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THE POSTHUMOUS LIFE OF SIGMUND FREUD'S DORA

BY

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## INTRODUCTION

If the work had been continued, we should no doubt have obtained the fullest possible enlightenment upon every particular of the case.  
(Freud, 1977, p.40)

He will never know, nor will she, and nor will I.  
(Cixous, 1977, p.65)

Her story is interesting because it raises more *questions* than it can *answer*, *not* because of the 'her' that the story is about.  
(Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80)

The posthumous life of Sigmund Freud's Dora has been subject to many permutations of opinion since the publication of her case history in 1905. Dora's therapeutic treatment for her hysteria began in the autumn of 1900 and ended on December 31<sup>st</sup> of the same year, but the case history was not published for another five years. The cessation of the treatment in accordance with the Dora's wishes, prevented Freud from 'curing' his patient's hysteria. As cited in the first quotation above, Freud was striving for a complete elucidation of Dora's somatic symptoms, but subsequent readings of the

## INTRODUCTION

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We will never know, not Wilhelm, and not with I.  
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This story is interesting because it raises more questions than it can answer, not because of the fact that the story is about a little girl who was not yet five years old.  
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The remarkable life of Sigmund Freud has been subject to many permutations of opinion since the publication of her case history in 1905. Freud's therapeutic treatment by her patients began in the autumn of 1900 and ended on December 31 of the same year, but the case history was not published for another five years. The cessation of the treatment in accordance with the Dora's wishes prevented Freud from writing his book on the history. As cited in the first quotation above, Freud was striving for a complete elucidation of Dora's somatic symptoms, but subsequent readings of the

original analysis challenge the inherent inconsistencies of his text. The attention which Dora's case has solicited since the turn of the century has been represented in numerous ways, changing within and over the decades, each author presenting new interpretations of the original text.

I have chosen two texts that utilise and re-orientate the collective memory of Dora. This essay is divided into three sections through which I endeavour to investigate what Dora signified for Freud himself in his *Fragments of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*, and what she signifies in two more recent interpretations of Freud's original text. Thus, there are three 'Doras' in this thesis: Freud's original representation, and two more recent interpretations. Each reflects their time and place, and the respective interests of the authors involved.<sup>1</sup>

There are a number of general issues I wish to raise in this thesis. The first is related to Dora's sexuality. Both the play and the film take the underestimation or near absence of a homosexual interpretation in Freud's text as a point of departure. Each script utilises an interpretation of Dora's homosexuality as a referential frame, conjecturing about Dora's 'real' desires. The second is related to speech, representation and the incomplete, fragmentary nature of both. According to Freud, Dora as hysteric, does not have a voice, cannot convey a meaning; his purpose is to represent her absent voice. Yet, in the end, his analysis of Dora is, like her, incomplete and fragmented. It is precisely this feature which is built into the structure of the play and the film, and permits both the play and the film to speculate about these gaps and fissures in Freud's narrative. The third issue relates to the absence of the maternal figure in the Freudian text. The film and the play challenge the occlusion of the mother, and reconsider her role in relation to Dora.

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<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, I have been unable to obtain access to a copy of the film itself or seen a production of the play, which offer the real experience of the work produced. Both of these scripts enable each respective author to address an intersection of issues they regard as important.



original analysis, and escape the inherent contradictions of the text. The inherent contradiction of the text has been represented in numerous ways, changing within and over the decades, such as the increasing use of the original text.

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There are a number of general issues I wish to raise in this thesis. The first is related to Dora's sexuality, both the play and the film take the understanding of her absence of a homosexual interpretation in Freud's text as a point of departure. Each script utilizes an interpretation of Dora's homosexuality as a rhetorical device, contributing to Dora's final destiny. The second is related to speech, representation and the incomplete fragmentary nature of Dora. According to Freud, Dora as hysterical does not have a voice, cannot express a meaning, his purpose is to represent her absent voice. Yet, in the end, his analysis of Dora is like her, incomplete and fragmented. It is precisely this feature which is built into the structure of the play and the film and points both to the play and the film to speculate about these gaps and fissures in Freud's narrative. The third issue relates to the absence of the maternal figure in the Freudian text. The film and the play challenge the occlusion of the mother, and reconsider her role in relation to Dora.

Unfortunately, I have not been able to obtain access to a copy of the film itself, so the production of the play, which is the main concern of the work produced, is the only source of information. These scripts enable each reader to address an individual or a collective text, as important.



The two readings that I have chosen are contemporaneous, a film and a play, which were both premiered in the year 1979. The play, *Portrait De Dora*, was written by the French feminist theorist Helene Cixous. The text itself was taken from Cixous's novel *Portrait of the Sun*, which was published in 1974, but only became a theatrical production under the directorship of Simone Benmussa five years later. Benmussa's interest in Cixous's play was partly in relation to the playwright's combined use of dreams, memory and fantasy in the writing of the text, which would enable Benmussa to continue her work on oneiric theatre. It also provided the director with a text that was not written specifically for theatre, which allowed Benmussa to enhance Cixous's 'Portrait' within a theatrical setting. The director's adaptation of the play emphasises the playwright's desire to portray Dora in an alternative context. While Cixous is the author of over forty books, most of which are fiction or drama, her theoretical work is linked with the emergent feminist writings of the seventies. For Cixous, Dora offers a new means of questioning the patient's mute communications.

*Sigmund Freud's Dora: A Case of Mistaken Identity* is a collaborative project by four filmmakers - Anthony McCall, Claire Pajackowska, Andrew Tyndall and Jane Weinstock. This independent work was first screened in New York City in 1979, and was subsequently screened and discussed across the United States, in the U.K, and also in Germany, France, Italy, Australia and New Zealand. The filmmakers combine each screening with a set of film notes for the audience, to enable the audience background knowledge of the specific issues that concern the filmmakers themselves. Similar to that of Cixous's text, these four producers provide us with a text in which they cite alternative readings of some elements of the Freudian analysis, without ever offering any certainty of meaning.

The 'unexpected' termination of the treatment on Dora's part impeded the continuation of Freud's clinical narrative. Dora informed Freud that she would wait no longer for a 'cure.' Dora, in her final session with her analyst, "had listened to me (Freud) without any of her usual contradictions," (Freud, 1977, p.150). Freud's interrupted analysis

The two readings that I have chosen are contemporaneous, a film and a play, which were both premiered in the year 1979. The play, *Verwund*, was written by the French feminist theorist Hélène Cixous. The text itself was taken from Cixous's novel *Verwund* by the same author, which was published in 1974 but only became a theatrical production under the directorship of Simone Benmussa five years later. Benmussa's interest in Cixous's play was partly in relation to the playwright's combined use of dreams, memory and fantasy in the writing of the text, which would enable Benmussa to continue her work on enactive theatre. It also provided the director with a text that was not written specifically for theatre, which allowed Benmussa to enhance Cixous's 'Portrait' within a theatrical setting. The director's adaptation to the play emphasises the playwright's desire to portray Dora in an alternative context. While Cixous is the author of over forty books, most of which are fiction or drama, her theoretical work is linked with the emergent feminist writings of the seventies. For Cixous, Dora offers a new means of questioning the patient's true communications.

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The unexpected remission of the tumour on Dora's part impeded the continuation of Freud's clinical narrative. Dora informed Freud that she would wait no longer for a cure. Dora, in her final session with her analyst, had listened to her father's wishes and any of our usual considerations" (Freud, 1973, p. 150). Freud's interrupted analysis

deprived him from completing the story of Dora, leaving only a fragmented narrative.

In the film and the play Dora is given a means to express herself, concurring with the former "contradictions" made by her. The play gives Dora direct speech in order to contest certain conclusions reached by Freud. Cixous gives Dora control over her own story. The filmmakers' narrative, however, only allows Dora indirect speech as Dora is unable to speak in a phallogentric discourse. But this does not disable the filmmakers' Dora from voicing her opinions and enquiring into her psychoanalytical treatment. Through their fragmented narrative structures, these texts deal with specific issues of the original text.

Dora's 'real' desire has provoked substantial re-readings of her case history.

As is true for all women, and the reasons that are at the very basis of the most elementary forms of social exchange (the very reason that Dora gives as the ground for her revolt), the problem of her condition is fundamentally that of accepting herself as an object of desire for the man, and this is for Dora the mystery motivating her idolatry for Frau K. (Lacan in Bernheimer and Kahane, (eds.), 1990, p.99).

Jaques Lacan, in his essay *Intervention on Transference*, proposes that Dora's desire for Frau K. is the result of her repudiation of her position as an object of male desire, as Freud himself proposed initially. In his footnotes of 1923, however, Freud stated that:

The longer the interval of time that separates me from the end of this analysis the more probable it seems to me that the fault in my technique lay in this omission: I failed to discover in time and to inform the patient that her homosexual (gynaecophilic) love for Frau K. was the strongest unconscious current in her mental life. (Freud, 1977, p.162).



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the strongest unconscious element in her mental life.  
(Freud, 1923, p. 102)

This omission which Freud refers to has taken a central position in so many subsequent readings of the analysis - to bring the possibility of Dora's homosexuality out from the edges of Freud's text to form the body of their own work.

Cixous endeavours to propose the affirmation of female sexuality as an independent drive, as opposed to the recipient of male desire. The playwright welcomes Freud's suggestion of Dora's love for Frau K. Cixous creates her portrait within a homosexual framework, allowing Dora free reign to her desires for the other female character, whilst stressing the repulsive nature of Herr K.'s sexual advances.

The film also brings Dora's desire for this woman out of the margins of Freud's analysis, and affords Dora access to her possible homosexual love for Frau K. through certain images, and some of the questions that Dora proposes to us.

Freud's neglect of Dora's mother has provoked many critical analyses of the reasoning behind his immediate acceptance of the description given him of the mother as he "never made her mother's acquaintance. From the accounts given me by the girl and her father I was led to imagine her as an uncultivated woman, and above all a foolish one," (Freud, 1977, p.49). Instead he concentrated on the girl's relations to the father. Maria Ramas, in her essay *Freud's Dora, Dora's Hysteria* argues that Dora's hysteria, "sought to preserve pre-oedipal love for the mother/woman and to retain access to the maternal/female body," (Ramas in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.152).

Both contemporary texts tackle the issue of the missing mother. Cixous's play denies Dora's mother a specific role, but makes allusions to the notion that the absence of the mother may have had a detrimental effect on Dora, and considers it a lack in the case history that Freud, "not for a moment does he analyse the reports given him about the mother," (Cixous, 1996, p.151). The mother, as far as Cixous is concerned, should not be considered as "nothing", and essentially that the maternal body should be further analysed with regard to the Dora case. The film production, however, devotes an entire

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From contemporary texts such as the issue of the missing mother, Cixous's play draws friend's mother a specific role, but makes allusions to the notion that the absence of the mother may have had a fundamental effect on Doris, and considers it a lack in the case history that friend "not for a moment does he analyse the reports given him about the mother" (Cixous, 1996, p. 151). The mother, as far as Cixous is concerned, should not be considered as "nothing", and essentially that the maternal body should be fully analysed with regard to the Doris case. The film production, however, devotes an entire

section to the maternal figure. In the concluding part to the film in which the filmmakers' Dora asks how she can, "differentiate between you, my mother, and The Mother who is always absent?"(Pajaczowska *et al*, 1981, p.80). Dora is given access to the mother. They privilege the maternal figure which enables Dora to write to her mother seeking advice, questioning the mother's dismissal in the Freudian text.

Over nearly a hundred years and an abundance of interpretative texts have evolved since Dora. Such interpretations encourage speculation regarding Dora's 'reality', projecting contrary images of Dora through the production of their work.

The legacy of the story of Dora, and the fragmented narrative Freud left in his wake, have provided an open arena for an enquiry into what 'Dora' may signify in the late twentieth century. It is, however, how she is portrayed in Freud's original paper, and in subsequent texts that maintain continuous interest in her case - the perpetual need for another theory regarding female sexuality, a reassessment of psychoanalysis. The utilisation of the fictional Dora to postulate such questions is the central premise of this thesis.

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## I

*Fragments of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*, Sigmund Freud's final clinical documentation on hysteria, has sustained an integral part of both psychoanalytical discourse and, latterly, cultural enquiry into the subject. It has proven to be among the most elusive and enticing of Freudian texts. Dora's protracted periods of illness provided Freud with the basis for an interpretation of her traumatic adolescent experiences.

The case history itself should be understood in terms of its historical place in late nineteenth century scientism, "during an era when patriarchal culture felt itself under attack by its rebellious daughters," (Showalter, 1987, p.145). Freud's position on Dora as a Jewish adolescent girl, caught up in a network of deception and betrayal, may be interpreted as secondary to Dora's role in his pioneering work on hysteria, dreams and female sexuality.

Freud's passionate desire to discover the secrets of the human psyche, and his duties not only "towards the individual patient but towards science as well," (Freud, 1977, p.36), motivated him into establishing a clinical picture and an attempt to elucidate the patient's somatic symptoms. As a patient of Dr. Freud, Dora's obscure illness presented itself as 'raw' material within psychoanalysis, which was still in its infancy. Freud

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provides us with considerable knowledge concerning Dora's relationships with her family and friends, and also an account of her medical history. Such information was essential in Freud's search for knowledge with regard to hysteria. As Dora's therapist, Freud was obliged to aid this young woman in her suffering and try to, "give her protection against subsequent illnesses," (Freud, 1977, p.143), which he believed could have been obtained had the treatment ran it's full course. Dora herself is presumably of lesser significance to Freud than his search for knowledge and a complete elucidation "up on every particular of the case," (Freud, 1977, p.140). Dora's neurosis, although a problematic case, would allow Freud to express his multiple theories in a single textual analysis.

The external factors which Freud has woven into the text effortlessly, prove to be of paramount importance in his interpretation of Dora's 'reality' and in the formation of a narrative.

Towards the close of the year 1900, the young woman of 18 years was placed in psychotherapeutic treatment with Freud, reluctantly and against her will, in order to "bring her to reason," (Freud, 1977, p.57). 'Dora' was born in 1882 of Bohemian Jewish ancestry. Her father, Philip, was a successful industrial manufacturer of textiles, and a man of considerable intellect and shrewdness. His wife, Kathe, however, according to the case history was "an uncultivated woman" (Freud, 1977, p.49), who concerned herself primarily with domestic duties, rather than engaging in the interests of her two children. Dora formed a close relationship with her father. Freud tells us that it was Philip who acknowledged Dora's intellectual capacity, and was extremely affectionate towards his daughter, especially throughout her periodic illnesses.

Unfortunately, illness proved to be a terrible affliction within the family circle. Dora's father was diagnosed with tuberculosis in 1888, and was treated for a detached retina four years later. He also suffered some paralysis and mental disturbance associated with the tertiary stage of syphilis. Consequently, Dora's father and mother became

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Unquestionably, illness proved to be a terrible affliction within the family circle. Dora's father was diagnosed with tuberculosis in 1888, and was treated for a detached retina four years later. He also suffered some paroxysms and neural disturbance associated with the early stage of syphilis. Consequently, Dora's father and mother became



estranged. Kathe, who was now infected with venereal disease, became obsessed with cleanliness, a compulsion that meant that their living quarters had to be kept in an immaculate condition. Bodily cleanliness for Dora's mother required regular trips to a spa in Franzensbad.

Philip's ill health necessitated the family relocating to the health resort of Merano in the Southern part of Austria. It was here that Dora's father made the acquaintance of a Hans Zellenka, the infamous Herr K. of the case history. It was he who first referred Philip to Freud. An amicable relationship thus developed between Dora's family and the Zellenkas, or the K. family. Dora herself formed an intimate friendship with Frau K. who discussed private matters with Dora, including complaints against her husband, and the two women often shared a bed on joint family holidays. Frau K. began nursing Philip back to health, whilst Dora became a maternal figure for Frau K.'s children in their mother's absence. It soon became evident that Dora's father and Frau K. were conducting an extra marital affair. Herr K. had, however, turned his attention to Dora, and expressed his affection for her through the abundance of gifts and flowers that he bestowed on her, "but no one had thought any harm of that," (Freud, 1977, p.55). Kathe had become increasingly withdrawn from the family and it was Dora who accompanied her father when visiting his factories and on other business travels.

