

Sigmund Freud (1856–1939). Delusion and Dream. 1917.

Part II. Delusion and Dream in Wilhelm Jensen's *Gradiva* by Dr. Sigmund Freud

Section I

IN a circle of men who take it for granted that the basic riddle of the dream has been solved by the efforts of the present writer, ¹ curiosity was aroused one day concerning those dreams which have never been dreamed, those created by authors, and attributed to fictitious characters in their productions. The proposal to submit this kind of dream to investigation might appear idle and strange; but from one view-point it could be considered justifiable. It is, to be sure, not at all generally believed that the dreamer dreams something senseful and significant. Science and the majority of educated people smile when one offers them the task of interpreting dreams. Only people still clinging to superstition, who give continuity, thereby, to the convictions of the ancients, will not refrain from interpreting dreams, and the writer of "Traumdeutung" has dared, against the protests of orthodox science, to take sides with the ancients and superstitious. He is, of course, far from accepting in dreams a prevision of the future, for the disclosure of which man has, from time immemorial, striven vainly. He could not, however, completely reject the connections of dreams with the future, for, after completing some arduous analysis, the dreams seemed to him to represent *the fulfilment of a wish* of the dreamer; and who could dispute that wishes are preponderantly concerned with the future?

I have just said that the dream is a fulfilled wish. Whoever is not afraid to toil through a difficult book, whoever does not demand that a complicated problem be insincerely and untruthfully presented to him as easy and simple, to save his own effort, may seek in the above-mentioned "Traumdeutung," ample proof of this statement, and may, until then, cast aside the objection that will surely be expressed against the equivalence of dreams and wish-fulfilment. ²

We have, however, anticipated. The question is not now one of establishing whether the meaning of a dream is, in every case, to be interpreted as the fulfilment of a wish, or, just as frequently, as an anxious expectation, an intention or deliberation, etc. The first question is, rather, whether the dream has any meaning at all, whether one should grant it the value of a psychic process. Science answers, *No*; it explains the dream as a purely physiological process, behind which one need not seek meaning, significance nor intention. Physical excitations play, during sleep, on the psychic instrument and bring into consciousness sometimes some, sometimes other ideas devoid of psychic coherence. Dreams are comparable only to convulsions, not to expressive movements. ³

In this dispute over the estimation of dreams, writers seem to stand on the same side with the ancients, superstitious people and the author of "Traumdeutung." For, when they cause the people created by their imagination to dream, they follow the common experience that people's thoughts and feelings continue into sleep, and they seek only to depict the psychic states of their heroes through the dreams of the latter. Story-tellers are valuable allies, and their testimony is to be rated high, for they usually know many things ⁴

between heaven and earth that our academic wisdom does not even dream of. In psychic knowledge, indeed, they are far ahead of us, ordinary people, because they draw from sources that we have not yet made accessible for science. Would that this partizanship of literary workers for the senseful nature of dreams were only more unequivocal! Sharper criticism might object that writers take sides neither for nor against the psychic significance of an isolated dream; they are satisfied to show how the sleeping psyche stirs under the stimuli which have remained active in it as off-shoots of waking life.

Our interest for the way in which story-tellers make use of dreams is not, however, made less intense by this disillusionment. Even if the investigation should teach nothing of the nature of dreams, it may perhaps afford us, from this angle, a little insight into the nature of creative, literary production. Actual dreams are considered to be unrestrained and irregular formations, and now come the free copies of such dreams; but there is much less freedom and arbitrariness in psychic life than we are inclined to believe, perhaps none at all. What we, laity, call chance resolves itself, to an acknowledged degree, into laws; also, what we call arbitrariness in psychic life rests on laws only now dimly surmised. Let us see!

There are two possible methods for this investigation; one is engrossment with a special case, with the dream-creations of one writer in one of his works; the other consists in bringing together and comparing all the examples of the use of dreams which are found in the works of different story-tellers. The second way seems to be by far the more effective, perhaps the only justifiable one, for it frees us immediately from the dangers connected with the conception of "the writer" as an artistic unity. This unity falls to pieces in investigations of widely different writers, among whom we are wont to honor some, individually, as the most profound connoisseurs of psychic life. Yet these pages will be filled by an investigation of the former kind. It so happened, in the group of men who started the idea, that some one remembered that the bit of fiction which he had most recently enjoyed contained several dreams which looked at him with familiar expression and invited him to try on them the method of "Traumdeutung." He admitted that the material and setting of the little tale had been partly responsible for the origin of his pleasure, for the story was unfolded in Pompeii, and concerned a young archaeologist who had given up interest in life, for that in the remains of the classic past, and now, by a remarkable, but absolutely correct *détour*, was brought back to life. During the perusal of this really poetic material, the reader experienced all sorts of feelings of familiarity and concurrence. The tale was Wilhelm Jensen's "Gradiva," a little romance designated by its author, himself, "A Pompeian Fancy."

In order that my further references may be to familiar material, I must now ask my readers to lay aside this pamphlet, and replace it for sometime with "Gradiva," which first appeared in the book-world in 1903. To those who have already read "Gradiva," I will recall the content of the story in a short epitome, and hope that their memory will of itself restore all the charm of which the story is thereby stripped.

A young archaeologist, Norbert Hanold, has discovered at Rome, in a collection of antiques, a bas-relief which attracts him so exceptionally that he is delighted to be able to get an excellent plaster-cast of it which he can hang up in his study in a German university-city, and study with interest. The relief represents a mature, young girl walking. She has gathered up her voluminous gown slightly, so that her sandaled feet

become visible. One foot rests wholly on the ground; the other is raised to follow and touches the ground only with the tips of the toes while sole and heel rise almost perpendicularly. The unusual and especially charming walk represented had probably aroused the artist's attention and now, after so many centuries, captivates the eye of our archaeological observer.

This interest of the hero in the described bas-relief is the basic psychological fact of our story. It is not immediately explicable. "Doctor Norbert Hanold, docent of archaeology, really found in the relief nothing noteworthy for his science." (Gradiva, p. 5.) "He could not explain what quality in it had aroused his attention; he knew only that he had been attracted by something and this effect of the first view had remained unchanged since then," but his imagination does not cease to be occupied with the relief. He finds in it a "sense of present time" as if the artist had fixed the picture on the street "from life." He confers upon the girl represented walking a name, Gradiva, "the girl splendid in walking," spins a yarn that she is the daughter of a distinguished family, perhaps of a "patrician ædile, whose office was connected with the worship of Ceres," and is on the way to the temple of the goddess. Then it is repulsive to him to place her in the mob of a metropolis, rather he convinces himself that she is to be transported to Pompeii and is walking there somewhere on the peculiar stepping-stones which have been excavated; these made a dry crossing possible in rainy weather, and yet also afforded passage for chariot-wheels. The cut of her features seems to him Greek, her Hellenic ancestry unquestionable. All of his science of antiquity gradually puts itself at the service of this or other fancies connected with the relief.

Then, however, there obtrudes itself upon him a would-be scientific problem which demands solution. Now it is a matter of his passing a critical judgment "whether the artist had reproduced Gradiva's manner of walking from life." He cannot produce it in himself; in the search for the "real existence" of this gait, he arrives only at "observation from life for the purpose of enlightenment on the matter" (G. p. 9). This forces him, to be sure, to a mode of action utterly foreign to him. "Women had formerly been for him only a conception in marble or bronze, and he had never given his feminine contemporaries the least consideration." Society life has always seemed to him an unavoidable torture; young ladies whom he meets, in such connections, he fails to see and hear, to such a degree that, on the next encounter, he passes without greeting, which, of course, serves to place him in an unfavorable light with them. Now, however, the scientific task which he has imposed upon himself forces him in dry weather, but especially in wet weather, to observe diligently the feet of ladies and girls on the street, an activity which yields him many a displeased, and many an encouraging glance from those observed. "Yet one was as incomprehensible to him as the other." (G. p. 10.) As a result of these careful studies, he finds that Gradiva's gait can not be proved to exist really, a fact which fills him with regret and annoyance.

Soon afterwards he has a terribly frightful dream, which transports him to old Pompeii on the day of the eruption of Vesuvius, and makes him an eye-witness of the destruction of the city. "As he stood thus at the edge of the Forum near the Jupiter temple, he suddenly saw Gradiva a short distance in front of him. Until then no thought of her presence there had moved him, but now suddenly it seemed natural to him, as she was, of course, a Pompeiiian girl, that she was living in her native city and, *without his having*

any suspicion of it, was his contemporary.” (G. p. 11.) Fear about her impending fate draws from him a cry of warning, in answer to which the unperturbed apparition turns her face toward him. Unconcerned, she continues her way to the portico of the temple, sits down there on a step and slowly rests her head upon it, while her face keeps growing paler, as if it were turning to white marble. As he hastens after her, he finds her, with calm countenance, stretched out, as if sleeping, on the broad step; soon the rain of ashes buries her form.

When he awakes, he thinks he is still hearing the confused cries of the Pompeiians, who are seeking safety, and the dully resounding boom of the turbulent sea; but even after his returning senses have recognized these noises as the waking expressions of life in the noisy metropolis, he retains for some time the belief in the reality of what he has dreamed; when he has finally rid himself of the idea that he was really present, nearly two thousand years ago, at the destruction of Pompeii, there yet remains to him, as a firm conviction, the idea that Gradiva lived in Pompeii and was buried there in the year 79. His fancies about Gradiva, due to the after-effects of this dream, continue so that he now, for the first time, begins to mourn her as lost. ¹²

While he leans from his window, prepossessed with these ideas, a canary, warbling his song in a cage at an open window of the house opposite, attracts his attention. Suddenly something like a thrill passes through the man not yet completely awakened from his dream. He believes that he sees, in the street, a figure like that of his Gradiva, and even recognizes the gait characteristic of her; without deliberation he hastens to the street to overtake her, and the laughter and jeers of the people, at his unconventional, morning attire, first drive him quickly back home. In his room, it is again the singing canary in the cage who occupies him and stimulates him to a comparison with himself. He, too, is sitting in a cage, he finds, yet it is easier for him to leave his cage. As if from added after-effect of the dream, perhaps also under the influence of the mild spring air, he decides to take a spring trip to Italy, for which a scientific motive is soon found, even if “the impulse for travel had originated in a nameless feeling.” (G. p. 21.) ¹³

We will stop a moment at this most loosely motivated journey and take a closer look at the personality, as well as the activities of our hero. He seems to us still incomprehensible and foolish; we have no idea of how his special folly is to acquire enough human appeal to compel our interest. It is the privilege of the author of “Gradiva” to leave us in such a quandary; with his beauty of diction and his judicious selection of incident, he presently rewards our confidence and the undeserved sympathy which we still grant to his hero. Of the latter we learn that he is already destined by family tradition to be an antiquarian, has later, in isolation and independence, submerged himself completely in his science, and has withdrawn entirely from life and its pleasures. Marble and bronze are, for his feelings, the only things really alive and expressing the purpose and value of human life. Yet, perhaps with kind intent, Nature has put into his blood a thoroughly unscientific sort of corrective, a most lively imagination, which can impress itself not only on his dreams, but also on his waking life. By such separation of imagination and intellectual capacity, he is destined to be a poet or a neurotic, and he belongs to that race of beings whose realm is not of this world. So it happens that his interest is fixed upon a bas-relief which represents a girl walking in an unusual manner, that he spins a web of fancies about it, invents a name and an ancestry for it, and ¹⁴

transports the person created by him into Pompeii, which was buried more than eighteen hundred years ago. Finally, after a remarkable anxiety-dream he intensifies the fancy of the existence and destruction of the girl named Gradiva into a delusion which comes to influence his acts. These performances of imagination would appear to us strange and inscrutable, if we should encounter them in a really living person. As our hero, Norbert Hanold, is a creature of an author, we should like to ask the latter timidly if his fancy has been determined by any power other than his own arbitrariness.

We left our hero just as he is apparently being moved by the song of a canary to take a trip to Italy, the motive for which is apparently not clear to him. We learn, further, that neither destination nor purpose are firmly established in his mind. An inner restlessness and dissatisfaction drive him from Rome to Naples and farther on from there; he encounters the swarm of honeymoon travelers and, forced to notice the tender “Augustuses” and “Gretchens,” is utterly unable to understand the acts and impulses of the couples. He arrives at the conclusion that, of all the follies of humanity, “marriage, at any rate, took the prize as the greatest and most incomprehensible one, and the senseless wedding trips to Italy somehow capped the climax of this buffoonery.” (G. p. 28.) At Rome, disturbed in his sleep by the proximity of a loving couple, he flees, forthwith, to Naples, only to find there another “Augustus” and “Gretchen.” As he believes that he understands from their conversation that the majority of those bird-couples does not intend to nest in the rubbish of Pompeii, but to take flight to Capri, he decides to do what they do not do, and finds himself in Pompeii “contrary to expectations and intentions” a few days after the beginning of his journey,—without, however, finding there the peace which he seeks.

The rôle which, until then, has been played by the honeymoon couples, who made him uneasy and vexed his senses, is now assumed by house-flies, in which he is inclined to see the incarnation of absolute evil and worthlessness. The two tormentors blend into one; many fly-couples remind him of honeymoon travelers, address each other probably, in their language, also as “My only Augustus” and “My sweet Gretchen.”

Finally he cannot help admitting “that his dissatisfaction was certainly caused not by his surroundings alone, but to a degree found its origin in him.” (G. p. 35.) He feels that he is out of sorts because he lacks something without being able to explain what.

The next morning, he goes through the “ingresso” to Pompeii and after taking leave of the guide, roams aimlessly through the city, notably, however, without remembering that he has been present in a dream some time before at the destruction of Pompeii. Therefore in the “hot, holy” hour of noon, which the ancients, you know, considered the ghost-hour, when the other visitors have taken flight and the heap of ruins, desolate and steeped in sunlight, lies before him, there stirs in him the ability to transport himself back into the buried life, but not with the aid of science. “What it taught was a lifeless, archaeological view and what came from its mouth was a dead, philological language. These helped in no way to a comprehension with soul, mind and heart, as the saying is, but he, who possessed a desire for that, had to stand alone here, the only living person in the hot noonday silence, among the remains of the past, in order not to see with physical eyes nor hear with corporeal ears. Then—the dead awoke, and Pompeii began to live again.” (G. p. 45.) While thus, by means of his imagination, he endows the past with life, he suddenly sees, indubitably, the Gradiva of his bas-relief step out of a house and

buoyantly cross the lava stepping-stones, just as he had seen her in the dream that night when she had lain down to sleep on the steps of the Apollo temple. “With this memory he became conscious, for the first time, of something else; he had, without himself knowing the motive in his heart, come to Italy on that account and had, without stop, continued from Rome and Naples to Pompeii to see if he could here find trace of her—and that in a literal sense,—for, with her unusual gait, she must have left behind in the ashes a foot-print different from all the others” (G. p. 47).

The suspense, in which the author of “Gradiva” has kept us up to this point, mounts here, for a moment, to painful confusion. Not only because our hero has apparently lost his equilibrium, but also because, confronted with the appearance of Gradiva, who was formerly a plaster-cast and then a creation of imagination, we are lost. Is it a hallucination of our deluded hero, a “real” ghost, or a corporeal person? Not that we need to believe in ghosts to draw up this list. Jensen, who named his tale a “Fancy” has, of course, found no occasion, as yet, to explain to us whether he wishes to leave us in our world, decried as dull and ruled by the laws of science, or to conduct us into another fantastic one, in which reality is ascribed to ghosts and spirits. As “Hamlet” and “Macbeth” show, we are ready to follow him into such a place without hesitation. The delusion of the imaginative archaeologist would need, in that case, to be measured by another standard. Yes, when we consider how improbable must be the real existence of a person who faithfully reproduces in her appearance that antique bas-relief, our list shrinks to an alternative: hallucination or ghost of the noon hour. A slight touch in the description eliminates the former possibility. A large lizard lies stretched out, motionless, in the sunlight; it flees, however, before the approaching foot of Gradiva and wriggles away over the lava pavement. So, no hallucination; something outside of the mind of our dreamer. But ought the reality of a *rediviva* to be able to disturb a lizard?

