

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.<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> 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

Vienna, 5. II. 97.

IX. Berggasse 19.

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

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.<sup>1</sup> 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

---

<sup>1</sup> 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.

though only potential) is its main symptom. During this same period of longing fantasies are formed and masturbation is (regularly?) practiced, which then yields to repression. If it does not yield, then no hysteria develops either; the discharge of sexual excitation for the most part removes the possibility of hysteria. It has become clear to me that various compulsive movements represent a substitute for the discontinued movements of masturbation.

Enough for today; details another time when I have heard good and new things from you. That there is nothing wrong I fortunately know from Oscar and Melanie — who perhaps have already learned something new while I am writing, perhaps not yet.

With the most cordial greetings to you, wife, and child,

Your  
Sigm.

1. "*Auswarten*," an Austrian colloquialism.
2. Reading uncertain; probably *alte Zeiten*, or possibly *alle Zeiten* (all times).
3. From the Dedication in Goethe's *Faust*:

And the shades of loved ones appear,  
With them, like an old, half-forgotten myth,  
First love and friendship.

---

October 31, 1897  
IX., Berggasse 19

Dear Wilhelm,

I am so glad to have a letter from you again (the third since Berlin) that I have banished all thoughts of retaliation. And that something whole is shaping itself for you, and biological types are beginning to appear, as well as your parallel between birth and falling ill — all that seems enchanting to me and to hold out a promise of much more in the very near future.

Your nephew — allegedly called Georg, for I have not yet spoken to his father — is all Rie: long, lean, with all the features of the paternal family, not yet masked by baby fat. You must know as much, or more than I, about the details of his birth. Rumor has it that you knew date and sex in advance. I was reassured to learn that her temperature is 36.4[°C] today. On account of my first lecture (eleven students) I could not go there last night; they may, by the way, have been grateful for my not visiting them at that time.

Dr. G.<sup>1</sup> is what you say about him and, above all, still unreliable in his character, made of too poor family material. I have tried to meet in full my obligation as his teacher. He has learned a lot, under-

seems very easy, and progresses well. He makes it all too easy for himself to believe — throws himself into it heart and soul. In view of these pros and cons, I feel toward him as I would toward a wayward son. I wish him the best and must accept his disgrace as mine.

Business here is such that I expect we are facing very bad times — which has been the case in other fields for a long while. Since I have free time, I let myself be persuaded to take on two cases for treatment without a fee. Including myself, that makes three analyses that bring in nothing.

My analysis continues and remains my chief interest. Everything is still obscure, even the problems, but there is a comfortable feeling in it that one has only to reach into one's storerooms to take out what is needed at a particular time. The most disagreeable part of it is the moods, which often completely hide reality. Sexual excitement, too, is no longer of use for someone like me.<sup>2</sup> But I am still pursuing it happily. As regards results, just now there is once more a lull.

Do you believe that what children say in their sleep is partly dreaming? If so, I can present you with the very latest wish dream: Annerl, age 1½ years. She had to starve one day in Aussee because she threw up in the morning, which was blamed on a meal of strawberries. During the following night she called out a whole menu in her sleep: "Stwawberries, high berries, scwambled eggs, pudding." I may have already told you this.

Under the influence of analysis my cardiac symptoms are now very frequently replaced by gastrointestinal symptoms.

Forgive today's idle talk, which is only intended to stress the continuity of our correspondence.

Most cordially,

Your  
Sigm.

1. He means Felix Gattel.

2. The German text reads, "Auch die sexuelle Erregung ist für einen wie ich nicht mehr zu brauchen." It may be that Freud is referring to sexual excitement in the context of his self-analysis. When he continues and says, "Ich bin aber noch immer freudig dabei," this is ambiguous and could refer either to sexuality (that he still takes pleasure in it) or, more likely, to the analysis.