

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 3. I. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . ²First of all I have accomplished a piece of self-analysis which has confirmed that phantasies are products of later periods which project themselves back from the present into

¹ Conrad Ferdinand Meyer died on 28. 11. 1898, after nearly five years' illness.

² Written after a meeting.

earliest childhood; and I have also found out how it happens, again by verbal association.¹

The answer to the question of what happened in infancy is: Nothing, but the germ of a sexual impulse was there. The whole thing would be easy and interesting to tell, but it would take many pages to write, so I shall keep it for the Easter congress, with other information about my youthful history.

Also I have discovered another mental factor which I believe to be of general application and a preliminary stage of symptoms (even before phantasy).

4.1. I stopped here yesterday because I was tired, and to-day I cannot go on writing any more in the direction I intended, because the thing is growing. There is something in it. It is dawning. In the next few days there will certainly be something to add. I shall write to you when it has grown clear. All I shall disclose to you is that the dream pattern is capable of universal application, and that the key to hysteria really lies in dreams.² I understand now why, in spite of all my efforts, I was unable to finish the dream book. If I wait a little longer I shall be able to describe the mental process in dreams in such a way as to include the process in hysterical symptom-formation. So let us wait.

A pleasing thing which I meant to write to you about yesterday is something from—Gibraltar, from Mr. Havelock Ellis, an author who concerns himself with the subject of sex and is obviously a highly intelligent man, as his paper³ in the *Alienist and Neurologist* (October, 1898), which deals with the connection between hysteria and sexual life, begins with Plato and ends with Freud. He gives a good deal of credit to the latter, and

¹ This new piece of self-analysis enabled Freud to answer the question of phantasy and memory, which occupied him for many years, in the way familiar to us from his later works. [It seems probable that this relates to the screen-memory reported in Freud's contemporary paper on that subject (1899 a). This screen memory, which (as shown in the footnote to Letter 107 below) was one of Freud's own, involves a verbal association. A central episode in the memory was of a little girl having some flowers taken away from her, and this is interpreted by Freud as signifying defloration.]

² Cf. p. 208.

³ Havelock Ellis (1898). This essay was the continuation of Havelock Ellis's study of auto-erotism and was intended for the second volume of his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

writes a very intelligent appreciation of *Studies on Hysteria* and later publications. . . . At the end he retracts some of his praise. But something remains, and the good impression is not entirely obliterated. . . .

So you see what happens. I live gloomily and in darkness until you come, and then I pour out all my grumbles to you, kindle my flickering light at your steady flame and feel well again; and after your departure I have eyes to see again, and what I look upon is good. Is that only because the term of the period had not previously been reached? Or could not one of the many days available for all purposes be made into the term by the mental influences by which he who is waiting for the term is affected? Must not some place be left for that, so that the dynamic aspect is not ruled out by the time factor?¹

My cordial greetings to you and yours,

Your

Sigm.

102

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 16. I. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . If I were not so incapable of writing after ten hours' talking—as you can see from my irregular hand—I could write you a small treatise on the small advances made in the wish-theory, for since the 3rd² the light has never quite gone out, nor has the certainty that I have laid hands on something of key importance. But perhaps it is better that I should go on saving and collecting, so as not to appear before you again as a penniless

¹ This is Freud's first expression of doubt about Fliess's period theory, which he feared would eliminate the dynamic factors from the psyche. See Introduction, p. 37 *sqq.*

² The date of the previous letter.

beggar at the Easter congress with nothing to offer you but promises for the future.

A few other things of less importance have happened. It turns out, for instance, that hysterical headaches are due to a fantastic parallel which equates the head with the other end of the body (hair in both places—cheeks and buttocks—lips and labiae—mouth and vagina); so that a migraine can be used to represent a forcible defloration, the illness thus again standing for a wish-fulfilment. That the sexual is the conditioning factor stands out with ever-increasing clarity. One patient (whom I cured with the help of the phantasy key) was continually plunged into despair by the gloomy conviction that she was useless, good for nothing, etc. I always thought that in early childhood she must have seen her mother in a similar state, in an attack of real melancholia. That was in conformity with the earlier theory, but in two years there was no confirmation of it. It now turns out that at the age of fourteen she discovered an *atresia hymenalis* in herself and despaired of ever being able to function fully as a woman, etc. Melancholia is thus fear of impotence. Similar states in which she could not make up her mind to choose a hat or a dress go back to the time when she had to choose her husband.

With another patient I have convinced myself that there really is a hysterical melancholia and established what its indications are, and I have also noted the great variety of translations of the same memory and gained a first inkling of how melancholia arises through summation. This patient incidentally is totally anæsthetic, as she ought to be according to an idea dating from the time of my earliest work on neurosis.¹

I have heard of a third case in the following interesting manner. An important and wealthy man (a bank director), aged about sixty, came to see me and talked to me about the peculiarities of a young girl who is his mistress. I threw out the guess that she was probably quite anæsthetic. On the contrary, she has from four to six orgasms during a single coitus. But—she falls into a tremor as soon as he approaches her and immediately afterwards falls into a pathological sleep, in which she talks as if in hypnosis;

¹ See p. 101 *sqq.*

she carries out post-hypnotic suggestions, and afterwards has complete amnesia about the whole thing. He will marry her off, and she will certainly be anæsthetic towards her husband. Her elderly lover, because of the easy identification with the powerful father of her childhood, obviously affects her in such a way as to release the libido attached to her phantasies. Very instructive! . . .

The children and their mother are at last well again. Little Anna woke up one morning and was suddenly cured, and since then has been delightfully cheeky.

Affectionate greetings to your wife and children, and let me have news of you soon.

Your

Sigm.

103

Vienna, 30. I. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . My dilatoriness is explained as follows. I wrote a letter to you a week ago, thinking I had made a real find. But doubts arose while I was writing and I decided to wait. I was quite right to do so, because the thing was wrong; that is to say, there was something in it, but it had to be worked out in quite another field of application.

You can have no idea how much your last visit raised my spirits. I am still living on it. The light has not gone out since; little bits of new knowledge glimmer now here, now there, which is truly refreshing after the comfortlessness of last year. What is rising out of the chaos this time is the connection with the psychology contained in the *Studies on Hysteria*, the relationship with conflict and life; I should like to call it clinical psychology. Puberty is coming more and more into the centre of the picture, and the phantasy key is substantiating itself. But I have nothing big and complete yet. I am diligently making notes

of the significant features, to lay before you at the congress. I need you as my audience.

For relaxation I am reading Burckhardt's *History of Greek Civilization*, which is providing me with unexpected parallels. My predilection for the prehistoric in all its human forms remains the same. . . .

3.2. I could not make up my mind to consider that the end of this short letter and to send it off, but waited for new material. But nothing came—everything is being noted on the pages I am filling for the congress, and my interest and energy do not extend to anything else. To-day, after twelve hours' work and earning 100 florins, I am again at the end of my strength. All my mental aspirations are asleep. Just as art only thrives in the midst of prosperity, so do aspirations only thrive with leisure. I am only looking forward to what you will say about my notes, which will give you a better insight than ever before. But there is nothing of the first rank in them. In any case I know you do not like making plans long in advance.

Otherwise there is nothing new here. I look forward to good news of you, your wife and children.

Your

Sigm.

104

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 6. 2. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I do not see cases of the kind you ask about, simply because I see none but my daily patients, with whom my working day will be fully occupied for a long time ahead. They provide me with the typical; I hope I shall not have any need

to trouble about the corollary fields myself. I do remember cases of TB with anxiety dating from an earlier age, but they did not leave any special impression on me. . . .

The art of deceiving patients is certainly not very desirable. What has the individual come to, how slight must be the influence of the religion of science, which is supposed to have replaced the old religion, if one no longer dare disclose that it is this man's or that man's turn to die. . . . The Christian at least has the last sacraments administered a few hours in advance. Shakespeare says: "Thou owest Nature [God] a death". I hope that when my time comes I shall find someone who will treat me with more respect and tell me when to be ready. My father knew that he was dying, did not speak about it and retained his composure to the end.

For a long time we have not had a period so devoid of external events. From the point of view of the family that is a good thing, as such events are generally not worth hankering after. Work is progressing slowly, not without certain gains, but for a long time there has been no surprising turn. The secret dossier is getting thicker and thicker, as if it were really looking forward to being opened at Easter. I am curious myself about when Easter in Rome will be possible.

I am perfectly serious about a change of occupation and residence, in spite of all the improvement in my work and income.¹ Taken all round, things are too bad. It is a pity that these plans are just as fantastic as "Easter in Rome". Fate, so colourful and prolific of memorable and surprising things, has quite forgotten your friend in his lonely corner. . . .

Your

Sigm.

I am deep in Burckhardt's *History of Greek Civilization*.

¹ The correspondence does not reveal what change of work and residence Freud had in mind. In later letters he speaks of an attempt to secure a connection with a watering place, and he frequently mentions in the course of the correspondence the advantages of Berlin as compared with Vienna.

105

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 19. 2. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . My last generalization holds good and seems inclined to spread to an unpredictable extent. It is not only dreams that are fulfilments of wishes, but hysterical attacks as well. This is true of hysterical symptoms, but it probably applies to every product of neurosis—for I recognized it long ago in acute delusional insanity.¹ Reality—wish-fulfilment: it is from this contrasting pair that our mental life springs. I believe I now know the determining condition which distinguishes dreams from symptoms that force their way into waking life. It is enough for a dream to be the wish-fulfilment of the repressed thought; for a dream is kept apart from reality. But a symptom, which has its place in actual life, must be something else as well—the wish-fulfilment of the *repressing* thought. A symptom arises where the repressed and the repressing thoughts can come together in the fulfilment of a wish. A symptom, in its character of a punishment, for instance, is a wish-fulfilment of the repressing thought, while self-punishment is the final substitute for self-gratification—for masturbation.²

¹ [In Section III of Freud's first paper on the neuro-psychoses of defence (1894a).]

² Another step forward in insight; after establishing the bridge between neurosis and dreams, Freud discerns the meaning of symptoms. He had already gained insight into the compromise character of symptom-formation (Letters 101 *sqq.*); the forces the interplay of which leads to the compromise are now introduced into the formula. From another point of view the conception of a symptom as the result of repressed and repressing ideas (as a compromise between the id and the super-ego) had a fructifying effect on the conception of the "dream-work" and thus supplemented the central hypotheses of *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Here we have the key to many problems. Do you know, for instance, why X.Y. suffers from hysterical vomiting? Because in her imagination she is pregnant, because she is so insatiable that she cannot do without having a baby even from her last imaginary lover. But she also vomits because then she will be starved and emaciated, will lose her looks and cease to attract anyone. Thus the meaning of the symptom is the fulfilment of a pair of contradictory wishes.

Do you know why our old friend E. turns red and sweats whenever he sees a certain class of acquaintance, particularly at the play? He is ashamed, no doubt; but of what? Of a phantasy in which he figures as the “deflowerer” of every person he comes across. He sweats as he deflowers, because it is hard work. Whenever he feels ashamed in someone’s presence, an echo of the meaning of his symptom finds voice in him like a growl of defeat: “Now the silly idiot thinks she has made me feel ashamed. If I had her in bed she’d soon see whether I felt embarrassed in front of her!” And the period of his life during which he turned his wishes on to this phantasy has left its traces on the psychical complex which produced the symptom. It was in his Latin class. The theatre auditorium reminds him of the classroom; he always tries to get the same regular seat in the front row. The *entr’acte* corresponds to the “break”, and “sweating” was the slang word for *operam dare* (“working”). He had a dispute with the master over that phrase. Moreover, he can never get over the fact that at the University he failed to get through in botany; so he carries on with it now as a “deflowerer”. He owes his capacity for breaking into a sweat to his childhood, to the time when (at the age of three) his brother poured some soapsuds over his face in the bath—a trauma, though not a sexual one. And why was it that at Interlaken, when he was fourteen, he masturbated in such a peculiar attitude in the W.C.? It was so that he could get a good view of the Jungfrau [literally, “maiden”]; since then he has never caught sight of another—or at all events not of her genitals. No doubt he has intentionally avoided doing so; for why else does he form liaisons only with actresses? How

like “a clever work of fiction”, and yet how characteristic of “man with all his contradiction”!¹ . . .

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

106

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 2. 3. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

“Writing he has quite forgotten.” Why? And with a plausible theory of forgetfulness fresh in your mind as a warning!

Perhaps our letters will cross again? Mine shall stand over for another day.

Things are going almost uniformly well with me. I cannot wait for Easter to show you in detail one of the principal features—that of wish-fulfilment and the coupling of opposites. I am getting a good deal of satisfaction from old cases and I have two new ones, not of the most favourable prognosis. The realm of uncertainty is still enormous, problems abound, and I understand theoretically only the smallest fraction of what I do. But every few days light dawns, now here, now there, and I have grown modest and count on long years of work and patient compilation, backed by a few serviceable ideas after the holidays, after our meetings.

Rome is still far away; you know my Roman dreams.

5.3. Life is otherwise incredibly empty of content. Nursery and consulting-room—in these times there is nothing else. But, if all is going well in both of these, enough has been sacrificed

¹ From C. F. Meyer's *Hutten's letzte Tage*, quoted by Freud in the “Analysis of a Phobia of a Five-Year-old Boy”. (1909 b).

to the envy of the gods in other directions. . . . The weather varies every twenty-four hours between snowstorms and hints of spring. Sunday is still a fine institution, though Martin thinks that Sundays are getting fewer and farther between. Easter really is no longer so distant. Are your plans fixed yet? I am already itching to be off.

