

SABINA

by
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CHARACTERS

CARL GUSTAV JUNG

EMMA JUNG - CARL GUSTAV'S WIFE

SIGMUND FREUD

EMILE WEIZMAN - A DOCTOR

SABINA SPIELREIN - JUNG'S PATIENT

EVA SPIELREIN - SABINA'S MOTHER

ACT 1**Scene 1**

JUNG's house in Küsnacht The drawing room, spacious and elegant, decorated in the style of a Swiss country house. Sigmund FREUD and Carl Gustav JUNG enter together. FREUD has reached elegant middle-age. JUNG is in his thirties. Behind them, Dr Emile WEIZMAN, elderly, rabbinical.

FREUD

What an excellent a dinner! Thank you again.

JUNG

Emma and I are so happy to have you with us.

FREUD

And I to be here. Though if I were always to dine in this manner I should have to revise some of my theories. One wonders if even sexuality can offer a pleasure equal to that of a good meal, fine wine and congenial company.

JUNG

Man's relationship to food could well be an expression of the libido.

WEIZMAN

What a strange idea.

FREUD

(to JUNG)

Do you think so? Ah! If only it were true, there would doubtless be fewer troubles in the world. And the human species would be a great deal less complex.

JUNG

Or perhaps more complex still.

FREUD

Oh indeed?

JUNG

If it proved to be a case of transference: one source of pleasure to another.

FREUD

Food is for individual survival, sex for survival of the species.

WEIZMAN

Substituting one for the other could make you fat. Now there's something an old-fashioned practitioner like me can understand.

FREUD

Speculation for another day, I'm afraid. The night train leaves within the hour and I can't afford to miss it.

WEIZMAN

We can't fight the practicalities of life. And when there's a train to catch, we can't keep it waiting. Whether we like it or not.

JUNG

Plenty of time. Your taxi's arranged. And we're only ten minutes from the station. Let me tempt you with a glass of port before you go. It will keep you from melancholy on the journey.

FREUD

Melancholia? Not a syndrome to which I am personally vulnerable. But if you insist, I suppose it will do no harm. Though I must be alert tomorrow. My patients will be waiting for me in Vienna. I enjoy train journeys as a matter of fact. They're a release from all forms of responsibility. From the moment we step on board we are carried off with no further say in the matter. Our daily cares are left behind; and though more may await us at our destination, yet for those few hours of travel we are, as it were, out of their reach. And then who knows what might happen en route, what interesting observations one might make? On my way here I shared a compartment with a young clerk. At least I assume he was a clerk to judge from his shabby attire and the fact that his movements suggested that both his collar and his underwear were too tight. Naturally, I made no attempt to address him. His conversation was hardly likely to be entertaining. But in any case the attempt would have been useless for he spent the entire trip with his nose buried in a book. And what book was it? None other than my own "Psycho-pathology of Everyday Life ". It occurred to me that if such people are now acquainted with our work then perhaps we might be achieving something.

WEIZMAN

Public awareness is a fine thing.

JUNG

(to FREUD)

Is this what you wish?

FREUD

Why not? So long as popular enthusiasm is not confused with genuine knowledge. That would prove a disservice to our science without, I think, any compensating advantages.

WEIZMAN

I don't know about your clerk, but I can't make out what you two are talking about most of the time, if you don't mind an old man saying so. And I'm a doctor. I tried to read an article on neuroses the other day and I'm ashamed to say I fell asleep over it.

FREUD

Not to worry, Dr Weizman. I sometimes fall asleep while I'm writing them.

JUNG

I doubt your clerk had much grasp of what your book is about.

FREUD

He would not, certainly, have followed it all. But I have no quarrel with the people reading my more accessible works; provided they are not misled into believing themselves experts.

WEIZMAN

No fear of that I should imagine. But enough, I must be going. I still have a patient to see at the other end of town before I can go home to bed.

JUNG

You work too hard, Dr Weizman. Anyone would suppose you were just beginning your career.

WEIZMAN

Rather than ending it, you mean? That's what your dear wife is always telling me. 'Slow down,' she says. 'Your patients will forgive you at your age.' 'But I couldn't forgive myself,' I tell her, 'if they were ill and I didn't care for them.' Besides, what else could I do?

JUNG

Emma's very fond of you.

WEIZMAN

I've looked after her ever since she was child. And in my view, Carl Gustav, you're a fortunate man to have a wife like that. Don't you agree Dr Freud?

FREUD

Indeed. But I'm sure Carl Gustav knows that better than we do.

JUNG

I should hope so.

FREUD and WEIZMAN shake hands.

WEIZMAN

Well good-bye. Dr Freud. It's an honour to be in your company. Good-bye Carl Gustav. I'll just go and bid farewell to Emma. I suppose she'll be in the kitchen. And if an old man - on his way out as it were - may offer an opinion. We doctors should try not to become too complicated. Simplicity's the thing. What's the use if people don't understand us?

WEIZMAN leaves.

FREUD

Dr Weizman is delightful.

JUNG

Not an intellectual.

FREUD

I do hope he didn't feel excluded from our conversation.

JUNG

I wouldn't have invited him, but Emma insisted. He was anxious to meet you; and he's an old friend of her family. Now he's gone, there's something I'd like to discuss with you. I would have mentioned it before, but - to be honest - I couldn't do so in front of anyone else.

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

It's a question of confidentiality between doctor and patient. And I admit to feeling some confusion. I'd like your advice.

FREUD

Advice? Of course, but is this the time....?

JUNG

I ask as your follower, if you like. That's how I see you in a sense. If you'll permit it.

FREUD

Of course. I'm pleased that you feel this way. And moved.

JUNG

This is rather in the nature of a confession. And I don't quite know how to begin.

FREUD

Please. Between us there should be no secret fears.

JUNG

I have a patient. A young woman of exceptional intelligence and beauty. She was referred to me because of her odd behaviour....

FREUD

Odd?

JUNG

Hysteria. And as I quickly discovered, a tendency to solitary practices...

FREUD

Of a sexual nature?

JUNG

Very much so.

FREUD

That's not so unusual.

JUNG

Oh, of course not. You're right. But in this case, the practice was not simply frequent but frenetic. And accompanied by anal retention and other symptoms. When she was sent to me, she had virtually withdrawn from any communication with the world and devoted herself entirely to book learning and to the pursuit of her lonely pleasures. It was a fascinating case, difficult perhaps, but captivating. I might even have become a little too absorbed. I worked long hours with her, day after day. And, slowly, she began to emerge. It would not be too much to say that she is now a splendid young woman with the prospects of a brilliant life before her. And yet...

FREUD

And yet you are not entirely sure that all the symptoms are removed? Does she think she's a victim of childhood abuse?

JUNG

No, I don't believe so. I never considered it. There is no evidence.

FREUD

She may, nevertheless, have imagined some abuse from the father. It's not uncommon.

JUNG

Is it always imaginary?

FREUD

Invariably, in my experience. We all fantasize about forbidden pleasures. And children, certainly, often imagine a parent as their lover, and come to believe in what we would call an abuse without anything inappropriate having taken place anywhere except in their own minds. Fantasies are responsible for a great deal of neurotic behaviour in later life.

JUNG

But couldn't they also be a reflection of man's primitive self?

FREUD

Rather a response to the harsh realities around us.

JUNG

But if I may suggest....

FREUD

My dear Carl Gustav, you're still a young man. Don't be misled by the charms of your patients into making simple errors of analysis. You must, I think, close your mind to certain avenues of inquiry - not because inquiry itself is anything other than good, but because we must create first a firm foundation for the science of psychoanalysis before we risk ourselves in the outer reaches of exploratory speculation. My best advice to you is to work towards the fortification of our present theories before embarking on something entirely new. We must form a bulwark.

JUNG

Against what?

FREUD

The forces of ignorance. Everything that might obscure the insights we are achieving into the human soul. You are young and have much to learn and experience. You will be one of the stars of our group. Of that I am convinced. Perhaps the brightest. For you have the drive and the intelligence, the curiosity, the love of mankind.

JUNG

Well, I don't know what to say. I'm certainly proud of our friendship.

FREUD

There have been long years of painful solitude, when no one understood my work or believed in its value. But always I've had faith that a voice from the multitude would one day answer mine. I believe that voice is yours.

JUNG

Nothing means more to me than your good opinion.

FREUD

Your have it unreservedly.

JUNG

About my patient. I need to talk to you. Because you see... I....

(He walks to the window and stares out into the night)

She was very sick, of course. And it's true, I have already done much for her. But.... The lake shimmers so beautifully at night - with the lights gleaming on it. Stars in the firmament. Do you see? She's a very fine woman. Dazzling, in her own way. With an acute mind. Adorable really.

FREUD

Does she know this?

JUNG

Know what?

FREUD

That she's adorable?

JUNG

Subconsciously, perhaps.

FREUD

You're not telling me, I hope, that you've fallen in love with this woman?

JUNG

Certainly not.