In June 1898 Frau K. invited Dora to a lake resort, directly after Dora's first consultation with Freud regarding her ill health. It was during the first days of her stay with the family that Herr K. made his sexual overture at the lakeside. This scene at the lake had been preceded by another occasion which occurred two years prior to this event, in which Herr K. had made sexual advances towards Dora in his place of business. Dora had kept this encounter with Herr K. at the age of fourteen a secret until her encounter with Freud. Dora refused Herr K.'s proposal and declared to her father that she must depart with him immediately. For three nights after the scene at the lake, Dora dreamt of a burning house which Freud analysed in great detail. Dora explained to her mother what had happened with Herr K. so that her mother would in turn tell her father about



the event that had taken place by the lake. A fortnight later Herr K. was called to account for his actions by Dora's parents. He denied the accusations, defending himself with information of Dora's salacious reading, and "had heard from Frau K. that she took no interest in anything but sexual matters,"(Freud, 1977, p.56). He insinuated that Dora's accusations were the product of her imagination, and that her integrity must be questioned.

Dora's father also believed, "that Dora's tale of the man's immoral suggestions is a phantasy that has forced its way into her mind," (Freud, 1977, p.56). Despite Dora's pleas, her father would not break relations with the K. family, especially his mistress. Dora, over the next two years until her consultation with Freud, became increasingly withdrawn and would no longer engage herself in social intercourse. "Low spirits and an alteration in her character had now become the main feature of her illness,"(Freud 1977, p.53), which resulted in a suicide note in which she professed that she could no longer endure her life. Dora also fainted in the presence of her father, an event which was subsequently lost to amnesia. Dora's actions, and her history of neurotic behaviour convinced her father to seek assistance from Freud.

Dora, as a child was plagued by sickness: dysphnea, migraine, and bouts of nervous coughing which occasionally led to aphonia or loss of voice. According to Freud's text, Dora's neurotic symptoms began with the onset of her first asthma attack when she was eight years old, which Dora recovered from after six months of rest. Following her attack, she took her sick paternal aunt, "who gave evidence of a severe form of psychoneurosis," (Freud, 1977, p.49), as her role model. Dora's decade of hysterical symptoms, from the ages of eight to eighteen, and the circumstances of her personal life prove essential to Freud's subsequent interpretation of his patient's malaise.

"The history of the case...is caught quite literally between these two aspects of Freud's work, the theory of the unconscious and the theory of sexuality," (Rose in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.130).



the event that had taken place by the lake. A fortnight later Hor K. was called to account for his actions by the court. He denied the accusations, defending himself with information of Dora's earlier conduct and had heard from her that she took no interest in anything but sexual matters (Freud, 1957, p. 56). His insistence that Dora's accusations were the product of her imagination and that her integrity must be questioned.

Freud's father also believed "that Dora's tale of the man's immoral suggestions is a fantasy that was forced on her way into her mind" (Freud, 1957, p. 56). Despite Dora's pleas, her father would not break relations with the K. family, especially his mistress. From over the next two years until her conversation with Freud, became increasingly more strained and would no longer engage herself in social intercourse. "Now again and an addition to her character and now became the main feature of her illness" (Freud, 1957, p. 56) which resulted in a suicide note in which she professed that she could no longer endure her life. Dora also failed in the presence of her father on every occasion which was subsequently lost to amnesia. Dora's actions, and her history of a "typical behaviour" convinced her father to seek assistance from Freud.

Dora, as a child was plagued by sickness, dysphasia, encephalitis and loss of nervous coupling which occasionally led to aphasia or loss of voice. According to Freud's text, Dora's neurotic symptoms began with the onset of her first asthma attack when she was eight years old, which Dora recovered from after six months of rest. Following her attack, the doctor took her sick paternal aunt, who gave evidence of a severe form of "psychoneurosis" (Freud, 1957, p. 45) as her role model. Dora's decade of hysterical symptoms, from the age of eight to eighteen, and the circumstances of her personal life proved central to Freud's subsequent interpretation of his patient's malaise.

"The history of the case is a complex interplay between these two aspects of Freud's work: the theory of the unconscious and the theory of sexuality." (Rose in Bornemann and Kelland eds. 1989, p. 109)



Freud had just completed the *Interpretation of Dreams* when he embarked on his therapeutic work with Dora. He initially entitled the case *Dreams and Hysteria*. The analysis would further his hypotheses on the workings of the unconscious as the case history is centred on the elucidation of two dreams. Although Freud acknowledges that dream analysis does not always play a distinguished role in psychoanalysis, these two dreams, "afforded a secure point of attachment for the chain of interpretations and recollections," (Freud, 1977, p.38), and constitute the principal part of this case history.

Dora's first dream was a recurrent one in which:

A house was on fire. My father was standing beside my bed and woke me up. I dressed quickly. Mother wanted to stop and save her jewel-case, but father said: "I refuse to let myself and my two children be burnt for the sake of your jewel-case." We hurried downstairs, and as soon as I was outside I woke up. (Freud, 1977, p.99)

Freud's extensive knowledge of dream interpretation was imperative in the elucidation of Dora's unconscious. Dora's second dream gave her analyst further insight into the development of his patient's neurotic symptoms. Dora communicated to Freud that in this dream:

I was walking about in a town that I did not know. I saw streets and squares that were strange to me. Then I came into a house where I lived, went to my room and found a letter from my Mother lying there. She wrote saying that as I had left home without my parents' knowledge she had not wished to write to me to say that Father was ill. "Now he is dead and if you like you can come." I then went to the station ("Bahnhof") and asked about a hundred times: "Where is the station?" I always got the answer "Five minutes." I then saw a thick wood before me which I went into and there I asked a man whom I met. He said to me: "Two and a half hours more." He offered to accompany me, but I refused and went alone. I saw the station in front of me and could not reach it. At the same time I had the usual feeling of anxiety that one has in dreams when one cannot move forward.

Freud had just completed the early history of the case when he reported on his therapeutic work with Dora. He initially entered the case because the analyst would further his hypothesis on the workings of the unconscious as the case history is recounted on the elation of two dreams. Although I read acknowledge that dream analysis does not always play a leading role in psychoanalysis, these two dreams reflected a specific point of intervention for the chain of interpretations and associations that led to the principal part of the case history.

Dora's first dream was a recurrent one in which

A boy was on fire. My father was standing beside my bed and woke me up. I dressed quickly. Mother wanted to sleep and save her jewels, but father said: "I prefer to let myself and my two children be burnt." The rest of your dream. We burned down here and as soon as I was outside I woke up. (Freud, 1917, p. 99)

Freud's extensive knowledge of dream interpretation was imperative in the of analysis of this dream. Dora's second dream gave her analyst further insight into the relationship of her patient's psychic symptoms. Dora's second dream was in the following form:

I was walking about in a town that I did not know. I saw ancient and squares that were strange to me. Then I came into a house where I lived, went to my room and found a letter from my father lying there. She wrote saying that I had left home without my parents' knowledge and had not wanted to write to me to say that Father was ill. "You are dead and if you like you can come." I then went to the station ("Bahnhof") and asked about a hundred "Where is the station?" I always got the answer "First railway." When saw a thick wood before me which I went into and there I asked a man whom I met. He said to me: "Two and a half was more." He offered to accompany me but I refused and went alone. I saw the station in front of me and could not reach it. At the same time I had the usual feeling of anxiety that one has in dreams when one cannot move. (Freud, 1917, p. 100)

Then I was at home. I must have been travelling in the meantime, but I know nothing about that. I was walking into the porter's lodge, and enquired for our flat. The maidservant opened the door to me and replied that Mother and the others were already at the cemetery ["Friedhof"]. (Freud, 1977, p133).

The interpretation of this dream, however, could not be fully analysed as Dora broke off the treatment. Both of these dreams and related information given by Dora facilitated the conclusions reached by her analyst.

He believed that the crucial oneiric material which Dora supplied would provide a means for filling amnesias. Her dreams could operate as a means to recall her repressed thoughts and in order to obtain a more connected narrative. Dora's case enabled Freud to prove some of the theories put forward in his published work of 1895 *Studies on Hysteria*. Freud could, therefore, use this case history as a sequel to his work on dreams, whilst interpreting the possible determinants of his patient's neurosis.

In his collaborative work with Josef Breuer, *Studies on Hysteria*, which was published five years before Dora's consultation with Freud, it is stated that there are three principal psychological conditions which contribute to the aetiology of a neurosis: a physical trauma, a conflict of effects and a disturbance in the sphere of sexuality. As "Freud was eager to penetrate the sexual mysteries of Dora's hysterical symptoms and to dictate their meaning to her," (Showalter, 1987, p.159), he attempted to provide the reader, as well as himself, with an illustrated analysis of Dora's 'real' desire: Herr K., her father, and Freud himself through transference. Freud's primary concern was Dora's (heterosexual) sexuality, and this clinical case could establish a link between neurosis and sexual life.

In this case history Dora's sexual history is divided into two phases: before and after her first hysterical symptoms. Prior to her asthmatic attack Freud proposed that Dora was, in fact, a 'wild' boy who masturbated. The cessation of Dora's masturbation and the

Then I was at home. I must have been travelling in the morning  
but I know nothing about the day, waking into the morning  
today, and enquired for our flat. The maid's name of course  
was done to me and replied that Mr. and Mrs. were  
already at the cinema. (Freud, 1917, p. 133)

The interpretation of this dream, however, could not be fully analysed as Gora broke off  
the first part. Both of these dreams and related information given by Gora facilitated  
the conclusions reached by her analysis.

He pointed out that the central theme of the dream which Gora supplied would provide a  
means for talking about her. Her dream would operate as a means to talk, but repeated  
those who said in order to obtain a more concrete narrative. Gora's case involved Freud  
to put some of the theories put forward in his published work of 1917. Whether or  
not Freud's friend could, however, see this case history as a sequel to his work on  
dreams, whilst recognising the possible determinants of his patient's dreams.

In his early work with Josef Breuer, 1895, on hysteria which was published  
in 1896, before Freud's consultation with Freud, it is stated that there are three  
interrelated psychological conditions which contribute to the aetiology of a hysterical  
physical ailment: a conflict of affects and a disturbance in the sphere of sexuality. As  
Freud was eager to penetrate the sexual registers of Gora's hysterical symptoms and  
to discuss their meaning to her, (Freud, 1917, p. 133), he attempted to provide her  
with as well as himself, with an in-depth analysis of Gora's past, to her from his  
her father, and Freud himself through transference. Freud's primary concern was  
Gora's (postponed) sexuality, and how this case could establish a link between  
her past and her present life.

In this case history, Freud's sexual history is divided into two phases: before and after her  
first hysterical symptoms. Prior to her hysterical attack, Freud proposed that Gora was  
in love with a 'wild' boy who masturbated. The passion of Gora's masturbation and the



appearance of her asthma provoked the onset of her neurosis, and proclaimed her entrance into demure femininity. An analysis of the development of Dora's sexuality aided Freud in later theories regarding the sexuality of psychoneurotics. He proposed in the first of his *Three Essays on Sexuality*, which was published in the same year as his 'Fragments' that, "a formula begins to take shape which lays it down that the sexuality of neurotics has remained in or brought back to an infantile state," (Freud in Gay, 1995, p.258). Dora's neurosis prevented this young woman access to her sexuality outside that of an infantile state. Freud's assumptions regarding Dora's childhood experiences enabled him to proceed with his hypothesis of her repressed 'normal' sexuality.

"Instead of the genital sensation which would have been felt by a healthy girl in such circumstances, Dora was overcome by the unpleasurable feeling which is proper to the entrance to the alimentary canal - that is by disgust," (Freud, 1977, p.60). In Freud's affirmation of the positive nature of female sexuality he described Dora's disgust as pathological. He proposed that even at the age of fourteen, four years before the treatment, that her reaction to an approach made by a member of the opposite sex was already hysterical. Her lack of capacity for sexual response during a passionate embrace by Herr K. suggested the presence of a neurosis. This theory could only serve to reinforce Freud's further studies on sexuality in which he claims:

there is no doubt that the genitals of the opposite sex can in themselves be an object of disgust and that such an attitude is one of the characteristics of all hysterics, and especially of hysterical women, (Freud, 1977 p.248).

The scene in which Herr K. attempted to kiss Dora was subsequently subject to suppositions by her physician, whereby Freud reconstructed her having felt Herr K.'s erect penis against her. The pressure on Dora's thorax, and her neurotic complaints were the inevitable result, according to Freud's interpretations concerning her female desire. "Freud built gratuitous re-constructions projecting onto the young Dora his own excitability and wishes for her excitation and corralling her desires within the orbit of

appearance of her behavior provided the onset of her neurosis, and provided her with a definite formula. An analysis of the development of Dora's sexuality, and later theories regarding the sexuality of psychoanalysis, has proposed as the first of two *Formal Aspects of Sexuality*, which was published in the same year as his *Formal Aspects of Sexuality*, which took place which took place in 1905. Dora's neurosis has remained in a *Formal Aspect* in an infantile state. Dora's neurosis prevented this young woman access to her sexuality, or, at least, that of an infantile state. Freud's assumption regarding Dora's child and her neurosis enabled him to proceed with his hypothesis of her repressed 'normal' sexuality.

First and of the genital sensation which would have been felt by a healthy girl in such circumstances, Dora was overcome by the unpleasant feeling which is proper to the contact to the alimentary canal - that is by disgust." (Freud, 1977, p. 50). In Freud's affirmation of the positive nature of genital sexuality he described Dora's disgust as pathological. He proposed that even at the age of thirteen, four years before the treatment that her reaction to an approach made by a member of the opposite sex was already distorted. Her lack of capacity for sexual response during a genital contact by her father suggested the presence of a neurosis. "His theory could only serve to reinforce Freud's further studies on sexuality in which he claimed:

There is no doubt that the genitals of the opposite sex can in themselves be an object of disgust and that such an attitude is one of the characteristics of all hysterics, and especially of hysterical women. (Freud, 1977, p. 548)

The scene in which Dora K. attempted to kiss Dora was subsequently referred to as a *Formal Aspect of Sexuality*. Freud reconstructed her having felt that K. was erect penis against her. The pressure on Dora's throat and her nervous complaints were the inevitable result according to Freud's interpretations concerning her female sexuality. Freud will ignore re-constructions projecting onto the young girl's mind of her father's wishes for her sexuality and controlling her desire for the father of

his knowledge and ambition,” (Mahony, 1996, p.143).

The analysis is devoted to the reasoning behind Dora’s refusal of both of Herr K.’s proposals, the second of her sexual traumas occurring two years later by the lakeside. Freud deduces that the motive for her illness was to revive the oedipal love of her father in order to repress her ‘real’ desire for Herr K. In his paper of 1924, *The Dissolution of the Oedipus Complex*, Freud stated that:

the girl’s oedipus complex is much simpler than that of the small bearer of the penis; in my experience it seldom goes past the taking of the mother’s place and adopting a feminine attitude towards her father, (Freud, 1977, p.321)

A reinstatement of her oedipal affection for her father would avert her ‘real’ desire for this man. Freud, however, struggled to adhere to his interpretations but postulates that his patient was, “attempting to protect herself against the feelings of love (for Herr K.) which were constantly pressing forward into consciousness,” (Freud, 1977, p.93). Freud’s search for the sexual organic basis of her condition would reinforce his theories concerning hysteria, but would also prove relevant to his essays on sexuality.

Freud presented his narrative to us at the beginning of this century. In the post-script of his clinical narrative Freud states he never discounts the possibility of homosexual tendencies in his psychoanalytical readings but he remains faithful to the over-determined significance of Dora’s repressed love for a man. Freud’s desire for a complete and coherent narrative could only have been affected by Dora’s yielding to this young man of “prepossessing appearance.” Freud concludes in his final session with Dora that her repudiation of her pursuer was instigated by the insult to her honour, as she was approached by Herr K. in a similar manner to which he made sexual allusions to the governess of his children. What Dora ‘really’ wanted was another proposal.



