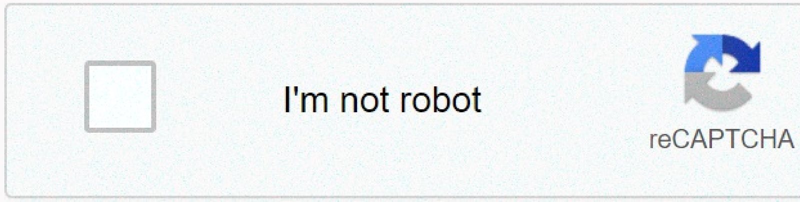
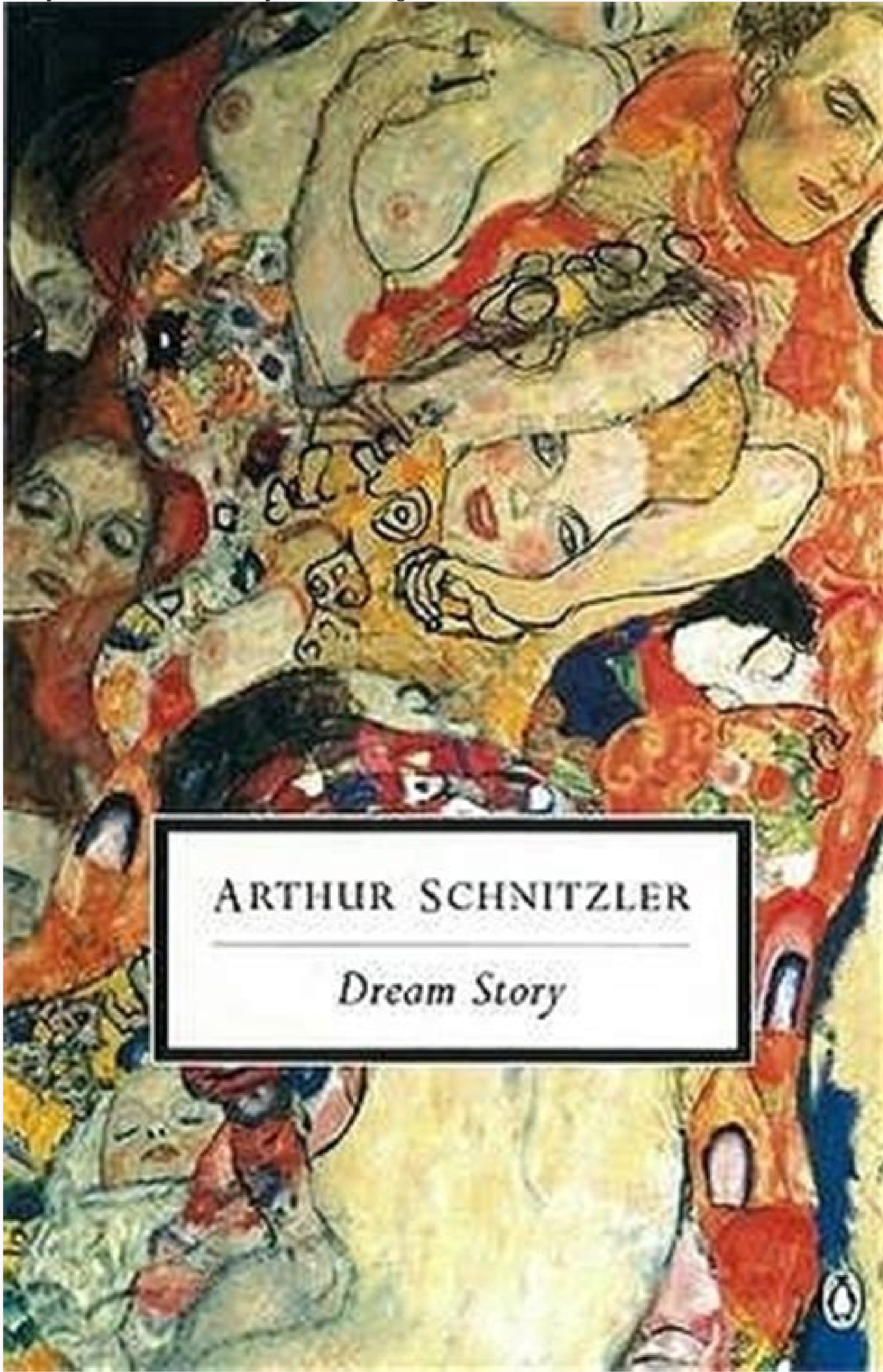


I'm not robot!

