

41 GORDON SQUARE  
LONDON W.C.1

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1948.

Dear Dr. Fenichel,

Your generosity is really overwhelming. We have lately had the most marvellous packages of delicious food, which seem to have rained down on us from all quarters of the heaven. I won't pretend that they've not given us the greatest pleasure — to no small degree because of the benevolent thoughts to which they bear witness.

They've been especially welcome, because I seem to have hit another bad patch. For almost three months now I've been the victim of an absurd infection of one of my feet — which the doctors seem quite unable to cope with. It's almost as unendurable as an analysis & more of a nuisance, as I'm not allowed to walk about. — And as soon as that's cleared up I'm booked for another go at my eye. They still seem to think they may possibly

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be able to improve it; so it seems worth while to have one more  
shot. — However — the worst of these bothers really  
descend on my wife, as you may imagine.

I ought to have told you before that you were quite  
right in supposing that the passage I had in mind came  
from the book on Technique. I can't imagine how I can  
have failed to place it. Anyhow, I'm rather glad, as  
it enabled me to obtain (on false pretences) the privately  
circulated paper. I can't help regretting that it can't  
be published. It's really hardly more critical than the  
passage in the book. And it does contain a lot of  
most valuable and interesting material.

I wonder, by the way, how the collected volume is  
getting on; I'm very much looking forward to seeing it.

With kindest greetings from both of us,

Yours sincerely,

James Strachey