

mistress of the house was duly celebrated, among other things by a family excursion to Bartholomäussee [Königssee]. You should have seen Annerl on the Königssee! Martin, who lives entirely in his fantasy world here, built himself a *malepartus*² in the woods and said yesterday, "I do not actually believe that my so-called poems are really good." We did not disturb him in his moment of insight. Oli is again practicing the exact recording of routes, distances, names of places and mountains. Mathilde is a complete human being and of course altogether feminine. All of them are doing fine.

I presume you have tried in vain to convince Father Pineles that both of us are prophets. He is otherwise a likable and fine, knowledgeable man who has become closer to me because he is a relative of my old friend Professor Herzig. He has inhaled too much of the clinical air, which contains a variety of potent toxins. I hear that Breuer commented on my last work (forgetting), saying once again he was not surprised that no one thought anything of my work if I left gaps of that sort. He thought I had failed to demonstrate how I visualized the connections between death and sexuality. Once the dream book is ready and published, he will be able to be appalled by the contrary, by the abundant indiscretions. Only if chance will have bestowed a title on me (most unlikely) will he crawl on his stomach.

The farther the work of the past year recedes, the more satisfied I become. But bisexuality! You are certainly right about it. I am accustomed myself to regarding every sexual act as a process in which four individuals are involved. We have a lot to discuss on this topic.

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

Give my most cordial greetings to your whole family and do remember Riemerlehen, where I am.

Most cordially,

Your
Sigm.

1. While away on vacation, Freud apparently wrote this and occasional other letters on his home letterhead stationery.

2. The den of Reynard the Fox.

B[erchtesgaden]

Riemerlehen, August 6, 1899

Dear Wilhelm,

When are you not right? Once again you put into words what I had dimly been thinking to myself, that this first chapter is apt to deter a lot of readers from going on to the following chapters. But there is little to be done about it — except for putting a note in the preface, which we shall construct when everything else is done. You did not want the literature in the body of the work and you were right; nor at the beginning and you are right again. You feel about it as I do; the secret probably is that we do not like it at all. But if we do not want to hand the "scientists" an ax with which to slaughter the poor book, we must put up with it somewhere. The whole thing is planned on the model of an imaginary walk. At the beginning, the dark forest of authors (who do not see the trees), hopelessly lost on wrong tracks. Then a concealed pass through which I lead the reader — my specimen dream with its peculiarities, details, indiscretions, bad jokes — and then suddenly the high ground and the view and the question: which way do you wish to go now?

There is of course no need to return the proofs I am sending to you. Since you did not take exception to anything in Chapter 1, I shall finish it in the galleys. Nothing else has yet been set in type. You shall receive the proofs as soon as they arrive and the new parts will be marked in them. — I have inserted a large number of new dreams, which I hope you will not delete. *Pour faire une omelette il faut casser des oeufs*.¹ Incidentally, only *humana* and *humaniora*,² nothing really intimate, that is, personally sexual. Breuer, too, has been kept at a distance as much as possible. In the last few days I have been very pleased with the work. "I like it," says Uncle Jonas,³ which, according to experience, is a bad omen for its success. With your permission I shall put Robert's dream among the hunger dreams of children, after Annerl's menu dream. We shall replace "mutual"⁴ with "naughtiness" [Unart]. At some point the "bigness" in children's dreams must indeed be considered; it is related to children's yearning to be big; to be able for once to eat a bowlful of salad like Papa: the child never has enough, not even of repetitions. Moderation is the hardest thing for the child, as for the neurotic.

Conditions are ideal for me here, and I feel correspondingly well. I take walks only in the morning and the evening; the rest of the time I sit at my work. One side of the house is always delightfully shady when the other is blazing hot. I can well imagine what it is like in town, but not how the "mothers" who are keeping you chained to Berlin are doing. Your work apparently has changed into a pupa for

me; will I be able to catch it as a butterfly, or will it fly too high for me?

Today, on a superb Sunday marred only by leaden tiredness, I must unfortunately go to Reichenhall to greet a few of my wife's relatives from Munich. Otherwise I am very sedentary. True, there are mushrooms every day. But on the next rainy day I shall tramp on foot to my beloved Salzburg, where I actually unearthed a few Egyptian antiquities last time. These things put me in a good mood and speak of distant times and countries.

J. J. David⁵ visited me several times in Vienna; he is an unhappy man and a not inconsiderable poet. Does Ida know any of his writings?

With the most cordial greetings and thanks for your cooperation in the Egyptian dream book,⁶

Your
Sigm.

1. "To prepare an omelet, one must break eggs."

2. "Of men and their concerns."

3. See letter of June 27, 1899.

4. The reading *Mutuale* is uncertain. In the *Interpretation of Dreams* Freud considers the egoism of children and its connection to the egoism of dreams. He includes Robert's dream in this section. The reference here is undoubtedly to the sentence, "Am Abend des Traumtages war er aber unartig" (On the evening of the dream day he had been naughty).

5. Jacob Julius David (1859–1906) reviewed the *Interpretation of Dreams* in *Die Nation*. The piece is beautifully written and, unlike the more "scientific" reviews, extremely sympathetic. David speaks of Freud's "uncommonly honest search for the truth" and of producing in everyone an "uncanny feeling of being, for a large part of his life, delivered over to a dark power which arbitrarily does what it will with us, and which turns the purest man into a sinner, and visits upon the purest woman images the very thought of which colors her cheeks with shame."

6. This is a joke of Freud's, comparing his book to dream interpretation in ancient Egypt.

[Riemerlehen]
Vienna, August 20, 1899
IX., Bergasse 19

Dear Wilhelm,

I have been here for four weeks now and lament that this lovely time is passing so quickly. In another four weeks my vacation will be over, and it is not enough for me. I work wonderfully well here, in peace, without additional worries, in a state of almost total well-

being; in between I run out for walks and enjoy the mountains and woods. You must indulge me because I am completely immersed in my work; cannot write about anything else. I am far along in the chapter on "dream work" and have replaced—I think to advantage—the whole dream you deleted with a small collection of dream fragments. Next month I shall start the last, philosophical chapter, which I dread and for which I shall again have to do more reading.

The typesetting is progressing slowly. Whatever came in I sent you yesterday. Please send back only the proofs to which you take exception and write your comments in the margin. Also, later on, when it is possible for you, correct any quotations or references; I have no literary sources available here, of course.

After five hours of work today I have something like a writer's cramp in my hand. The rascals are making an unholy row in the meadow—except that Ernst is laid up with a bad insect bite, like the one Ida had when we were in Reichenau. Ever since the boy lost a front tooth, he has been continually hurting himself; he is full of wounds, like Lazarus, yet at the same time totally reckless and as though anesthetic. I ascribe it to a slight hysteria. He is the only one whom the former nurse treated badly.

Martha and Minna, both very well (at least alternately), are just now in the village. Alexander was here for four days; he will lecture on tariff rates at the Export Academy and will be given the title and rank of professor extraordinarius after one year—much earlier in fact than I. The soap bubble that prematurely burst for you would have been the most beautiful of all. Just imagine the joy of our welcome if for once we had both of you entirely to ourselves here, with far and wide no family obligations to weigh on you. Once again it was not meant to be. "Tomer doch?" the Jew asks in such cases.

My hand refuses to function today. More very soon, and most cordial greetings.

Your
Sigm.

1. Yiddish for "Perhaps after all?"

B., August 27, 1899

Dear Wilhelm,

Many thanks; I have just received the two pages from Harzburg, which will of course be copied exactly when the revised proofs come