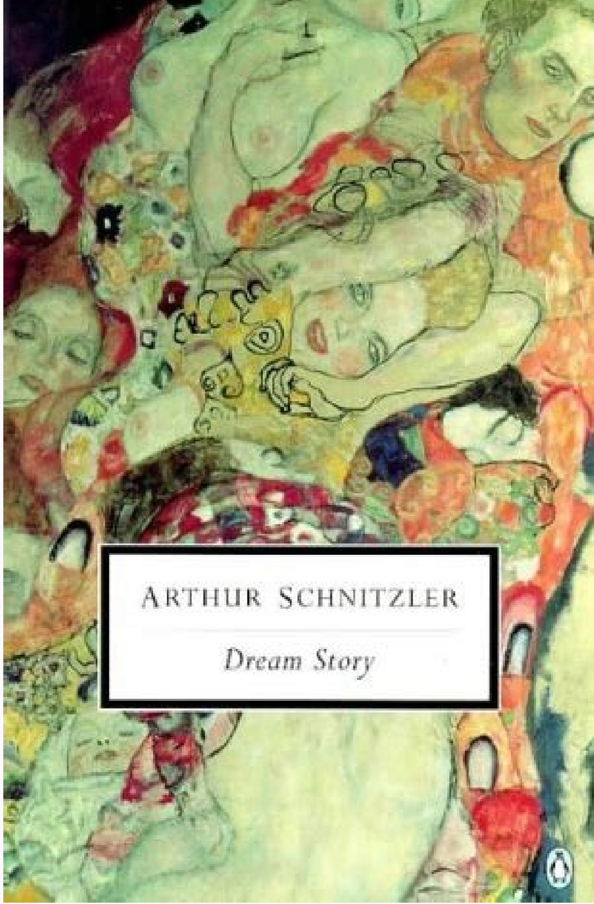
Dream story arthur schnitzler

From the issue of September 9, 2002 One September evening in 1887, Arthur Schnitzler, a young doctor with literary aspirations, was out walking with a friend on the Ringstrasse, the grand new boulevard encircling the old city of Vienna. A pretty young woman caught his eye, and Schnitzler suggested that they all go back to his place, where he kept a bottle of cognac handy for just this sort of occasion. Jeanette Heger was twenty-two and made a living doing needlework in a modest apartment she shared with her sisters. The next afternoon, she visited alone. She found the doctor playing the piano and sat down at his feet. Her presence made it hard to use the pedals but easy for him to move his fingers from the keys to her blond hair. "This little prelude," he later recalled, "was soon over."For rudderless young men from good families, fin-de-siècle Vienna offered many distractions. There were afternoons spent betting on horses or playing billiards in cafés, and evenings spent at the theatre or in the arms of girls like Jeanette. Schnitzler made his name capturing this aimless, pleasure-seeking atmosphere in plays and stories that drew on his own aimless, pleasure-seeking existence. "It ought to provide some pretty memories," he noted casually in his diary a few weeks after meeting Jeanette. Five years later, in Schnitzler's first theatrical success, "Anatol," the eponymous dandy echoed this sentiment—or, rather, lack of sentiment—adding a glaze of nostalgia in the process:There I was at the piano. She—was at my feet. So that I couldn't use the pedal. Her head was in my lap. Her tousled hair reflected the green and red from the lamp.