Pour revenir à nos moutons, I can very clearly distinguish two different intellectual states in myself. In the first I pay very careful attention to everything that my patients tell me and have new ideas during the work itself, but outside it cannot think and can do no other work. In the other I draw conclusions, make notes, have interest to spare for other things but am really farther away from things and do not concentrate properly on the work with my patients. From time to time I visualize a second part of the method of treatment—provoking patients' feelings as well as their ideas, as if that were quite indispensable. The outstanding feature of the year's work seems to me to have been the solution of the phantasy problem. I have let myself be lured a long way from reality. All this work has done a lot of good to my own mental life. I am obviously much more normal than I was four or five years ago.

I have given up my lectures this year in spite of numerous enrolments, and do not propose to resume them in the immediate future. I have the same horror of the uncritical adulation of the very young that I used to have for the hostility of their elders. Also the whole thing is not ripe yet—*nonum prematur in annum!* Pupils *à la* Gattl are to be had for the asking; as a rule they end by asking to become patients themselves. Also I have a secondary motive; the realization of a secret wish which might mature at about the same time as Rome, so, when Rome becomes possible, perhaps I shall throw up the lectureship. But, as I have said, we are not in Rome yet.

I sorely miss news of you. Must it be so?

Cordially, and with best wishes to your wife,

Your

Sigm.

107

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 28. 5. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I have sent the screen-memories to Ziehen at Jena.¹
. . . The dreams, however, have suddenly taken shape without any special reason, but this time for good. I have decided that all the efforts at disguise will not do, and that giving it all up will not do either, because I cannot afford to keep to myself the finest—and probably the only lasting—discovery that I have made. In this dilemma I have followed the rabbi's line in the story of the cock and the hen. Do you know it? A man and wife who owned one cock and one hen decided to celebrate a festival by having a fowl for dinner, but they could not make up their mind which to kill, so they consulted the rabbi. "Rabbi, what are we to do, we've only one cock and one hen. If we kill the cock, the hen will pine, and if we kill the hen the cock will pine. But we want to have a fowl for dinner on the festival. Rabbi, what are we to do?" "Well, kill the cock", the rabbi said. "But then the hen will pine." "Yes, that's true; then kill the hen." "But rabbi, then the cock will pine." "Let it pine!" said the rabbi.

So the dreams will be done. . . . Alas! That the gods should have set up the existing literature on a subject to frighten off the would-be contributor to it! The first time I tackled it I got stuck, but this time I shall work my way through it; there is nothing that matters in it anyway. None of my works has been so completely my own as this; it is my own dung-heap, my own seedling and a *nova species mihi* (*sic!*). After the reading will come the blue-pencillings, insertions, etc., and the whole thing should be ready by the end of July, when I go to the country. I

¹ "Screen Memories" (1899 a). S. Bernfeld (1946) shows that it deals with one of Freud's own screen memories.

may try a change of publisher if I see that Deuticke is not prepared to pay much, or is not very enthusiastic about it.

The ten analyses have not come off; I now have two-and-a-half! Four possibles failed to materialize, and otherwise a deathly hush prevails. Strangely enough, this leaves me quite cold. Recently my technique has been very satisfactory.

The boys have produced a slight sore throat after two days' temperature. Ernst still has a lot of pain from his apparent dilatation of the stomach; he is to be shown to Kassowitz. On Friday they (Minna and the children, except Mathilde) go to Berchtesgaden.

I have bought myself Schliemann's *Ilios* and enjoyed the account of his childhood. The man found happiness in finding Priam's treasure, because happiness comes only from fulfilment of a childhood wish. This reminds me that I shall not be able to go to Italy this year. Better luck next time!

With cordial greetings to you, your wife, son and daughter,

Your

Sigm.

108

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

9. 6. 99.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

This is a sign of life! The "silence of the forest" is a roar of traffic compared to that in my consulting-room, in which one can "dream" admirably. Some of the specimens of the literature on the subject make me wish for the first time that I had never had anything to do with it. One of them is named Spitta¹ [². . . .] I am over the hill now. Naturally one gets deeper and deeper into the thing, and there comes a point where you have

¹ Spitta, 1892.

²[Freud here interpolates in parentheses a translation of the English word "spit".]

to break off. Once again the whole thing resolves itself into a commonplace. There is *one* wish that every dream is intended to fulfil, though it assumes various forms. That is the wish to sleep. You dream to avoid having to wake up, because you want to sleep. *Tant de bruit. . . !*

I have begun the analysis of a friend (Frau A.), a very remarkable woman—have I never mentioned her to you?—and once more am able to convince myself how beautifully everything fits in. Otherwise I am resigned. I have enough to live on for a few months yet. . . . This plunging myself up to the neck in psychological literature is depressing. It gives me the feeling that I do not know anything instead of having grasped something new. Another unfortunate thing is that one cannot keep up this reading and note-making activity for more than a few hours a day. So I am wondering whether you really gave me good advice or whether I ought not to be cursing you for it. There is only one possible compensation; as part of your introducing me to biology you must give me something refreshing to read.

Cordial greetings to you all,

Your

Sigm.

109

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 27. 6. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I am tired and greatly looking forward to the four days from June 29th to July 2nd which I am going to spend at Berchtesgaden. The writing goes on—once I wrote enough to fill a signature in a single day. The chapter is getting longer and longer, and will be neither good nor fruitful, but it is a duty to do it. In the process I get no fonder of the subject. . . .

I have passed the first signatures for press and am sending

them in to-morrow. Perhaps others will like it better than I do. “I don’t like it”, as Uncle Jonas might say.¹ My own dreams have taken on an absurd complexity. Recently I was told that little Anna said on Aunt Minna’s birthday: “On birthdays I’m usually rather good”, whereupon I dreamed my usual school-dream. I found myself in the sixth class and said to myself; “In this sort of dream one usually is in the sixth class.” The only possible explanation is that Anna is my sixth child. Brrr. . . .!

The weather is foul. As you see, I have nothing to write about, and am not cheerful. . . .

Your

Sigm.

110

3. 7. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . The author of the “extremely important book on dreams, which is still, unfortunately, insufficiently appreciated by scientists”, greatly enjoyed himself for four days in Berchtesgaden *au sein de sa famille*, and only a remnant of shame prevented him from sending you picture postcards of the Königsee. The house is a little gem of cleanliness, loneliness and beautiful views: the women and children are very happy in it and look very well. Little Anna is positively beautified by naughtiness. The boys are already civilized members of society, able to appreciate things. Martin is a comical creature, sensitive and good-natured in his personal relationships—completely wrapped

¹ The reference is to an anecdote, of which there were many variations, to which Freud returns again and again in the following letters. The version referred to here was known as the “marriage of convenience”. Uncle Jonas meets his nephew, who has heard of his engagement and congratulates him. “And what is your fiancée like, uncle?” he asks. “Well, that’s a matter of taste, but personally I don’t like her!” Uncle Jonas replies.

up in a humorous phantasy world of his own. When we passed a little cave in the rocks, for instance, he bent down and asked: "Is Mr. Dragon at home? No? Only Mrs. Dragon? Good morning, Mrs. Dragon! Has your husband flown to Munich? Tell him I'll call again soon and bring him some sweets!" All this was occasioned by seeing the name Drachenloch¹ between Salzburg and Berchtesgaden. Oli makes plans of the mountains here just as he does with the Underground lines and tramways in Vienna. They get on very well and without jealousy.

Martha and Minna are reading Hehn's letters to one Herr Wichmann and, as you have the reputation of knowing everything and have actually lived in the Wichmannstrasse, they want me to ask you who Herr Wichmann was. I have warned them that you have more important things on hand at the moment.

Do you know what this trip vividly reminded me of? Our first meeting at Salzburg in 1890 or 1891, and our walking tour over the Hirschbühel to Berchtesgaden, where you witnessed one of my very finest attacks of travel-anxiety at the station. Your name appears in the visitors' book on the Hirschbühel in my handwriting, and you are described as a "universal specialist from Berlin". Between Salzburg and Reichenhall you as usual had no eyes for the beauties of nature, but waxed enthusiastic about Mannesmann's tubes. At the time you rather oppressed me by your superiority. I had that feeling quite distinctly, and I also had another, vaguer feeling, which I can put into words only to-day; it was suspicion that this man had not yet found his vocation, which later turned out to be shackling life with numbers and formulæ. Also there was no trace of that other vocation of yours then, and if I had started talking to you about Fraulein Ida Bondy you would have said: "Who is she?" Please give my family's cordial greetings to the lady in question.

Your

Sigm.

¹ ["Dragon hole."]

111

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 17. 7. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I have finished the big task, but there are still 115 little ones. Chapter I of the dreams is in type and the proofs are waiting to be read. . . .

There are still some farewell visits to be made, tidying up to be done, bills to be paid, etc., and then I shall be free. On the whole it has been a triumphant year, with many doubts resolved. The only surprising thing is that when long-awaited things at last happen you no longer take pleasure in them. Perhaps it is the constitution that is beginning to fail. . . .¹ In addition to my manuscript I am taking the "Lasalle" and a few works on the unconscious to Berchtesgaden. I have reluctantly given up the idea of any other travelling. In my good hours I imagine new works, great and small. No introductory quotation for the dreams has suggested itself since you condemned the sentimental one from Goethe. It will have to be just a hint at repression:

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

Titles from my phantasies are:

The psychopathology of daily life.

Repression and wish-fulfilment.

(A psychological theory of the neuropsychoses).

So much about myself. . . .

The ancient gods still exist, for I have bought one or two lately, among them a stone Janus, who looks down on me with his two faces in very superior fashion.

My cordial greetings, then, and I hope I shall find news of you waiting for me at Berchtesgaden.

Your

Sigm.

¹ [A reference to the story told in footnote 1, p. 183.]

112

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 22. 7. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . This is the position with the dream book. It lacked a first chapter, an introduction to the literature on the subject, which—unless I am greatly mistaken—you too thought necessary in order to lighten the rest. This is now written, but I found it very difficult, and it has not turned out very satisfactorily. Most readers will stick in this thicket and never get through to see the Sleeping Beauty within. The rest, which you have seen, needs some not very drastic revision. The parts dealing with the literature of the subject are to be taken out, references to points I have only just discovered in various books have got to be put in here and there, and new examples of dreams are going in. All this does not amount to very much. Then the final psychological chapter has yet to be written, as well as the wish theory, which will provide the link with what follows, some hypotheses about sleep, a discussion of anxiety dreams, and the relation between the wish to sleep and suppressed material. Perhaps I shall do all this more by way of allusion.

Now, I am not sure what you want to see, and when. Am I to send you Chapter I? And the revised version of the rest, before I send it to the printer? You would be assuming a very unprofitable burden. For me of course it would be all profit if you would take the trouble. So far as the publisher is concerned, there is no change. Deuticke did not want to let the book go, and so I decided not to betray how much I dislike having decided to leave it with him. At any rate I shall have finished with a part of the first third of the great task of obtaining a scientific understanding of the neuroses and psychoses by the theory of repression and wish-fulfilment. (1) The organic-sexual; (2) the factual-clinical; (3) the metapsychology. The work is now in its second

third, and we still have a lot to discuss about the first. When the final third is reached (and Rome or Karlsbad)¹ I shall be glad to have a rest. I always find something extremely comforting in relying on your judgment, which has a stimulating effect on me for a long time.

I should like to hear some definite news about you and your family soon. I shall write from Berchtesgaden as often as the spirit moves me, and that will not be seldom.

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

113

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Riemerlehen, 1. 8. 99.
Vienna,
IX. Berggasse. 19

My dear Wilhelm,

I am sending you two envelopes with the proofs of the introductory chapter (on the literature) by the same post. If you find anything you do not like, send me the proof back with your observations on it; there will be two or three further proofs, so there is time to make alterations. I cannot tell you how much good your keen interest in the work does me. Unfortunately this chapter will be a hard test for the reader.

Things are ideal here. We go for long and short walks and are all very well, except for the states I fall into at times. I work at finishing off the dreams in a big, quiet ground-floor room with a view of the mountains. My grubby old gods, of whom you think so little, take part in the work as paper-weights. The gap made by the big dream which you took out is to be filled by a small collection of dreams (innocent and absurd dreams, calculations and speeches in dreams, affects in dreams). Real revision

¹ See footnote 1, 183.

will only be required for the last, psychological chapter, which I shall perhaps tackle in September and send you in manuscript—or bring it with me. All my interest is in that.

There are mushrooms here, though not many yet. The children naturally join in the fun of looking for them. The housewife's birthday was celebrated on a big scale, among other things by a family outing to Bartholomäe. You should have seen little Anna on the Königsee. Martin, who lives entirely in his phantasy world here, has built himself a Malepartus den in the woods. Yesterday he announced: "Actually I don't believe my so-called poems are really good". We have not contested this piece of self-knowledge on his part. Oli goes on with his exact registration of routes, distances and names of places and mountains. Mathilde is a complete little human being, and of course completely feminine. They are all having a fine time. . . .

The more the work of the past year recedes into perspective, the better pleased I am with it. Now for bisexuality! I am sure you are right about it. And I am accustoming myself to the idea of regarding every sexual act as a process in which four persons are involved. We shall have a lot to discuss about that.