The analysis is devoted to the reasoning behind Dora's rejection of Herr K.'s proposal, the second of her sexual traumas occurring two years later by the father. Freud debates the motive for her illness as to resolve the sedition love of her father in order to repress her "real" desire for Herr K. In his paper of 1924, "The Seduction of the Girl," Freud stated that

the girl's seduction complex is much simpler than that of the small boy of the penis, in my experience it seldom goes past the taking of the mother's place and adopting a feminine attitude towards her father. (Freud, 1924, p. 321)

A reinforcement of her original affection for her father would mean her "real" desire for this man. Freud however, struggled to adhere to his interpretations but postulates that this position was "attempting to protect herself against the feelings of love for Herr K." which were constantly pressing forward into consciousness. (Freud, 1924, p. 321) Freud's search for the sexual origin of her condition would reinforce his theories concerning her "real" but would also prove relevant to his essay on sexuality.

Freud presented his narrative to us at the beginning of this century. In the postscript of his second narrative Freud states he never discounts the possibility of homosexual tendencies in his psychoanalytical readings but he remains faithful to the over-determined significance of Dora's repressed love for a man. Freud's desire for a complete and coherent narrative could only have been affected by Dora's yielding to the young man of "prepossessing appearance." Freud concludes in his final session with Dora that her repudiation of her father was instigated by the insult to her honour as she was approached by Herr K. in a similar manner to which he made sexual advances to the governess of his children. "What Dora really wanted was another proposal."



Although Freud suggests Dora's possible gynaecophilia, or her unconscious homosexual love for Frau K., it has no great import in the overall body of the text. Freud's delayed publication of his paper is accounted for by his concern that Dora would have "been reclaimed once more by the realities of life," (Freud, 1977p.164). The 'realities of life' in Dora's case would mean the "possibility of (her) hysteria being cured by marriage and normal sexual intercourse," (Freud, 1977, p.116), and the bearing of a child.

As Steven Marcus suggests in his essay *Freud and Dora: Story, History, Case History*, Freud's text marks the end of traditional narrative. Hysteria only affords Freud an inadequate narrative, all that remains are fragments. Dora's rejection of the author's version of her 'reality' by breaking off the treatment, and even Freud's revision and footnotes deny the narrator a 'proper' ending "for all parties concerned," (Freud, 1977, p.149). The case fails to reach the "fullest enlightenment", yet it does achieve a certain totality.

Freud denies that the case of Dora provided enough theoretical analysis to be recorded, but he interrupted the writing of *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* to engage himself in Dora's case, a complementary text to his *Studies on Hysteria* and the *Interpretation of Dreams*. Despite referring to her neurosis as merely 'petite' hysteria, Dora facilitated Freud in the exploration of the 'dark continent of female sexuality'.

Freud strove to present Dora in a manner which was subject to his theoretical knowledge at the time. An analysis of Dora's symptoms had resulted in a culmination of dreams, hysteria, and female sexuality, but his misapprehensions regarding female sexuality and adolescence resulted in the open-ended narrative of the Dora case. Dora's apparent struggle, the termination of the treatment and an attempt to escape the family circle of sexual commerce has signified that which defied convention, and has opened up new and indeterminate avenues of exploration.

Although Freud suggests that the possible explanation for the hysterical  
transformation of the body is that it has no great interest in the overall body of the text,  
Freud's delayed publication of his paper is accounted for by his concern that the  
work would have been perceived as more by the readers of the *Journal* (1917, 1917g, 164). The  
nature of this in Freud's case would mean the "possibility of their sexual drive  
being by marriage and normal sexual intercourse" (Freud, 1917, p. 164) and the feeling  
of a child.

As Steven Marcus suggests in his essay *From Freud to the Present*, Freud's  
Freud's work marks the end of traditional psychoanalysis. The traditional psychoanalysis  
indeed, however, in the treatment of the hysterical transformation of the body, Freud's  
work of sex, rather, by treating of the treatment and cure of the hysterical  
transformation of the body, Freud's work, "not all, but a certain transformation" (Freud, 1917,  
p. 164). This also helps to reveal the "physical transformation" of the body as a certain  
transformation.

Freud's work, in the case of Freud's work, though theoretical and often to be read  
but he recognizes the writing of the *Journal* as a transformation of the body, to engage  
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As Freud himself was the only author who had access to Dora's subsequent analysis and writings on the case can only postulate upon the aspects of Freud's text which they consider needs to be addressed.

As Freud himself was the only author who had access to Dora's subconscious analysis and  
writings on the case can only postulate upon the aspects of Freud's text which they  
consider needs to be addressed.

## II

What woman is not Dora?

(Cixous and Clement, 1996, p.145)

To Cixous... hysteria is a kind of female language that opposes the rigid structures of male discourse and thought. (Showalter, 1987, p.160)

In *Portrait de Dora* Helene Cixous re-opens Freud's case. As Showalter states in her book *The Female Malady*, as quoted above, Dora's hysteria for Cixous performs as a mode of female communication within phallogentric discourse. Cixous's interpretation of the original text, and her continuing engagement with Freud's work, serves to provide a feminist reading of Dora's hysteria by relocating Dora into her contemporary texts. The play gives Dora a powerful voice in this theatrical text of the 1970s. Dora is no longer spoken for by her analyst. Through the voice of her contemporary Dora, the playwright affords herself the position of exploring some issues of the case which concern her.

*Portrait de Dora* is a re-framing of Freud's text, and must be viewed within its context. The play was written in an era of active French feminism. The play was scripted a year after *La Jeune Née* (*The Newly Born Woman*), a work produced in collaboration with



## II

What woman is not Doris?  
(Lyons and Clement, 1996, p.145)

To Lyons, hysteria is a kind of female language that  
opposes the rigid structures of male discourse and  
thought. (Shewalter, 1987, p.16)

In Lyons's view, Doris is a re-orientation of the female. As Shewalter states in her  
book *The Female Male*, as quoted above, Lyons's hysteria for Lyons functions as a  
mode of female communication within patriarchal discourse. Lyons's interpretation  
of the play's text and her continuing engagement with Lyons's work serves to  
provide a further reading of Lyons's hysteria by relocating Doris into her contemporary  
context. The play gives Doris a powerful voice in this historical text of the 1970s. Doris is  
no longer silent as she has been. Through the voice of her contemporary Doris, the  
playwright seeks to provide the audience with a sense of the time which  
concerns her.

Lyons's Doris is a re-orientation of Lyons's text and must be viewed within its context.  
The play was written in an era of active French feminism. The play was scripted a year  
after the book *The Female Male* by Lyons. Lyons's work was produced in collaboration with

theorist, Catherine Clement. In this text they discuss the political potential of hysteria, and propose that it is a form of silent protest against the male power game (Cixous and Clement, 1996). Cixous identifies with Dora in an evidently unprepared exchange with Clement, in which she reveals her immense interest in the plight of this hysteric, for it is Dora "who fascinates me (Cixous)," (Cixous and Clement, 1996, p.150), through her resistance in a circuit of sexual deception. What constitutes Cixous's reading in her dramatic text on Dora is a means of discussing femininity, and the importance of 'female' language in which women may express themselves, and also to reconsider the occlusion of female figures in the original analysis. Cixous's portrait is "the presentation of the disruptive potential of feminine subjectivity and the female body for the familial structures of patriarchy," (Shiach, 1991, p.112). This text utilises the figure of hysterical Dora to present different perspectives of Freud's case history, providing a theatrical space for Dora to discuss the issues which Cixous raises and voices through the characters of 'Portrait'.

Cixous's Dora is no longer subjected to an enforced sexuality in which she should accept Herr K. as a male suitor. The play works within a framework which is predominantly homosexual, placing Dora in a different position to that of the original text. Cixous's Dora is a manifestation of a more active physical female presence, whereby woman is no longer simply the recipient of male desire: her own desire prevails. As Cixous cites in her work *La Jeune Née*, "in Dora there is a very beautiful feminine homosexuality, a love for a woman that is astounding," (Cixous and Clement, 1996, p.154), who remains devoted to Frau K. throughout the play. In her allusions to Frau K., Dora's speech is represented as free-flowing, almost unconscious. Her ardent love for this woman enables Dora to speak effectively of her 'real' desires, Cixous focusing on what she considers might be Dora's 'true' sexuality. As the portrait is painted by Dora herself, she affords herself direct speech in which she may describe her fascination with Frau K.; "I had never seen such a beautiful elegant woman. How I loved to look at her. I drank in her every movement," (Cixous, 1979, p.34). Cixous allows Dora to conduct a secret, intimate exchange with this woman behind a theatrical

theoretical framework. In this text, I discuss the political potential of gender and a space that is a form of silent protest against the male power game (Cixous and Clément, 1998). Cixous identifies with Dora an evidently repressed exchange with Dora, in which she reveals her immense desire in the play of the phallus. For it is Dora, who fantasizes me (Cixous, Clément, 1998, p. 150), through her resistance to a system of sexual repression. What constitutes Cixous's reading of her dramatic text on Dora is a means of discussing femininity, and the importance of the new language in which women may express themselves, and also to reconsider the categories of female figures in the original analysis. Cixous's portrait is "the presentation of the distinctive potential of female subjectivity and the female body for the female function of patriarchy" (Shibata, 1991, p. 112). This text analyzes the figure of Dora to present different perspectives of female subjectivity, providing a theoretical space for Dora to discuss the issues which Cixous raises and to use through the characters of Dora.

Cixous's text is no longer subjected to an enforced sexuality in which she should remain like K, as a male subject. The play works within a framework which is predominantly heterosexual, placing Dora in a different position to that of the original text. Cixous's Dora is a manifestation of a more active physical female presence, whose woman is no longer simply the recipient of male desire, her own desire provided. As Cixous offers in her work *Les femmes d'aujourd'hui* there is a very beautiful female presence, a love for a woman that is astonishing" (Cixous and Clément, 1998, p. 151), who remains devoted to Frau K throughout the play. In her allusion to Frau K, Dora's speech is represented as free-flowing, almost unconscious. Her desire for the woman enables Dora to speak effectively of her "real" desire. Cixous fantasizes on what she considers might be Dora's "true" sexuality. As the portrait is painted by Dora herself, she "joins herself direct speech in which she may describe her fascination with Frau K: 'I had never seen such a beautiful elegant woman. How I loved to look at her. I drank in her every movement'" (Cixous, 1979, p. 74). Cixous allows Dora to come to a better intimate exchange with the woman behind a facade of



curtain, time alone with this woman whom she cherished so much.

Cixous uses Dora's suggested homosexuality of the original analysis as a referential frame for this portrait, abandoning any possible desire Dora may have for the male characters of the play. Cixous's Dora does not want to enter the "door in Vienna through which everyone may pass," (Cixous, 1979, p.31). It is the imaginary flesh that swells the door that disgusts," her (Cixous, 1979, p.360). Her repudiation of Herr K.'s embrace takes the form of violent distaste. For it is the woman who means everything to her. As the play draws to a close Cixous's questions the construction of sexuality, and also sexual difference respectively, as Dora explains to Freud and to the audience that she had, "been expecting a male partner, but I accept (a female one). Who am I," (Cixous, 1979, p.57). Cixous's text is an affirmation of the love that can exist between two women, which is negated in the nineteenth century text.

"These narratives, these myths, these fantasies, these fragments of evidence, these tail ends of history do not compose a true history," (Cixous and Clement, 1996, p.6). The narrative structure of the play serves as a signifying system through which Cixous calls for a new history for women. Cixous's Dora has the capacity to understand her situation within the systems of exchange and provides a point of resistance to this, and the character of Dora provides the audience with her 'version' of the story. Cixous does not, however, maintain Dora as a revolutionary figure (Shiach, 1991, p. 115), as triumphant over the patriarchal relations that structure her reality.

The play itself was originally written for radio and was later adapted by Theatre d'Orsay for a theatrical production in the year 1979 by Simone Benmussa. This new narrative of Cixous's *Portrait de Dora* is constructed in order to address sexual difference. It is a lyrical drama in which the playwright uses doubled characters, offstage voices and overlapping speeches to question sexual difference as a construction. In the actual staging of the play Benmussa's ability to remain faithful to Cixous's intentions is exemplified through the devices which Benmussa utilises to adhere to Cixous's

contaminates the above with the woman whom she cherished as much.

Cixous uses Dora's suggested homosexuality as a reference point for this portrait, abandoning any possible double Dora may have for the sake of the play. Cixous's Dora does not want to enter the "room in Vienna" through which everyone may pass" (Cixous, 1997, p. 11). It is the imaginary flesh that she the door that disgusts," her (Cixous, 1997, p. 11). Her reputation of Dora's "flesh" is the form of violent distance. For it is the woman who means everything to her. As the play draws to a close Cixous questions the construction of sexuality and her sexual difference respectively, as Dora explains to Freud and to the audience: "I had been expecting a male partner, but I accept a female one. Who am I?" (Cixous, 1997, p. 11). Cixous's text is an affirmation of the love that can exist between two women, which is negated in the nineteenth century text.

These narratives, these myths, these fantasies, these legends of women, these tales of history, do not compose a true history," (Cixous and Clement, 1996, p. 6). The narrative structure of the play serves as a signifying system through which Cixous calls for a new history for women. Cixous's Dora has the capacity to understand her situation within the systems of exchange and provides a point of resistance to that situation. The character of Dora provides the audience with her "version" of the story. Cixous does not, however, maintain Dora as a revolutionary figure (Schickel, 1997, p. 115), as she is not. She is a woman who has the potential to change the world, but she is not. She is a woman who has the potential to change the world, but she is not. She is a woman who has the potential to change the world, but she is not.

The play itself was originally written for radio and was later adapted by Dora for a theatrical production in the year 1979 by Thomas Bernhard. This new narrative of Cixous's *Woman's Room* is constructed in order to address sexual difference. It is a typical drama in which the playwright uses doubled characters, official voices and overlapping speeches to question sexual difference as a construction. In the second stage of the play Bernhard's ability to remain faithful to Cixous's intentions is exemplified through the device which Bernhard utilizes to adhere to Cixous's



fragmented portrait, an alternative picture for Dora. The director creates continuous tension through the juxtaposition of moving images and immobile ones and the alternate use of the voice of Freud as narrator and that of his own character. The stage is literally split through the use of screens and side stages to maintain and reinforce Cixous's intentional fragmenting of her text.

The constant diversion of narrative flow is interpreted as an alternative narrative for women. For Cixous, the narrative structure which she formulates resembles the incoherent structure of Dora's hysteria. Techniques employed by Cixous enables, "her to create new interpretations of Dora's symptoms in a playful exposure of Freud's limitations," (Moi in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.182). Cixous as a theorist, does not want to discount the importance of Freud's discoveries regarding the unconscious, sexuality and dreams, rather she propounds an alternative mode of expression for women. This text is another portrait for Dora, for Cixous, and for women generally, which is reflected in the title itself, *Portrait de Dora/ de Helene Cixous/ des femmes*.

This alternative narrative helps Cixous in the questioning of the self and other, to which Cixous is committed. Her need to dispel the opposed positioning of the masculine and feminine, which she cites as Freudian territory, her work postulates the fluidity of gender within each human being. The work of a Brazilian author named Clarice Lispector provided Cixous with the ultimate text: upon "reading *The Hour of the Star*, I (Cixous) realised what a revolution Clarice Lispector underwent in order to get close to the other. In *The Hour of the Star* Clarice Lispector asks the questions of how to talk of the other, how to leave space for the other: how to create the other's space. And to answer her question, she literally transformed herself to the point of changing roles, changing sexes," (Sellers (ed.), 1994, p.153). In the play Cixous allows Dora to place herself in the position of the other, in which she would be permitted to express her love for Frau K.: "If I were a man I'd marry you, I'd take you away and marry you and I'd know how to make you happy," (Cixous, 1979, p.42). Here Dora detaches gender from

fragmented portrait an alternative picture to Doris. The director chooses to maintain tension through the juxtaposition of moving images and immobile ones and the alternate use of the voice of Doris as narrator and that of his own character. The way he literally splits through the use of scenes and side stages to maintain and reinforce Doris's intentional fragmenting of her text.

The constant distortion of narrative that is interpreted as an alternative narrative for women. For Doris, the narrative structure which she formulates resembles the intricate structure of Doris's hysteria. Techniques employed by Doris include: first to create new interpretations of Doris's symptoms in a playful exposure of Doris's limitations. (John in *Herbolmer and Kahan* (ed. 1990, p. 151) Doris as a theorist does not want to discount the importance of Doris's discoveries regarding the unconscious, sexuality and dreams, rather she propounds an alternative mode of expression for women. This text is another portrait for Doris, for Doris, and for women generally, which is reflected in the title itself: *Women's World*. (John in *Women's World*).

