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A Dangerous Method

By Christopher Hampton

Good morning...
I'm Dr. Jung.
I admitted you yesterday.
I'm not...
I'm not...
not mad, you know.
Let me explain what I have in mind.
I propose that we meet here,
most days, to talk for an hour or two.
Talk?
Yes.
Just talk.
See if we can identify
what's troubling you.
So as to distract you
as little as possible,
I'm gonna sit there,
behind you.
I'm gonna ask you to try not to turn around
and look at me under any circumstances.
Now...
Have you any idea what may have brought
on these attacks you suffer from?
Hu...
humiliation.
Any kind of...
humiliation.
Like, I can't bear to see it and
it makes me feel nauseated.
I start pouring with sweat,
cold sweat.
My...
my...
my...
my... my... my father...
lost his... his temper all the time.
He was always...
he's always angry with me.
When you stopped talking just now,
did a thought come into your head?
I...
I don't know...
Or an image, perhaps.
Was it an image?

Yes.
What was the image?
It was a hand.
My...
my... my father's hand.
Why do you think you saw that?
When... whenever he would...
after...
whenever he...
whenever he hit us, we...
afterward we had to...
we had to kiss his hand.
What's odd is...
that case I was writing up last week,
I happened to pick the codename
Sabina S.
And here she is... Sabina Spielrein.
Quite a coincidence.
As you know, I don't believe
there is such a thing.
Spielrein's not a very Russian name.
No, Jewish.
Father's a very successful
import-export man.
And she's exceptionally well educated,
speaks fluent German.
Aspires to be a doctor herself,
apparently.
Perhaps she's the one.
What one?
The one you've been looking for.
For your experimental treatment.
The talking cure.
You're so astute.
I've already begun it with her.
He's kicking.
Can you feel it?
Oh, yes.
There he is.
What I don't understand is
why Freud, having proposed
this radical therapeutic idea,
this talking cure, this
psychoanalysis, then lets

years go by without giving
even the barest outline of
his clinical procedures?
What's he playing at?
Presumably he uses the
method on his patients?
I've no idea.
So might you be the first
doctor to try this out?
It's possible.
Why don't you write and ask him?
I don't know him.
As it happens, Miss Spielrein's mother
wanted to take her to see Freud.
Another coincidence.
My father thinks my
mother doesn't love him.
And he's right, she doesn't.
How do you know?
My angel told me.
What angel?
An inner voice.
He used to tell me
I was an exceptional person.
For some reason
he always spoke in German.
Angels always speak German.
It's traditional.
He gave me the power to know
what people are going to say...
before they open their mouths.
Useful ability for a doctor.
You hope to be a doctor
some day, don't you?
I'll never be a doctor.
Why not?
I have to go away for awhile.
I'm sorry.
We've just gotten started.
Military service.
We all have to do it.
- Just for a couple of weeks.
- It's a waste of time!
I can't tell you whatever it is

you want to know! You're just...
you're just making me angry.
And even if I could tell you,
you'd be sorry you ever...!
Anyway, there's nothing wrong with me!
I don't even want to get better!
Stop it!
- What? I was only trying to...
- Will you just stop with...
stop with that!
I'm sorry.
Can we get back now?
- Yes, if you want to.
- I need to get back.
It's a complete waste of my time.
Writing prescriptions
for athlete's foot...
and examining cocks
from morning 'til night.
Is that what you do?
It's not good for me.
It's not good for my patients.
You're playing with your food.
I'm not hungry.
Is that so?
I shall have to tell Professor Bleuler.
Ha.
Do what you like.
Please, Miss, give me your hand.
Please.
You'll catch your death.
Miss Spielrein.
The Herr Direktor.
Blueleri feel you may have a little
too much time on your hands.
I'm a great believer in getting our
patients involved in some productive work.
What are your particular interests?
Suicide.
Interplanetary travel.
When Dr.
Jung returns, I shall ask him to discuss
all this with you in more detail.
You keep him away from me.

I never want to see him again!
Now, come along.
Don't make such a fuss.
Give me those legs.
Here's the sponge?
Just lie still.
That's better.
Hello?
I'm back.
How have you been?
I've been talking to the Herr Direktor
about finding some work for you.
I told him you'd always been
interested in medicine.
So he suggested you might like to
assist me occasionally, in my research.
We're quite short-staffed so
it would certainly be a help to me.
Vienna.
Woods.
Box.
Bed.
Money.
Bank.
Child.
Soon.
Family.
Unit.
Sex.
Uh...
male.
Wall.
Flower.
Young.
Baby.
Ask.
Answer.
Cap.
Wear.
Stubborn.
Give way.
Ruefulness.
Child.
Fame.