FREUD

When women want to charm us, they'll stop at nothing until they've attained their purpose! It's one of nature's greatest spectacles. But for that reason alone we must always be on our guard.

JUNG

But then tell me: what do you think are our responsibilities? How are we supposed to manage?

FREUD

People carry on a twofold existence: one with the aim of serving themselves, the other as the link in a chain of survival. For the individual, sex is an end in itself; but for the species we are merely a means of reproduction to which we submit - in return for a little pleasure.

JUNG

Then you agree our impulses are entirely natural.

FREUD

Yes. Though we must always act with an eye to our own salvation.

JUNG

You mean our integrity?

FREUD

I mean our reputation. On every side we are watched with envy and disdain. That's why you must be guided by me. You've not yet experienced the depth of the hate and jealousy we arouse. Some of it is anti-Semitic and need not detain you. But much is directed at our profession and our science. We must stand together. For if we do not then the edifice itself will fall before it's even fully constructed.

A telephone rings elsewhere in the house.

JUNG

Yes, yes. I understand that. Nothing must come between us. But please help me in this.

FREUD

I will not only help you, I will guide you.

The ringing stops.

FREUD (Cont'd)

Don't forget I need you too.

JUNG

About my patient. The problem... I feel a need to confess...

FREUD

Confess?

JUNG

The fact is I'm not sure I can control the nature of the relations.....

He is interrupted by the entrance of his wife, EMMA.

EMMA

Sorry to interrupt. There's a telephone call for you Carl Gustav.

JUNG

Who is it?

EMMA

The hospital, apparently.

JUNG

Oh damn. Emma... I... Sunday evening of all times. Well please excuse me, I'll be as quick as possible.

JUNG hurries out.

EMMA

Dr Freud, I wonder if I may ask you a question?

FREUD

By all means.

EMMA

I don't know if you're aware of my husband's patient?

FREUD

I believe he has a substantial number.

EMMA

One in particular whom he's been treating for some time. A young woman. Her name is Miss Spielrein.

FREUD

I'm not at liberty to discuss patients, Emma. Even with you. Forgive me.

EMMA

My question is more of general one, about the relationship between analyst and patient. Especially when the patient is of the opposite sex. I mean, it's a...well...quite intimate relationship, isn't it?

FREUD

Not one to give you any cause for concern.

EMMA

But couldn't a man - even a doctor of repute - occasionally be led along certain paths? Is it possible for a psychoanalyst to dedicate himself too much to his patient and so end up doing something unwise? Forgive me. I hardly know how to ask you this without losing all sense of dignity. Miss Spielrein has been with my husband for a long time. Shouldn't she be cured?

FREUD

The kinds of illnesses with which we are dealing are complex. And we still have much to learn about therapy. Treatment of severe cases can take months, even years.

EMMA

Is Miss Spielrein a severe case?

FREUD

I'm frankly unable to say, since she's not my patient. And in any case.... Your fears are not unnatural, but they are ill-founded. Your husband has all the makings of a first class analyst. The burdens of our profession are heavy, however - and he will always need your loving support.

EMMA

It's because I love my husband that I wish to protect him from any suggestion of impropriety. There are rumours, of a kind that are not flattering to Carl Gustav and very painful to me. Wouldn't it be possible, just in this instance, for Miss Spielrein to continue with another doctor? I mean if she truly still requires treatment?

FREUD

That would be rather awkward. Carl Gustav would be most hurt should I ever suggest such a thing. And I don't really see the need. Please, don't give credence to unsubstantiated rumours whose sole purpose can only be to damage the cause of science. By the way, when are you expecting your child?

EMMA

(through tears)

Another two months.

FREUD

Your second?

EMMA

Yes.

FREUD

What could be a more profound call on your husband's esteem that the birth of a child? I am of the opinion that the family constitutes the basis of social life. Without this central bulwark, we are adrift, a broken spar, on the ocean of the universe.

EMMA

Yes, yes.

JUNG enters carrying Freud's overcoat.

JUNG

The taxi's here, I'm afraid, and the driver insists on your leaving immediately so as to be sure of catching the train. I tried to persuade him to delay - but he said he wasn't about to break his own neck or anyone else's by driving flat out on icy roads.

FREUD

Well then, to save both our necks, I suppose I must go. Good-bye Emma. And thank you again for your wonderful hospitality. Do remember our conversation.

EMMA

I will Dr. Freud.

JUNG

I'll see you out. What a pity you have to go. I was hoping to continue our discussion. Perhaps I can write to you instead.

FREUD

You must visit me in Vienna.

FREUD and JUNG leave. EMMA walks to the front of stage and peers out towards the lake.

JUNG

(Offstage)

Good bye. Good Bye. There is so much for us to do. The future beckons.

FREUD

(Offstage)

Let's stick to our guns, Carl Gustav. Together, we are far stronger than we could ever be apart. Your wife is a most charming hostess. I have told her so, but do tell her again.

EMMA weeps quietly.

JUNG

Good bye then. We'll meet in Vienna. Good bye.

Sound of the car moving off. JUNG re-enters.

JUNG (Cont'd)

It's not as cold as all that. I wonder sometimes whether Freud grasps what I'm talking about. Of course, I respect him. Still I fear there are important differences between us that may never be resolved. You've been crying. What's the matter? Did Freud say anything to upset you? It wouldn't be like him. He was most complimentary about you as a matter of fact. A gentleman of the old school. I'm not so sure he liked what I had to say about hysteria. He seems to think it was in conflict with his own theories. For him everything boils down to inhibited development, compensatory mechanisms for coping with the unpalatable truths about ourselves. I see something more, something which reaches back to the traumatic history of mankind. That is why so much of language is symbolic. How important for an analyst to be a good listener! Yet I wonder if Freud really stands up to scrutiny in that area. Sometimes, I get the impression he has no idea what I am saying, not because he doesn't understand, but because his mind filters out unwanted details and only takes in what it wants. A bit like Socrates: icy and logical. I suppose he could feel the same way about me. Although I could hardly be called cold. What do you think, Emma? You're still crying. What's going on? Have I said the wrong thing?

EMMA

You haven't said anything.

JUNG

Won't you tell me what this is about?

EMMA

I think you know already.

JUNG

I assure you I do not.

EMMA

And doubtless Professor Freud also knows, though he is too discreet to admit anything to me.

JUNG

For God's sake, Emma, won't you be more explicit?

EMMA

Perhaps you should leave God out of it.

JUNG

I really had no idea that an evening spent in such stimulating company would end in a matrimonial squabble. Will you please tell me what's troubling you?

EMMA

Yes, Carl Gustav. I will tell you. But it won't be news to you because you already know what I'm going to say.

JUNG

I do not know!

EMMA

Please, spare me the indignity of finding you untruthful.

JUNG

Emma this is quite enough. You've no cause to make accusations - of any kind.

EMMA

I believe I have.

JUNG

Then tell me what they are.

EMMA

I don't know how to say this to you Carl Gustav. You're my husband. I have always believed in you and loved you. We're about to have our second child. It's another beginning for us. A reason for the greatest happiness.

JUNG

Of course.

EMMA

I don't want to think badly of you. It's about your patient.

JUNG

My patient?

EMMA

Miss Spielrein.

JUNG

What about her?

EMMA

I believe ... that is.. There are rumours about your relationship with her.

JUNG

Rumours? What do you mean?

EMMA

That she no longer needs medical treatment. She's entirely healthy. Your regular meetings take place solely because she is in love with you and you may be in love with her.

JUNG

What nonsense! I'm most certainly not in love with her.

EMMA

That is for you to decide. But that you are engaged with her as a lover is the common currency of the hospital.

JUNG

Really? And when did you find this out?

EMMA

Two weeks and three days ago. I keep count of the days of my disillusionment. I should have mentioned it to you before. But I knew that Dr Freud was coming and I wanted the opportunity to consult with him.....

JUNG

Consult with him! About me? How could you disgrace me in this way, before a third party, a most eminent member of our profession, without a word to me beforehand?

EMMA

It was not about you that I wished to talk to Dr Freud, but about myself; about my own fears as a wife. Sometimes I feel you forget who I am. I know you as well as anyone in the world. I know the brilliance of your mind, your hopes, anxieties, ambitions. And more than anything I know the changing patterns of your moods. I have seen you alter since you began to treat Miss Spielrein. At first I believe you were simply fascinated by the complexity of your patient's problems. But then, well there were signs of behaviour that a wife can hardly mistake.

JUNG

You're referring to our sex life. But during your pregnancy, my concern for your health naturally demands temperance.

EMMA

Please, don't treat me as a junior from whom you can choose to conceal whatever suits you.

JUNG

I hide nothing of substance from you - except those matters that are rightly confidential between doctor and patient.

