

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*.