Doctor.
Divorce.
No.
Thank you.
Is that all?
That's all.
How did I do?
Beautifully.
Good bye.
Yes, good bye.
Any preliminary observations?
Obviously, what's uppermost
in her mind is her pregnancy.
Good.
And she's a little...
what's the word?
Why don't we try a useful word invented
"ambivalent".
Yes, about the baby.
Anything else?
I'd say she was worried her husband
might be losing interest in her.
What makes you think that?
The long reaction times to the words
"family" and "divorce".
I see.
And when you said... "cap,
she said "wear".
Might that be a reference
to contraception?
You have quite a flair for this.
Can I ask you something?
Of course.
Is she your wife?
I'm sorry.
Sorry?
I promised you a son
on Christmas Day.
And here she is
a day late and the wrong sex.
Don't be absurd.
'A' for Agathe.
Next time I'll give you a boy.
Can you explain why your

nights have been so bad?
I'm afraid.
Of what?
There's something in the room.
Something like...
like a cat, only it can speak.
It gets into bed with me.
Last...
last night, it... it suddenly...
whispered something in my ear.
I couldn't hear what.
But then...
I felt it...
against my back.
Something...
slimy like...
like a... s...
like some kind of a mollusc,
moving against my back.
But when I...
when I turned around,
there was nothing there.
You felt it against your back?
Yes.
Were you naked?
I was.
Were you masturbating?
Yes.
Tell me about the first time you can
remember being beaten by your father.
I suppose I was...
about four.
I'd broken...
a plate or...
oh, yes, and...
and he told me...
to go into the little room and...
take my clothes off.
And then...
he came in and...
spanked me.
And then I...
I was so... frightened
that I wet myself and then he...

he hit me again.
And then I...
That first time... how did you feel
about what was happening?
I liked it.
Would you repeat that, please?
I couldn't quite hear.
I liked it.
It excited me.
And did you continue to like it?
Yes!
Yes!
Before long, he only...
just had to... to say to me
to go to the little room and I would...
I would start to get wet.
When it came to my... to my brothers
or even... just... threatened that...
that was enough.
I'd have to go down and...
I wanted to lie down and...
and touch myself.
Later at school,
anything would...
would set it off, any...
any kind of... humiliation.
I looked for any...
humiliation.
Even here when you... you hit my...
my coat with your stick.
I had to come back right away,
I was so... excited.
There's...
there's no hope for me.
I'm vile... and...
filthy and... corrupt.
I must...
I must never be let out of here.
So good to meet you
at long last.
Professor Freud.
You're most welcome.
Please.
Perhaps the terms themselves

should be reviewed.

If, for instance, we could come up with some milder term than "libido", we might not encounter such emotional resistance.

It would make the teaching side of things much easier.

Is euphemism a good idea?

Once they work out what we actually mean, they'll be just as appalled as ever.

I take your point, but I still think it's worth trying to sweeten the pill...

when it comes

to questions of sexuality.

And, by the way, please don't feel you have to restrain yourself here.

My family are all veterans of the most unsuitable topics of mealtime conversation.

I have a number of clinical examples which I believe support my position...

with regard to sexuality.

Hm.

And how is your

little Russian patient?

As I told you, after the initial abreaction there was the most dramatic improvement.

We've enrolled her in the medical school at the University...

where she's doing extremely well.

She's a walking advertisement for the effectiveness of psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis.

Oh?

It's more logical.

And it sounds better.

If you say so.

Are you still treating her?

Yes, and we continue

to unearth new material.

For example, the extraordinary procedure she devised as a small child, where she would sit on one heel, attempt to defecate and at the same time try to prevent herself from defecating.

Hm.

She said this gave rise
to the most blissful feelings.

Nice story.

Those of my patients who remain
fixated at the anal stage of their...
erotic development often come out
with the most amusing details.
And, of course, all of them are
finicky, compulsively, tidy,
stubborn and extremely stingy
with money.

No doubt your Russian
conforms to this pattern.

Well, no, she doesn't.

The masochistic aspects of her condition
are much more deeply rooted...
than any anal fixations
we may have uncovered.

The two are intimately connected.

I can only tell you that she is
rather disorganized,
emotionally generous
and exceptionally idealistic.

Well, perhaps it's a Russian thing.

Is she a virgin?

Yes.

Certainly.

Mmm.

Almost certainly.

No, certainly.

Hm.

I don't think you have any notion
of the true strengths and depths...
to the opposition to our work.
There's a whole medical establishment,
of course,
baying to send Freud
to the auto-da-fe.
But that's as nothing compared to
what happens when our ideas begin...
to trickle through in whatever
garbled form they're relayed to the public.
The denials, the frenzy,

the incoherent rage.
But might that not be caused
by your insistence on the exclusively...
sexual interpretation
of the clinical material?
All I'm doing is pointing out...
what experience indicates to me
must be the truth.
And I can assure you
that in a hundred year's time,
our work will still be rejected.
Columbus, you know, had no idea
what country he'd discovered.
Like him, I'm in the dark.
All I know is I've set foot on the shore
and the country exists.
I think of you more as Galileo.
And your opponents
as those who condemned him,
while refusing even to put their eye
to his telescope.
In any event,
I have simply opened a door.
It's for the young men like yourself
to walk through it.
I'm sure you have many more doors
to open for us.
Of course, there's the added difficulty,
more ammunition for our enemies,
that all of us here in Vienna, in our
psychoanalytical circle, are Jews.
I don't see what difference
that makes.
That, if I may say so,
is an exquisitely Protestant remark.
I dreamed...
I dreamed about a horse, being hoisted
by cables to a considerable height.
Suddenly, a cable breaks
and the horse is dashed to the ground.
But it's not hurt.
It leaps up and gallops away,
impeded only by a heavy log,
which it's obliged

to drag along the ground.
Then a rider on a small horse...
appears in front of it,
so that it's forced to slow down.
And a carriage appears
in front of the small horse...
so that our horse
is compelled to slow down even more.
I imagine the horse is yourself.
Yes.