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

It may be true that there are rumours at the hospital. Such institutions feed on speculation. There are many who do not believe in the efficacy of analytical psychology and who, rather than speaking directly to their misgivings, rather than challenging us on medical grounds, prefer to spread malicious gossip. We've even been accused of being in league with the devil. Please don't interrupt me. I know you wish me to speak about Miss Spielrein. Unfortunately, because she's a patient, I cannot discuss her. Not with you, nor with anyone. What I can tell you is that she came to me in severe distress and I have treated her as I hope and trust I will treat all my patients. With love and tenderness. I can also tell you that, in dealing with psycho pathological illnesses, the coldly objective approach of the conventional physician is inappropriate. A psychotherapist must give of himself - and so I have attempted to do with Miss Spielrein. In the process of treatment, a patient may become - how shall I put it - emotionally involved with her doctor. When this happens, he has no choice but to respond. Failure to do so would completely nullify the trust that he has worked so hard to create and that is so necessary to a successful outcome. Such cases are exhausting to deal with, emotionally draining to the highest degree. Sometimes, indeed, it has caused me to doubt what I am doing, to question whether so much devotion and sacrifice is worth while, and to wonder whether I have the physical and mental energy to cope with the demands of the profession. On top of everything else, there's the difficulty of working in an environment where one's probity as a doctor is the subject of constant inquiry; where an extra hour spent with a female patient arouses the most disgraceful speculation. How is a man to deal with this? Only, by keeping his integrity, pursuing his course in the most honorable fashion, and taking refuge in the love and trust of his wife and family.

EMMA

You have my love.

JUNG

And your trust? In this, Emma , as in all things, I expect you to give me your support. I can't imagine that you don't support me. Jealousy, you must understand, can have no part in our life.

EMMA

Jealousy!

JUNG

Isn't it just that? Listen to me carefully. Everything I do has to be with your approval and knowledge. But you know this is my life's work. Therefore I ask for your endorsement.

EMMA

Am I assured that there is nothing between....that the hospital rumours are without foundation?

JUNG

I don't know anything about them.

EMMA

Do you swear to me that the rumours are untrue?

JUNG

I'll go further. I'll promise you that I'll never endanger our marriage through any false behaviour. Does that satisfy you?

EMMA

I suppose it must. I believe that you act as you honestly think best. Perhaps I shouldn't demand or expect more.

JUNG

Then I have your approval.

EMMA

For your work? Yes, of course.

JUNG

I want you to know, Emma , that our family will always be my first responsibility. You've nothing to worry about.

EMMA

I'll do my best to believe that is so.

JUNG

You'll come to trust my judgment.

EMMA

Do I have an alternative?

JUNG

Trusting your husband isn't a form of servitude. Come now. There's no need to be upset.

(kissing her on the cheek)

It's late. You should be in bed.

EMMA

You speak as my doctor. How much better to hear you as my lover.

JUNG

That will come again, Emma dear. As soon as the child is born.

EMMA

Dr Weizman says that it's not dangerous even in the last month.

JUNG

Weizman is only the local quack and his opinions belong in the last century. He should have retired years ago. Besides he was trained in England and for that reason alone is to be considered unreliable.

EMMA

I want our marriage to remain a good one. Not just on the surface but in that secret part of us that only you and I can see. We must guard against intrusions.

JUNG

There will be none. Go to bed now.

EMMA

You really must do something about the rumours.

JUNG

Yes. I'll ensure they don't get out of hand.

EMMA leaves.

JUNG (Cont'd)

Damnation!

Scene 2

The same setting. Enter EMMA with WEIZMAN.

WEIZMAN

So tell me now. What's the matter? Are you out of sorts my dear? Let me feel your pulse.

EMMA

Dear Uncle Emile, I'm fine. Really.

WEIZMAN

There's nothing wrong? Oh dear. I came so quickly when I got your message. I feared it must be something serious.

EMMA

Well it is serious. In a way very serious. But it's not about my health or the baby's, thanks be to God. Come, sit down. I know it's wrong for me to send for you when you have so much to do, but I don't feel I can talk to anyone else. You're an old friend of the family. I've known you all my life. And I feel so comfortable with you.

WEIZMAN

If you're in any kind of trouble, you know I'll do what I can to help.

EMMA

I know that.

WEIZMAN

Well, are you going to tell me what it's all about?

EMMA

Here goes. I think Carl Gustav has got himself involved in an affair.

WEIZMAN

What kind of affair?

EMMA

With a woman.

WEIZMAN

What? How dare he? And while you're pregnant too? Are you quite sure?

EMMA

I can't be completely certain. No one could be. But I'm sure enough.

WEIZMAN

Do you know who the woman is?

EMMA

One of his patients.

WEIZMAN

Heaven help us all. That's beyond being scandalous. Apart from its impropriety, it's against the code of ethics for a doctor to behave in that way. He'll be struck off the register. He hasn't only hurt you, he's endangered his own career. Is that what psychoanalysis is all about? Seducing women patients? It's an outrage. Oh poor Emma. How am I to help you? Who knows about this?

EMMA

There are rumours at the hospital.

WEIZMAN

It won't stop at rumours for long. Someone will denounce him. If they don't, then I'll denounce him myself. I feel faint with anger. Please, Emma, if you don't mind, a glass of water.

EMMA

Yes, of course.

EMMA leaves hurriedly, returning moments later with a glass of water. WEIZMAN retrieves a bottle from his medical bag.

EMMA (Cont'd)

(continuing)

Here Uncle Emile.

He takes a swig from the bottle then drinks the water.

WEIZMAN

That'll do it. I'll be all right in a minute. Here I am, called in to provide help and advice, and I end up being treated myself.

EMMA

I really shouldn't have told you.

WEIZMAN

You did exactly the right thing. He must be stopped at once. I'll speak to the hospital authorities.

EMMA

No. You can't do that.

WEIZMAN

Why not?

EMMA

Because he's still my husband. I don't want him damaged by this. I would rather have him rescued. If I can bear the pain.

WEIZMAN

You still love him?

EMMA

I couldn't stop loving him. I suppose it's part of human experience to be hurt by those we love. Even though I can't stand the thought of him in bed with....

WEIZMAN

No.

EMMA

It has crossed my mind to leave him. But how can I, with one young child and another on the way, and no means of support? And it couldn't be done without scandal and ruin.

WEIZMAN

What about his patient, this woman?

EMMA

Carl Gustav says that it's normal for patients to fall in love with their analysts. How can I blame her? She probably suffers too. I try not to have hate in my heart. I just don't know what to do. My world seems to be breaking into pieces, and I can't see how to keep it together. I did try to talk to Carl Gustav, but he simply brushed me off. I thought perhaps you might have a word with him.

WEIZMAN

He wouldn't take much notice of an old quack like me. He's headstrong and passionate. Not the kind of man who easily admits to his own errors. And in matters of the mind and heart, he probably thinks he knows as much as anyone.

EMMA

Surely something can be done?

WEIZMAN

What's the woman's name?

EMMA

Sabina Spielrein.

WEIZMAN

I don't know her. She's not from here.

EMMA

She's Russian, from Rostov. Her family sent her here for treatment.

WEIZMAN

Rostov. It isn't easy. I can't talk to her directly. It'd be unethical; and besides she wouldn't listen. But there must be a way. Spielrein, you said? That's not a Russian name. She's probably Jewish.

EMMA

I don't know.

WEIZMAN

Her family wouldn't like this one bit. I could get a message to someone there. Her mother perhaps.

EMMA

How on earth would you do that? We don't have the address.

WEIZMAN

That's not so difficult. We Jews are scattered all over the place. Historically, it's a misfortune, but there's at least one advantage. We're bound to know someone, who knows someone else, who knows the person we're looking for.

EMMA

What do you think she'll do?

WEIZMAN

The mother? If I know anything about a Yiddishe Mama - and I had one of my own - she'll be here on the next train.

EMMA

Will she make a scandal?

WEIZMAN

There's always a risk, of course. But not much of one. She'll try to keep everything quiet so as to protect her daughter. There'll certainly be a confrontation with Carl Gustav, however. And much will depend on how he takes it. We'll have to think carefully about how their meeting should be arranged. Meanwhile, my dear, you must do all in your power to renew your relationship with your husband. You must grasp him to you. Protect him from his own temptations.

EMMA

How can I thank you?

WEIZMAN

By staying healthy.

EMMA

So that you don't have to call on me so often?

WEIZMAN

I'm on hand whenever needed. And it's always a pleasure to see you. Had I been younger when my wife died, I'd have asked for your hand myself.

EMMA

Get away with you. You shouldn't make me laugh.

WEIZMAN

I'd better go on with my rounds before I put my foot in it.

EMMA

I don't know how you keep at it. Aren't you ever going to retire?

WEIZMAN

How could I while there's so much sickness in the world? Good-bye my dear.

EMMA

You won't forget our conversation?

WEIZMAN

Have I ever forgotten you?

