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THE STANDARD EDITION  
OF THE COMPLETE PSYCHOLOGICAL WORKS OF

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

### DER WAHN UND DIE TRÄUME IN W. JENSENS *GRADIVA*

(a) GERMAN EDITIONS:

- 1907 Leipzig and Vienna: Heller. Pp. 81. (*Schriften zur angewandten Seelenkunde*, Heft 1) (Re-issued unchanged with the same title page but a new paper outer cover: Leipzig and Vienna: Deuticke, 1908.)
- 1912 2nd ed. Leipzig and Vienna: Deuticke. With 'Postscript'. Pp. 87.
- 1924 3rd ed. Same publishers. Unchanged.
- 1925 *G.S.*, 9, 273-367.
- 1941 *G.W.*, 7, 31-125.

(b) ENGLISH TRANSLATION:

*Delusion and Dream*

- 1917 New York: Moffat, Yard. Pp. 243. (Tr. H. M. Downey.) (With an introduction by G. Stanley Hall. Omits Freud's 'Postscript'. Includes translation of Jensen's story.)
- 1921 London: George Allen & Unwin. Pp. 213. (A reprint of the above.)

The present translation is an entirely new one, with a modified title, by James Strachey. The 'Postscript' appears in English for the first time.

This was Freud's first published analysis of a work of literature, apart, of course, from his comments on *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet* in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900a), *Standard Ed.*, 4, 261-6. At an earlier date, however, he had written a short analysis of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's story, 'Die Richterin' ['The Woman Judge'], and had sent it to

Fliess, enclosed in a letter dated June 20, 1898 (Freud, 1950*a*, Letter 91).

It was Jung, as we learn from Ernest Jones (1955, 382), who brought Jensen's<sup>1</sup> book to Freud's notice, and Freud is reported to have written the present work especially to please Jung. This was in the summer of 1906, several months before the two men had met each other, and the episode was thus the herald of their five or six years of cordial relations. Freud's study was published in May, 1907 and soon afterwards he sent a copy of it to Jensen. A short correspondence followed, which is referred to in the 'Post-script' to the second edition (p. 94); Jensen's side of this correspondence (three shortish letters, dated May 13, May 25 and December 14, 1907) has since been published in the *Psychoanalytische Bewegung*, 1 (1929), 207-211. The letters are most friendly in tone and give the impression that Jensen was flattered by Freud's analysis of his story. He appears even to have accepted the main lines of the interpretation. In particular, he declares that he has no recollection of having replied 'somewhat brusquely' when, as reported below on p. 91, he was asked (apparently by Jung) whether he knew anything of Freud's theories.

Apart from the deeper significance which Freud saw in Jensen's work, there is no doubt that he must have been specially attracted by the scene in which it was laid. His interest in Pompeii was an old-established one. It appears more than once in his correspondence with Fliess. Thus, as an association to the word '*via*' in one of his dreams<sup>2</sup>, he gives 'the streets of Pompeii which I am studying'. This was on April 28, 1897 (Freud, 1950*a*, Letter 60), several years before he actually visited Pompeii, in September, 1902. Above all, Freud was fascinated by the analogy between the

<sup>1</sup> Wilhelm Jensen (1837-1911) was a North German playwright and novelist, respected but not regarded as of very great distinction.

<sup>2</sup> The 'Villa Secerno' dream. It is also reported in *The Interpretation of Dreams, Standard Ed.*, 4, 317; but the Pompeii association is not mentioned there.

historical fate of Pompeii (its burial and subsequent excavation) and the mental events with which he was so familiar—burial by repression and excavation by analysis. Something of this analogy was suggested by Jensen himself (p. 51), and Freud enjoyed elaborating it here as well as in later contexts.

In reading Freud's study, it is worth bearing in mind its chronological place in his writings as one of his earliest psycho-analytic works. It was written only a year after the first publication of the 'Dora' case history and the *Three Essays on Sexuality*. Embedded in the discussion of *Gradiva*, indeed, there lies not only a summary of Freud's explanation of dreams but also what is perhaps the first of his semi-popular accounts of his theory of the neuroses and of the therapeutic action of psycho-analysis. It is impossible not to admire the almost prestidigital skill with which he extracts this wealth of material from what is at first sight no more than an ingenious anecdote.<sup>1</sup> But it would be wrong to minimize the part played in the outcome, however unconsciously, by Jensen himself.

<sup>1</sup> In his *Autobiographical Study* (1925d), *Standard Ed.*, 20, 65, Freud spoke a little contemptuously of *Gradiva* as a work 'which has no particular merit in itself'.

# DELUSIONS AND DREAMS IN JENSEN'S *GRADIVA*

## I

A GROUP of men who regarded it as a settled fact that the essential riddles of dreaming have been solved by the efforts of the author of the present work<sup>1</sup> found their curiosity aroused one day by the question of the class of dreams that have never been dreamt at all—dreams created by imaginative writers and ascribed to invented characters in the course of a story. The notion of submitting this class of dreams to an investigation might seem a waste of energy and a strange thing to undertake; but from one point of view it could be considered justifiable. It is far from being generally believed that dreams have a meaning and can be interpreted. Science and the majority of educated people smile if they are set the task of interpreting a dream. Only the common people, who cling to superstitions and who on this point are carrying on the convictions of antiquity, continue to insist that dreams can be interpreted. The author of *The Interpretation of Dreams* has ventured, in the face of the reproaches of strict science, to become a partisan of antiquity and superstition. He is, it is true, far from believing that dreams foretell the future, for the unveiling of which men have vainly striven from time immemorial by every forbidden means. But even he has not been able entirely to reject the relation of dreams to the future. For the dream, when the laborious work of translating it had been accomplished, revealed itself to him as a wish of the dreamer's represented as fulfilled; and who could deny that wishes are predominantly turned towards the future?

I have just said that dreams are fulfilled wishes. Anyone who is not afraid of making his way through an abstruse book, and who does not insist on a complicated problem being

<sup>1</sup> See Freud, *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900a).

represented to him as easy and simple in order to save him trouble and at the cost of honesty and truth, may find the detailed proof of this thesis in the work I have mentioned. Meanwhile, he may set on one side the objections which will undoubtedly occur to him against equating dreams and wish-fulfilments.

But we have gone a long way ahead. It is not a question yet of establishing whether the meaning of a dream can always be rendered by a fulfilled wish, or whether it may not just as often stand for an anxious expectation, an intention, a reflection, and so on. On the contrary, the question that first arises is whether dreams have a meaning at all, whether they ought to be assessed as mental events. Science answers 'no': it explains dreaming as a purely physiological process, behind which, accordingly, there is no need to look for sense, meaning or purpose. Somatic stimuli, so it says, play upon the mental instrument during sleep and thus bring to consciousness now one idea and now another, robbed of all mental content: dreams are comparable only to twitchings, not to expressive movements, of the mind.

Now in this dispute as to the estimation in which dreams should be held, imaginative writers seem to be on the same side as the ancients, as the superstitious public and as the author of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. For when an author makes the characters constructed by his imagination dream, he follows the everyday experience that people's thoughts and feelings are continued in sleep and he aims at nothing else than to depict his heroes' states of mind by their dreams. But creative writers are valuable allies and their evidence is to be prized highly, for they are apt to know a whole host of things between heaven and earth of which our philosophy has not yet let us dream. In their knowledge of the mind they are far in advance of us everyday people, for they draw upon sources which we have not yet opened up for science. If only this support given by writers in favour of dreams having a meaning were less ambiguous! A strictly critical eye might object that writers take their stand neither for nor

against particular dreams having a psychological meaning; they are content to show how the sleeping mind twitches under the excitations which have remained active in it as off-shoots of waking life.

But even this sobering thought does not damp our interest in the fashion in which writers make use of dreams. Even if this enquiry should teach us nothing new about the nature of dreams, it may perhaps enable us from this angle to gain some small insight into the nature of creative writing. Real dreams were already regarded as unrestrained and unregulated structures—and now we are confronted by unfettered imitations of these dreams! There is far less freedom and arbitrariness in mental life, however, than we are inclined to assume—there may even be none at all. What we call chance in the world outside can, as is well known, be resolved into laws. So, too, what we call arbitrariness in the mind rests upon laws, which we are only now beginning dimly to suspect. Let us, then, see what we find!

There are two methods that we might adopt for this enquiry. One would be to enter deeply into a particular case, into the dream-creations of one author in one of his works. The other would be to bring together and contrast all the examples that could be found of the use of dreams in the works of different authors. The second method would seem to be far the more effective and perhaps the only justifiable one, for it frees us at once from the difficulties involved in adopting the artificial concept of 'writers' as a class. On investigation this class falls apart into individual writers of the most various worth—among them some whom we are accustomed to honour as the deepest observers of the human mind. In spite of this, however, these pages will be devoted to an enquiry of the first sort. It happened that in the group of men among whom the notion first arose there was one<sup>1</sup> who recalled that in the work of fiction that had last caught his fancy there were several dreams which had, as it were, looked at him with familiar faces and invited him to attempt

<sup>1</sup> [This was Jung. See the Editor's Note above, p. 4.]



to apply to them the method of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. He confessed that the subject-matter of the little work and the scene in which it was laid may no doubt have played the chief part in creating his enjoyment. For the story was set in the frame of Pompeii and dealt with a young archaeologist who had surrendered his interest in life in exchange for an interest in the remains of classical antiquity and who was now brought back to real life by a roundabout path which was strange but perfectly logical. During the treatment of this genuinely poetic material the reader had been stirred by all kinds of thoughts akin to it and in harmony with it. The work was a short tale by Wilhelm Jensen—*Gradiva*—which its author himself described as a 'Pompeian phantasy'.

And now I ought properly to ask all my readers to put aside this little essay and instead to spend some time in acquainting themselves with *Gradiva* (which first appeared in the bookshops in 1903), so that what I refer to in the following pages may be familiar to them. But for the benefit of those who have already read *Gradiva* I will recall the substance of the story in a brief summary; and I shall count upon their memory to restore to it all the charm of which this treatment will deprive it.

A young archaeologist, Norbert Hanold, had discovered in a museum of antiquities in Rome a relief which had so immensely attracted him that he was greatly pleased at obtaining an excellent plaster cast of it which he could hang in his study in a German university town and gaze at with interest. The sculpture represented a fully-grown girl stepping along, with her flowing dress a little pulled up so as to reveal her sandalled feet. One foot rested squarely on the ground; the other, lifted from the ground in the act of following after, touched it only with the tips of the toes, while the sole and heel rose almost perpendicularly.<sup>1</sup> It was probably the unusual and peculiarly charming gait thus presented that attracted the sculptor's notice and that still, after so many centuries, riveted the eyes of its archaeological admirer.

<sup>1</sup> [See the frontispiece of this volume.]

The interest taken by the hero of the story in this relief is the basic psychological fact in the narrative. It was not immediately explicable. 'Dr. Norbert Hanold, Lecturer in Archaeology, did not in fact find in the relief anything calling for special notice from the point of view of his branch of science.' (3.)<sup>1</sup> 'He could not explain to himself what there was in it that had provoked his attention. He only knew that he had been attracted by something and that the effect had continued unchanged ever since.' But his imagination was occupied with the sculpture without ceasing. He found something 'of to-day' about it, as though the artist had had a glimpse in the street and captured it 'from the life'. He gave the girl thus pictured as she stepped along the name of 'Gradiva'—'the girl who steps along'.<sup>2</sup> He made up a story that she was no doubt the daughter of an aristocratic family, perhaps 'of a patrician aedile,<sup>3</sup> who carried out his office in the service of Ceres', and that she was on her way to the goddess's temple. Then he found it hard to fit her quiet, calm nature into the busy life of a capital city. He convinced himself, rather, that she must be transported to Pompeii, and that somewhere there she was stepping across the curious stepping-stones which have been dug up and which made it possible to cross dry-foot from one side of the street to the other in rainy weather, though allowing carriage-wheels to pass between them as well. Her features struck him as having a *Greek* look and he had no doubt that she was of Hellenic origin. Little by little he brought the whole of his archaeological learning into the service of these and other phantasies relating to the original who had been the model for the relief.

But now he found himself confronted by an ostensibly scientific problem which called for a solution. It was a question of his arriving at a critical judgement as to 'whether Gradiva's gait as she stepped along had been reproduced by

<sup>1</sup> [Plain numbers in brackets in the present translation are page references to Jensen, *Gradiva*, 1903.]

<sup>2</sup> [The derivation of the name is further explained below, on p. 50.]

<sup>3</sup> [A magistrate in charge of public buildings.]

the sculptor in a life-like manner'. He found that he himself was not capable of imitating it, and in his quest for the 'reality' of this gait he was led 'to make observations of his own from the life in order to clear the matter up'. (9.) This, however, forced him into a course of behaviour that was quite foreign to him. 'Hitherto, the female sex had been to him no more than the concept of something made of marble or bronze, and he had never paid the slightest attention to its contemporary representatives.' Social duties had always seemed to him an unavoidable nuisance; he saw and heard young ladies whom he came across in society so little that when he next met them he would pass them by without a sign; and this, of course, made no favourable impression on them. Now, however, the scientific task which he had taken on compelled him, in dry, but more especially in wet, weather, to look eagerly in the street at women's and girls' feet as they came into view—an activity which brought him some angry, and some encouraging, glances from those who came under his observation; 'but he was aware of neither the one nor the other.' (10.) As an outcome of these careful studies he was forced to the conclusion that Gradiva's gait was not discoverable in reality; and this filled him with regret and vexation.

Soon afterwards he had a terrifying dream, in which he found himself in ancient Pompeii on the day of the eruption of Vesuvius and witnessed the city's destruction. 'As he was standing at the edge of the forum beside the Temple of Jupiter, he suddenly saw Gradiva at no great distance from him. Till then he had had no thought of her presence, but now it occurred to him all at once and as though it was something natural that, since she was a Pompeian, she was living in her native town, and, *without his having suspected it, living as his contemporary.*' (12.) Fear of the fate that lay before her provoked him to utter a warning cry, whereupon the figure, as she calmly stepped along, turned her face towards him. But she then proceeded on her way untroubled, till she reached the portico of the temple;<sup>1</sup> there she took her seat on one of

<sup>1</sup> [The Temple of Apollo.]

the steps and slowly laid her head down on it, while her face grew paler and paler, as though it were turning into marble. When he hurried after her, he found her stretched out on the broad step with a peaceful expression, like someone asleep, till the rain of ashes buried her form.

When he awoke, the confused shouts of the inhabitants of Pompeii calling for help still seemed to echo in his ears, and the dull muttering of the breakers in the agitated sea. But even after his returning reflection recognized the sounds as the awakening signs of noisy life in a great city, he retained his belief for a long time in the reality of what he had dreamt. When at length he had freed himself of the notion that he himself had been present at the destruction of Pompeii almost two thousand years earlier, he was nevertheless left with what seemed a true conviction that *Gradiva* had lived in Pompeii and been buried there with the others in the year 79 A.D. The dream had as its result that now for the first time in his phantasies about *Gradiva* he mourned for her as someone who was lost.

While he was leaning out of the window, absorbed in these thoughts, his attention was caught by a canary warbling its song from a cage in the open window of the house opposite. Suddenly something passed with a start through the mind of the young man, who seems not yet to have fully woken from his dream. He thought he saw in the street a form like his *Gradiva*, and thought he even recognized her characteristic gait. Without thinking, he hurried into the street so as to catch up with her; and it was only the laughter and jeers of the passers-by at his early-morning attire that quickly drove him back into his house. When he was in his room again, the singing of the canary in its cage once more caught his attention and suggested a comparison with himself. He too, so it seemed to him, was like someone sitting in a cage, though it was easier for him to escape from it. As though as a further aftermath of his dream, and perhaps, too, under the influence of the mild air of spring, a resolve took shape in him to make a spring-time journey to Italy. A scientific excuse

for it soon presented itself, even though 'the impulse to make this journey had arisen from a feeling he could not name.' (24.)

Let us pause for a moment at this journey, planned for such remarkably uncogent reasons, and take a closer look at our hero's personality and behaviour. He still appears to us as incomprehensible and foolish; we have no idea how his peculiar folly will be linked to human feeling and so arouse our sympathy. It is an author's privilege to be allowed to leave us in such uncertainty. The charm of his language and the ingenuity of his ideas offer us a provisional reward for the reliance we place in him and for the still unearned sympathy which we are ready to feel for his hero. Of this hero we are further told that he was pre-ordained by family tradition to become an archaeologist, that in his later isolation and independence he was wholly absorbed in his studies and had turned completely away from life and its pleasures. Marble and bronze alone were truly alive for him; they alone expressed the purpose and value of human life. But nature, perhaps with benevolent intent, had infused into his blood a corrective of an entirely unscientific sort—an extremely lively imagination, which could show itself not only in his dreams but often in his waking life as well. This division between imagination and intellect destined him to become an artist or a neurotic; he was one of those whose kingdom is not of this world. Thus it was that it could come about that his interest was attached to a relief representing a girl stepping along in a peculiar fashion, that he wove his phantasies around her, imagined a name and origin for her, placed the figure he had created in the setting of the Pompeii that was buried more than eighteen hundred years before, and finally, after a strange anxiety-dream, magnified his phantasy of the existence and death of this girl named *Gradiva* into a delusion, which gained an influence over his actions. Such products of the imagination would seem to us astonishing and inexplicable if we met them in someone in real life. Since our

hero, Norbert Hanold, is a fictitious person, we may perhaps put a timid question to his author, and ask whether his imagination was determined by forces other than its own arbitrary choice.

We had left our hero at the moment when he was apparently being led by the song of a canary to decide on a journey to Italy, the purpose of which was evidently not clear to him. We learn further that he had no fixed plan or goal for his journey. An inner restlessness and dissatisfaction drove him from Rome to Naples and from thence further still. He found himself among the swarm of honeymooners and was forced to notice the loving couples of 'Edwins' and 'Angelinas',<sup>1</sup> but was quite unable to understand their goings-on. He came to the conclusion that of all the follies of mankind 'getting married takes first place, as the greatest and most incomprehensible, and the senseless honeymoon trips to Italy are, in a way, the crowning touch of this idiocy'. (27.) Having been disturbed in his sleep by the proximity of a loving couple in Rome, he hurriedly fled to Naples, only to find other 'Edwins' and 'Angelinas' there. Having gathered from their conversation that the majority of these pairs of birds had no intention of nesting among the ruins of Pompeii, but were flying towards Capri, he determined to do what they did not, and only a few days after his departure found himself 'contrary to his expectation and intentions' in Pompeii.