Your ambition
has been frustrated in some way.
The rider slowing me down.
Yes.

I think this may refer
to my wife's first pregnancy.
I had to give up an opportunity
to go to America because of it.
Ah.

The carriage in front...
perhaps alludes to an apprehension
that our two daughters,
and other children perhaps still to come,
will impede my progress even more.
As a father of six,
I can vouch for that.
Not to mention the inevitable
financial difficulties.

No.
Fortunately,
my wife is extremely wealthy.

Ah.
Yes.
That is fortunate.
This log...

Yes?
I think, perhaps,
you should entertain the possibility...
that it represents the penis.

Yes.
In which case what may be at issue
is that a certain sexual constraint...
has been brought about by a fear of a
succession of endless pregnancies.

I'm bound to say that if one of my patients had brought me this dream... I might have said that the number of restraining elements surrounding this... unfortunate horse... could perhaps point to the determined suppression... of some unruly sexual desire.

Hm?

Yes.

There is that as well. I wonder if you're aware of the fact... that our conversation has so far lasted... 13 hours?

I'm so sorry.

I had no idea.

My dear young colleague, please don't apologize. It was our first meeting, we had a great deal to say to one another.

And unless I'm much mistaken, we always will.

I shall have to be extremely careful.

What do you mean?

Why?

He's so persuasive, he's so convincing.

He makes you feel you should abandon your own ideas and simply follow in his wake.

His followers in Vienna are all... deeply unimpressive.

A crowd of Bohemians and degenerates, just picking up the crumbs from his table.

Well, perhaps he's reached the stage where obedience...

is more important to him than originality.

Hm.

I've tried to tackle him about his obsession with sexuality, his insistence... is left in every symptom in sexual terms.

He's completely inflexible.
In my case, of course
he'd had been right.
Yes, as you would
expect him to be in many cases.
Possibly even in majority of cases.
There must be more than one hinge
into the universe.
Do you like Wagner?
The music and the man, yes.
I'm very interested
in the myth of Siegfried.
The idea that something
pure and heroic can come...
can come perhaps, only come
from a sin, even a sin as dark as incest.
This is very strange.
What?
As I've told you,
I don't believe in coincidence.
I believe nothing happens
by accident.
All these things have significance.
The fact is, I'm in the middle of writing
something myself about the Siegfried myth.
- Are you really?
- I assure you.
Uh, whi... wich is your favourite
of the operas?
Das Rheingold.
Yes, that's right.
Mine too.
Can I ask you something?
Of course.
Do you think there's any possibility,
I could ever be a psychiatrist?
I know you could.
I hear nothing but good reports
on your work at the university.
You're exactly
the kind of person we need.
Insane, you mean?
Yes.
We sane doctors

have serious limitations.

"Dear Friend, I feel I can, at last,
permit myself this informal"...

"mode of address as I ask you to
grant me a very particular favour".

"Dr. Otto Gross, a most brilliant,
but erratic character",

"is urgently in need
of your medical help".

"I consider him, apart from yourself,
the only man capable"...

"of making a major contribution
to our field".

"Whatever you do, don't let him out
before October",

"when I shall be able
to take him over from you".

"And remember
his father's warning"...

"made when Otto
was only a very small child".

"Watch out for him,
he bites".

You still feel threatened
by your father?

Anyone with any sense
feels threatened by my father.

He is extremely threatening.

His wish, to have you hospitalized,
you don't think that arises...

from a concern,
for your welfare?

Listen,

what does any normal old...
patriarch want...

in the twilight of his life?

Grandchildren, grandsons,
am I right?

And yet...

last summer,

when I presented him

with not one, but two little Grosses,
one by my wife,

one by one

of my most respectable mistresses,
was he grateful?
And now that there's
another one on the way,
admittedly by some woman...
I hardly know...
he's apoplectic.
And all he can think is to get me
banged away in some institution.
You got any children?
- Two girls.
- Same mother?
Yes.
So you're...
not a believer in monogamy?
For a neurotic like myself,
I can't possibly imagine
a more stressful concept.
And you don't find it necessary or...
desirable to exercise some restraint,
as a contribution, say, to the...
smooth functioning of civilization.
What?
And make myself ill?
I should've thought that some form
of sexual repression...
would have to be...
practiced in any rational society.
No wonder the hospitals
are bulging at the seams.
Tell me, do you find the best way
to enhance your popularity...
with your patients is to tell them
whatever it is they most want to hear?
What does it matter whether we're
popular with them or not?
Well, I don't know.
Suppose you want to fuck them?
If there is one thing
I've learned in my short life...
is this...
never repress anything.
So you've never slept
with any of your patients?