The alternative narrative helps Doris in the questioning of the self and other to which she is constrained. Her need to depict the opposed positioning of the masculine and feminine is clear. She cites as Freudian territory, her work provides the fluidity of gender within each human being. The work of a Brazilian author named Clarice Lispector provided Doris with the ultimate text upon reading *The Hour of the Star*. (Clarice Lispector, *The Hour of the Star*, trans. Clarice Lispector, 1990, p. 151) Doris, Lispector asks the question of how to give space to the other. In *The Hour of the Star*, Clarice Lispector asks the question of how to give the other how to have space for the other, how to create the other's space. And to answer her question she literally transferred herself to the point of changing roles, changing sexes. (Clarice Lispector, *The Hour of the Star*, trans. Clarice Lispector, 1990, p. 151) In the play *Clarice Lispector*, Doris to place herself in the position of the other, in which she would be permitted to express her love for Doris. (Clarice Lispector, *The Hour of the Star*, trans. Clarice Lispector, 1990, p. 151) Doris Lispector gender from

the body. The playwright, however, articulates through the device of Dora, her position as a woman with regard to sexual difference whereby Frau K. comments on the question of whether she would “come back to earth as a man or a woman. She said she was sure, she wouldn’t hesitate it’s woman who rules the roost,” (Cixous, 1979. P.42).

This theatrical production presented to us by Helene Cixous, portrays Dora as a means to suggest the necessity of the discovery of a ‘female’ language and a reconsideration of the binary structures of femininity and masculinity. The hysteric, in which she refutes Freud’s analysis of her neurosis, is no longer at a loss for words, and calls into question the legitimacy of his theories: “and at the same time I knew he wasn’t really a doctor,” (Cixous, 1979, p.64). Cixous’s Dora is ill at ease in this present narrative as she is an image of the past. Her portrait is both ‘there and elsewhere’ within this 1979 representation. Such a conflict within the context of Cixous’s work relates to the compromising position of femininity which concerns Cixous, and the alternative possibility for self-other relations, which the playwright explores through ‘Dora’.

Dora offers Cixous a site for working through the positive evaluation of mother-daughter relations, and engaging herself to the “impact of the pre-oedipal in adult life, Cixous stresses the role of the mother body,” (Sellers, 1996, p.7). Cixous challenges Freud’s original textual analysis by fore-grounding characters such as Frau K., Herr K., and Dora’s father Herr B., which also serve to highlight the absence of the mother in Freud’s text. Cixous herself only refers to the mother through the other characters. Cixous disapproves of the “Oedipal idyll” in which, “the mother once her role is fulfilled, is through,” (Cixous, 1996, p.151). In the text of Cixous, Dora maintains a dislike for her mother as is conveyed in *Fragments of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria*, but through the voice of Freud she asks: “What role does your mother play here?” (Cixous, 1979, p.49). What role does a mother have once the girl replaces her with the father as love object. In accordance with Freud’s Oedipus Complex Dora’s mother became a rival to her for the father’s affection. What Cixous wants for Dora is access to the maternal body.







As female identification is located in the imaginary or pre-oedipal stage, Cixous utilises the image of the Sistine Madonna of the original text to provide a locus for Dora's maternal identification, and to reinstate the absent mother into the portrait: "Suddenly, the evidence that perhaps no one is aware of, the child is none other than a miniature Dora," (Cixous, 1979, p.40). The director of the play herself adds to Cixous's emphasis on the maternal figure whereby she places a mirror behind the Madonna so that Dora, whilst contemplating the image, finds her own reflection behind the Madonna. This theatrical device performs as a reference to the mirror stage in Lacanian theory, in which the mother holds the baby in front of the mirror, and the child is represented as an individual differentiated from the mother. The Madonna scene acts out Cixous's preoccupation with the occlusion of the mother figure in Dora's case.

"Dora's deepest desire would not be so much identification with the mother as (imagined) fusion with her in the imaginary prior to its rupture by entry into the symbolic," (Jacobus, 1986, p.177). Cixous privileges the maternal figure, and Dora's denial of the mother signifies for the author a necessity to re-evaluate the role of the mother in psychoanalytical theory.

The playwright's Dora is placed in an alternative narrative in which she can reassess her position in the systems of exchange, and acts as a subversive force which undermines this system of lies and deception. Cixous's "aim is not to provide the 'truth' about Dora or even offer Dora as feminist heroine, but rather to open up the network of relations in which Dora is caught, and to assess the disruptive potential of Dora's refusal to assent to their reproduction," (Shiach, 1991, p.112). This text utilises the figure of hysterical Dora to present different perspectives of Freud's case history, providing a theatrical space for Dora to discuss the issues which Cixous raises and voices through the characters of 'Portrait'. Dora "is prey to the past, without any hope of ever reaching the present," (Cixous, 1979, p.45). The play and its theatrical production realise a work in which memory, reality, dreams and fantasy are indistinguishable. The audience is kept and left wondering what is real and what pertains to fantasy.

As female identification is located in the imaginary or pre-oedipal stage, Cixous implies the image of the Statue Madonna of the original text to provide a focus for Dot's maternal identification, and to reinscribe the absent mother into the portrait "statuarily". The evidence that perhaps no one is aware of, the child is none other than a woman, Dot. (Cixous, 1979, p.40). The director of the play herself adds to Cixous' emphasis on the maternal figure whereby she places a mirror behind the Madonna so that Dot, whilst contemplating the image, finds her own reflection behind the Madonna. This is where Dot's position as a reference to the mirror stage in Lacanian theory, in which the mother holds the baby in front of the mirror and the child is represented as an individual who mirrored from the mother. The Madonna scene sets out Cixous's preoccupation with the question of the mother figure in Dot's case.

"Dot's deepest desire would not be so much identification with the mother as (re)gendered, fused with her in the imaginary, prior to its rupture by castration and the symbolic" (Lacan, 1986, p.177). Cixous privileges the maternal figure and Dot's denial of the mother signifies for the author a necessity to re-examine the role of the mother in psychoanalytical theory.

The play's text is placed in an alternative narrative in which she can witness her position in the system of exchange and acts as a subjective force which undermines this system of law and discipline. Cixous's aim is not to provide the truth about Dot or even about Dot as feminist fiction, but rather to open up the network of relations in which Dot is caught and to assess the disruptive potential of Dot's refusal to respond to their reproduction" (Shill, 1991, p.117). This text attacks the figure of patriarchal Dot to present different perspectives of Freud's case theory, providing a theoretical space for Dot to discuss the issues which Cixous raises and voices through the characters of "Patriarch". Dot's cry to the past, without any hope of ever reaching the present, (Cixous, 1979, p.40). The play and its theatrical production realise a work in which memory, reality, dreams and fantasy are indistinguishable. The audience is kept and left wondering what is real and what pertains to fantasy.

Cixous's placement of Dora in a dramatic text affords the playwright to delve into the issues that concern her. In producing such a text the author can only offer a theatrical text in which she wishes to pursue certain aspects of the case she deems in need of specific attention, without proposing a fixed theoretical analysis. The moment of revelation in the play is constantly suspended. Cixous knows that "he will never know, and nor will she, and nor will I," (Cixous, 1979, p.65).

Cleopatra's placement of Dea in a dramatic text affords the playwright to debate how the  
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and not will she, and not will I" (Cleopatra, 1979, p. 57).



### III

But I don't know if we need or want a heroine. Dora to me isn't a role for feminist autonomy. Her story is interesting because it raises more *questions* than it can *answer*, *not* because of the 'her' the story is about. (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.80)

Within contemporary debate Dora adopts a role in feminist writings. The inconclusive nature of the case history, and so many unresolved issues of the original text gave rise to an abundance of different readings of the text. In the 1979 film *Sigmund Freud's Dora: A Case of Mistaken Identity*, Dora functions as a site for working through problems and alternative interpretations of the original analysis. Although Dora is perceived by many critics as a tormented heroine who dismisses Freud with vengeance by terminating the treatment, this film attempts to present Dora as a woman who attempts to liberate herself, not that of an avenger. In Laura Mulvey's article *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema*, first published in 1975, avant-garde cinema of the 1970s attempted to challenge "mainstream film (which) coded the erotic into the language of the dominant patriarchal order," (Mulvey, 1989, p.16). These avant-garde filmmakers form their own narrative, and explore the issues that concern them through 'Dora'.

### III

But I don't know if we need or want a heroine. I don't see how a role for feminist autonomy. Her story is interesting because it raises more questions than it can answer, was better of the film. The story is about (Paisiowski et al. 1981, p. 80).

At this contemporary debate Dora adopts a role in feminist writings. The importance of the case history, and so many unresolved issues of the original text, as an example of different readings of the text. In the 1970s film *Ženska krev* is an attempt to work through the problems and different interpretations of the original analysis. Although Dora is portrayed by many critics as a feminist heroine who dismisses Freud with vengeance by rejecting the patriarchal system, the film attempts to present Dora as a woman who attempts to liberate herself, not that of an angel. In Laura Mulvey's article *Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema* (first published in 1975, avant-garde cinema of the 1970s changed the cinematic language (which) coded the cinema into the language of the dominant patriarchal order" (Mulvey, 1989, p. 16). These avant-garde filmmakers form their own narrative and explore the issues that concern the narrative Dora.

Similar to that of Cixous's work this independent film focuses on Dora's sexuality contrary to her analyst's preoccupation with her heterosexual desires. *Sigmund Freud's Dora* deals with the possibility of Dora's homosexuality, and establishes an area in which a theory of female sexuality may be discussed. In 'The Exchange', the second dialogue between Freud and Dora, the film gives Freud the opportunity to say that, "it seems possible to divine the operation of a single simple factor – a deep rooted homosexual love for Frau K.," (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.78). But immediately after Freud suggests this theory to Dora, he returns to his carefully constructed original hypothesis of his patient's 'real' desire for Herr K. and her incapacity for "meeting a real erotic demand," (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.78). Freud in the film seems to forget ever proposing to Dora that she felt desire for another woman, highlighting the lack of interpretation given it in the original analysis. The assignation of homosexual tendencies onto the young Dora, is supported by the film's pornographic imagery of two lesbians. This imagery is repeated throughout the production to emphasise the filmmakers response to Freud's suggestion of Dora's homosexuality. The filmmakers' Dora also fulfils a possible representation of a diversity of female sexualities with projections from pornographic movies of masturbation, homosexuality, oral sex and bondage that are screened throughout the entire film. The producers of the film utilise Dora to enquire into the psychoanalytical theory of female sexuality.

As the dialogue between Freud and his patient unfolds, Dora struggles against the notion that female sexuality, "is organised around phallic penetration," (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.76), refusing to assent to her therapist's interpretations that her hysterical behaviour was borne out of her refusal to receive Herr K. as a suitor. Dora's repudiation of the meaning of heterosexuality permitted her to speak of Frau K. "in accents more appropriate to a lover," (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.78), but also meant protection against something that is contaminating and violating. She realised that it was her father who gave her mother the "dirtying discharge," (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.78), and is revolted by Herr K.'s sexual propositions. P.J.Mahony's "conquistadora" (Mahony, 1996, p.144) is determined to resolve her own sexuality. This begins in the

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 who she rejects something that is contradictory and violating. She rejects that he  
 is a man who gave her mother the "joyous discharge" (Freud, 1981, p. 78).  
 Freud's response to Dora's sexual propositions, "I / should not be able to /  
 change it" (Freud, 1981, p. 78) is consistent to Freud's own sexuality. This begins in the



final section of the film, after removing herself from therapy, and delving into the theoretical knowledge she has acquired: represented iconographically by the shelves filled with books of many theoreticians.

The four producers of this film choose to focus on Dora's possible desire for a woman to give Dora the opportunity to enquire into the reasoning behind pornographic scenes between women being directed at male consumption, in which the woman once again becomes the object of the gaze. "In their traditional exhibitionist role women are simultaneously looked at and displayed," (Mulvey, 1989, p.19), but in the film Dora questions this traditional role of women as the object of the erotic male gaze. She also enquires into what pornographic imagery signifies for homosexuals. Dora asks why is it that "in pornography, images of sexual relations between women are constructed for the male spectator and celebrate his position as voyeur, but in what way exactly does this inform my physical relations with other women?" (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80). She also questions whether a voyeuristic drive is solely a masculine occupation, and whether it is more masculine when the image is of a woman, or more sexual when actively looking at a sexual act? (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80). Her queries regarding the masculine refers back to Freud's interpretation of Dora's fixation with Frau K.'s "adorable white body" as gynaecophilic, whereby Dora loves this woman as a man would, just as her enrapturement with the Sistine Madonna pertains to masculine voyeurism. Such pertinent questions composed by Dora attempt to free female sexuality from the shackles of, "psychoanalytical theories which presuppose language," (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80), and seek an independent voice of expression from a phallocentric discourse.

The questions surrounding Dora's sexuality form the cornerstone of so many theoretical readings of the case history itself. Dora's 'real' desire, however, will obviously never be fully resolved. Contrary to Freud's, "pressing need to develop a theory of sexuality, whose complexity or difficulty manifests itself time and again in the case history," (Rose in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p133), the film thrives on such

final section of the film, after removing herself from therapy, and delving into the theoretical knowledge she has acquired, rather iconographically by the director, filled with books of many theoretical

The film concludes with this film choice to focus on Dora's possible desire for a woman to give her the opportunity to explore into the reasoning behind her own actions between women being depicted as male counterparts in which the woman once again becomes the object of the gaze. "In their traditional exhibitionist role women are usually looked at and displayed." (Muller, 1989, p. 19) but in the film Dora questions the traditional role of women as the object of the male gaze. She also explores into what person this imagery might be for women/male. Dora asks why is it that the stereotypical image of sexual relations between women are constructed for the male gaze and subject, in position as voyeur, but in what way exactly does this inform the physical relations with other women? (Papazian, 1981, p. 80) The film argues that a woman's voyeuristic drive is solely a masculine construction and whether it is truly masculine when the image is of a woman or more sexual when another looking at a woman and (Papazian, 1981, p. 80) Her question regarding the masculine refers back to Freud's interpretation of Dora's fixation with the man, "adorable white body" as "masculinized" which, from love, the woman as a man would just as her identification with the female Madonna pertains to masculine voyeurism. Such questions are posed by Dora, attempt to free herself sexually from the shackles of psychoanalytical theories which perpetuate language (Papazian, 1981, p. 80) and seek an independent voice of expression from a phallicentric discourse.

The questions surrounding Dora's sexuality form the cornerstone of so many theoretical readings of the case history itself. Dora's "real" desire, however, will obviously never be fully resolved. In order to Freud's pressing need to develop a theory of sexuality, whose complexity is difficult to manifest itself here and again in the case history. (Dora in Freud, 1905 and Kahane (eds. 1980, p. 13) the film thrives on such

complexities and invites a re-appraisal of the psychoanalytical theories concerning femininity and female sexuality.

In this script, Dora who is no longer aphonic, speaks to us indirectly in a manner in which we perceive her as a woman who struggles to gain her independence, and who emerges possessed with strength. Dora's struggle in the film pertains to her desire for "control of signification, meaning, and ultimately her own sexuality," (Kaplan, 1990, p.145).

As the film progresses Dora gains more control over her situation. This is achieved through the filmmakers' palette - representing Dora's initial vulnerability in a dull grey dress, which dramatically changes to red, and then finally to black. As the sequence of dialogues between Dora and Freud (which are always scripted) draw to a close, the figure of Dora, her imminent departure fast approaching, is dressed in black and filmed in front of a bookcase. In the final frame of this section Dora conveys her independence from Freud through the distance between patient and analyst, and her theoretical knowledge is represented by shelves filled with books on psychoanalysis and Marxism, and copies of the periodical *Screen*.