Scene 3

JUNG's study at the B rgh lzli Hospital. To one side, a desk laden with books and papers. Opposite, a sofa and chair arranged round a coffee table. Shelves lined with books. A stethoscope hangs on a door-hook. A grandfather clock ticks audibly. SABINA SPIELREIN, alone, is pacing the office. She is expensively dressed, with a trace of coquetry. After a moment or two, she picks up a sheaf of papers from the desk, scans one or two sheets, then replaces it carefully in its original position. The sound of voices in conversation sends her scurrying to the sofa where composes herself and waits. The conversation fades. She consults the clock, then takes a fob watch from her handbag, checks it against the clock and replaces it. From the same handbag, she retrieves a mirror which she trains first on her face, then on her d collet , then on her face again. A smile of satisfaction, fleeting and quickly suppressed.

SABINA

I shouldn't!

She drops the mirror back into the handbag.

SABINA (Cont'd)

(continuing)

I really shouldn't. He doesn't care about those things. I mean the physical side. Neither of us do. I'm certainly not here to seduce him. What an idea! On the other hand, why am I dressed like this? I should be truthful enough to admit that I want to be attractive for him.

(Continued)

SABINA (Cont'd)

From that point of view my behaviour isn't entirely correct. But then he told me himself that I should be a little more adventurous. Less repressed. If he weren't married, I wouldn't feel guilty at all. A single woman doesn't have to be a virgin any more than goodness. But he is married and has a family. Passion ignores such obstacles because it is self-seeking. Love is something else, for it seeks only what's good for the loved one. And therefore I want nothing from him. Except to be near him. Surely that's permitted. Am I being honest with myself though? I mean when he wants to make love to me, should I also want it? As much as I do? Best not to think about it. I wonder if it's quite in order for me to talk so much to myself. Carl Gustav might have some views on that. He probably still thinks I spend too much time alone. I don't know if I like these clothes. They may not suit me.

She takes the mirror from the handbag once again and looks at herself.

SABINA (Cont'd)

(continuing)

I should throw this mirror away. Right now.

A noise at the door.

JUNG

(from the other side of the door)

Damnation!

A jangle of keys followed by the sound of a key being inserted in the door lock. SABINA replaces the mirror in the handbag and hurries to open the door. JUNG enters.

JUNG (Cont'd)

I thought you might be here. For heaven's sake, why was the door locked?

What were you up to?

SABINA

Nothing.

JUNG

How long have you been here?

SABINA

Not long. I arrived early. Your secretary wasn't here, so I let myself in.
You did give me the key.

JUNG

Are you well?

SABINA

I didn't want to be interrupted.

JUNG

Oh?

SABINA

I wasn't doing anything strange. You mustn't think that. I just wanted to be alone until you arrived. I didn't want your secretary to come in, or that nurse who's always disturbing our sessions. Or your wife.

JUNG

My wife never comes here.

SABINA

She might one day. She has the right, doesn't she?

JUNG

Of course. But she knows I'm here for professional purposes only.

SABINA

Am I still a professional purpose?

JUNG

Perhaps you no longer require my help.

SABINA

No, I still need you. I want you always to be my doctor.

JUNG

Of course. But now you are well on the road to recovery. Essentially healthy, in fact. Let me look at you. I haven't seen you dressed like that before.

SABINA

Does it suit me?

JUNG

Very much.

SABINA

I didn't know if you'd be pleased or angry. I feel shy dressed like this, but I did it for you. You said that I should be less severe with myself and express my libido. I wore a cloak to get here so no one could see anything of me. But a group of workmen stared at me as I got out of my cab, and I felt almost naked underneath.

JUNG

Did that excite or repel you?

SABINA

What?

JUNG

Feeling naked beneath your coat.

SABINA

I don't know. I suppose it was exciting. I wanted to look at myself to see what they had seen.

JUNG

Please sit down.

(He locks the office door)

What were you doing before I came in?

SABINA

You're not angry with me, are you? You mustn't think I was prying.
Really, I was simply waiting.

JUNG

Why would I think anything? Surely you're not trying to tell me that prying is beyond you?

SABINA

No. It's not beyond me. But I wasn't doing it. That's not quite true. I did take up your papers. The ones on the desk. I know it was wrong. But I couldn't stop myself. Everything that you do fills me with curiosity. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this. But then you know everything about me in any case. I put the papers back exactly where they were.

JUNG

It's perfectly all right.

SABINA

You're not angry with me?

JUNG

Not in the least. Your curiosity is simply a thirst for knowledge. Entirely human, and lovable.

SABINA

I shouldn't be fascinated by you, should I? I mean as a patient?

JUNG

It is not my purpose in life to be fascinating.

SABINA

But sometimes I think I am fascinated. I know there's a special bond between us. You must know it too. Feelings like ours are remarkable, rare and precious. We should treasure them, shouldn't we?

JUNG

We should.

SABINA

I'd like to believe I'm the only one. But, of course, you're married.

JUNG

Marriage is different.

SABINA

You are too fine and noble not to love your wife.

JUNG

Marriage isn't about love. It's about security, the continuation of the species. It thrives on routine, comfort - and dullness. Love is something else: a spiritual manifestation of all makes human beings what they are. Can you imagine what it means to me to love a different kind of person, someone whom I don't have to condemn and who doesn't condemn herself to the banality of habit?

SABINA

Surely you couldn't condemn your wife.

JUNG

Not my wife, no. Rather the regime under which she and I are forced to live. What I feel for you is not what a man feels for his wife. It's of a different order. It fulfills a role that my wife could not.

SABINA

Then we feel the same! Oh I love you. Purely and simply. I'm not ashamed to say it.

JUNG

Come to me.

SABINA

I don't want you to feel guilty. We can love without ever coming close. Physically.

JUNG

Is that what you wish?

SABINA

Isn't it wrong to let ourselves go completely? I'm frightened of what it means.

JUNG

It means only that we love. And that I will be gentle with you and protect you.

SABINA

It's not for me that I'm fearful, but for you. Your life; your work. Your wife. It can only bring her pain. I'm not sure that any love can survive if it must inflict injury on others.

JUNG

Please Sabina, stop worrying yourself about my wife. I've discussed everything with her. She knows and accepts what I am. Though naturally she can't imagine the depth of what we feel. There's no question of betrayal or pain. You must believe me. I wouldn't approach you in this way if I were under any kind of constraint.

SABINA

Could you bear to betray one of us?

JUNG

It will never come to that.

SABINA

How can you be sure?

JUNG

My work can't proceed if I am to be subordinated to middle-class values that stifle whatever's good and creative in the soul.

SABINA

Isn't it different for a woman?

JUNG

In our world, men and women must be partners. Equality of action is what we need. Equality of horizons. You can't be equal if you're not just as free as a man.

SABINA

I feel free. But I feel also a need to be bound, to have an outer wall beyond which I mustn't stray.

JUNG

That's not necessarily unhealthy or unwise.

SABINA

Do you say that as my doctor?

JUNG

Yes. Though now both of us have to be something more than doctor and patient. I brought you health - and you have brought me the happiness of knowing you.

They kiss.

SABINA

Is it too much to think that out of this love we might have a child?

JUNG

What?

SABINA

I've thought about it a lot. A child would not simply bind you and I together, it would also, in a way, have meaning for Dr Freud who is your spiritual father - if I can put it that way. I'm sure he'd agree. You see, he's Jewish like me; and you're gentile. The message we would give to the world would be that we need each other, that we belong to the same humanity. Jew and Gentile. Our child would be our way of proclaiming that we're here on earth not to sew conflict but to heal wounds, to join together the Torah and the New Testament.

JUNG

A child?

SABINA

Yes. Do you approve? I know you do. I feel it.

JUNG

It's a wonderful idea. But I question whether it's entirely practical.

SABINA

It's the natural issue of love.

JUNG

My dear Sabina, we have to be aware of the consequences. Above all for yourself. It is one thing to love - as we do. Quite another to bring a third party into the world. For then we have to confront the society around us. And there may be dangers from which I couldn't protect you; public condemnation, the censure of your parents. Not to mention the impropriety.

SABINA

It's improper to love another woman's husband. I know that.

JUNG

As your doctor I'll be accused of abusing you.

SABINA

I can tell the world that it isn't so.

JUNG

The world wouldn't listen. And we couldn't expect to change opinion overnight. One day society will shake off the petty restrictions and prejudices that forbid the pursuit of love. And man will be free to follow his destiny wherever it might lead. But that day is not yet arrived. And while we can hasten it, we can't simply will it into existence. We belong to a time and place in history and we must respect that. For the present, at least, we must love in secret.

SABINA

Surely there's something impure in secrecy? I want to shout my love from the rooftops.

JUNG

One day, we may well do so together. But not now. If the hospital caught so much as a whiff of evidence that our relationship had developed beyond that of doctor and patient, then we would never hear the end of it. I could be summarily dismissed.

SABINA

I could never see you hurt you in this way. Perhaps we should just love each other spiritually, without any of the compromises of a more physical involvement? I feel so confused. There'd be no child.

JUNG

No need for confusion. The world may be complex and unbending. But our love is clear and pure. Come to me.

He draws SABINA to him. They kiss.

SABINA

We shouldn't....

JUNG

Kiss me again. Don't tell me you reject my love.

SABINA

I can't tell you that.

JUNG

Take the sofa. Now, say you agree.