Of course not.
I have to steer through
the temptations of transference...
and counter-transference and...
that's an essential stage of the process.
When transference occurs,
when the patient
becomes fixated on me,
I explain to her, that this is merely...
a symbol of her wretched
monogamous habits.
I assure her that it's fine
to want to sleep with me,
but only if, at the same time,
she acknowledges to herself that she wants
to sleep with a great many other people.
Suppose she doesn't?
Then it's my job to convince her
that's part of the illness.
That's what people are like.
If we don't tell them the truth,
who will?
You think Freud's right?
You think all neurosis
is of exclusively sexual origin?
I think Freud's obsession with sex
probably has a great deal...
to do with the fact
that he never gets any.
You could be right.
It seems to me, a measure of the true
perversity of the human race,
that one of its very few
reliably pleasurable activities...
should be the subject
of so much hysteria and repression.
But not to repress yourself...
is to unleash all kinds of
dangerous and destructive forces.
Our job... is to make our patients
capable of freedom.
I've heard it said, that you helped
one of your patients to kill herself.
She was resolutely suicidal.

I just explained, how she could do it
without botching it.
Then I asked her if she didn't prefer
the idea of becoming my lover.
She opted for both.
That can't be
what we want for our patients.
Freedom is freedom.
I've been thinking
about Wagner's opera.
In it, he says that perfection
can only be arrived at...
what is conventionally
thought of as sin, is that right?
Which must
surely have to do with...
the energy created
by the friction of opposites.
Not just that you're the doctor
and I'm the patient,
but that you're Swiss
and I'm Russian.
I'm... I'm Jewish and you're Aryan
and all other kinds of darker differences.
Darker?
If I'm right, only the clash of destructive
forces can create something new.
When my father brought me to you,
I was very ill and my illness was sexual.
It's clear that the subject I'm studying
is entirely grounded in sexuality.
So, naturally, I'm becoming more
and more acutely aware of the fact...
that I have no sexual experience.
Law students are not normally
expected to rob banks.
It's generally thought to be the man
who should take the initiative.
Don't you think there's
something male in every woman...
and...
something female in every man?
Or should be?
Maybe.

I expect you're right, yes.
If you ever want to take
the initiative...
I live in that building there,
where the bay window is.
I can't understand
what you're waiting for.
Just take her to some secluded spot and
thrash her to within an inch of her life.
That's clearly what she wants.
How can you deny her
such a simple pleasure?
Pleasure is never simple,
as you very well know.
It is.
Of course it is.
Until we decide to complicate it.
What my father calls maturity.
What I call surrender.
Surrender, for me, would be
to give in to these urges.
Then surrender.
It doesn't matter what you call it as long
as you don't let the experience escape.
That's my prescription.
I'm supposed to be treating you.
And it's been most effective.
I'd say the analysis
was not too far from completion.
Mine, yes.
Not so sure about yours.
I've been spending
so much time with him,
I'm afraid I've been neglecting
some of my other patients.
He's immensely seductive
quite sure he's right..
And obsessionally neurotic.
Pretty dangerous, in fact.
Do you mean you doubt your powers
to convince him?
Worse than that.
What I'm afraid of
is his power to convince me.

On the subject of monogamy,
for example.
Why should we put so much
frantic effort...
into suppressing
our most basic natural instincts?
I don't know.
You tell me.
Thank you.
I really needed that.
"Dr. Jung, rest assured that
thanks to you, I am alive and healthy.
But please, be so good as to tell
my father that I am dead.
And whatever you do, do not pass by
the oasis, without stopping to drink.
Otto.
Who is it?
A friend.
Come inside.
It's so beautiful.
I feel as though
we've always lived here.
They say we'll be able to move in
by the end of the week.
I'm sorry to be like this again.
What do you mean?
So big and unattractive.
Don't be absurd.
I expect you wish you were
a polygamist, like Otto Gross.
If I were, it would be
something quite different...
than what we have,
which is sacred.
I would have to be sure
you understood that.
I wouldn't want to know
anything about it.
I have a surprise for you.
The boat you always wanted,
with red sails.
Thank you.
Thank you for all of this.

You're a good man.
You deserve everything
that's good.
If I say something... will you promise
not to take it the wrong way?
What?
Don't you think we ought to stop...
now?
I'm married.
Obviously, I'm being deceitful.
Is it right for us
to perpetuate this deceit?
Do you want to stop?
Of course I don't.
When you make love to your wife...
how is it?
Describe it to me.
When you live under the same roof
with someone, it becomes habit.
You know it's...
always very tender.
Then this is another thing.
Another thing...
in another country.
With me,
I want you to be ferocious.
I want you to punish me.
I knew it was a boy this time.
I told you.
I believed you.
Will you come back to us now?
Pity.
I should never have sent
Doctor Gross to you.
I blame myself.
No, I'm very grateful you did.
All those provocative discussions
helped crystallize a lot of my thinking.
Hm.
Did he really send you his hotel bill?
Only for a couple of nights.
He's an addict.
I can see that now.
He can only end by doing great harm

