

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

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

B., 11. 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.

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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.

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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).