But without finding there the repose he was in search of. The part which had so far been played by the honeymoon couples, who had troubled his spirits and harassed his thoughts, was now taken over by the house-flies, which he was inclined to regard as the incarnation of all that is absolutely evil and unnecessary. The two sorts of tormenting spirits

<sup>1</sup> ['August' and 'Grete' in the original. The names recur frequently in the course of the story and it has seemed best to replace them by those conventionally applied to English honeymoon couples of the late Victorian age.]

melted into a unity: some of the pairs of flies reminded him of the honeymooners, and he suspected that they too were addressing each other in their language as 'dearest Edwin' and 'darling Angelina'. Eventually, he could not but realize that 'his dissatisfaction was not caused only by his surroundings but that its source was in part derived from within himself'. (42.) He felt that 'he was discontented because he lacked something, though it was not clear to him what'.

Next morning he passed through the '*Ingresso*' into Pompeii, and, after getting rid of the guide, strolled aimlessly through the town, without, strangely enough, remembering that only a short time before he had been present in his dream at its burial. When later on, at the 'hot and holy'<sup>1</sup> mid-day hour, which the ancients regarded as the hour of ghosts, the other visitors had taken flight and the heaps of ruins lay before him desolate and bathed in sunlight, he found that he was able to carry himself back into the life that had been buried—but not by the help of science. 'What it taught was a lifeless, archaeological way of looking at things, and what came from its mouth was a dead, philological language. These were of no help to an understanding through the spirit, the feelings, the heart—put it as you please. Whoever had a longing for that must stand here alone, the only living creature, in the hot silence of mid-day, among the relics of the past, and look, but not with bodily eyes, and listen, but not with physical ears. And then . . . the dead wakened and Pompeii began to live once more.' (55.)

While he was thus animating the past with his imagination, he suddenly saw the unmistakable Gradiva of his relief come out of a house and step trippingly over the lava stepping-stones to the other side of the street, just as he had seen her do in his dream the other night, when she had lain down as though to sleep, on the steps of the Temple of Apollo. 'And together with his memory something else came into his consciousness for the first time: without being aware himself of the impulse within him, he had come to Italy and had

<sup>1</sup> [*Gradiva*, 51.]

travelled on to Pompeii, without stopping in Rome or Naples, in order to see whether he could find any traces of her. And "traces" literally; for with her peculiar gait she must have left behind an imprint of her toes in the ashes distinct from all the rest.' (58.)

At this point the tension in which the author has hitherto held us grows for a moment into a painful sense of bewilderment. It is not only our hero who has evidently lost his balance; we too have lost our bearings in the face of the apparition of Gradiva, who was first a marble figure and then an imaginary one. Is she a hallucination of our hero, led astray by his delusions? Is she a 'real' ghost? or a living person? Not that we need believe in ghosts when we draw up this list. The author, who has called his story a 'phantasy', has found no occasion so far for informing us whether he intends to leave us in our world, decried for being prosaic and governed by the laws of science, or whether he wishes to transport us into another and imaginary world, in which spirits and ghosts are given reality. As we know from the examples of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, we are prepared to follow him there without hesitation. If so, the imaginative archaeologist's delusion would have to be measured by another standard. Indeed, when we consider how improbable it must be that a real person could exist who bore an exact resemblance to the antique sculpture, our list of alternatives shrinks to two: a hallucination or a mid-day ghost. A small detail in the account soon cancels the first possibility. A large lizard was lying motionless, stretched out in the sunshine, but fled at the approach of Gradiva's foot and darted away across the lava paving-stones. So it was no hallucination, but something outside our dreamer's mind. But could the reality of a *rediviva* startle a lizard?

Gradiva disappeared in front of the House of Meleager. We shall not be surprised to hear that Norbert Hanold pursued his delusion that Pompeii had come to life around him



at the mid-day hour of ghosts and supposed that Gradiva too had come to life again and had entered the house in which she had lived before the fatal August day in 79 A.D. Ingenious speculations upon the personality of its owner (after whom the house was probably named), and upon Gradiva's relationship to him, shot through his head, and proved that his science was now completely in the service of his imagination. He entered the house, and suddenly found the apparition once more, sitting on some low steps between two yellow columns. 'There was something white stretched out across her knees; he could not clearly discern what it was; it seemed to be a sheet of papyrus . . .' On the basis of his latest theories of her origin he addressed her in Greek, and waited with trepidation to learn whether, in her phantom presence she possessed the power of speech. Since she made no reply, he addressed her instead in Latin. Then, with a smile on her lips: 'If you want to speak to me', she said, 'you must do it in German.'

What a humiliation for us readers! So the author has been making fun of us, and, with the help, as it were, of a reflection of the Pompeian sunshine, has inveigled *us* into a delusion on a small scale, so that we may be forced to pass a milder judgement on the poor wretch on whom the mid-day sun was really shining. Now, however, that we have been cured of our brief confusion, we know that Gradiva was a German girl of flesh and blood—a solution which we were inclined to reject as the most improbable one. And now, with a quiet sense of superiority, we may wait to learn what the relation was between the girl and her marble image, and how our young archaeologist arrived at the phantasies which pointed towards her real personality.

But our hero was not torn from his delusion as quickly as we have been, for, as the author tells us, 'though his belief made him happy, he had to take the acceptance of quite a considerable number of mysteries into the bargain'. (140.)

Moreover, this delusion probably had internal roots in him of which we know nothing and which do not exist in ourselves. In his case, no doubt, energetic treatment would seem necessary before he could be brought back to reality. Meanwhile all he could do was to fit his delusion into the wonderful experience he had just had. Gradiva, who had perished with the rest in the destruction of Pompeii, could be nothing other than a mid-day ghost who had returned to life for the brief ghostly hour. But why was it that, after hearing her reply delivered in German, he exclaimed 'I knew your voice sounded like that'? Not only we, but the girl herself was bound to ask the question, and Hanold had to admit that he had never heard it, though he had expected to in his dream, when he called to her as she lay down to sleep on the temple steps. He begged her to do the same thing again as she had then; but now she rose, gave him a strange look, and in a few paces disappeared between the columns of the court. A pretty butterfly had shortly before fluttered round her for a while; and he interpreted it as a messenger from Hades reminding the dead girl that she must return, since the mid-day hour of ghosts was at an end. Hanold still had time to call after the girl as she vanished: 'Will you return here tomorrow at the mid-day hour?' To us, however, who can now venture upon more sober interpretations, it looks as though the young lady had seen something improper in the remark addressed to her by Hanold and had left him with a sense of having been insulted; for after all she could have known nothing of his dream. May not her sensibility have detected the erotic nature of his request, whose motive in Hanold's eyes lay in its relation to his dream?

After Gradiva's disappearance our hero had a careful look at all the guests congregated for their mid-day meal at the Hotel Diomède and went on to do the same at the Hotel Suisse, and he was then able to feel assured that in neither of the only two hotels known to him in Pompeii was there anyone bearing the remotest resemblance to Gradiva. He would of course have rejected as nonsensical the idea that he

might actually meet Gradiva in one of the two inns. And presently the wine pressed from the hot soil of Vesuvius helped to intensify the whirl of feeling in which he spent the day.

For the following day one thing only was fixed: that Hanold must once more be in the House of Meleager at mid-day; and, in expectation of that moment, he made his way into Pompeii by an irregular route—over the ancient city wall. A sprig of asphodel, hung about with its white bell-shaped blossoms, seemed to him significant enough, as the flower of the underworld, for him to pluck it and carry it with him. But as he waited, the whole science of archaeology seemed to him the most pointless and indifferent thing in the world, for another interest had taken possession of him: the problem of 'what could be the nature of the bodily apparition of a being like Gradiva, who was at once dead and, even though only at the mid-day hour, alive'. (80.) He was fearful, too, that he might not meet her that day, for perhaps her return could be permitted only at long intervals; and when he perceived her once again between the columns, he thought her apparition was only a trick of his imagination, and in his pain exclaimed: 'Oh! if only you still existed and lived!' This time, however, he had evidently been too critical, for the apparition possessed a voice, which asked him if he was meaning to bring her the white flower, and engaged him, disconcerted once again, in a long conversation.

To his readers, however, to whom Gradiva has already grown of interest as a living person, the author explains that the displeased and repelling look which she had given him the day before had yielded to an expression of searching interest and curiosity. And indeed she now proceeded to question him, asked for an explanation of his remark on the previous day and enquired when it was that he had stood beside her as she lay down to sleep. In this way she learnt of his dream, in which she had perished along with her native city, and then of the marble relief and the posture of the foot which had so much attracted the archaeologist. And now she

showed herself ready to demonstrate her gait, and this proved that the only divergence from the original portrait of Gradiva was that her sandals were replaced by light sand-coloured shoes of fine leather—which she explained as being an adaptation to the present day. She was evidently entering into his delusion, the whole compass of which she elicited from him, without ever contradicting it. Only once did she seem to be distracted from the part she was playing, by an emotion of her own; and this was when, with his thoughts on the relief, he declared that he had recognized her at the first glance. Since at this stage of their conversation she still knew nothing about the relief, it was natural for her to misunderstand Hanold's words; but she quickly recovered herself, and it is only to us that some of her remarks sound as though they had a double sense, as though besides their meaning in the context of the delusion they also meant something real and present-day—for instance, when she regretted that he had not succeeded in confirming the Gradiva gait in his experiments in the streets: 'What a pity! perhaps you would not have had to make the long journey here!' (89.) She also learned that he had given her portrait on the relief the name of 'Gradiva', and told him her real name, 'Zoe'. 'The name suits you beautifully, but it sounds to me like a bitter mockery, for Zoe means life.' 'One must bow to the inevitable', was her reply, 'and I have long grown used to being dead.' Promising to be at the same place again at the mid-day hour next day, she bade him farewell after once more asking him for the sprig of asphodel: 'to those who are more fortunate people give roses in the spring; but to me it is right that you should give the flower of forgetfulness.' No doubt melancholy suited some one who had been so long dead and had returned to life again for a few short hours.

We are beginning to understand now, and to feel some hope. If the young lady in whose form Gradiva had come to life again accepted Hanold's delusion so fully, she was probably doing so in order to set him free from it. There was no

other way of doing so; to contradict it would have put an end to any such possibility. Even the serious treatment of a real case of illness of the kind could proceed in no other way than to begin by taking up the same ground as the delusional structure and then investigating it as completely as possible. If Zoe was the right person for the job, we shall soon learn, no doubt, how to cure a delusion like our hero's. We should also be glad to know how such delusions arise. It would be a strange coincidence—but, nevertheless, not without an example or parallel—if the treatment of the delusion were to coincide with its investigation and if the explanation of its origin were to be revealed precisely while it was being dissected. We may suspect, of course, that, if so, our case of illness might end up as a 'commonplace' love-story. But the healing power of love against a delusion is not to be despised—and was not our hero's infatuation for his *Gradiva* sculpture a complete instance of being in love, though of being in love with something past and lifeless?

After *Gradiva's* disappearance, there was only a distant sound, like the laughing call of a bird flying over the ruined city. The young man, now by himself, picked up a white object that had been left behind by *Gradiva*: not a sheet of papyrus, but a sketch-book with pencil drawings of various scenes in Pompeii. We should be inclined to regard her having forgotten the book there as a pledge of her return, for it is our belief that no one forgets anything without some secret reason or hidden motive.

The remainder of the day brought Hanold all manner of strange discoveries and confirmations, which he failed to synthesize into a whole. He perceived to-day in the wall of the portico where *Gradiva* had vanished a narrow gap, which was wide enough, however, to allow someone unusually slim to pass through it. He recognized that *Zoe-Gradiva* need not have sunk into the earth here—an idea which now seemed to him so unreasonable that he felt ashamed of having once believed in it; she might well have used the gap as a way

of reaching her grave. A slight shadow seemed to him to melt away at the end of the Street of the Tombs in front of what is known as the Villa of Diomedes.

In the same whirl of feeling as on the previous day, and deep in the same problems, he now strolled round the environs of Pompeii. What, he wondered, might be the bodily nature of Zoe-Gradiva? Would one feel anything if one touched her hand? A strange urge drove him to a determination to put this experiment to the test. Yet an equally strong reluctance held him back even from the very idea.

On a sun-bathed slope he met an elderly gentleman who, from his accoutrements, must be a zoologist or botanist and who seemed to be engaged in a hunt. This individual turned towards him and said: 'Are you interested in *faraglionensis* as well? I should hardly have suspected it, but it seems to be quite probable that it occurs not only on the Faraglioni Islands off Capri, but has established itself on the mainland too. The method prescribed by our colleague Eimer<sup>1</sup> is a really good one; I have made use of it many times already with excellent results. Please keep quite still . . .' (96.) Here the speaker broke off and placed a snare made of a long blade of grass in front of a crack in the rocks out of which the small iridescent blue head of a lizard was peering. Hanold left the lizard-hunter with a critical feeling that it was scarcely credible what foolish and strange purposes could lead people to make the long journey to Pompeii—without, needless to say, including in his criticism himself and his intention of searching in the ashes of Pompeii for Gradiva's footprints. Moreover, the gentleman's face seemed familiar, as though he had had a glimpse of it in one of the two hotels; his manner of address, too, had been as though he were speaking to an acquaintance.

In the course of his further walk, he arrived by a side-road at a house which he had not yet discovered and which turned out to be a third hotel, the 'Albergo del Sole'.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> [A well-known zoologist of the second half of the nineteenth century.]

<sup>2</sup> [The 'Hotel of the Sun'.]

landlord, with nothing else to do, took the opportunity of showing off his house and the excavated treasures it contained to their best advantage. He asserted that he had been present when the pair of young lovers had been found in the neighbourhood of the Forum, who, in the knowledge of their inevitable doom, had awaited death closely embraced in each other's arms. Hanold had heard of this before, and had shrugged his shoulders over it as a fabulous tale invented by some imaginative story-teller; but to-day the landlord's words aroused his belief and this was increased when a metal clasp was produced, covered with a green patina, which was said to have been retrieved from the ashes beside the girl's remains. He purchased this clasp without any further critical doubts, and when, as he left the *albergo*, he saw in an open window a nodding sprig of asphodel covered with white blossoms, the sight of the funeral flowers came over him as a confirmation of the genuineness of his new possession.

But with the clasp a new delusion took possession of him, or rather the old one had a small piece added to it—no very good augury, it would seem, for the treatment that had been begun. A pair of young lovers in an embrace had been dug out not far from the Forum, and it was in that very neighbourhood, by the Temple of Apollo, that in his dream he had seen Gradiva lie down to sleep [p. 12 f.]. Was it not possible that in fact she had gone further along from the Forum and had met someone and that they had then died together? A tormenting feeling, which we might perhaps liken to jealousy, arose out of this suspicion. He appeased it by reflecting on the uncertainty of the construction, and brought himself to his senses far enough to be able to take his evening meal at the Hotel Diomède. There his attention was drawn by two newly-arrived visitors, a He and a She, whom he was obliged to regard as a brother and sister on account of a certain resemblance between them—in spite of the difference in the colour of their hair. They were the first people he had met on his journey who made a sympathetic impression on him. A red Sorrento rose worn by the girl aroused some

kind of memory in him, but he could not think what. At last he went to bed and had a dream. It was a remarkably senseless affair, but was obviously hashed up from his day's experiences. 'Somewhere in the sun Gradiva was sitting, making a snare out of a blade of grass to catch a lizard in, and said: "Please keep quite still. Our lady colleague is right; the method is a really good one and she has made use of it with excellent results."' He fended off this dream while he was still asleep, with the critical thought that it was utter madness, and he succeeded in freeing himself from it with the help of an invisible bird which uttered a short laughing call and carried off the lizard in its beak.

In spite of all this turmoil, he woke up in a rather clearer and steadier frame of mind. A branch of a rose-tree bearing flowers of the sort he had seen the day before on the young lady's breast reminded him that during the night someone had said that people give roses in the spring. Without thinking, he picked a few of the roses, and there must have been something connected with them that had a relaxing effect on his mind. He felt relieved of his unsociable feelings, and went by the usual way to Pompeii, burdened with the roses, the metal clasp and the sketch-book, and occupied with a number of problems concerning Gradiva. The old delusion had begun to show cracks: he was beginning to wonder whether she might be in Pompeii, not at the mid-day hour only, but at other times as well. The stress had shifted, however, to the latest addition, and the jealousy attaching to it tormented him in all sorts of disguises. He could almost have wished that the apparition might remain visible to his eyes alone, and elude the perception of others: then, in spite of everything, he could look on her as his own exclusive property. While he was strolling about, waiting for the mid-day hour, he had an unexpected encounter. In the *Casa del Fauno* he came upon two figures in a corner in which they must have thought themselves out of sight, for they were embraced in each other's arms and their lips were pressed together. He was astonished to recognize in them the



sympathetic couple from the previous evening. But their behaviour now did not seem to fit a brother and sister: their embrace and their kiss seemed to him to last too long. So after all they were a pair of lovers, presumably a young honeymoon couple—yet another Edwin and Angelina. Curiously enough, however, this time the sight of them caused him only satisfaction; and with a sense of awe, as though he had interrupted some secret act of devotion, he withdrew unobserved. An attitude of respectfulness, which he had long been without, had returned to him.