to our movement.
You realize this makes you
undisputed Crown Prince, don't you?
My son and daddy?
I'm not sure
I deserve such an accolade.
Don't say another word.
I often take my walk up here.
It's inspired some of my best ideas.
You mustn't think
I have a closed mind.
I have absolutely no objection
to your studying telepathy...
or parapsychology
to your heart's content.
But I would make the point
that our own field is so embattled...
that it can only be dangerous
to stray into any kind of mysticism.
Don't you see?
We have to stay within...
the most rigorously
scientific confines.
You all right?
Yes,
but I can't agree with you.
Why should we draw some arbitrary line
and rule out whole areas of investigation?
Precisely, because the world
is full of enemies...
looking for any way they can
to discredit us.
And the moment they see us abandon
the firm ground of sexual theory...
to wallow in the black mud
of superstition they will pounce.
As far as I'm concerned, even to raise
these subjects is professional suicide.
- You must...
- I knew that was going to happen!
What?
I felt something like that
was going to happen.
I had a kind of

burning in my stomach.
What're you talking about?
It's the heating.
The wood in the bookcase
just cracked,
- that's all.
- No.
It's what's known as a
catalytic exteriorization phenomenon.
A what?
A catalytic exteriorization phenomenon.
Don't be ridiculous.
My diaphragm
started to glow red hot.
Nonesense.
And another thing...
it's going to happen again.
What?
In a minute,
it's going to happen again.
My dear young friend, this is exactly
the kind of thing I'm talking about.
You must promise...
You see?
That's just...
You really can't be serious.
There are so many mysteries,
so much further to go.
Please.
We can't be too careful.
We can't afford to wander
into these speculative areas.
Telepathy, singing bookcases,
fairies at the bottom of the garden.
It won't do.
It won't do.
There's a poem by Lermontov
keeps going round my head,
about...
a prisoner who finally achieves...
some happiness when he succeeds
in releasing a bird from its cage.
Why do you think
this is preoccupying you?

I think it means...
that when I become a doctor...
I want more than anything...
is to give people back their freedom...
the way you gave me mine.
Right.
That's enough now.
There we go.
Fascinating.
Come along, my dear.
All the standard symptoms
of the nymphomaniac.
Yes.
Except, that whenever anyone...
responded to her advances,
she'd run a mile.
That's the puzzling feature
of the case.
Hm.
I must say it's a great pleasure
to see you in your natural habitat.
There's a rumour
running around Vienna...
that you've taken
one of your patients as a mistress.
That's absolutely untrue.
Well, of course it is.
So I've been telling everyone.
What's being said?
Oh, I don't know.
That the woman's
been bragging about it.
That somebody is sending out
anonymous letters.
The usual sort of thing.
Bound to happen sooner or later.
It's an occupational hazard.
Yes.
I hope I'd never be stupid enough
to get emotionally involved with a patient.
I'm confused.
I feel trapped.
I've trapped myself
into feeling divided, guilty.

I've never wanted you
to feel guilty.
I don't see how we can go on.
You mustn't say that.
I have some kind of illness.
Try to remember the love and patience
I showed towards you when you were ill.
- That's what I need from you now.
- Of course.
You have it always.
- Oh, please don't go.
- I must.
- I have to.
- No.
- I have to.
- No!
No.
I have to!
I can't say I'm sorry,
to say goodbye to him.
Not the easiest house-guest
we've ever had.
No.
I don't think he ever recovered
from the first view of the house.
Still... I suppose compared
to that tiny flat in Vienna.
Why did he refuse
to meet the Herr Direktor?
Oh, he's always been a great one
for bearing incomprehensible grudges.
Did he say anything to you
about anonymous letters?
Surely you didn't think I'd let you go
without putting up a fight?
Fraulein Spielrein!
Why are you doing this?
Please sit down.
And how could you
treat me this way?
Sit down.
I tried to explain
the situation to your mother.
I don't know how you dared

to say those things to her.
She came in waving an anonymous letter
demanding to know if it was true.
I told her even if it were,
the position would not be quite...
as she imagined,
since you're no longer my patient.
Of course, I'm your patient.
Technically not.
Not since I stopped charging you.
That's what she said.
I told her I didn't believe her
and she told me...
you said your fee was
I was trying to make the point
that I would take you back as a patient,
but that I could only undertake
to see you inside this office.
How can you
be so... cold and offhand?
I was trying to make her understand...
the distinction
between a patient and a friend.
Listen...
I've made a stupid mistake.
Is that what it was?
I broke one of the elementary
rules of my profession.
I'm your doctor and I believe
I did you some good.
I can't forgive myself
for overstepping the mark.
I should've known that if I gave
you what you wanted...
you wouldn't be able to help
wanting more.
I don't want more.
And I never wanted more.
I never asked for more.
You didn't have to ask.
And even if you're right,
which I dispute,
do you think this is a proper way
to behave towards me?