SABINA

What do you mean?

JUNG

You know what I mean. Say it. Say "I agree?"

SABINA

If you insist.

JUNG

I do insist. I order it.

SABINA

As my doctor?

JUNG

As your confessor.

SABINA

I agree then.

JUNG

Say it again.

SABINA

I agree.

JUNG

Again.

SABINA

I agree. I'll do whatever you say. I always do. You know that.

JUNG

(to himself)

For the moment, at least, it can't be helped.

SABINA

What was that?

JUNG

I said you're beautiful beyond dreams.

Blackout.

Scene 4

The stage is bare except for a lectern. JUNG enters carrying his notes.

JUNG

It can be quite lonely up here, ladies and gentlemen - and I was wondering how many friendly faces I might see among you. Happily, you all look friendly. And for that I'm grateful because some of you may find what I have to say this evening discomfoting. New ideas are never easy to propound, especially when one knows that they will be controversial, met with widespread incredulity and not infrequently greeted with fear, misapprehension and even a little spite. So be it. The first tentative steps of our science have been taken by Professor Freud. For this he has suffered his share of scorn, but he will have earned his place in history. He has pointed the way forward, as Moses did. The promised land, however, is for those who complete the journey, not those who remain in the desert. Perhaps it is a little far-fetched to liken Freud to Moses. For the latter, at least, knew his limitations; and God Himself had made them clear.

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

Professor Freud on the other hand sometimes gets carried away, assuming he has crossed the frontier when it still lies some way off, and proclaiming his path as the only one when, all too clearly, it is leading him in the wrong direction.

(angrily)

He continues to believe that there is little in our psychic life, in our dreams, and in our neuroses, that is not rooted in our sexuality. Most of you will know instinctively that it cannot be true. You laugh at the idea, or shudder, according to your lights. And you'll be right. Because Freud's view of the world reduces us to an intolerable formula. He refuses to acknowledge that each of us is special; that we carry within us a unique fire which we call the self; and that the expression of that self is the most fundamental of all human challenges. Our task in life, if we are to be healthy and happy, is to understand, receive and liberate the hidden self. This process, I call individuation; and its well-springs are the hidden impulses of our being. To be true to ourselves, we must give in to these impulses, whatever the cost. For they are what we are. Mine is a call, therefore, to a quiet revolution of the spirit which yearns for freedom. What I say to you is this. Follow your deepest impulses. They are your truth. Be what you are. No matter what society or the world thinks. Thereby you'll find fulfillment. Naturally, we can't see everything, either of ourselves or of others. I, who have gazed into the darkness of my own soul, know something of human weakness. Just as my patients crave for my love and understanding, so I will always crave for theirs. For I can do nothing to them that I do not do also to myself. This truth applies to all of us; and it is what bonds us together. Seek yourself and you will find the source of your own humanity. As Zarathustra said, you shall build living monuments to your victory and to your liberation. You shall build over and beyond yourself. First, however, you must build yourself, perpendicular in body and soul. Thank you for your attention.

Exit

ACT 2**Scene 1**

The drawing room of JUNG's house in Küsnacht. It is Sunday morning. A small table is laid with cups, pastries, and coffee and milk jugs. EMMA JUNG appears. She is elegantly dressed and no longer pregnant. She stops for a moment to gaze through the windows and waves at someone outside. JUNG enters, immaculately attired. EMMA kisses him.

EMMA

Good morning, dear husband. (She pours and hands him a cup of coffee).

JUNG

The children?

EMMA

Outside with Gisela. It's a beautiful spring day.

JUNG

Gisela?

EMMA

The new nanny. I told you about her. You don't remember?

JUNG

No? Have I met her?

EMMA

Two weeks ago, when she came for an interview. It doesn't matter. Your head's full of more important things

JUNG

I had a strange dream last night. I was in some unknown place. A violent wind was blowing against me and I was struggling to make progress. Head down, coat wrapped round me like a shroud. It was foggy too, so that I could see only by the light of a small oil lamp that I carried with me. Everything seemed to depend on my keeping this little flame alive. Suddenly I felt something approach me from behind. I glanced back and saw, with terror, a huge black figure pursuing me. I quickened my step, but still it followed, looming ever larger until it seemed to tower over me. Somehow, I knew that my only hope was to keep my flame alight through the darkness and the wind, no matter what. When I woke up, I realized that the figure was my own shadow cast by the lamp itself. The light was my own consciousness, my own understanding, the sole treasure I possess.

EMMA

The sole treasure?

JUNG

Except my wife and family. But that's another dimension.

EMMA

I made the pastries myself.

JUNG

Very good.

EMMA

Talking of dreams, I've been wanting to ask you. Do they all have meaning or are some of them nonsense?

JUNG

Been dreaming too, have you? Freud thinks they're an expression of wish-fulfillment in which we act out our repressed desires. Quite wrong in my view.

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

Dreams are more complicated than that - and more completely part of everyday experience. They're an alternative form of thinking. They carry messages from our unconscious and affect the way we see the world. In the long run, my interpretation will prevail. Little doubt about that. Newton said that he saw farther than Copernicus and Kepler and so forth because he stood on their shoulders. Perhaps that's what history will say of me: that I stood upon Freud.

EMMA

I like Professor Freud.

JUNG

Yes Emma dear. He's a clever man. Limited perhaps by his Jewish perspective, but a significant contributor to our science nevertheless.

EMMA

His conversation is fascinating.

JUNG

The Jews, for all their intelligence, are somewhat lacking in what I call an authentic culture. Without a host country, they'll never amount to very much. I'm afraid they're a bit rough.

EMMA

Don't let Uncle Emile hear you say that. He thinks Professor Freud is as cultured a man as one could ever meet.

JUNG

Well he would, wouldn't he? Enough of Freud for goodness sake. You're beginning to sound like one of his students.

EMMA

That may not be so bad. You used to say you were his follower.

JUNG

Whose side are you on?

(pause)

I'm sorry. I'm a little sensitive this morning. Overwork. Too many hours studying and worrying about my patients. Thank heaven for Sunday and a day of rest. No one to see but you and the children.

EMMA

Oh but there is someone. You arrived home so late last night that I didn't have a chance to tell you. We're to have visitors this morning.

JUNG

Oh no! Do we have to?

EMMA

Uncle Emile is coming to give me a check-up.

JUNG

Couldn't he have wait until next week? You seem to be in good health.

EMMA

It was my idea that he should come today. The other visitor is for you so I told Uncle Emile you'd be busy for an hour or two this morning and he offered to examine me then.

JUNG

Who's coming to see me?

EMMA

Mrs Spielrein. Your patient's mother.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein!? What does she want? I try to keep patients away from our home. You know that.

EMMA

I know darling. But she arrived yesterday all the way from Rostov. And she must return tonight. How could I turn her away? I tried to send word to you at the hospital but nobody knew where you were. Or they wouldn't say.

JUNG

What do you mean by that?

EMMA

I had to make the decision for you.

JUNG

Is that why we have pastries?

EMMA

No. I made them for you.

JUNG

This visit is most incorrect. What time will she be here?

EMMA

I invited her for morning coffee.

JUNG

I suppose I'll have to see her. Don't much like it though. This is our Sabbath; not theirs. I wonder what she wants. It can't be an ordinary visit. There's no need.

EMMA

You're not angry, Carl Gustav?

JUNG

Not with you my dear. Did Mrs Spielrein say why she's coming to see me?

EMMA

I didn't think it my place to ask.

JUNG

Quite right.

The doorbell chimes.

EMMA

That will be her. I'll go.

She leaves.

JUNG

Let's get it over with.

EMMA re-enters with MRS EVA SPIELREIN - middle-aged, elegant, with a trace of Lady Bracknell.

MRS SPIELREIN

It's most kind of you to receive me at such short notice.

EMMA

You've arrived just in time for coffee.

MRS SPIELREIN

Thanks you, but perhaps not.

EMMA

(to Mrs Spielrein)

This is my husband.

MRS SPIELREIN

Dr Jung, I'm Sabina's mother.

JUNG

Yes.

EMMA

Do sit down Mrs Spielrein.

JUNG

Sabina is not with you?

MRS SPIELREIN

She has a headache. I thought, doctor, that as you see so much of her, you could spare her presence. Since I have come to talk about her, perhaps it's better for her to be here.

JUNG

You realize I can't discuss my patients without their permission. Not even with a parent. It would be a breach of medical ethics. Your daughter's an independent person.

MRS SPIELREIN

I wonder how independent any of us truly are. We rely so much on others, don't we? None of us are entirely free.

JUNG

I wasn't making a philosophical point, but a practical and ethical one.

MRS SPIELREIN

That's why I wanted to see you. To discuss ethical matters.

The doorbell chimes.

EMMA

That will be Uncle Emile. Please excuse me Mrs Spielrein. I'll leave you in my husband's capable hands. It's a pleasure to welcome you to our home.

EMMA leaves.

MRS SPIELREIN

About my daughter.

JUNG

She's much improved.