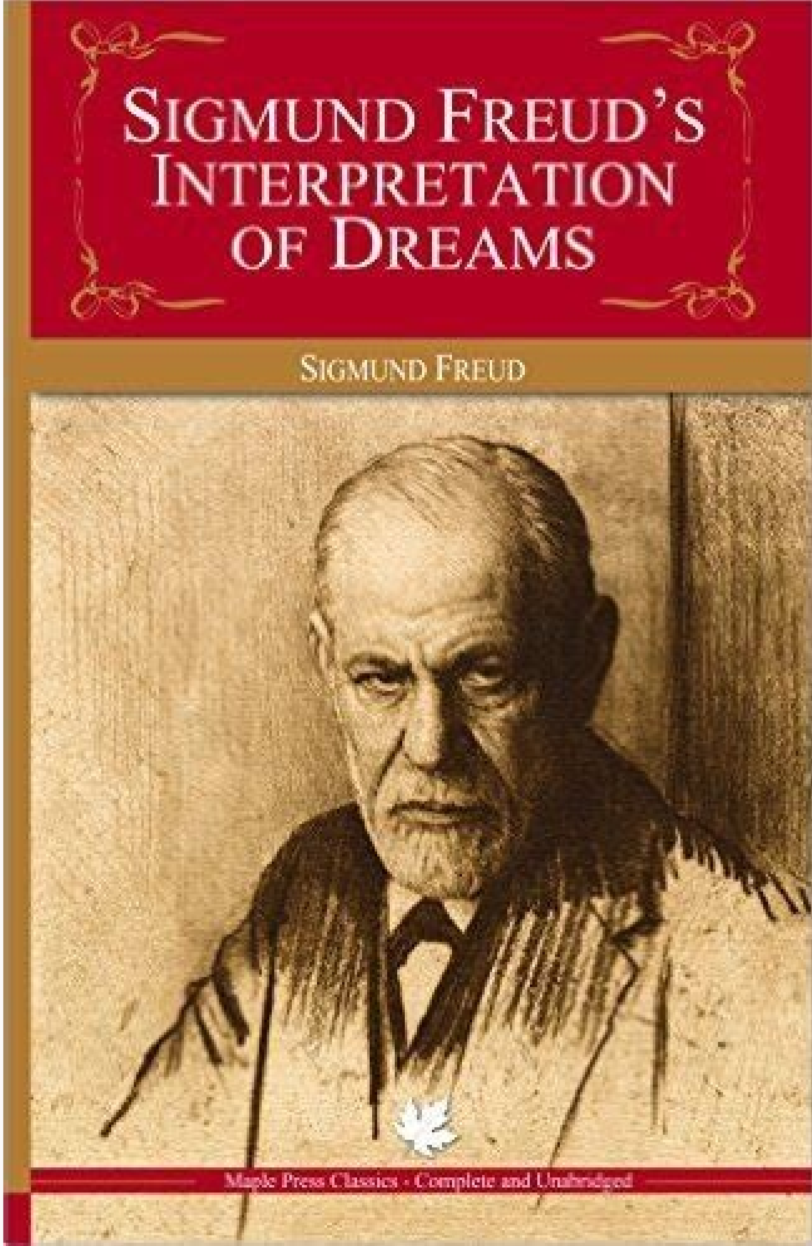
I was improvising at the piano. But only with my left hand. She was pressing my right hand to her lips. . . . I felt at that moment I was passionately loved. I felt surrounded by it. . . .
And again I had the stupidly divine thought "You poor—poor child!" The episodic nature of the experience came very clear to me. While I felt her warm breath on my hand, I had the sensation that I was remembering it all from a distance. As though it were already past."Anatol" established Schnitzler as the sardonic, amoral voice of his generation. His early plays discussed sex with unprecedented candor: a woman reminisces about losing her virginity, a man makes hopeless excuses for his impotence, young unmarried couples conduct affairs without a thought for the mores of their elders. Audiences were scandalized, censors agitated, and critics outraged. Schnitzler's name became a byword for licentiousness. His literary friends teased him about being a pornographer, and some of his plays were more famous for being banned than for being performed.The trouble with notoriety, however, is that it doesn't last. Schnitzler's literary reputation has now declined to the point where—at least outside Austria and Germany—he is little more than a name. Though he still interests critics and cultural historians, they tend to discuss him as a specimen of something larger—as Viennese, as proto-Freudian, as Jewish, as a thread in the gaudy fabric of fin-de-siècle culture. The result is to render him so much a man of his time that he disappears into his context. A case in point is Peter Gay's recent study "Schnitzler's Century: The Making of Middle-Class Culture, 1815-1914" (Norton; $27.95).