When he reached the House of Meleager, he was once more overcome by such a violent dread of finding Gradiva in someone else's company that when she appeared the only words he found to greet her with were: 'Are you alone?' It was with difficulty that he allowed her to bring him to realize that he had picked the roses for her. He confessed his latest delusion to her—that she was the girl who had been found in the forum in a lover's embrace and who had owned the green clasp. She enquired, not without a touch of mockery, whether he had found the thing in the sun perhaps: the sun (and she used the [Italian] word '*sole*') produced all kinds of things like that. He admitted that he was feeling dizzy in his head, and she suggested as a cure that he should share her small picnic meal with her. She offered him half of a roll wrapped up in tissue paper and ate the other half herself with an obviously good appetite. At the same time her perfect teeth flashed between her lips and made a slight crunching sound as they bit through the crust. 'I feel as though we had shared a meal like this once before, two thousand years ago', she said; 'can't you remember?' (118.) He could think of no reply, but the improvement in his head brought about by the food, and the many indications she gave of her actual presence, were not without their effect on him. Reason began to rise in him and to throw doubt on the whole delusion of Gradiva's being no more than a mid-day ghost—though no doubt it might be argued on the other hand that she herself had just said that she had shared a meal with him two

thousand years ago. As a means of settling the conflict an experiment suggested itself: and this he carried out craftily and with regained courage. Her left hand, with its delicate fingers, was resting on her knees, and one of the house-flies whose impertinence and uselessness had so much roused his indignation alighted on it. Suddenly Hanold's hand was raised in the air and descended with a vigorous slap on the fly and Gradiva's hand.

This bold experiment had two results: first, a joyful conviction that he had without any doubt touched a real, living, warm human hand, but afterwards a reproof that made him jump up in a fright from his seat on the steps. For, from Gradiva's lips, when she had recovered from her astonishment, there rang out these words: 'There's no doubt you're out of your mind, Norbert Hanold!' As everyone knows, the best method of waking a sleeper or a sleep-walker is to call him by his own name. But unluckily there was no chance of observing the effects produced on Norbert Hanold by Gradiva's calling him by his name (which he had told no one in Pompeii). For at this critical moment the sympathetic pair of lovers from the *Casa del Fauno* appeared, and the young lady exclaimed in a tone of joyful surprise: 'Zoe! Are you here too? And on your honeymoon like us? You never wrote me a word about it!' In face of this new evidence of Gradiva's living reality, Hanold took flight.

Nor was Zoe-Gradiva very agreeably surprised by this unexpected visit, which interrupted her in what was apparently an important task. But she quickly pulled herself together and made a fluent reply to the question, in which she explained the situation to her friend—and even more to us—and which enabled her to get rid of the young couple. She congratulated them; but she was not on her honeymoon. 'The young man who's just gone off is labouring, like you, under a remarkable aberration. He seems to think there's a fly buzzing in his head. Well, I expect everyone has some sort of insect there. It's my duty to know something about entomology, so I can help a little in cases like that. My

father and I are staying at the Sole. Something got into *his* head too, and the brilliant idea occurred to him besides of bringing me here with him on condition that I amused myself on my own at Pompeii and made no demands of any kind on him. I told myself I should dig out something interesting here even by myself. Of course I hadn't counted on making the find that I have—I mean my luck in meeting you, Gisa.' (124.) But now, she added, she must hurry off, so as to be company for her father at his lunch in the 'Sun'. And she departed, after having introduced herself to us as the daughter of the zoologist and lizard-catcher and after having, by all kinds of ambiguous remarks, admitted her therapeutic intention and other secret designs as well.

The direction she took, however, was not towards the Hotel of the Sun, where her father was waiting for her. But it seemed to her too as though a shadowy form was seeking its grave near the Villa of Diomedes, and was vanishing beneath one of the monuments. And for that reason she directed her steps towards the Street of the Tombs, with her foot lifted almost perpendicularly at each step. It was to this same place that Hanold had fled in his shame and confusion. He wandered ceaselessly up and down in the portico of the garden, engaged in the task of disposing of the remains of his problem by an intellectual effort. One thing had become undeniably clear to him: that he had been totally without sense or reason in believing that he had been associating with a young Pompeian woman who had come to life again in a more or less physical shape. It could not be disputed that this clear insight into his delusion was an essential step forward on his road back to a sound understanding. But, on the other hand, this living woman, with whom other people communicated as though she were as physically real as themselves, was Gradiva, and she knew his name; and his scarcely awakened reason was not strong enough to solve this riddle. He was hardly calm enough emotionally, either, to show himself capable of facing so hard a task, for he would have preferred to have been buried along with the

rest two thousand years before in the Villa of Diomedes, so as to be quite certain of not meeting Zoe-Gradiva again.

Nevertheless, a violent desire to see her again struggled against what was left of the inclination to flight still lingering in him.

As he turned one of the four corners of the colonnade, he suddenly recoiled. On a broken fragment of masonry was sitting one of the girls who had perished here in the Villa of Diomedes. This, however, was a last attempt, quickly rejected, at taking flight into the realm of delusion. No, it was Gradiva, who had evidently come to give him the final portion of her treatment. She quite correctly interpreted his first instinctive movement as an attempt to leave the building, and showed him that it was impossible for him to run away, for a terrific downpour of rain had begun outside. She was ruthless, and began her examination by asking him what he had been trying to do with the fly on her hand. He had not the courage to make use of a particular pronoun,<sup>1</sup> but he did have the courage for something more important—for asking her the decisive question:

'As someone said, I was rather confused in my head, and I must apologize for treating the hand . . . I can't understand how I could be so senseless . . . but I can't understand either how its owner could point out my . . . my unreasonableness to me by my own name.' (134.)

'So your understanding has not got as far as that, Norbert Hanold. But I can't say I'm surprised at it, you've accustomed me to it so long. I needn't have come to Pompeii to discover it again, and you could have confirmed it a good hundred miles nearer home.

<sup>1</sup> [The pronoun of the second person singular. The point of some of what follows is necessarily lost in English. In all his remarks to Gradiva hitherto, Hanold had used the second person singular, partly, no doubt, because that would be the classical usage. Now, however, that he was beginning to realize that he was talking to a modern German girl, he felt that the second person singular was far too familiar and affectionate. Gradiva, on the other hand, has used the second person singular throughout in speaking to him.]

'A hundred miles nearer', she explained, as he still failed to understand, 'diagonally across the street from where you live—in the house at the corner. There's a cage in my window with a canary in it.'

These last words, as he heard them, affected him like a distant memory: that must have been the same bird whose song had given him the idea of his journey to Italy.

'My father lives in that house: the Professor of Zoology, Richard Bertgang.'

So, since she was his neighbour, she knew him by sight and by name. We feel a sense of disillusionment: the solution falls flat and seems unworthy of our expectations.

Norbert Hanold showed that he had not yet regained his independence of thought when he replied: 'So you<sup>1</sup> . . . you are Fräulein Zoe Bertgang? But she looked quite different . . .'

Fräulein Bertgang's answer shows us that all the same there had been other relations between the two of them besides their simply being neighbours. She could argue in favour of the familiar 'du', which he had used naturally to the mid-day ghost but had drawn back from in speaking to the live girl, but on behalf of which she claimed ancient rights: 'If you find this formal mode of address more suitable, I can use it too. But I find the other comes to my lips more naturally. I don't know if I looked different in the early days when we used to run about together in a friendly way or sometimes, by way of a change, used to bump and thump each other. But if you<sup>2</sup> had even once looked at me attentively in recent years, it might have dawned on you that I've looked like this for quite a time.'

So there had been a childhood friendship between them—

<sup>1</sup> [*Sie*, the German pronoun of the third person plural, which is always used in formal speech instead of the 'du' of the second person singular.]

<sup>2</sup> [From this point to the middle of her next speech, when, as will be seen, she finally rebels, Zoe makes a valiant attempt to use the formal 'Sie'.]

perhaps a childhood love—which justified the 'du'. This solution, it may be, falls just as flat as the one we first suspected. We are brought to a much deeper level, however, when we realize that this childhood relationship unexpectedly explains a number of details in what had happened in their contemporary contact. Consider, for instance, the slapping of Zoe-Gradiva's hand. Norbert Hanold found a most convincing reason for it in the necessity for reaching an experimental answer to the problem of the apparition's physical reality. But was it not at the same time remarkably like a revival of the impulse for the 'bumping and thumping' whose dominance in their childhood was shown by Zoe's words? And think, again, of how Gradiva asked the archaeologist whether it did not seem to him that they had shared a meal like this two thousand years before. This unintelligible question suddenly seems to have a sense, if we once more replace the historical past by the personal one—childhood—, of which the girl still had lively memories but which the young man appeared to have forgotten. And now the discovery dawns upon us that the young archaeologist's phantasies about his Gradiva may have been an echo of his forgotten childhood memories. If so, they were not capricious products of his imagination, but determined, without his knowing it, by the store of childhood impressions which he had forgotten, but which were still at work in him. It should be possible for us to show the origin of the phantasies in detail, even though we can only guess at them. He imagined, for instance, that Gradiva must be of *Greek* origin and that she was the daughter of a respected personage—a priest of Ceres, perhaps. This seems to fit in pretty well with his knowing that she bore the Greek name of Zoe and that she belonged to the family of a Professor of Zoology. But if Hanold's phantasies were transformed memories, we may expect to find an indication of the source of those phantasies in the information given us by Zoe Bertgang. Let us listen to what she has to say. She has told us of their intimate friendship in their childhood, and we shall now

hear of the further course taken by this childhood relationship.

'At that time, as a matter of fact, up to about the age when, I don't know why, people begin to call us "*Backfisch*",<sup>1</sup> I had got accustomed to being remarkably dependent on you and believed I could never in the world find a more agreeable friend. I had no mother or sister or brother, my father found a slow-worm in spirits considerably more interesting than me; and everyone (and I include girls) must have *something* to occupy their thoughts and whatever goes along with them. That was what you were then. But when archaeology took hold of you I discovered—you must forgive me, but really your polite innovation sounds to me *too* ridiculous and, besides, it doesn't fit in with what I want to express—as I was saying, it turned out that you'd<sup>2</sup> become an unbearable person who (at any rate so far as I was concerned) no longer had any eyes in his head or tongue in his mouth, or any memory, where my memory had stuck, of our friendship when we were children. No doubt that was why I looked different from before. For when from time to time I met you in society—it happened once as recently as last winter—you didn't see me, still less did I hear you say a word. Not that there was any distinction for me in that, for you treated everyone else alike. I was thin air for you, and you—with your tuft of fair hair that I'd rumped for you often enough in the past—you were as dull, as dried-up, and as tongue-tied as a stuffed cockatoo, and at the same time as grandiose as an —*archaeopteryx*—yes, that's right, that's what they call the antediluvian bird-monstrosity they've dug up. Only there was one thing I hadn't suspected: that there was an equally grandiose phantasy lodged in your head of looking on me too, here in Pompeii, as something that had been dug up and come to life again. And when all at once there you were

<sup>1</sup> [Literally 'fish for frying'. The common German slang term equivalent to 'flapper' or 'teenager'.]

<sup>2</sup> [From this point onwards she finally reverts to '*du*'.]

standing in front of me quite unexpectedly, it took me quite a lot of trouble at first to make out what an incredible cobweb your imagination had spun in your brain. After that, it amused me and quite pleased me in spite of its lunacy. For, as I told you, I hadn't suspected it of you.'

Thus she tells us plainly enough what with the years had become of their childhood friendship. In her it grew until she was thoroughly in love, for a girl must have something to which she can give her heart. Fräulein Zoe, the embodiment of cleverness and clarity, makes her own mind quite transparent to us. While it is in any case the general rule for a normally constituted girl to turn her affection towards her father in the first instance, Zoe, who had no one in her family but her father, was especially ready to do so. But her father had nothing left over for her; all his interest was engrossed by the objects of his science. So she was obliged to cast her eyes around upon other people, and became especially attached to her young playmate. When he too ceased to have any eyes for her, her love was not shaken by it but rather increased, for he had become like her father, was, like him, absorbed by science and held apart by it from life and from Zoe. Thus it was made possible for her to remain faithful in her unfaithfulness—to find her father once more in her loved one, to include both of them with the same emotion, or, as we may say, to identify both of them in her feeling. What is our justification for this piece of psychological analysis, which might well seem arbitrary? The author has presented us with it in a single, but highly characteristic, detail. When Zoe described the transformation in her former playmate which had so greatly disturbed her, she abused him by comparing him to an archaeopteryx, the bird-like monstrosity which belongs to the archaeology of zoology. In that way she found a single concrete expression of the identity of the two figures. Her complaint applies with the same word to the man she loved and to her father. The archaeopteryx



is, we might say, a compromise idea or an intermediate idea<sup>1</sup> in which her thought about the folly of the man she loved coincided with the analogous thought about her father.

With the young man, things had taken a different turn. Archaeology took hold of him and left him with an interest only in women of marble and bronze. His childhood friendship, instead of being strengthened into a passion, was dissolved, and his memories of it passed into such profound forgetfulness that he did not recognize or notice his early playmate when he met her in society. It is true that when we look further we may doubt whether 'forgetfulness' is the correct psychological description of the fate of these memories in our young archaeologist. There is a kind of forgetting which is distinguished by the difficulty with which the memory is awakened even by a powerful external summons, as though some internal resistance were struggling against its revival. A forgetting of this kind has been given the name of 'repression' in psychopathology; and the case which our author has put before us seems to be an example of this repression. Now we do not know in general whether the forgetting of an impression is linked with the dissolution of its memory-trace in the mind; but we can assert quite definitely of 'repression' that it does not coincide with the dissolution or extinction of the memory. What is repressed cannot, it is true, as a rule make its way into memory without more ado; but it retains a capacity for effective action, and, under the influence of some external event, it may one day bring about psychical consequences which can be regarded as products of a modification of the forgotten memory and as derivatives of it and which remain unintelligible unless we take this view of them. We have already seemed to recognize in Norbert Hanold's phantasies about Gradiva derivatives of his repressed memories of his childhood friendship with Zoe

<sup>1</sup> [Ideas of this kind play an important part in dreams and, indeed, wherever the primary psychical process is dominant. See *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900a) *Standard Ed.*, 5, 596. Some good examples are given in Chapter IV of *On Dreams* (1901a), *ibid.*, 648 ff.]

Bertgang. A return like this of what has been repressed is to be expected with particular regularity when a person's erotic feelings are attached to the repressed impressions—when his erotic life has been attacked by repression. In such cases the old Latin saying holds true, though it may have been coined first to apply to expulsion by external influences and not to internal conflicts: 'Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.'<sup>1</sup> But it does not tell us everything. It only informs us of the *fact* of the return of the piece of nature that has been repressed; it does not describe the highly remarkable *manner* of that return, which is accomplished by what seems like a piece of malicious treachery. It is precisely what was chosen as the instrument of repression—like the '*furca*' of the Latin saying—that becomes the vehicle for the return: in and behind the repressing force, what is repressed proves itself victor in the end. This fact, which has been so little noticed and deserves so much consideration, is illustrated—more impressively than it could be by many examples—in a well-known etching by Félicien Rops; and it is illustrated in the typical case of repression in the life of saints and penitents. An ascetic monk has fled, no doubt from the temptations of the world, to the image of the crucified Saviour. And now the cross sinks down like a shadow, and in its place, radiant, there rises instead the image of a voluptuous, naked woman, in the same crucified attitude. Other artists with less psychological insight have, in similar representations of temptation, shown Sin, insolent and triumphant, in some position alongside of the Saviour on the cross. Only Rops has placed Sin in the very place of the Saviour on the cross. He seems to have known that, when what has been repressed returns, it emerges from the repressing force itself.

It is worth while pausing in order to convince oneself from pathological cases how sensitive a human mind becomes in states of repression to any approach by what has been

<sup>1</sup> ['You may drive out Nature with a pitchfork, but she will always return.' This is actually a line of Horace (*Epistles*, I, 10, 24). It is misquoted in the German editions.]

repressed, and how even trivial similarities suffice for the repressed to emerge behind the repressing force and take effect by means of it. I once had under medical treatment a young man—he was still almost a boy—who, after he had first unwillingly become acquainted with the processes of sex, had taken flight from every sexual desire that arose in him. For that purpose he made use of various methods of repression: he intensified his zeal in learning, exaggerated his dependence on his mother, and in general assumed a childish character. I will not here enter into the manner in which his repressed sexuality broke through once more precisely in his relation to his mother; but I will describe a rarer and stranger instance of how another of his bulwarks collapsed on an occasion which could scarcely be regarded as sufficient. Mathematics enjoys the greatest reputation as a diversion from sexuality. This had been the very advice to which Jean-Jacques Rousseau was obliged to listen from a lady who was dissatisfied with him: '*Lascia le donne e studia la matematica!*'<sup>1</sup> So too our fugitive threw himself with special eagerness into the mathematics and geometry which he was taught at school, till suddenly one day his powers of comprehension were paralysed in the face of some apparently innocent problems. It was possible to establish two of these problems: 'Two bodies come together, one with a speed of . . . etc.' and 'On a cylinder, the diameter of whose surface is  $m$ , describe a cone . . . etc.' Other people would certainly not have regarded these as very striking allusions to sexual events; but he felt that he had been betrayed by mathematics as well, and took flight from it too.

If Norbert Hanold were someone in real life who had in this way banished love and his childhood friendship with the help of archaeology, it would have been logical and according to rule that what revived in him the forgotten memory of the girl he had loved in his childhood should be precisely an antique sculpture. It would have been his well-deserved fate to fall in love with the marble portrait of Gradiva, behind

<sup>1</sup> ['Give up women and study mathematics!']

which, owing to an unexplained similarity, the living Zoe whom he had neglected made her influence felt.

Fräulein Zoe seems herself to have shared our view of the young archaeologist's delusion, for the satisfaction she expressed at the end of her 'frank, detailed and instructive speech of castigation' could scarcely have been based on anything but a recognition that from the very first his interest in Gradiva had related to herself. It was *this* which she had not expected of him, but which, in spite of all its delusional disguise, she saw for what it was. The psychical treatment she had carried out, however, had now accomplished its beneficent effect on him. He felt free, for his delusion had now been replaced by the thing of which it could only have been a distorted and inadequate copy. Nor did he any longer hesitate to remember her and to recognize her as the kind, cheerful, clever playmate who in essentials was not in any way changed. But he found something else very strange—

'You mean', said the girl, 'the fact of someone having to die so as to come alive; but no doubt that must be so for archaeologists.' (141.) Evidently she had not forgiven him yet for the roundabout path by way of archaeology which he had followed from their childhood friendship to the new relation that was forming.