Before the house of Meleager Gradiva disappears. We are not surprised that Norbert Hanold persists in his delusion that Pompeii has begun to live again about him in the noon hour of spirits, and that Gradiva has also returned to life and gone into the house where she lived before the fateful August day of the year 79. There dart through his mind keen conjectures about the personality of the owner, after whom the house may have been named, and about Gradiva’s relation to the latter; these show that his science has now given itself over completely to the service of his imagination. After entering this house, he again suddenly discovers the apparition, sitting on low steps between two yellow pillars. “Spread out on her knees lay something white which he was unable to distinguish clearly; it seemed to be a papyrus sheet—” (G. p. 54). Taking for granted his most recent suppositions about her ancestry, he speaks to her in Greek, awaiting timorously the determination of whether the power of speech may, perhaps, be granted to her in her phantom existence. As she does not answer, he changes the greeting to Latin. Then, from smiling lips, come the words ““If you wish to speak with me, you must do so in German.””

What embarrassment for us, the readers! Thus the author of “Gradiva” has made sport of us and decoyed us, as if by means of the refulgence of Pompeian sunshine, into a little delusion so that we may be milder in our judgment of the poor man, whom the real noonday sun actually burns; but we know now, after recovering from brief confusion, that Gradiva is a living German girl, a fact which we wish to reject as utterly improbable.

Reflecting calmly, we now await a discovery of what connection exists between the girl and the stone representation of her, and of how our young archaeologist acquired the fancies which hint at her real personality.

Our hero is not freed so quickly as we from the delusion, for, “Even if the belief brought happiness,” says our author, “it assumed everywhere, in the bargain, a considerable amount of incomprehensibility.” (G. p. 109.) Besides, this delusion probably has subjective roots of which we know nothing, which do not exist for us. He doubtless needs trenchant treatment to bring him back to reality. For the present he can do nothing but adapt the delusion to the wonderful discovery which he has just made. Gradiva, who had perished at the destruction of Pompeii, can be nothing but a ghost of the noon hour, who returns to life for the noon hour of spirits; but why, after the answer given in German, does the exclamation escape him: “I knew that your voice sounded like that”? Not only we, but the girl, too, must ask, and Hanold must admit that he has never heard her voice before, but expected to hear it in the dream, when he called to her, as she lay down to sleep on the steps of the temple. He begs her to repeat that action, but she then rises, directs a strange glance at him, and, after a few steps, disappears between the pillars of the court. A beautiful butterfly had, shortly before that, fluttered about her a few times; in his interpretation it had been a messenger from Hades, who was to admonish the departed one to return, as the noon hour of spirits had passed. The call, “Are you coming here again to-morrow in the noon hour?” Hanold can send after the disappearing girl. To us, however, who venture a more sober interpretation, it will seem that the young lady found something improper in the request which Hanold had made of her, and therefore, insulted, left him, as she could yet know nothing of his dream. May not her delicacy of feeling have realized the erotic nature of the request, which was prompted, for Hanold, only by the connection with his dream?

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After the disappearance of Gradiva, our hero examines all the guests at the Hotel Diomed table and soon also those of Hotel Suisse, and can then assure himself that in neither of the only two lodgings known to him in Pompeii is a person to be found, who possesses the most remote resemblance to Gradiva. Of course, he had rejected, as unreasonable, the supposition that he might really meet Gradiva in one of the two hostelries. The wine pressed on the hot soil of Vesuvius then helps to increase the day’s dizziness.

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The only certainty about the next day is that Norbert must again be in Meleager’s house at noon; and, awaiting the hour, he enters Pompeii over the old city-wall, a way which is against the rules. An asphodel cluster of white bell-flowers seems, as flower of the lower world, significant enough for him to pluck and carry away. All his knowledge of antiquity appears to him, however, while he is waiting, as the most purposeless and indifferent matter in the world, for another interest has acquired control of him, the problem, “what is the nature of the physical manifestation of a being like Gradiva, dead and alive at the same time, although the latter was true only in the noon hour of spirits?” (G. p. 64.) He is also worried lest to-day he may not meet the lady sought, because perhaps she may not be allowed to return for a long time, and when he again sees her between the pillars, he considers her appearance an illusion, which draws from him the grieved exclamation, “Oh, that you were still alive!” This time, however, he has evidently been too critical, for the apparition possesses a voice which asks him whether

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he wishes to bring her the white flower, and draws the man, who has again lost his composure, into a long conversation. Our author informs us, readers, to whom Gradiva has already become interesting as a living personality, that the ill-humored, and repellent glance of the day before has given way to an expression of searching inquisitiveness or curiosity. She really sounds him, demands, in explanation of his remark of the preceding day, when he had stood near her as she lay down to sleep, in this way learns of the dream in which she perished with her native city, then of the bas-relief, and of the position of the foot, which attracted the young archaeologist. Now she shows herself ready to demonstrate her manner of walking, whereby the substitution of light, sand-colored, fine-leather shoes for the sandals, which she explains as adaptation to the present, is established as the only deviation from the original relief of Gradiva. Apparently she is entering into his delusion, whose whole range she elicits from him, without once opposing him. Only once she seems to have been wrested from her rôle by a peculiar feeling when, his mind on the bas-relief, he asserts that he has recognized her at first glance. As, at this stage of the conversation, she, as yet, knows nothing of the relief, she must be on the point of misunderstanding Hanold's words, but she has immediately recovered herself again and only to us will many of her speeches appear to have a double meaning, besides their significance in connection with the delusion, a real, present meaning, as, for example, when she regrets that he did not succeed in confirming the Gradiva-gait on the street. "What a shame; perhaps you would not have needed to take the long journey here." (G. p. 71.) She learns also that he has named the bas-relief of her "Gradiva," and tells him that her real name is Zoë!

"The name suits you beautifully, but it sounds to me like bitter mockery, for "Zoë" means "life.""

"One must adapt himself to the inevitable," she responds. "And I have long accustomed myself to being dead."

With the promise to be at the same place again on the morrow, she takes leave of him, after she has obtained the asphodel cluster. "To those who are more fortunate one gives roses in spring, but for me the flower of oblivion is the right one from your hand." (G. p. 71.) Melancholy is suited to one so long dead, who has now returned to life for a few short hours.

We begin now to understand and to hope. If the young lady, in whose form Gradiva is again revived, accepts Hanold's delusion so completely, she does it probably to free him from it. No other course is open; by opposition, one would destroy that possibility. Even the serious treatment of a real condition of this kind could proceed no differently than to place itself first on the ground story of the delusion-structure, and investigate it then as thoroughly as possible. If Zoë is the right person, we shall soon learn how one cures delusions like those of our hero. We should also like to know how such a delusion originates. It would be very striking, and yet not without example and parallel, if the treatment and investigation of the delusion should coincide and, while it is being analyzed, result in the explanation of its origin. We have a suspicion, of course, that our case might then turn out to be an "ordinary" love story, but one may not scorn love as a healing power for delusions; and was not our hero's captivation by the Gradiva-relief also a complete infatuation, directed, to be sure, at the past and lifeless?

After Gradiva's disappearance, there is heard once more a distant sound like the merry

note of a bird flying over the city of ruins. The man who has remained behind picks up something white, which Gradiva has left, not a papyrus leaf, but a sketch-book with pencil drawings of Pompeii. We should say that the fact that she has forgotten the little book, in this place, is a pledge of her return, for we assert that one forgets nothing without a secret reason or a hidden motive.

The remainder of the day brings to our hero all sorts of remarkable discoveries and facts, which he neglects to fit together. In the wall of the portico where Gradiva disappeared, he notices to-day a narrow cleft, which is, however, wide enough to afford passage to an unusually slender figure. He recognizes the fact that Zoë-Gradiva does not need to sink into the ground here, an idea which is so senseless that he is now ashamed of the discarded belief, but that she uses this route to go back to her tomb. A faint shadow seems to him to dissolve at the end of the Street of Tombs, before the so-called Villa of Diomede. Dizzy, as on the previous day, and occupied with the same problem, he wanders now about Pompeii, wondering of what physical nature Zoë-Gradiva may be and whether one might feel anything if one touched her hand. A peculiar impulse urges him to undertake this experiment and yet an equally great timidity in connection with the idea restrains him. On a hot, sunny slope he meets an older man who, from his equipment, must be a zoölogist or a botanist, and seems to be busy catching things. The latter turns to him and says, ““Are you interested in *Faraglioneensis*? I should hardly have supposed it, but it seems thoroughly probable that they are found not only in the *Faraglioni* of Capri, but also dwell permanently on the mainland. The method suggested by my colleague, Eimer, is really good; I have already used it often with the best of success. Please remain quite still,”—(G. p. 76.) The speaker stops talking then, and holds a little snare, made of a long grassblade, before a narrow crevice, from which the blue, chatoyant, little head of a lizard peeps. Hanold leaves the lizard-hunter with the critical thought that it is hardly credible what foolishly remarkable purposes can cause people to make the long trip to Pompeii, in which criticism he does not, of course, include himself and his intention of seeking foot-prints of Gradiva in the ashes of Pompeii. The gentleman’s face, moreover, seems familiar to him, as if he has noticed it casually in one of the two hotels; the man’s manner of addressing him has also sounded as if directed at an acquaintance. As he continues his wandering, a side street leads him to a house not previously discovered by him; this proves to be the Albergo del Sole. The hotel-keeper, who is not busy avails himself of the opportunity to recommend highly his house and the excavated treasures in it. He asserts that he was present when there were found near the Forum the young lovers who, on realizing their inevitable destruction, had clasped each other in firm embrace and thus awaited death. Hanold has already heard of that before and shrugged his shoulders over it, as a fabulous invention of some especially imaginative narrator, but to-day the words of the hotel-keeper awaken in him credulity, which soon stretches itself more when the former brings forth a metal brooch encrusted with green patina, which, in his presence, was gathered, with the remains of the girl, from the ashes. He secures this brooch, without further critical consideration, and when, as he is leaving the hotel, he sees in an open window, nodding down, a cluster of white asphodel blossoms, the sight of the grave-flower thrills him as an attestation of the genuineness of his new possession.

With this brooch, however, a new delusion takes possession of him or, rather, the old

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one continues for a while, apparently not a good omen for the treatment which has been started. Not far from the Forum, a couple of young lovers were excavated in an embrace, and in the dream he saw Gradiva lie down to sleep in that very neighborhood, at the Apollo temple. Was it not possible, that in reality she went still farther from the Forum to meet there some one with whom she then died?

A tormenting feeling, which we can perhaps compare to jealousy, originates from this supposition. He appeases it by referring to the uncertainty of the combination, and so far regains his senses as to be able to have his evening meal in Hotel Diomed. His attention is attracted by two, newly-arrived guests, a man and a woman, whom, because of a certain resemblance, he considers brother and sister—in spite of the difference in the color of their hair. They are the first people whom he has encountered on this trip who seem possibly congenial. A red Sorrento rose, which the young girl wears, awakes in him some memory—he can not recall what. Finally he goes to bed and dreams; it is remarkable nonsense, but apparently concocted of the day's experiences. "Somewhere in the sun Gradiva sat making a trap out of a blade of grass, in order to catch a lizard and she said, 'Please stay quite still—my colleague is right; the method is really good, and she has used it with greatest success!'" He resists the dream, even in his sleep, with the criticism that it is, of course, utter madness, and he succeeds in getting rid of it with the aid of an invisible bird, who utters a short, merry call and carries the lizard away in his beak.

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In spite of all this ghostly visitation, he awakes rather cleared and settled mentally. A rose-bush, which bears flowers of the kind that he noticed yesterday on the young lady, recalls to him that in the night, some one said that in the spring one gave roses. He plucks some of the roses, involuntarily, and there must be some association with these which has a liberating effect upon his mind. Rid of his aversion to human beings, he takes the customary road to Pompeii, laden with the roses, the brooch and the sketch-book, and occupied by the different problems relating to Gradiva. The old delusion has become full of flaws; he already doubts if she is permitted to stay in Pompeii in the noon hour only, and not at other times. Emphasis, on that account, is transferred to the object recently acquired, and the jealousy connected with it torments him in all sorts of disguises. He might almost wish that the apparition should remain visible to only his eyes and escape the notice of others; in that way, he might consider her his exclusive property. During his ramble awaiting the noon hour, he has a surprising encounter. In the Casa del Fauno he happens upon two people who doubtless believe themselves undiscoverable in a nook, for they are embracing each other and their lips meet. With amazement he recognizes in them the congenial couple of yesterday evening; but for brother and sister their present position, the embrace and the kiss are of too long duration. So it is a couple of lovers, probably a young bridal-couple, another Augustus and Gretchen. Strange to relate, the sight of this now arouses in him nothing but pleasure, and fearful, as if he had disturbed a secret act of devotion, he withdraws unobserved. A deference which has long been lacking in him has been restored.

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Arriving at Meleager's house, he is afraid that he may find Gradiva in the company of another man, and becomes so excited about it that he can find no other greeting for her than the question: "Are you alone?" With difficulty she makes him realize that he has picked the roses for her; he confesses to her the latest delusion, that she is the girl who

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was found in the Forum in her lover's embrace and to whom the green brooch had belonged. Not without mockery, she inquires if he found the piece in the sun. The latter—here called "Sole"—brings to light many things of that sort. As cure for the dizziness, which he admits, she proposes to him to share a lunch with her and offers him half of a piece of white bread wrapped in tissue paper; the other half of this she consumes with apparent appetite. Thereat her faultless teeth gleam between her lips and, in biting the crust, cause a slight crunching sound. To her remark, "It seems to me as if we had already eaten our bread thus together once two thousand years ago. Can't you remember it?" (G. p. 93) he cannot answer, but the strengthening of his mind by the nourishment, and all the evidences of present time in her do not fail to have effect on him. Reason stirs in him and makes him doubt the whole delusion that Gradiva is only a noonday Ghost; on the other hand, there is the objection that she, herself, has just said that she had already shared her repast with him two thousand years ago. As a means of settling this conflict there occurs to him an experiment which he executes with slyness and restored courage. Her left hand, with its slender fingers, is resting on her knees, and one of the house-flies, about whose boldness and worthlessness he formerly became so indignant, alights on this hand. Suddenly Hanold's hand rises and claps, with no gentle stroke, on the fly and on Gradiva's hand. This bold experiment affords him twofold success, first the joyous conviction that he actually touched a really living, warm hand, then, however, a reprimand, before which he starts up in terror from his seat on the step. For from Gradiva's lips come the words, after she has recovered from her amazement, "You are surely apparently crazy, Norbert Hanold."