Gay, who treats Schnitzler as Exhibit A in a polemic asserting that Victorians were not the prudes we take them for, is far more interested in Schnitzler the philanderer than in Schnitzler the writer. Meanwhile, Schnitzler's own works pop in and out of print every thirty years or so, as if governed by some sort of literary Kondratieff wave. "Night Games," a selection of Schnitzler's fiction in new translations by Margret Schaefer (Ivan R. Dee; $28.50), aims to reverse this trend and establish him as a neglected great of world literature. There may be reason for hope. Even as Schnitzler himself has lapsed into obscurity, his work has remained popular as the basis for movies, TV serials, and plays. Most recently, Stanley Kubrick's "Eyes Wide Shut," adapted from a late Schnitzler novella, takes place in contemporary New York; David Hare's "The Blue Room," adapted from Schnitzler's sex comedy "Reigen" (a.k.a. "La Ronde"), is set in contemporary London. These recyclings suggest that behind all the fin-de-siècle props—demimondaines, officers, aristocrats, duels, dances, and dalliances—lurks something strangely modern.Arthur Schnitzler was born in Vienna in 1862 and grew up amid the great flourishing of liberal Viennese culture. It was a time of cosmopolitan affluence, burgeoning excess, and, for Jewish families like the Schnitzlers, an ease of assimilation that would have been unthinkable a generation earlier. Johann Schnitzler, Arthur's father, was a prominent laryngologist, but the atmosphere at home was as much artistic as medical. Young Arthur spent a happy childhood playing the piano, scribbling juvenilia, and meeting many of the leading actors and singers of the day, whose voices were in his father's care and who became family friends.At sixteen, he started visiting prostitutes. His father found out by snooping in his son's diary and dragged the boy to his study to trawl through the revolting illustrations in a three-volume encyclopedia of venereal disease. Peter Gay is particularly fascinated by this episode. The confrontation, with its contending themes of sex, disease, propriety, and privacy, "opens up the macrocosm of nineteenth-century bourgeois culture," he maintains. In the event, it did no good. Rejecting his father's industrious example, Arthur hung out with louche friends and unsuitable women; his main goal in the next decade seemed to be having as much sex as possible. His diaries of the period make extraordinary reading. For several years, he logged every orgasm achieved with his various girlfriends and drew up yearly totals, subdivided by mistress. His stocktaking entry for New Year's Day, 1890, was typical in its calm, efficient caddishness:Met Helene -Flowers from MiziLetter from OlgaFarewell letter to JeanThe mere number of his conquests, however, was far less remarkable than his detachment and relentless self-scrutiny. In effect, Schnitzler was gathering material.
His diaries eventually ran to eight thousand pages, and he reread them assiduously throughout his life, in search of inspiration. It was another trait he shared with Anatol, for whom experience serves mainly as a source of banter. "Last week I had supper twice each evening. With the girl I'm trying to win. And with the one I'm trying to lose. Unfortunately I've succeeded in neither." That the lines come off as a little too pat is half the point.Schnitzler's early plays capture their particular epoch so well that, even during their author's lifetime, they came to seem like period pieces—Strauss waltzes drowned out by Schoenbergian discord. By contrast, his stories have aged hardly at all. Although the subject matter is the same (illicit affairs among the Viennese bourgeoisie), the atmosphere of engaging superficiality is abandoned for narratives of extreme interiority. If the plays are all talk, the fiction is all thought. In "The Widower," the earliest story in the collection "Night Games," a newly bereaved husband, sifting through his wife's letters, gets a nasty surprise—a packet of love letters in the handwriting of his best friend:And the first word that Richard reads, even before he has torn off the blue silk ribbon, strikes him numb for a moment. . . . With wide open eyes he looks around to see if everything in the room is still the same, and then he looks up at the ceiling, and then again at the letters that are now lying silent in front of him and yet in the next minute will tell him everything that the first word intimated. . . .The ellipses here are Schnitzler's, a favorite device in moments of crisis, as a character's thoughts race in all directions. Richard's glance at the objects in the room is a beautifully judged gesture, conveying the attempt to anchor himself in the everyday. Characteristically, Schnitzler forestalls the obvious reaction of anger and hatred until the very end of the story and puts his widower through every conceivable emotion—calm, unworldly understanding, generalized cynicism, and a sudden strange, affectionate concern that his friend should not know of his discovery. Schnitzler never shows just one emotion where four conflicting ones will do. "The soul is a vast domain," a character in a later work says. "So many contradictions find room in us. . . . We try our best to maintain order in ourselves, but this order is really just synthetic. Our natural condition is chaos."Given the Vienna of his time, Schnitzler's interest in the nascent field of psychology was to be expected.