Refusing to speak to me
except in your office?
I'm your physician.
From now on,
that's all I can be.
Don't you love me anymore?
Only as your physician.
You think I'm going to stand for this?
What choice do you have?
And there's your 20 francs.
"Dear Professor Freud,
I would be most grateful
if you would allow me to come...
and visit you in Vienna on a matter
of great interest to us both.
"Dear Friend, I have just received
this extremely strange letter".
Do you know this woman?
Who is she?
"As you will not doubt recall",
"Spielrein was the case
that brought you and me together".
"For which reason I've always regarded her
with special gratitude and affection"...
"until I understood that she was
systematically planning my seduction".
"Now I have no idea
what her intentions may be".
"Revenge, I suspect".
"I have never shown
such friendship to a patient".
"Nor have I ever been made
to suffer so much in return".
"I'm hoping you will agree to act as a
kind of go-between and avert a disaster".
"Your famous saying is carved
in block letters on my heart".
"Whatever you do, give up any idea
of trying to cure them".
"Experiences like this, however painful,
are necessary and inevitable".
"Without them,
how can we know life"?
"Dear Miss Spielrein",

"Dr. Jung is a good friend
and colleague of mine"...
"whom I believe to be incapable"...
"of frivolous
or shabby behaviour".
"What I infer from your letter"...
"is that you used to be close friends,
but are no longer so".
"If this is the case I would urge you
to consider whether the feelings"...
"that have survived
this close friendship"...
"are not best suppressed
and forgotten".
"and without the intervention"...
"and involvement of third persons
such as myself".
Herr Doctor.
Fraulein Spielrein.
What is it?
I've heard
you were leaving the hospital.
As you see.
People are saying it's because
of the scandal I caused.
I'd been planning to leave anyway.
Well, I'm sorry if I...
precipitated it.
You've always been something
of a catalyst.
I have had a letter from
Professor Freud.
Oh, yes?
The thing that shone through
was how much he loves you.
But... what was also clear is
that you denied everything.
You let him think that I was
a fantasist or a liar.
I don't see that's any of his business.
I've come here to ask you
to tell the truth.
What?
I want you to write to him

and tell him everything.
And then I want him to write to me again
to confirm that you've told him everything.
Are you blackmailing me?
I'm asking you
to tell the truth.
Why is this so important to you?
I want him to take me as his patient.
Does it have to be him?
It has to be him.
You don't feel the same way
about him, do you?
I'm disappointed
by his rigid pragmatism.
His insistence that nothing
can possibly exist...
unless some puny
or transitory intelligence...
has first become aware of it.
All the same,
will you write to him?
I could have damaged you,
you know?
Far worse than I did.
I chose not to.
All right.
I'll do it.
Thank you.
It means everything to me.
Are you going somewhere
for the summer?
Berlin with my parents.
But you are going to come back
to the university... to qualify?
Of course.
I'm going to America with Freud,
although he doesn't yet know it.
That's nice.
Good bye.
"In view of my friendship
for the patient"...
'and her complete trust in me",
"what I did was indefensible".
"I confess this, very unhappily,

to you, my father-figure"...

Hm.

"Dear Miss Spielrein,

I owe you an apology".

"But the fact that I was wrong
and that the man is to be blamed"...

"rather than the woman satisfies
my own need to revere women".

"Please accept my admiration
for the very dignified way"...

"in which you have
resolved this conflict".

Do we have all

the necessary paperwork, Ferenczi?

I have everything, Professor.

Hm.

Good.

I've always been in two minds
about America.

Maybe we made a foolish error.

Do they really want us there?

They postponed the Congress
for 2 months, so that you could attend.

Surely that gives you some indication.

Hm.

Yes.

I think it's gonna be a great adventure.

Yes.

I hope you're right.

I go this way.

What do you mean?

I left my wife

to make the arrangements.

I'm afraid she's booked me

a first-class state room.

I see.

I was on the Swiss-Austrian border
somewhere in the mountains at dusk.

There was a long wait... because
everybody's baggage was being searched.

I noticed a decrepit customs official
wearing the old royal and imperial uniform.

And I was watching him

walking up and down..

with his melancholy
and disgruntled expression,
when someone said to me,
"He isn't really there".
He's a ghost, who still hasn't found out
how to die properly.
Is that the whole dream?
All I can remember.
Did you say the Swiss-Austrian border?
Yes.
Must have something to do with us.
You think so?
Everybody is being searched.
Hm?
Perhaps that's an indication that the ideas
which used to flow so freely...
between us are now subject
to a most suspicious examination.
You mean the ideas
flowing in your direction.
And I'm afraid the old relic shuffling
about in this entirely useless fashion...
must almost certainly be me.
- Wait a minute.
- Whom you very mercifully wish...
could be put out of his misery.
A humane death wish.
Perhaps the fact
that he was unable to die...
simply indicated
the immortality of his ideas.
Oh.
Yes.
So you agree,
it must have been me?
I didn't say that.
No.
Never mind.
Most entertaining example.
What about you?
You have a dream to report?
Hmm?
I had a most elaborate dream
last night.