A good deal of what you said in your letter distressed me greatly. I wish I could help.

Give my cordial greetings to the whole family, and think of Riemerlehen where I am.

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

114

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Berchtesgaden,
Riemerlehen, 6. 8. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

As usual, you are right. You have said exactly what I have been thinking myself, that the first chapter may put many

readers off. But there is not much to be done about it, except to put a note in the preface, which we shall write last of all. You did not want me to deal with the literature in the body of the book, and you were right, and you do not want it at the beginning, and you are right again. You feel about it as I do; the secret must be that we do not want it at all. But, if we do not want to put a weapon into the hands of the "learned", we must put up with it somewhere. The whole thing is planned on the model of an imaginary walk. First comes the dark wood of the authorities (who cannot see the trees), where there is no clear view and it is very easy to go astray. Then there is a cavernous defile through which I lead my readers—my specimens with its peculiarities, its details, its indiscretions, and its bad jokes—and then, all at once, the high ground and the prospect, and the question: "Which way do you want to go?"

There is no need to return the proof-sheets I am sending you. As you have not objected to anything in Chapter I, I shall pass the proofs of it. None of the rest is yet in type. You will get the proofs as soon as they are pulled, with the new parts marked. I am putting in a lot of new dreams, which I hope you will not delete. *Pour faire une omelette il faut casser des oeufs*. Besides, they are *humana* and *humaniora*, and not really private, *i.e.*, personally sexual. . . . During the last few days I have liked the book very much. "I like it", says Uncle Jonas, which, if experience is any guide, augurs ill for its success. With your permission I am putting Robert's dream among the children's hunger-dreams, after little Anna's menu dream¹. . . . Some

¹ This dream (see Letter 116) was eventually used in another context. It is told in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (pp. 267-8) as follows:—

"A boy not yet four years old described the following dream. He saw a plate in front of him with a big portion of roast meat and vegetables on it. Suddenly he saw that the meat had all been eaten up, without having been cut up, but he did not see the person who ate it up.

"Who could this stranger be who helped himself to this lavish meat meal in our little boy's dream? He had been on a milk diet under doctor's orders for several days, and that evening he had been naughty, and was given no supper as a punishment. He had experienced an involuntary fast of this nature once before, and had behaved very bravely. He knew he would get nothing to eat, but refused to betray that he was hungry by the slightest word. Education was beginning to have its effect on him; it expressed itself in his dream, which

time attention must be paid to “bigness” in children’s dreams: it is connected with the wish to be big and to be able to do things like eating a whole dish of salad like Papa; a child never has enough, even of repetitions. For a child, like a neurotic, the hardest thing is moderation.

Conditions are ideal here, and I feel correspondingly well. I only go out mornings and evenings, and the rest of the time I sit over my work. On one side of the house it is always delightfully shady when the other is blazing hot. I can easily imagine what it is like in town. . . .

We find mushrooms daily. But on the next rainy day I shall walk down to my beloved Salzburg; the last time I was there I picked up a few old Egyptian things. Those things cheer me and remind me of distant times and countries.

J. J. David¹ came to see me several times in Vienna. He is an unhappy man and a not inconsiderable writer. . . .

With cordial greetings and thanks for your co-operation in the Egyptian dream book,

Your
Sigm.

115

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Berchtesgaden, 20. 8. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

I have been here for four weeks now, and am regretting that

shows the beginning of dream-distortion. There is no doubt that he himself was the person who wanted a lavish spread of roast meat. But, knowing this to be forbidden, he did not sit down to eat it himself, as hungry children do in dreams (see the strawberry dream of my little Anna). The eater in his dream remains anonymous.”

The passage in the letter not reproduced here refers to the content of this dream.

¹ Jacob Julius David (1859-1906) was, according to a passage in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, a friend of Alexander Freud’s. He came from Freiberg, Moravia, Freud’s birthplace. He subsequently reviewed *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

this happy time is passing so quickly. In another four weeks my holiday will be over, and it is all too short. I have got on so well with my work here, in peace and with nothing to disturb me, and in almost complete health; and in between times I have gone for walks, and enjoyed the mountains and woods. You must be lenient with me, because I am completely wrapped up in my work and cannot write about anything else. I am deep in the chapter on the "dream-work" and have replaced—I think to advantage—the complete dream that you deleted by a small collection of dream-fragments. Next month I shall begin the last, philosophical chapter. I dread it; it means doing some more reading.

The setting is going on slowly. I sent you the latest proofs yesterday. Please send back only the proof-sheets on which there is something to which you object and with your comments in the margin; and later on, when you are in a position to, correct any wrong quotations or references which you may come across; here, of course, I have no books available.

After five hours work to-day I have a trace of writer's cramp. The brats are making an unholy row in the meadow; only Ernst is laid up with a bad insect bite. . . . Since he lost a front tooth he has been continually hurting himself, and is as full of wounds as Lazarus, and at the same time reckless and almost anæsthetic. I ascribe it to a slight hysteria. He is the only one whom the former nurse treated badly. . . .

Alexander was here for four days. He has a lectureship on tariffs at the Export Academy, and after a year will have the title and rank of professor extraordinary—long before me, in fact. . . .

My hand refuses to do any more work to-day. I shall write again soon. Cordial greetings from

Your

Sigm.

116

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Mental Diseases
in the University.

B., 27. 8. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

Thank you for the two pages received to-day from Harzburg. When the revised proofs come back your amendments will of course be carefully copied into them. You will no doubt have further occasion to cross out superfluous subjectivity. Your looking through the work is a great comfort to me.

I am completely absorbed in the dreams, and am useless for anything else, as you will easily understand. Yesterday I took a heap of paper in manuscript form (including fifty-six new pages, dream-interpretations, examples) to the post, and notes are already beginning to pile up for the last and most ticklish chapter, the psychological one, the scope and arrangement of which I still do not see. I also still have to do some reading for it. The psychologists will have enough to rail at in any case, but a thing like this must take its own course. Any attempt to make it better than it is in itself only gives it a forced quality. So it will contain 2,467 mistakes—which I shall leave in it.¹

I have never regretted the shortness of the holidays so much as this year. In three weeks it will all be over, and then troubles will begin again. . . .

You will find Robert's dream later on, in connection with the egoism of dreams. Everything here is fine, it is a hot, uninterruptedly fine summer. A little Italy would round it off beautifully. But that cannot be.

¹ In a postscript to this letter, not contained in the collection of MSS. here published, Freud explained what determined his choice of this number. He asked Fliess to return it to him and used it in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

“‘I at once tried to explain this number,’ he wrote, ‘and am adding this little piece of analysis as a postscript to my letter. The best thing is to quote it as I wrote it down at the time, just after I had caught myself in the act:

“‘Let me quickly add a contribution to the psychopathology of everyday

What would you think of ten days in Rome at Easter (the two of us, of course) if all goes well, if I can afford it and have not been locked up, lynched or boycotted on account of the Egyptian dream book? I have looked forward to it for so long. Learning the eternal laws of life in the Eternal City would be no bad combination.

I expect you are back in Berlin. I am delighted that you managed to have a few free days for a visit to Harzburg with all the children. . . .

You must leave me some scope for my "venom" in the dream-interpretations. It is good for the constitution to let fly.

My cordial greetings; during the next few weeks I shall impose on you only too much with the things that I shall send you.

Your

Sigm.

life. In the letter I put down the figure 2,467 as an arbitrary estimate of the number of mistakes to be found in the dream book. All I meant was some very big figure, but I put down that particular one. However, nothing that happens in the mind is arbitrary or undetermined. You will therefore rightly conclude that the unconscious had hastened to determine the figure the choice of which had been left open by the conscious. Now, immediately beforehand I had read in the newspaper that General E. M. had retired as Master of the Ordnance. I should explain that I am interested in the man. While I was serving as a medical officer cadet he came to the sick quarters one day (he was then a colonel) and said to the medical officer: "You must cure me in a week, because I have some work to do for which the Emperor is waiting." After that episode I took it upon myself to follow his career, and behold! now he has reached the end of it, having become the Master of the Ordnance and now being put on the retired list. I worked out how long he had taken over this. Assuming that it was in 1882 that I saw him in hospital, it must have been seventeen years. I told my wife this, and she remarked: "You ought to have retired too!" "Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed. Immediately after this conversation I sat down to write to you. But the earlier train of thought went on in my mind, and with good reason. I had miscalculated; I have a fixed point in my memory to prove it. I celebrated my majority, *i.e.*, my twenty-fourth birthday, under military arrest (having been absent without leave). That was in 1880, or nineteen years ago. That gives you one half of the figures in 2,467. Now take my present age —43—add 24, and you have 67. In other words, my answer to the question whether I should have liked to retire myself was to say that I should like another twenty-four years' work first. On the one hand, I am obviously annoyed at having failed to get very far myself during the period during which I have followed Colonel M.'s career, while on the other I celebrate a kind of triumph that his career is now over, while I still have everything in front of me. So one can say with justice that not even the casually scribbled figure 2,467 was without its determination by the unconscious'."

117

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

B., 6. 9. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

To-day is your wedding day, which I remember well. But you must be lenient with me for a little longer. I am completely absorbed in the dreams, I am writing eight to ten pages a day, and I have just got over the worst in the psychological chapter—under great torment. I dare not think how it has turned out. You must tell me whether it will do, but in the galley-proof stage, because reading manuscript is too great an imposition, and in the galley-proof stage everything can still be altered. I ended by putting more into it than I intended—one always goes deeper and deeper as one goes on—but I am afraid it is rubbish. And the things I shall be told about it! When the storm breaks I shall fly to your spare room. You will find something to praise in it anyway, because you are as prejudiced in my favour as the others are against me.

I have received sixty more galleys, which I am sending you by the same post. I am almost ashamed of exploiting you in this way, because in biology you can discriminate for yourself and do not need any *quid pro quo* from me, you deal in light, not darkness, with the sun and not the unconscious. But please do not tackle the whole thing all at once, but send me the galleys on which you find something to censor when you have a number ready; then I shall get your corrections before sending off my own; they can all go in together. There are a lot of new things in it which I can mark for you. I have avoided sex, but “dirt” is unavoidable, and craves your indulgence. Do not bother, of course, with ordinary literals, but if you detect incorrect quotations or bad similes, please mark them. If only someone could tell me the real worth of the whole thing.

It has been lovely here, and perhaps I shall yet manage a few free days. My style has been bad, unfortunately, because

physically I have been feeling too well. I have to feel a little unwell to write well. But enough of all that. Everyone here is in fine fettle, growing and flourishing, particularly the little one. I do not like thinking about the coming working season.

That is all for to-day; I always come back to the same thing. My cordial greetings and thanks.

Your

Sigm.

Do you know David? And Friedjung's history of 1859-1866?¹

118

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

B., II. 9. 99.

My dear Wilhelm,

Thank you very much for your trouble. I had myself noticed some things that were carelessly phrased, or obscure because of omissions. The other amendments will be faithfully inserted. . . . Unfortunately, another bundle of thirty galleys is going off to you to-day, and it is by no means the last.

I have finished; that is to say, the last of the manuscript has gone off. You can imagine the state of mind I am in—the increase of normal depression after the elation. Perhaps you do not read *Simplicissimus*, which I regularly enjoy. The following is a conversation between two officers. “Well, so you’ve got yourself engaged, have you? And is your fiancée charming, beautiful, witty, sweet-natured?” “Well, that’s a matter of taste, but personally I don’t like her!” That is my position entirely.²

As for the psychological part, I am leaving it to your judgment whether I should revise it again or let it go as it is.³ The matter

¹ Friedjung (1897). For David see footnote, p. 291.

² See footnote, p. 284.

³ The reference is obviously to Chapter VII of *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

about dreams I believe to be unassailable; what I dislike about it is the style. I was quite unable to express myself with noble simplicity, but lapsed into a facetious, circumlocutory straining after the picturesque. I know that, but the part of me that knows it and appraises it is unfortunately not the part that is productive.

It is certainly true that the dreamer is too ingenious and amusing, but it is not my fault, and I cannot be reproached with it. All dreamers are insufferably witty, and they have to be, because they are under pressure, and the direct way is barred to them. If you think so, I shall insert a remark to that effect somewhere.¹ The ostensible wit of all unconscious processes is closely connected with the theory of jokes and humour.²

Greetings to your wife and children. Perhaps we really shall see each other soon.

Your

Sigm.

119

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 21. 9. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Here I am after a horrible thirty-two hour journey through water, sitting again in the familiar place with seven signatures of proofs in front of me, and no call from patients, and feeling very pleased over your letter with its good news. I find a kind of

¹ See the reference to this remark of Fliess's in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 297n.

² What is meant is the relationship of jokes and the comic to the primary process and infantile life. This is the first hint of Freud's next interest, which was to be expressed in *Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious* (1905 c). The origins of this interest can be traced even further back. See for instance the final footnote on the case history of Elizabeth von R. in *Studies on Hysteria*.

substitute for our frustrated meeting in the increased liveliness of our correspondence, and I hope that you will often still think of the living while you are excavating for the dead. As you rightly suspected, my depression left me, not after one migraine, but after a whole series of such states. But I do not think that my self-criticism was wholly unjustified. Somewhere inside me there is a feeling for form, an appreciation of beauty as a kind of perfection; and the tortuous sentences of the dream-book, with its high-flown, indirect phraseology, its squinting at the point, has sorely offended one of my ideals. And I do not think I am going far wrong if I interpret this lack of form as a sign of deficient mastery of the material. You must have felt this just as much as I did, and we have always been too honest with each other for either of us to have to resort to pretence in front of the other. The consolation lies in its inevitability—it just did not turn out any better. I am still sorry that I had to spoil it for my best and favourite reader by giving him the proofs to read, for how can one enjoy anything one has to read as a proof-reader? But unfortunately I cannot do without you as the representative of “other people”, and—I have another sixty galleys for you.