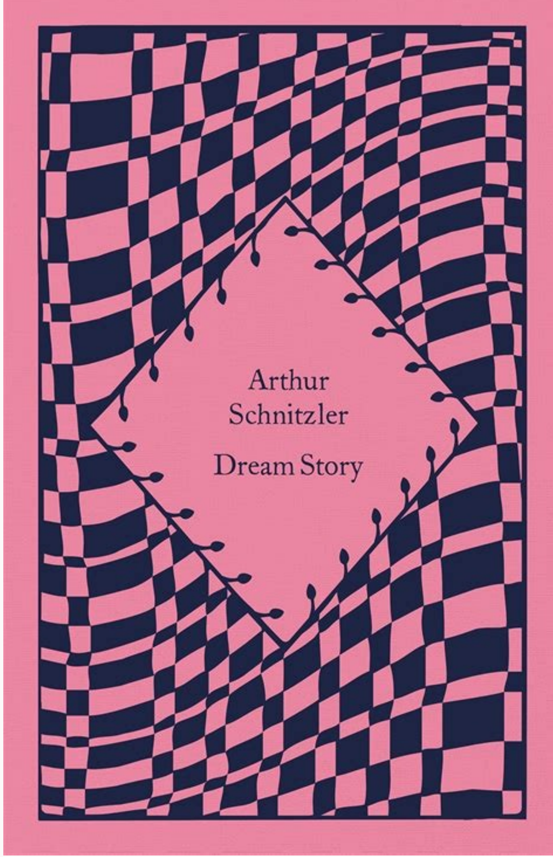


Though he had followed his father into the specialty of laryngology, he reviewed pioneering works of psychology and neurology by Charcot, Krafft-Ebing, and others for a medical journal his father had founded. He was particularly fascinated by the voguish therapy of hypnosis, with its promise of the mind laid bare, and adapted it to his own discipline, hypnotizing patients who had lost their voices. He sometimes worried that his stories read too much like case histories, that their psychological elements risked overshadowing everything else. But, as case histories, they won the approval of Sigmund Freud himself, who called Schnitzler his doppelgänger_,_ and expressed envy that he seemed able to intuit "secret knowledge" that he himself could discover "only after arduous examination." Schnitzler was flattered, but he was also reluctant to be claimed wholesale by the Freudians. He had an ironic, common-sensical streak that made him wary of supposing people to be more complex than they were. In his memoirs, he recalls a flirtatious patient and starts to speculate that she wanted to make her lover jealous by visiting a young doctor who happened to be in the same building. But then: "No. Too much psychology here. Let us say simply: he was a fool, she was a little beast, and I was awkward."By the turn of the century, Schnitzler was as famous as any writer in Austria. Along with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, he emerged as the most important of the literary set known as Young Vienna. And his work was broadening in scope. Influenced by Ibsen, whom he visited in Norway, he tried to address a range of social and political issues. He assailed the officer class and its obsession with duelling, first in a play, "Freiwild," then in the satirical novella "Lieutenant Gustl," a comic stream-of-consciousness monologue that depicts a brash officer stewing over a petty insult from a baker. The story provoked anti-Semitic rage from right-wing newspapers, and Schnitzler was dismissed from the regiment where he had done his military service.Meanwhile, as he entered his forties, the pace of his sex life was becoming a little less frenetic. In 1903, he married Olga Gussmann, an aspiring actress and singer twenty years his junior, with whom he had a son and a daughter. The Schnitzlers became part of the Viennese cultural élite, in which, it seems, everyone knew everyone.



Gustav and Alma Mahler were friends, as were Stefan Zweig, Bruno Walter, Felix Salten, and Franz Werfel. The satirist Karl Kraus was an enemy.Schnitzler was forty-six when his first full-length novel, "The Road Into the Open," was published. It was more than ten years in the writing, and he described it as his "most personal" work. It is also one of his most political, the only one in which he attempted to portray an entire social world, and one of just a handful to address the fraught position of Jews in Viennese society. The action—or, more to the point, inaction—takes place among a group of friends who orbit the salon of the upwardly mobile Ehrenbergs. The characters range from a young Zionist, Leo Golowski, to the Ehrenbergs' son, Oskar, who hates his Orthodox father, rejects his Jewish heritage, and spends his time with aristocratic friends. Everyone is troubled by the problem of whether to think of himself primarily as Jewish or Austrian, and the result is a mood of futility and drift."The Road Into the Open" has often been dismissed as a failure. "Aspiring to tragedy, Schnitzler achieves only sadness," the historian Carl Schorske has observed. In fact, Schnitzler was aiming for something more equivocal than tragedy. The novelist within the novel, Heinrich Bermann, a character clearly intended as a self-portrait, declares that tragicomedy is the only appropriate form for a novel (which he is attempting to write) about contemporary Jewish experience. Through Bermann, Schnitzler deliberately undercuts moments of potential tragedy with an edge of cruel wit. When Oskar shoots himself after being publicly struck by his father—he succeeds only in blinding himself in one eye—Bermann objects to anyone's calling it tragic: "The blow from old Ehrenberg was a brutality; Oskar's attempted suicide was foolishness; that he hurt himself so badly was ineptitude. Nothing tragic can result from such things."Another frequent criticism of "The Road Into the Open" is that Schnitzler's portrait of a fragmented society leads to a fragmented novel. The characters are

juxtaposed as they flit through the Ehrenbergs' salon, but they barely interact and they undergo their crises alone. Schnitzler again uses the character of Bermann to justify his approach, in a scene where a disillusioned older writer advises him to be "less just": "You will achieve nothing through objectivity. The public . . . demands that the theme the writer takes up be concluded, or at least that an illusion of this sort be provided." Such cynicism is anathema to Bermann, who has earlier defended his views in words that come as close to an artistic manifesto as anything Schnitzler ever wrote: "The only thing that gives me a certain confidence is the consciousness that I am able to see into the human soul."At his best, Schnitzler really can see into souls and give voice to the chaos he finds there. In the novel's most memorable scene, Georg von Wergenthin, a dilettante composer and minor aristocrat, waits, anxious and guilt-ridden, as his mistress, to whom he has already been unfaithful, gives birth:What was I doing a year ago? thought Georg. I was in Vienna, completely alone. I suspected nothing. I had sent her a song. . . . But I hardly thought of her. And now she lies downstairs dying. . . . He was utterly horrified. He had intended to think .



