

SUGGESTED SCRIPT DEMONSTRATING TRANSFERENCE AND THE USE OF A DREAM

This material is based upon an actual incident reported by Freud in his writings.

The patient comes in with a haughty air. Freud notices to himself that she is dressed more attractively than usual. The patient lies down on the couch. After some silence, Freud says, "You were ten minutes late." After a short pause, the patient says, "I know. You should be grateful that I came at all today. I had in mind not to come." A short pause. Freud says, "You seem to be angry at me today." Another short pause. The patient says, "I am not angry. I am disappointed in you. How could you behave the way you do? I saw you yesterday afternoon in the Prater. You were with your family, coming back from a picnic. You were carrying a picnic basket in one hand and in the other hand a bottle, which I presume must have been a wine bottle. You seemed in high spirits. You and your children were laughing and giggling, laughing and giggling. Most unseemly in a public place. And you weren't dressed the way you usually are. So informal an attire doesn't suit a distinguished professor like yourself. I was taking a walk in the Prater and, to my surprise, I ran into you, behaving in this unseemly, undignified way."

Freud interjects, "Perhaps you were envious of the good time we were having and you felt left out."

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The patient continues as if not even hearing what he said. "And you must be working your way up in the world with the money that I pay you. There was a woman walking next to you, carrying a heavy picnic basket. She was old and frumpy. She is not the woman who answers the door when I come. I suppose you have acquired a second maid. Yes, I was envious. It was Sunday afternoon and I was alone. I felt lonely and decided to go for a walk in the park." The patient continues, "When I saw you and your family having such a good time I felt like a third wheel. No, I mean I felt like a fifth wheel."

Freud says, "But you said a third wheel."

The patient continues, "I know. I heard it. Investigating your theories about slips of the tongue is the last thing that I'm interested in this morning. Besides, I didn't sleep very well last night. I had a strange dream last night. A silly dream, an improbable dream, a strange dream."

"I dreamt I was in the office of Herr K. We were doing some work together. He was wearing light tan-colored, tight-fitting trousers, just like the riding breeches that men used to wear in the 1830's and the 1840's. Suddenly he began to embrace me. I was most uncomfortable. I said, "Herr K., your wife may come in." At that moment indeed Frau K. did enter. She was in nightclothes. She was wearing a pale green nightgown

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with a lace collar. I awoke from the dream very disturbed, feeling both guilty and angry.

The patient continues, "You remember what I told you about Herr K.? He was my first employer, a very distinguished member of the legal profession, very meticulous in his clothes, upright in his behavior. He would never do anything of the kind that I pictured him doing in the dream. It was entirely out of character. I was very devoted to him. I admired him, but I never had any romantic interest in him. Besides, he was much too old. I was a young girl then. Not only that, but he and Frau K. got along very well. They were deeply devoted to each other. They enjoyed each other's company. Of course, Frau K. was an old woman then. She must have been very bit of 42 (Freud snickers), but she was still beautiful and I was very fond of her. If, as you say, each dream expresses some kind of wish, why in the world should I want to be caught in such a compromising position?"

Freud says, "This dream comes in response to your seeing me yesterday in the park."

The patient interjects, "Yes, I saw a side of you that is ordinarily hidden from me."

Freud continues, "You felt envious and excluded when you saw the good time that I was having with my family. You felt

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my behavior was out of character, very much as Herr K.'s was in the dream. You were angry with me and made me look ridiculous in the dream by wearing clothes that were wildly inappropriate. You even sought to punish me by not coming today, but instead you compromised and came late. Nonetheless, you felt excluded and unloved and wished that I should treat you as you had Herr K., who represented me in the dream, treat you."

The patient: "That's ridiculous. You're an old family man, and besides you always reek with the smell of cigar smoke. However, now I remember where I saw that green nightgown. It was my mother's. She looked lovely in it. My mother was a beautiful woman. By the way, that frumpy old woman walking next to you in the park, carrying that picnic basket, she couldn't have been your wife. Some people say I resemble my mother, but I never could be as beautiful as she was."

Freud: "You envied your mother, as you must have envied Frau K. and as you did envy the woman in the park, whom you took to be my wife."

The patient responds, "I never thought of that in connection with Frau K. or any woman who could be your wife, if you have a wife, but I remember now an incident in which I saw my mother in that nightgown. I awoke one night to hear noises from my parents' bedroom. When I got closer to their room, I

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could hear that they were laughing and giggling, laughing and giggling. It seemed to annoy me very much. I pushed open the door. My father jumped out of bed. He was not wearing his nightshirt. He grabbed a bedsheet around him as quickly as he could and came to the door, shouting angrily at me and telling me to go back to bed. My mother's nightgown was on the floor. She didn't seem to be angry at all. She was smiling and she seemed to be amused. I thought they were both ridiculous, carrying on in such a noisy, undignified way in the middle of the night and waking me up."

Freud: "So you responded to seeing me in the park in the same way as you originally reacted when you heard your parents laughing and giggling, laughing and giggling -- you used the same words in both situations -- in the middle of the night. You felt envious, hurt, excluded and humiliated. You were angry at your father for preferring your mother and you wished that you could be close to father as your mother was, while she would have to be, as Frau K. was in the dream, the excluded, humiliated, hurt observer and outsider. You transferred those original feelings from your father onto Herr K. and his wife in the dream, and transferred them as well to me and to the woman whom you took to be my wife in the park. You reacted to me as if I were your father in the incident in the middle of the night

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when you were four years old. You responded to me as if I were committing a grave offense against you, whereas in reality all you saw was that I was returning from a family picnic in a happy mood."

The patient remains silent for a short time, uncomfortable, and then she says, "Now a memory comes back to me which doesn't seem to be related at all to what we have been discussing. It is something I have always remembered and still don't understand why I behaved the way I did. I was five years old and attended kindergarten. My father used to pick me up one afternoon a week and take me home. On one such day, when I was expecting my father to come and pick me up, we were making drawings with crayons. I made some pictures and the teacher became very enthusiastic about them. She said they were beautiful. I should be sure to show them to my parents. However, while I was waiting for my father to pick me up, I tore up the pictures and put them in the trash can that stood near where I used to wait for him. He saw me discarding the papers and he asked me, 'What was that?' 'Oh, nothing,' I said, and we walked home without saying a word. I thought of that incident many times. I never could understand why I did it."

Freud: "Now you know why."

The patient : "I can think of many other things just like that that I did to my father. Oh, I forgot to tell you. The

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poem I submitted to the Neue Freie Presse has been accepted. It will be published soon."