Particularly rich.
Let's hear it.
I'd love to tell you...
but I don't think I should.
Why ever not?
I wouldn't want to risk my authority.
Take it from me,
what you're looking at is the future.
You think they know we're on our way,
bringing them the plague?
Fraulein Spielrein.
Whose idea was it for you
to send me your dissertation?
The Herr Direktor.
Yes, of course.
He kept insisting this was the kind
of material you were looking for...
for your Yearbook.
It certainly is a very fascinating case
you've chosen to investigate.
But if we're to consider it
for the Yearbook, there are...
one or two mistakes which
will have to be dealt with.
Of course.
Might you have a little time
to discuss all this?
Yes.
When I left the hospital
and moved out here...
I was afraid it would take years...
to build up a roster of patients,
but... I'm already under siege.
Anyway, I don't see why
a little more work...
won't make your dissertation
eminently publishable.
You think we'd be able
to work on it together without...?
It's always going to be
something of a risk, us seeing one another.
Yes.
But I believe we have the character
to be able to deal with the situation,

don't you?

I hope so.

I somehow imagined you'd have found another admirer by now.

No.

You were the jewel of great price.

Shall we say this time next Tuesday?

And I'll start gently ripping you to shreds.

Explain this analogy you make between the sex instinct and the death instinct.

Professor Freud claims that...

the sexual drive arises

from a simple urge towards pleasure.

If he's right, the question is why is this urge so often successfully repressed?

You used to have a theory involving the impulse towards destruction...

and self-destruction,

losing oneself.

Well, suppose we think of sexuality

as fusion, losing oneself,

as you say, but...

losing oneself in the other,

in other words,

destroying one's own individuality.

Wouldn't the ego, in self-defense, automatically resist that impulse?

You mean for selfish

not for social reasons?

Yes.

I'm saying, that perhaps true sexuality demands the destruction of the ego.

In other words, the opposite

of what Freud proposes.

When I graduate,

I've decided to leave Zurich.

I have to.

Why?

You know why.

It's true.

I'm nothing but a..

philistine Swiss bourgeois...

complacent coward.

I want to leave everything...
break away and disappear with you.
Then comes the voice of the philistine.
Where will you go?
Vienna, maybe.
Please don't go there.
I must go
wherever I need to feel free.
Don't.
You know your paper...
led to one of the most stimulating
discussions we've ever had...
at the Psychoanalytic Society.
Do you really think the sexual drive
is a demonic and destructive force?
Yes, at the same time as being
a creative force, in the sense that...
it can produce, out of the destruction
of two individualities, a new being.
The individual must
always overcome resistance...
because of the self-annihilating
nature of the sexual act.
Hm.
I fought against the idea
for some time,
I suppose
there must be some kind of...
indissoluble link
between sex and death.
I don't think the relationship
between the two...
is quite the way you've portrayed it.
I'm most grateful to you for animating
the subject in such a stimulating way.
The only slight shock was
your introduction,
at the very end of your paper,
of the name of Christ.
Are you... completely opposed
to any kind of...
religious dimension in our field?
In general, I don't care if a man believes
in Rama, Marx or Aphrodite,

as long as he keeps it out
of the consulting room.
Is that what's at the bottom
of your dispute with Dr. Jung?
I have no dispute with Dr. Jung.
I was simply mistaken about him.
I thought he was going to be able to
carry our work forward after I was gone.
I didn't bargain for all that second-rate
mysticism and self-aggrandizing shamanism.
Nor did I realize he could be
so brutal and sanctimonious.
He's trying to find
some way forward...
so that we don't just have to tell
our patients,
"This is why you are the way you are."
He wants to be able to say, "We can show
you what it is you might want to become".
Playing God, in other words.
We have no right to do that.
The world is as it is.
Understanding and accepting that
is the way to psychic health.
What good can we do if our aim is simply
to replace one delusion with another?
Well, I agree with you.
Hm.
I've noticed that in the crucial areas
of dispute between Dr. Jung and myself,
you tend to favour me.
I thought you had no dispute with him.
Hm.
You still love him.
That's not why I'm pleading his cause.
I...
I... I just... feel that if you two
don't find some way to co-exist,
it will hold back the progress of
psychoanalysis, perhaps indefinitely.
Is there no way to avert a rupture?
Correct scientific... relations
will be maintained, of course.
I'll be seeing him

at the editorial meeting in Munich...
in September
and I shall be perfectly civil.
To tell you the truth, what finished him
for me was all that business about you.
The lies, the ruthless behaviour.
I was very shocked.
I think he loved me.
I'm afraid your idea of a
mystical union with a blond Siegfried...
was inevitably doomed.
Put not your trust in Aryans.
We're Jews, my dear Miss Spielrein,
and Jews we will always be.
Now, the real reason
I invited you here this evening...
was to ask if you'd be prepared
to take on one or two of my patients?
I was interested in what you said
about monotheism...
that it arose historically out of
some kind of patricidal impulse.
Yes.
Akhnaton, who as far as we know,
was the first...
to put forth the bizarre notion
that there was only one God.
Also had his father's name erased and
chiseled out of all public monuments.
That's not strictly true.
Not true?
No.
You mean,
it was most probably a myth?
No. I mean there were two perfectly
straightforward reasons...
for Akhnaton, or Amenhopis the IV
as I prefer to call him,
to excise his father's name
from the cartouches.
First... this was something
traditionally done...
by all new kings
who didn't wish their father's name...

to continue to be public currency.
In much the same way as your article in
the Yearbook, fails to mention my name?
Your name is so well-known it hardly
seemed necessary to mention it.