. .
she lies in pain, and instead it had come to his lips as: she is dying.In tracing the tiniest movements of conscious thought, Schnitzler registers the way the mind fantasizes the very outcomes it fears.In the event, it is not Georg's mistress but their child who dies. In 1897, a mistress of Schnitzler's had given birth to a stillborn baby. Now, drawing on his own experience, he achieved a harmony rare for him between charting an individual character's thought processes and stating a more general thematic purpose. As Georg's thoughts wander, he dimly grasps the absurdist conclusions that form the novel's anti-message:The professor's remark went through his mind, that one to two percent of all births ended like this. Therefore, as long as people have been born it has been so: that of every hundred, one or two must die in this senseless way, in the same moment that they emerged into the light! And so-and-so-many must die in the first year, and so many in the flower of youth, and so many as men, and again a certain number end their own lives, like Labinski, and with so-and-so-many the attempt will fail, like with Oskar Ehrenberg. Why look for reasons?If "The Road Into the Open" were set thirty years later and in Paris, much of it could pass for a work of French existentialism. Entropy is all: relationships fall listlessly apart, families splinter, and individuals sense the futility of their lives. "True courage," says Heinrich Bermann, in a line that could have come right out of Sartre's "Roads to Freedom" trilogy, "is often nothing other than the expression of a metaphysical conviction, so to speak, of our own superfluousness." Schnitzler may have been formed by the Victorian social forces that Gay describes, but his concerns—human psychology, social disintegration, existential angst—have in turn formed those of our own age.At the same time, Schnitzler's style has consistently led readers to write him off as dated. Bernard Shaw's judgment, shortly after Schnitzler's death, in 1931, was characteristic: "I class him with those writers of the latter half of the nineteenth century who had lost its illusions and broken with its superstitions without ever escaping from it into the twentieth." Though Schnitzler's work is often formally innovative—he was one of the first writers to use stream-of-consciousness narration—his tastes remained conservative. He had no time for modernism and was suspicious of anything that seemed too high-flown.

His fiction, rich with melodramatic climaxes and eye-popping coincidences, offers a tantalizing contradiction: twentieth-century insights in nineteenth-century forms.Schnitzler went out of fashion quickly, with the outbreak of the First World War. Right before the war, his reputation as a socially significant writer was at its height. His play about institutional anti-Semitism, "Professor Bernhardi," provoked questions in parliament and was (inevitably) banned. He was rumored to be on the shortlist for the Nobel Prize in 1914. But when war came, obliterating the romantic, pleasure-seeking Vienna that was his great subject, he found himself with nothing to say. As a connoisseur of equivocation, nuance, and indeterminacy—early casualties in any war—he was transformed from firebrand to relic almost overnight. Appalled by the sudden nationalistic fervor of his contemporaries, he scribbled pacifist epigrams, hoping to produce a work of significant moral philosophy. The project, unsurprisingly, went nowhere. Meanwhile, his marriage was failing. Olga had tired of subordinating her existence to his. They fought frequently, which made it hard for him to work, and he would flee the house to spend afternoons at the cinema. Eventually, Olga made the mistake of telling Alma Mahler about an affair, with the result that the whole of Vienna soon knew about it. Schnitzler himself was long past caring, but Olga wanted freedom, and a house of her own.As it turned out, divorce suited Schnitzler. He remained on good terms with Olga and could now romance any young woman who came into his orbit. He also began a long relationship with a friend of his youth, Clara Pollaczek, and quickly repeated all the patterns that had emerged in his marriage. He relied on her intellectually, but emotionally he drove her to distraction. Naturally enough, she was jealous of his other women, and particularly of Olga's continued presence in his life. Here, at least, he could truthfully assure her that she had no need to be jealous, but she replied, "You do not love me." "Difficult to respond to that," he admitted in his diary.Independence, above all, enabled Schnitzler to get back to work. His finest fiction was written in the nineteen-twenties, including "Traumnovelle," the marital psychomachia that inspired "Eyes Wide Shut"; "Fräulein Else," a headlong account of a young woman's collapse, narrated in an uncannily persuasive stream of consciousness; and the novella "Night Games." Novellas were the ideal form for Schnitzler and his peculiar genius for describing how things feel when the blood is pounding through the brain. What is more, the sense of his own obsolescence, which had made him so despondent in the war years, now paradoxically freed him from any obligation to be socially relevant.