Calling a person by name is recognized as the best method of awakening him, when he is sleeping, or of awakening a somnambulist. Unfortunately we are not permitted to observe the results, for Norbert Hanold, of Gradiva's calling his name, which he had told to no one in Pompeii. For at this critical moment, the congenial lovers appear from the Casa del Fauno and the young lady calls, in a tone of pleasant surprise, "Zoë! You here, too? and also on your honeymoon? You have not written me a word about it, you know!" Before this new proof of the living reality of Gradiva, Hanold flees. 35

Zoë-Gradiva, too, is not most pleasantly surprised by the unexpected visit which disturbs her, it seems, in an important piece of work. Soon composed, she answers the question with a glib speech, in which she informs her friend, and especially us, about the situation; and thereby she knows how to get rid of the young couple. She extends her compliments, but she is not on her wedding-trip. "The young man who just went out is laboring also under a remarkable delusion; it seems to me that he believes a fly is buzzing in his head; well, every one has, of course, some kind of bee in his bonnet. As is my duty, I have some knowledge of entomology and can, therefore, be of a little service in such cases. My father and I live in the "Sole"; he, too, had a sudden and pleasing idea of bringing me here with him if I would be responsible for my own entertainment and make no demands upon him. I said to myself that I should certainly dig up something interesting alone here. Of course I had not reckoned at all on the find which I made—I mean the good fortune of meeting you, Gisa." (G. p. 97.) Zoë now feels obliged to leave at once, to be company for her father at the "Sole." So she goes, after she has introduced herself to us as the daughter of the zoölogist and lizard-catcher, and has admitted in ambiguous words her therapeutic intentions and other secret ones. The direction which 36

she takes is not that of the Sun Hotel, in which her father is awaiting her, but it seems to her, too, that in the region of the Villa of Diomede a shadowy form is seeking its burial-place and disappears under one of the monuments; therefore, with foot poised each time almost perpendicularly, she directs her steps to the Street of Tombs. Thither, in shame and confusion, Hanold has fled, and is wandering up and down in the portico of the court without stopping, occupied with settling the rest of his problem by mental efforts. One thing has become unimpeachably clear to him; that he was utterly foolish and irrational to believe that he communed with a young Pompeiian girl who had become more or less physically alive, again; and this clear insight into his madness forms incontestably an essential bit of progress in the return to sound reason. On the other hand, however, this living girl, with whom other people also communicate, as with one of a corporeal reality like theirs, is Gradiva, and she knows his name; for the solution of this riddle his scarcely awakened reason is not strong enough. Emotionally, also, he is not calm enough to be equal to so difficult a task, for he would most gladly have been buried two thousand years ago in the Villa of Diomede, only to be sure of never meeting Zoë-Gradiva again. A violent longing to see her struggles, meanwhile, with the remnants of the inclination to flee, which has persisted in him.

Turning at one of the four corners of the colonnade, he suddenly recoils. On a fragmentary wall-ruin there sits one of the girls who met death here in the Villa of Diomede; but that attempt to take refuge again in the realm of madness is soon put aside; no, it is Gradiva, who has apparently come to give him the last bit of her treatment. She interprets rightly his first instinctive movement to flee, as an attempt to leave the place, and points out to him that he cannot escape, for outside a frightful cloudburst is in progress. The merciless girl begins the examination with the question as to what he intended in connection with the fly on her hand. He does not find courage to make use of a definite pronoun, but acquires the more valuable kind needed to put the deciding question. 37

“I was—as they say—somewhat confused mentally and ask pardon that I—the hand—in that way—how I could be so stupid, I can’t understand—but I can’t understand either how its owner could use my name in upbraiding me for my—my madness.” (G. p. 105.) 38

“Your power of understanding has not yet progressed that far, Norbert Hanold. Of course, I cannot be surprised, for you have long ago accustomed me to it. To make that discovery again I should not have needed to come to Pompeii, and you could have confirmed it for me a good hundred miles nearer.” 39

“A hundred miles nearer; diagonally across from your house, in the corner house; in my window, in a cage, is a canary,” she discloses to the still bewildered man. 40

This last word touches the hero like a memory from afar. That is surely the same bird whose song has suggested to him the trip to Italy. 41

“In that house lives my father, Richard Bertgang, professor of zoölogy.” 42

As his neighbor, therefore, she is acquainted with him and his name. It seems as if the disappointment of a superficial solution is threatening us—a solution unworthy of our expectations. 43

As yet Norbert Hanold shows no regained independence of thought, when he repeats,— 44
 “Then are you—are you Miss Zoë Bertgang? But she looked quite different—”

Miss Bertgang's answer shows then that other relations besides those of neighborliness have existed between them. She knows how to intercede for the familiar manner of address, which he has, of course, used to the noonday spirit, but withdrawn again from the living girl; she makes former privileges of use to her here. "If you find that form of address more suitable between us, I can use it too, you know, but the other came to me more naturally. I don't know whether I looked different when we used to run about before with each other as friends, every day, and occasionally beat and cuffed each other for a change, but if, in recent years, you had favored me with even one glance you might perhaps have seen that I have looked like this for a long time."

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A childhood friendship had therefore existed between the two, perhaps a childhood love, from which the familiar form of address derived its justification. Isn't this solution perhaps as superficial as the one first supposed? The fact that it occurs to us that this childhood relation explains in an unexpected way so many details of what has occurred in the present intercourse between them makes the matter essentially deeper. Does it not seem that the blow on Zoë-Gradiva's hand which Norbert Hanold has so splendidly motivated by the necessity of solving, experimentally, the question of the physical existence of the apparition, is, from another standpoint, remarkably similar to a revival of the impulse for "beating and cuffing," whose sway in childhood Zoë's words have testified to? And when Gradiva puts to the archaeologist the question whether it does not seem to him that they have once already, two thousand years ago, shared their luncheon, does not the incomprehensible question become suddenly senseful, when we substitute for the historical past the personal childhood, whose memories persist vividly for the girl, but seem to be forgotten by the young man? Does not the idea suddenly dawn upon us that the fancies of the young man about his Gradiva may be an echo of his childhood memories? Then they would, therefore, be no arbitrary products of his imagination, but determined, without his knowing it, by the existing material of childhood impressions already forgotten, but still active in him. We must be able to point out in detail the origin of these fancies, even if only by conjecture. If, for instance, Gradiva must be of pure Greek ancestry, the daughter of a respected man, perhaps of a priest of Ceres, that predisposes us fairly well for an after-effect of the knowledge of her Greek name—Zoë, and of her membership in the family of a professor of zoölogy. If, however, these fancies of Hanold's are transformed memories, we may expect to find in the disclosures of Zoë Bertgang, the suggestion of the sources of these fancies. Let us listen; she tells us of an intimate friendship of childhood; we shall soon learn what further development this childhood relation had in both.

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"Then up to the time when people call us "Backfisch," for some unknown reason, I had really acquired a remarkable attachment for you and thought that I could never find a more pleasing friend in the world. Mother, sister, or brother I had not, you know; to my father a slow-worm in alcohol was far more interesting than I, and people (I count girls such) must surely have something with which they can occupy their thoughts and the like. Then you were that something, but when archaeology overcame you, I made the discovery that you—excuse the familiarity, but your new formality sounds absurd to me—I was saying that I imagined that you had become an intolerable person, who had no longer, at least for me, an eye in his head, a tongue in his mouth, nor any of the memories that I retained of our childhood friendship. So I probably looked different from

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what I did formerly for when, occasionally, I met you at a party, even last winter, you did not look at me and I did not hear your voice; in this, of course, there was nothing that marked me out especially, for you treated all the others in the same way. To you I was but air, and you, with your shock of light hair, which I had formerly pulled so often, were as boresome, dry and tongue-tied as a stuffed cockatoo and at the same time as grandiose as an—archaeopteryx; I believe the excavated antediluvian bird-monster is so called; but that your head harbored an imagination so magnificent as here in Pompeii to consider me as something excavated and restored to life—I had not surmised that of you; and when you suddenly stood before me unexpectedly, it cost me some effort at first to understand what kind of incredible fancy your imagination had invented. Then I was amused and, in spite of its madness, it was not entirely displeasing to me. For, as I said, I had not expected it of you.” (G. p. 107.)

So she thus tells us clearly enough what, with the years, has become of the childhood friendship for both of them. With her it expanded into an intense love affair, for one must have something, you know, to which one, that is, a girl, pins her affections. Miss Zoë, the incarnation of cleverness and clarity, makes her psychic life, too, quite transparent for us. If it is already the general rule for a normal girl that she first turns her affection to her father, she is especially ready to do it, she who has no one but her father in her family; but this father has nothing left for her; the objects of science have captured all his interest. So she has to look around for another person and clings with especial fervor to the playmate of her youth. When he, too, no longer has any eyes for her, it does not destroy her love, rather augments it, for he has become like her father, like him absorbed by science and, by it, isolated from life and from Zoë. So it is granted to her to be faithful in unfaithfulness, to find her father again in her beloved, to embrace both with the same feeling as we may say, to make them both identical in her emotions. Where do we get justification for this little psychological analysis, which may easily seem autocratic? In a single, but intensely characteristic detail the author of the romance gives it to us. When Zoë pictures for us the transformation of the playmate of her youth, which seems so sad for her, she insults him by a comparison with the archaeopteryx, that bird-monster which belongs to the archaeology of zoölogy. So she has found a single, concrete expression for identifying the two people; her resentment strikes the beloved as well as the father with the same word. The archaeopteryx is, so to speak, the compromise, or intermediary representation in which the folly of her beloved coincides with her thought of an analogous folly of her father.

With the young man, things have taken a different turn. The science of antiquity overcame him and left to him interest only in the women of bronze and stone. The childhood friendship died, instead of developing into a passion, and the memories of it passed into such absolute forgetfulness that he does not recognize nor pay any attention to the friend of his youth, when he meets her in society. Of course, when we continue our observations, we may doubt if “forgetfulness” is the right psychological term for the fate of these memories of our archaeologist. There is a kind of forgetting which distinguishes itself by the difficulty with which the memory is awakened, even by strong objective appeals, as if a subjective resistance struggled against the revival. Such forgetting has received the name “repression” in psychopathology; the case which Jensen has presented to us seems to be an example of repression. Now we do not know, in general, whether, in

psychic life, forgetting an impression is connected with the destruction of its memory-trace; about repression we can assert with certainty that it does not coincide with the destruction, the obliteration, of the memory. The repressed material cannot, as a rule, break through, of itself, as a memory, but remains potent and effective. Some day, under external influence, it causes psychic results which one may accept as products of transformation or as remnants of forgotten memories; and if one does not view them as such, they remain incomprehensible. In the fancies of Norbert Hanold about Gradiva, we thought we recognized already the remnants of the repressed memories of his childhood friendship with Zoë Bertgang. Quite legitimately one may expect such a recurrence of the repressed material, if the man's erotic feelings cling to the repressed ideas, if his erotic life has been involved in the repression. Then there is truth in the old Latin proverb which was perhaps originally aimed at expulsion through external influences, not at inner conflict: "You may drive out natural disposition with a two-pronged fork, but it will always return," but it does not tell all, announces only the fact of the recurrence of repressed material, and does not describe at all the most remarkable manner of this recurrence, which is accomplished as if by malicious treason; the very thing which has been chosen as a means of repression,—like the "two-pronged fork" of the proverb—becomes the carrier of the thing recurring; in and behind the agencies of repression the material repressed finally asserts itself victoriously. A well-known etching by Félicien Rops illustrates this fact, which is generally overlooked and lacks acceptance, more impressively than many explanations could; and he does it in the typical case of the repression in the lives of saints and penitents. From the temptations of the world, an ascetic monk has sought refuge in the image of the crucified Savior. Then, phantom-like, this cross sinks and, in its stead, there rises shining, the image of a voluptuous, unclad woman, in the same position of the crucifixion. Other painters of less psychological insight have, in such representations of temptation, depicted sin as bold and triumphant, near the Savior on the cross. Rops, alone, has allowed it to take the place of the Savior on the cross; he seems to have known that the thing repressed proceeds, at its recurrence, from the agency of repression, itself.

If Norbert Hanold were a living person, who had, by means of archaeology, driven love and the memory of his childhood friendship out of his life, it would now be legitimate and correct that an antique relief should awaken in him the forgotten memory of the girl beloved in his childhood; it would be his well-deserved fate to have fallen in love with the stone representation of Gradiva, behind which, by virtue of an unexplained resemblance, the living and neglected Zoë becomes effective. 50

Miss Zoë, herself, seems to share our conception of the delusion of the young archaeologist, for the pleasure which she expresses at the end of her "unreserved, detailed and instructive lecture" is hardly based on anything other than her readiness to refer his entire interest in Gradiva to her person. This is exactly what she does not believe him capable of and what, in spite of all the disguises of the delusion, she recognizes as such. Her psychic treatment of him has a beneficent effect; he feels himself free, as the delusion is now replaced by that of which it can be only a distorted and unsatisfactory copy. He immediately remembers and recognizes her as his good, cheerful, clever comrade who has not changed essentially; but he finds something else most strange— 51

"That a person must die to become alive again;" says the girl, "but for archaeologists, 52

that is, of course necessary.” (G. p. 110.) She has apparently not yet pardoned him for the *détour* which he made from the childhood friendship through the science of antiquity to this relation which has recently been established.

“No, I mean your name—Because Bertgang has the same meaning as Gradiva and signifies “the splendid one splendid in walking.”” (G. p. 110.) 53

Even we are not prepared for that. Our hero begins to rise from his humility and to play an active rôle. He is, apparently, entirely cured of his delusion, lifted far above it, and proves this by tearing asunder the last threads of the web of delusion. Patients, also, who have been freed from the compulsion of their delusion, by the disclosure of the repression behind it, always act in just that way. When they have once understood, they themselves offer the solutions for the last and most significant riddles of their strange condition in suddenly emerging ideas. We had already believed, of course, that the Greek ancestry of the mythical Gradiva was an after-effect of the Greek name, Zoë, but with the name, Gradiva, we had ventured nothing; we had supposed it the free creation of Norbert Hanold’s imagination and behold! this very name now shows itself to be a remnant, really a translation of the repressed family-name of the supposedly forgotten beloved of his youth. 54

The derivation and solution of the delusion are now completed. What follows may well serve as a harmonious conclusion of the tale. In regard to the future, it can have only a pleasant effect on us, if the rehabilitation of the man, who formerly had to play the lamentable rôle of one needing to be cured, progresses, and he succeeds in awakening in the girl some of the emotions which he formerly experienced. Thus it happens that he makes her jealous by mentioning the congenial young lady, who disturbed them in Meleager’s house, and by the acknowledgment that the latter was the first girl who had impressed him much. When Zoë is then about to take a cool departure, with the remark that now everything is reasonable again, she herself not least of all, that he might look up Gisa Hartleben, or whatever her name might now be, and be of scientific assistance to her about the purpose of her stay in Pompeii, but she has to go now to the Albergo del Sole where her father is already waiting for her at lunch, perhaps they may see each other again sometime at a party in Germany or on the moon, he seizes upon the troublesome fly as a means of taking possession of her cheek, first, and then of her lips, and assumes the aggressive, which is the duty of a man in the game of love. Only once more does a shadow seem to fall on their happiness, when Zoë reminds him that now she must really go to her father, who will otherwise starve in the “Sole.” “Your father——what will he—?” (G. p. 115.) 55

But the clever girl knows how to silence the apprehension quickly: “Probably he will do nothing; I am not an indispensable piece in his zoölogical collection; if I were, my heart would probably not have clung to you so unwisely.” Should the father, however, by way of exception, in this case, have an opinion different from hers, there is a sure method. Hanold needs only to go over to Capri, there catch a *lacerta faraglioneensis*, for which purpose he may practise the technique on her little finger, then set the animal free again here, catch it before the eyes of the zoölogist and give him the choice of the *faraglioneensis* on the mainland or his daughter, a proposal in which mockery, as one may easily note, is combined with bitterness, an admonition to the betrothed, also, not to follow too closely the model after which his beloved has chosen him. Norbert Hanold 56

sets us at rest on this matter, as he expresses, by all sorts of apparently trivial symptoms, the great transformation which has come over him. He voices the intention of taking a wedding trip with his Zoë to Italy and Pompeii, as if he had never been indignant at the newly-married travelers, Augustus and Gretchen. His feelings towards this happy couple, who so unnecessarily traveled more than one hundred miles from their German home, have entirely disappeared from his memory. Certainly the author is right when he cites such weakening of memory as the most valuable mark of a mental change. Zoë replies to the announced desire about the destination of their journey, “*by her childhood friend who had, in a way, also been excavated from the ashes,*” (G. p. 117), that she does not yet feel quite alive enough for such geographical decision.