And now for another year of this extraordinary life, in which one’s state of mind is the only thing that really matters. Mine is wavering, but as you see, as it says on the city-arms of our dear Paris

*Fluctuat nec mergitur.*¹

A patient with whom I have been in negotiation has just announced herself, whether to decline or accept treatment I do not know. My state of mind also depends very much on my earnings. . . . A thing I remember from my boyhood is that when wild horses on the pampas have been once lassoed, they retain a certain nervousness for life. In the same way I once knew helpless poverty and have a constant fear of it. You will see that my style will improve and my ideas be better when this town affords me a prosperous livelihood.

Do not trouble this time over checking quotations, etc., I

¹ Quoted below the title of *On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement* (1914 d).

have all the necessary literary aids at hand again. The climax of my achievements in dream interpretation comes in this instalment. Absurdity in dreams! It is astonishing how often you appear in them. In the *non vixit* dream I find I am delighted to have survived you;¹ is it not hard to have to hint at such things—to make them obvious, that is, to everyone who understands?

My wife and the children are staying in Berchtesgaden until the end of September. I still have not met little Pauline!

Cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

120

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 9. 10. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Just imagine it—I have been moved by obscure inner forces to read more psychological literature, and have found myself more at home in it than before. Recently I had the pleasure of finding a part of my hypothetical pleasure-unpleasure theory in an English writer, Marshall.² Other authors who come my way, however, are, I find, quite unfathomable.

My spirits are still holding up. Unburdening myself in the dream book must have done me good. . . . I should like to point out in reply to your remark about the acceleration of the practice that there are [not only expresses but] slow trains too. . . . The position is this. Even if my practice picks up to such an extent that I am fully occupied in November, for instance, my income this year, with the lean period from May 1st to the end of October (six months) will have been insufficient to cover our expenses. I have got to look round for something else, and I have now taken a step in a definite direction. During the summer

¹ *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 421 sqq.

² Marshall (1894 and 1895).

I propose to attach myself to some hydropathic establishment, and take rooms for the family near it. One such place is going to be opened on the Kobenzl, and the director suggested to me last year that I should take lodgings on the Bellevue (both are in the Kahlenberg neighbourhood.¹) So I have written to him. In any case we shall have to give up the long summer holiday because of the children's schooling.

In this year's promotions (five professors at the end of September) our group, Königstein, myself, etc., were again passed over. . . .

All but three signatures of the dreams have been printed. The preface which I once showed you stands. . . .

With my cordial greetings to you all,

Your

Sigm.

121

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

II. IO. 99.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

Mental apparatus. Φ
Hysteria—clinical.
Sexual-organic.

Curious things are at work in the bottom storey. A sexual theory may be the immediate successor to the dream book. Several very curious things struck me to-day, which I still do not properly understand. With me there can be no talk of steady deliberation. This kind of work advances intermittently. Heaven alone knows the date of the next surge—unless you have discovered my formula. If more comes of it, discussion and co-operation with you will be practically indispensable. The most extraordinary things are in prospect, some of which I suspected before and during the first stormy productive spell.

*Ihr naht Euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten.*² According to an

¹ In the suburbs of Vienna.

² ["Wavering phantoms, you approach again." The first line of the "Dedication" of Goethe's *Faust*.]

earlier calculation of yours 1900-1901 ought to be a productive period for me (every seven-and-a-half years).

Your

Sigm.

122

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 27. 10. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Thank you for the kind things you said on receipt of the dream book. I have long since made my peace with the thing, and I am awaiting its fate with—resigned curiosity. If the book did not reach you punctually on your birthday, as I intended it to, it was because of the unexpected circumstance that the post office would accept it only as parcel post. We timed sending it off as if it were a registered letter. So perhaps it arrived too late—for others it would surely be too early. Incidentally, it is not yet published, and only our two copies have so far seen the light.

Now, about the other five books I have in mind—we must allow them time—a long stretch of time, and material, and thought, and freedom from the most acute disturbances, and heaven knows what else, besides an occasional mighty push from “a friendly quarter”. For the time being the thread is broken again, hence the failure to answer your question. I am seeking for the right point of attack. Pathological phenomena are in the sexual field often compromise-formations, and are not suitable for resolution. . . .

I shall startle you again with some enigmatic lines when something moves again in the sexual theory. Meanwhile I wish both of you all happiness in what the year—and the century—may bring. I mean in December!

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

123

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

5. II. 99.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

You cannot be called excessively communicative. I shall not imitate you, though a grievous uniformity does not make it any easier to write. The book at last came out yesterday. Hannibal's father's name—as I always knew and suddenly remembered recently—was Hamilcar, not Hasdrubal.¹ Practice and children are ailing alike. . . .

I should have liked to have written you something about the sexual theory, because I have something that looks plausible and is confirmed in practice; but I am baffled by the (*absit omen!*) feminine side, and that makes me mistrust the whole thing. Otherwise explanation comes slowly, now here, now there, as the day permits, on the whole rather indolently. One titbit is the explanation of how premonitory dreams arise and what they mean.² I hope to hear from you soon about yourself and how your wife and the children are,

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

124

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

12. II. 99.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . . I shall of course arrange accommodation and nursing for Fräulein G., as I do for all foreign patients. Nothing seems

¹ The analysis of this and other errors deriving from the father-son relationship in *The Interpretation of Dreams* is given in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (Chapter X). See also Letter 124.

² [No doubt a reference to the "premonitory dream" reported in a posthumously published paper dated 10. II. 1899. [1941 c.]

to have come of the other two. I have heard no more of them.

People keep on pointing out comic mistakes in the dream book. I called Schiller's birthplace Marburg instead of Marbach, and I have already written to you about Hannibal's father, whom I called Hasdrubal instead of Hamilcar. They are of course not the results of defective memory but displacements, symptoms. The critics will find nothing better to do than to fasten on these pieces of carelessness—which they are not.

Everyone is at last well again for once.

Now that all danger is over, please write and tell me what was the matter with the child.

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

125

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 9. 12. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

My thirst for personal details about you having been somewhat assuaged by your recent presence here, I can apply myself contentedly again to things of the mind.

Perhaps I have recently achieved a first glimpse into something new. I am up against the problem of the "choice of neurosis". What makes a person a hysteric instead of a paranoiac? My first crude answer, at the time when I was still trying to take the citadel by storm, was that I thought it depended on the age at which the sexual traumas occurred—on the time of the experience.¹ I gave that up long ago, and have been without any clue until the last few days, when a connection with sexual theory opened up.

The lowest of the sexual strata is auto-erotism, which renounces any psychosexual aim and seeks only local gratification.

¹ See p. 163 *sqq.*

This is superseded by allo-erotism (homo- and hetero-), but undoubtedly survives as an independent tendency. Hysteria (and its variant, obsessional neurosis) is allo-erotic; the main highway it follows is identification with the loved person. Paranoia dissolves the identification again, re-establishes all the loved persons of childhood (compare the discussion of exhibitionistic dreams) and dissolves the ego itself into extraneous persons. So I have come to regard paranoia as a surge forward of the auto-erotic tendency, a regression to a former state.¹ The corresponding perverse formation would be so-called primary insanity. The special relation of auto-erotism to the original ego would throw light on the character of this neurosis. At this point the thread has broken again.

Two of my patients have almost simultaneously arrived at self-reproach over the nursing and death of their parents, and shown me that my dreams about this were typical. The guilt is in such cases connected with revenge feelings, malicious pleasure at the patient's sufferings, the patient's excretory difficulties (both urine and stools). Truly an unsuspected corner of mental life. . . .

14.12. It is indeed unusual that you should have written before I did. The dreariness of the last few days prevented me from finishing. A Christmas time at which one must refrain from buying things is rather depressing. We know that Vienna is not the right place for us. Decency required my not taking you from your family too much. The older claim and the more heartfelt one were in conflict. So my good-bye at the station was only a symbol.

Your news of the dozen Berlin readers pleases me greatly. I have readers here too; the time is not yet ripe for followers. There is too much that is new and incredible, and too little strict proof. I did not even convince my philosopher,² even while he was providing me with the most admirable confirmatory

¹ This statement is a pointer towards the subsequently recognized connection between narcissism and the group of schizophrenic psychoses.

² Dr. Heinrich Gomperz, subsequently professor of philosophy in Vienna and Los Angeles, with whom Freud discussed problems of dream interpretation. Gomperz died in 1939.

material. Intelligence is always weak, and it is easy for a philosopher to transform resistance into discovering logical refutations.

There is an immediate prospect of a new case.

Health reigns among us, except for my cold. I shall write again before your new arrival comes.

Cordial greetings to them all,

Your

Sigm.

126

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 21. 12. 99.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Another line of best wishes for Christmas—which used to be one of our congress-times. I am not without *one* happy prospect. You remember (among the absurd dreams)¹ my dream which so daringly promised an end of E.'s treatment, and you can imagine how important this one continuing patient has become to me. Well, the dream now seems to be coming true. I say cautiously "seems" so, but I am pretty confident about it. Buried deep beneath all his phantasies we found a scene from his primal period (before twenty-two months) which meets all requirements and into which all the surviving puzzles flow. It is everything at the same time—sexual, innocent, natural, etc. I can hardly bring myself to believe it yet. It is as if Schliemann had dug up another Troy which had hitherto been believed to be mythical. Also the fellow is feeling shamelessly well. He has

¹ "Another absurd dream about a dead father." See *The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 435.

demonstrated the truth of my theories in my own person, for with a surprising turn [in his analysis] he provided me with the solution of my own railway phobia (which I had overlooked). . . . My phobia, if you please, was a poverty, or rather a hunger phobia, arising out of my infantile gluttony and called up by the circumstance that my wife had no dowry (of which I am proud). You will hear more about all this at our next congress.¹

Otherwise there is little news. The book has had just one notice, in the *Gegenwart*. As criticism it is empty and as a review inadequate. It is just a bad patchwork of my own fragments, but I forgive it everything because of the one word "epoch-making". Otherwise the attitude of people here in Vienna is very negative. I do not believe I shall get a review here. We are terribly far ahead of our time. . . .

I lack the strength for theoretical work at the moment, so I am dreadfully bored in the evening. This year I am learning what it means to freeze, an experience which had previously escaped me. I can hardly write for the cold in my cellar.

This last page is added only to ask how things are with you and yours, particularly little Pauline. I hope her thriving period has begun. . . .

Oscar² comes daily to see Mathilde because of an abscess. The children are otherwise well and vigorous. Martin is putting up well with school and Oli is at the top of his form and taking everything in his stride.

So I am growing old, patiently waiting for fresh developments. A congress would be a magnificent break—but on Italian soil for once.

Cordial greetings from

Your

Sigm.

¹ See also Letter 70 of 3. 10. 97.

² Dr. Oscar Rie, a former collaborator of Freud's.

127

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 8. I. 1900.
IX. Bergasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I am delighted to hear news of my friend Conrad.¹ I should like to announce straight away after this first small test of his behaviour that he is a fine fellow. Whether he models himself on his name as he goes through life or on the remarkable circumstances of his birth as celebrated by me, I believe I can foresee that there is something capable and reliable about him, and that he will succeed in whatever he undertakes. I propose to make his personal acquaintance as soon as he is over the worst.

The new century—the most interesting thing about which for us is, I dare say, that it contains the dates of our death—has brought me nothing but a stupid review in the *Zeit*² by Burckhard, the former director of the Burgtheater (not to be confused with our old Jacob). It is unflattering, uncommonly lacking in understanding and—most annoying of all—is to be continued in the next number.

I do not count on recognition, at any rate in my lifetime. May you have better luck! At least you can address yourself to a better-mannered audience, trained to think in your subject. I have to deal in dark matters with people I am ten to fifteen years in advance of, who will never catch me up. So all I seek is peace and a little material comfort. I am not working, and it is quiet inside me. If the sexual theory comes up, I shall listen to it.³ If

¹ Fliess's son Conrad had recently been born.

² Max Burckhard's review, an ironic and malicious journalistic distortion of Freud's ideas, appeared in *Die Zeit*, a Vienna daily newspaper, on January 6th and 13th, 1900, under the heading "A New Dream Book".

³ Freud had gained insight into the way his mind worked and its relation to the preconscious. He experienced the surge forward from the preconscious as a process similar to that of "inspiration"; see Kris (1940 and 1952). In a letter to Karl Abraham of 11.12.1914 Freud wrote: "Previously my way of working was different. I used to wait for an idea to come to me. Now I go and meet it, and I do not know whether I find it any faster on that account."

not, not. In the evenings I read prehistory, etc., without any serious purpose, and otherwise my only concern is to lead my cases calmly further towards solution. . . . In E.'s case the second real scene is coming up after years of preparation, and it is one that it may *perhaps* be possible to confirm objectively by asking his elder sister. Behind it there is a third, long-suspected scene. . . .

