



Josef Breuer and his wife, Mathilde.
The first Freud child was named for Mrs. Breuer.

tainly was not merely feigned to facilitate surprise) — but, as one always does in such cases, I resigned myself and put it aside. I have also been interrupted while correcting the proofs. Fall has really started, and Breuer is just as much locked in here as I am, so that we are bound to meet daily, on which occasions the ladies on both sides make a great show of tenderness to each other. Another reason to wish one were somewhere else. If I did not anticipate a poor season and were not even more intolerant of Vienna in view of the two factors [?] in Germany, I would be still more irritated about the extension of my stay here.

I cannot predict when you will actually receive this letter. In any case, do not write to me here any longer, but let me know in Vienna whether the improvement of your dear mother's health has continued and how you and all your family are. From Vienna I shall very soon have to inundate you with additional mailings, among which will also be a new reprint ("Screen Memories"), which I expect in September.

The traveler to Rome-Karlsbad who hopes to meet you at his destination thus is once more not very hopeful. But you are quite used to that in me, just as I am used to finding the opposite mood in you.

With the most cordial greetings,

Your
Sigm.

Vienna, September 21, 1899
IX., Berggasse 19

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 medical news, and warmly welcomed by your kind letter with its good reports. I find a kind of substitute for our foiled meeting in the heightened liveliness of our correspondence and hope that you will also often think of the living while you are digging for the dead. As you correctly surmised, my ill humor fell away from me — not after a migraine, but rather after a nice series of similar conditions. Yet I believe my self-criticism was not 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 my dream book, with their parading of indirect phrases

and squinting at ideas, deeply offended one of my ideals. Nor am I far wrong in regarding this lack of form as an indication of insufficient mastery of the material. You must have felt exactly the same thing, and we have always been too honest with each other for either of us to have to pretend in front of the other. The consolation lies in its inevitability; it simply did not turn out any better. However, I am sorry that I must ruin my favorite and best reader by giving him proofs, because how can one like anything that one has to read in proofs? Unfortunately I cannot do without you as the representative of the Other — and again have sixty more pages for you.

And now for another year of this strange life in which one's good mood is no doubt the only thing of real value. Mine is fluctuating; but, as you see, as it says on the coat of arms of our dear Paris:

*Fluctuat nec mergitur.*¹

A patient with whom I have been negotiating, a "goldfish," has just announced herself — I do not know whether to decline or accept. My mood also depends very strongly on my earnings. Money is laughing gas for me. I know from my youth that once the wild horses of the pampas have been lassoed, they retain a certain anxiousness for life. Thus I came to know the helplessness of poverty and continually fear it. You will see that my style will improve and my ideas will be more correct if this city provides me with an ample livelihood.

This time you are not troubling yourself with checking quotations and the like, are you? I once again have all the necessary literary aids. My central accomplishment in interpretation comes in the [enclosed] installment, the absurd dreams. It is astonishing how often you appear in them. In the *non vixit* dream I am delighted to have outlived you; isn't it terrible to suggest something like this — that is, to have to make it explicit to everyone who understands?

My wife and the children are staying in Berchtesgaden until the end of September. I still have not made the acquaintance of Paulinchen.

Most cordial greetings.

Your
Sigm.

1. "It floats but it does not sink."

Vienna, September 27, 1899
IX., Berggasse 19

Dear Wilhelm,

For the record:

Sept. 11 — inexplicable ill humor

Sept. 12 — cardiac weakness with a mild headache

Sept. 14 – 18 — bad days, moody; cardiac fatigue

Tuesday, Sept. 19 — headache without cardiac pain (traveling)

Since then, rather good days

Today, Sept. 27, initially a trace of a headache without other manifestations.

What you objected to means, *bowing* to one's superior is a remnant of that old presentation.

I cannot make out whether you want me to delete the last sentence, the concluding tirade, or emphasize it by putting it in bold type. It is in accord with my need to let it fade away.

For the rest, I do not find it unpleasant to have someone who has a word of praise where it is appropriate instead of invariably telling one the most unpleasant things. For that I thank you especially.

I am speeding up the proofs because I learned that a consummate fool, a certain *Ch. Ruths*,¹ is on the track of something and in 1898 already announced an analysis of dream phenomena. I hope that by October everything will have been taken care of. For the time being I have almost nothing to do; so I have the leisure to complete it.

From a distance I am following your death records with great interest. I know that for the present your theory does not concern itself with *fathers*; otherwise it would indeed be risky to include in the calculations other than the eldest children of noble families. Ever since you stopped writing about your findings, I miss something in your letters. As for my science, you will be left in peace for a while. I am empty and spent; I even gave away the nice double-wish theory of the neuroses for the dream book. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry will soon be in a position to know as much about it as I do.

My family is still in Berchtesgaden, does not complain much about the weather, but will return at the end of the week. In yesterday's newspaper (September 26) you may have seen the announcement of the courses Alexander will give at the Export Academy as a professor of tariffs. If only none of his former infections is slumbering in the womb of time! You undoubtedly guessed which part of the interpretation of the "Autodidasker" dream I withheld.

The goldfish (L. von E., an S. by birth and as such a distant relative of my wife) has been caught, but will still enjoy half her freedom