

“Dr. Heidegger’s Experiment” by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In what way is Dr. H a sinister man?

1 That very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable¹ friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant². Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his foul guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves,—as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

2 "My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

3 If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned³ with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady

Why are Dr. H's friends miserable?

What has happened to them?

Why has Dr. H asked them to his study?

What does Dr. H's study say about him? How would you feel if your doctor's office looked like his?

¹ commanding respect because of age

² beggar

³ Adorned, decorated, draped

had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said,--"Forbear!"

- 4 Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages⁴ of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.
- 5 "My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"
- 6 Now Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity⁵ had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to my own veracious (truthful; honest) self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger⁶.
- 7 When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates (friends). But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.
- 8 "This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"
- 9 "Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."
- 10 "See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.
- 11 He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

Describe the setting:

What is the narrator telling the reader about himself in paragraph 6?

What is significant about the rose?

What happens here?

⁴ faces

⁵ being bazaar, unusual, weird.

⁶ a person who is involved with something in a petty or contemptible way, vendor, dealer, salesperson

- 12 "That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show; "pray how was it effected?"
- 13 "Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce De Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"
- 14 "But did Ponce De Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.
- 15 "No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."
- 16 "Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"
- 17 "You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."
- 18 While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.
- 19 "Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"
- 20 The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.
- 21 "Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."
- 22 With palsied⁷ hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed (assigned) to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more wofully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage⁸, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table,

Allusion:

Why doesn't Dr. H drink the water?

Describe the water.

What advice does Dr. H give his friends?

⁷ shaky

⁸ Does this word look familiar?!

without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

23 Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion⁹ on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

How do the 4 start to change?

24 "Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger--but we are still too old! Quick--give us more!"

25 "Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

26 Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks, they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman, hardly beyond her buxom¹⁰ prime.

How does Dr. H respond when they want more?

27 "My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

28 The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential¹¹ tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his wellturned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

Was it delusion?! What do you think? Why?

What are the 4 doing in par. 28?

⁹ color

¹⁰ full-bosomed; curvaceous; sexy

¹¹ obedient, compliant

- 29 As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering¹² to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.
- 30 "My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"
- 31 "Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant (agreeable) doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."
- 32 There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced (bubbled) from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.
- 33 But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.
- 34 "We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.
- 35 Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced (erased; wiped out) the strongly-marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity¹³ and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly--if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow--tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.
- 36 "Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.
- 37 "Pray excuse me," answered the doctor quietly. "I am old and rheumatic¹⁴, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

Setting in par 32:

Describe Dr. H in par 32

How do they continue to change?

What are the 4 friends doing in par. 35?

¹² smiling

¹³ weakness

¹⁴ crippled; arthritic (having arthritis)

38 "Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew

39 "No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

40 "She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

41 They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp another threw his arm about her waist--the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandam¹⁵.

Describe what is happening in par. 41

42 But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry¹⁶ of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

How is the water affecting them? How is their behavior changing?

43 "Come, come, gentlemen!--come, Madam Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

44 They stood still and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

45 "My poor Sylvia's rose!" said Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

46 And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

47 "I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

48 His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

¹⁵ old woman

¹⁶ flirtation

- 49 "Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.
- 50 In truth they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient (temporary) than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.
- 51 "Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well--I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it--no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"
- 52 But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff (drink) at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

What is Dr. H saying in par 51?

The End

Theme: Versions of Reality

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is a story of illusion, deception, and doubt. The title character makes use of theatricality, wishful thinking, and even alcohol (in one interpretation of the story) to make experimental subjects of his friends. This illusory trickery even seeps into the narration – the narrator's shadowy evasions raise similar questions for the reader of what is real, what is fictional, and, most interestingly, whether or not it matters.

1. What specific passages in the text support the interpretation that the elixir of life is real? What specific passages support the interpretation that the elixir is *not* real?
2. If Dr. Heidegger already believes that to grow young again is to make the same mistakes, why does he put his guests through the experiment anyway?
3. Is Dr. Heidegger honest with his guests? At what points, and why, does he deceive them?

Theme: Old Age

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" explores questions of age and behavior. What does it mean to be old? What does it mean to be young? What is the difference between defining age physically, and defining it mentally or emotionally? One interpretation of the text suggests that age is a state of mind; if one believes one is young, one will act accordingly. The story's moralistic side argues that youth is associated with folly, but offers no hope for redemption in older age, either.

1. At the beginning of the story, are Heidegger's old guests miserable because they are old, or because of the decisions they've made in their lives?
2. What do we know about Dr. Heidegger's physical appearance? Why does Hawthorne go to such lengths to describe the appearance of the Doctor's study, yet give us so little information about the Doctor himself?
3. At the start of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," the narrator says that the four guests "were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves [...] when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections" (1). What does this cryptic line mean?

Theme: Transformation

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is the story of four elderly friends who are transformed – or at least think they are transformed – back to young, vivacious individuals. The text plays with the idea of what it means to be transformed physically as opposed to mentally, and which actually takes place in the story is subject to debate. Hawthorne also asks whether we can learn from a transformation, particularly one as ephemeral as that which takes place in this story. Pessimistically, the narrative seems to conclude that we can not.

1. Why is Dr. Heidegger in no hurry to grow young again? What does he know that his guests do not?
2. Are the transformations that take place in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" physical, mental, or spiritual?
3. Dr. Heidegger sits back to watch as his patients are transformed – but does Dr. Heidegger undergo changes of any sort? Pay close attention to the physical descriptions of his character sitting in the chair.

Theme: The Supernatural

Whether or not the eerie elements of "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" are actually supernatural is subject to debate. It's a question of theatrical showmanship vs. genuine superstitious belief. The theme creates a mood of doubt and forces the reader to ask some difficult questions about the nature of reality – at least as defined within the narrative. It also severely complicates our understanding of the title character, who has at least one foot in a sinister, supernatural realm.

1. The narrator says that all of Dr. Heidegger's dead patients stare back at him when he looks into his mirror. Does this mean that Dr. Heidegger is responsible for all these deaths? Does it suggest a sort of guilt? What do you make of this cryptic line?
2. Similarly, what's the deal with Heidegger's dead fiancée? The narrator is rather ambiguous in describing her death. Are we meant to understand it as an accident, or the fault of Dr. Heidegger?
3. After the four guests have all been "transformed," in one sense or another, the three men fight over the widow, and we catch a glimpse of their reflection in Dr. Heidegger's mirror. The narrator tells us that the mirror reflects them as old people, not as the young people they now believe themselves to be. What do you take this to mean?

Theme: Foolishness and Folly

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment" is rooted in a rather pessimistic view of human nature. The story argues that people are, for the most part, fools. They don't learn from their mistakes, they're generally petty, and we can't expect anyone to change for the better. In this story, foolishness is particularly associated with youth, or at least a youthful state of mind. Hawthorne does provide a counter-example to his foolish characters in the form of Dr. Heidegger, but even this character has his sinister side.

1. In the opening paragraph, the narrator states that Heidegger's four guests "had been unfortunate in life." Are the fates of Heidegger's four guests due to misfortune, or to serious character flaws? **Explain.**
2. Dr. Heidegger's gravitas (high seriousness) and wisdom contrasts with the foolishness of his guests. This certainly has something to do with his role as a doctor conducting the experiment. But it raises an interesting question: what kind of doctor is Dr. Heidegger?
3. What are the different kinds of foolishness we see in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"? What distinguishes each of the four guests from the others?