It is sad how things keep going downwards here. Just imagine it, on January 1st, when the krone currency was introduced,¹ no postcards (which were to cost five hellers) were available. But the post office insisted on a surcharge for use of the old ones with the two-kreuzer stamps, though no one-heller stamps were available to put on them. The new five and ten kroner gold pieces will not be in circulation till the end of March. That is Austria in a nutshell. Some day you will have to take a few of my sons to Berlin for my sake, to give them a chance of getting on in the world.

Now do not let another long interval like this happen again (December 24th—January 7th = 14 = $\frac{2}{3}$), and give cordial greetings from all of us to your wife as the happy mother of three.

Your

Sigm.

128

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 26. I. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . Nothing is really happening. When I think that since May '99, I have had only one new case, which you know about, and that I am going to lose four patients between April and May, I cannot feel exactly cheerful. How I am to get through

¹ The krone currency was introduced on January 1st, 1900, to take the place of the gulden currency at the rate of two kronen for one gulden.

I do not yet know, but I am determined to stick it out. Dislike of grumbling has been another reason for writing less often. Nothing else has happened about the book since the review in the *Zeit*, which showed no understanding but unfortunately also no respect. For the summer we are arranging to go to the Bellevue at Grinzing again; I have dropped the idea of summer work as hopeless.

The work is going well; it is not so strenuous as it used to be. . . .

New ideas come slowly, but there is always something moving. E. is marking time again, in a darker region; the earlier acquisitions still stand. I am collecting material for the sexual theory and waiting for a spark to set fire to the pile.

We are reading a book (by Frey) on the life of your C. F. Meyer. He does not know the intimate side, or withholds it through discretion, and there is little to be read between the lines.

It only remains to say that we want to know how things are going with you and your no longer little family. While waiting for news of them, cordial greetings from

Your

Sigm.

129

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 12. 2. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

If at present I keep suppressing my need of a more frequent exchange of ideas with you, it is to avoid troubling you with my complaints while you are still under the influence of your mother's continuing illness. . . .

I feel almost ashamed of writing to you only about myself. There is so much that can be said but not written.

During the past week I have been a little busier. The period in which I saw only one patient in five consulting hours (and

five altogether) seems to be over. To-day I actually started another treatment, though I cannot tell if it will last. Also my depression lifted to-day. If I could once tell you what changes I still have to keep making in my ideas *i.e.*, what errors I still find to correct, and how difficult it all is, you would probably feel very lenient about my neurotic vacillations, particularly if you also took my financial worries into account. . . .

I have not the slightest objection to learning the piece of nasal therapy from you when we find the opportunity for it one day, but it is very difficult to carry through anything new here, and there is a difficulty in myself as well. You have no idea how hard I find it to learn anything, and how easy it strikes you when you can do it.

On the whole I am further away from Rome than at any time since we met, and the freshness of youth is notably declining. The journey is long, the stations at which one can be thrown out are very numerous, and it is still a matter of "if I can last out".

Best wishes, and write soon to

Your

Sigm.

130

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, Sunday, II. 3. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

A long letter from you at last! I had not heard from you since February 15th, it was your turn to write, and apparently you did not receive a card I sent you at the beginning of March, mentioning the book by Jonas on nasogenous reflex neuroses. . . .

Now I am delighted to hear so much about you, because I think you would be just as sorry as I should be if our correspondence dried up and our meetings came to an end. I was astonished to read that three weeks had passed since I had written. Time has been slipping by so unnoticeably, almost comfortably under my new régime, of which you shall hear.

The children have all been well, Martha has been brighter than usual, and my health has been excellent—regulated by a slight migraine on Sundays. I have been seeing the same people every day, and last week actually started a new case, which is still in the trial stage and perhaps will not get beyond it. I have been as good as cut off from the outside world; not a leaf has stirred to show that the interpretation of dreams meant anything to anyone. But yesterday I was astonished to find a really friendly *feuilleton* article in a newspaper, the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*. . . .

On the whole things are going well with my patients. It is my busy time now, 70 to 80 florins a day, about 500 a week. This, to judge by experience, will be cut short at Easter. I could not fix anything up for the summer. There was nothing to be done, and that is true in general. It is a pity to waste one's energy. That is the key to the situation.

I should like to go away for three days at Easter, and most of all I should like to see you. But I am as hungry as a young man for the spring, and sun, and flowers, and a stretch of blue water. I hate Vienna with a positively personal hatred, and, just the contrary of the giant Antaeus, I draw fresh strength whenever I remove my feet from the soil of the city which is my home. For the children's sake I shall have to renounce distance and mountains, and enjoy the constant view of Vienna from Bellevue. I do not know whether I shall be able to afford a trip in September, so I very much want to get a taste of the beauty of the world at Easter. . . .

If you want to hear any more about me, listen to this. After the exaltation and feverish activity in which I finished the dreams last summer, I was stupid enough to be intoxicated with the hope that it meant a step towards freedom and prosperity. The book's reception, and the silence since, have once more destroyed any budding relationship with my environment. My second iron in the fire is my daily work, the prospect of reaching an end somewhere, solving many doubts, and then knowing what to think of the therapeutic outlook. Prospects seemed most favourable in E.'s case, and it was there that I had the heaviest blow. Just when I thought I had the solution it

eluded my grasp, and I was confronted with the necessity of turning everything upside down and putting it together again afresh, losing in the process all the hypotheses that until then had seemed plausible. I could not stand up to the depression of all this. I soon found that it was impossible to continue the really difficult work in the face of depression and lurking doubts. When I am not cheerful and master of myself, every single one of my patients is a tormenting spirit to me. I really thought I should have to give in. I adopted the expedient of renouncing working by conscious thought, so as to grope my way further into the riddles only by blind touch. Since I started this I have been doing my work, perhaps more skilfully than before, but I do not really know what I am doing. I could not give an account of how matters really stand. In my spare time I take care to avoid thinking. I abandon myself to my phantasies, play chess, read English novels; everything serious is banned. For months past I have not written down a line of anything I have learned or suspected. When my work is over I live like a pleasure-seeking Philistine. You know how limited my pleasures are. I must not smoke heavy cigars, alcohol does not mean anything to me, I have finished with begetting children, and I am cut off from contact with people. So I vegetate harmlessly, carefully diverting my attention from the contents of my daily work. Under this régime I keep cheerful and can deal with my eight victims and tormentors.

On Saturday evenings I indulge in an orgy of taroc, and I spend every other Tuesday evening among my Jewish brethren, to whom I recently gave another lecture.¹ So I am all right

¹ Freud remained faithful throughout his life to his weekly game of cards—taroc. He described his relations with the B'nai B'rith as follows in his reply to an address on the occasion of his seventieth birthday (1941 e):

“It happened that in 1895 I was subjected simultaneously to two powerful convergent influences. On the one hand I had obtained my first glimpses into the depths of the instinctual life of man, and had seen things calculated to sober or even to frighten me. On the other hand the publication of my disagreeable discoveries led to the severance of the greater part of my human contacts: I felt as though I were despised and shunned by everyone. In this loneliness I was seized with a longing for a circle of chosen men of high character who would receive me in a friendly spirit in spite of my temerity. Your society was pointed out to me as the place where such men were to be found.”

until Easter, when several treatments will be broken off and another time of discomfort will begin.

By now you will have had enough. If I ever meet you in Rome or Karlsbad, I shall ask you to forgive me for the many complaints which I have scattered on the way.

Give my cordial greetings to your wife and children. . . .

Your

Sigm.

131

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 23. 3. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I must write to you at length again. Otherwise what would you think of me? First of all, many thanks for your hospitality to Minna. At last I have some real information about your family again: that your mother is well again—contrary to my expectation and so doubly a relief—and how pretty little Pauline is, and how sturdy Conrad is getting, to say nothing of our old friend Robert and his *apta dicta*. Now I feel again that I have a good picture of it all. I heard with great satisfaction that your interest in my dream-child is unabated, and that you lent your hand to stirring up the *Rundschau* and its indolent reviewers. After a good deal of wavering, I have now come down on the side of being very grateful to you for standing godfather to it, and of thinking it good and sound. It has been a consolation to me in many a gloomy hour to know that I have this book to leave behind me. True, its reception—certainly the reception it has had so far—has not given me any pleasure. It has met with the most meagre understanding, any praise that has been bestowed has been as meagre as charity, most people clearly dislike it, and I have not yet seen any trace that anyone has detected what is

important in it. I tell myself that this is because I am fifteen or twenty years ahead of my time. Then of course I feel the usual qualms associated with forming a judgment about oneself.

There has never been a period in which the wish that we lived in the same place as you and your family has affected me so deeply and constantly as in the past six months. You know I have been going through a deep inner crisis, and if we met you would see how it has aged me. So I was deeply touched when I was told of your proposal that we should meet at Easter. Anyone who did not understand the more subtle resolution of contradictions would think it incomprehensible that I am not hastening to assent to the proposal. In point of fact it is more probable that I shall avoid you—not only because of my almost childish yearning for the spring and the beauties of nature, which I should willingly sacrifice for the pleasure of your company for three days. But there are other, inner reasons, an accumulation of imponderables, which weigh heavily on me. . . . Inwardly I am deeply impoverished. I have had to demolish all my castles in the air, and I have just plucked up enough courage to start rebuilding them. During the catastrophic collapse you would have been invaluable to me; in the present stage I should hardly be able to make myself intelligible to you. I conquered my depression with the aid of a special intellectual diet, and now, under the influence of the distraction, it is slowly healing. In your company I should inevitably attempt to grasp everything consciously and tell you all about it, we should talk rationally and scientifically, and your fine and positive biological discoveries would rouse my innermost (impersonal) envy. The upshot would be that I should unburden my woes to you for the whole five days and come back agitated and dissatisfied for the summer, for which I shall probably need all my composure. No one can help me in what oppresses me, it is my cross, which I must bear, and heaven knows my back is getting noticeably bent under it. . . .

My plan for Easter is to go with Alexander to Trent and from there to Lake Garda, and to snatch a few glimpses of spring in travelling such a long way. We shall set off three

weeks to-day, if nothing intervenes, and live for four days as students and tourists, as we always do. . . .

Last week we heard a lecture by G. Brandes,¹ on reading. The subject was nothing out of the way, the lecture difficult, the voice harsh, the pronunciation foreign—but the man was refreshing. The whole thing must have seemed pretty outlandish to the worthy Viennese; he treated them to nothing but raw home-truths. Such a severe conception of life is unknown to us; our petty logic, and our petty conventionality, are different from their northern equivalents. I revelled in it, and Martha . . . persuaded me to send a copy of the dream book to his hotel. So far there has been no response—perhaps he actually took it home to read.

Best wishes to you and Ida and the children. I hope to hear from you soon and to write several times again before Easter.

Your devoted

Sigm.

132

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 4. 4. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Expression of one's feelings can be delayed, but practical matters have to be attended to. So let me tell you at once that I have no intention of writing a miniature dream book for the *Rundschau*. I have a number of reasons. In the first place, after the big work it would be a difficult and disagreeable task. Secondly, I have promised an essay of the kind for Löwenfeld,² so I cannot send it anywhere else. In the third place it would clash with the principle of division of labour by which one man writes a book and another reviews it, which gives the reader the

¹ Georg Brandes, the Danish author and critic (1842-1927).

² See p. 321.

benefit of criticism and the author of seeing what effect his work has on the mind of a stranger. Fourthly, and lastly, the *Rundschau* should not, after all, be forced to carry a review against its will. An unwilling reviewer turns at once into a hostile one. That seems to have been the secret of Burkhard's review in the *Zeit*, which, in spite of all its stupidity, killed the book in Vienna. Fifthly, I want to avoid anything that savours of advertisement. I know that my work is odious to most people. So long as I behave perfectly correctly, my opponents are at a loss. If I once start doing the same as they do, they will regain their confidence that my work is no better than theirs. It was for reasons such as these that I refrained some time ago from reviewing your book, which otherwise I should very much have liked to do. People shall not say that we scratch each other's backs. So I think the most advisable course is quietly to accept the *Rundschau's* refusal as an incontrovertible sign of public opinion.

Mathilde is in bed with chicken-pox, and is accordingly feeling not very ill; the others are all well. Thanks to Minna's visit, we are informed about the minor misfortunes in your household. . . . E. finishes at Easter, having derived great benefit, I hope. I am still too lazy to write anything. I had to send my last new case away after a fortnight—it was a paranoia.

With my cordial greetings to you, your wife, daughter and sons,

Your

Sigm.

133

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 16. 4. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Herewith greetings, as arranged, from the land of sunshine. Once more I have failed to get there. . . .

E. at last concluded his career as a patient by coming to supper in my house. His riddle is *almost* completely solved, he feels extremely well, and his nature is entirely changed; for the moment a residue of symptoms remains. I am beginning to see that the apparent endlessness of the treatment is something of an inherent feature and is connected with the transference.¹ I am hoping that this residue will not detract from the practical success. I could have continued the treatment if I had wanted to, but it dawned on me that such prolongation is a compromise between illness and health which patients themselves desire, and that the physician must therefore not lend himself to it. I am not in the least worried by the asymptotic conclusion of the treatment; it is more a disappointment to outsiders than anything else. In any case I shall keep my eye on the man. As he had to participate in all my technical and theoretical mistakes, I think that another similar case would take only half the time. May the Lord send it soon. . . .