'No, I mean your name . . . Because "Bertgang" means the same as "Gradiva" and describes someone "who steps along brilliantly".'<sup>1</sup> (142.)

We ourselves were unprepared for this. Our hero was beginning to cast off his humility and to play an active part. Evidently he was completely cured of his delusion and had risen above it; and he proved this by himself tearing the last threads of the cobweb of his delusion. This, too, is just how patients behave when one has loosened the compulsion of their delusional thoughts by revealing the repressed material

<sup>1</sup> [The German root '*bert*' or '*brecht*' is akin to the English 'bright'; similarly '*gang*' is akin to 'go' (in Scotland 'gang').]

lying behind them. Once they have understood, they themselves bring forward the solutions of the final and most important riddles of their strange condition in a number of ideas that suddenly occur to them. We had already guessed that the Greek origin of the imaginary Gradiva was an obscure result of the Greek name 'Zoe'; but we had not ventured to approach the name 'Gradiva' itself, and had let it pass as the untrammelled creation of Norbert Hanold's imagination. But, lo and behold! that very name now turns out to have been a derivative—indeed a translation—of the repressed surname of the girl he had loved in the childhood which he was supposed to have forgotten.

The tracing back of the delusion and its resolution were now complete. What the author now adds is no doubt designed to serve as a harmonious end to his story. We cannot but feel reassured about the future when we hear that the young man, who had earlier been obliged to play the pitiable part of a person in urgent need of treatment, advanced still further on the road to recovery and succeeded in arousing in her some of the feelings under which he himself had suffered before. Thus it was that he made her jealous by mentioning the sympathetic young lady who had previously interrupted their tête-à-tête in the House of Meleager, and by confessing that she had been the first woman for whom he had felt a very great liking. Whereupon Zoe prepared to take a chilly leave of him, remarking that everything had now returned to reason—she herself not least; he could look up Gisa Hartleben (or whatever she was now called) again and give her some scientific assistance over the purpose of her visit to Pompeii; she herself, however, must go back to the Albergo del Sole where her father was expecting her for lunch; perhaps they would meet again some time at a party in Germany or in the moon. But once more he was able to make the troublesome fly an excuse for taking possession first of her cheek and then of her lips, and to set in motion the aggressiveness which is a man's inevitable duty in love-making. Once only a shadow seemed to fall on their

happiness, when Zoe declared that now she really must go back to her father or he will starve at the Sole. 'Your father? . . . what will happen? . . .' (147.) But the clever girl was able swiftly to quiet his concern. 'Probably nothing will happen. I'm not an indispensable part of his zoological collection. If I had been, perhaps I shouldn't have been so foolish as to give my heart to you.' In the exceptional event, however, of her father taking a different view from hers, there was a safe expedient. Hanold need only cross to Capri, catch a *Lacerta faraglioneensis* there (he could practise the technique on her little finger), set the creature free over here, catch it again before the zoologist's eyes, and let him choose between a *faraglioneensis* on the mainland and his daughter. The scheme, it is easy to see, was one in which the mockery was tinged with bitterness; it was a warning, as it were, to her fiancé not to keep too closely to the model on which she had chosen him. Here again Norbert Hanold reassures us, by showing by all sorts of apparently small signs the great transformation that had taken place in him. He proposed that he and his Zoe should come for their honeymoon to Italy and Pompeii, just as though he had never been indignant with the honeymooning Edwins and Angelinas. He had completely lost from his memory all his feelings against those happy pairs, who had so unnecessarily travelled more than a hundred miles from their German home. The author is certainly right in bringing forward a loss of memory like this as the most trustworthy sign of a change of attitude. Zoe's reply to the plan for the scene of their honeymoon suggested by 'her childhood friend who had also in a sense been dug out of the ruins again' (150) was that she did not feel quite alive enough yet to make a geographical decision of that sort.

The delusion had now been conquered by a beautiful reality; but before the two lovers left Pompeii it was still to be honoured once again. When they reached the Herculanean Gate, where, at the entrance to the Via Consolare, the street is crossed by some ancient stepping-stones, Norbert

Hanold paused and asked the girl to go ahead of him. She understood him 'and, pulling up her dress a little with her left hand, Zoe Bertgang, *Gradiva rediviva*, walked past, held in his eyes, which seemed to gaze as though in a dream; so, with her quietly tripping gait, she stepped through the sunlight over the stepping-stones to the other side of the street.' With the triumph of love, what was beautiful and precious in the delusion found recognition as well.

In his last simile, however,—of the 'childhood friend who had been dug out of the ruins'—the author has presented us with the key to the symbolism of which the hero's delusion made use in disguising his repressed memory. There is, in fact, no better analogy for repression, by which something in the mind is at once made inaccessible and preserved, than burial of the sort to which Pompeii fell a victim and from which it could emerge once more through the work of spades. Thus it was that the young archaeologist was obliged in his phantasy to transport to Pompeii the original of the relief which reminded him of the object of his youthful love. The author was well justified, indeed, in lingering over the valuable similarity which his delicate sense had perceived between a particular mental process in the individual and an isolated historical event in the history of mankind.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Freud himself adopted the fate of Pompeii as a simile for repression in more than one later passage. See, for instance, the 'Rat Man, case history (1909d), written not long after the present work, *Standard Ed.*, 10, 176-7.]

## II

But after all, what we really intended to do originally was only to investigate two or three dreams that are to be found here and there in *Gradiva* with the help of certain analytic methods. How has it come about, then, that we have been led into dissecting the whole story and examining the mental processes in the two chief characters? This has not in fact been an unnecessary piece of work; it was an essential preliminary. It is equally the case that when we try to understand the real dreams of a real person we have to concern ourselves intensively with his character and his career, and we must get to know not only his experiences shortly before the dream but also those dating far back into the past. It is even my view that we are still not free to turn to our proper task, but that we must linger a little more over the story itself and carry out some further preliminary work.

My readers will no doubt have been puzzled to notice that so far I have treated Norbert Hanold and Zoe Bertgang, in all their mental manifestations and activities, as though they were real people and not the author's creations, as though the author's mind were an absolutely transparent medium and not a refractive or obscuring one. And my procedure must seem all the more puzzling since the author has expressly renounced the portrayal of reality by calling his story a 'phantasy'. We have found, however, that all his descriptions are so faithfully copied from reality that we should not object if *Gradiva* were described not as a phantasy but as a psychiatric study. Only at two points has the author availed himself of the licence open to him of laying down premisses which do not seem to have their roots in the laws of reality. The first time is where he makes the young archaeologist come upon what is undoubtedly an ancient relief but which so closely resembles a person living long



afterwards, not only in the peculiarity of the posture of the foot as it steps along but in every detail of facial structure and bodily attitude, that the young man is able to take the physical appearance of that person to be the sculpture come to life. And the second time is where he makes the young man meet the living woman precisely in Pompeii; for the dead woman had been placed there only by his imagination, and the journey to Pompeii had in fact carried him away from the living woman, whom he had just seen in the street of the town in which he lived. This second provision of the author's, however, involves no violent departure from actual possibility; it merely makes use of chance, which unquestionably plays a part in many human histories; and furthermore he uses it to good purpose, for this chance reflects the fatal truth that has laid it down that flight is precisely an instrument that delivers one over to what one is fleeing from. The first premiss seems to lean more towards phantasy and to spring entirely from the author's arbitrary decision—the premiss on which all that follows depends, the far-reaching resemblance between the sculpture and the live girl, which a more sober choice might have restricted to the single feature of the posture of the foot as it steps along. We might be tempted here to allow the play of our own phantasy to forge a link with reality. The name of 'Bertgang' might point to the fact that the women of that family had already been distinguished in ancient days by the peculiarity of their graceful gait; and we might suppose that the Germanic Bertgangs were descended from a Roman family one member of which was the woman who had led the artist to perpetuate the peculiarity of her gait in the sculpture. Since, however, the different variations of the human form are not independent of one another, and since in fact even among ourselves the ancient types re-appear again and again (as we can see in art collections), it would not be totally impossible that a modern Bertgang might reproduce the shape of her ancient ancestress in all the other features of her bodily structure as well. But it would no doubt be wiser, instead of such speculations,

to enquire from the author himself what were the sources from which this part of his creation was derived; we should then have a good prospect of showing once again how what was ostensibly an arbitrary decision rested in fact upon law. But since access to the sources in the author's mind is not open to us,<sup>1</sup> we will leave him with an undiminished right to construct a development that is wholly true to life upon an improbable premiss—a right of which Shakespeare, for instance, availed himself in *King Lear*.<sup>2</sup>

Apart from this, it must be repeated, the author has presented us with a perfectly correct psychiatric study, on which we may measure our understanding of the workings of the mind—a case history and the history of a cure which might have been designed to emphasize certain fundamental theories of medical psychology. It is strange enough that the author should have done this. But how if, on being questioned, he were completely to deny any such purpose? It is so easy to draw analogies and to read meanings into things. Is it not rather we who have slipped into this charming poetic story a secret meaning very far from its author's intentions? Possibly. We shall come back to the question later. For the moment, however, we have tried to save ourselves from making any such tendentious interpretation by giving the story almost entirely in the author's own words. Anyone who compares our reproduction with the actual text of *Gradiva* will have to concede us that much.

Perhaps, too, in most people's eyes we are doing our author a poor service in declaring his work to be a psychiatric study. An author, we hear them say, should keep out of the way of any contact with psychiatry and should leave the description of pathological mental states to the doctors. The truth is that no truly creative writer has ever obeyed this injunction. The description of the human mind is indeed the

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. the 'Postscript' to this work, p. 94 below.]

<sup>2</sup> [Some further comment on the 'improbable premiss' to *King Lear* will be found at the end of Freud's paper on 'The Theme of the Three Caskets' (1913f), *Standard Ed.*, 12, 301.]

domain which is most his own; he has from time immemorial been the precursor of science, and so too of scientific psychology. But the frontier between states of mind described as normal and pathological is in part a conventional one and in part so fluctuating that each of us probably crosses it many times in the course of a day. On the other hand, psychiatry would be doing wrong if it tried to restrict itself permanently to the study of the severe and gloomy illnesses that arise from gross injuries to the delicate apparatus of the mind. Deviations from health which are slighter and capable of correction, and which to-day we can trace back no further than to disturbances in the interplay of mental forces, arouse its interest no less. Indeed, only through the medium of these can it understand either normal states or the phenomena of severe illness. Thus the creative writer cannot evade the psychiatrist nor the psychiatrist the creative writer, and the poetic treatment of a psychiatric theme can turn out to be correct without any sacrifice of its beauty.<sup>1</sup>

And it is really correct—this imaginative picture of the history of a case and its treatment. Now that we have finished telling the story and satisfied our own suspense, we can get a better view of it, and we shall now reproduce it with the technical terminology of our science, and in doing so we shall not feel disconcerted at the necessity for repeating what we have said before.

Norbert Hanold's condition is often spoken of by the author as a 'delusion', and we have no reason to reject that designation. We can state two chief characteristics of a 'delusion', which do not, it is true, describe it exhaustively, but which distinguish it recognizably from other disorders. In the first place it is one of the group of pathological states which do not produce a direct effect upon the body but are manifested only by mental indications. And secondly it is

<sup>1</sup> [Another discussion by Freud of the use of psychopathological material by creative writers will be found in a posthumously published essay, 'Psychopathic Characters on the Stage' (1942*a*), probably written a year or two before the present work.]

characterized by the fact that in it 'phantasies' have gained the upper hand—that is, have obtained belief and have acquired an influence on action. If we recall Hanold's journey to Pompeii in order to look for Gradiva's peculiarly formed footprints in the ashes, we shall have a fine example of an action under the dominance of a delusion. A psychiatrist would perhaps place Norbert Hanold's delusion in the great group of 'paranoia' and possibly describe it as 'fetishistic erotomania', because the most striking thing about it was his being in love with the piece of sculpture and because in the psychiatrist's view, with its tendency to coarsen everything, the young archaeologist's interest in feet and the postures of feet would be bound to suggest 'fetishism'. Nevertheless all such systems of nomenclature and classification of the different kinds of delusion according to their subject-matter have something precarious and barren about them.<sup>1</sup>

Furthermore, since our hero was a person capable of developing a delusion on the basis of such a strange preference, a strict psychiatrist would at once stamp him as a *dégénéré* and would investigate the heredity which had remorselessly driven him to this fate. But here the author does not follow the psychiatrist, and with good reason. He wishes to bring the hero closer to us so as to make 'empathy' easier; the diagnosis of '*dégénéré*', whether it is right or wrong, at once puts the young archaeologist at a distance from us, for we readers are the normal people and the standard of humanity. Nor is the author greatly concerned with the hereditary and constitutional preconditions of the state, but on the other hand he plunges deep into the personal mental make-up which can give rise to such a delusion.

In one important respect Norbert Hanold behaved quite differently from an ordinary human being. He took no interest in living women; the science of which he was the servant had taken that interest away from him and displaced

<sup>1</sup> In point of fact, the case of N. H. would have to be described as a *hysterical* delusion, not a *paranoic* one. The indications of *paranoia* are absent from it.

it on to women of marble or bronze. This is not to be regarded as a trivial peculiarity; on the contrary, it was the basic precondition of the events to be described. For one day it came about that one particular sculpture of that kind laid claim to the whole of the interest which is ordinarily directed only to a living woman, and with that his delusion was there. We then see unrolled before our eyes the manner in which his delusion is cured through a happy turn of events, and his interest displaced back from the marble to a living woman. The author does not let us follow the influences which led our hero to turn away from women; he only informs us that his attitude was not explained by his innate disposition, which, on the contrary, included some amount of imaginative (and, we might add, erotic) needs. And, as we learn later in the story, he did not avoid other children in his childhood: he had a friendship at that age with a little girl, was her inseparable companion, shared his little meals with her, used to thump her too and let her rumple his hair. It is in attachments such as this, in combinations like this of affection and aggressiveness, that the immature eroticism of childhood finds its expression; its consequences only emerge later, but then they are irresistible, and during childhood itself it is as a rule recognized as eroticism only by doctors and creative writers. Our own writer shows us clearly that he too is of the same opinion; for he makes his hero suddenly develop a lively interest in women's feet and their way of placing them. This interest was bound to bring him a bad reputation both among scientists and among the women of the town he lived in, a reputation of being a foot-fetishist; but *we* cannot avoid tracing the interest back to the memory of his childhood playmate. For there can be no doubt that even in her childhood the girl showed the same peculiarity of a graceful gait, with her toes almost perpendicularly raised as she stepped along; and it was because it represented that same gait that an ancient marble relief acquired such great importance for Norbert Hanold. Incidentally we may add that in his derivation of the remarkable phenomenon of fetishism the

author is in complete agreement with science. Ever since Binet [1888] we have in fact tried to trace fetishism back to erotic impressions in childhood.<sup>1</sup>

The state of permanently turning away from women produces a personal susceptibility, or, as we are accustomed to say, a 'disposition' to the formation of a delusion. The development of the mental disorder sets in at the moment when a chance impression arouses the childhood experiences which have been forgotten and which have traces, at least, of an erotic colouring. 'Arouses', however, is certainly not the right description, if we take into account what follows. We must repeat the author's accurate account in correct psychological technical terms. When Norbert Hanold saw the relief, he did not remember that he had already seen a similar posture of the foot in his childhood friend; he remembered nothing at all, but all the effects brought about by the relief originated from this link that was made with the impression of his childhood. Thus the childhood impression was stirred up, it became active, so that it began to produce effects, but it did not come into consciousness—it remained 'unconscious', to use a term which has to-day become unavoidable in psychopathology. We are anxious that this unconscious shall not be involved in any of the disputes of philosophers and natural philosophers, which have often no more than an etymological importance. For the time being we possess no better name for psychical processes which behave actively but nevertheless do not reach the consciousness of the person concerned, and that is all we mean by our 'unconsciousness'. When some thinkers try to dispute the existence of an unconscious of this kind, on the ground that it is nonsensical, we can only suppose that they have never had to do with the corresponding mental phenomena, that they are under the

<sup>1</sup> [Binet's views on fetishism were described in Freud's *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality* (1905*d*), to which however he added a footnote in 1920 casting doubts on their adequacy. A number of references to other discussions of fetishism in Freud's own writings are given in another footnote to the same passage (*Standard Ed.*, 7, 154-5).]

spell of the regular experience that everything mental that becomes active and intense becomes at the same time conscious as well, and that they have still to learn (what our author knows very well) that there are most certainly mental processes which, in spite of being intense and producing effects, none the less remain apart from consciousness.

We said a little earlier [p. 34 ff.] that Norbert Hanold's memories of his childhood relations with Zoe were in a state of 'repression'; and here we have called them 'unconscious' memories. So we must now pay a little attention to the relation between these two technical terms, which, indeed, appear to coincide in their meaning. It is not difficult to make the matter plain. 'Unconscious' is the wider concept; 'repressed' is the narrower one. Everything that is repressed is unconscious; but we cannot assert that everything unconscious is repressed. If when Hanold saw the relief he had remembered his Zoe's gait, what had earlier been an unconscious memory of his would have become simultaneously active and conscious, and this would have shown that it had not earlier been repressed. 'Unconscious' is a purely descriptive term, one that is indefinite in some respects and, as we might say, static. 'Repressed' is a dynamic expression, which takes account of the interplay of mental forces; it implies that there is a force present which is seeking to bring about all kinds of psychical effects, including that of becoming conscious, but that there is also an opposing force which is able to obstruct some of these psychical effects, once more including that of becoming conscious. The mark of something repressed is precisely that in spite of its intensity it is unable to enter consciousness. In Hanold's case, therefore, from the moment of the appearance of the relief onwards, we are concerned with something unconscious that is repressed, or, more briefly, with something repressed.