In keeping with the case history itself Dora is never afforded direct speech throughout the conversations with Freud. Each comment made by her is followed by Dora placing herself in the third person singular: "she said". In the first monologue, however, as one of the makers of the film cites, "it appears then that we have simply effected a reversal. Instead of 'I said' or 'she said' as Freud said, she says 'I said' or 'he said'," (Weinstock, 1981, p.74). In this exchange between a man and a woman, verbalised through the talking lips on screen, the two are discussing psychoanalytical discourse, in which the woman speaks for the 'other'. The interchange of opinion results in her voice provoking the questions that are relayed to us in the final section of the film. Once again Dora's speech is not her own, but is mediated through her mother. The film's narrative is crucial for encouraging speculation coupled with the film's feminist



complexities and invites a re-examination of the psychoanalytical theories concerning femininity and female sexuality.

In this paper, I argue that the film's complex approach to its subject in a manner in which was perceived not as a woman who attempts to gain her independence, and who is instead, concerned with strength. I argue that the film portrays her desire for "control of signification, meaning, and ultimately her own sexuality" (Kaplan, 1991, p. 141).

As the film progresses, I argue that her gains more control over her situation. This is achieved through the characters' dialogue - representing her initial vulnerability as a new girl in a new town, and her gradually changing to red, and then finally to black, as the sequence of dialogues between her and her father (and other characters) draw to a close. The film of her, her momentary departure and her return, is dressed in black and filmed in tones of black and white. In the final scene of this section, I argue that her independence from her father through the dialogue between her and her father, and her father's knowledge is represented by her father's dialogue with her on psychoanalysis and feminism, and a note of the political system.

In this paper, I argue that the film's complex approach to its subject is never afforded direct speech. It is rather the conversations with her father. Each conversation made by her is followed by her father's response. The first person signifier "she said" is the first metaphorical moment in the film. In the second of the film, it appears that we have simply directed a reversal. Instead of "she said" or "he said" as I said, she said, she says "I said" or "he said" (Winnicott, 1981, p. 141). In this exchange between a man and a woman, verbalized through the film, it is as if we know the two are discussing psychoanalytical discourse, in which the woman speaks for the father. The interchange of opinion results in her voice from being the questions that are relayed to us in the final scene of the film. Once again, her speech is not her own, but is mediated through her mother. The film's narrative is a result for encyclopaedic speculation coupled with the film's feminist



questioning of the unresolved issues of the case.

*Sigmund Freud's Dora: A Case of Mistaken Identity* seizes the opportunity to comment on media representation of women. The filmmakers use Dora's text in conjunction with late 1970s advertisements and pornographic clips to convey a message regarding female representation and sexuality.

There is an ostensible antithesis between the visual material which precedes each of the four dialogues between Dora and Freud. The advertisements are for Tylenol (liquid aspirin), Pine Sol (a cleaner or disinfectant), Tickle (antiperspirant), and finally Feminine Deodorant Spray (vaginal deodorant). The commercials, which are actually re-filmed from television, provide the audience with imagery of 'normal' women, which is immediately succeeded by the pornographic shots of 'unhealthy' women which show four clips of fellatio, two lesbians, masturbation and dominatrix, respectively. The adverts and pornography imagery which are "two institutionally different but ideologically not so different popular forms," (Weinstock, 1981, p.76), relate directly to Freud's interpretations, as Dora is all of these women in accordance with the scripted Freudian text. The four producers of the film offer a means for a feminist re-evaluation of the role of women as the object of the gaze of the spectator. 'Dora' serves as a means of questioning the portrayal of women in contemporary society. "The film asks: When my sexualities are represented in theory, in film, in language, how does this define the place which resistance to this is articulated," (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.76).

McCall, Pajaczkowska, Tyndall and Weinstock, like Cixous, wished to create a fragmentary and incomplete narrative, as opposed to Freud's desire for a complete elucidation of his patient's somatic symptoms. The central section of the filmmakers' narrative relates to the original text, but the opening and closing sequences are vehicles for the many feminist questions, and Dora's objection to traditional narrative convention in which she becomes the object possessed.

questioning of the universal issues of the case.

2. *Woman's View of Woman* (1970) by Doris O'Hara. This film is a commentary on the representation of women in the 1970s. The filmmaker uses Doris's text in conjunction with the 1970s advertisements and pornographic clips to convey a message regarding female representation and sexuality.

There is an interesting synthesis between the visual material which precedes each of the four chapters between *Woman and Friend*. The advertisements are for *Woman* (1970) (1970), *Woman's View of Woman* (1970) (1970), *Woman's View of Woman* (1970) (1970), and finally *Woman's View of Woman* (1970) (1970). The advertisements, which are actually in film, provide the audience with imagery of "normal" women, which is then subverted by the pornographic shots of "unhealthy" women which show them clips of lesbian, two lesbians, masturbation and dominance, respectively. The advertisements and pornography imagery, which are "two institutionally different but related" (1970, p. 75), relate directly to the film's interpretation of Doris as all of these women in accordance with the scripted feminist text. The four producers of the film offer a means for a feminist re-orientation of the role of women as the object of the gaze of the spectator. Doris serves as a means of questioning the patriarchal system in contemporary society. The film asks: *When we see women - are we represented in theory in film in language, how does this define the power which resistance to this is articulated?* (Epstein, 1970, p. 75).

Epstein, 1970, p. 75. The film, *Woman's View of Woman*, is a commentary on the representation of women in the 1970s. The filmmaker uses Doris's text in conjunction with the 1970s advertisements and pornographic clips to convey a message regarding female representation and sexuality. The film asks: *When we see women - are we represented in theory in film in language, how does this define the power which resistance to this is articulated?* (Epstein, 1970, p. 75).

“Freud’s patriarchal prejudices force him to ignore relationships between women and instead centre all his attention on relationships with men,” (Moi in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.194). This film attempts to afford Dora a stable position in her repudiation of succumbing to the male seducer, opposing her analyst’s cogitation with Dora’s supposed desires for the male. This Dora, unlike the Dora of 1900, is permitted to return to the mother for redress. Through the voice of the mother Dora thus provides the audience with an insight into her perception of how woman has been perceived, “both culturally and historically” as the object of desire. *Sigmund Freud’s Dora* defies the former conventional mode of narration and constructs an alternative treatment in which Dora’s mother becomes a figure of solace for this young woman.

The final section of *Sigmund Freud’s Dora: A Case of Mistaken Identity* is devoted to the mother figure, in striking contrast with the original text. For the producers of the film their Dora is instrumental for evaluating the importance of the mother in the case history, and in psychoanalysis as a whole.

Both male directors (McCall and Tyndall) saw the mother as tragic and placed much meaning on her affect: Pajaczkowska was interested in the symbolic meanings of the mother, while Weinstock was concerned with tension between real and symbolic mother, (Kaplan, 1983, p.218).

The emphasis placed on the mother in this reading of *Fragments of an Analysis* suggests that the filmmakers, like Cixous, privilege the maternal body, and are identifying with many feminist writings on the absence of the mother in Freud’s case history.

“Feminist criticism looks at themes (such as mother-daughter bonding or Oedipal triangles) in order to understand how patriarchal signifying systems have represented such relationships,” (Kaplan (ed.), 1990, p.15). Most readings of the analysis of Dora concern themselves with the repression of the maternal discourse, and what the mother represents for Dora. Jacqueline Rose in her paper on Dora asks: “what does the little girl require of her mother?” (Rose in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.144). Whilst







Mary Jacobus questions, "why is it the mother who is missing from Dora," (Jacobus, 1986, p.145). The mother in the film, who is both Dora's mother and any mother, is filmed wearing a red dress, and Dora's bond with her revealed through Dora's need to maintain contact with her through correspondence.

The focus of attention placed on the mother in the concluding part of this interpretative work on Dora is articulated through the reading of postcards sent by the daughter to the mother. Each letter poses challenging questions in relation to Freud's original analysis, to which there are no definite answers. It is in the fifth and final letter that Dora tries to consider the significance of the maternal figure in Freudian theory, asking if "it is merely an oversight, or is it necessary that she cannot have a place there?" (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80). Freud's Oedipus Complex, in which the child's desire for the mother desists, as the all powerful father becomes the "regulator of sexual desire," (Jacobus, 1986, p.164), provided a hypothesis in which maternal identification was marginal. As Lacan cites in his paper, *Intervention on Transference*, it is Freud's "prejudice that falsifies the conception of the Oedipus Complex from the start, by making it define as natural, rather than normative the predominance of the paternal figure," (Lacan in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.100). *Sigmund Freud's Dora* questions the occlusion of the mother figure in the sexual development of the little girl in this case history so that she and her mother can "share a position as women," (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80).

This Dora writes to her mother of Freud's complete dismissal of her, without ever contesting Dora's criticism of her mother, the mother being "nothing for him (Freud)," (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80). By conferring on Dora access to the mother, the film evokes the common creed of feminist authors, who profess the great significance of the mother-daughter relationship, and the "mother as the site of the intersection of many representations," (Pajaczkowska *et al*, 1981, p.80).

What Jacobus questions, "why is it the mother who is missing from Dora?" (Jacobus, 1980, p. 47). The mother in the film who is both Dora's mother and her mother-in-law, dressed wearing a red dress, and Dora's head with her revealed through Dora's head to maintain contact with her through correspondence.

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This Dora writes to her mother of Freud's complete dismissal of her, without ever considering Dora's criticism of her mother, the mother being nothing but a "thing" (Pajackowska et al., 1981, p. 80). By considering Dora access to the mother, the film shows the common trend of feminist authors, who profess the great significance of the mother-daughter relationship and the "mother as the site of the inscription of power representation" (Pajackowska et al., 1981, p. 80).

Neither mother nor daughter are given speech in the film, each are spoken for in phallogentric language. However, the questions posed by the filmmakers' Dora are relayed to us through the voice of the mother and the inter-relation of both of them invites a certain movement away from the repression of the female and her sexuality. Dora's request in the film for knowledge from her mother suggests that her mother may have been a source of Dora's sexual knowledge, which Freud effectively ignored. Lastly, Dora's affection for the maternal figure is conveyed through the manner in which she concludes each letter: "Love Dora", "Your loving daughter", "I miss you, Dora", (Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.80).

The film rejects the dismissal of the maternal figure, and undertakes to present a catalogue of questions concerning the absence of the mother, and grants Dora access to her mother, a chance to conduct a relationship with her.

As this 1979 film on Dora developed from a reading group on language and psychoanalysis, in which the filmmakers themselves had been involved, all four began writing the script with a specific agenda. Their intention was to form a non-linear narrative, directed towards a feminist audience, and resulted in another text on Dora, projecting alternative identities onto her. By relocating Dora in the present, the filmmakers construct a new 'reality' for Dora, and the work performs as a culmination of the "many unanswered questions,"(Pajackowska *et al*, 1981, p.80) of feminist theorists. But Dora's relationship to the present is always deferred. Derridean deconstruction postulates it will be *differance*, or difference and traces of traces, "that leads the way out of the closed systems of the structural consciousness to the realm of active interpretation," (Sim, 1992, p.39). For Derrida, *differance* "is resistant to resolution on an infinite scale," (Sim, 1992,p.34), thus, Dora's 'trace' in these re-interpretations of Freud's text cannot offer any resolution.



Another mother and daughter are given speech in the film, each one spoken for in  
 parentheses. However, the questions posed by the filmmaker (Dora and  
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 which she concludes each letter: "I am yours," "I am yours," "I am yours," "I am yours,"  
 Dora, (Epiphany, 1981, p. 80).

The film traces the dismissal of the maternal figure, and indicates to present a  
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## CONCLUSION

Dora's position as hysteric offers us an indeterminate narrative. The answers to the Dora case are indefinitely deferred. Freud cannot be blamed for his hypotheses regarding Dora. He tried different conclusions himself. But, for Cixous "feminine writing involves the inscription of that which is repressed within history and culture," (Sellers, 1996, p.13), to initiate the development of theoretical analysis. Dora's historical case provides a medium for the playwright to work through the repressed issues of the case and express them in a critical light. Only certain aspects of the case are subject to interpretation, both the film and the play further fragmenting the original portrait.

In Felix Deutsch's article, *A Footnote to Freud's 'Fragments of an Analysis of a Case of Hysteria'*, he reveals that he treated Dora in the year 1922. He gives us an account of Dora's life after Freud. He cited that her adult life was predominantly one of discontent. Dora suffered a failed marriage, her neurotic symptoms persisted, and he describes her as "one of the most repulsive hysterics," whose death was a relief to all unfortunate enough to have known her (Deutsch in Bernheimer and Kahane (eds.), 1990, p.43). Deutsch's record of Dora's post-Freudian life has been contested by many readers of the case history and its relative works. P.J. Mahony, in his work *Freud's Dora: A Psychoanalytical, Historical and Textual Study* undertakes to expose some of

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Deutsch's remarks as containing considerable error, disapproving of this physician's account of his patient. Conversely, Mahony, ratifies his approval of Dora's mastery of the card game, contract bridge, which became fashionable between the world wars, to which other authors have referred in their texts. The most significant revelation in that her partner was none other than Frau K. "It is as if across the years, they had finally dispensed with the superfluous men who had previously been their partners in their complex social games and contracts," (Appignanesi and Forrester, 1992). Dora may never have had any desire for Frau K., but Freud's reference to the possibility of her homosexuality provoked further interpretations. Contemporary readings of the text may assume Dora's sexual preference in order to practice a certain reading of Freud's analysis, presenting another argument for discussion.

In *La Jeune Née* Clement states that, "what she broke was strictly individual and limited" to which Cixous replies that it was "because at the time it was impossible to go any further," (Cixous and Clement, 1996, p.157). The aim of further interpretation invites new theoretical analyses on sexual difference, a new narrative for women contrary to the central premise of Western thought in that, "men have been defined as subjects, women as objects," (McNay, 1992, p.169). In the construction of a new narrative for women many contemporary feminists seek an autonomous 'female' voice.

"A first step would be to privilege the maternal in the place of the paternal as an alternative to Freud's Oedipal perspective. To stress the pre-oedipal is to reverse the hierarchy which defines the mother's role as secondary," (Jacobus, 1986, p.143). It is in this pre-oedipal, pre-symbolic stage that women seek a different mode of communication – where a 'female' language may be articulated. The absent mother must be reinstated in the discovery of a means for women to express themselves – a new history for women that subverts the patriarchal order, substituting patriarchy for matriarchy.

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In *The Female Sex*, Clement states that "what she wrote was entirely inaccurate and limited" to which Clement replies that it was "because at the time it was impossible to go any further." (Clement and Clement, 1996, p.127). The aim of further investigation into the theoretical analysis on sexual difference, a new narrative for women contrary to the central premise of Western thought is that "men have been defined as subjects, women as objects." (McNay, 1992, p.167). In the construction of a new narrative for women many contemporary feminists seek an autonomous "female" voice.

"A first step would be to privilege the maternal in the place of the paternal as an alternative to Freud's Oedipal perspective. To stress the pre-Oedipal is to stress the femininity which defines the mother's role as secondary." (Macocher, 1990, p.143). It is in this pre-Oedipal, pre-symbiotic stage that women seek a different mode of communication - where a female language may be articulated. The absent mother must be reinstated as the discover of a means for women to express themselves - a new history for women that subverts the patriarchal order, substituting patriarchy for matriarchy.



“But if their goal is to reverse the existing order – even if that were possible – history would simply repeat itself,” and return to the phallogocentric. (Irigaray, 1981, p.106). A return to a pre-symbolic language the (m)other tongue – and to replace the paternal with the maternal would not provide a solution to the “unanswered questions”. For Rosi Braidotti what feminist theory needs is to “re-code or rename the female feminist subject not as yet another sovereign, hierarchical and exclusionary subject but rather as a multiple, open-ended, interconnected entity,” (Braidotti, 1994, p.158).

The film and the play, through Dora’s portrait, create a space for discussing female sexuality, sexual difference, and the role of the maternal figure. It may be claimed that Dora’s significance in such a profusion of textual interpretation may be over-dramatised, searching for some ‘truth’ in Freud’s fragments. Dora, however, has provided scope for further questioning, an open-ended narrative for those who “ply the troubled waters of the Dora case,” (Mahony, 1996, p.153).

"But their goal is to reverse the existing order - even if that were possible. I don't  
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The idea and the play, through Don's portrait, create a space for discussing female  
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 role for writers of the Don case." (Maloney, 1996, p. 123)

## APPENDIX A

VOICE OF THE PLAY: These events appear, like a shadow, in dreams, often with such lucidity that one seems actually to grasp them. But despite that effect, they evade any definitive clarification; and if we proceed without particular skill and caution, we find ourselves unable to determine whether or not such an incident has really taken place...