At the moment I feel some stirrings towards synthesis, but I am holding them down.

Otherwise Vienna is Vienna, that is to say extremely revolting. If I closed with "Next Easter in Rome",² I should feel like a pious Jew. So until we meet in the summer or autumn, in Berlin or where you will,

Cordial greetings,

Your Sigm.

¹ This is the first insight into the role of transference in psycho-analytic therapy. Freud had been familiar with the difficulties arising from transference phenomena ever since the days when he still practised hypnotic therapy (see *An Autobiographical Study*, 1925 d). We know from the *Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria* (1905 e), which gives us information about Freud's technique during the period when this letter was written, that he had not yet learned technically how to overcome the transference. Freud for the first time developed the theory of the transference in the postscript to that paper. The lack of a complete understanding of the dynamics of the transference accounts for the personal contacts with several of his patients which Freud was having at about this time.

² [At the end of the Passover service orthodox Jews wish each other: "Next year in Jerusalem!"]

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Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 7. 5. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Many thanks for your kind words. They are so pleasant to hear that—if I were in your company—I might almost believe some of them. However, I look at things a little differently. I should have no objection to the fact of splendid isolation,¹ if it were not carried too far and did not come between you and me. On the whole—except for one weak point, my fear of poverty—I have too much sense to complain, and at present I feel too well to want to do so; I know well what blessings I have, and I know how little, if one takes the statistics of human want into account, one has a right to lay claim to. But there can be no substitute for the close contact with a friend which a particular—almost a feminine—side of me calls for, and the inner voices to which I am accustomed to listen suggest a much more modest estimate of my work than that which you proclaim. When your book² is published none of us will be able to pass the judgment on it which, as in the case of all great new achievements, is reserved for posterity; but the beauty of the conception, the originality of the ideas, the simple coherence of the whole and the conviction with which it is written will create an impression which will provide the first compensation for the arduous wrestling with the demon. With me it is different. No critic . . . can see more clearly than I the disproportion there is between the problems and my answers to them, and it will be a fitting punishment for me that none of the unexplored regions of the mind in which I have been the first mortal to set foot will ever bear my name or submit to my laws. When breath threatened to fail me in the struggle I prayed the angel to desist, and that is what he has done since then. But I did not turn out to be the stronger,

¹ [These two words in English in the original.]

² *Die Periodenlehre*, Fliess's book on the period theory.

though since then I have been noticeably limping. Well, I really am forty-four now, a rather shabby old Jew, as you will see for yourself in the summer or autumn. My family insisted on celebrating my birthday. My own best consolation is that I have not stolen a march on them in respect of the whole future. The world is still there for them to conquer, so far as may be in their power. I leave them only a foothold; I have not led them to a mountain-peak from which they could climb no higher.

On Saturday I start the lecture on dreams. In ten days we shall be going to Bellevue. . . .

My state of health is now tolerable. It has suddenly grown unbearably hot in Vienna. . . . I have a new patient, probably only for the summer; he is psychologically impotent. Also there are a number of prospects which have not yet matured. Generally speaking, things are stirring a little.

With cordial greetings to the whole family,

Your

Sigm.

135

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 16. 5. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . An evening patient has left me. It was my most difficult case, and the most certain in regard to ætiology; for four years I could not get near it, and it was the only case sent me by Breuer. He kept sending the girl back to me after I had sent her away in blank despair. Last year I at last managed to get on terms with her, and this year I at last succeeded in finding the key, *i.e.*, convinced myself that keys found elsewhere fitted her and, so far as the short time (December until now) permitted, I have deeply and vitally altered her condition. She took leave of me to-day with the words: "You've done wonders for me". She

told me that, when she told Breuer of her extraordinary improvement, he clapped his hands and exclaimed again and again: "So he is right after all!" . . .

I have an audience of only three, Hans Königstein, Fräulein Dora Teleky, and a Dr. Marcuse from Breslau. The bookseller complains that the *Interpretation of Dreams* is going slowly. The *Umschau* of March 10th contained a short, friendly and uncomprehending review. But I am naturally dominated only by the work, and I am prepared to be entirely one-idea'd if only I can carry it through. . . .

Cordially,

Your

Sigm.

136

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 20. 5. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . The dead season, of which I am afraid—or rather, in which I am afraid of myself, is just starting. The fourth patient said good-bye yesterday, on excellent terms and in a very good state, and gave me Böcklin's "Island of the Dead",¹ as a parting gift. This case gave me great satisfaction, and is perhaps completed. So things have gone well this year. I won in the end. But what am I to do now? I still have three-and-a-half patients, that is to say sessions a day, which is too light a load for the whale. Woe is me when I am bored. All sorts of things might happen to me. I cannot work. I am penetrated through and through with laziness; the kind of work that I have been doing from October until now is so unlike the kind that leads to writing and so

¹ Reading uncertain. [Böcklin was a well-known Swiss painter.]

unfavourable to it. I have not even started the little dream pamphlet for Löwenfeld.¹ I do not stick even to my hobbies, but alternate between chess, art history and prehistory, but keep at none of them for long. I should like to disappear for a few weeks to somewhere where science does not exist—apart, of course, from the congress with you. If only I had money or a travelling companion for Italy!

I hope your visit to Vienna will not be at Whitsun, as my eldest brother from Manchester has written and said he is coming then. He is no longer a youth, I think he is sixty-eight, though he is very young in appearance.

My cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

137

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 12. 6. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

We have had family visitors. My eldest brother Emanuel arrived the day before Whitsun, with his youngest son Sam, who is over thirty-five, and stayed till Wednesday evening. It was very refreshing to have him here, because he is a fine fellow, brisk and vigorous in spite of his sixty-eight or sixty-nine years, and he has always meant a great deal to me. He went off to Berlin, which is now the family headquarters. . . .

Life at Bellevue is turning out very pleasantly for everyone. The evenings and mornings are delightful, the scent of acacia and jasmine has succeeded that of lilac and laburnum, the wild

¹ See p. 315. The work referred to is the booklet "On Dreams" (1901 a).

roses are in bloom, and everything, as even I notice, seems suddenly to have burst out.

Do you suppose that some day a marble tablet will be placed on the house, inscribed with these words:

In this house on July 24th, 1895,
the Secret of Dreams was revealed to
Dr. Sigmund Freud¹

At this moment I see little prospect of it. But when I read the latest psychological books (Mach's *Analyse der Empfindungen*, second edition, Kroell's *Aufbau der Seele*, etc.) all of which have the same kind of aims as my work, and see what they have to say about dreams, I am as delighted as the dwarf in the fairy tale because "the princess doesn't know".

I have no new cases, or rather I have one, which replaces one that started in May but dropped out again, so I am back where I was before. But the new case is an interesting one, a girl of thirteen whom I am supposed to cure at high speed and who for once displays on the surface the things I generally have to unearth from beneath superimposed layers. I do not need to tell you that it is the usual thing. We shall discuss the child in August, unless the treatment is broken off prematurely. For see you in August I shall, unless I am disappointed of the 1,500 kronen which I expect on July 1st. Or rather I shall come to Berlin anyway and . . . also get myself some refreshment and new energy for 1901 in the mountains or in Italy. A bad mental state is no more productive than economizing is.

News has reached me of Conrad's accident and of the happy outcome. I have a right to hear news about you and yours again.

My cordial greetings to you and to them.

Your

Sigm.

¹ In the "Dream of Irma's Injection," *The Interpretation of Dreams*, pp. 106-121.

138

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 10. 7. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

It is easily settled after all. As you could not give me a fixed date and I had one, I suggested postponing our congress to later in the holidays. Now that you have told me what your arrangements are, I can only reply that they suit me splendidly. I can be at Innsbruck on July 31st and stay there with you until August 4th, when our wives can join us and I can go on with Martha to Landeck, from where we can drive by carriage to Trafoi. If no child falls sick, no bridge breaks, etc., that is what we shall do. My own slight regret is that I shall again miss seeing the children; also that you will see me at the peak of exhaustion and staleness. But the great thing is that we shall meet; every postponement involves further risks. You have told me nothing about your further intentions, so I do not know whether it might be possible to fix up anything else during these holidays. But this is settled anyway, and I am delighted about it, after having had nothing to be delighted about for a long time. . . .

I am completely exhausted with work and with everything connected with it that is germinating, tempting and threatening. The summer has not been too bad after all. The question of getting summer work, which seemed a problem a year ago, has now settled itself. On the one hand it is quite unnecessary, and on the other I have not the strength for it. The big problems are still unsettled. It is an intellectual hell, layer upon layer of it, with everything fitfully gleaming and pulsating; and the outline of Lucifer-Amor coming into sight at the darkest centre.

People's opinions on the dream book are beginning to leave me cold, and I am beginning to bewail its fate. The stone is

apparently not being worn down by the dripping. I have not heard of any more reviews, and the nice things said to me from time to time by people I meet annoy me more than the general silent condemnation. I myself have so far found nothing to alter in it. It is true and remains true. I have postponed the short essay on the subject until October.

At any rate our meeting on July 31st or August 1st is a ray of light. Let us stick to it firmly. Details can be settled later. Perhaps instead of Innsbruck we might choose another place on the same line. But it does not matter.¹

With cordial greetings to your wife and children,

Your

Sigm.

¹ This was the last meeting before the latent estrangement between the two men became manifest.

Freud's reaction to the meeting will be seen from subsequent letters. Fliess subsequently gave his version of it as follows:

"I often used to have meetings with Freud for scientific discussions. In Berlin, Vienna, Salzburg, Dresden, Nuremberg, Breslau, Innsbruck, for instance. The last meeting was at Achensee in the summer of 1900. On that occasion Freud showed a violence towards me which was at first unintelligible to me. The reason was that in a discussion of Freud's observations of his patients I claimed that periodic processes were unquestionably at work in the psyche, as elsewhere; and maintained in particular that they had an effect on those psychopathic phenomena on the analysis of which Freud was engaged for therapeutic purposes. Hence neither sudden deteriorations nor sudden improvements were to be attributed to the analysis and its influence alone. I supported my view with my own observations. During the rest of the discussion I thought I detected a personal animosity against me on Freud's part which sprang from envy. Freud had earlier said to me in Vienna: 'It's just as well that we're friends. Otherwise I should burst with envy if I heard that anyone was making such discoveries in Berlin!' In my astonishment I told my wife about this exclamation at the time, as well as our friend, Frau Hofkapellmeister Schalk, *née* Hopfen, who was then in Vienna and will gladly confirm it.

"The result of the situation at Achensee in the summer of 1900 was that I quietly withdrew from Freud and dropped our regular correspondence. Since that time Freud has heard no more from me about my scientific findings, but in the same year, 1900, during which he complained about my withdrawal, he made the acquaintance of Weininger's friend Swoboda and treated him for a psycho-neurosis. During this treatment Swoboda became acquainted with the fact of persistent bisexuality which, as Freud himself states, has, since I talked to him about it, come to be regularly discussed in the course of his psychoneurotic treatment." (Fliess, 1906).

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Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 14. 10. 1900.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Your wife and child must be back again by now, and you will have heard that I saw and spoke to both of them again for a moment. Robert was enchanting. . . .

I hope to hear your news. I am writing the dream pamphlet without real enjoyment and am becoming an absent-minded professor while collecting material for the psychology of everyday life. It has been a lively time, and I have a new patient, a girl of eighteen;¹ the case has opened smoothly to my collection of picklocks.

For the psychology of everyday life I should like to borrow from you the superb quotation: *Nun ist die Welt von diesem Spuk so voll.*² . . . Otherwise I am reading Greek archæology and revelling in journeys which I shall never make and treasures which I shall never possess. . . .

With cordial greetings,
Your

Sigm.

P.S.—There was a review of the dream book in the *Münchener Allgemeine Zeitung* of October 12th.

140

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 25. 1. 1901.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . I finished "Dreams and Hysteria" yesterday, and the

¹ [This must have been "Dora", whose analysis is referred to in the next letter.]

² "The world is now so full of this bogy . . ." This quotation [in its correct form *Nun ist die Luft von solchem Spuk so voll* ("the air is now so full of such a bogy")] from Goethe's *Faust*, Part II, Act 5, appears on the title-page of *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.

consequence is that to-day I feel short of a drug. It is a fragment of an analysis of a hysteria, in which the interpretations are grouped round two dreams, so it is really a continuation of the dream book.¹ It also contains resolutions of hysterical symptoms and glimpses of the sexual-organic foundation of the whole. All the same, it is the subtlest thing I have so far written, and will put people off even more than usual. But one does one's duty, and does not write just for the day alone. Ziehen has already accepted it,² not suspecting that I shall soon inflict *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* upon him too. How long Wernicke puts up with these cuckoo's eggs is his business.³

My cordial greetings, and I hope to hear soon that your oppression has lifted.

Your devoted

Sigm.

141

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 30. I. 1901.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . "Dream and Hysteria" should not disappoint you, so far as it goes. The chief thing in it is again psychology, the

¹ It was published as a "Fragment of a Case of Hysteria" (1905 e). Freud mentions in the foreword that the paper had originally been called "Dreams and Hysteria", and that he had deliberately put the utilization of dreams in the foreground. In "On the History of the Psycho-Analytic Movement" and in a footnote added in 1933 to the preface to the "Fragment" Freud says that the analysis of the case described was broken off on December 31st, 1899. Freud also mentions that the case history was written down in the following two weeks. This passage shows that Freud was mistaken and that the analysis ended on December 31st, 1900 [as is also proved by internal evidence in the case history itself.]