Norbert Hanold's memories of his childhood relations with the girl with the graceful gait were repressed; but this is not yet the correct view of the psychological situation. We remain on the surface so long as we are dealing only with

memories and ideas. What is alone of value in mental life is rather the feelings. No mental forces are significant unless they possess the characteristic of arousing feelings. Ideas are only repressed because they are associated with the release of feelings which ought not to occur. It would be more correct to say that repression acts upon feelings, but we can only be aware of these in their association with ideas.<sup>1</sup> So that it was Norbert Hanold's erotic feelings that were repressed; and since his erotism knew and had known no other object than Zoe Bertgang in his childhood, his memories of her were forgotten. The ancient relief aroused the slumbering erotism in him, and made his childhood memories active. On account of a resistance to erotism that was present in him, these memories could only become operative as unconscious ones. What now took place in him was a struggle between the power of erotism and that of the forces that were repressing it; the manifestation of this struggle was a delusion.

Our author has omitted to give the reasons which led to the repression of the erotic life of his hero; for of course Hanold's concern with science was only the instrument which the repression employed. A doctor would have to dig deeper here, but perhaps without hitting upon the reason in this case. But, as we have insisted with admiration, the author has not failed to show us how the arousing of the repressed erotism came precisely from the field of the instruments that served to bring about the repression. It was right that an antique, the marble sculpture of a woman, should have been what tore our archaeologist away from his retreat from love and warned him to pay off the debt to life with which we are burdened from our birth.

The first manifestations of the process that had been set going in Hanold by the relief were phantasies, which played around the figure represented in it. The figure seemed to

<sup>1</sup> [Some of this would need to be expressed differently in order to fit in with Freud's later and more elaborate discussions of repression, which are to be found, for instance, in Sections III and IV of his paper on 'The Unconscious' (1915e).]



him to have something 'of to-day' about her, in the best sense of the words, and it was as though the artist had captured her 'from the life' stepping along the street. He gave the girl in the ancient relief the name of 'Gradiva', which he constructed on the model of an epithet of the war-god striding into battle—'Mars Gradivus'. He endowed her personality with more and more characteristics. She may have been the daughter of a respected personage, of a patrician, perhaps, who was connected with the temple-service of a deity. He thought he could trace a Greek origin in her features; and finally he felt compelled to remove her from the busy life of a capital and to transport her to the more peaceful Pompeii, and there he made her step across the lava stepping-stones which made it possible to cross from one side of the street to the other. [P. 11.] These products of his phantasy seem arbitrary enough, but at the same time innocently unsuspecting. And, indeed, even when for the first time they gave rise to an incitement to action—when the archaeologist, obsessed by the problem of whether this posture of the feet corresponded to reality, began to make observations from life in order to examine the feet of contemporary women and girls—even this action was screened by conscious scientific motives, as though all his interest in the sculpture of Gradiva had sprung from the soil of his professional concern with archaeology. [P. 12.] The women and girls in the street, whom he chose as the subjects of his investigation, must, of course, have taken another, crudely erotic view of his behaviour, and we cannot but think them right. We ourselves can be in no doubt that Hanold was as much in ignorance of the motives of his researches as he was of the origin of his phantasies about Gradiva. These, as we learned later, were echoes of his memories of his youthful love, derivatives of those memories, transformations and distortions of them, after they had failed to make their way into his consciousness in an unmodified form. The ostensibly aesthetic judgement that the sculpture had something 'of to-day' about it took the place of his knowledge that a gait of

that kind belonged to a girl whom he knew and who stepped across the street *at the present time*. Behind the impression of the sculpture being 'from the life' and the phantasy of its subject being Greek lay his memory of the name Zoe, which means 'life' in Greek. 'Gradiva', as we learn from our hero himself at the end of the story, after he has been cured of his delusion, is a good translation of the surname 'Bertgang' which means something like 'someone who steps along brilliantly or splendidly'. [P. 37.] The details about Gradiva's father originated from Hanold's knowledge that Zoe Bertgang was the daughter of a respected teacher at the University, which can well be translated into classical terms as 'temple-service'. Finally, his phantasy transported her to Pompeii, not 'because her quiet, calm nature seemed to demand it', but because no other or better analogy could be found in his science for his remarkable state, in which he became aware of his memories of his childhood friendship through obscure channels of information. Once he had made his own childhood coincide with the classical past (which it was so easy for him to do), there was a perfect similarity between the burial of Pompeii—the disappearance of the past combined with its preservation—and repression, of which he possessed a knowledge through what might be described as 'endopsychic' perception. In this he was employing the same symbolism that the author makes the girl use consciously towards the conclusion of the story: 'I told myself I should be able to dig out something interesting here even by myself. Of course I hadn't counted on making the find that I have . . .' (124 [p. 28].) And at the very end she replied to Hanold's plan for their honeymoon with a reference to 'her childhood friend who had also in a sense been dug out of the ruins again'. (150 [p. 39].)

Thus in the very first products of Hanold's delusional phantasies and actions we already find a double set of determinants, a derivation from two different sources. One of these is the one that was manifest to Hanold himself, the other is the one which is revealed to us when we examine his

mental processes. One of them, looked at from Hanold's point of view, was conscious to him, the other was completely unconscious to him. One of them was derived wholly from the circle of ideas of the science of archaeology, the other arose from the repressed childhood memories that had become active in him and from the emotional instincts attached to them. One might be described as lying on the surface and covering the other, which was, as it were, concealed behind it. The scientific motivation might be said to serve as a pretext for the unconscious erotic one, and science had put itself completely at the service of the delusion. It should not be forgotten, however, that the unconscious determinants could not effect anything that did not simultaneously satisfy the conscious, scientific ones. The symptoms of a delusion—phantasies and actions alike—are in fact the products of compromise between the two mental currents, and in a compromise account is taken of the demands of each of the two parties to it; but each side must also renounce a part of what it wanted to achieve. Where a compromise comes about it must have been preceded by a struggle—in this case it was the conflict we have assumed between suppressed eroticism and the forces that were keeping it in repression. In the formation of a delusion this struggle is in fact unending. Assault and resistance are renewed after the construction of each compromise, which is never, so to speak, entirely satisfying. Our author too is aware of this, and that is why he makes a peculiar unrest dominate this stage of his hero's disorder, as a precursor and guarantee of further developments.

These significant peculiarities—the double motivation of phantasies and decisions, and the construction of conscious pretexts for actions to whose motivation the repressed has made the major contribution—will meet us often, and perhaps more clearly, in the further course of the story. And this is just as it should be, for the author has thus grasped and represented the unfailing chief characteristic of pathological mental processes.

The development of Norbert Hanold's delusion proceeded

with a dream which, since it was not occasioned by any new event, seems to have arisen entirely out of his mind, filled as it was by a conflict. But let us pause before we enquire whether, in the construction of his dreams, too, the author meets our expectation that he possesses a deep understanding. Let us ask first what psychiatric science has to say to his hypotheses about the origin of a delusion and what attitude it takes to the part played by repression and the unconscious, to conflict and to the formation of compromises. In short, let us ask whether this imaginative representation of the genesis of a delusion can hold its own before the judgement of science.

And here we must give what will perhaps be an unexpected answer. In fact the situation is quite the reverse: it is science that cannot hold its own before the achievement of the author. Science allows a gulf to yawn between the hereditary and constitutional preconditions of a delusion and its creations, which seem to emerge ready-made—a gulf which we find that our author has filled. Science does not as yet suspect the importance of repression, it does not recognize that in order to explain the world of psychopathological phenomena the unconscious is absolutely essential, it does not look for the basis of delusions in a psychical conflict, and it does not regard their symptoms as compromises. Does our author stand alone, then, in the face of united science? No, that is not the case (if, that is, I may count my own works as part of science), since for a number of years—and, until recently more or less alone<sup>1</sup>—I myself have supported all the views that I have here extracted from Jensen's *Gradiva* and stated in technical terms. I indicated, in most detail in connection with the states known as hysteria and obsessions, that the individual determinant<sup>2</sup> of these psychical disorders is the

<sup>1</sup> See Bleuler's important work, *Affektivität, Suggestibilität, Paranoia* and C. G. Jung's *Diagnostische Assoziationsstudien*, both published in Zurich in 1906.—[Added 1912:] To-day, in 1912, I am able to retract what is said above as being no longer true. Since it was written, the 'psycho-analytic movement' started by me has become widely extended, and it is constantly growing.

<sup>2</sup> [As contrasted, presumably, with a more general, inherited factor.]

suppression of a part of instinctual life and the repression of the ideas by which the suppressed instinct is represented, and soon afterwards I repeated the same views in relation to some forms of delusion.<sup>1</sup> The question whether the instincts concerned in this causation are always components of the sexual instinct or may be of another kind as well is a problem which may be regarded as a matter of indifference in the particular case of the analysis of *Gradiva*; for in the instance chosen by our author what was at issue was quite certainly nothing other than the suppression of erotic feelings. The validity of the hypotheses of psychical conflict and of the formation of symptoms by means of compromises between the two mental currents struggling against each other has been demonstrated by me in the case of patients observed and medically treated in real life, just as I have been able to in the imaginary case of Norbert Hanold.<sup>2</sup> Even before me, Pierre Janet, a pupil of the great Charcot, and Josef Breuer, in collaboration with me, had traced back the products of neurotic, and especially of hysterical, illness to the power of unconscious thoughts.<sup>3</sup>

When, from the year 1893 onwards, I plunged into investigations such as these of the origin of mental disturbances, it would certainly never have occurred to me to look for a confirmation of my findings in imaginative writings. I was thus more than a little surprised to find that the author of *Gradiva*, which was published in 1903, had taken as the basis of its creation the very thing that I believed myself to have freshly discovered from the sources of my medical experience. How was it that the author arrived at the same knowledge as the doctor—or at least behaved as though he possessed the same knowledge?

Norbert Hanold's delusion, as I was saying, was carried a step further by a dream which occurred in the middle of

<sup>1</sup> See the author's *Sammlung kleiner Schriften zur Neurosenlehre*, 1906 [in particular the second paper on 'The Neuro-Psychoses of Defence' (1896*b*)].

<sup>2</sup> Cf. 'Fragment of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria' (1905*e*).

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Studies on Hysteria* (Freud, 1895*d*, with Breuer).

his efforts to discover a gait like Gradiva's in the streets of the town where he lived. It is easy to give the content of this dream in brief. The dreamer found himself in Pompeii on the day on which that unhappy city was destroyed, and experienced its horrors without being in danger himself; he suddenly saw Gradiva stepping along there, and understood all at once, as though it was something quite natural, that since she was a Pompeian, she was living in her native town, and 'without his having suspected it, living as his contemporary' [p. 12]. He was seized with fear on her account and gave a warning cry, whereupon she turned her face towards him for a moment. But she proceeded on her way without paying any attention to him, lay down on the steps of the Temple of Apollo, and was buried in the rain of ashes after her face had lost its colour, as though it were turning into white marble, until it had become just like a piece of sculpture. As he was waking up, he interpreted the noises of a big city penetrating into his bedroom as the cries for help of the despairing inhabitants of Pompeii and the thunder of the wildly agitated sea. The feeling that what he had dreamt had really happened to him would not leave him for some time after he had awoken, and a conviction that Gradiva had lived in Pompeii and had perished there on the fatal day was left over with him by the dream as a fresh starting-point for his delusion.

It is not so easy for us to say what the author intended with this dream and what caused him to link the development of the delusion precisely to a dream. Zealous investigators, it is true, have collected plenty of examples of the way in which mental disturbances are linked to dreams and arise out of dreams.<sup>1</sup> It appears, too, that in the lives of a few eminent men impulses to important actions and decisions have originated from dreams. But these analogies are not of much help to our understanding; so let us keep to our present case, our author's imaginary case of Norbert Hanold

<sup>1</sup> Sante de Sanctis (1899). [Cf. *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900a), Chapter I, Section H, *Standard Ed.*, 4, 88 ff.]

the archaeologist. By which end are we to take hold of a dream like this so as to fit it into the whole context, if it is not to remain no more than an unnecessary decoration of the story?

I can well imagine that at this point a reader may exclaim: 'The dream is quite easily explained—it is a simple anxiety-dream, occasioned by the noises of the city, which were misinterpreted into the destruction of Pompeii by the archaeologist, whose mind was occupied with his Pompeian girl.' In view of the low opinion generally prevailing of the performances of dreams, all that is usually asked from an explanation of one is that some external stimulus shall be found that more or less coincides with a piece of the dream's content. This external stimulus to dreaming would be supplied by the noise which woke the sleeper; and with this, interest in the dream would be exhausted. If only we had some reason for supposing that the town was noisier than usual that morning! If only, for instance, the author had not omitted to tell us that Hanold, against his usual practice, had slept that night with his windows open! What a pity the author did not take the trouble to do that! And if only anxiety-dreams were as simple as that! But no, interest in the dream is not so easily exhausted.

There is nothing essential for the construction of a dream in a link with an external sensory stimulus. A sleeper can disregard a stimulus of this kind from the external world, or he can allow himself to be awakened by it without constructing a dream, or, as happened here, he can weave it into his dream if that suits him for some other reason; and there are numerous dreams of which it is impossible to show that their content was determined in this way by a stimulus impinging on the sleeper's senses.<sup>1</sup> No, we must try another path.

We may perhaps find a starting-point in the after-effects left by the dream in Hanold's waking life. Up to then he had had a phantasy that Gradiva had been a Pompeian. This hypothesis now became a certainty for him, and a second

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. *The Interpretation of Dreams, Standard Ed.*, 4, 224.]

certainty followed—that she was buried along with the rest in the year 79 A.D.<sup>1</sup> Melancholy feelings accompanied this extension of the delusional structure, like an echo of the anxiety which had filled the dream. This fresh pain about Gradiva does not seem very intelligible to us; Gradiva would have been dead for many centuries even if she had been saved from destruction in the year 79 A.D. Or ought we not to argue in this kind of way either with Norbert Hanold or with the author himself? Here again there seems no path to an understanding. Nevertheless it is worth remarking that the increment which the delusion acquired from this dream was accompanied by a feeling with a highly painful colouring.

Apart from that, however, we are as much at a loss as before. This dream is not self-explanatory, and we must resolve to borrow from my *Interpretation of Dreams* and apply to the present example a few of the rules to be found in it for the solution of dreams.

One of these rules is to the effect that a dream is invariably related to the events of the day before the dream.<sup>2</sup> Our author seems to be wishing to show that he has followed this rule, for he attaches the dream immediately to Hanold's 'pedestrian researches'. Now these had no meaning other than a search for Gradiva, whose characteristic gait he was trying to recognize. So the dream ought to have contained an indication of where Gradiva was to be found. And it does so, by showing her in Pompeii; but that is no novelty to us.

Another rule tells us that, if a belief in the reality of the dream-images persists unusually long, so that one cannot tear oneself out of the dream, this is not a mistaken judgement provoked by the vividness of the dream-images, but is a psychical act on its own: it is an assurance, relating to the content of the dream, that something in it is really as one has dreamt it;<sup>3</sup> and it is right to have faith in this assurance.

<sup>1</sup> See the text of *Gradiva* (15).

<sup>2</sup> [*The Interpretation of Dreams*, Chapter V, Section A, *Standard Ed.*, 4, 165 ff.]

<sup>3</sup> [*Ibid.*, 4, 187 and 5, 372.]



If we keep to these two rules, we must conclude that the dream gave some information as to the whereabouts of the Gradiva he was in search of, and that that information tallied with the real state of things. We know Hanold's dream: does the application of these two rules to it yield any reasonable sense?

Strange to say, it does. The sense is merely disguised in a particular way so that it is not immediately recognizable. Hanold learned in the dream that the girl he was looking for was living in a town and contemporaneously with him. Now this was true of Zoe Bertgang; only in the dream the town was not the German university town but Pompeii, and the time was not the present but the year 79 A.D. It is, as it were, a distortion by displacement: what we have is not Gradiva in the present but the dreamer transported into the past. Nevertheless, in this manner, the essential and new fact is stated: *he is in the same place and time as the girl he is looking for*. But whence come this displacement and disguise which were bound to deceive both us and the dreamer over the true meaning and content of the dream? Well, we already have the means at our disposal for giving a satisfactory answer to that question.

Let us recall all that we have heard about the nature and origin of the phantasies which are the precursors of delusions [p. 44ff.]. They are substitutes for and derivatives of repressed memories which a resistance will not allow to enter consciousness unaltered, but which can purchase the possibility of becoming conscious by taking account, by means of changes and distortions, of the resistance's censorship. When this compromise has been accomplished, the memories have turned into the phantasies, which can easily be misunderstood by the conscious personality—that is, understood so as to fit in with the dominant psychological current. Now let us suppose that dream-images are what might be described as the creations of people's physiological [i.e. non-pathological] delusions—the products of the compromise in the struggle between what is repressed and what is dominant which is

probably present in every human being, including those who in the day-time are perfectly sound in mind. We shall then understand that dream-images have to be regarded as something distorted, behind which something else must be looked for, something *not* distorted, but in some sense objectionable, like Hanold's repressed memories behind his phantasies. We can give expression to the contrast which we have thus recognized, by distinguishing what the dreamer remembers when he wakes up as the *manifest content of the dream* from what constituted the basis of the dream before the distortion imposed by the censorship—namely, the *latent dream-thoughts*. Thus, interpreting a dream consists in translating the manifest content of the dream into the latent dream-thoughts, in undoing the distortion which the dream-thoughts have had to submit to from the censorship of the resistance. If we apply these notions to the dream we are concerned with, we shall find that its latent dream-thoughts can only have been: 'the girl you are looking for with the graceful gait is really living in this town with you.' But in that form the thought could not become conscious. It was obstructed by the fact that a phantasy had laid it down, as the result of an earlier compromise, that Gradiva was a Pompeian; consequently, if the real fact that she was living in the same place and at the same time was to be affirmed, there was no choice but to adopt the distortion: 'You are living at Pompeii at the time of Gradiva.' This then was the idea which was realized by the manifest content of the dream, and was represented as a present event actually being experienced.