DORA. (*in a tone of voice that shatters the silence abruptly, somewhere between a threat and a demand*): If you dare kiss me, I'll slap you in the face !

DORA. (*with a cajoling inflection, suddenly in his ear*) Go ahead, just you dare ! I'll slap you !

FREUD. Yes, you will tell me about it. In all its details.

DORA. (*in a faraway voice*) "If you like ...."

(*in an alert voice*) if you like, Doctor. And then ?

FREUD. You will tell me about the scene by the lake, in all its details.

DORA. Why did I keep silent for the first few days after the scene by the lake ?

FREUD. To whom do you think you should ask that question?

DORA. And then why did I suddenly tell my parents about it?

FREUD. Why do you think?

DORA. (*doesn't reply, but recites in a dreamy voice*) When Papa was getting ready to leave, I told him I wasn't going to stay on without him. Why did I tell my mother what had happened, so that she could repeat it to my father?

MR. B. Mr. K. has always been very kind to my daughter, ever since our two families established the close friendship that has lasted now for many years. When He was there, Mr. K. would go for walks with her. With an almost paternal affection. , although she was only a child. He gave her presents and looked after her with an almost paternal affection. Dora herself was particularly attached to our friend's two young children, and took marvellous care of them. She could have taken the place of their mother. Two years ago, my daughter and I went to visit the K's at their summer home on the shore of one of our mountain lakes. Dora was to remain with them for several weeks.

## APPENDIX A

VOICE OF THE PLAY. These events appear like a shadow in dreams, often with such lucidity that one seems actually to grasp them. But despite that effect, they evade any definitive classification, and if we proceed without particular skill and caution, we find ourselves unable to determine whether or not such an incident has really taken place.

DORA. (in a tone of voice that shows the silver cord is not broken) Person a threat and a demand. If you dare kiss me, I'll slap you in the face!

DORA. (with a laughing, different, snaky, to wit, cold, to spread, and you shut? I'll slap you!

FRED. Yes, you will tell me about it. In all its details!

DORA. (in a furious voice) "If you like..."

(we now see what you like, Dora. And then?)

FRED. You will tell me about the scene in the hotel in all its details. DORA. Why did I keep silent for the first few days after the scene of the

last?

FRED. To whom do you think you should ask that question?

DORA. And then why did I suddenly tell my parents about it?

FRED. Why do you think?

DORA. (scoffs) I want him to know that I was ready to go to him without him getting ready to leave. I told him I wasn't going to stay on without him. Why and I tell my mother what had happened so that she could report it to my father?

MR. H. Mr. K. has always been very kind to my daughter, ever since our two families established the close friendship that has lasted now for many years. When he was there, Mr. K. would go to the walls with her. With an almost parental affection, although she was only a child. He gave her presents and looked after her with an almost parental affection. Tom himself was particularly attached to our friend's two young children and took marvellous care of them. She could have taken the place of their mother. Two years ago, my daughter and I went to visit Mr. K. at their summer home on the shore of one of our mountain lakes. I was to remain with them for several weeks.



DORA. I'm not staying, I'm leaving with my father.

MR. B. But the lake and the mountain air would do wonders for your nerves. I'm sure that in a few days...

DORA. I'm leaving with you. (*Abruptly threatening*) I'll never forgive you!

MR. B. I don't understand you!

DORA. You understand me, but you're not honest. There's something deceitful about you. You think only of your own satisfaction. You don't understand. I am not honest. I reproach myself for being unfair. Give me a bracelet. (*pause*) My father is a generous man. He likes to do nice things for poor Mrs. K. At the same time, he is generous toward his wife and his daughter. My father never buys a piece of jewellery for me without buying one as well for my mother and for Mrs. K.

MR. B. Dora is still a child and Mr. K. treats her like a child. He would send her flowers, he would buy her little gifts. She was like a mother to the children, she hears their lessons, she took walks with them. Their own mother could not have been more tender or attentive to their needs.

DORA. I never loved Mr. K. I was never crazy about him. I might have loved him, but since the scene by the lake, it's out of the question. There had been talk of divorce between Mr. & Mrs. K. I looked after the children. When my father visited Mrs. K., I knew that the children wouldn't be home. I liked to walk in the direction I knew they had taken and catch them up.

MR. K. Dora is not a child anymore.

Mrs. K. Dora *is* a child, who is interested only in sex. When she stayed at our house by the lake, she used to sneak off and read "The Psychology of Love" by Montegazza, and other such things, which excited her. She adores me. She has faith in me. She's a child who arouses mixed emotions; you can't set store by everything she says, her reading goes to her head.

MR. B. She has probably "imagined" the whole scene by the lake.

DORA: Do you hear him?

DORA. There is a door in Vienna through which everyone may pass except me. Often I dream that I've come to this door, and it opens, and I can go in. Young men and young women are flooding through, and I could easily slip into the crowds, but I don't do it, however, I can't keep myself away from this door – forever, I approach it, I linger in front of it, but I don't do it, I can't bring myself to go through it, I am full of memories and despair, and the strange thing is that I could go through it but something is holding me back, I'm beyond all fear but I don't go in, if I don't go in I die, if I wanted to see Mr. K., but if Papa saw me, but I don't want to see him, but if Papa saw me see him he would kill me, I

BOBA: I'm not staying, I'm leaving with my father.  
MR. B: But the lake and the mountain air would do wonders for your  
nerves. I'm sure that in a few days  
BOBA: I'm leaving with you. (Sighs) (Sighs) I'll never forgive  
you.

MR. B: I don't understand you.  
BOBA: I don't understand you, but you're not honest. If you're something  
different about you, I don't think only of your own satisfaction. You don't  
understand. I am not honest. I approach myself for being unfair. Give  
me a hundred (anyway) My father is a generous man. He likes to do nice  
things for poor Mrs. K. At the same time, he is generous toward his wife  
and his daughter. My father never buys a piece of jewelry for me  
without buying one as well for my mother and for Mrs. K.

MR. B: Boba is still a child and Mrs. K. treats her like a child. The world  
and her flowers, he would buy her little gifts. She was like a mother to  
the children, she hears their lessons, she took walks with them. Then  
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emotions; you can't get store by everything she says, her feelings go in  
her head.

MR. B: She has probably "imagined" the whole scene by the lake.

BOBA: How do you hear him?

MR. B: There is a door in Vienna through which everyone goes past  
except me. (Cried) I dream that I've come to the door, and it opens, and I  
can see it. Young men and young women are passing through, and I  
could easily slip into the crowd, but I don't do it, however I can't keep  
myself away from this door - forever. I approach it, I linger in front of it,  
but I don't go in. I can't bring myself to go through it. I am full of  
anxiety and despair, and the strange thing is that I could go through it  
but something is holding me back. I go beyond all fear but I can't go in.  
I don't go in. I don't want to see Mrs. K., but if I saw her, but I  
don't want to see her, but if I saw her, she would kill me.



could see him just once, and that would be the last time. Then  
MRS. K. *(with mocking laughter)* I've always told him the whole thing  
was wrapped up.

DORA. Then...nothing. Nothing at all.

As soon as I understood Mr. K's intentions, I cut him off, I slapped him  
and I ran away. I ran away I slapped him I stopped him short. I  
understood what he'd said.

THE VOICE OF THE PLAY. This initial account may be compared to  
an unnavigable current, a current whose course would now be obstructed  
by rocks and now divided by sandbars.

FREUD. I happen to be acquainted with Mr. K. He is still a young man,  
with a rather striking appearance. Mr. B., the father, was a refined and  
well-to-do man, a tender father and a patient husband. I never knew  
Dora's mother. The father was very attached to his daughter. Each time  
he was questioned about her health, tears came to his eyes.

DORA. My mother means nothing to him

MR. B. You must have imagined it! A man like Mr. K. is incapable of  
such intentions!

DORA. *(beside herself)* I must have "imagined" it! He said "You know,  
my wife means nothing to me." As soon as I understood what he was  
after, I slapped him and ran away.

*This next event is performed on the side.*

As soon as Mrs. K. had understood what Papa wanted, she shut him up,  
slapped him, and ran away. She slapped him. And you, you, you say  
that I "imagined" it! Now *Choose!*

MR. B. *(shouts)* Stop shouting!

DORA. Her or me!

MR. K. I never made the slightest gesture that could be interpreted in  
such a way. For a year I sent her flowers, I treated her like my own  
daughter. Mr. B., who is known for his discretion where women are  
concerned, should be well aware that my attentions towards his daughter  
had no ulterior motive.

DORA. Answer me! Answer me!

DORA. It wasn't exactly on the shore of the lake. It was in the forest. I  
had understood Mr. K's intentions for quite some time. During our walk,  
he had rolled a cigarette.

*A silence, during which a flashback scene- DORA at age  
fourteen is performed by the door near the staircase.*

DORA. Every morning when I wake up, I smell smoke.  
It's always the same. I don't open my eyes. I sniff and

could see him just once, and that would be the last time. Then  
MRS. K. (aside, always) I've always told him the whole thing  
was straight up.

DORA. (then, nothing. Nothing at all.)  
As soon as I understood Mr. K's intentions, I cut him off. I slapped him  
and I ran away. I ran away I slapped him I slapped him short. I  
understood what he'd said.

THE VOICE OF THE PLAY. This initial account may be compared to  
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Dora's mother. The father was very attached to his daughter. Each time  
he was questioned about her health, tears came to his eyes.

DORA. My mother means nothing to him.  
Mr. B. You must have imagined it. A man like Mr. K. is incapable of  
such intentions.

DORA. (aside, always) I must have imagined it. He said "no" to me.  
My wife means nothing to me. As soon as I understood what he was  
after, I slapped him and ran away.

This new scene is performed on the side.

As soon as Mrs. K. had understood what Dora wanted, she shut him out  
slapped him and ran away. She slapped him. And you see, you see  
that I imagined it. Now (hooves)

MRS. B. (always) Stop shouting!

DORA. Her or me!

MRS. K. I never made the slightest gesture that could be interpreted as  
such a way. For a year I sent her flowers. I treated her like my own  
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he had rolled a cigarette.

I select directly with a flashlight scene. KNOCK is age  
forward, performed by the door near the staircase.

DORA. Every morning when I wake up, I smell smoke.  
It's always the same. I don't open my eyes. I still and



there he is.

DORA. When I went into the shop, there was a faint smell of smoke. Mr. K. was alone. Mrs. K. and my mother were late. It was nearly time for the parade.

FREUD. Where there's smoke, there's fire.

DORA. Mr. K. and my father were both heavy smokers. Like you, I also smoked by the lake. He had rolled me a cigarette. He smelled of smoke. I can't stand the smell of smoke.

I remember that the door that led from the shop to the flat was open, and I smelt the smoke, and Mrs. K's perfume, Mixed together. When the parade was just about to pass, he asked me to wait for him...to wait for him.

FREUD. Go on. Go on. Go on.

DORA. He asked me...to wait for him, when it was almost time.

*Silence*

FREUD. And?

DORA. There is a door. That leads to the stairway to the floor above; there,. While he was lowering the shades, I waited for him. There was a smell....that I recognised.

FREUD. Yes. And then?

DORA: He came back, and then, and so, instead of going out the open door, he drew me close to him, and he kissed me on the lips. And then I felt such an intense disgust, I hated him with all my soul, I was revolted, I told myself away from him, violently, I can still feel it now, today, I felt it so intensely.

I still feel that kiss, and the pressure of that embrace; his lips were very wet. Here, on my chest, and all the way through to my back. I ran in front of him, I brushed past him, past that man. I tore myself away from him. I raced, I looked back at him, I raced towards the stairs, brushing past that man. (I thought "I'm brushing past this man"), towards the stairs, and, from there, toward the door of the house.

FREUD. And?

DORA. And....nothing. Just that. The door

DORA. I can't stand intimate conversations.

MR. B. My daughter has had a chronic respiratory disturbance since the age of eight. She has always been very nervous, very frail. At one time her health caused me a good deal of concern.

FREUD. And her mother?

MR. B. The relations between my wife and my daughter are rather strained. My wife doesn't mean very much to me. Unfortunately, she is

there he is.  
DORA. When I went into the shop, there was a faint smell of smoke.  
Mr. K. was alone. Mrs. K. and my mother were late. It was nearly time  
for the parade.  
ERLID. Where there's smoke, there's fire.  
DORA. Mr. K. and my father were both heavy smokers. Like you, I  
also smoked by the lake. He had rolled me a cigarette. He smelled of  
smoke. I can't stand the smell of smoke.

I remember that the door that led from the shop to the flat  
was open, and I saw the smoke, and Mr. K.'s perfume.  
Mrs. K. together. When the parade was just about to pass,  
he asked me to wait for him. To wait for him.

ERLID. Go on. Go on.  
DORA. He asked me to wait for him, when it was almost time  
for the parade.  
ERLID. And?  
DORA. There is a door. That leads to the stairway to the floor above.  
there. While he was lowering the shades, I waited for him. There was a  
smell... that I recognised.  
ERLID. Yes. And then?

DORA. He came back, and then, and so, instead of going out the open  
door, he drew me close to him, and he kissed me on the lips. And then I  
felt such an intense disgust, I hated him with all my soul, I was revolted. I  
told myself away from him, instantly. I can still feel it now, today. I felt it  
so intensely.

I still feel that kiss, and the pressure of that embrace, his lips were very  
wet. I felt on my chest, and all the way through to my back. I can to  
this day, I brushed past him, just that night. I tore myself away from  
him. I needed, I looked back at him, I turned towards the stairs, brushing  
past him. I thought "I'm reaching out this hand," towards the stairs,  
and from there, toward the door of the house.

ERLID. And?  
DORA. And... nothing. Just that. The door.  
DORA. I can't stand intimate conversations.  
MR. K. My daughter has had a chronic respiratory disturbance since the  
age of eight. She has always been very nervous, very tense. At one time  
her health caused me a good deal of concern.

ERLID. And her mother?  
MR. K. The relations between my wife and my daughter are rather  
strained. My wife doesn't mean very much to me. Unfortunately, she is

not an educated woman. She has no understanding of her children's aspirations. Dora naturally favoured me. I have been seriously ill myself. I have little doubt that her feelings for me were increased by what I went through.

DORA. When he was ill, Mrs. K. supposedly saved his life. She has an eternal right to his gratitude. When I was ten years old, my father had a detached retina, the doctors told him to stay in a darkened room. I liked to keep him company in the dark. He would hold me in his arms and kiss me. I myself took charge of seeing that the curtains were always drawn.

MR. B. The migraines and the attacks of nervous coughing appeared when she was about twelve. I remember because it was at that time that my friend K. persuaded me to consult you). The coughing fits sometimes last as long as three or four weeks. But what distresses me most are the spells of aphonia.

DORA. But their relations became intimate only after Mrs. K. took over as sick nurse.

My mother stayed out of the room, because she has no love for my father. My mother is a stupid woman.

MR. B. What I feel for Mrs. K. is a deep and sincere affection. Dora, who is very close to me, felt a sort of idol worship for her.

DORA. Idol worship. I had never seen such a beautiful, elegant woman. How I loved to look at her! I drank in her every movement! I thought she knew how to do everything that women are supposed to do. I loved to bring flowers into her bedroom.

When she and my father changed their rooms and they both moved into the rooms at the back of the house, I understood everything.

*(shout directed at MR.B)* Everything! Do you hear?

MR. B. *(defends himself, very aggressively)* An extremely nervous woman herself, Mrs. K. has in me her only friend. Given the state of my health and the delicacy of her nature it goes without saying that all that exists between us is a very warm friendship. Dora's animosity is unfounded. Her irritability, her suicidal thoughts! She obviously gets all that from her mother.

*DORA leaves. Footsteps are heard on the staircase, running footsteps. She stops on the staircase.*

DORA. It's dark here....

MR. K. *(whispers)* Wait for me, let's lower the shades and then I'm yours.

DORA. *(Dora whispers, a torrent of words. What is unsaid, what is lost, in the body, between bodies)* No point opening. It's always open. I can open. Not open. That man had beautiful teeth, like a bracelet of pearls. I can open a bit. And why wouldn't you open? That which is open can be not open. That which has happened can have not happened.



not an educated woman. She has no understanding of her children's aspirations. Don naturally favoured me. I have been seriously ill myself. I have little doubt that her feelings for me were increased by what I went through.