Beautiful reality has now triumphed over the delusion. Yet an honor still awaits the latter before the two leave Pompeii. When they have arrived at the Hercules Gate, where, at the beginning of the Strada Consolare, old stepping-stones cross the street, Norbert Hanold stops and asks the girl to go ahead. She understands him, and “raising her dress slightly with her left hand, *Gradiva rediviva* Zoë Bertgang, viewed by him with dreamily observing eyes, crossed with her calmly buoyant walk, through the sunlight, over the stepping-stones.” With the triumph of eroticism, what was beautiful and valuable in the delusion is now acknowledged. 57

With the last comparison of “the childhood friend excavated from the ashes,” the author of the story has, however, put into our hand the key of the symbolism which the delusion of the hero made use of in the disguise of the repressed memory. There is no better analogy for repression, which at the same time makes inaccessible and conserves something psychic, than the burial which was the fate of Pompeii, and from which the city was able to arise again through work with the spade. Therefore in his imagination the young archaeologist had to transport to Pompeii the original figure of the relief which reminded him of the forgotten beloved of his youth. Jensen, however, had a good right to linger over the significant resemblance which his fine sense traced out between a bit of psychic occurrence in the individual and a single historical event in the history of man. 58

Note 1. Freud: *Traumdeutung*, 1900. (Leipzig and Wien, 1911) translated by A. A. Brill, M.D., Ph.B. *Interpretation of Dreams*, N. Y., 1913. [[back](#)]

Part II. Delusion and Dream in Wilhelm Jensen's *Gradiva* by Dr. Sigmund Freud Section II

It was really our intention to investigate with the aid of definite analytic method only the two or three dreams which are found in the tale “*Gradiva*”; how did it happen then that we allowed ourselves to be carried away with the analysis of the whole story and the examination of the psychic processes of the two chief characters? Well, that was no superfluous work, but a necessary preparation. Even when we wish to understand the real dreams of an actual person, we must concern ourselves intensively with the character and the fortunes of this person, not only the experiences shortly before the dream, but also those of the remote past. I think, however, that we are not yet free to turn to our real task, 1

but must still linger over the piece of fiction itself, and perform more preparatory work.

Our readers will, of course, have noticed with surprise that till now we have considered Norbert Hanold and Zoë Bertgang in all their psychic expressions and activities, as if they were real individuals and not creatures of an author, as if the mind of their creator were absolutely transparent, not a refractory and cloudy medium; and our procedure must seem all the more surprising when the author of "Gradiva" expressly disavows the portrayal of reality by calling his tale a "Fancy." We find, however, that all his pictures copy reality so faithfully that we should not contradict if "Gradiva" were called not a "Fancy," but a study in psychiatry. Only in two points has Wilhelm Jensen made use of his license, to create suppositions which do not seem to have roots in the earth of actual law: first, when he has the young archaeologist find a genuinely antique bas-relief which, not only in the detail of the position of the foot in walking, but in all details, the shape of the face, and the bearing, copies a person living much later, so that he can consider the physical manifestation of this person to be the cast endowed with life; second, when the hero is caused to meet the living girl in Pompeii, whither his fancy has transported the dead girl, while he separates himself, by the journey to Pompeii, from the living girl, whom he has noticed on the street of his home city; this second instance is no tremendous deviation from the possibilities of life; it asks aid only of chance, which undeniably plays a part in so many human fates, and, moreover, makes it reasonable, for this chance reflects again the destiny which has decreed that through flight one is delivered over to the very thing that one is fleeing from. More fantastic, and originating solely in the author's arbitrariness, seems the first supposition which brings in its train the detailed resemblance of the cast to the living girl, where moderation might have limited the conformity to the one trait of the position of the foot in walking. One might then have tried to let one's own imagination play in order to establish connection with reality. The name Bertgang might point to the fact that the women of that family had been distinguished, even in ancient times, by the characteristic of a beautiful gait, and by heredity the German Bertgang was connected with those Romans, a woman of whose family had caused the ancient artist to fix in a bas-relief the peculiarity of her walk. As the individual variations of human structure are, however, not independent of one another, and as the ancient types, which we come upon in the collections, are actually always emerging again in our midst, it would not be entirely impossible that a modern Bertgang should repeat again the form of her ancient forbear, even in all the other traits of her physique. Inquiry of the author of the story for the sources of this creation might well be wiser than such speculation; a good prospect of solving again a bit of supposed arbitrariness would probably then appear. As, however, we have not access to the psychic life of the author, we leave to him the undiminished right of building up a thoroughly valid development on an improbable supposition, a right which Shakspeare, for example, has asserted in "King Lear."

Otherwise, we wish to repeat, Wilhelm Jensen has given us an absolutely correct study in psychiatry, in which we may measure our understanding of psychic life, a story of illness and cure adapted to the inculcation of certain fundamental teachings of medical psychology. Strange enough that he should have done this! What if, in reply to questioning, he should deny this intention? It is so easy to draw comparisons and to put constructions on things. Are we not rather the ones who have woven secret meanings,

which were foreign to him, into the beautiful poetic tale? Possibly; we shall come back to that later. As a preliminary, however, we have tried to refrain from interpretations with that tendency, by reproducing the story, in almost every case, from the very words of the writer; and we have had him furnish text as well as commentary, himself. Any one who will compare our text with that of “Gradiva” will have to grant this.

Perhaps in the judgment of the majority we are doing a poor service for him when we declare his work a study in psychiatry. An author is to avoid all contact with psychiatry, we are told, and leave to physicians the portrayal of morbid psychic conditions. In reality no true author has ever heeded this commandment. The portrayal of the psychic life of human beings is, of course, his most especial domain; he was always the precursor of science and of scientific psychology. The borderline between normal and morbid psychic conditions is, in a way, a conventional one, and, in another way, in such a state of flux that probably every one of us oversteps it many times in the course of a day. On the other hand, psychiatry would do wrong to wish to limit itself continually to the study of those serious and cloudy illnesses which arise from rude disturbances of the delicate psychic apparatus. It has no less interest in the lesser and adjustable deviations from the normal which we cannot yet trace back farther than disturbances in the play of psychic forces; indeed, it is by means of these that it can understand normal conditions, as well as the manifestations of serious illness. Thus the author cannot yield to the psychiatrist nor the psychiatrist to the author, and the poetic treatment of a theme from psychiatry may result correctly without damage to beauty.

The imaginative representation of the story of illness and its treatment, which we can survey better after finishing the story and relieving our own suspense, is really correct. Now we wish to reproduce it with the technical expressions of our science, in doing which it will not be necessary to repeat what has already been related.

Norbert Hanold’s condition is called a “delusion” often enough by the author of the story, and we also have no reason to reject this designation. We can mention two chief characteristics of “delusion,” by which it is not, of course exhaustively described, but is admittedly differentiated from other disturbances. It belongs first to that group of illnesses which do not directly affect the physical, but express themselves only by psychic signs, and it is distinguished secondly by the fact that “fancies” have assumed control, that is, are believed and have acquired influence on actions. If we recall the journey to Pompeii to seek in the ashes the peculiarly-formed foot-prints of Gradiva, we have in it a splendid example of an act under the sway of the delusion. The psychiatrist would perhaps assign Norbert Hanold’s delusion to the great group of paranoia and designate it as a “fetichistic erotomania,” because falling in love with the bas-relief would be the most striking thing to him and because, to his conception, which coarsens everything, the interest of the young archaeologist in the feet and foot-position of women must seem suspiciously like fetichism. All such names and divisions of the different kinds of delusion are, however, substantially useless and awkward. 1

The old-school psychiatrist would, moreover, stamp our hero as a *dégénéré*, because he is a person capable, on account of such strange predilections, of developing a delusion, and would investigate the heredity which has unrelentingly driven him to such a fate. In this, however, Jensen does not follow him; with good reason, he brings us nearer to the hero to facilitate for us aesthetic sympathy with him; with the diagnosis “*dégénéré*,”

whether or not it may be justifiable to us scientifically, the young archaeologist is at once moved farther from us, for we, readers, are, of course, normal people and the measure of humanity. The essential facts of heredity and constitution in connection with this condition also concern the author of "Gradiva" little; instead, he is engrossed in the personal, psychic state which can give rise to such a delusion.

In an important point, Norbert Hanold acts quite differently from ordinary people. He has no interest in the living woman; science, which he serves, has taken this interest from him and transferred it to women of stone or bronze. Let us not consider this an unimportant peculiarity; it is really the basis of the story, for one day it happens that a single such bas-relief claims for itself all the interest which would otherwise belong only to the living woman, and thereby originates the delusion. Before our eyes there is then unfolded the story of how this delusion is cured by a fortunate set of circumstances, the interest transferred back again from the cast to the living girl. The author of the story does not allow us to trace the influences because of which our hero begins to avoid women; he only suggests to us that such conduct is not explained by his predisposition which is invested with a rather fanciful—we might add, erotic—need. We learn later also that in his childhood he did not avoid other children; he was then friendly with the little girl, was inseparable from her, shared with her his lunches, cuffed her, and was pulled around by her. In such attachment, such a combination of tenderness and aggression, is expressed the incomplete eroticism of child life, which expresses its activities first spitefully and then irresistibly and which, during childhood, only physicians and writers usually recognize as eroticism. Our author gives us to understand clearly that he has those intentions, for he suddenly causes to awaken in his hero, with suitable motive, a lively interest in the gait and foot-position of women, an interest which, in science, as well as among the ladies of his home-city, must bring him into disrepute as a foot-fetichist, and is to us, however, necessarily derived from the memory of his childhood playmate. The girl, to be sure, was characterized, as a child, by the beautiful walk with her foot almost perpendicular as she stepped out, and through the portrayal of this very gait an antique bas-relief later acquired for Norbert Hanold great significance. Let us add, moreover, immediately, that the author of "Gradiva" stands in complete agreement with science in regard to the derivation of the remarkable manifestation of fetichism. Since the investigations by Binet we really try to trace fetichism back to erotic impressions of childhood.

The condition of continued avoidance of women gives the personal qualification, as we say, the disposition for the formation of a delusion; the development of psychic disturbance begins at the moment when a chance impression awakens the forgotten childhood experiences which are emphasized in an erotic way that is at least traceable. Awakened is really not the right term, however, when we consider the further results. We must reproduce our author's correct representation in a mode of expression artistically correct, and psychological. On seeing the relief Norbert Hanold does not remember that he has seen such a foot-position in the friend of his youth; he certainly does not remember and yet every effect of the relief proceeds from such connection with the impression of his childhood. The childhood-impression, stirred, becomes active, so that it begins to show activity, though it does not appear in consciousness, but remains "unconscious," a term which we now use unavoidably in psychopathology. This term

“unconscious” we should now like to see withdrawn from all the conflicts of philosophers and natural philosophers, which have only etymological significance. For psychic processes which are active and yet at the same time do not come through into the consciousness of the person referred to, we have at present no better name and we mean nothing else by “unconsciousness.” If many thinkers wish to dispute as unreasonable the existence of such an unconscious, we think they have never busied themselves with analogous psychic phenomena, and are under the spell of the common idea that everything psychic which is active and intensive becomes, thereby, at the same time, conscious, and they have still to learn what our author knows very well, that there are, of course, psychic processes, which, in spite of the fact that they are intensive and show energetic activities, remain far removed from consciousness.

We said once that the memories of the childhood relations with Zoë are in a state of “repression” with Norbert Hanold; and we have called them “unconscious memories.”¹⁰ Here we must, of course, turn our attention to the relation between the two technical terms which seem to coincide in meaning. It is not hard to clear this up. “Unconscious” is the broader term, “repressed,” the narrower. Everything that is repressed is unconscious; but we cannot assert that everything unconscious is repressed. If Hanold, at the sight of the relief, had remembered his Zoë’s manner of walking, then a formerly unconscious memory would have become immediately active and conscious, and thus would have shown that it was not formerly repressed. “Unconscious” is a purely descriptive term, in many respects indefinite and, so to speak, static; “repressed” is a dynamic expression which takes into consideration the play of psychic forces and the fact that there is present an effort to express all psychic activities, among them that of becoming conscious again, but also a counterforce, a resistance, which might hinder a part of these psychic activities, among these, also, getting into consciousness. The mark of the repressed material is that, in spite of its intensity, it cannot break through into consciousness. In Hanold’s case, therefore, it was a matter, at the appearance of the bas-relief on his horizon, of a repressed unconscious, in short of a repression.

The memories of his childhood association with the girl who walks beautifully are repressed in Norbert Hanold, but this is not yet the correct view of the psychological situation.¹¹ We remain on the surface so long as we treat only of memories and ideas. The only valuable things in psychic life are, rather, the emotions. All psychic powers are significant only through their fitness to awaken emotions. Ideas are repressed only because they are connected with liberations of emotions, which are not to come to light; it would be more correct to say that repression deals with the emotions, but these are comprehensible to us only in connection with ideas. Thus, in Norbert Hanold, the erotic feelings are repressed, and, as his eroticism neither knows nor has known another object than Zoë Bertgang of his youth, the memories of her are forgotten. The antique bas-relief awakens the slumbering eroticism in him and makes the childhood memories active. On account of a resistance in him to the eroticism, these memories can become active only as unconscious. What now happens in him is a struggle between the power of eroticism and the forces that are repressing it; the result of this struggle is a delusion.

Our author has omitted to give the motive whence originates the repression of the erotic life in his hero; the latter’s interest in science is, of course, only the means of which the repression makes use; the physician would have to probe deeper here, perhaps in this¹²

case without finding the foundation. Probably, however, the author of “Gradiva,” as we have admirably emphasized, has not hesitated to represent to us how the awakening of the repressed eroticism results from the very sphere of the means which are serving the repression. It is rightly an antique, the bas-relief of a woman, through which our archaeologist is snatched and admonished out of his alienation from love to pay the debt with which we are charged by our birth.

The first manifestations of the process now stimulated by the bas-relief are fancies which play with the person represented by it. The model appears to him to be something “of the present,” in the best sense, as if the artist had fixed the girl walking on the street from life. The name, Gradiva, which he forms from the epithet of the war-god advancing to battle, Mars Gradivus, he lends to the ancient girl; with more and more definitions he endows her with a personality. She may be the daughter of an esteemed man, perhaps of a patrician, who is associated with the temple service of a divinity; he believes that he reads Greek ancestry in her features, and finally this forces him to transport her far from the confusion of a metropolis to more peaceful Pompeii, where he has her walking over the lava stepping-stones which make possible the crossing of the street. These feats of fancy seem arbitrary enough and yet again harmlessly unsuspecting. Even when from them is produced, for the first time, the impulse to act, when the archaeologist, oppressed by the problem whether such foot-position corresponds to reality, begins observations from life, in looking at the feet of contemporary women and girls, this act covers itself by conscious, scientific motives, as if all the interest in the bas-relief of Gradiva had originated in his professional interest in archaeology. The women and girls on the street, whom he uses as objects for his investigation, must, of course assume a different, coarsely erotic conception of his conduct and we must admit that they are right. For us, there is no doubt that Hanold knows as little about his motives as about the origin of his fancies concerning Gradiva. These latter are, as we shall learn later, echoes of his memories of the beloved of his youth, remnants of these memories, transformations and disfigurements of them, after they have failed to push into consciousness in unchanged form. The so-called aesthetic judgment that the relief represents “something of the present” is substituted for the knowledge that such a gait belongs to a girl known to him and crossing streets *in the present*; behind the impression “from life” and the fancy about her Greek traits, is hidden the memory of her name, Zoë, which, in Greek, means *life*; Gradiva is, as the man finally cured of the delusion tells us, a good translation of her family-name, Bertgang, which means *splendid or magnificent in walking*; the decisions about her father arise from the knowledge that Zoë Bertgang is the daughter of an esteemed university instructor, which is probably translated into the antique as temple service. Finally his imagination transports her to Pompeii not “because her calm, quiet manner seems to require it,” but because, in his science, there is found no other nor better analogy to the remarkable condition in which he has traced out, by vague reconnoitering, his memories of his childhood friendship. If he once covered up what was so close to him, his own childhood, with the classic past, then the burial of Pompeii, this disappearance, with the preservation of the past, offers a striking resemblance to the *repression* of which he has knowledge by means of so-called “endopsychic” perceptions. The same symbolism, therefore, which the author has the girl use consciously at the end of the tale, is working in him.