² Freud mentioned in the letter of May 8th that he could not make up his mind to send off the manuscript. In the end he sent it off (letter of June 9th), but then asked for it to be returned.

³ Freud is referring to the fact that his recent works (since "Screen Memories") had appeared in the *Monatsschrift für Psychiatrie und Neurologie*, which was edited by Ziehen and Wernicke, though at any rate Wernicke was opposed to his views; Ziehen's opposition developed only later.

utilization of dreams, and a few peculiarities of unconscious mental activity. There are only *glimpses* of the organic background—in connection with the erotogenic zones and bisexuality. But bisexuality is mentioned and specifically recognized once and for all, and the ground is prepared for detailed treatment of it on another occasion. It is a hysteria with *tussis nervosa* and aphonia, which can be traced back to pronounced sucking tendencies, and the chief issue in the conflicting mental processes is the opposition between an inclination towards men and towards women.

The “Every-day life” is at a standstill, half-finished, but will soon be continued. I have also a third small thing in mind; I have a lot of free time on my hands and feel the need to occupy myself. This year it has come down to three or four sessions a day with patients, which means a correspondingly greater mental well-being but a certain financial discomfort. . . .

Do you not think that this would be the right moment to jot down on a few sheets of paper the additions you have to your present subject¹—Head’s zones, the effect of *herpes zoster*, and anything else you may have—and have them published? Keeping your name before the public would, after all, be a way of assuring a certain amount of attention later on for the big, biological things which are more important to you. People only follow authority, and authority can only be acquired by doing things that are within their grasp.

In the midst of this mental and material depression I am haunted by the thought of spending Easter week in Rome this year. Not that there is any justification for it—I have achieved nothing yet, and in any case external circumstances will probably make it impossible. Let us hope for better times. My heartfelt wish is that you may soon have such times to report.

Cordially yours,

Sigm.

¹ The reference is to Fliess’s interests. Fliess carried out Freud’s suggestion. See Letter 147.

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Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 15. 2. 1901.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

I shall no more get to Rome this Easter than you will. What you say has explained to me the meaning of what would otherwise have remained an unintelligible interpolation in my last letter. Behind it there was, of course, a reference to the promise you once gave me in happier times, to hold a congress with me on classical soil. I was perfectly well aware that such a reference was misplaced at the moment. I was only escaping from the present into the most beautiful of my former phantasies, and it was clear to me which one. Meanwhile the congresses themselves have become relics of the past; I am doing nothing new, and, as you say, I have become entirely estranged from what you are doing.

I can only still rejoice from a distance when you announce that you are at work on the book containing your great solutions and say you are so satisfied with the way it is going. In that case you are certainly right to postpone any more writing on the nasal relationships in favour of the wider synthesis.

I shall finish the every-day psychology¹ during the next few days, and then correct both pieces of work, send them off, etc. It has all been written under a certain cloud, of which it will no doubt show traces. The third thing I have started is something quite harmless—a real piece of beggar's hash. I have begun collecting my notes of things told me by neurotics in my consulting room for the purpose of demonstrating the connection between sexual life and neurosis revealed even by such necessarily fleeting observation, and of adding my own comments. In

¹ *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* first appeared in the *Monatsschrift für Psychiatrie und Neurologie* (1901).

other words I am doing roughly the same sort of thing as Gattl did when he made himself so unpopular in Vienna.¹ As I need fresh cases, and my consulting hours are very sparsely attended, I have only six cases in my collection so far, and those none of the best. I have also started left-handedness tests—threading needles with a dynamometer. . . .

I did not give the lecture announced last Monday in the *Neue Freie Presse*. It was . . . Breuer, who had been badgered by the Philosophical Society, who pestered me to do it. I reluctantly agreed, and then, when I came to preparing it, I found I should have to bring in all sorts of intimate and sexual things which would be quite unsuitable for a mixed audience of people who were strangers to me. So I wrote a letter calling it off. That was the first week. Thereupon a delegation of two called on me and pressed me to deliver it after all. I warned them very seriously to do nothing of the sort, and suggested that they should come and hear the lecture themselves one evening at my house (second week). During the third week I gave the two of them the lecture. They said it was wonderful and that their audience would take no exception to it, etc. The lecture was therefore arranged for the fourth week. A few hours beforehand, however, I received an express letter, saying that some members had objected after all and asking me to be kind enough to start by illustrating my theory with inoffensive examples and then announce that I was coming to objectionable matter and make a pause, during which the ladies could leave the hall. Of course I immediately cried off, and the letter in which I did so at any rate did not lack pepper and salt. Such is scientific life in Vienna!

Hoping to hear good news of you soon,

Your faithful

Sigm.

¹ See Gattl (1898).

143

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 8. 5. 1901.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

You may certainly take my birthday as an occasion for wishing me the prolongation of your energetic mood and the repetition of refreshing interludes, and I shall altruistically support the wish. Your letter lay on the birthday table with other presents which gave me pleasure and were partly connected with you; though I had asked that the day be overlooked, as it lies in the wretched middle period; I am too young for a jubilee and much too old to be a birthday child. Your letter gave me by no means the least pleasure, except for the part about magic, which I object to as a superfluous plaster to lay to your doubt about "thought-reading". I remain loyal to thought-reading, and continue to doubt "magic".

I seem to remember having heard somewhere that only necessity brings out one's best. I have therefore pulled myself together, as you wished me to—I actually did it a few weeks before you wished me to—and have come to terms with my environment. A basket of orchids gives the illusion of luxury and sunshine, a fragment of a Pompeiian wall with a centaur and faun transports me to my longed-for Italy.¹

Fluctuat nec mergitur!

... I am correcting the first pages of the every-day life, which has turned out to be about sixty pages long. I have taken a tremendous dislike to it, and I hope others will take an even bigger dislike to it. It is entirely formless and contains all sorts of forbidden things. I have not yet made up my mind to send off the other work. ["Dreams and Hysteria"]. A new patient, a girl who broke off her engagement, has filled the gap left by R.'s

¹ A small framed fragment of a Pompeiian fresco which forms part of Freud's collection.

departure, and the case is resolving itself in the most satisfactory manner. In other ways too things are not so quiet as they were a few weeks ago. . . .

Progress in my work is obviously only to be expected from the four-thousandfold repetition of the same impressions, and I am quite ready to submit to it. So far everything is proved to be correct, but I still cannot survey the full extent of the riches laid bare and cannot master them intellectually.

Your "Relations"¹ shall find an attentive reader. You cannot have avoided including some new things.

Cordial greetings from

Your

Sigm.

144

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 4. 7. 1901.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

. . . You ask so many questions that this is bound to be a long answer. So my consulting hour will be a letter-writing hour.

I cannot say for certain yet where we are going. After all sorts of plans had miscarried, we hit on something unexpected, which will probably come off. I spent the two-day holiday at the end of June with Mama and Minna² at Reichenhall, went on a carriage outing to the Thumsee, which is not far away, and lost my heart to the little place—with Alpine roses coming right down to the roadway, a little green lake, magnificent woods all around, as well as strawberries, flowers, and (we hope) mushrooms. I was so delighted with it that I asked whether there was

¹ The reference is to Fliess's monograph on the relations between the nose and the sexual organs (Fliess, 1902), the title of which had not yet been settled.

² Freud's mother-in-law and sister-in-law.

any accommodation available at the only inn. They are letting rooms there for the first time this year, as the owner, a Bad Kirchberg doctor and property owner, who used to live there himself, has just died. So now negotiations are under way and will probably come off. . . .

The father of one of my patients has taken zealously to sending me every cutting and article in which there is a reference to me or the dream book, including an article on "Dreams and Fairy-tales" which the author, a Munich lecturer, subsequently sent me himself.¹ [The patient's father] keeps writing to me about what can be made public about the treatment in the interests of "propaganda". Whether much, little, or nothing at all comes of it, it all goes back to the moment when you mentioned my name to him. . . .

Things are going very satisfactorily this year with my other clients. There have been fewer of them than last year and, as the strain has been less I am feeling incomparably better than at this time a year ago, but I am rather tired mentally all the same. No new ideas are occurring to me, and I do not really know how to fill in my free time.

Dr. van der Leyen of Munich has called my attention to a book by L. Laistner, *The Riddle of the Sphinx* (1889),² which argues vigorously that myths are traceable back to dreams. I read the introduction, which is interesting, but have been too lazy to go on with it. I see that he knows nothing of what is *behind* dreams, though he seems to have a very good idea of *anxiety* dreams. . . .

The every-day life will see the light in a few days, but it will apparently only be half-delivered, so it will be August before I can send you a complete reprint. It is too long for a single number of the *Monatsschrift*.

Martin now writes fewer poems, but draws and paints,

¹ The author was Friedrich van der Leyen, who corresponded with Freud for a time and in a letter of May 17th, 1902 (Warburg Institute, London University) drew the attention of Roscher, the author of the celebrated mythological dictionary, to Freud's researches. Leyen regarded Freud's subsequent works with reserve and scepticism.

² Laistner (1889).

mostly animal phantasies, with signs of humour, and is beginning to represent movement, etc. What perhaps matters more is that he has gone up to the second class at school with a comparatively good report. Oli's entrance exam will keep us here until the 15th of this month. All my big children will have to stay until then. . . .

Have you read that the English have excavated an old palace in Crete (Knossos) which they declare to be the original labyrinth of Minos? ¹ Zeus seems originally to have been a bull. The god of our own fathers, before the sublimation instigated by the Persians took place, was worshipped as a bull. That provides food for all sorts of thoughts which it is not yet time to set down on paper. . . .

Your devoted

Sigm.

145

Thumsee, 7. 8. 01.

My dear Wilhelm,

The weather is horrible to-day for the first time in three weeks, and makes it impossible to do anything else; to-morrow we are going to Salzburg for a performance of *Don Giovanni* . . . that is how I come to be answering you at once, or at any rate beginning an answer.

First some professional matters, then something serious, then pleasant things to finish up with.

Frau D. would be an excellent substitute for G. To judge from your reports she would be a suitable person for treatment, and it would be reasonable to set the chances of success rather higher than the average. But I am not going back to the grindstone before September 16th for the sake of any patient, known or unknown, and by then she may have got over her attack. I never count on anyone until I have my hands on him. My

¹ The reference is to the first reports of Sir Arthur Evans's excavations at Knossos in Crete, which then as later Freud followed with lively interest.

clients are sick people, and therefore quite peculiarly irrational and unpredictable. Incidentally, the prospects for next season interest me acutely. I have only one "certain" patient, so to speak, a youth with obsessional neurosis, and my good old lady, who was a small but sure source of income to me, died during the holidays.¹ . . .

There is no concealing the fact that we have drawn somewhat apart from each other. By this and that I can see how much. . . . In this you came to the limit of your penetration, you take sides against me and tell me that "the thought-reader merely reads his own thoughts into other people", which deprives my work of all its value.

If I am such a one, throw my Every-day Life unread into the waste-paper basket. It is full of references to you: obvious ones, where you supplied the material, and concealed ones, where the motivation derives from you. Also you supplied the motto. Apart from any permanent value that its content may have, you can take it as a testimonial to the role you have hitherto played in my life. Having said this, I can send it to you as soon as it comes in without adding anything else. . . .

I said I was also going to write to you about pleasant things. Thumsee really is a little paradise, particularly for the children, who are well fed here, fight each other and the visitors for the boats and then vanish on them from their parents' anxious eyes. Living among the fish has made me stupid, but in spite of that I have not yet got the carefree mind that I usually get on holiday, and I suspect that what is required is eight or twelve days in the land of wine and olive oil. Perhaps my brother will be my travelling companion.

And now for the most important thing of all. My next book, so far as I can see, will be called "Bisexuality in Man"; it will tackle the root of the problem and say the last word which it will be granted to me to say on the subject—the last and the deepest. For the time being I have only one thing ready for it, the fundamental principle, which for a long time now has been

¹[She is referred to several times in *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*.]

based on the notion that repression, my crucial problem, is only possible through reaction between two sexual impulses. I shall need about six months to get the material together, and hope to find that the work is really practicable. But then I shall need a long and serious discussion with you. The idea itself is yours. You remember my saying to you years ago, when you were still a nose specialist and surgeon, that the solution lay in sexuality. Years later you corrected me and said bisexuality, and I see that you are right. So perhaps I shall have to borrow still more from you, and perhaps I shall be compelled in honesty to ask you to add your signature to the book to mine; this would mean an expansion of the anatomical-biological part, which in my hands alone would be very meagre. I should make my aim the mental aspect of bisexuality and the explanation of the neurotic side. That, then is the next project, which I hope will satisfactorily unite us again in scientific matters.

My cordial greetings to you and your family. Let me hear something from you.

Your

Sigm.

146

19. 9. 01.

My dear Wilhelm,

I received your card a few hours before I left. I ought to write to you about Rome, but it is difficult. It was an overwhelming experience for me, and, as you know, the fulfilment of a long-cherished wish. It was slightly disappointing, as all such fulfilments are when one has waited for them too long, but it was a high-spot in my life all the same. But, while I contemplated ancient Rome undisturbed (I could have worshipped the humble and mutilated remnant of the Temple of Minerva near the forum of Nerva), I found I could not freely enjoy the second Rome;¹ I was disturbed by its meaning, and, being incapable of putting out of my mind my own misery and all the other misery

¹ *I.e.*, mediaeval as distinct from ancient and modern Rome.

which I know to exist, I found almost intolerable the lie of the salvation of mankind which rears its head so proudly to heaven.