So, for instance, where his previous works condemned duelling, the last-published story in Margret Schaefer's collection, "The Second," looks back at the now vanished practice with a kind of ironic nostalgia:Life was more beautiful and certainly had a more elevated air in those days—among other reasons, precisely because one sometimes had to put one's life on the line for something that in a higher sense or at least in a different sense possibly did not exist. . .

. For honor, for example, or the virtue of a beloved woman, or the good reputation of a sister, or for some other such triviality. . . . That alone, believe me, gave social life a certain dignity or at least a certain style.In some respects, this retreat from social involvement returns Schnitzler to where he began, close to the jaded facetiousness of Anatol, who might easily have remarked on the "certain style" of a lethal duel. But the irony has darkened over the years, and in the next sentence we see why. "In the course of the last decades people were required to sacrifice their lives for even more insignificant things, completely needlessly and at the command or wish of others." His lightness of touch is not a lack of seriousness but, rather, an intrinsic part of the project—a refusal to take people or societies more seriously than they deserve.Schnitzler's final stories are, inevitably, elegies for a vanished world.

It is surely significant that several of them end in suicide, as if the self-destruction of individuals embodied the disaster of a whole society rushing into oblivion. In the novella "Night Games," a young officer, Lieutenant Wilhelm Kasda—precisely the sort of person Schnitzler would once have satirized—is ruined in a game of baccarat. He has a day to raise the money or his honor as an officer will be lost and suicide his only option. Few writers could hope to equal the intensity with which Schnitzler imagines Kasda's desperation as he begs for money, first from a rich uncle and then from a woman he slept with once and then neglected. When the suicide comes, however, the narration switches to a tragicomic mode that is almost Chekhovian. The uncle, arriving too late with the money, cuts a painfully foolish figure beside the corpse:"Here's the money, Willi! She gave it to me this morning. The whole eleven thousand, Willi! Here it is!" And he turned around to the others as though imploring them to bear witness. "That's the entire amount, gentlemen! Eleven thousand gulden!"—as though, now that the money was there, they should at least make some effort to revive the dead man.On July 26, 1928, Schnitzler's daughter, Lili, eighteen years old and newly married, was about to go out for a walk with her husband but went back to get something from the bathroom, took his revolver, and shot herself in the chest. She died the next day. It was an event her father might easily have written. Even at the time, the ever-faithful Clara privately thought that Schnitzler's moral softness had blighted Lili's upbringing and contributed to her demise.

For Schnitzler, the brutal force of the event was impossible to withstand. To Clara he wrote that "the word pain has become ridiculous, as I now realize that I experience for the first time what God meant by it." Yet the utter incomprehensibility of what Lili had done was emphatically Schnitzlerian. As she lay dying in hospital, she had time to confide that she had not really wanted to kill herself. It had been a "moment of nervousness," an inexplicable impulse, almost an accident.

She didn't know what she was thinking of. This confirmation of his own ideas about human motivation was no comfort to Schnitzler, of course, as he and his family struggled to understand what had happened. They read Lili's diaries and correspondence, looking for clues, but she had seemed perfectly happy in letters written only the day before. "That last moment becomes ever more ungraspable," Schnitzler wrote. His diary describes the nightmares that pursued him through the following months, in which Lili's suicide appeared in transmuted forms, like embryos of stories that Schnitzler would never write. He dreamed that Lili had got into a quarrel in a card game and was fighting a duel. She is pale and silent, looking like a mummy in a black dress, and he explains that if she shoots herself her opponent will be sentenced to death. He dreamed he was on his knees imploring her not to kill herself, then awoke with relief that it was only a dream, before realizing the truth once more."My life is at an end," he said simply. In fact, he lived another three years, even managing to work a little, but his health began to fail and he had suddenly become an old man. When Olga saw him that summer, she was reduced to tears by the sight of his frailty. "I hate farewells," Schnitzler said tersely. On October 21, 1931, Clara had a telephone call from Schnitzler's secretary, who had found him collapsed after a stroke. He was unconscious by the time Clara arrived at his bedside, but she held him in her arms as he slipped away.

The master of mixed emotions and unsentimental irony died in the embrace of one of the many women he relied on but could not love.

♦ Last Updated on June 8, 2022, by eNotes Editorial.

Word Count: 948 Dream Story Arthur Schnitzler Austrian short story writer, playwright, novelist, and autobiographer. The following entry presents criticism of Schnitzler's novella Traumnovelle (1926; Dream Story). See also Arthur Schnitzler Drama Criticism. Published in 1926, Traumnovelle (Dream Story) has been described as a tale of one man’s journey through the hidden depths of his own psyche.