“I said to myself that I should certainly dig up something interesting alone here. Of course, I had not reckoned at all on the find which I made.” (G. p. 98.) At the end (G. p. 117), the girl answers to the announced desire about the destination of their journey, “by her childhood friend who had, in a way, also been excavated from the ashes.” 14

Thus we find at the very beginning of the performances of Hanold’s fancies and actions, a two-fold determination, a derivation from two different sources. One determination is the one which appears to Hanold, himself; the other, the one which discloses itself to us upon reexamination of his psychic processes. One, the conscious one, is related to the person of Hanold; the other is the one entirely unconscious to him. One originates entirely from the series of associations connected with archaeological science; the other, however, proceeds from the repressed memories which have become active in him, and the emotional impulses attached to them. The one seems superficial, and covers up the other, which masks itself behind the former. One might say that the scientific motivation serves the unconscious eroticism as cloak, and that science has placed itself completely at the service of the delusion, but one may not forget, either, that the unconscious determination can effect nothing but what is at the time satisfactory to the scientific conscious. The symptoms of delusion—fancies as well as acts—are results of a compromise between two psychic streams, and in a compromise the demands of each of the two parties are considered; each party has been obliged to forego something that he wished to carry out. Where a compromise has been established, there was a struggle, here the conflict assumed by us between the suppressed eroticism and the forces which keep it alive in the repression. In the formation of a delusion this struggle is never ended. 15

Attack and resistance are renewed after every compromise-formation, which is, so to speak, never fully satisfactory. This our author also knows and therefore he causes a feeling of discontent, a peculiar restlessness, to dominate his hero in this phase of the disturbance, as preliminary to and guarantee of further developments. 16

These significant peculiarities of the two-fold determination for fancies and decisions, of the formation of conscious pretexts for actions, for the motivation of which the repressed has given the greater contribution, will, in the further progress of the story, occur to us oftener and perhaps more clearly; and this rightfully, for in this Jensen has grasped and represented the never-failing, chief characteristic of the morbid psychic processes. The development of Norbert Hanold’s delusion progresses in a dream, which, caused by no new event, seems to proceed entirely from his psychic life, which is occupied by a conflict. Yet let us stop before we proceed to test whether the author of “Gradiva,” in the formation of his dreams, meets our expectation of a deeper understanding. Let us first ask what psychiatry has to say about his ideas of the origin of a delusion, how it stands on the matter of the rôle of repression and the unconscious, of conflict and compromise-formation. Briefly, can our author’s representation of the genesis of a delusion stand before the judgment of science? 17

And here we must give the perhaps unexpected answer that, unfortunately, matters are here actually just reversed; science does not stand before the accomplishment of our author. Between the essential facts of heredity and constitution, and the seemingly complete creations of delusion, there yawns a breach which we find filled up by the writer of “Gradiva.” Science does not yet recognize the significance of repression nor the fact that it needs the unconscious for explanation to the world of psychopathological 18

phenomena; it does not seek the basis of delusion in psychic conflict, and does not regard its symptoms as a compromise-formation. Then our author stands alone against all science? No, not that—if the present writer may reckon his own works as science. For, he, himself, has for some years interceded—and until recently almost alone ²—for the views which he finds here in “Gradiva” by W. Jensen, and he has presented them in technical terms. He has pointed out exhaustively, for the conditions known as hysteria and obsession, the suppression of impulses and the repression of the ideas, through which the suppressed impulse is represented, as a characteristic condition of psychic disturbance, and he has repeated the same view soon afterwards for many kinds of delusion. ³ Whether the impulses which are, for this reason, considered are always components of the sex-impulse, or might be of a different nature, is a problem of indifference in the analysis of “Gradiva,” as, in the case chosen by the author, it is a matter only of the suppression of the erotic feeling. The views concerning psychic conflict, and the formation of symptoms by compromises between the two psychic forces which are struggling with each other, the present writer has found valid in cases professionally treated and actually observed, in exactly the same way that he was able to observe it in Norbert Hanold, the invention of our author. ⁴ The tracing back of neurotic, especially of hysterically morbid activities to the influence of unconscious thoughts, P. Janet, the pupil of the great Charcot, had undertaken before the present writer, and in conjunction with Josef Breuer in Vienna. ⁵

It had actually occurred to the present writer, when, in the years following 1893, he devoted himself to investigations of the origin of psychic disturbances, to seek confirmation of his results from authors, and therefore it was no slight surprise to him to learn that in “Gradiva,” published in 1903, an author gave to his creation the very foundation which the former supposed that he, himself, was finding authority for, as new, from his experiences as a physician. How did the author come upon the same knowledge as the physician, at least upon a procedure which would suggest that he possessed it?

Norbert Hanold’s delusion, we said, acquires further development through a dream, which he has in the midst of his efforts to authenticate a gait like Gradiva’s in the streets of his home-city. The content of this dream we can outline briefly. The dreamer is in Pompeii on that day which brought destruction to the unfortunate city, experiences the horrors without, himself, getting into danger, suddenly sees Gradiva walking there and immediately understands, as quite natural, that, as she is, of course, a Pompeiian, she is living in her native city and “without his having any suspicion of it, was his contemporary.” He is seized with fear for her, calls to her, whereupon she turns her face toward him momentarily. Yet she walks on without heeding him at all, lies down on the steps of the Apollo temple, and is buried by the rain of ashes, after her face has changed color as if it were turning to white marble, until it completely resembles a bas-relief. On awakening, he interprets the noise of the metropolis, which reaches his ear, as the cries for help of the desperate inhabitants of Pompeii and the booming of the turbulent sea. The feeling that what he has dreamed has really happened to him persists for some time after his awakening, and the conviction that Gradiva lived in Pompeii and died on that fatal day remains from this dream as a new, supplementary fact for his delusion.

It is less easy for us to say what the author of “Gradiva” intended by this dream, and what caused him to connect the development of this delusion directly with a dream.

Assiduous investigation of dreams has, to be sure, gathered enough examples of the fact that mental disturbance is connected with and proceeds from dreams, [6](#) and even in the life-history of certain eminent men, impulses for important deeds and decisions are said to have been engendered by dreams; but our comprehension does not gain much by these analogies; let us hold, therefore, to our case, the case of the archaeologist, Norbert Hanold, a fiction of our author. At which end must one lay hold of such a dream to introduce meaning into it, if it is not to remain an unnecessary adornment of fiction? I can imagine that the reader exclaims at this place; “The dream is, of course, easy to explain—a simple anxiety-dream, caused by the noise of the metropolis, which is given the new interpretation of the destruction of Pompeii, by the archaeologist busied with his Pompeian girl!” On account of the commonly prevailing disregard of the activities of dreams, one usually limits the demands for dream-explanations so that one seeks for a part of the dream-content an external excitation which covers itself by means of the content. This external excitation for the dream would be given by the noise which wakens the sleeper; the interest in this dream would be thereby terminated. Would that we had even one reason to suppose that the metropolis had been noisier than usual on this morning! If, for example, our author had not omitted to inform us that Hanold had that night, contrary to his custom, slept by an open window! What a shame that our author didn’t take the trouble! And if an anxiety-dream were only so simple a thing! No, this interest is not terminated in so simple a way.

The connection with the external, sensory stimulus is not at all essential for the dream-formation. The sleeper can neglect this excitation from the outer world; he may be awakened by it without forming a dream, he may also weave it into his dream, as happens here, if it is of no use to him from any other motive; and there is an abundance of dreams for whose content such a determination by a sensory excitation of the sleeper cannot be shown. No, let us try another way. 22

Perhaps we can start from the residue which the dream leaves in Hanold’s waking life. It had formerly been his fancy that Gradiva was a Pompeian. Now this assumption becomes a certainty and the second certainty is added that she was buried there in the year 79. [7](#) Sorrowful feelings accompany this progress of the formation of the delusion like an echo of the fear which had filled the dream. This new grief about Gradiva will seem to us not exactly comprehensible; Gradiva would now have been dead for many centuries even if she had been saved in the year 79 from destruction. Or ought one to be permitted to squabble thus with either Norbert Hanold or his creator? Here, too, no way seems to lead to explanation. We wish, nevertheless, to remark that a very painful, emotional stress clings to the augmentation which the delusion derives from this dream. 23

Otherwise, however, our perplexity is not dispelled. This dream does not explain itself; we must decide to borrow from “Traumdeutung” by the present writer, and to use some of the rules given there for the solution of dreams. 24

One of these rules is that a dream is regularly connected with the day before the dream. Our author seems to wish to intimate that he has followed this rule by connecting the dream directly with Hanold’s “pedestrian investigations.” Now the latter means nothing but a search for Gradiva whom he expects to recognize by her characteristic manner of walking. The dream ought, therefore, to contain a reference to where Gradiva is to be found. It really does contain it by showing her in Pompeii, but that is no news for us. 25

Another rule says: If, after the dream, the reality of the dream-pictures continues unusually long so that one cannot free himself from the dream, this is not a kind of mistake in judgment called forth by the vividness of the dream-pictures, but is a psychic act in itself, an assurance which refers to the dream-content, that something in it is as real as it has been dreamed to be, and one is right to believe this assurance. If we stop at these two rules, we must decide that the dream gives real information about the whereabouts of Gradiva, who is being sought. We now know Hanold's dream; does the application of these two rules lead to any sensible meaning? 26

Strange to say, yes. This meaning is disguised only in a special way so that one does not recognize it immediately. Hanold learns in the dream that the girl sought lives in the city and in his own day. That is, of course, true of Zoë Bertgang, only that in his dream the city is not the German university-city, but Pompeii, the time not the present, but the year 79, according to our reckoning. It is a kind of disfigurement by displacement; not Gradiva is transported to the present, but the dreamer to the past; but we are also given the essential and new fact *that he shares locality and time with the girl sought*. Whence, then, this dissimulation and disguise which must deceive us as well as the dreamer about the peculiar meaning and content of the dream? Well, we have already means at hand to give us a satisfactory answer to this question. 27

Let us recall all that we have heard about the nature and origin of fancies, these preliminaries of delusion. They are substitution for and remnants of different repressed memories, which a resistance does not allow to push into consciousness, which, however, become conscious by heeding the censor of resistance, by means of transformations and disfigurements. After this compromise is completed, the former memories have become fancies, which may easily be misunderstood by the conscious person, that is, may be understood to be the ruling psychic force. Now let us suppose that the dream-pictures are the so-called physiological delusion-products of a man, the compromise-results of that struggle between what is repressed and what is dominant, which exist probably even in people absolutely normal in the daytime. Then we understand that we have to consider the dream something disfigured behind which there is to be sought something else, not disfigured, but, in a sense, something offensive, like Hanold's repressed memories behind his fancies. One expresses the admitted opposition by distinguishing what the dreamer remembers on waking, as *manifest dream-content*, from what formed the basis of the dream before the censor's disfigurement, *the latent dream-thoughts*. To interpret a dream, then, means to translate the manifest dream-content into the latent dream-thoughts, which make retrogressive the disfigurement that had to be approved by the resistance censor. When we turn these deliberations to the dream which is occupying us, we find that the latent dream-thoughts must have been as follows: "The girl who has that beautiful walk, whom you are seeking, lives really in this city with you;" but in this form the thought could not become conscious; in its way there stood the fact that a fancy had established, as a result of a former compromise, the idea that Gradiva was a Pompeiian girl, and therefore nothing remained, if the actual fact of her living in the same locality and at the same time was to be perceived, but to assume the disfigurement: you are living in Pompeii at the time of Gradiva; and this then is the idea which the manifest dream-content realizes and represents as a present time which he is living in. 28

A dream is rarely the representation, one might say the staging, of a single thought, but generally of a number of them, a web of thoughts. In Hanold's dream there is conspicuous another component of the content, whose disfigurement is easily put aside so that one may learn the latent idea represented by it. This is the end of the dream to which the assurance of reality can also be extended. In the dream the beautiful walker, Gradiva, is transformed into a bas-relief. That is, of course, nothing but an ingenious and poetic representation of the actual procedure. Hanold had, indeed, transferred his interest from the living girl to the bas-relief; the beloved had been transformed into a stone relief. The latent dream-thoughts, which remain unconscious, wish to transform the relief back into the living girl; in connection with the foregoing they speak to him somewhat as follows: "You are, of course, interested in the bas-relief of Gradiva only because it reminds you of the present, here-living Zoë." But this insight would mean the end of the delusion, if it could become conscious. ²⁹

Is it our duty to substitute unconscious thoughts thus for every single bit of the manifest dream-content? Strictly speaking, yes; in the interpretation of a dream which had actually been dreamed, we should not be allowed to avoid this duty. The dreamer would then have to give us an exhaustive account. It is easily understood that we cannot enforce such a demand in connection with the creature of our author; we will not, however, overlook the fact that we have not yet submitted the chief content of this dream to the work of interpretation and translation. ³⁰

Hanold's dream is, of course, an anxiety-dream. Its content is fearful; anxiety is felt by the dreamer in sleep, and painful feelings remain after it. That is not of any great help for our attempt at explanation; we are again forced to borrow largely from the teachings of dream-interpretation. This admonishes us not to fall into the error of deriving the fear that is felt in a dream from the content of a dream, not to use the dream-content like the content of ideas of waking life. It calls to our attention how often we dream the most horrible things without feeling any trace of fear. Rather the true fact is a quite different one, which cannot be easily guessed, but can certainly be proved. The fear of the anxiety-dream corresponds to a sex-feeling, a libidinous emotion, like every neurotic fear, and has, through the process of repression, proceeded from the libido. ⁸ In the interpretation of dreams, therefore, one must substitute for fear sexual excitement. The fear which has thus come into existence, exercises now—not regularly, but often—a selective influence on the dream-content and brings into the dream ideational elements which seem suitable to this fear for the conscious and erroneous conception of the dream. This is, as has been said, by no means regularly the case, for there are anxiety dreams in which the content is not at all frightful, in which, therefore, one cannot explain consciously the anxiety experienced. ³¹

I know that this explanation of fear in dreams sounds odd, and is not easily believed; but I can only advise making friends with it. It would, moreover, be remarkable if Norbert Hanold's dream allowed itself to be connected with this conception of fear and to be explained by it. We should then say that in the dreamer, at night, the erotic desire stirs, makes a powerful advance to bring his memory of the beloved into consciousness and thus snatch him from the delusion, experiences rejection and transformation into fear, which now, on its part, brings the fearful pictures from the academic memory of the dreamer into the dream-content. In this way the peculiar unconscious content of the ³²

dream, the amorous longing for the once known Zoë, is transformed into the manifest-content of the destruction of Pompeii and the loss of Gradiva.