MRS SPIELREIN

Yes. I can't say we're not grateful for your efforts on her behalf.

JUNG

Her progress is a special pleasure.

MRS SPIELREIN

On the other hand... I really don't know how to put this. My husband wanted to talk to you himself, but his feelings are so strong that I begged him to let me come alone. He's not well and needs to rest. We live in Rostov. It's a long way and the journey rather arduous.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein, I'm ready to hear what you have to say.

MRS SPIELREIN

I know very little about your techniques, Dr Jung.

JUNG

Few people do. It's still a relatively new science.

MRS SPIELREIN

I do understand that what passes between doctor and patient is private, that there are questions even a mother may not ask.

JUNG

Quite.

MRS SPIELREIN

Even so, as a mother, my duty... my husband and I are worried... that matters between you and our daughter may have exceeded certain bounds.

JUNG

What do you mean by that?

MRS SPIELREIN

Rumours have reached us even in Rostov. We've received correspondence. I don't mean Sabina's, of course, but from other sources.

JUNG

What sources, Mrs Spielrein?

MRS SPIELREIN

I prefer not to reveal them. They are reliable, and as much concerned with the welfare of your family than of my daughter. That doesn't matter. I have tried to make independent inquiries. As much as I could from a distance. And the evidence such as it is suggests strongly that you and Sabina are involved in.... I prefer not to be explicit. I know my daughter. She thinks she's in love with you, and believes you are in love with her.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein, if you're implying that Sabina and I are having an affair - I never heard such nonsense. Are you aware of the damaging implications of such an accusation - both to her and to me?

MRS SPIELREIN

I think I am aware. At least insofar as concerns my daughter's welfare and reputation. I know nothing directly of what takes place between you. How could I? But I do know that Sabina is showing signs of renewed unhappiness; and that the gossip is persistent and widespread.

JUNG

Rumour, innuendo - where's the evidence in all this?

MRS SPIELREIN

Even if there is none, rumours alone can be enough to destroy a person. Sabina can't take the strain of this. Nor, I imagine, can your wife. Think of the scandal, the damage to your own career. You will say such matters don't concern me. But my daughter's welfare certainly does. You must know your obligations, Dr Jung.

JUNG

Are you pressing me for a confession?

MRS SPIELREIN

I shouldn't need to press. Though if my husband were here, I hate to think what might transpire between you. I'm glad he's not. You're still a young man.

JUNG

And foolish, are you implying?

MRS SPIELREIN

I'd like to know if you are in love with Sabina.

JUNG

If I were, would it be anyone's concern but our own?

MRS SPIELREIN

Don't you accept that this is a mother's business?

JUNG

I'm afraid not. Sabina is an adult both legally and in every other way.

MRS SPIELREIN

She's your patient. She's vulnerable

JUNG

I have managed to observe those two facts for myself.

MRS SPIELREIN

I came to ask you to leave my daughter in peace. If you will not accept my appeal, then perhaps I should speak to Dr Bleuler. He is head of your department at the hospital, I believe.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein, your daughter is not, in any formal sense, my patient. She is not registered at the hospital. For over a year I've been treating her free of charge. As a friend and also as a future colleague. She is training to be a psychotherapist herself. Did she not tell you?

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

Not a penny has been paid for all the many hours of selfless devotion I have bestowed on her. Friendship has its own rules quite outside those of doctor and patient.

MRS SPIELREIN

If it is a question of money....

JUNG

You must understand that when I offer my assistance to a dear friend in distress - and I venture to claim that your daughter is, indeed, a dear friend - then conversational intimacies may take place that would clearly not occur if the relationship were purely on a business footing. Not, of course, that anything improper occurred. Quite the contrary.

MRS SPIELREIN

Conversational intimacies? Have you ever wondered what it's like to be a parent faced with....you have children of your own. If you sent one of them to a doctor and then....what would you feel? I've done my best to raise this matter with you delicately. I've heard your explanation. Everything you say may be true. Nevertheless, in my husband's my name as well as my own, I demand that you let my daughter go.

JUNG

Demand?

MRS SPIELREIN

You're a married man.

JUNG

And therefore cannot possibly enter into the kind of relationship with Sabina that you seem to be implying. She may well wish for such things. She's a headstrong young woman - with powerful needs that, when she came to me, she was unable to control. Now, she wishes me to satisfy those needs, to perform, as it were, all the duties that one day she will receive from a husband.

(Continued)

JUNG (Cont'd)

Unfortunately, I'm in no position to play such a role. But to set matters at rest, since you are so anxious, let us place the work I do with her on a strictly professional basis. If I'm paid for my consultations, the possibility of any misunderstanding between Sabina and myself will vanish. She will become my patient formally. And that will be that, so to speak.

MRS SPIELREIN

You want me to pay you?

JUNG

That is correct.

MRS SPIELREIN

But we sent money to the hospital.

JUNG

That was for a limited analysis of her illness. The weeks and months of my own treatment of her has been in a private capacity.

MRS SPIELREIN

I see. You felt you had a licence to behave towards Sabina as.....a lover, simply because you were not paid for your troubles? How much do you want? What price my daughter? Forgive me, but I see no purpose in my imposing further on your hospitality. I'll take my complaint elsewhere.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein. Wait. Please. You have not understood me.

MRS SPIELREIN

Really? Then I shall seek enlightenment from your superiors at the hospital.

JUNG

That would only be destructive of what I am trying to achieve with your daughter.

MRS SPIELREIN

I rather hope so.

JUNG

Mrs Spielrein, please. Do sit down. I've expressed myself clumsily. I apologize. As Sabina's mother, you deserve an explanation. I'm sure you know that ours is a new branch of medical science. We are breaking fresh ground - and in a dangerous field. The illnesses we seek to cure belong to that darkest and most labyrinthine of human faculties - the mind. The effort demanded of doctor and patient is beyond that of conventional medicine. What does this mean? It means a giving of the self. The doctor must prostrate himself - in a manner of speaking - before the patient; reassure the patient that what is taking place is a genuine gift of love, rather than some simple medical treatment. Of course, the hospital environment, the limited time available for consultation, the knowledge that other patients exist, form a structural limitation on the fullness of the relationship. But not on its quality. I know our methods sound strange. Absurd even. They are neither. Merely new. To achieve success in therapy, the patient must not only lay herself open to the doctor, but the doctor also to the patient. Do I make myself clear? The true analyst knows that he must love his patient....

MRS SPIELREIN

And the patient must love him?

JUNG

Of course. And even confess this love if the case so demands. How, you may ask, does this therapeutic love refashion itself? How does it avoid trespassing upon the bounds of what is appropriate for a doctor to do and feel for his patient? That is what being a doctor is all about, Mrs Spielrein. He never loses control, never relaxes his guard, never allows further development of his own feelings.

MRS SPIELREIN

What is it then that you call love, Dr Jung?

JUNG

I respect your daughter completely.

MRS SPIELREIN

I asked about love.

JUNG

I would describe it, in the terms in which you ask, as a selfless desire to do the best for the beloved.

MRS SPIELREIN

Then with all your love for my daughter, Dr Jung, you feel that a professional relationship with you, billed and paid, would be best for her? You don't reply? Does she love you, Dr Jung?

JUNG

In a way I venture to hope as much.

MRS SPIELREIN

How much do I owe you then?

JUNG

I have no amount in mind. It's the principle that counts.

MRS SPIELREIN

I would not like to expose her to the shame of not paying the true value of your services. Both her health and her honour are at stake.

JUNG

Not her honour, Mrs Spielrein. Merely her repose. I cannot give her everything for which she yearns.

MRS SPIELREIN

I would like you to name your fee.

JUNG

I cannot.

MRS SPIELREIN

Then you leave me no option but to pay you what I can.

(she writes out a draft)

You have a beautiful house, Dr Jung.

JUNG

Thank you.

MRS SPIELREIN

Did you build it yourself?

JUNG

Yes.

MRS SPIELREIN

I'm sure you must be very proud of it.

(handing the draft to JUNG)

Will that be sufficient?

JUNG

It's more than generous.

MRS SPIELREIN

Generosity is not what I have in mind. I want you to leave my daughter alone.

JUNG

She would not wish it.

MRS SPIELREIN

But I wish it. And I pay you for it.

JUNG

Sabina is a determined woman.

MRS SPIELREIN

That may be. And that she admires you, even through the pain you have caused her, I have no doubt. I wish, Dr Jung, that she felt more what I feel.

JUNG

And that is?

MRS SPIELREIN

Contempt.

JUNG

I trust she will not feel that.

MRS SPIELREIN

Perhaps not. But I will advise her to denounce you. And it is my hope that she will. Good-bye, Dr Jung. I'll see myself out if I may.

MRS SPIELREIN leaves. JUNG stares after her for a moment, then seizes the telephone and tries, unsuccessfully, to rouse the operator. EMMA enters followed by WEIZMAN. JUNG hurriedly puts down the telephone.

EMMA

Has Mrs Spielrein gone?

JUNG

I have to go to the hospital immediately.