DORA: When he was ill, Mrs. K. supposedly saved his life. She has an unusual right to his gratitude. When I was ten years old, my father had a decided room. The doctor told him to stay in a darkened room. I liked to keep him company in the dark. He would hold me in his arms and kiss me. I myself took charge of seeing that the curtains were always drawn.

MRS. B: The brightness and the attacks of nervous coughing appeared when she was about twelve. I remember because it was at that time that my friend K. persuaded me to consult you. I like coughing this sometimes last as long as three or four weeks. But what distresses me most are the spells of apnoea.

DORA: But their relations became intimate only after Mrs. K. took over my room.

MRS. B: Another stayed out of the room because she has no love for my father. My mother is a sound woman.

MRS. B: What I feel for Mrs. K. is a deep and sincere affection. Don, who is very close to me, has a sort of idol worship for her.

DORA: Idol worship. I had never seen such a beautiful, elegant woman. How I loved to look at her! I think in her every movement I thought she knew how to do everything that women are supposed to do. I loved to bring flowers into her bedroom.

When she and my father changed their rooms and they both moved into the room at the back of the house, I understood everything.

What does Mrs. K. (Everything! Do you hear?) An extremely nervous woman herself, very awkwardly. An extremely nervous woman herself, Mrs. K. has in me her only friend. Given the state of my health and the delicacy of her nature it goes without saying that all that exists between us is a very warm friendship. Don's animosity is unbounded. Her intention, her secret thoughts, she obviously gets all that from her mother.

DORA (sings): Friendship was born on the mountain,  
creeping, creeping. She stays on the mountain.

DORA: It's dark here...  
MRS. B: (sings): Wait for me, let's follow the shades and then I'm home.

DORA: (sings): A forest of minds. What is missing, what is lost, to the (sings back): No point opening. It's always open. I can open. Not open. That man had beautiful teeth like a parcel of pearls. I can open a bit. And why wouldn't you open? That which is open can be not open. That which has happened can have not happened.



MR. K. Nothing is irrevocable. Why not?

DORA. (*whispers*) I still feel like I'm there. I have trouble breathing. I've already heard someone behind the door. Leaning with all his weight. It was a new sensation...(*abrupt return to her normal voice*) But- the thing that didn't happen.

FREUD. How did you know it was a man? Since he was behind the door.

DORA. (*whispers*) Who was leaning against the door with all his weight. I felt his penis stiffen. Who told you that? (*a pause*). It's Mrs. K. who told me. While I combed her hair, she read books to me that no one has ever read. (*A silence*)

*She performs this top one side:*

DORA. (*in a voice that is at once clear and lethargic*). It would have been pointless to wait for him. One could wait, if one liked. I had seen him in a dream. He was a gentle attractive man who didn't take his eyes off me.

But it wasn't him. Is that him now, behind the door? One never knows. I open it just a bit. There's a man in the shadows. I don't see his head. He stoops down. I understand what he's after. I push back the door panel. I have no doubt that he intends to push the door open. And he presses against the panel. I feel his erection. He leans. Too late. He's going to force open the door. His decision has forced it open already. And keeps me from closing it. The door is heavy, and I lean my weight against it. I squeeze myself behind the panel, on the left, I smell smoke. How simple and mortal it all is! It's Him or me! In the darkness I am dark. The imaginary flesh that swells the door disgusts me. There will be a murder. It's a law. That's a key. One will have to kill the other who kills the first who wants to kill who wants to be killed? I want to kill him. He knows it. He wants to kill me. I know it.

A moment ago I would have liked him to kill me. Who kills me. The one who kills me is the one I want. I feel like. One can remain for a long time without moving, and then one has to move. Kill me! Kill me! It's so long! That man who's behind the door, I don't see him. He's a tall man, he's still young. Because I want him. He has a familiar look: a ladies' man. There's something devious in his expression. His eyes are somewhat troubled, they don't go at all with his mouth. I'll have to get at his neck. This action demands the utmost effort. I give it all my strength. I take him in my arms, lock him in my embrace, and lean on him, hard. From this angle, his face doesn't seem familiar; it doesn't terrify me, as it would if I knew it well. It's just that we know, and there, where our knowledge intersects, we reach into secret places that escape neither him nor me. I'm in a hurry to get there. I'm not sure I'll make it, despite the fact that my strength is increasing every minute. While I'm holding him against me, I turn him halfway round and I grab his head from the rear, my arm encircles his forehead and his skull presses against my chest; I hold

Why not? Nothing is impossible. Why not?  
DORA: (sighs) I still feel like I'm dead. I have trouble breathing.  
I've always been nervous about the door. Breathing with all the weight  
it was a real sensation. (sighs) I want to get away from it. I don't  
think that's right.  
FRED: How did you know it was a man? When he was in the door  
DORA: (sighs) Who was leaning against the door with all the weight.  
I felt his hands shift. Who told you that? (sighs) He told me.  
While I rubbed her hair, she read books to me that no one else  
ever read. (sighs)

She put down the top one.  
DORA: (sighs) It was there when I was a child. (sighs) It would have  
been good to wait for him. One could wait if one liked. I had seen  
him in a dream. He was a gentle attractive man who didn't take his eyes  
off me.

But I wasn't him. I was him now, behind the door. (sighs) One never knows. I  
open it just a bit. I see a man in the shadows. I don't see his face.  
He looks down. I understand what he's after. I push back the door panel.  
I have no doubt that he intends to push the door open. I had the press  
against the panel. I feel his erection. He leans. Too late. He's going to  
force open the door. His decision has forced it open already. And keeps  
from closing it. The door is heavy, and I lean my weight against it. I  
squeeze myself behind the panel, on the left. I smell smoke. How simple  
and moment it all is! It's him or me! In the darkness I am dead. The  
man's eyes that swell the door disgust me. There will be a murder.  
It's too late. That's a key. One will have to kill the other who kills the first.  
Who wants to kill who wants to be killed? I want to kill him. He knows it.  
He wants to kill me. I know it.

A moment ago I would have liked him to kill me. Who kills me. I'm one  
who kills me is the one I want. I feel like. One can remain for a long time  
without moving, and then one has to move. Kill me! Kill me! It's so  
easy. That man who's behind the door. I don't see him. He's a tall man.  
He's still young. Because I want him. He has a familiar look, a lady's  
man. There's something devoted in his expression. His eyes are  
somewhat troubled, they don't go at all with his mouth. I'll have to get at  
his neck. This action demands the utmost effort. I give it all my strength.  
I take him in my arms, lock him in my embrace, and turn on him. I find  
him. His face doesn't seem the same. It doesn't really see, as it  
would if I knew it well. It's just that we know, and there, where our  
knowledge is forced to reach into secret places that escape neither him  
nor me. I'm in a hurry to get there. I'm not sure I'll make it despite the  
fact that my strength is increasing every minute. While I'm behind the  
door, I hear his heavy sound and I feel his head from the back. I  
can feel his forehead and his head pressed against my chest. I feel



him tight and slit his throat. The knife has become one with my hand. How hard it is to cut his throat. I don't push very hard, because I'm holding him close to me. I slit his throat, I pull the knife across the width of his neck; but I don't cut all the way through to the back. For a long time afterward I still feel the resistance of his throat. As though I were still doing it, I feel the density of that resistance, I was using my left hand, and I pulled straight across from left to right, in a single stroke. It takes a lot of pressure, it's like opening a tin. His suffering makes me ill. I had a terrible pain in my throat. It's hard for me to speak.

FREUD. No doubt Mr. K. travelled a good deal?

DORA. I don't know. I haven't the slightest interest in what Mr. K. does.

FREUD. Do you like to write? Yes.

DORA. No.

FREUD. You sent me a very pretty postcard. Do you like receiving postcards?

DORA. I don't much care. Mr. K. spent part of the year travelling. Like Papa. Journeys have their uses. Whenever my father feels his health declining, he goes to Berg.

FREUD. Does he stay very long?

DORA. *(an immediate stream of associations in a very low but abrupt voice, with violent outbursts on the words between quotation marks)* I'll write a letter it will be hesitant. It will start with these words: "you have killed me". And I'll write "You, my dear, have killed me." Then I'll write another letter on very thin paper, tissue paper, that will start with these words, "that's what you wanted." I'll leave it ambiguous for him to complete himself." Because I don't know what he wanted. However, I'm "the one" who's dead. My body is buried in the forest. It's dark there. I have no voice.

FREUD. Tell me about the letter.

DORA. *(almost inaudible)* What letter?

MR. B. I found a letter on the desk. It was inside her desk. It said that she couldn't bear to live anymore. "This is what you all wanted" she said, and she told us goodbye. I didn't think she would actually kill herself, but I was shocked. A few days later, after an insignificant argument; she had a fainting spell, for the first time. That frightened me, of course.

DORA. How did they find that letter? It was locked inside my desk.

FREUD. Is your desk locked?

DORA. I don't know. Does anyone besides me have a key?

FREUD. Who has the keys?

MR. B. On her desk. It was a rough draft. I worried about it particularly after her fainting spell.

DORA. *(in a pained staccato voice)* You don't love me! You think I don't see through you? You're abandoning me!

You love her more than you love me! I want nothing from you do you

him right and she has chosen. The knife has become one with my hand. How hard it is to cut his throat. I don't push very hard because I'm holding him close to me. I cut his throat. I pull the knife across the width of his neck. But I don't cut all the way through to the back. For a long time afterward I still feel the resistance of his throat. As though I were still doing it. I feel the density of that resistance. I was trying not to panic, and I pulled straight across from left to right in a single stroke. It was a lot of pressure. It's like opening a tin. The knife opened it. I feel a terrible pain in my throat. It's hard for me to speak.

FRIED: No doubt Mr. K. gave it a good deal.

DORA: I don't know. I haven't the slightest interest in what he did.

FRIED: Do you like to write? Yes.

DORA: No.

FRIED: You sent me a very pretty postcard. Do you like collecting postcards?

DORA: I don't much care. Mr. K. spent part of the year travelling. Like Papa. Journeys have their uses. Whenever my father feels his health declining, he goes to Italy.

FRIED: Does he stay very long?

DORA: (an unobtrusive stream of conversation in a very low but abrupt voice with rapid movements on the words between the two women) "I'll write a letter it will be pleasant. It will start with these words, 'you have killed me.' And I'll write 'You, my dear, have killed me.' Then I'll write another letter on very thin paper, tissue paper, that will start with these words, 'that's what you wanted.' I'll leave it anonymous for him to complete himself." Because I don't know what he wanted. However, I'm "the one" who's dead. My body is buried in the forest. It's dark there. I have no voice.

FRIED: Tell me about the letter.

DORA: (always whispering) What letter?

MRS. B: I found a letter on the desk. It was inside her desk. It said that she couldn't bear to live any more. "This is what you all wanted," she said, and she told us goodbye. I didn't think she would actually kill herself, but I was shocked. A few days later, after an insignificant argument, she put a burning spell for the first time. I put a lightning rod of course.

DORA: How did they find that letter? It was locked inside the desk.

FRIED: Is your desk locked?

DORA: I don't know. Does anyone besides me have a key?

FRIED: Who has the key?

MRS. B: On the desk. It was a rough draft. I worried about it constantly after her burning spell.

DORA: Am I worried too now? You don't love me. You don't love me. You don't see through me. You're abandoning me.

FRIED: I love her more than you love me. I was not noticing from you do you



hear? Nothing!

You make me sick. You think you can buy me? You think you can sell me?

*She screams. Mr. B. is afraid, and tries to stop her.*

MR. B. (in a hurried voice) Dora, Dora, Dora, my deal, my love, my sweet child... Come, Come now, come.

DORA. You have no idea how I despise that woman! When she's dead, I'll marry you.

FREUD. What was the argument about?

MR. B. I don't remember anymore. I have just returned from some journey. She seemed tired. I remember I had just given her a pearl bracelet.

DORA. At one time I quite like jewellery, but I never wear it any more. When I was living at the K's, she used to like to show me her jewellery. She loaned me her pearls, she told me they were more becoming to me than they were to her.

FREUD. What was your attitude toward Mrs. K. before the incident?

DORA. I don't know. Normal.

I'm sure that the jewellery my father gave me was chosen by her. I recognised her taste. My father bought me jewellery, especially pearls. Like the ones I saw at Mrs. K's.

*(A pause)*

She used to say to me... When I was combing her hair. Me. Standing behind her. The whiteness... of her body.

*The characters change places, as in a ballet.*

MR. K. *(in a voice that sounds as though it's coming over a telephone)* I am prepared to meet you face to face, to clear up all these misunderstandings. Dora is nothing but a child as far as I'm concerned. You know what respect I have for you and your daughter. Didn't she live in our hours? And in the greatest friendship with my wife?

MRS. K. My pet, you have no right to criticise your father's behaviour; he is a very generous man. You know how much your father cares for you. He can't even speak to me about you without tears coming into his eyes.

MR. B. ...every reason in the world, rather, to be grateful to Mrs. K.

MR. K.... Always perfect confidence in her.

MR. B. A man like Mr. K. could not have presented any threat to her.

MRS. K. He's a man with very coarse appetites: he doesn't know what a real woman is. Men are often like that: they think of nothing but their own satisfaction. Not your father.... poor man he was so unhappy at that

heard. Nothing!  
You must ask. You think you can buy me? You think you can sell

me?  
Two women. Mr. B. was dead and was buried.  
Mr. B. (in a hushed voice) Dora! Dora! Dora! Dora! Dora! Dora! Dora!  
DORA: You have no idea how I despise that woman! When she's dead,  
I'll marry you.

FRIEDRICH: What was the argument about?  
MR. B.: I don't remember any more. I have just returned from some  
journey. She seemed tired. I remember I had just given her a pearl  
brooch.

DORA: At one time I quite like jewelry, but I never wear it any more.  
When I was living at the K's, she used to like to show me her jewelry.  
She showed me her pearls, she told me they were more becoming to me  
than they were to her.

FRIEDRICH: What was your attitude toward Mrs. K. before the incident?  
DORA: I don't know. Normal.  
I'm sure that the jewelry my father gave me was chosen by her. I  
remember her taste. My father bought me jewelry, especially pearls.  
I like the ones I saw at Mrs. K's.

At last!  
She used to say to me: When I was coming her hair. Ah! Standing  
before her. The wholeness of her body.

It's a beautiful thing, please, to be a father.

MR. K.: (in a voice that sounds as though it's coming over a telephone) I  
am prepared to meet you face to face, to clear up all these  
misunderstandings. Dora is nothing but a child as far as I'm concerned.  
You know what respect I have for you and your daughter. I didn't she live  
in our house? And in the greatest friendship with my wife?  
MR. K.: My pet, you have no right to criticize your father's behavior.  
He is a very generous man. You know how much your father cares for  
you. He can't even speak to me about you without tears coming into his  
eyes.

MR. B.: Every reason in the world, rather to be grateful to Mrs. K.  
MR. K.: Always good at confidence in her.  
MR. B.: A man like Mr. K. could not have presented any threat to her.  
MR. K.: It's a man with very coarse appetites; he doesn't know what a  
real woman is. Men are often like that. They think of nothing but their  
own satisfaction. Not your father. A poor man he was so unhappy at that

point that he wanted to commit suicide. I was seized with a premonition, I ran to the woods, I found him. I pleaded with him. I managed to make him renounce his terrible decision. To preserve him for his family.

DORA. Always in white. Milky tulles. Crepe. I saw HER. The whiteness of her body, especially her back. A faint lustre: pearly.

MR. K. I am prepared to meet with you immediately to clear up this misunderstanding. A young girl who reads such books cannot command the respect of a man. When she was visiting us, my wife went so far as to let Dora share her room. And I deliberately kept myself at a distance, because we thought Dora was badly in need of affection. My wife was astonished at such curiosity in a young girl.

MRS. K. you know that you are free to tell me everything and ask me anything. There's nothing in the world that I feel I must hide from you. The brutality of certain practices has totally alienated me from men.

DORA. You are absolutely everything. And I am nothing, nothing. No one. Listen to me: I love you as though you were God. Someone. For whom I don't exist. For whom I am living. For no one.