I think that sounds quite plausible so far. One might justly demand that if erotic wishes form the undisfigured content of this dream, then one must be able to point out, in the transformed dream, at least a recognizable remnant of them hidden somewhere. Well, perhaps even this will come about with the help of a suggestion which appears later in the story. At the first meeting with the supposed Gradiva, Hanold remembers this dream and requests the apparition to lie down again as he has seen her. ³³ Thereupon the young lady rises, indignant, and leaves her strange companion, in whose delusion-ridden speech she has heard the suggestion of an improper, erotic wish. I think we may adopt Gradiva's interpretation; even from a real dream one cannot always demand more definiteness for the representation of an erotic wish.

Thus the application of some rules of dream-interpretation have been successful on Hanold's first dream, in making this dream comprehensible to us in its chief features, and in fitting it into the sequence of the story. Then it must probably have been produced by its author with due consideration for these rules. One could raise only one more question: why the author should introduce a dream for further development of the delusion. Well, I think that is very cleverly arranged and again keeps faith with reality. We have already heard that in actual illness the formation of a delusion is very often connected with a dream, but after our explanation of the nature of dreams, we need find no new riddle in this fact. Dreams and delusion spring from the same source, the repressed; the dream is, so to speak, the physiological delusion of the normal human being. Before the repressed has become strong enough to push itself up into waking life as delusion, it may easily have won its first success under the more favorable circumstances of sleep, in the form of a dream having after-effects. During sleep, with the diminution of psychic activity, there enters a slackening in the strength of the resistance, which the dominant psychic forces oppose to the repressed. This slackening is what makes the dream-formation possible and therefore the dream becomes, for us, the best means of approach to knowledge of the unconscious psyche. Only the dream usually passes rapidly with the reestablishment of the psychic revival of waking life, and the ground won by the unconscious is again vacated. ³⁴

Note 1. The case N.H. would have to be designated as hysterical, not paranoiac delusion. The marks of paranoia are lacking here. [[back](#)]

Note 2. See the important work by E. Bleuler, *Affektivität, Suggestibilität, Paranoia*, translated by Dr. Charles Ricksher in *N. Y. State Hospitals Bulletin*, Feb., 1912, and *Die diagnostischen Assoziationsstudien* by C. Jung, both Zürich, 1906. [[back](#)]

Note 3. Cf. Freud: *Sammlung der kleiner Schriften zur Neurosenlehre*, 1906. Translated in part by A. A. Brill, M.D. Ph.B. *Nervous and Mental Diseases Monograph Series No. 4. Selected Papers on Hysteria and other Psychoneuroses*. N. Y., 1912. [[back](#)]

Note 4. Cf. *Bruchstück einer Hysterie-Analyse*, 1905. [[back](#)]

Note 5. Cf. Breuer u. Freud, *Studien, über Hysterie*, 1905. Leipzig and Wien, translated by A. A. Brill, M.D. Ph.B. *Nervous and Mental Diseases Monograph Series No. 4. Selected*

Papers on Hysteria and other Psychoneuroses. [[back](#)]

Note 6. Sante de Sanctis, I Sogni. (Original in Italian.) Translated into German, Die Träume, by Mr. Otto Schmidt, 1901, Hallé, a. S. [[back](#)]

Note 7. Compare the text of “Gradiva,” p. 14. [[back](#)]

Note 8. Cf. Sammlung kl. Schriften zur Neurosenlehre, V., and Traumdeutung, p. 344. Traumdeutung translated by A. A. Brill, M.D., Ph.B., Interpretation of Dreams, N. Y., 1913 (p. 441). [[back](#)]

Note 9. G. p. 57: “No,—not talked—but I called to you when you lay down to sleep, and stood near you then—your face was as calmly beautiful as if it were of marble. May I beg you—rest it again on the step in that way.” [[back](#)]

Part II. Delusion and Dream in Wilhelm Jensen’s *Gradiva* by Dr. Sigmund Freud Section III

IN the further course of the story there is another dream, which can tempt us, even more perhaps than the first, to try to interpret it and fit it into the psychic life of the hero; but we save little if we leave the representation of the author of “Gradiva” here, to hasten directly to this second dream, for whoever wishes to interpret the dream of another, cannot help concerning himself, as extensively as possible, with every subjective and objective experience of the dreamer. Therefore it would be best to hold to the thread of the story and provide this with our commentaries as we progress. ¹

The new delusion of the death of Gradiva at the destruction of Pompeii in the year 79 is not the only after-effect of the first dream analyzed by us. Directly afterwards Hanold decides upon a trip to Italy, which finally takes him to Pompeii. Before this, however, something else has happened to him; leaning from his window, he thinks he sees on the street a figure with the bearing and walk of his Gradiva, hastens after her, in spite of his scanty attire, does not overtake her, but is driven back by the jeers of the people on the street. After he has returned to his room, the song of a canary whose cage hangs in the window of the opposite house calls forth in him a mood such as if he wished to get from prison into freedom, and the spring trip is immediately decided upon and accomplished. ²

Our author has put this trip of Hanold’s in an especially strong light, and has given to the latter partial clearness about his subjective processes. Hanold has, of course, given himself a scientific purpose for his journey, but this is not substantial. Yet he knows that the “impulse to travel has originated in a nameless feeling.” A peculiar restlessness makes him dissatisfied with everything he encounters and drives him from Rome to Naples, from there to Pompeii, without his mood’s being set right, even at the last halting-place. He is annoyed by the foolishness of honeymoon travelers, and is enraged over the boldness of house-flies, which populate the hotels of Pompeii; but finally he does not deceive himself over the fact that “his dissatisfaction was certainly not caused by his surroundings alone, but, to a degree, found its origin in him.” He considers himself ³

over-excited, feels “that he was out of sorts because he lacked something without being able to explain what, and this ill-humor he took everywhere with him.” In such a mood he is enraged even at his mistress, science; as he wanders for the first time in the glow of the midday sun through Pompeii, all his science had left him without the least desire to rediscover it;” he remembered it as from a great distance, and he felt that it had been an old, dried-up, boresome aunt, dullest and most superfluous creature in the world.” (G. p. 44.)

In this uncomfortable and confused state of mind, one of the riddles which are connected with this journey is solved for him at the moment when he first sees Gradiva walking through Pompeii; “he became conscious for the first time that he had, without himself knowing the motive in his heart, come to Italy on that account and had, without stop, continued from Rome and Naples to Pompeii to see if he could here find trace of her—and that in a literal sense,—for, with her unusual gait, she must have left behind in the ashes a foot-print different from all the others.” (G. p. 47.)

As our author has put so much care into the delineation of this trip, it must be worth our while to explain its relation to Hanold’s delusion and its place in the sequence of events. The journey is undertaken for motives which the character does not at first recognize and does not admit until later, motives which our author designates directly as “unconscious.” This is certainly true to life; one does not need to have a delusion to act thus; rather it is an everyday occurrence, even for normal people, that they are deceived about the motives of their actions and do not become conscious of them until subsequently when a conflict of several emotional currents reestablishes for them the condition for such confusion. Hanold’s trip, therefore, was intended, from the beginning, to serve the delusion, and was to take him to Pompeii to continue there the search for Gradiva. Let us remember that before, and directly after the dream, this search filled his mind and that the dream itself was only a stifled answer of his consciousness to the question of the whereabouts of Gradiva. Some force which we do not recognize, however, next prevents the plan of the delusion from becoming conscious, so that only insufficient pretexts, which can be but partially revived, remain as a conscious motivation for the trip. The author gives us another riddle by having the dream, the discovery of the supposed Gradiva on the street, and the decision to make the journey because of the influence of the singing canary follow one another like chance occurrences without inner coherence.

With the help of the explanations which we gather from the later speeches of Zoë Bertgang, this obscure part of the tale is illuminated for our understanding. It was really the original of Gradiva, Miss Zoë, herself, whom Hanold saw from his window walking on the street (G. p. 15), and whom he would soon have overtaken. The statement of the dreamer—“she is really living now in the present, in the same city with you,”—would, therefore, by a lucky chance, have experienced an irrefutable corroboration, before which his inner resistance would have collapsed. The canary, however, whose song impelled Hanold to go away, belonged to Zoë, and his cage was in her window, in the house diagonally opposite from Hanold’s (G. p. 105). Hanold, who, according to the girl’s arraignment, was endowed with negative hallucination, understood the art of not seeing nor recognizing people, and must from the beginning, have had unconscious knowledge of what we do not discover until later. The signs of Zoë’s proximity, her appearance on the street, and her bird’s song so near his window intensify the effect of the dream, and in

this condition, so dangerous for his resistance to the eroticism, he takes flight. The journey arises from the recovery of the resistance after that advance of erotic desire in the dream, an attempt at flight from the living and present beloved. It means practically a victory for repression, which, this time, in the delusion keeps the upper hand, as, in his former action, the “pedestrian investigations” of women and girls, the eroticism had been victorious. Everywhere, however, the indecision of the struggle, the compromise nature of the results was evident; the trip to Pompeii, which is to take him away from the living Zoë leads, at any rate, to her substitute, Gradiva. The journey, which is undertaken in defiance of the most recent dream-thoughts, follows, however, the order of the manifest dream-content to Pompeii. Thus delusion triumphs anew every time that eroticism and resistance struggle anew.

This conception of Hanold’s trip, as a flight from the erotic desire for the beloved, who is so near, which is awakening in him, harmonizes, however, with the frame of mind portrayed in him during his stay in Italy. The rejection of the eroticism, which dominates him, expresses itself there in his abhorrence of honeymoon travelers. A little dream in the “albergo” in Rome, caused by the proximity of a couple of German lovers, “Augustus” and “Gretchen,” whose evening conversation he is forced to overhear through the thin partition, casts a further light on the erotic tendencies of his first great dream. The new dream transports him again to Pompeii where Vesuvius is just having another eruption, and thus refers to the dream which continues active during his trip; but among the imperiled people he sees this time—not as before himself and Gradiva—but Apollo Belvedere and the Capitoline Venus,—doubtless ironic exaltation of the couple in the adjoining room. Apollo lifts Venus, carries her away, and lays her on an object in the dark, which seems to be a carriage or a cart, for a “rattling sound” comes from it. Otherwise the dream needs no special skill for its interpretation. (G. p. 26.)

Our author, whom we have long relied on not to make a single stroke in his picture idly and without purpose, has given us another bit of testimony for the non-sexual force dominating Hanold on the trip. During hours of wandering in Pompeii, it happens that “remarkably, it did not once appear in his memory that he had dreamed some time ago that he had been present at the destruction of Pompeii by the volcanic eruption of 79.” (G. p. 38.) At sight of Gradiva he first suddenly remembers this dream, and at the same time the motive of the delusion for his puzzling journey becomes conscious. Then what other meaning could there be for forgetting the dream, this repression-boundary between the dream and the psychic condition of the journey, than that the journey is not the result of the direct instigation of the dream, but of the rejection of this latter, as the emanation from a psychic force which desires no knowledge of the secret meaning of the dream?

On the other hand, however, Hanold is not happy at this victory over his eroticism. The suppressed psychic impulse remains strong enough to revenge itself, by discontent and interception, on the suppressing agency. His longing has changed to restlessness and dissatisfaction, which make the trip seem senseless to him. His insight into the motivation of his trip is obstructed in service of the delusion; his relation to science, which ought, in such a place, to stir all his interest, is upset. So our author shows his hero, after flight from love, in a sort of crisis, in an utterly confused and unsettled condition, in a derangement such as usually appears at the climax of illness if neither of the two struggling forces is so much stronger than the other, that the difference could

establish a strict, psychic régime. Here then our author takes hold to help and to settle, for, at this place, he introduces Gradiva, who undertakes the cure of the delusion. With his power to direct to a happy solution the fortunes of all the characters created by him, in spite of all the requirements which he has them conform to, he transports the girl, from whom Hanold has fled to Pompeii, to that very place and thus corrects the folly which the delusion caused the young man to commit in leaving the home-city of his beloved for the dead abode of the one substituted for her by his fancy.

With the appearance of Zoë Bertgang as Gradiva, which marks the climax of the suspense of the story, our interest is soon diverted. If we have hitherto been living through the developments of a delusion, we shall now become witnesses of its cure, and may ask ourselves if our author has merely invented the procedure of this cure or has carried it out according to actually existing possibilities. From Zoë's own words in the conversation with her friend, we have decidedly the right to ascribe to her the intention to cure the hero. (G. p. 97.) But how does she go about it? After she has cast aside the indignation which the unreasonable request, to lie down to sleep again, as "then," had evoked in her, she appears again next day, at the same place, and elicits from Hanold all the secret knowledge that was lacking to her for an understanding of his conduct of the previous day. She learns of his dream, of the bas-relief of Gradiva, and of the peculiarity of walk which she shares with the relief. She accepts the rôle of a spirit awakened to life for a short hour, which, she observes, his delusion assigns to her, and in ambiguous words, she gently puts him in the way of a new rôle by accepting from him the grave-flower which he had brought along without conscious purpose, and expresses regret that he has not given her roses. (G. p. 71.)

Our interest in the conduct of the eminently clever girl, who has decided to win the lover of her youth as husband, after she has recognized his love behind his delusion as its impelling force, is, however, restrained at this place probably because of the strange feelings that the delusion can arouse even in us. Its latest development, that Gradiva, who was buried in the year 79, can now exchange conversation with him as a noon-spirit, for an hour, after the passing of which she sinks out of sight or seeks her grave again, this chimaera, which is not confused by the perception of her modern foot-covering, nor by her ignorance of the ancient tongues, nor by her command of German, which did not exist in former times, seems indeed to justify the author's designation, "A Pompeiian Fancy," but to exclude every standard of clinical reality; and yet on closer consideration the improbability in this delusion seems to me, for the most part, to vanish. To be sure, our author has taken upon himself a part of the blame, and in the first part of the story has offered the fact that Zoë was the image of the bas-relief in every trait. One must, therefore, guard against transferring the improbability of this preliminary to its logical conclusion that Hanold considers the girl to be Gradiva come to life. The explanation of the delusion is here enhanced by the fact that our author has offered us no rational disposal of it. In the glowing sun of the Campagna and in the bewildering magic powers of the vine which grows on Vesuvius, our author has introduced helpful and mitigating circumstances of the transgression of the hero. The most important of all explanatory and exonerating considerations remains, however, the facility with which our intellect decides to accept an absurd content if impulses with a strong emotional stress find thereby their satisfaction. It is astonishing, and generally meets with too little acceptance, how easily

and often intelligent people, under such psychological constellations, give the reactions of partial mental weakness, and any one who is not too conceited may observe this in himself as often as he wishes, and especially when a part of the thought-processes under consideration is connected with unconscious or repressed motives. I cite, in this connection, the words of a philosopher who writes to me, "I have also begun to make note of cases of striking mistakes, from my own experience, and of thoughtless actions which one subsequently explains to himself (in a very unreasonable way). It is amazing but typical how much stupidity thereby comes to light." Now let us consider the fact that belief in spirits, apparitions and returning souls (which finds so much support in the religions to which, at least as children, we have all clung) is by no means destroyed among all educated people, and that many otherwise reasonable people find their interest in spiritism compatible with their reason. Yes, even one become dispassionate and incredulous may perceive with shame how easily he turns back for a moment to a belief in spirits, when emotions and perplexity concur in him. I know of a physician who had once lost a patient by Basedow's disease and could not rid himself of the slight suspicion that he had perhaps contributed by unwise medication to the unfortunate outcome. One day several years later there stepped into his office a girl, in whom, in spite of all reluctance, he was obliged to recognize the dead woman. His only thought was that it was true that the dead could return, and his fear did not give way to shame until the visitor introduced herself as the sister of the woman who had died of that disease. Basedow's disease lends to those afflicted with it a great similarity of features, which has often been noticed, and in this case the typical resemblance was far more exaggerated than the family resemblance. The physician, moreover, to whom this happened was I, and therefore I am not inclined to quarrel with Norbert Hanold over the clinical possibility of his short delusion about Gradiva, who had returned to life. That in serious cases of chronic delusion (paranoia) the most extreme absurdities, ingeniously devised and well supported, are active is, finally, well-known to every psychiatrist.