It is only rarely that a dream represents, or, as we might say, 'stages', a single thought: there are usually a number of them, a tissue of thoughts. Another component of the content of Hanold's dream can be detached, the distortion of which can easily be got rid of, so that the latent idea represented by it can be detected. This is a piece of the dream to which once again it is possible to extend the assurance of reality with which the dream ended. In the dream Gradiva as she steps along is transformed into a marble sculpture. This is

no more than an ingenious and poetical representation of the real event. Hanold had in fact transferred his interest from the living girl to the sculpture: the girl he loved had been transformed for him into a marble relief. The latent dream-thoughts, which were bound to remain unconscious, sought to change the sculpture back into the living girl; what they were saying to him accordingly was something like: 'After all, you're only interested in the statue of Gradiva because it reminds you of Zoe, who is living here and now.' But if this discovery could have become conscious, it would have meant the end of the delusion.

Are we perhaps under an obligation to replace in this way each separate piece of the manifest content of the dream by unconscious thoughts? Strictly speaking, yes; if we were interpreting a dream that had really been dreamt, we could not avoid that duty. But in that case, too, the dreamer would have to give us the most copious explanations. Clearly we cannot carry out this requirement in the case of the author's creation; nevertheless, we shall not overlook the fact that we have not yet submitted the main content of the dream to the process of interpretation or translation.

For Hanold's dream was an anxiety-dream. Its content was frightening, the dreamer felt anxiety while he slept and he was left with painful feelings afterwards. Now this is far from convenient for our attempt at an explanation; and we must once again borrow heavily from the theory of dream-interpretation. We are warned by that theory not to fall into the error of tracing the anxiety that may be felt in a dream to the content of the dream, and not to treat the content of the dream as though it were the content of an idea occurring in waking life. It points out to us how often we dream the most ghastly things without feeling a trace of anxiety. The true situation, we learn, is quite a different one, which cannot be easily guessed, but which can be proved with certainty. The anxiety in anxiety-dreams, like neurotic anxiety in general, corresponds to a sexual affect, a libidinal

feeling, and arises out of libido by the process of repression.<sup>1</sup> When we interpret a dream, therefore, we must replace anxiety by sexual excitement. The anxiety that originates in this way has—not invariably, but frequently—a selective influence on the content of the dream and introduces into it ideational elements which seem, when the dream is looked at from a conscious and mistaken point of view, to be appropriate to the affect of anxiety. As I have said, this is not invariably so, for there are plenty of anxiety-dreams in which the content is not in the least frightening and where it is therefore impossible to give an explanation on conscious lines of the anxiety that is felt.

I am aware that this explanation of anxiety in dreams sounds very strange and is not easy to credit; but I can only advise the reader to come to terms with it. Moreover it would be a very remarkable thing if Norbert Hanold's dream could be reconciled with this view of anxiety and could be explained in that way. On that basis, we should say that the dreamer's erotic longings were stirred up during the night and made a powerful effort to make conscious his memory of the girl he loved and so to tear him out of his delusion, but that those longings met with a fresh repudiation and were transformed into anxiety, which in its turn introduced into the content of the dream the terrifying pictures from the memories of his schooldays. In this manner the true unconscious content of the dream, his passionate longing for the Zoe he had once known, became transformed into its manifest content of the destruction of Pompeii and the loss of Gradiva.

So far, I think, it sounds plausible. But it might justly be insisted that, if erotic wishes constitute the undistorted content of the dream, it ought also to be possible to point at least to some recognizable residue of those wishes concealed

<sup>1</sup> Cf. my first paper on the anxiety neurosis (1895b) and *The Interpretation of Dreams*. [*Standard Ed.*, 4, 160-2, and 5, 582 ff.—In his *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety* (1926d), Freud put forward an amended view of the origin of anxiety.]

somewhere in the transformed dream. Well, even that may be possible, with the help of a hint from a later part of the story. When Hanold had his first meeting with the supposed Gradiva, he recollected the dream and begged the apparition to lie down again as he had seen her do then [p. 19].<sup>1</sup> Thereupon, however, the young lady rose indignantly and left her strange companion, for she had detected the improper erotic wish behind what he had said under the domination of his delusion. We must, I think, accept Gradiva's interpretation; even in a real dream we cannot always expect to find a more definite expression of an erotic wish.

The application of a few of the rules of dream-interpretation to Hanold's first dream has thus resulted in making it intelligible to us in its main features and in inserting it into the nexus of the story. Surely, then, the author must have observed these rules in creating it? We might ask another question, too: why did the author introduce a dream at all to bring about the further development of the delusion? In my opinion it was an ingenious notion and once again true to reality. We have already heard [p. 55] that in real illnesses a delusion very often arises in connection with a dream, and, after what we have learnt about the nature of dreams, there is no need to see a fresh riddle in this fact. Dreams and delusions arise from the same source—from what is repressed. Dreams are, as one might say, the physiological delusions of normal people. [Cf. p. 58] Before what is repressed has become strong enough to break through into waking life as a delusion, it may easily have achieved a first success, under the more favourable conditions of the state of sleep, in the form of a dream with persisting effects. For during sleep, along with a general lowering of mental activity, there is a relaxation in the strength of the resistance with which the dominant psychological forces oppose what is

<sup>1</sup> 'No, I didn't hear you speak. But I called to you when you lay down to sleep, and I stood beside you then—your face was as peaceful and beautiful as marble. May I beg of you—lie down once more on the step as you did then.' (70.)

repressed. It is this relaxation that makes the formation of dreams possible, and that is why dreams give us our best access to a knowledge of the unconscious part of the mind—except that, as a rule, with the re-establishment of the psychical cathexes of waking life, the dream once more takes to flight and the ground that had been won by the unconscious is evacuated once again.

### III

IN the further course of the story there is yet another dream, which may perhaps tempt us even more than the first to try to translate it and insert it into the train of events in the hero's mind.<sup>1</sup> But we should save very little by diverging from the author's account and hurrying on immediately to this second dream; for no one who wishes to analyse someone else's dream can avoid turning his attention in the greatest detail to all the dreamer's experiences, both external and internal. It will probably be best, therefore, to keep close to the thread of the story and to intersperse it with our glosses as we proceed.

The construction of the fresh delusion about Gradiva's death during the destruction of Pompeii in the year 79 A.D. was not the only result of the first dream, which we have already analysed. Immediately after it Hanold decided on his journey to Italy, which eventually brought him to Pompeii. But, before that, something else happened to him. As he was leaning out of the window, he thought he saw a figure in the street with the bearing and gait of his Gradiva. In spite of being insufficiently dressed, he hurried after her, but failed to overtake her, and was driven back into the house by the jeers of the passers-by. When he was in his room once more, the song of a canary from its cage in the window of a house opposite stirred up in him a mood in which he too seemed to be a prisoner longing for freedom; and his spring-time journey was no sooner decided on than it was carried out.

The author has thrown a particularly clear light on this journey of Hanold's and has allowed him to have a partial

<sup>1</sup> [The last phrase in this sentence, which, in a slightly different form, has already appeared in the preceding paragraph (p. 62), is an echo of the opening sentence of *The Interpretation of Dreams* (*Standard Ed.*, 4, 1).]

insight into his own internal processes. Hanold of course found himself a scientific pretext for his journey, but this did not last long. After all, he was in fact aware that 'the impulse to make this journey had arisen from a feeling he could not name'. A strange restlessness made him dissatisfied with everything he came across, and drove him from Rome to Naples and from there to Pompeii; but even at this last halting-place he was still uneasy in his mood. He was annoyed at the folly of the honeymooners, and enraged at the impertinence of the house-flies which inhabit Pompeii's hotels. But at last he could no longer disguise from himself 'that his dissatisfaction could not be caused solely by what was around him but that there was something that sprang from himself as well'. He thought he was over-excited, felt 'that he was discontented because he lacked something, but he had no idea what. And this ill-humour followed him about everywhere.' In this frame of mind he was even furious with his mistress—with Science. When in the heat of the mid-day sun he wandered for the first time through Pompeii, 'the whole of his science had not merely abandoned him, but had left him without the slightest desire to find her again. He remembered her only as something in the far distance, and he felt that she had been an old, dried-up, tedious aunt, the dullest and most unwanted creature in the world.' (55.)

And then, while he was in this disagreeable and confused state of feeling, one of the problems attaching to his journey was solved for him—at the moment when he first saw Gradiva stepping through Pompeii. Something 'came into his consciousness for the first time: without being aware himself of the impulse within him, he had come to Italy and had travelled on to Pompeii, without stopping in Rome or Naples, in order to see whether he could find any traces of her. And "traces" literally; for with her peculiar gait she must have left behind an imprint of her toes in the ashes distinct from all the rest.' (58 [p. 16 f.] )

Since the author has taken so much trouble over describing the journey, it must be worth while too to discuss its



relation to Hanold's delusion and its position in the chain of events. The journey was undertaken for reasons which its subject did not recognize at first and only admitted to himself later on, reasons which the author describes in so many words as 'unconscious'. This is certainly taken from the life. One does not need to be suffering from a delusion in order to behave like this. On the contrary, it is an event of daily occurrence for a person—even a healthy person—to deceive himself over the motives for an action and to become conscious of them only after the event, provided only that a conflict between several currents of feeling furnishes the necessary condition for such a confusion. Accordingly, Hanold's journey was from the first calculated to serve the delusion, and was intended to take him to Pompeii, where he could proceed further with his search for Gradiva. It will be recalled that his mind was occupied with that search both before and immediately after the dream, and that the dream itself was simply an answer to the question of Gradiva's whereabouts, though an answer which was stifled by his consciousness. Some power which we do not recognize was, however, also inhibiting him to begin with from becoming aware of his delusional intention; so that, for the conscious reasons for his journey, he was left only with insufficient pretexts which had to be renewed from place to place. The author presents us with a further puzzle by making the dream, the discovery of the supposed Gradiva in the street, and the decision to undertake the journey as a result of the singing canary succeed one another as a series of chance events without any internal connection with one another.

This obscure region of the story is made intelligible to us by some explanations which we derive from the later remarks of Zoe Bertgang. It was in fact the original of Gradiva, Fräulein Zoe herself, whom Hanold saw out of his window walking past in the street (89) and whom he nearly overtook. If this had happened, the information given him by the dream—that she was in fact living at the same time and in the same town as he was—would by a lucky chance have

received an irresistible confirmation, which would have brought about the collapse of his internal struggle. But the canary, whose singing sent Hanold off on his distant journey, belonged to Zoe, and its cage stood in her window diagonally across the street from Hanold's house. (135 [p. 30].) Hanold, who, according to the girl's accusation, had the gift of 'negative hallucination', who possessed the art of not seeing and not recognizing people who were actually present, must from the first have had an unconscious knowledge of what we only learned later. The indications of Zoe's proximity (her appearance in the street and her bird's singing so near his window) intensified the effect of the dream, and in this position, so perilous for his resistance to his erotic feelings, he took to flight. His journey was a result of his resistance gathering new strength after the surge forward of his erotic desires in the dream; it was an attempt at flight from the physical presence of the girl he loved. In a practical sense it meant a victory for repression, just as his earlier activity, his 'pedestrian researches' upon women and girls, had meant a victory for erotism. But everywhere in these oscillations in the struggle the compromise character of the outcome was preserved: the journey to Pompeii, which was supposed to lead him away from the living Zoe, led him at least to her surrogate, to Gradiva. The journey, which was undertaken in defiance of the latent dream-thoughts, was nevertheless following the path to Pompeii that was pointed out by the manifest content of the dream. Thus at every fresh struggle between erotism and resistance we find the delusion triumphant.

This view of Hanold's journey as a flight from his awakening erotic longing for the girl whom he loved and who was so close to him is the only one which will fit in with the description of his emotional states during his stay in Italy. The repudiation of erotism which dominated him was expressed there in his disgust at the honeymooners. A short dream which he had in his *albergo* in Rome, and which was occasioned by the proximity of a German loving couple,

'Edwin and Angelina', whose evening conversation he could not help hearing through the thin partition-wall, throws a retrospective light, as it were, on the erotic drift of his first major dream. In the new dream he was once again in Pompeii and Vesuvius was once again erupting, and it was thus linked to the earlier dream whose effects persisted during the journey. This time, however, among the people imperilled were—not, as on the former occasion, himself and Gradiva but—the Apollo Belvedere and the Capitoline Venus, no doubt by way of an ironical exaltation of the couple in the next room. Apollo lifted Venus up, carried her out, and laid her down on some object in the dark which seemed to be a carriage or cart, since it emitted 'a creaking noise'. Apart from this, the interpretation of the dream calls for no special skill. (31.)

Our author, who, as we have long since realized, never introduces a single idle or unintentional feature into his story, has given us another piece of evidence of the asexual current which dominated Hanold during his journey. As he roamed about for hours in Pompeii, 'strangely enough it never once recurred to his memory that a short time before he had dreamt of being present at the burial of Pompeii in the eruption of 79 A.D.' (47.) It was only when he caught sight of Gradiva that he suddenly remembered the dream and became conscious at the same time of the delusional reason for his puzzling journey. How could this forgetting of the dream, this barrier of repression between the dream and his mental state during the journey, be explained, except by supposing that the journey was undertaken not at the direct inspiration of the dream but as a revolt against it, as an emanation of a mental power that refused to know anything of the secret meaning of the dream?

But on the other hand Hanold did not enjoy this victory over his eroticism. The suppressed mental impulse remained powerful enough to revenge itself on the suppressing one with discontent and inhibition. His longings turned into restlessness and dissatisfaction, which made his journey seem

pointless to him. His insight into his reasons for the journey at the bidding of the delusion was inhibited and his relations with his science, which in such a spot should have stirred all his interest, were interfered with. So the author shows us his hero after his flight from love in a kind of crisis, in a state of complete confusion and distraction, in a turmoil such as we usually find at the climax of an illness, when neither of the two conflicting powers has any longer a sufficiently superior strength over the other for the margin between them to make it possible to establish a vigorous mental régime. But here the author intervenes helpfully, and smoothes things out by making Gradiva appear at this juncture and undertake the cure of the delusion. By the power he possesses of guiding the people of his creation towards a happy destiny, in spite of all the laws of necessity which he makes them obey, he arranges that the girl, to avoid whom Hanold had fled to Pompeii, shall be transported to that very place. In this way he corrects the folly to which the young man was led by his delusion—the folly of exchanging the home of the living girl whom he loved for the burial-place of her imaginary substitute.

With the appearance of Zoe Bertgang as Gradiva, which marks the climax of tension in the story, our interest, too, soon takes a new direction. So far we have been assisting at the development of a delusion; now we are to witness its cure. And we may ask whether the author has given a purely fanciful account of the course of this cure or whether he has constructed it in accordance with possibilities actually present. Zoe's own words during her conversation with her newly-married friend give us a definite right to ascribe to her an intention to bring about the cure. (124 [p. 27].) But how did she set about it? When she had got over the indignation aroused in her by his suggestion that she should lie down to sleep again as she had 'then', she returned next day at the same mid-day hour to the same spot, and proceeded to entice out of Hanold all the secret knowledge her ignorance of which had prevented her from understanding his behaviour

the day before. She learnt about his dream, about the sculpture of Gradiva, and about the peculiarity of gait which she herself shared with it. She accepted the role of the ghost awakened to life for a brief hour, a role for which, as she perceived, his delusion had cast her, and, by accepting the flowers of the dead which he had brought without conscious purpose, and by expressing a regret that he had not given her roses, she gently hinted in ambiguous words at the possibility of his taking up a new position. (90 [p. 21].)

This unusually clever girl, then, was determined to win her childhood's friend for her husband, after she had recognized that the young man's love for her was the motive force behind the delusion. Our interest in her behaviour, however, will probably yield for the moment to the surprise which we may feel at the delusion itself. The last form taken by it was that Gradiva, who had been buried in 79 A.D., was now able, as a mid-day ghost, to exchange words with him for an hour, at the end of which she must sink into the ground or seek her grave once more. This mental cobweb, which was not brushed away either by his perceiving that the apparition was wearing modern shoes or by her ignorance of the ancient languages and her command of German, which was not in existence in her day, certainly seems to justify the author's description of his story as a 'Pompeian phantasy', but it seems also to exclude any possibility of measuring it by the standards of clinical reality.

Nevertheless, on closer consideration this delusion of Hanold's seems to me to lose the greater part of its improbability. The author, indeed, has made himself responsible for one part of it by basing his story on the premiss that Zoe was in every detail a duplicate of the relief. We must therefore avoid shifting the improbability of this premiss on to its consequence—that Hanold took the girl for Gradiva come to life. Greater value is given to the delusional explanation by the fact that the author has put no rational one at our disposal. Moreover the author has adduced contributory and mitigating circumstances on behalf of his hero's excesses in

the shape of the glare of the *campagna* sunlight and the intoxicating magic of the wine grown on the slopes of Vesuvius. But the most important of all the explanatory and exculpatory factors remains the ease with which our intellect is prepared to accept something absurd provided it satisfies powerful emotional impulses. It is an astonishing fact, and one that is too generally overlooked, how readily and frequently under these psychological conditions people of even the most powerful intelligence react as though they were feeble-minded; and anyone who is not too conceited may see this happening in himself as often as he pleases. And this is far more so if some of the mental processes concerned are linked with unconscious or repressed motives. In this connection I am happy to quote the words of a philosopher, who writes to me: 'I have been noting down the instances I myself experience of striking mistakes and unthinking actions, for which one finds motives afterwards (in a most unreasonable way). It is an alarming thing, but typical, to find how much folly this brings to light.' It must be remembered, too, that the belief in spirits and ghosts and the return of the dead, which finds so much support in the religions to which we have all been attached, at least in our childhood, is far from having disappeared among educated people, and that many who are sensible in other respects find it possible to combine spiritualism with reason. A man who has grown rational and sceptical, even, may be ashamed to discover how easily he may for a moment return to a belief in spirits under the combined impact of strong emotion and perplexity. I know of a doctor who had once lost one of his women patients suffering from Graves' disease<sup>1</sup>, and who could not get rid of a faint suspicion that he might perhaps have contributed to the unhappy outcome by a thoughtless prescription. One day, several years later, a girl entered his consulting-room, who, in spite of all his efforts, he could not help recognizing as the dead one. He could frame only a single thought: 'So after all it's true that the dead can come back to life.' His

<sup>1</sup> [Exophthalmic goitre.]

dread did not give way to shame till the girl introduced herself as the sister of the one who had died of the same disease as she herself was suffering from. The victims of Graves' disease, as has often been observed, have a marked facial resemblance to one another; and in this case this typical likeness was reinforced by a family one. The doctor to whom this occurred was, however, none other than myself; so I have a personal reason for not disputing the clinical possibility of Norbert Hanold's temporary delusion that Gradiva had come back to life. The fact, finally, is familiar to every psychiatrist that in severe cases of chronic delusions (in paranoia) the most extreme examples occur of ingeniously elaborated and well-supported absurdities.