Do go on.

Secondly, Amenhopis only struck out
the first half of his father's name,
Amenhotep, because,
like the first half of his own name,
it was shared by Amon.

One of the gods
he was determined to eliminate.

Hm.

As simple as that?

The explanation
doesn't seem to me unduly simple.

And do you think your man,
whatever you call him,
felt no hostility whatsoever
toward his father?

I have no means of proof,
of course.

For all I know, Amenhopis may have thought
that his father's name familiar enough...
and that now it might be time
to make a name for himself.

How sweet...

it must be to die.

"If I may say so, dear Professor,
you make the mistake"...

"of treating your friends
like patients".

"This enables you to reduce them
to the level of children",
"so that their only choice is to become
obsequious nonentities"...

"or bullying enforcers of the party line,
while you sit on the mountaintop",

"the infallible father-figure and nobody
dares to pluck you by the beard and say",
"Think about your behaviour and then
decide which one of us is the neurotic".

"I speak as a friend".

Hm.

"Your letter cannot be answered".

"Your claim, that I treat my friends like patients is self-evidently untrue".

"As to which of us is the neurotic, I thought we analysts were agreed"...

"a little neurosis was nothing whatever to be ashamed of".

"But a man like you, who behaves quite abnormally"...

"and then stands there shouting at the top of his voice"...

"how normal he is, does give considerable cause for concern".

"For a long time now, our relationship has been hanging by a thread".

"And a thread, moreover, mostly consisting of past disappointments".

"We have nothing to lose by cutting it".

"You will be the best judge of what this moment means to you".

"The rest is silence".

So good to have met you at last, Dr. Spielrein.

We did meet once before, when I was your husband's patient.

I think you're right.

Your children are glorious.

Thank you.

You must let us know when yours arrives.

- I expect you want a boy.

- No.

No, my husband and I both think we would prefer a girl.

Really?

I wish you could help him.

Why?

What's the matter?

He's not himself.

He's very confused

and bogged down with his book.

He's not sleeping.

He's not taking on any new patients.
He still hasn't recovered from the violence
of his break, with Professor Freud.
What you're describing
is very unlike my memory of him.
If you were staying in town, I'd try
to persuade him to let you analyze him.
I know he... always set
great store by your opinion.
You are taking patients now?
I've... pretty much decided
to specialize in child psychology.
I'm not sure if it's a...
a field he approves of.
I haven't...
discussed it with him, but...
You better go and talk to him.
No one can help him more than you.
I hope you're right.
Your children are beautiful.
So you're married.
Yes.
He's a doctor?
Yes.
His name is Pavel Scheftel.
Russian.
Yes, a Russian Jew.
What's he like?
Kind.
Good...
good.
Are you all right?
Yes.
I haven't been sleeping very well and
I keep having this apocalyptic dream.
A terrible flood
from the North Sea to the Alps.
Houses washed away.
Thousands of floating corpses.
Eventually it comes crashing...
into the lake in a great tidal wave.
And by this time, the water...
roaring down,
like some vast avalanche...

has turned to blood.
The blood of Europe.
What do you think it means?
Have no idea.
Unless it's about to happen.
What're your plans?
We've been thinking
of going back to Russia.
As long as you leave Vienna.
I spoke to him last week.
I can't believe...
- there's nothing to be done.
- There's nothing to be done.
The day he refused to discuss
a dream with me on the grounds...
that it might risk his authority,
I should've known.
After that,
for me, he had no authority.
It was a blow, when I discovered
you'd chosen his side.
It's not a question of sides.
I have to work in the direction my instinct
tells me intelligence is the right one.
Don't forget,
you cured me with his method.
What he'll never accept is that
what we understand has got us nowhere.
We have to go into uncharted territory.
We have to go back...
to the sources of everything we believe.
I don't want to just
open a door...
and show the patient his illness,
squatting there like a toad.
I want to try and find a way,
to help the patient reinvent himself.
To send him off on a journey
at the end of which is waiting...
the person he was always
intended to be.
It's no good, making yourself ill
in the process.
Only the wounded physician

can hope to heal.
I'm told you have a new mistress.
Is that right?
What's her name?
Toni.
Is she like me?
No.
She's an ex-patient?
- Yes.
- Jewish?
Half Jewish.
Training to be an analyst?
Yes.
But she's not like me?
Of course she makes me think of you.
How do you make it work?
I don't know.
Emma, as you've seen,
is the foundation of my house.
Toni is the perfume in the air.
My love for you was the most
important thing in my life.
For better or worse...
made me understand who I am.
This should be mine.
Yes.
Sometimes you have to do
something unforgivable...
just to be able to go on living.