EMMA

Mrs Spielrein?

JUNG

She left. I must go. An emergency. Forgot all about it. No time to explain. Weizman, forgive me.

JUNG rushes off.

WEIZMAN

He seems quite upset. I sense that matters are working out as we hoped.

EMMA

I hate to see him suffer.

WEIZMAN

It will be a brief distress. And I can see no alternative.

EMMA

But why has he rushed off to the hospital? His patient won't be there, will she?

WEIZMAN

I doubt it. My guess is that she will have been waiting for her mother in a taxi; and that Carl Gustav will, at this moment, be urging them not to ruin him. Would you like me to peek out of an upstairs window?

EMMA

No don't. Is he that afraid of losing her? It's so painful to think of.

WEIZMAN

I don't think so. Take my word for it, he's more afraid of being denounced as a scoundrel.

EMMA

Please God let that not happen.

WEIZMAN

We must hope that it won't.

EMMA

Is there a danger?

WEIZMAN

Mrs Spielrein couldn't denounce Carl Gustav without exposing Sabina to comment and innuendo. She will avoid such a step if she possibly can. So long as Carl Gustav separates himself entirely from his patient, I think he'll be safe.

EMMA

I feel so sad, Uncle Emile. As if I've been living a dream and that suddenly I've woken up to find that the world has moved on and my husband with it. Both have left me behind.

WEIZMAN

We all have our weaknesses Emma. He's behaved badly, but he's essentially the same man..

EMMA

He can't love me in the way I imagined. Will I ever be able to look at him with the same eyes? Trust him as I did until now? I'm not only angry with him; I'm angry with myself for being so stupid and naive.

The front door is heard to open and close with a bang. JUNG enters, breathing heavily.

JUNG

She's gone to Freud! Of all people. A man couldn't have a worse enemy than that charlatan who pretends to be my friend.

(noticing WEIZMAN)

Good god. Weizman. You're still here. Do you know anything about this? No, of course. I'm sorry. You've no idea what I'm talking about. Emma.

WEIZMAN

I think it's time I took my leave. I'll just slip off. Don't show me out, I know the way.

EMMA

Good-bye Uncle Emile. And thank you.

JUNG

Does Weizman know anything about this?

EMMA

About what?

JUNG

I'm sorry. I'm so confused. It's a difficult time.

EMMA

At the hospital?

JUNG

Oh, the hospital, yes. It's nothing really. Just something I'd forgotten to do that was rather critical. After all it can wait. Sunday's a day of rest. My patient. You see. She's decided to go to Freud. Against all my advice. What kind of career can I have if my best patients don't understand what I do for them? If they betray me? Emma, you would never leave me, would you? I mean if my career were suddenly to be destroyed? Emma? Answer me, please.

EMMA

No I wouldn't leave you. There's nowhere else in the world for me but by your side. But your career isn't going to be destroyed, is it?

JUNG

Sometimes I feel so unworthy. And I have so much to learn. About people especially. I used to think of Freud as my closest friend; almost as my father. Now he's more like an enemy.

EMMA

Surely not. You've always got on so well with him. Anyway whatever happens, you'll always be a fine doctor. No one can take that from you.

JUNG

They could. If I made a mistake.

EMMA

With a patient?

JUNG

No doubt she'll complain about me to Freud.

EMMA

Her mother doesn't like you? Is that it?

JUNG

I was paid off.

EMMA

Perhaps it's a relief. Miss Spielrein had become a burden to you. You often said so yourself.

JUNG

Sabina Spielrein was one of my most important patients. The truth is I exhausted myself with her. Emma. I....I'm afraid.

EMMA

There's nothing to be afraid of. Not so long as we're together.

JUNG

But what if I'm dismissed?

EMMA

I'll always stand by you.

JUNG

Perhaps I should dismiss myself. Before they can get to me.

EMMA

Come. Let's go and see the children. And don't worry so much. The worst is over.

She takes JUNG by the hand and leads him offstage.

Scene 2

FREUD's study in Vienna. A desk littered with papers, books, and paperweights. Behind the desk, a well-used leather chair.

To one side, a chaise longue and, opposite, an armchair. SABINA Spielrein, soberly dressed, has just arrived.

SABINA

It's good of you to see me, Professor Freud. I understand how busy you must be. And as a student of analysis myself I feel almost as if I'm on sacred ground.

FREUD consults his fob watch.

SABINA (Cont'd)

Perhaps I should not have troubled you.

FREUD

Since this isn't a lesson, I assume you wish to speak about yourself?

SABINA

Yes. I mean, not exactly. It's about Dr Jung and myself.

FREUD

Jung? Please sit down. In the armchair if you don't mind.

SABINA

Thank you.

FREUD

You have my attention.

SABINA

I know he's an esteemed colleague of yours. And a follower. As I am too; though I'm only a student.

FREUD

Jung certainly was a follower once. I continue to hope it is so.

SABINA

He often refers to you as the father of the profession.

FREUD

I used to think he was destined to be my son - a spiritual son such as a man in my position might dream of having. However, that's surely not our topic for today. He's here, by the way, in Vienna. Perhaps you know that.

SABINA

No, I didn't know.

FREUD

I'm expecting him to call within the hour.

SABINA

With his wife? Perhaps I should come another time.

FREUD

I don't wish to seem unwelcoming, but I have so little time.

SABINA

Then let me consult with you, quickly, before Dr Jung arrives. He was my doctor.

FREUD

I know a little of your case. The clinical aspects.

SABINA

Dr Jung was very helpful to me. I can't deny that. Who knows what would have become of me if not for him? During my treatment we became close.

FREUD

Meaning?

SABINA

Our relationship deepened until eventually, we...that is...he became my poet.

FREUD

Poet?

SABINA

I mean we fell in love with each other. It was very intense. I know you understand, because you see into the human heart.

FREUD

Sexual passion is a common enough experience.

SABINA

It was much more than that. I admired him so much. And in me he found something he had yearned for all his life.

FREUD

'All his life' sounds very impressive Sabina. May I call you Sabina? But he's in his mid-thirties. Still a boy in some ways.

SABINA

He knows himself.

FREUD

Go on.

SABINA

Well he came to me and things went as they usually do with people in love. He preached polygamy. His wife was supposed to have no objection. I believed him, though I knew it had to be wrong. If she had found out, she would surely have been distraught. Infidelity, deep emotion - such things have no place in our society. Perhaps not in any society. And yet I can't help feeling society's values don't count for much beside personal values. Though what kind of personal values are they if they inflict pain on someone else? And isn't there something sordid about loving another woman's husband. Though I felt wasn't sordid at all, but vital and pure. Carl Gustav - Dr Jung - inspired me in all kinds of ways. Made me want to be heroic for his sake, to sacrifice myself, to do whatever he told me because he was great and powerful. And at the same time I felt called to be the instrument of.....

FREUD

Of what Sabina?

SABINA

I wanted his child. I allowed my guard to slip entirely in this respect. As a woman, I mean.

FREUD

You became pregnant?

SABINA

No. Nothing came of it.

FREUD

You should be thankful.

SABINA

I even persuaded myself that you would approve. That our child would help to bring the two of you closer together again. I named him Siegfried, son of Sigmund. A fusion of Jew and Aryan - of what you are and what he is. The idea's completely foolish, I recognize that now. But love can persuade us of almost anything, can't it? I knew he was drifting away from you. He'd started speaking against you, first in private, and then publicly. I was shocked, I tried to reason with him. But he never seemed satisfied. Always he wanted something more.

FREUD

And what was that?

SABINA

Freedom. Freedom from every constraint, even that of recognizing those he loved. He didn't want to love me - or you. He asked my parents for money as a guarantee that he would observe the relationship with me of doctor and patient. He wanted payment in exchange for not loving me. I can hardly bear to think about what that means.

FREUD

So now, I trust, you have been released from this love.

SABINA

As you have?

FREUD

It is you who are in distress.

SABINA

Hardly anyone in the world believes in faithfulness anymore. Instead of loving one man, a modern woman can love many. Transfer her affections as she pleases.

FREUD

He taught you that?

SABINA

I can't seem to do it.

FREUD

Do you still want him back?

SABINA

I'd be happy if someone could just show me that he's worthy of my love. That he's not a scoundrel. That's why I came to you. Because I know you surely have a deep regard for each other, in spite of everything. He often said so.

The telephone rings.

FREUD

Did he? In some sense, I suppose. But then the story you've just told me is nothing short of disgraceful. Perhaps you've come not to find help for yourself but to denounce him. Are you seeking revenge?

SABINA

Please don't think that. I wouldn't dare. Not with you. I came for reassurance.

FREUD

I'm not sure I follow.

The telephone rings again.

SABINA

Reassurance that he's not a fraud. That his soul isn't false. That he didn't mean to hurt me.

FREUD

I can speak of him only as a colleague. He's a fine doctor. Without question. About his soul? His relationship with you? There's little I can tell you. I'm still wondering about your motives for bringing these questions to me. Are you trying to find a way back to him, perhaps?