After his first meeting with Gradiva, Norbert Hanold had drunk his wine first in one and then in the other of the two restaurants that he knew in Pompeii, while the other visitors were engaged in eating the main meal of the day. 'Of course it never came into his head to think of the non-sensical idea' that he was doing it in order to discover in which of the hotels Gradiva was living and taking her meals. But it is difficult to say what other sense his actions could have had. On the day after their second meeting in the House of Meleager, he had all kinds of strange and apparently unconnected experiences. He found a narrow gap in the wall of the portico, at the point where Gradiva had disappeared. He met a foolish lizard-catcher who addressed him as though he were an acquaintance. He discovered a third hotel, in an out-of-the-way situation, the 'Albergo del Sole', whose proprietor palmed off on him a metal clasp with a green patina as a find from beside the remains of a Pompeian girl. And, lastly, in his own hotel he noticed a newly-arrived young couple whom he diagnosed as a brother and sister and whom he found sympathetic. All these impressions were afterwards woven together into a 'remarkably senseless' dream, which ran as follows:

'Somewhere in the sun Gradiva was sitting, making a snare out of a blade of grass to catch a lizard in, and said:

"Please keep quite still. Our lady colleague is right; the method is a really good one and she has made use of it with excellent results." [P. 25.]

He fended off this dream while he was still asleep, with the critical thought that it was utter madness, and cast around in all directions to get free from it. He succeeded in doing so with the help of an invisible bird, which uttered a short laughing call and carried off the lizard in its beak.

Are we to venture on an attempt at interpreting this dream too—that is, at replacing it by the latent thoughts from whose distortion it must have arisen? It is as senseless as only a dream can be expected to be; and this absurdity of dreams is the mainstay of the view which refuses to characterize dreams as completely valid psychical acts and maintains that they arise out of a purposeless excitation of the elements of the mind.

We are able to apply to this dream the technique which may be described as the regular procedure for interpreting dreams. It consists in paying no attention to the apparent connections in the manifest dream but in fixing our eyes upon each portion of its content independently, and in looking for its origin in the dreamer's impressions, memories, and free associations.<sup>1</sup> Since, however, we cannot question Hanold, we shall have to content ourselves with referring to his impressions, and we may very tentatively put our own associations in place of his.

'Somewhere in the sun Gradiva was sitting, catching lizards and speaking.' What impression of the previous day finds an echo in this part of the dream? Undoubtedly the encounter with the elderly gentleman, the lizard-catcher, who was thus replaced in the dream by Gradiva. He sat or lay 'on a sun-bathed slope' and he, too, spoke to Hanold. Furthermore, Gradiva's remarks in the dream were copied from this man's remarks: viz. 'The method prescribed by our colleague Eimer is a really good one; I have made use of

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. *The Interpretation of Dreams, Standard Ed.*, 4, 103-4.]



it many times already with excellent results. Please keep quite still.' [P. 23.] Gradiva used much the same words in the dream, except that 'our colleague Eimer' was replaced by an unnamed 'lady colleague'; moreover, the 'many times' in the zoologist's speech was omitted in the dream and the order of the sentences was somewhat altered. It seems, therefore, that this experience of the previous day was transformed into the dream with the help of a few changes and distortions. Why this particular experience? And what is the meaning of the changes—the replacement of the elderly gentleman by Gradiva and the introduction of the enigmatic 'lady colleague'?

There is a rule in interpreting dreams which runs as follows: 'A speech heard in a dream is always derived from one that has been heard or made by the dreamer in waking life.'<sup>1</sup> This rule seems to have been observed here: Gradiva's speech is only a modification of the old zoologist's speech which Hanold had heard the day before. Another rule in dream-interpretation would tell us that when one person is replaced by another or when two people are mixed up together (for instance, by one of them being shown in a situation that is characteristic of the other), it means that the two people are being equated, that there is a similarity between them.<sup>2</sup> If we venture to apply this rule too to our dream, we should arrive at this translation: 'Gradiva catches lizards just like the old man; she is skilled in lizard-catching just as he is.' This result cannot exactly be said to be intelligible as yet; but we have yet another puzzle to solve. To what impression of the previous day are we to relate the 'lady colleague' who in the dream replaces the famous zoologist Eimer? Fortunately we have very little choice here. A 'lady colleague' can only mean another girl—that is to say, the sympathetic young lady whom Hanold had taken for a sister travelling with her brother. 'She was wearing a red Sorrento rose in her dress, the sight of which reminded him

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. *The Interpretation of Dreams, Standard Ed.*, 5, 418 ff.]

<sup>2</sup> [Ibid., 4, 320 ff.]

of something as he looked across from his corner of the dining-room, but he could not think what.' [P. 24 f.] This remark of the author's gives us a right to regard her as the 'lady colleague' in the dream. What Hanold could not recall were, it cannot be doubted, the words spoken by the supposed Gradiva, who had told him, as she asked him for the white flowers of the dead, that in the spring people give happier girls roses. [P. 21.] But behind those words there had lain a hint of wooing. So what sort of lizard-catching was it that the happier 'lady colleague' had carried out so successfully?

Next day Hanold came upon the supposed brother and sister in an affectionate embrace, and was thus able to correct his earlier mistake. They were in fact a pair of lovers, and moreover on their honeymoon, as we discovered later when they so unexpectedly interrupted Hanold's third interview with Zoe. If now we are willing to assume that Hanold, though consciously taking them for a brother and sister, had immediately recognized their true relationship (which was unambiguously betrayed next day) in his unconscious, Gradiva's speech in the dream acquires a clear meaning. The red rose had become the symbol of a love-relation. Hanold understood that the couple were already what he and Gradiva had yet to become; the lizard-catching had come to signify man-catching; and Gradiva's speech meant something like: 'Only let me alone: I know how to win a man just as well as the other girl does.'

But why was it necessary for this penetration of Zoe's intentions to appear in the dream in the form of the old zoologist's speech? Why was Zoe's skill in man-catching represented by the old gentleman's skill in lizard-catching? Well, we can have no difficulty in answering that question. We guessed long ago that the lizard-catcher was none other than Bertgang, the professor of Zoology and Zoe's father, who, incidentally, must have known Hanold too—which explains how he came to address him as an acquaintance. Let us assume, once again, that in his unconscious Hanold

at once recognized the Professor. 'He had a vague notion that he had already had a passing glimpse of the lizard-hunter's face, probably in one of the two hotels.' This, then, is the explanation of the strange disguise under which the intention attributed to Zoe made its appearance: she was the lizard-catcher's daughter and had acquired her skill from him.

The replacement of the lizard-catcher by Gradiva in the content of the dream is accordingly a representation of the relation between the two figures which was known to Hanold in his unconscious; the introduction of the 'lady colleague' instead of 'our colleague Eimer' allowed the dream to express Hanold's realization that she was wooing a man. So far the dream welded together ('condensed', as we say) two experiences of the previous day into one situation, in order to bring to expression (in a very obscure way, it is true) two discoveries which were not allowed to become conscious. But we can go further, we can diminish the strangeness of the dream still more and we can demonstrate the influence of his other experiences of the previous day on the form taken by the manifest dream.

We may declare ourselves dissatisfied with the explanation that has hitherto been given of why it was that precisely the scene of the lizard-catching was made into the nucleus of the dream, and we may suspect that still other elements of the dream-thoughts were bringing their influence to bear in the emphasis that was laid on the 'lizard' in the manifest dream. Indeed, it may easily have been so. It will be recalled [p. 22] that Hanold had discovered a gap in the wall at the point where Gradiva had seemed to vanish—a gap 'which was nevertheless wide enough to allow a form that was unusually slim' to slip through. This observation led him in daytime to make an alteration in his delusion—an alteration to the effect that when Gradiva disappeared from his sight she did not sink into the earth but used the gap as a way of reaching her grave. In his unconscious thoughts he may have told himself that he had now discovered the natural explanation

of the girl's surprising disappearance. But must not the idea of slipping through narrow gaps and disappearing in them have recalled the behaviour of lizards? Was not Gradiva herself in this way behaving like an agile little lizard? In our view, then, the discovery of the gap in the wall contributed to determining the choice of the element 'lizard' in the manifest content of the dream. The lizard situation in the dream represented this impression of the previous day as well as the encounter with Zoe's father, the zoologist.

And what if now, growing bold, we were to try to find a representation in the content of the dream of the one experience of the previous day which has not yet been exploited—the discovery of the third inn, the *Albergo del Sole*? The author has treated this episode at such length and has linked so many things to it that it would surprise us if it alone had made no contribution to the construction of the dream. Hanold went into this inn, which, owing to its out-of-the-way situation and its distance from the railway station, had remained unknown to him, to purchase a bottle of soda-water to cool his heated blood. The landlord took the opportunity of displaying his antiquities, and showed him a clasp which he pretended had belonged to the Pompeian girl who had been found in the neighbourhood of the Forum closely embraced by her lover. Hanold, who had never hitherto believed this often-repeated tale, was now compelled by a power unknown to him to believe in the truth of this moving story and in the genuineness of the find; he purchased the brooch and left the inn with his acquisition. As he was going out, he saw, standing in a glass of water in a window, a nodding sprig of asphodel covered with white blossoms, and took the sight of it as a confirmation of the genuineness of his new possession. He now felt a positive conviction that the green clasp had belonged to Gradiva and that she had been the girl who had died in her lover's arms. He quieted the jealousy which thereupon seized him, by deciding that next day he would show the clasp to Gradiva herself and arrive at certainty about his suspicion. It cannot be denied that this

was a curious new piece of delusion; yet are we to suppose that no trace of it was to be found in his dream of the same night?

It will certainly be worth while to explain the origin of this addition to the delusion and to look for the fresh piece of unconscious discovery which was replaced by the fresh piece of delusion. The delusion appeared under the influence of the landlord of the 'Sun Hotel' to whom Hanold behaved in such a remarkably credulous fashion that it was almost as though he had been given a hypnotic suggestion by him. The landlord showed him a metal clasp for a garment, represented it as genuine and as having belonged to the girl who had been found buried in the arms of her lover; and Hanold, who was capable of being sufficiently critical to doubt both the truth of the story and the genuineness of the clasp, was at once taken in, and purchased the highly dubious antique. Why he should have behaved in this way is quite incomprehensible, and there is nothing to suggest that the landlord's personality might offer us a solution. But there is yet another riddle about the incident, and two riddles often solve each other. As he was leaving the *albergo* he saw a sprig of asphodel standing in a glass in a window and took it as a confirmation of the genuineness of the metal clasp. How could that have come about? But fortunately this last point is easy to solve. The white flower was no doubt the one which he had given to Gradiva at mid-day, and it is perfectly true that something was confirmed by the sight of it in the window of the inn. Not, it is true, the genuineness of the clasp, but something else that had already become clear to him when he discovered this *albergo* after having previously overlooked it. Already on the day before he had behaved as though he was searching in the two Pompeii hotels to find the person who appeared to him as Gradiva. And now, since he had so unexpectedly come upon a third one, he must have said to himself in his unconscious: 'So *this* is where she is staying!' And added, as he was going out: 'Yes, that's right! There's the asphodel that I gave her! So that's her window!'

This then was the new discovery which was replaced by the delusion, and which could not become conscious because its underlying postulate that Gradiva was a living person whom he had once known could not become conscious.

But how did the replacement of the new discovery by the delusion take place? What happened, I think, was that the sense of conviction attaching to the discovery was able to persist and was retained, while the discovery itself, which was inadmissible to consciousness, was replaced by another ideational content connected with it by associations of thought. Thus the sense of conviction became attached to a content which was in fact foreign to it and this, in the form of a delusion, won a recognition which did not apply to it. Hanold transferred his conviction that Gradiva lived in the house to other impressions which he had received in the house; this led to his credulity in regard to the landlord's remarks, the genuineness of the metal clasp and the truth of the anecdote about the discovery of the embracing lovers—but only through his linking what he heard in the house with Gradiva. The jealousy which was already latent in him seized upon this material and the consequence was the delusion (though it contradicted his first dream) that Gradiva was the girl who had died in her lover's arms and that the clasp he had bought had belonged to her.

It will be observed that his conversation with Gradiva and her hint at wooing him (her 'saying it with flowers') had already brought about important changes in Hanold. Traits of masculine desire—components of the libido—had awakened in him, though it is true that they could not yet dispense with the disguise of conscious pretexts. But the problem of the 'bodily nature' of Gradiva, which pursued him all that day [pp. 20 and 23], cannot disavow its origin in a young man's erotic curiosity about a woman's body, even if it is involved in a scientific question by the conscious insistence on Gradiva's peculiar oscillation between death and life. His jealousy was a further sign of the increasingly active aspect of Hanold's love; he expressed this

jealousy at the beginning of their conversation the next day and with the help of a fresh pretext proceeded to touch the girl's body and, as he used to do in the far-off past, to hit her.

But it is now time to ask ourselves whether the method of constructing a delusion which we have inferred from our author's account is one that is known from other sources, or whether, indeed, it is possible at all. From our medical knowledge we can only reply that it is certainly the correct method, and perhaps the sole method, by which a delusion acquires the unshakable conviction which is one of its clinical characteristics. If a patient believes in his delusion so firmly, this is not because his faculty of judgement has been overturned and does not arise from what is false in the delusion. On the contrary, there is a grain of truth concealed in every delusion,<sup>1</sup> there is something in it that really deserves belief, and this is the source of the patient's conviction, which is therefore to that extent justified. This true element, however, has long been repressed. If eventually it is able to penetrate into consciousness, this time in a distorted form, the sense of conviction attaching to it is over-intensified as though by way of compensation and is now attached to the distorted substitute of the repressed truth, and protects it from any critical attacks. The conviction is displaced, as it were, from the unconscious truth on to the conscious error that is linked to it, and remains fixated there precisely as a result of this displacement. The instance of the formation of a delusion which arose from Hanold's first dream is no more than a similar, though not identical, example of such a displacement. Indeed, the method described here by which conviction arises in the case of a delusion does not differ fundamentally from the method by which a conviction is formed in normal cases,

<sup>1</sup> [Freud expressed this view at many points throughout the whole course of his writings. It appears, for instance, in the first edition of the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* (1901*b*), Chapter XII, Section C (a), and in *Moses and Monotheism* (1939*a*), Chapter III, Part II, Section G.]

where repression does not come into the picture. We all attach our conviction to thought-contents in which truth is combined with error, and let it extend from the former over the latter. It becomes diffused, as it were, from the truth over the error associated with it and protects the latter, though not so unalterably as in the case of a delusion, against deserved criticism. In normal psychology, too, being well-connected—'having influence', so to speak—can take the place of true worth.

I will now return to the dream and bring out a small but not uninteresting feature in it, which forms a connection between two of its provoking causes. Gradiva had drawn a kind of contrast between the white asphodel blossoms and the red rose. Seeing the asphodel again in the window of the *Albergo del Sole* became an important piece of evidence in support of Hanold's unconscious discovery, which was expressed in the new delusion; and alongside this was the fact that the red rose in the dress of the sympathetic girl helped Hanold in his unconscious to a correct view of her relation to her companion, so that he was able to make her appear in the dream as the 'lady colleague'.

But where in the manifest content of the dream, it will be asked, do we find anything to indicate and replace the discovery for which, as we have seen, Hanold's new delusion was a substitute—the discovery that Gradiva was staying with her father in the third, concealed Pompeii hotel, the *Albergo del Sole*? Nevertheless it is all there in the dream, and not even very much distorted, and I merely hesitate to point to it because I know that even those of my readers who have followed me patiently so far will begin to rebel strongly against my attempts at interpretation. Hanold's discovery, I repeat, is fully announced in the dream, but so cleverly concealed that it is bound to be overlooked. It is hidden behind a play upon words, an ambiguity. 'Somewhere in the sun Gradiva was sitting.' We have quite correctly related this to the spot where Hanold met her father, the zoologist. But



could it not also mean in the 'Sun'—that is, Gradiva is staying in the *Albergo del Sole*, the Sun Hotel? And was not the 'somewhere', which had no bearing on the encounter with her father, made to sound so hypocritically indefinite precisely because it introduced a definite piece of information about the place where Gradiva was staying? From my experience elsewhere of real dreams, I myself am perfectly certain that this is how the ambiguity is to be understood. But I should not in fact have ventured to present this piece of interpretative work to my readers, if the author had not at this point lent me his powerful assistance. He puts the very same play upon words into the girl's mouth when next day she saw the metal clasp: 'Did you find it in the sun, perhaps, which produces things of this kind?' [P. 26.] And since Hanold failed to understand what she had said, she explained that she meant the Sun Hotel, which they call 'Sole' here, and where she had already seen the supposititious antique.

And now let us make a bold attempt at replacing Hanold's 'remarkably senseless' dream by the unconscious thoughts that lay behind it and were as unlike it as possible. They ran, perhaps, as follows: 'She is staying in the "Sun" with her father. Why is she playing this game with me? Does she want to make fun of me? Or can it possibly be that she loves me and wants to have me as her husband?'—And no doubt while he was still asleep there came an answer dismissing this last possibility as 'the merest madness', a comment which was ostensibly directed against the whole manifest dream.