Set in fin-de-siècle Vienna, Schnitzler’s story exposes the hypocrisies of bourgeois culture by exploring the repressed desires, fantasies, and passions underneath the surface of a seemingly happy marriage. Commentators note that Schnitzler also addresses themes of sexual fantasy, jealousy, obsession, and death. In 1999, Dream Story was adapted for Stanley Kubrick’s film Eyes Wide Shut Plot and Major Characters Dream Story is set in early-twentieth-century Vienna. The protagonist of the story, Fridolin, is a successful thirty-five-year-old doctor who lives with his wife Albertina (also translated as Albertine) and their young daughter.

One night, Albertina confesses that the previous summer, while they were on vacation in Denmark, she had had a sexual fantasy about a young Danish military officer. Fridolin then admits that during that same vacation he had been attracted to a young girl on the beach. Later that night, Fridolin is called to the deathbed of an important patient. Finding the man dead, he is shocked when the man’s daughter, Marianne, professes her love to him. Restless, Fridolin leaves and begins to walk the streets. Although tempted, he refuses the offer of a young prostitute named Mizzi. He encounters his old friend Nachtigall, who tells Fridolin that he will be playing piano at a secret high-society sex orgy that night. Intrigued, Fridolin procures a mask and costume and follows Nachtigall to the party at a private residence. Fridolin is shocked to find several men in masks and costumes and naked women with only masks engaged in various sexual activities. When a young woman warns him to leave, Fridolin ignores her plea and is soon exposed as an interloper. The woman then announces to the gathering that she will sacrifice herself for Fridolin and he is allowed to leave. Upon his return home, Albertina awakens and describes a dream she has had: while making love to the Danish officer from her sexual fantasies, she had watched without sympathy as Fridolin was tortured and crucified before her eyes. Fridolin is outraged, as he believes that this proves his wife wants to betray him. He resolves to pursue his own sexual temptations. The next day, Fridolin learns that Nachtigall has been taken away by two mysterious men. He then goes to the costume shop to return his costume and discovers that the shop-owner is prostituting his teenage daughter to various men. He finds his way back to where the orgy had taken place the night before; before he can enter, he is handed a note addressed to him by name that warns him to not pursue the matter. Later, he visits Marianne, but she no longer expresses any interest in him. Fridolin searches for Mizzi, the prostitute, but is unable to find her. He reads that a young woman has been poisoned. Suspecting that she is the woman who sacrificed herself for him, he views the woman’s corpse in the morgue but cannot identify it. Fridolin returns home that night to find his wife asleep, with his mask from the previous night set on the pillow on his side of the bed. When she wakes, Fridolin confesses all of his activities.

After listening quietly, Albertina comforts him and they greet the new day with their daughter. Major Themes Commentators agree that the dominant thematic concerns of Dream Story are psychological in nature, focusing on the inner desires and fantasies of a married couple. The marital relationship between Fridolin and Albertina addresses themes of fidelity and infidelity, jealousy, and guilt. As the couple confess their sexual fantasies, both cope with feelings of insecurity, betrayal, and resentment. Critics assert that the novella underscores the tensions between duty and desire through both Fridolin and Albertina’s temptation to sacrifice family and marital stability in pursuit of sexual fantasies. Death is also a major theme of Dream Story, as commentators contend that Fridolin’s sexual temptations are juxtaposed with images of death and mortality. Schnitzler also addresses broader issues of social hypocrisy, as the story explores inner psychological yearnings at odds with the values represented by bourgeois marriage and family.

Critics also note that Schnitzler effectively blurs the line between reality and fantasy in the story; at the end, Fridolin and Albertina agree that no dream is ever entirely unreal, and that reality does not encompass the entirety of an individual life. Critical Reception Dream Story is widely considered to be among Schnitzler’s greatest literary achievements. The novella has long been praised as a depiction of the hypocrisies with bourgeois marriage in fin-de-siècle Viennese society. Dream Story has also been viewed as a fictional psychological case study exploring the nature of dreams and the inner workings of passion, desire, and fantasy in the human psyche. Moreover, the novella has been commended for its psychological insight into the nature of dreaming and the unconscious mind and compared to Sigmund Freud’s seminal work of psychoanalytic theory, The Interpretation of Dreams. Some critics have further pointed to the significance of the implication that Fridolin and Albertina are Jewish, asserting that the story addresses the outsider status of Jews in Viennese bourgeois society. Dream Story has enjoyed a resurgence of critical interest with the 1999 release of the film Eyes Wide Shut, which was adapted from Schnitzler’s novella. Recent reviewers have underlined the relevance of the story to today’s readers, some seventy-five years after its initial publication.