SABINA

No.

FREUD

You love him still.

SABINA

I don't know.

The telephone rings again. FREUD picks it up.

FREUD

(into the telephone) Yes. All right. Ask him to come in.

(to SABINA)

He's here.

SABINA

Then I should leave.

FREUD

Stay for a moment. Perhaps we'll be able to shed light on some of your doubts.

SABINA

I'm not sure that's what I want.

JUNG enters. He doesn't immediately see SABINA.

JUNG

(to FREUD)

How good to see you.

FREUD

Carl Gustav. I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

JUNG

I have much to tell you. About my work, of course. But also some personal matters. Emma sends warmest greetings...

(he notices SABINA)

Good Lord!

FREUD

I was just conversing with one of your former patients, Carl Gustav. She intends to study with me.

SABINA

(surprised)

Oh yes.

JUNG

I didn't know. A former patient. And a success. I'm glad you're well enough to study with Professor Freud, Miss Spielrein.

SABINA

Yes. This is the man about whom we have been speaking, Professor Freud. And now I see him, I'm not convinced he's not a scoundrel. Have you enough money, Dr Jung? Or do you need to see me again?

FREUD

Sabina - Miss Spielrein - you mustn't use the protection of my house to engage in a dispute.

SABINA

Does love have no meaning? Is no more than tool of analysis to a man like you Dr Jung.

FREUD

Miss Spielrein, I insist that you stop this diatribe. You owe Dr Jung an apology.

SABINA

I'm so sorry, Professor Freud. I apologize. It's wrong of me to think so ill of another human being. I can see you do love him, and that is enough for me to believe him honourable. For my part, I must learn to accept that I was, after all, merely his patient. Nothing more.

FREUD

It was natural for you to believe you had fallen in love with such a man.

SABINA

(to JUNG)

But why did you ask for money?

JUNG

A doctor has to live. Psychological analysis is a profession and a business.

SABINA

Surely not in our case. Our love for each other...

JUNG

My love for you was always that of a doctor for his patient.

SABINA

You taught me otherwise.

FREUD

It cannot be, Sabina. Dr Jung has behaved as he should.

SABINA

Where can I turn?

FREUD

No one here is against you.

JUNG

On the contrary.

FREUD

As a student therapist, you will learn, that anyone who abandons herself to passion will live to see how destructive it is.

JUNG

You simply wanted something that cannot be.

SABINA

My heart was pure. And a pure heart is not ashamed of love. Shame only enters when love itself is incomplete, when the heart clings to an object that has flown away. What hurt most was the idea that you might not be worthy.

FREUD

It's precisely because he's a first rate practitioner that he had to make absolutely sure you didn't pursue a liaison of a more intimate kind.

SABINA

But we ... No. To say more will do no good.

FREUD

Now perhaps you will allow me the pleasure of some conversation with Dr Jung?

SABINA

Yes. It was most good of you to see me Professor Freud. You will find me an ardent student. Carl Gustav...Dr Jung. Your smile still warms me. But it doesn't matter. I think you're wrong about some things. You might listen more to Professor Freud. There's to be no joining together in this world, is there? How long will you be staying in Vienna? My sincerest wishes to your wife.

JUNG

Thank you. I'll tell her. The rest is not so difficult.

SABINA

We shall likely never meet again.

JUNG

Sabina.

SABINA

Yes, Dr Jung.

JUNG

I wish you well.

SABINA

You wish me well.

SABINA leaves.

JUNG

That was touch and go.

FREUD

You thought you were in love with her. You've had a narrow escape.

JUNG

Women are delightful creatures, Sigmund. And not least when they're young, intelligent, and in need of treatment. Psychotherapy takes a great deal out of us. Too much perhaps. We give ourselves to our patients. And when it's a woman, she begins to make us feel that we are indispensable to her and that therefore she must place herself - body and soul, before us. We become like a drug to her that she needs to sustain her own self-esteem. And once we begin to glimpse that this has happened, we become creators of life and hope. We are gods, if only for a day. How does a man resist such a creature?

FREUD

You're still a little naive, Carl Gustav. Scarcely aware of the dangers you're incurring. No please don't protest. I've just saved you from a scandal that had all the potential to ruin you. I don't wish to know the truth of your relationship with Miss Spielrein; though her story is highly convincing. In court you wouldn't stand much chance. But I told her, all the same, that I have the highest confidence in your probity.

JUNG

And she believed you.

FREUD

She responded that if I regarded you highly, you couldn't possibly be a scoundrel. A noble response.

JUNG

And do you?

FREUD

Do I what?

JUNG

Still regard me highly?

FREUD

That has nothing to do with it. I could love you as my own being, and still denounce you if I thought it appropriate. I protected you for the sake of our profession.

JUNG

You haven't answered my question.

FREUD

You're a colleague. And as the standard bearer of our science, if I may put it that way, I recognize in you one of our most important soldiers. But we both know it isn't so simple. You're bent on pursuing your own path in defiance both of common sense and scientific evidence. You're a man of savage ambition. It is not so much the truth you seek, as fame.

JUNG

I took you for my mentor. But a student achieves nothing if he fails to become independent. If he remains as a shadow of his teacher. I simply want to be myself.

FREUD

Over the bodies of those who nourished you. As for your involvement with Miss Spielrein, you allowed yourself to take liberties out of self regard. No doubt you felt powerful in her adoring presence. But it's a pathetic kind of power that feeds on the weaknesses of patients.

JUNG

That's a painful accusation. But perhaps a necessary one for you. You're an older man - but no less capable than I of making mistakes. Of which the largest is to believe that you've found the key to mankind. You forget that by the standards of Europe you belong to a nomadic people, a people of the desert. The keys you possess, if any, are to the psychology of the Jews. But the soul of Teutonic man, the soul of Europe, is another matter. You dwell here, but you are not of this place - and you understand us not.

FREUD

It is undignified, under my roof, to express such thoughts. We are dealing with a science. It belongs to all mankind.

JUNG

Miss Spielrein is one of your tribe. That is why she came to you, though she might herself deny it. But I'm of another race. And I see the world with different eyes. If you would listen to me....

FREUD

Save your breath. You have nothing to say that I would care to hear. You have a fine mind, Carl Gustav. But it is vitiated by an ego that has soared out of control and become a prey to its own passions. One day you may learn to deserve the love and admiration of others. For you need them as food. But I sense they will always be at the service of your selfish needs.

JUNG

Then we are to part. I shall miss your comradeship.

FREUD

You have no need of it. For you have already drifted away.

JUNG

Not drifted, but sailed. I will represent the new religion, and you the old.

FREUD

Don't think I'm to be so easily dislodged. Please convey my best regards to your wife.

(pause)

I shall not forget.

JUNG leaves.

FREUD (Cont'd)

Though there was nothing I wanted more than that you would be my son and heir.

FREUD's study dissolves to a stage bare except for a lectern, where he now stands..

FREUD (Cont'd)

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the crux of the matter. Where does the Oedipus complex come from - this urge to destroy the father and to take his place? Back in the most primitive ages of prehistory, before even the most rudimentary rituals of tribal life had evolved, it seems probable that small bands were ruled by a single male. In the eyes of the troop, this male was an all powerful figure who controlled the right to life and death of all those he commanded. More than that, he took all the females for himself, and forced all the other males - his sons and brothers - into an abject and envious celibacy. He was the patriarch, the father. And he ruled like a god. What did this mean? It meant that only he, night after night, could enjoy the most blissful and urgent of the sensual pleasures; and consequently, his seed alone could be assured of survival down the generations. It was a situation that could not last. One day, a dramatic day in the history of our species, the sons and brothers rebelled. Maddened by unfulfilled desire and by the frustration of all their ambitions, they discovered the power of collective action and set upon the father; murdering him in cold blood. Now, finally, they were free from oppression. They turned to the womenfolk eager and expectant. But before they could begin to enjoy the fruits of their lust, they became filled with remorse. What they had done was irretrievably wicked. They had killed their father and brother. No less evil would be the act of sleeping with the women of the troop - their own mother and sisters. Parricide and incest, ladies and gentlemen are the greatest taboos of human society. We rightly shun those who have committed either sin. For they are two sides of the same coin. Yet the impulse is ever present. Wherever there is a great father - or a great leader - wherever stands a man more outspoken, stronger intellectually, or even physically, than those around him, there will be those drawn to the idea of his extinction.

(Continued)

FREUD (Cont'd)

Thus does the boy wish - against his own conscience - for the death of his father and the girl for the death of her mother: the death, in other words, of those who are most beloved and most needed. As we mature, so these wishes are controlled and neutered both by the law and by inclination; and our sexuality directs itself away from the immediate family into the outside world. But there are exceptions. Cases where the desire for parricide and incest - disguised perhaps by an overlay of learning and pretension - the desire, I say, takes hold of certain young men, men in particular I would say, and young, yes very young and leads them into the most primitive, neurotic and sometimes dangerous behavior. Young and foolish. I leave you with that thought.

END