Critical readers will now justly enquire about the origin of the interpolation (for which I have so far given no grounds) of the reference to being ridiculed by Gradiva. The answer to this is given in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, which explains that if ridicule, derision, or embittered contradiction occurs in the dream-thoughts, this is expressed by the manifest dream being given a senseless form, by absurdity in the dream.<sup>1</sup> This absurdity does not mean, therefore, that there

<sup>1</sup> [*The Interpretation of Dreams*, Standard Ed., 5, 444-5.]

is any paralysis of psychical activity: it is a method of representation employed by the dream-work. As always happens at specially difficult points, the author once more comes to our help here. The senseless dream had a short epilogue, in which a bird uttered a laughing call and carried the lizard away in its beak. But Hanold had heard a similar laughing call after Gradiva's disappearance [p. 22]. It had in fact come from Zoe, who with this laugh was shaking off the gloomy seriousness of her underworld role. Gradiva had really laughed at him. But the dream-image of the bird carrying off the lizard may have been a recollection of the earlier dream, in which the Apollo Belvedere carried off the Capitoline Venus [p. 68].

There may still be some readers who feel that the translation of the situation of lizard-catching by the idea of wooing has not been sufficiently well established. Some further support for it may be afforded by the consideration that Zoe in her conversation with her newly-married friend admitted precisely what Hanold's thoughts about her suspected—when she told her she had felt sure that she would 'dig out' something interesting in Pompeii. Here she was trespassing into the field of archaeology, just as he had trespassed, with his simile of lizard-catching, into the field of zoology; it was as though they were struggling towards each other and each were trying to assume the other's character.

Here then we seem to have finished off the interpretation of this second dream as well. Both of them have been made intelligible to us on the presupposition that a dreamer knows in his unconscious thoughts all that he has forgotten in his conscious ones, and that in the former he judges correctly what in the latter he misunderstands in a delusion. In the course of our arguments we have no doubt been obliged to make some assertions which have seemed strange to the reader because of their unfamiliarity; and we have probably often roused a suspicion that what we pretended was the author's meaning was in fact only our own. I am anxious to

do all I can to dissipate this suspicion, and for that reason I will gladly enter into more detail over one of the most delicate points—I mean the use of ambiguous words and phrases, such as: 'Somewhere in the Sun Gradiva was sitting.'

Anyone who reads *Gradiva* must be struck by the frequency with which the author puts ambiguous remarks into the mouths of his two principal characters. In Hanold's case these remarks are intended by him unambiguously and it is only the heroine, Gradiva, who is struck by their second meaning. Thus, for instance, when in reply to her first answer he exclaimed 'I knew your voice sounded like that' [p. 19], Zoe, who was still in ignorance, could not but ask how that could be, since he had not heard her speak before. In their second conversation the girl was for a moment thrown into doubt about his delusion, when he told her that he had recognized her at once [p. 21]. She could not help taking these words in the sense (correct so far as his unconscious was concerned) of being a recognition that their acquaintance went back to their childhood; whereas he, of course, knew nothing of this implication of his remark and explained it only by reference to his dominant delusion. On the other hand, the remarks made by the girl, whose personality shows the most lucid clarity of mind in contrast to Hanold's delusion, exhibit an *intentional* ambiguity. One of their meanings chimes in with Hanold's delusion, so as to be able to penetrate into his conscious understanding, but the other rises above the delusion and gives us as a rule its translation into the unconscious truth for which it stands. It is a triumph of ingenuity and wit to be able to express the delusion and the truth in the same turn of words.

Zoe's speech in which she explains the situation to her friend and at the same time succeeds in getting rid of the interrupter [p. 27 f.] is full of ambiguities of this kind. It is in reality a speech made by the author and aimed more at the reader than at Zoe's newly-married 'colleague'. In her conversations with Hanold the ambiguity is usually effected by Zoe's using the same symbolism that we found in Hanold's

first dream—the equation of repression and burial, and of Pompeii and childhood. Thus she is able in her speeches on the one hand to remain in the role for which Hanold's delusion has cast her, and on the other hand to make contact with the real circumstances and awaken an understanding of them in Hanold's unconscious.

'I have long grown used to being dead.' (90 [p. 21].) 'To me it is right that you should give the flower of forgetfulness.' [Ibid.] In these sentences there was a faint foretaste of the reproaches which broke out clearly enough later on in her final lecture to him, in which she compared him to an archaeopteryx. [Pp. 32f.] 'The fact of someone having to die so as to come alive; but no doubt that must be so for archaeologists.' [P. 37.] She made this last remark after the delusion had been cleared up, as though to give a key to her ambiguous speeches. But she made her neatest use of her symbolism when she asked: 'I feel as though we had shared a meal like this once before, two thousand years ago; can't you remember?' (118 [p. 26].) Here the substitution of the historical past for childhood and the effort to awaken the memory of the latter are quite unmistakable.

But whence comes this striking preference for ambiguous speeches in *Gradiva*? It is no chance event, so it seems to us, but a necessary consequence of the premisses of the story. It is nothing other than a counterpart to the twofold determination of symptoms, in so far as speeches are themselves symptoms and, like them, arise from compromises between the conscious and the unconscious. It is simply that this double origin is more easily noticed in speeches than, for instance, in actions. And when, as is often made possible by the malleable nature of the material of speech, each of the two intentions lying behind the speech can be successfully expressed in the same turn of words, we have before us what we call an 'ambiguity'.

In the course of the psychotherapeutic treatment of a delusion or of an analogous disorder, ambiguous speeches of this kind are often produced by the patient, as new symptoms

of the briefest duration; and it can happen that the doctor finds himself too in the position of making use of them. In that way it not infrequently happens that with the meaning that is intended for the patient's conscious he stirs up an understanding of the meaning that applies to his unconscious. I know from experience that the part thus played by ambiguity is apt to raise the greatest objection in the uninitiated and to give rise to the greatest misunderstandings. But in any case our author was right in giving a place in his creation to a picture of this characteristic feature of what takes place in the formation of dreams and delusions.

#### IV

THE emergence of Zoe as a physician, as I have already remarked, arouses a new interest in us. We shall be anxious to learn whether a cure of the kind she performed upon Hanold is conceivable or even possible, and whether the author has taken as correct a view of the conditions for the disappearance of a delusion as he has of those for its genesis.

We shall unquestionably be met at this point by an opinion which denies that the case presented by the author possesses any such general interest and disputes the existence of any problem requiring solution. Hanold, it will be said, had no alternative but to abandon his delusion, after its subject, the supposed 'Gradiva' herself, had shown him that all his hypotheses were incorrect and after she had given him the most natural explanations of everything puzzling—for instance, of how it was that she had known his name. This would be the logical end of the matter; but since the girl had incidentally revealed her love to him, the author, no doubt to the satisfaction of his female readers, arranged that his story, a not uninteresting one otherwise, should have the usual happy ending in marriage. It would have been more consistent and equally possible, the argument will proceed, if the young scientist, after his error had been pointed out, had taken his leave of the lady with polite thanks and given as the reason for refusing her love the fact that he was able to feel an intense interest in antique women made of bronze or marble, and in their originals if they were accessible to contact, but that he did not know what to do with contemporary girls of flesh and blood. The author, in short, had quite arbitrarily tacked a love story on to his archaeological phantasy.

In rejecting this view as an impossible one, we observe in the first place that the beginnings of a change in Hanold were not shown only in his abandoning his delusion. Simultaneously, and indeed before his delusion was cleared up, an

unmistakable craving for love awakened in him, which found its outcome, naturally as it were, in his courting the girl who had freed him from his delusion. We have already laid emphasis on the pretexts and disguises under which his curiosity about her 'bodily nature', his jealousy, and his brutal masculine instinct for mastery were expressed in the midst of his delusion, after his repressed erotic desire had led to his first dream. As further evidence of this we may recall that on the evening after his second interview with Gradiva a live woman for the first time struck him as sympathetic, though he still made a concession to his earlier horror of honeymooning couples by not recognizing her as being newly-married. Next morning, however, he was a chance witness of an exchange of endearments between the girl and her supposed brother, and he withdrew with a sense of awe as though he had interrupted some sacred act [p. 26]. His derision of 'Edwin and Angelina' was forgotten, and he had acquired a sense of respect for the erotic side of life.

Thus the author has drawn the closest link between the clearing up of the delusion and the outbreak of a craving for love, and he has paved the way for the inevitable outcome in a courtship. He knows the essential nature of the delusion better than his critics: he knows that a component of loving desire had combined with a component of resistance to it in bringing about the delusion, and he makes the girl who undertakes the cure sensitive to the element in Hanold's delusion which is agreeable to her. It was only this knowledge which could decide her to devote herself to the treatment; it was only the certainty of being loved by him that could induce her to admit her love to him. The treatment consisted in giving him back from outside the repressed memories which he could not set free from inside; but it would have had no effect if in the course of it the therapist had not taken his feelings into account and if her ultimate translation of the delusion had not been: 'Look, all this only means that you love me.'

The procedure which the author makes his Zoe adopt for curing her childhood friend's delusion shows a far-reaching

similarity—no, a complete agreement in its essence—with a therapeutic method which was introduced into medical practice in 1895 by Dr. Josef Breuer and myself, and to the perfecting of which I have since then devoted myself. This method of treatment, to which Breuer first gave the name of 'cathartic' but which I prefer to describe as 'analytic', consists, as applied to patients suffering from disorders analogous to Hanold's delusion, in bringing to their consciousness, to some extent forcibly, the unconscious whose repression led to their falling ill—exactly as Gradiva did with the repressed memories of their childhood relations. Gradiva, it is true, could carry out this task more easily than a doctor: in several respects she was in what may be described as an ideal position for it. The doctor, who has no pre-existing knowledge of his patient and possesses no conscious memory of what is unconsciously at work in him, must call a complicated technique to his help in order to make up for this disadvantage. He must learn how to infer with great certainty from the conscious associations and communications of the patient what is repressed in him, how to discover his unconscious as it betrays itself behind his conscious words and acts. He then brings about something like what Norbert Hanold grasped at the end of the story when he translated back the name 'Gradiva' into 'Bertgang'. [P. 37.] The disorder vanishes while being traced back to its origin; analysis, too, brings simultaneous cure.

But the similarity between Gradiva's procedure and the analytic method of psychotherapy is not limited to these two points—the making conscious of what has been repressed and the coinciding of explanation with cure. It also extends to what turns out to be the essence of the whole change—to the awakening of feelings. Every disorder analogous to Hanold's delusion, what in scientific terms we are in the habit of calling 'psychoneuroses', has as its precondition the repression of a portion of instinctual life, or, as we can safely say, of the sexual instinct. At every attempt to introduce the unconscious and repressed causes of the illness into consciousness,



the instinctual component concerned is necessarily aroused to a renewed struggle with the repressing powers, only to come to terms with them in the final outcome, often to the accompaniment of violent manifestations of reaction. The process of cure is accomplished in a relapse into love, if we combine all the many components of the sexual instinct under the term 'love'; and such a relapse is indispensable, for the symptoms on account of which the treatment has been undertaken are nothing other than precipitates of earlier struggles connected with repression or the return of the repressed, and they can only be resolved and washed away by a fresh high tide of the same passions. Every psycho-analytic treatment is an attempt at liberating repressed love which has found a meagre outlet in the compromise of a symptom. Indeed, the agreement between such treatments and the process of cure described by the author of *Gradiva* reaches its climax in the further fact that in analytic psychotherapy too the re-awakened passion, whether it is love or hate, invariably chooses as its object the figure of the doctor.

It is here that the differences begin, which made the case of *Gradiva* an ideal one which medical technique cannot attain. *Gradiva* was able to return the love which was making its way from the unconscious into consciousness, but the doctor cannot. *Gradiva* had herself been the object of the earlier, repressed love; her figure at once offered the liberated current of love a desirable aim. The doctor has been a stranger, and must endeavour to become a stranger once more after the cure; he is often at a loss what advice to give the patients he has cured as to how in real life they can use their recovered capacity to love. To indicate the expedients and substitutes of which the doctor therefore makes use to help him to approximate with more or less success to the model of a cure by love which has been shown us by our author—all this would take us much too far away from the task before us.

And now for the final question, whose answer we have already evaded more than once. [Cf. pp. 43 and 54.] Our

views on repression, on the genesis of delusions and allied disorders, on the formation and solution of dreams, on the part played by erotic life, and on the method by which such disorders are cured, are far from being the common property of science, let alone the assured possession of educated people. If the insight which has enabled the author to construct his 'phantasy' in such a way that we have been able to dissect it like a real case history is in the nature of knowledge, we should be curious to learn what were the sources of that knowledge. One of our circle—the one who, as I said at the beginning, was interested in the dreams in *Gradiva* and their possible interpretation [cf. footnote, p. 9]—approached the author with the direct question whether he knew anything of such scientific theories as these. The author replied, as was to be expected, in the negative, and, indeed, somewhat brusquely.<sup>1</sup> His imagination, he said, had inspired *Gradiva*, and he had enjoyed it; if there was anyone whom it did not please, let him simply leave it alone. He had no suspicion of how greatly it had in fact pleased his readers.

It is quite possible that the author's disavowal does not stop at this. He may perhaps altogether deny any knowledge of the rules which we have shown that he has followed, and he may repudiate all the purposes we have recognized in his work. I do not regard this as improbable; but if it is so, there are only two possible explanations. It may be that we have produced a complete caricature of an interpretation by introducing into an innocent work of art purposes of which its creator had no notion, and by so doing have shown once more how easy it is to find what one is looking for and what is occupying one's own mind—a possibility of which the strangest examples are to be found in the history of literature. Let every reader now make up his mind whether he is able to accept this explanation. We ourselves, of course, hold to the other view, the remaining alternative. Our opinion is that the author need have known nothing of these rules and purposes, so that he could disavow them in good faith, but

<sup>1</sup> [See, however, the Editor's Note, p. 4.]

them—may be of the most various kinds; in *Gradiva* they are 'days' residues', thoughts that have been left over unnoticed and undealt-with from the mental activities of waking life. But in order for a dream to develop out of them, the co-operation of a wish (usually an unconscious one) is required; this contributes the motive force for constructing the dream, while the day's residues provide the material. In Norbert Hanold's first dream two wishes competed with each other in making the dream; one of them was actually admissible to consciousness, while the other belonged to the unconscious and operated from out of repression. The first was a wish, understandable in any archaeologist, to have been present as an eye-witness at the catastrophe in the year 79 A.D. What sacrifice would an archaeologist think too great if this wish could be realized in any way other than in a dream! The other wish, the other constructor of the dream, was of an erotic nature: it might be crudely and also incompletely stated as a wish to be there when the girl he loved lay down to sleep. This was the wish the rejection of which caused the dream to become an anxiety-dream. The wishes that were the motive forces of the second dream are perhaps less conspicuous; but if we recall its translation we shall not hesitate to describe them too as erotic. The wish to be taken captive by the girl he loved, to fall in with her wishes and to be subjected to her—for so we may construe the wish behind the situation of the lizard-catching—was in fact of a passive, masochistic character. Next day the dreamer hit the girl, as though he was dominated by the contrary erotic current . . . But we must stop here, or we may really forget that Hanold and *Gradiva* are only creatures of their author's mind.

## POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION (1912)

IN the five years that have passed since this study was completed, psycho-analytic research has summoned up the courage to approach the creations of imaginative writers with yet another purpose in view. It no longer merely seeks in them for confirmations of the findings it has made from unpoetic, neurotic human beings; it also demands to know the material of impressions and memories from which the author has built the work, and the methods and processes by which he has converted this material into a work of art. It has turned out that these questions can be most easily answered in the case of writers who (like our Wilhelm Jensen, who died in 1911) were in the habit of giving themselves over to their imagination in a simple-minded joy in creating. Soon after the publication of my analytic examination of *Gradiva* I attempted to interest the elderly author in these new tasks of psycho-analytic research. But he refused his co-operation.

A friend of mine has since then drawn my attention to two other of the author's short stories, which might stand in a genetic relation to *Gradiva*, as preliminary studies or earlier attempts at a satisfactory poetical solution of the same problem in the psychology of love. The first of these stories, 'Der rote Schirm',<sup>1</sup> recalls *Gradiva* by the recurrence in it of a number of small *motifs*, such as white flowers of the dead, a forgotten object (Gradiva's sketch-book), and a significant small animal (the butterfly and the lizard in *Gradiva*), but more especially by the repetition of the main situation—the apparition in the mid-day glare of a summer's day of a girl who had died (or was believed to have died). In 'Der rote Schirm' the scene of the apparition is a ruined castle, just

<sup>1</sup> ['The Red Parasol.']

as are the ruins of the excavated Pompeii in *Gradiva*. The other story, 'Im gotischen Hause',<sup>1</sup> shows no such resemblances either to *Gradiva* or to 'Der rote Schirm' in its manifest content. But the fact that it was given an external unity with the latter story by being published with it under a common title<sup>2</sup> points unmistakably to their having a closely related latent meaning. It is easy to see that all three stories treat of the same theme: the development of a love (in 'Der rote Schirm' the inhibition of a love) as an after-effect of an intimate association in childhood of a brother-and-sister kind. I gather further from a review by Eva, Countess Baudissin (in the Vienna daily paper *Die Zeit* of February 11, 1912) that Jensen's last novel *Fremdlinge unter den Menschen*,<sup>3</sup> which contains much material from the author's own childhood, describes the history of a man who 'sees a sister in the woman he loves'. In neither of the two earlier stories is there a trace of the main *motif* of *Gradiva*: the girl's peculiarly charming gait with the nearly perpendicular posture of her foot.

The relief of the girl who steps along in this way, which Jensen describes as being Roman, and to which he gives the name of 'Gradiva', is in fact derived from the zenith of Greek art. It is in the Museo Chiaramonti in the Vatican (No. 644), and has been restored and interpreted by Hauser [1903]. By the combination of 'Gradiva' and some other fragments, in Florence and Munich, two reliefs were obtained, each representing three figures, who seem to be identified as the Horae, the goddesses of vegetation, and the deities of the fertilizing dew who are allied to them.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ['In the Gothic House.']

<sup>2</sup> *Übermächte* [*Superior Powers*]. Two short stories by Wilhelm Jensen, Berlin, Emil Felber, 1892.

<sup>3</sup> [*Strangers among Men*, Dresden, C. Reissner, 1911.]

<sup>4</sup> [Hauser (loc. cit.) regards them as Roman copies of Greek originals of the latter part of the fourth century B.C. The 'Gradiva' relief is now (1959) in Section VII/2 of the Museo Chiaramonti and is numbered 1284.]