After his first meeting with Gradiva, Norbert Hanold had drunk his wine in first one, and then another of the hotels of Pompeii known to him, while the other guests were having their regular meals. "Of course, in no way had the absurd supposition entered his mind" that he was doing this to find out what hotel Gradiva lived and ate in, but it is hard to say what other significance his action could have. On the day after his second meeting in Meleager's house, he has all sorts of remarkable and apparently disconnected experiences; he finds a narrow cleft in the wall of the portico where Gradiva had disappeared, meets a foolish lizard-catcher, who addresses him as an acquaintance, discovers a secluded hotel, the Albergo del Sole, whose owner talks him into buying a metal brooch encrusted with green patina, which had been found with the remains of a Pompeian girl, and finally notices in his own hotel a newly-arrived, young couple, whom he diagnoses to be brother and sister, and congenial. All these impressions are then woven into a "remarkably nonsensical" dream as follows:

"Somewhere in the sun Gradiva sat making a trap out of a blade of grass in order to catch a lizard, and she said, 'Please stay quite still—my colleague is right; the method is really good and she has used it with the greatest success.'"

To this dream he offers resistance even while sleeping, with the critique that it is indeed the most utter madness and he casts about to free himself from it. He succeeds in doing

this, too, with the aid of an invisible bird who utters a short, merry call, and carries the lizard away in his beak.

Shall we risk an attempt to interpret this dream also, that is, to substitute for it the latent thoughts from whose disfigurement it must have proceeded? It is as nonsensical as one could expect a dream to be and this absurdity of dreams is the mainstay of the view which denies to the dream the character of a valid psychic act, and has it proceed from a desultory stimulus of the psychic elements. 15

We can apply to this dream the technique which can be designated as the regular procedure of dream-interpretation. It consists in disregarding the apparent sequence in the manifest dream but in examining separately every part of the content, and in seeking its derivation in the impressions, memories and free ideas of the dreamer. As we can not examine Hanold, however, we must be satisfied with reference to his impressions, and may with due caution substitute our own ideas for his. 16

“Somewhere in the sun Gradiva sat catching lizards, and said,”. What impression of the day is this part of the dream reminiscent of? Unquestionably of the meeting with the older man, the lizard-catcher, for whom Gradiva is substituted in the dream. He was sitting or lying on a “hot, sunny” slope and spoke to Hanold, too. Even the utterances of Gradiva in the dream are copied from those of the man. Let us compare: ““The method suggested by my colleague, Eimer, is really good; I have already used it often with the best of success. Please remain quite still.””—Quite similarly Gradiva speaks in the dream, only that for the *colleague, Eimer*, is substituted an unnamed woman-colleague; the *often* from the zoölogist’s speech is missing in the dream, and the connection between the statements has been somewhat changed. It seems, therefore, that this experience of the day has been transformed into a dream by some changes and disfigurements. Why thus, and what is the meaning of the disfigurements, the substitution of Gradiva for the old gentleman, and the introduction of the puzzling “woman-colleague”? 17

There is a rule of dream-interpretation as follows: A speech heard in a dream always originates from a speech either heard or uttered in waking life. Well, this rule seems followed here; the speech of Gradiva is only a modification of a speech heard in the daytime from the zoölogist. Another rule of dream-interpretation would tell us that the substitution of one person for another, or the mixture of two people by showing one in a position which characterizes the other means equivalence of the two people, a correspondence between them. Let us venture to apply this rule also to our dream; then the interpretation would follow: “Gradiva catches lizards, as that old gentleman does, and like him, is skilled in lizard-catching.” This result is not comprehensible yet, but we have another riddle before us. To which impression of the day shall we refer the “woman colleague,” who is substituted in the dream for the famous zoölogist, Eimer? We have here fortunately not much choice; only one other girl can be meant by “woman-colleague,” the congenial young lady in whom Hanold has conjectured a sister traveling with her brother. “In her gown she wore a red Sorrento rose, the sight of which, as he looked across from his corner, stirred something in his memory without his being able to think what it was.” This observation on the part of the author surely gives us the right to assert that she is the “woman-colleague” of the dream. What Hanold cannot remember is certainly nothing but the remark of the supposed Gradiva, as she asked him for the grave-flower, that to more fortunate girls one brought roses in spring. In this speech, however, 18

lay a hidden wooing. What kind of lizard-catching is it that this more fortunate woman-colleague has been so successful with?

On the next day Hanold surprises the supposed brother and sister in tender embrace and can thus correct his mistake of the previous day. They are really a couple of lovers, on their honeymoon, as we later learn, when the two disturb, so unexpectedly, Hanold's third meeting with Zoë. If we will now accept the idea that Hanold, who consciously considers them brother and sister, has, in his unconscious, recognized at once their real relation, which on the next day betrays itself so unequivocally, there results a good meaning for Gradiva's remark in the dream. The red rose then becomes a symbol for being in love; Hanold understands that the two are as Gradiva and he are soon to be; the lizard-catching acquires the meaning of husband-catching and Gradiva's speech means something like this: "Let me arrange things; I know how to win a husband as well as this other girl does." 19

Why must this penetration of Zoë's intentions appear throughout in the form of the speech of the old zoölogist? Why is Zoë's skill in husband-catching represented by that of the old man in lizard-catching? Well, it is easy for us to answer that question; we have long ago guessed that the lizard-catcher is none other than the professor of zoölogy, Bertgang, Zoë's father, who must, of course, also know Hanold, so that it is a matter of course that he addresses Hanold as an acquaintance. Again, let us accept the idea that Hanold, in his unconscious, immediately recognizes the professor,—“It seemed to him dimly that he had already seen the face of the lizard-hunter probably in one of the two hotels.” Thus is explained the strange cloaking of the purpose attributed to Zoë. She is the daughter of the lizard-catcher; she has inherited this skill from him. The substitution of Gradiva for the lizard-catcher in the dream-content is, therefore, the representation of the relation between the two people, which was recognized by the unconscious; the introduction of “woman-colleague” in place of *colleague*, *Eimer*, allows the dream to express comprehension of her courtship of the man. The dream has welded two of the day's experiences in one situation, “condensed” as we say, in order to procure, to be sure, very indiscernible expression for two ideas which are not allowed to become conscious; but we can go on diminishing the strangeness of the dream still more and pointing out the influence of other experiences of the day on the formation of the manifest dream. 20

Dissatisfied by the former information, we might explain why the scene of the lizard-catching was made the nucleus of the dream, and suppose that the other elements in the dream-thoughts influence the term “lizard” in the manifest dream. It might really be very easy. Let us recall that Hanold has discovered a cleft in the wall, in the place where Gradiva seems to him to disappear; this is “wide enough to afford passage to an unusually slender figure.” By this perception he is forced in the day-time to an alteration in his delusion; Gradiva did not sink into the ground when she disappeared from his sight, but was going back, by this route, to her grave. In his unconscious thought he might say to himself that he had now found the natural explanation for the surprising disappearance of the girl; but must not forcing one's self through narrow clefts, and disappearing in such clefts recall the conduct of lizards? Does not Gradiva herself, then, in this connection, behave like an agile, little lizard? We think, therefore, that the discovery of this cleft in the wall had worked as a determinant on the choice of the “lizard” element for the manifest dream-content; the lizard-situation of the dream, 21

therefore, represented this impression of the day, and the meeting with the zoölogist, Zoë's father.

What if, become bold, we now wished to attempt to find in the dream-content a representation also for the one experience of the day which has not yet been turned to account, the discovery of the third hotel, "del Sole"? Our author has treated this episode so exhaustively and linked so much with it, we should be surprised if it, alone, had yielded no contribution to the dream-formation. Hanold enters this hotel, which, because of its secluded situation and its distance from the station, has remained unknown to him, to get a bottle of lime-water for congestion of blood. The hotel-keeper uses this opportunity to extol his antiques and shows him a brooch which, it was alleged, had belonged to that Pompeiian girl who was found near the Forum in fond embrace with her lover. Hanold, who had never before believed this frequently repeated story, is now compelled, by a force strange to him, to believe in the truth of this touching story and in the genuineness of the article found, buys the brooch and leaves the hotel with his purchase. In passing, he sees nodding down at him from one of the windows a cluster of white, asphodel blossoms which had been placed in a water-glass, and he feels that this sight is an attestation of the genuineness of his new possession. The sincere conviction is now impressed upon him that the green brooch belonged to Gradiva, and that she was the girl who died in her lover's embrace. The tormenting jealousy, which thereupon seizes him, he appeases with the resolution to assure himself about this suspicion, the next day, from Gradiva, herself, by showing the brooch. This is a strange bit of new delusion; and shouldn't any trace point to it in the dream of the following night?

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It will be well worth our while to get an understanding of the origin of this augmentation of the delusion, to look up the new unconscious idea for which the new bit of delusion is substituted. The delusion originates under the influence of the proprietor of the Sun Hotel, toward whom Hanold conducts himself in so remarkably credulous a manner, as if he has received a suggestion from him. The proprietor shows him a small metal brooch as genuine, and as the possession of that girl who was found in the arms of her lover, buried in the ashes, and Hanold, who could be critical enough to doubt the truth of the story as well as the genuineness of the brooch, is caught, credulous, and buys the more than doubtful antique. It is quite incomprehensible why he should act so, and no hint is given that the personality of the proprietor himself might solve this riddle for us. There is, however, another riddle in this incident, and two riddles sometimes solve each other. On leaving the "albergo," he catches sight of an asphodel cluster in a glass at a window, and finds in it an attestation of the genuineness of the metal brooch. How can that be? This last stroke is fortunately easy of solution. The white flower is, of course, the one which he presented to Gradiva at noon, and it is quite right that through the sight of it at one of the windows of this hotel, something is corroborated, not the genuineness of the brooch, but something else which has become clear to him at the discovery of this formerly overlooked "albergo." In the forenoon he has already acted as if he were seeking, in the two hotels of Pompeii, where the person lived who appeared to him as Gradiva. Now, as he stumbles so unexpectedly upon a third, he must say in the unconscious: "So she lives here"; and then, on leaving: "Right there is the asphodel flower I gave her; that is, therefore, her window." This, then, is the new idea for which the delusion is substituted, and which cannot become conscious because its assumption

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that Gradiva is living, a person known by him, cannot become conscious.

How then is the substitution of the delusion for the new idea supposed to have occurred? I think thus: that the feeling of conviction which clung to the idea was able to assert itself and persisted, while another ideational content related to it by thought-connection acted as substitute for the idea itself which was incapable of consciousness. Thus the feeling of conviction was connected with a really strange content, and this latter attained, as delusion, a recognition which did not belong to it. Hanold transfers his conviction that Gradiva lives in this house to other impressions which he receives in this house, becomes, in a way, credulous about what the proprietor says, the genuineness of the metal brooch, and the truth of the anecdote about the lovers found in an embrace, but only by this route, that he connects what he has heard in this house with Gradiva. The jealousy which has been lying ready in him gets possession of this material, and even in contradiction to his first dream there appears the delusion that Gradiva was the girl who died in the arms of her lover, and that the brooch which he bought belonged to her.

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We notice that the conversation with Gradiva, and her gentle wooing “through the flower” have already evoked important changes in Hanold. Traits of male desire, components of the libido are awakened in him, which, to be sure, cannot yet dispense with the concealment through conscious pretexts; but the problem of the corporeal nature of Gradiva, which has pursued him this whole day, cannot disavow its derivation from the erotic desire of the young man for possession of the woman, even if it is dragged into the scientific world by conscious stress on Gradiva’s peculiar hovering between life and death. Jealousy is an added mark of Hanold’s awakening activity in love; he expresses this at the opening of the conversation on the next day, and with the aid of a new pretext achieves his object of touching the girl’s body, and of striking her, as in times long past.

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Now, however, it is time to ask if the course of delusion-formation which we have inferred from our author’s representation is one otherwise admitted or possible. From my experience as physician, I can answer only that it is surely the right way, perhaps the only one, in which the delusion receives the unswerving recognition due its clinical character. If the patient believes in his delusion so firmly, it does not happen because of inversion of his powers of judgment, and does not proceed from what is erroneous in the delusion; but in every delusion there lies also a little grain of truth; there is something in it which really deserves belief, and this is the source of the conviction of the patient, who is, to this extent, justified. This true element, however, has been repressed for a long time; if it finally succeeds in pushing into consciousness (this time in disfigured form), the feeling of a conviction clinging to it, as if in compensation, is over-strong and now clings to and protects the disfigurement-substitute of the repressed, true element against every critical impugment. The conviction at once shifts itself from the unconscious, true element to the conscious, erroneous one connected with it, and remains fixed there as a result of this very displacement. The case of delusion-formation which resulted from Hanold’s first dream is nothing but a similar, if not identical, case of such displacement. Yes, the depicted manner of development of conviction in the delusion is not fundamentally different from the way in which conviction is formed in normal cases, where repression does not enter into play. All our convictions lie in thought-contents in which the true and the false are combined and *they stretch over the former and the latter*. They differentiate at once between the true and whatever false is associated with it and protect this, even if

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not so immutably as in the delusion, against merited critique. Associations, protection, likewise, have their own value even for normal psychology.

I will now return to the dream and lay stress on a small, but not uninteresting feature which establishes a connection between two occasions of the dream. Gradiva had placed the white asphodel flower in definite contrast to the red rose; the finding of the asphodel flower again in the window of the Albergo del Sole becomes a weighty proof for Hanold's unconscious idea which expresses itself in a new delusion; and to this is added the fact that the red rose in the dress of the congenial young girl helps Hanold again, in the unconscious, to a right estimation of her relation to her companion so that he can have her enter the dream as "woman colleague."

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But where in the manifest dream-content is found the trace and representation of that discovery of Hanold's for which we find that the new delusion is substituted, the discovery that Gradiva lives with her father in the third hotel of Pompeii, the Albergo del Sole, which he has not been acquainted with? Well, it stands in its entirety and not even much disfigured in the dream; but I dread to point it out, for I know that even with the readers whose patience with me has lasted so long, a strong opposition to my attempts at interpretation will be stirred up. Hanold's discovery is given in full in the dream-content, I repeat, but so cleverly concealed that one must needs overlook it. It is hidden there behind a play on words, an ambiguity. "Somewhere in the sun Gradiva sat"; this we have rightly connected with the locality where Hanold met the zoölogist, her father; but can it not also mean in the "Sun," that is, in the Albergo del Sole, in the Sun Hotel Gradiva lives? And doesn't the "somewhere" which has no reference to the meeting with her father sound so hypocritically indefinite for the very reason that it introduces the definite information about the whereabouts of Gradiva? According to previous experience in the interpretation of real dreams, I am quite sure of such a meaning in the ambiguity, but I should really not venture to offer this bit of interpretation to my readers, if our author did not lend me here his powerful assistance. On the next day he puts into the mouth of the girl, when she sees the metal brooch, the same pun which we accept for the interpretation of the dream-content. "Did you find it in the sun, perhaps? It brings to light many such works of art"; and as Hanold does not understand the speech, she explains that she means the Sun Hotel, which is called "Sole" here, whence the supposed antique is also familiar to her.