I found the third, Italian, Rome hopeful and likeable.

I was modest in my pleasures, and did not try to see everything in twelve days. I not only bribed Trevi,¹ as everyone does, but also—a thing I found out for myself—I dipped my hand into the Bocca della Verità at Santa Maria Cosmedin and swore to come again. The weather was hot but very tolerable until one day—luckily not before, the ninth—the sirocco broke out and quite knocked me up, and I did not recover for the rest of my stay. After getting home I developed a gastro-enteritis, which I think I contracted on the journey, and I am still troubled with it, though it is nothing to complain of. The family arrived home a day before me, and I still have hardly anything to do.

Your last letter was really beneficial. I can now understand the way you have been writing to me during the past year. It was at any rate the first time that you have ever said anything but the truth to me.

I know in myself that what you say about my attitude to your big work is unjust. I know how often I have thought about it with pride and trembling, and how distressed I have felt when I could not follow you in this or that conclusion. You know that I lack the slightest mathematical ability, and have no memory for numbers and measurements; perhaps it was that that gave you the impression that I did not appreciate what you told me. I do not believe that anything qualitative, any point of view which arose out of the calculations, was wasted on me. Perhaps you have been too quick to renounce me as a listener. A friend who has the right to contradict, who because of his ignorance can never be dangerous, is not without value to one who explores such dark paths and associates with very few people, all of whom admire him uncritically and unconditionally.

The only thing that hurt me was another misunderstanding in your letter, when you connected my exclamation² “But

¹ The tradition is that the traveller who throws a coin into the Fontana dei Trevi will come to Rome again.

² At the last meeting at Achensee.

you're undermining the whole value of my work" with my therapy. . . . I was sorry to lose my "only audience", as our Nestroy called it. For whom shall I write now? If as soon as an interpretation of mine makes you feel uncomfortable you are ready to conclude that the "thought-reader" perceives nothing in others but merely projects his own thoughts into them, you really are no longer my audience, and you must regard the whole technique as just as worthless as the others do.

I do not understand your answer about bisexuality. It is obviously very difficult to understand one another. I certainly had no intention of doing anything but get to grips, as my contribution to the theory of bisexuality, with the thesis that repression and the neuroses, and thus the independence of the unconscious, presuppose bisexuality.

You will have seen from the reference to you as the discoverer of the idea in the "Everyday life"¹ that I have no intention of exaggerating my share in it. But some linking up with the general biological and anatomical aspects of bisexuality would be indispensable and, as nearly all my biological and anatomical knowledge comes from you, there is nothing for it but to ask your aid or leave the whole of the introductory matter to you. But I am not in the least hankering after appearing in print at the moment. Meanwhile, we must discuss it some time.

One cannot simply say "the conscious is the dominant, the unconscious the underlying, sexual factor" without grossly oversimplifying the very complicated nature of the case, though it is, of course, the basic fact. I am working at a more psychological essay, "Forgetting and Repressing",² which I shall also keep to myself for a long while to come.

The date for your "relations" lecture has gone by, and I am awaiting it with keen interest; has it been postponed?

My cordial greetings, and I hope for good news of you and yours.

Your

Sigm.

¹ See Introduction, p. 38.

² Not published.

147

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

20. 9. 01.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

Tableau! Our letters crossed. I was enquiring about it yesterday and now it has come. I have given it a first reading and say with pleasure that you have never before produced anything so clear, so concise, and so rich in substance. And what a blessing that there is no doubt about the truth of it! Thank you also for the little reference to me.¹ I was also delighted with the "Herpes". Throughout one feels that there is more behind you, but that you are able to put your riches aside and confine yourself within the limits laid down. I think that is the hallmark of the classic style.

Does not the title fall disappointingly short of the "causal" connection between the nose and the sexual organ? I expect it is an abbreviation of "modifications in the nose and sexual organ". But it is all right as it is, and I do not want to be pedantic.

My cordial thanks,

Your

Sigm.

148

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 7. 10. 01.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

It is three weeks since Frau D., whom you sent, came to me, so a report to you about her is overdue.

She is, of course, just the person I need; a difficult constitutional case, in which all the keys fit and all the strings respond. Painless work with her is hardly possible, because she is too

¹The passage in Fliess's latest work referred to states: "The typical cause of neurasthenia in young people is masturbation (Freud), which in older people is frequently replaced by *onanismus conjugalis*". The chapter on *herpes zoster* is connected with the work of Head and Campbell (1900). See Letter 141.

fond both of feeling and of inflicting pain for that. But success with her ought to be certain and lasting.

Unfortunately there are other things in the way. Her husband . . . is still unco-operative. He allowed her three months for treatment, to which I naturally did not agree, but even this concession was none really, because he wanted to pack her off the same evening, and she is daily expecting him to come and fetch her. She will, of course, go with him. She already cannot stand being without him.

If the time-factor is so uncertain, the money-factor seems hardly less so. I do not know whether it is really so unfavourable or whether she has only succeeded in deceiving me about it. In short, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that I shall shortly declare that it is better not to try building on such insecure foundations. With all her intelligence, it is very unlikely that she will get anywhere worth-while in three months. Her husband approached me with such obvious jealous mistrust that I cannot hope to make any impression on him by having a talk with him.

Perhaps everything may yet come right, but I only wanted to prepare you for the possibility that you may see her again sooner than you expected, and to justify myself in advance in case the great trouble you have taken comes to nothing.

Now that we write to each other so seldom, I have not been able to thank you before.

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

149

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 2. II. 01.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

You are certainly entitled to hear from time to time about how matters stand with your patient, and I write about her the more

gladly because I am in no mood to write about anything else.

You have, indeed, found me just the case for this therapy. I can say that so far it has gone extremely well—partly, perhaps, because it is easy for me to take an interest in her character. I shall tell you more some time by word of mouth when I can discard discretion. But everything is going smoothly and it all fits in—at any rate with my new point of view—and the instrument responds willingly to the instrumentalist's confident touch. Not that she does not make enough attempts to make my life difficult; that sort of thing has happened already and will happen again. My worried letter, which you answered with the true information, was the result of a tremendous deception she practised on me in raising mountains of difficulties. I shall be less easily deceived a second time, or such at least is my intention. In any case she is an interesting and valuable personality.

I am happy to be able to report this to you and send you my cordial greetings.

Your

Sigm.

150

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, 7. 12. 01.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Frau D. has taken her departure. The doubts I expressed to you after the first fortnight were not altogether unjustified. As you know, her husband forcibly interrupted the treatment, ascribing his intervention to considerations of time and money, though these—consistently with the information you gave me—were put forward only to serve as a mask for his jealousy. Finally he sent me a letter which made it impossible to prolong the treatment until the 19th of this month, as agreed. The man behaved so offensively towards me that it needed a good deal of self-control on my part to go on so long as we did.

The treatment was so short—only ten weeks—that there can

be no question of a permanent cure. And I cannot foresee how things will shape for the patient in the immediate future. On the other hand the whole thing went so swimmingly that it is inconceivable that the work should bear no fruit. When the storm now unleashed has run its course it should be possible to see what has been effected.

In any case she was the most suitable and most interesting person for whom I have ever had to thank you for recommending to me. It is no fault of either of us that things did not turn out better. Professor D. did not manage to transfer his confidence from you to me. I am going through an unlucky patch, in which mainly unpleasant things happen to me. I am continually practising patience.

Again many thanks,

Your

Sigm.

151

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
IX. Berggasse 19.

8. 3. 02.
Consulting hours 3-5 p.m.

My dear Wilhelm,

I am glad to be able to tell you that at last the long-withheld and recently really desirable professorship has been conferred on me. The *Wiener Zeitung* will next week announce the fact to the public, which I hope will take note of this seal of official approval. It is a long time since I have been able to send you any news with which pleasant anticipations could be associated.

With cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

152

Dr. Sigm. Freud,
Lecturer in Nervous Diseases
in the University.

Vienna, II. 3. 02.
IX. Berggasse 19.

My dear Wilhelm,

Just think what an "excellency" can do! He can even cause me again to hear your welcome voice in a letter. But as you talk about such grand things in connection with the news—recognition, mastery, etc.—my usual compulsion to honesty which is so detrimental to my interests makes me feel it incumbent on me to tell you exactly how it finally came about.

It was my own doing, in fact. When I got back from Rome, my zest for life and work had somewhat grown and my zest for martyrdom had somewhat diminished. I found that my practice had melted away and I withdrew my last work from publication because in you I had recently lost my only remaining audience.¹ I reflected that waiting for recognition might take up a good portion of the remainder of my life, and that in the meantime none of my fellow-men were likely to trouble about me. And I wanted to see Rome again and look after my patients and keep my children happy. So I made up my mind to break with my strict scruples and take appropriate steps, as others do after all. One must look somewhere for one's salvation, and the salvation I chose was the title of professor. For four whole years I had not put in a word about it, but now I betook myself to my old teacher, Exner.² He was as disagreeable as could be, almost rude,

¹ Nestroy, looking through the peep-hole before a benefit performance and seeing only two people in the stalls, is said to have exclaimed: "I know one of the 'audiences', he has a complimentary ticket. Whether the other 'audience' has one too I don't know!"

² Sigmund R. von Exner (1846-1926), Professor of Physiology in the University of Vienna, succeeded Brücke in 1891, and since 1894 had been in the Ministry of Education.

did not want to let out anything about the reasons for my having been passed over, and generally played the high official. Only after I had really roused him by a few disparaging remarks about the activity of those in high office did he let fall something obscure about personal influences which appeared to be at work against me with his Excellency,¹ and he advised me to seek a personal counter-influence. I was able to tell him that I could approach my old friend and former patient, the wife of Hofrat Gomperz.² This seemed to impress him. Frau Elise was very kind and took up the matter warmly. She called on the Minister and the reply to what she said was a look of astonishment and the answer: "Four years? And who is he?" The old fox acted as if I were unknown to him. In any case it would be necessary to have me proposed all over again. So I wrote to Nothnagel and to Krafft-Ebing³ (who was about to retire) and asked them to renew their previous proposal. Both behaved delightfully. Nothnagel wrote a few days later and said that they had sent it in. But the Minister obstinately avoided Gomperz, and it looked as if nothing was going to come of it again.

Then another force came into play. One of my patients . . . heard about the matter and went into action on her own. She did not rest until she had made the Minister's acquaintance at a party, made herself agreeable to him, and secured a promise from him through a mutual woman friend that he would give a professorship to the doctor who had cured her. But, being sufficiently well-informed to know that a first promise from him meant nothing at all, she approached him personally, and I believe that if a certain Böcklin had been in her possession instead of in that of her aunt . . . I should have been appointed three months earlier. As it is, his Excellency will have to satisfy

¹ The Minister of Education was Wilhelm Freiherr von Hartel (born 1839), formerly Professor of Philology in the University of Vienna.

² Elise Gomperz was the wife of Theodor Gomperz (1832-1912), who was appointed Professor of Philology at the same time as Hartel in 1869 and became famous for his *Greek Thinkers*. Freud while still a student had translated a volume of the German edition of the works of John Stuart Mill, which was edited by Gomperz. For Freud's relations with Gomperz see Merlan (1945) and Bernfeld (1949).

³ See Letter 58 *sqq.*

himself with a modern picture for the gallery which he intends to open, naturally not for himself.¹ Anyway, in the end the Minister most graciously announced to my patient while he was having dinner at her house that the appointment had gone to the Emperor for signature, and that she would be the first to hear when the matter was completed.

So one day she came to her appointment beaming and waving an express letter from the Minister. It was done. The *Wiener Zeitung* has not yet published it, but the news spread quickly from the Ministry. The public enthusiasm is immense.² Congratulations and bouquets keep pouring in, as if the role of sexuality had been suddenly recognized by His Majesty, the interpretation of dreams confirmed by the Council of Ministers, and the necessity of the psycho-analytic therapy of hysteria carried by a two-thirds majority in Parliament.

I have obviously become reputable again, and my shyest admirers now greet me from a distance in the street.

I myself would still gladly exchange five congratulations for one good case coming for extensive treatment. I have learned that the old world is governed by authority just as the new is governed by the dollar. I have made my first bow to authority, and am entitled to hope to reap my reward. If the effect in a wider circle is as great as in the immediate one, I may well hope so.

In the whole affair there is one person with very long ears, who was not sufficiently allowed for in your letter, and that is myself. If I had taken those few steps three years ago I should have been appointed three years earlier, and should have spared myself much. Others are just as clever, without having to go to Rome first. That, then, was the glorious process to which, among other things, I owe your kind letter. Please keep the contents of this one to yourself.

Thanks and cordial greetings,

Your

Sigm.

¹ According to H. Sachs's somewhat abbreviated account of this incident (Sachs, 1945) the picture concerned was Böcklin's "Ruined Castle", which Hartel wished to have presented to the *Moderne Galerie*, which was then being established in Vienna.

² [A German journalistic catchphrase often quoted in the Freud household.]

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(Picture postcard of the temple of Neptune, Paestum)

10. 9. 02.

Cordial greetings from the culminating point of the journey.

Your

Sigm.