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And now may we make the attempt to substitute for Hanold's "remarkably nonsensical" dream unconscious thoughts hidden behind it and as unlike it as possible? It runs somewhat as follows: "She lives in the Sun with her father; why is she playing such a game with me? Does she wish to make fun of me? Or could it be possible that she loves me and wishes me for a husband?" To this latter possibility there now follows in sleep the rejection, "That is the most utter madness," which is apparently directed against the whole manifest dream.

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Critical readers have now the right to inquire about the origin of that interpolation, not formerly established, which refers to being made fun of by Gradiva. To this "Traumdeutung" gives the answer; if in dream-thoughts, taunts and sneers, or bitter contradictions occur, they are expressed by the nonsensical course of the manifest dream, through the absurdity in the dream. The latter means, therefore, no paralysis of psychic activity, but is one of the means of representation which the dream-work makes use of.

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As always in especially difficult passages, our author here comes to our assistance. The nonsensical dream has another postlude in which a bird utters a merry call and takes away the lizard in his beak. Such a laughing call Hanold had heard after Gradiva's disappearance. It really came from Zoë who was shaking off the melancholy seriousness of her lower world rôle; with this laugh Gradiva had really derided him. The dream-picture, however, of the bird carrying away the lizard may recall that other one in a former dream in which Apollo Belvedere carried away the Capitoline Venus.

Perhaps the impression now exists with many readers that the interpretation of the lizard-catching situation by the idea of wooing is not sufficiently justified. Additional support is found here, perhaps in the hint that Zoë, in conversation with her colleague, admits about herself that very thing which Hanold's thoughts suppose about her, when she tells that she had been sure of "digging up" something interesting for herself here in Pompeii. She thereby delves into the archaeological series of associations as he did into the zoölogical with his allegory of lizard-catching, as if they were opposing each other and each wished to assume properties of the other.

Thus we have finished the interpretation of the second dream. Both have become accessible to our understanding under the presupposition that the dreamer, in his unconscious thought, knows all that he has forgotten in his conscious, has in the former rightly judged everything which, in the latter, he delusively misconstrues. In this connection we have, of course, been obliged to make many assertions which sounded odd to the reader because they were strange to him and probably often awakened the suspicion that we were giving out as our author's meaning what is only our own meaning. We are ready to do everything to dissipate this suspicion and will therefore gladly consider more exhaustively one of the most knotty points—I mean the use of ambiguous words and speeches as in the example, "Somewhere in the Sun Gradiva sat."

It must be striking to every reader of "Gradiva" how often our author puts into the mouths of both the leading characters speeches which have double meaning. For Hanold these speeches are intended to have only one meaning, and only his companion, Gradiva, is affected by their other meaning. Thus, after her first answer, he exclaims: "I knew that your voice sounded so," and the yet unenlightened Zoë has to ask how that is possible, as he has never before heard her speak. In the second conversation, the girl is for a moment puzzled by his delusion, as he assures her that he recognized her at once. She must understand these words in the meaning that is correct for his unconscious, as his recognition of their acquaintance which reaches back into childhood, while he, of course, knows nothing of this meaning of his speech and explains it only by reference to the delusion which dominates him. The speeches of the girl, on the other hand, in whose person the most brilliant mental clarity is opposed to the delusion, are made intentionally ambiguous. One meaning of them falls in with the ideas of Hanold's delusion, in order to enable her to penetrate into his conscious comprehension, the other raises itself above the delusion, and, as a rule, gives us the interpretation of it in the unconscious truth which has been represented by it. It is a triumph of wit to be able to represent the delusion and the truth in the same expression.

Interspersed with such ambiguities is Zoë's speech in which she explains the situation to her girl friend and at the same time rids herself of her disturbing society; it is really spoken out of the book, calculated more for us readers than for her happy colleague. In

the conversations with Hanold, the double meaning is chiefly established by the fact that Zoë makes use of the symbolism which we find followed in Hanold's first dream, in the equivalence of repression and destruction, Pompeii and childhood. Thus on the one hand she can, in her speeches, continue in the rôle which Hanold's delusion assigns to her, on the other, she can touch upon the real relations, and awaken in Hanold's unconscious a knowledge of them.

“I have long accustomed myself to being dead.” (G. p. 71.) “For me, the flower of oblivion is the right one from your hand.” (G. p. 71.) In these speeches is given lightly the reproof which then breaks out clearly enough in her last sermon when she compares him to an archaeopteryx. “That a person must die to become alive again; but for archaeologists that is, of course, necessary,” (G. p. 110) she continues after the solution of the delusion as if to give us the key to her ambiguous speeches. The most beautiful symbolism appears, however, in the question: (G. p. 93.) “It seems to me as if we had already eaten our bread thus together once two thousand years ago. Can't you remember it?” In this speech the substitution of historic antiquity for childhood, and the effort to awaken his memory of the latter are quite unmistakable.

Whence, therefore, comes this striking preference for ambiguous speeches in “*Gradiva*”? It seems to us not chance, but the necessary sequence from the preliminaries of the tale. It is nothing but the counterpart of the twofold determination of symptoms in so far as the speeches are themselves symptoms and proceed from compromises between the conscious and the unconscious; but one notices this double origin in the speeches more easily than in the acts; and when, as the pliability of the material of conversation often makes possible, each of the two intentions of a speech succeeds by the same arrangement of words in expressing itself well, then there is present what we call an “ambiguity.”

During the psychotherapeutic treatment of a delusion, or an analogous disturbance, one often evolves such ambiguous speeches in patients as new symptoms of the most fleeting duration, and can even succeed in making use of them, whereby, with the meaning intended for the consciousness of the patient, one can, not infrequently, stimulate the understanding for the one valid in the unconscious. I know from experience that among the uninitiate this rôle of ambiguity usually gives the greatest offense, and causes the grossest misunderstanding, but our author was right, at any rate, in representing in his production this characteristic feature of the processes of the formation of dream and delusion.

**Part II. Delusion and Dream in
Wilhelm Jensen's *Gradiva* by Dr.
Sigmund Freud
Section IV**

WITH Zoë's entrance as physician there is awakened in us, we said, a new interest. We are eager to learn if such a cure as she accomplishes on Hanold is comprehensible or possible, whether our author has observed the conditions of the passing of a delusion as correctly as those of its development.

Without doubt a view will be advanced denying to the case portrayed by our author such a principal interest, and recognizing no problem requiring an explanation. For Hanold nothing more remains, it might be asserted, but to solve his delusion again, after its object, the supposed Gradiva, conveys to him the incorrectness of all his assertions and gives him the most natural explanations for everything puzzling; for example, how she knows his name. Thereby the affair would be settled logically; as, however, the girl in this case has confessed her love, for the satisfaction of his feminine readers, our author would surely allow the otherwise not uninteresting story to end in the usually happy way, marriage. More consistent, and just as possible, would have been the different conclusion that the young scholar, after the explanation of his mistake, should, with polite thanks, take his leave of the young lady and in that way motivate the rejection of her love so that he might offer an intense interest to ancient women of bronze or stone, or the originals of these, if they were attainable, but might have no idea of how to deal with a girl of flesh and blood of his own time. The archaeological fancy was most arbitrarily cemented into a love-story by our author, himself.

In discountenancing this conception as impossible, our attention is first called to the fact that we have to attribute the change beginning in Norbert Hanold not to the relinquishment of the delusion alone. At the same time, indeed before the solution of the latter, there is in him an undeniable awakening of the desire for love, which, of course, results in his asking for the hand of the girl who has freed him from delusion. We have already shown under what pretexts and cloakings, curiosity about her corporeal nature, jealousy, and the brutal male impulse for possession are expressed in him in the midst of the delusion, since repressed desire put the first dream into his mind. Let us add the further testimony that in the evening after the second talk with Gradiva a living woman for the first time seems congenial to him, although he still makes the concession to his abhorrence of honeymoon travelers, by not recognizing the congenial girl as newly married. The next forenoon, however, chance makes him witness of an exchange of caresses between the girl and her supposed brother, and he draws back shyly as if he had disturbed a holy ceremony. Disdain for "Augustus" and "Gretchen" is forgotten and respect for love is restored to him.

Thus our author has connected the treatment of the delusion and the breaking forth of the desire for love most closely with one another, and prepared the outcome in a love-affair as necessary. He knows the nature of the delusion even better than his critics; he knows that a component of amorous desire has combined with a component of resistance in the formation of the delusion, and he has the girl who undertakes the cure discover in Hanold's delusion the component referring to her. Only this insight can make her decide to devote herself to treating him, only the certainty of knowing herself loved by him can move her to confess to him her love. The treatment consists in restoring to him, from without, the repressed memories which he cannot release from within; it would be ineffective if the therapist did not consider the emotions; and the interpretation of the delusion would not finally be: "See; all that means only that you love me."

The procedure which our author has his Zoë follow for the cure of the delusion of the friend of her youth, shows a considerable resemblance, no, complete agreement, essentially, with a therapeutic method which Dr. J. Breuer and the present writer introduced into medicine in 1895, and to the perfection of which the latter has since

devoted himself. This method of treatment, first called the “cathartic” by Breuer, which the present writer has preferred to designate as “analytic” consists in rather forcibly bringing into the consciousness of the patients who suffer from disturbances analogous to Hanold’s delusion, the unconscious, through the repression of which they have become ill, just as Gradiva does with the repressed memories of their childhood relations. To be sure, accomplishment of this task is easier for Gradiva than for the physician; she is, in this connection, in a position which might be called ideal from many view-points. The physician who does not fathom his patient in advance, and does not possess within himself, as conscious memory, what is working in the patient as unconscious, must call to his aid a complicated technique in order to overcome this disadvantage. He must learn to gather with absolute certainty, from the patient’s conscious ideas and statements, the repressed material in him, to guess the unconscious, when it betrays itself behind the patient’s conscious expressions and acts. The latter then does something similar to what Norbert Hanold did at the end of the story, when he re-translates the name, Gradiva, into *Bertgang*. The disturbance disappears then by being traced back to its origin; analysis brings cure at the same time.

The similarity between the procedure of Gradiva and the analytic method of psychotherapy is, however, not limited to these two points, making the repressed conscious, and the concurrence of explanation and cure. It extends itself to what proves the essential of the whole change, the awakening of the emotions. Every disturbance analogous to Hanold’s delusion, which in science we usually designate as a psychoneurosis, has, as a preliminary, the repression of part of the emotional life, to speak boldly, of the sex-impulse, and at every attempt to introduce the unconscious and repressed cause of illness into consciousness, the emotional component necessarily awakens to renewed struggle with the forces repressing it, to adjust itself for final result, often under violent manifestations of reaction. In reawakening, in consciousness, of repressed love, the process of recuperation is accomplished when we sum up all the various components of sex-impulse as “love” and this reawakening is irremissible, for the symptoms on account of which the treatment was undertaken are nothing but the precipitations of former struggles of repression and recurrence and can be solved and washed away only by a new high-tide of these very passions. Every psychoanalytic treatment is an attempt to free repressed love, which has formed a miserable compromise-outlet in a symptom. Yes, the conformity with the therapeutic process pictured by the author in “Gradiva” reaches its height when we add that even in analytical psychotherapy, the reawakened passion, whether love or hate, chooses the person of the physician as its object every time.

Then, of course, appear the differences which make the case of Gradiva an ideal one such as the technique of physicians cannot attain. Gradiva can respond to the love which is pushing through from the unconscious into the conscious; the physician cannot; Gradiva was herself the object of the former repressed love; her person offers at once a desirable object to the freed erotic activity. The physician has been a stranger, and after the cure must try to become a stranger again; often he does not know how to advise the cured patient to apply in life her regained capacity for love. To suggest what resources and makeshifts the physician then employs to approach with more or less success the model of a love-cure which our author has drawn for us, would carry us too far away from

our present task.

Now, however, the last question which we have already evaded answering several times.⁸ Our views about repression, the formation of delusion and related disturbances, the formation and interpretation of dreams, the rôle of erotic life, and the manner of cure for such disturbances are, of course, not by any means the common property of science, to say nothing of being the possession of educated people. If the insight which makes our author able to create his "Fancy" in such a way that we can analyze it like a real history of disease has for its foundation the above-mentioned knowledge, we should like to find out the source of it. One of the circle who, as was explained at the beginning, was interested in the dreams of "Gradiva" and their possible interpretation, put the direct question to Wilhelm Jensen, whether any such similar theories of science had been known to him. Our author answered, as was to be expected, in the negative, and rather testily. His imagination had put into his mind the "Gradiva" in whom he had his joy; any one whom she did not please, might leave her alone. He did not suspect how much she had pleased the readers.

It is easily possible that our author's rejection does not stop at that. Perhaps he denies⁹ knowledge of the rules which we have shown that he follows, and disavows all the intentions which we recognized in his production; I do not consider this improbable; then, however, only two possibilities remain. Either we have presented a true caricature of interpretation, by transferring to a harmless work of art tendencies of which its creator had no idea, and have thereby shown again how easy it is to find what one seeks and what one is engrossed with, a possibility of which most strange examples are recorded in the history of literature. Every reader may now decide for himself whether he cares to accept such an explanation; we, of course, hold fast to the other, still remaining view. We think that our author needed to know nothing of such rules and intentions, so that he may disavow them in good faith, and that we have surely found nothing in his romance which was not contained in it. We are probably drawing from the same source, working over the same material, each of us with a different method, and agreement in results seems to vouch for the fact that both have worked correctly. Our procedure consists of the conscious observation of abnormal psychic processes in others, in order to be able to discover and express their laws. Our author proceeds in another way; he directs his attention to the unconscious in his own psyche, listens to its possibilities of development and grants them artistic expression, instead of suppressing them with conscious critique. Thus he learns from himself what we learn from others, what laws the activity of this unconscious must follow, but he does not need to express these laws, need not even recognize them clearly; they are, as a result of his intelligent patience, contained incarnate in his creatures. We unfold these laws by analysis of his fiction as we discover them from cases of real illness, but the conclusion seems irrefutable, that either both (our author, as well as the physician) have misunderstood the unconscious in the same way or we have both understood it correctly. This conclusion is very valuable for us; for its sake, it was worth while for us to investigate the representation of the formation and cure of delusion, as well as the dreams, in Jensen's "Gradiva" by the methods of therapeutic psychoanalysis.

We have reached the end. An observant reader might remind us that, at the beginning, we had remarked that dreams are wishes represented as fulfilled and that we still owe the proof of it. Well, we reply, our arguments might well show how unjustifiable it would be

to wish to cover the explanations which we have to give of the dream with the formula that the dream is a wish-fulfilment; but the assertion stands, and is also easy to demonstrate for the dreams in "Gradiva." The latent dream-thoughts—we know now what is meant by that—may be of numerous kinds; in "Gradiva" they are day-remnants, thoughts which are left over unheard, and not disposed of by the psychic activity of waking life. In order that a dream may originate from them the cooperation of a—generally unconscious—wish is required; this establishes the motive power for the dream-formation; the day-remnants give the material for it. In Norbert Hanold's first dream two wishes concur in producing the dream, one capable of consciousness, the other, of course, belonging to the unconscious, and active because of repression. This was the wish, comprehensible to every archaeologist, to have been an eye-witness of that catastrophe of 79. What sacrifice would be too great, for an antiquarian, to realize this wish otherwise than through dreams! The other wish and dream-maker is of an erotic nature: to be present when the beloved lies down to sleep, to express it crudely. It is the rejection of this which makes the dream an anxiety-dream. Less striking are, perhaps, the impelling wishes of the second dream, but if we recall its interpretation, we shall not hesitate to pronounce it also erotic. The wish to be captured by the beloved, to yield and surrender to her, as it may be construed behind the lizard-catching, has really a passive masochistic character. On the next day the dreamer strikes the beloved, as if under the sway of the antagonistic, erotic force; but we must stop or we may forget that Hanold and Gradiva are only creatures of our author.

THE END