*In adoration, in front of MRS. K. who seated in front of her mirror looks back at her with a long smile and an enigmatic and sinister serenity.*

MR. B. There had often been talk of divorce between Mr. and Mrs. K. It never came to that, because Mr. K. was a devoted father, and couldn't bring himself to give up either of his two children.

MR. K. Either of my two children.

DORA. I went to Dresden. My cousin wanted to take me to the Gallery. I refused. I ran to the door, I left. I wandered aimlessly through the foreign city. I went to the Gallery alone. There is a painting. It was the "Sistine Madonna". I stood alone. Completely absorbed. In that painting. For two hours. In its radiance. A very faint smile. You can't see her teeth. But a pearly lustre, between her lips.

FREUD. What was it that held your attention so, in this painting?

DORA. The....The....

*Suddenly, the evidence that perhaps no one is aware of: the child Jesus in the Madonna's arms is none other than a miniature DORA.*

MRS. K. *(with infinite tenderness)* You must live, you must make a life for yourself.

DORA. *(to FREUD)* I shared her room, I was her confidante and even her counsellor. She told me about all the problems of married life. There was nothing we couldn't have spoken about...

MRS. K. *(gently laughing)* I call a spade a spade!

There 's more than one way. The body, you'll find out, has infinite resources.



point that he wanted to commit suicide. I was relaxed with a premonition. I ran to the woods. I found him. I pleaded with him. I managed to make him renounce his terrible decision. I preserved him for his family.

DORA. Always in white. Milky tales. Once I saw him. The whiteness of her body, especially her back. A thin, slender beauty.

MRS. K. I am prepared to meet with you immediately to clear up this misunderstanding. A young girl who reads such books cannot command the respect of a man. When she was visiting us, my wife went so far as to let Dora share her room. And I deliberately kept myself at a distance because we thought Dora was back in need of affection. My wife was restrained at such crudeness in a young girl.

MRS. K. You know that you are free to tell me everything and ask me anything. There's nothing in the world that I feel I must hide from you. The breaking of certain practices has really alarmed me from afar.

DORA. You are absolutely everything. And I am nothing, nothing. No one. Listen to me. I love you as though you were God. Someone. For whom I don't exist. For whom I am living. For no one.

An admission to your eye, Mrs. K., who stands in front of her own books. As if she were a young girl, and an innocent and naive young girl.

MRS. K. There had often been talk of divorce between Mr. and Mrs. K. It never came to that, because Mr. K. was a devoted father and couldn't bring himself to give up either of his two children.

MRS. K. Either of my two children.  
DORA. I went to Dresden. My cousin wanted to take me to the Gallery. I refused. I ran to the door. I left. I wandered aimlessly through the foreign city. I went to the Gallery again. There is a painting. It was the "Christine Madonna". I stood alone. Completely absorbed. In that painting. For two hours. In its embrace. A very faint smile. You can't see her teeth. Just a barely visible, between her lips.

FREUD. What was it that held your attention so in this painting?

DORA. The... The...  
Freud: The character that perhaps no one is aware of, the child Jesus in the Madonna's arms is more other than a miniature DORA.

MRS. K. What? What? Anyway. You must find, you must make a life for yourself.

DORA. (to FREUD) I shared her room. I was her confidante and even her counsellor. She told me about all the problems of married life. There was nothing we couldn't have spoken about...

MRS. K. (again, laughing) I call a spade a spade!  
There is more than one way. The body, you'll find out, has infinite resources.



DORA. Let me kiss you!

MRS. K., *smiling, grows sweeter and more distant, ephemeral, close, inaccessible. She says no with a gesture, with her whole body, she resists DORA's embrace. Calmly.*

DORA. Let me take you in my arms! Just once.

DORA. (to FREUD): I don't know. Exactly. She was there, before me. Her smile. As though she were smiling to herself....

FREUD. Two hours? What was it that moved you?

DORA. *(after a long silence)* her.

DORA. (to MRS. K.): I'M RIVITED HERE. Before you. I'm waiting. If only! If only you wanted to tell me!

MRS. K. But I have nothing to tell.

DORA. Everything you know. Everything I don't know. Let me give you this love. Her body, its ravishing whiteness. Her tiny breasts, the smooth skin of her belly.

MRS. K. *(her hand over DORA'S mouth)* Oh! It's impossible, impossible my mad little child!

DORA. I feel ill, I always feel ill, take my head in your hands, hold me.

MRS. K. My God! What am I going to do with you?

DORA. Look at me! I would like to step into your eyes. I want you to close your eyes.

DORA. Here way of looking at herself. Of loving herself. Of not suffering. Of not looking at me. Of looking at me so calmly, with that smile.

DORA. I owe her everything. I cherished her.

FREUD. How could you be attracted by this man when your cherished friend spoke so ill of him?

DORA. *(standing beside MRS. K.)* She is an intelligent woman, superior to the men around her. A woman is exquisite beauty. How white your back is! And your skin! Oh, God, I love you! *(A whisper, and the very faint sound of a kiss)*

May I? And here, too, just above..... You can't imagine how much I love you. If I were a man, I'd marry you, I'd take you away and marry you, and I'd know how to make you happy.

MRS. K. Dora!

DORA. (to FREUD) They weren't right for each other.

MR. B. I expect an explanation.

MR. K. a girl who dwells on such things can't possibly command the respect of a man. She read Montegazza. She knows more about it than you do. My wife was so astonished that she ventured to tell me about it.

DORA. Tell me more, tell me everything, everything. *(With, leaning against MRS. K.)* Everything women know; how to make jam, how to make love, how to make up their faces, how to make pastry, how to adopt babies, how to cook meat, how to dress fowl. I watched my grandmothers do these things when I was small. But would I know how to do them? I'll



have to learn. She told me that she had thought a lot about what she would do if she had to choose to come back to earth as a man or a woman. She said she was sure, she wouldn't hesitate, it's women who rule the roost. I told myself that I wouldn't know, I've thought a lot about it, but I don't know. On which side. But if I were a man, I'd know. But I'd be a man, quick-tempered. But afterward? I'd be a man who's too gentle, maybe I'd be brutal. I'd be troubled, I'd be cowardly.

MRS. K. patience, patience! It's hard work. Patience, my dear, it will come in time. With a bit of deception as well. Our sex has to learn its lesson. Draw the curtains.

*Sound of curtains being drawn. Then DORA'S voice fades to a faraway whisper.*

DORA. It looks like a cave! Where are you? it looks like a cave; It's me! Me inside myself, in the shadow. In you.

*(in a faraway voice)* Sometimes the full, sometimes the void, and always darkness. One might come to understand everything. And then one might change the world. These moments open and close like hesitant eyes. Don't tell anyone what I know. Swear you won't tell.

MR.S. K. I swear.

DORA. *(sharply hissing)* You killed me! You betrayed me! You deceived me!

"Who" is abandoning me? Didn't I write you innumerable letters? Didn't I worship the ground you walked on? Didn't I open my doors to you? Didn't I tear my heart out for you? Is there anything on earth I refused to do for you? I followed you. I stroked, I polished, I put my right hand at your service. I spoke to you when you listened to me, and when you didn't listen to me I told you, I gave myself to you. I sacrificed myself to your law, I made your bed, I drove the shadow away from your bed, who are you to abandon me now?

To whom can I address this letter?

To whom can I address my silence? My suicide? And you? Who are you jealous of, how, why are you jealous? Say it, answer me! Do you want me to tell you? Draw the curtains! I'm going to show you everything you want to see. You're no different. You're exactly the same.

FREUD. No, it it's that, then leave.....

DORA.. That's all?

*Sound of door opened. Closed. Footsteps.*

MRS. K'S VOICE. But what in the world did she want

DORA. Nothing now. Nothing ever again.



have to learn. She told me that she had thought a lot about what she would do if she had to choose to come back to earth as a man or a woman. She said she was sure she wouldn't hesitate, it's a woman who rules the world. I told myself that I wouldn't know I've thought a lot about it, but I don't know. On which side? But if I were a man, I'd know. But I'd be a man, quick-witted. But afterwards, I'd be a man who's too gentle, maybe I'd be afraid. I'd be troubled, I'd be cowardly.

MRS. K. Patiently, patience! It's hard work. Patience, my dear, it will come in time. With a bit of deception as well. Our sex has to learn its lesson. Draw the curtains.

Sound of curtains being drawn. ALAN DORR'S red jacket is a flash of red.

ALAN DORR. It looks like a cave! Where are you? It looks like a cave. It's me! I'm inside myself in the shadow. In you.

MRS. K. Sometimes the full, sometimes the void, and always in a forever room. One might come to understand everything. And then one might change the world. These moments open and close the human eye. I don't tell anyone what I know. Say, say you want to tell.

MRS. K. I want. DORR. (Always) Always. You killed me? You betrayed me? You deceived me?

MRS. K. I'm abandoning me. Didn't I write you humanistic letters? Didn't I worship the ground you walked on? Didn't I open my door to you? Didn't I see my heart out for you? Is there anything on earth I refused to do for you? I followed you. I studied, I polished, I put my right hand at your service. I spoke to you when you listened to me, and when you didn't listen to me I told you, I gave myself to you. I sacrificed myself to your law, I made your bed, I drove the shadow away from your bed, who are you to abandon me now?

To whom can I address this letter?

To whom can I address my silence? My suicide? And you? Who are you? Ghosts of how, why are you jealous? Say it, answer me! Do you want me to tell you? Draw the curtain! I'm going to show you everything you want to see. You're no different. You're exactly the same.

FREED. No, it's that then leave me. DORR. That's all?

Sound of door opening. Closed. Forever.

MRS. K'S VOICE. But what in the world did she want? DORR. Nothing now. Nothing ever again.



DORA. I beg you , give me something. Do something for me. Tell me some word that will make me be born again. Feed me. I am dead, dead! I don't even have the strength to desire anymore! Make something happen to me.

MRS. K. Don't be afraid. You know me, Dora.

DORA. Yesterday you called me "my dear"

MRS. K. Come my dear, don't be afraid.

DORA. He had said to me, "Come, I'll tell you your real name." I wanted so badly for him to tell me

MRS. K. Come now, come, take my hand. What's stopping you?

DORA. He was calling me. I was unable to move. As though the world were about to split open. He had to drag me. I wanted him to carry me off.

MRS. K. You know me. Don't you know you can trust me Don't close up. Trust me.

DORA. I want to. I don't understand myself. I was so heavy. I want to believe you, Mr. K. I do.

MR. K. Yesterday you called me by my first name. You know we don't have much time....Dora. That doesn't mean that nothing is possible. I have one word....

DORA. Don't tell me anything. Anything at all. There's something in your voice....

MR. K. What would I have to do/ What haven't I done?

DORA. You talk too much. It's in your silences that I'd like to touch you.

FREUD. And you thought, "I know who the other is...."

DORA. I don't know.

*MR. K'S VOICE.* As if she feared the best. As if she deliberately went off alone, because she didn't want to be alone. Quite the contrary.

DORA. (to FREUD) I dreamed he rejected me and I saw him for the last time. He was saying to me, "I have nothing against you. I don't take back anything I said, I'm not cross with you, you know me a bit"...and, yes it's true, I knew him better than anyone...and I've thought a great deal about it, and I'm making my decision as clear to you as I've always made everything else, and this is how it has to be." And the tears were streaming down my cheeks, but I was saying yes, yes, you're right. And then he said, "I'm taking back my pearls!" And he really did say that; and also, "I had given you the key to the box...I'd like it back now." There was no use crying, with all the crazy things he was saying. And I said, yes, yes...as though I wanted to die. But what key?

MR. K. What key?

FREUD. What box?

DORA. Some time previously, Mr. K. had given me a very valuable jewellery box. For my birthday.

DORA: I beg you, give me something. Do something for me. Tell me some word that will make me feel better again. Feed me. I am dead, dead. I don't even have the strength to move anymore. Make something happen to me.

MRS. K: Don't be afraid. You know me, Dora.

DORA: Yesterday you called me my dear.

MRS. K: Come my dear, don't be afraid.

DORA: He had said to me, "Come, I'll tell you your real name." I wanted so badly for him to tell me.

MRS. K: Come now, come take my hand. What's stopping you?  
DORA: He was calling me. I was unable to move. As though the world were about to split open. He had to drag me. I wanted him to carry me off.

MRS. K: You know me. Don't you know you can trust me. Don't close up. Trust me.

DORA: I want to. I don't understand myself. I was so happy. I want to believe you, Mr. K. I do.

MRS. K: Yesterday you called me by my first name. You know we don't have much time. Dora. That doesn't mean that nothing is possible. I have one word.

DORA: Don't tell me anything. Anything at all. There's something in your voice.

MRS. K: What would I have to do? What haven't I done?  
DORA: You talk too much. It's in your silence that I'd like to touch you.

FREUD: And you thought, "I know who the other is..."  
DORA: I don't know.

MRS. K: I know. As if she feared the best. As if she deliberately went off alone because she didn't want to be alone. Quite the contrary.

DORA: (to FREUD) I dreamed he rejected me and I saw him for the last time. He was saying to me, "I have nothing against you. I don't take back anything I said. I'm not cross with you, you know me a bit... and you it was I love him better than any one... and I've thought a great deal about it, and I'm making my decision as clear to you as I so always make something clear, and this is how it has to be." And the next day, returning down my cheeks, but I was saying yes, yes, you're right. And then he said, "I'm taking back my words." And he really did say that and also, "I had given you the key to the box. I'd like it back now." There was no use arguing with all the crazy things he was saying. And I said yes, yes, as though I wanted to die. But what key?

MRS. K: What key?  
FREUD: What box?

DORA: Some time previously, Mr. K. had given me a very valuable new key box for my birthday.

FREUD. Good. And the key?

MR. K'S VOICE. And suppose I had asked her to wait for me?

DORA. The afternoon following the excursion to the lake, from which Mr. K. and I had returned home separately, I was taking a little nap on the *chaise longue* in the bedroom. I woke with a start.

*A sudden noise.*

What are you doing here?

MR. K. it's my room, no one is going to tell me when I can be here and when I can't. Besides, I came in to get something.

DORA. (*halting and painful*) I got up quickly, to escape. I ran. Then I dreamed I was running. I could see myself running on a beach. The sand was so rough that it tore my feet. A woman who was taller and stronger than me was running beside me. Everything about her was the exact opposite from me. I called her dear Mrs. K. She made me feel ashamed of myself. In every way, she was all I could have been. I didn't have to explain anything to her. She was sublimely indifferent to my failures. Going down. I felt I was drifting further and further away from myself. Even I was abandoning myself.

FREUD'S VOICE. As if she, too were escaping. To keep from arriving. To keep from dying as well.

DORA. Just then, I saw him again. There! It was Him! So far away! But really only a few meters away. But too far. So far from me I knew very well that one day....

FREUD'S VOICE. To search for Him everywhere, from the beginning of time. As if He existed. As if He were waiting only for her. For her arrival, to disappear.

DORA. There was no reason to hope. Everything keeps us apart. He said, "This way, nothing is changed." And I couldn't wait for him. Because here where I am, nothing is alive. I was in the past.

FREUD'S VOICE. All that happened to her happened only after the fact. She lived on memories. A prey to the past. Without any hope of ever reaching anything that would be the present.

DORA. She urged me to live. She was unaware of the enormity of my suffering. Which I can't even feel. I couldn't even cry out.

FREUD. Totally lost, between love and desire.

DORA. When I wanted to shut myself in the bedroom in the afternoon to rest, there was no more key. I'm certain that it was Mr. K. who took it away.

FREUD. Naturally one can't be indifferent as to whether a girl is "open" or "closed". It's obvious which key would be used to "open" in such a case.

DORA. I was "sure" you would say that!

FREUD. Didn't you ever wish to give a present to Mr. K. in return? That



FRANK: (Glad. And me too.)  
MR. K'S VOICE: (And suppose I had asked her to wait for me?)  
DOKA: The afternoon following the excursion to the lake, from which  
Mr. K and I had returned home separately, I was taking a little nap on the  
couch in the bedroom. I woke with a start.

I wasn't alone.

What are you doing here?  
Aha! It's my room, no one is going to tell me when I can bed down and  
what I can't. Besides, I came to do something.  
DOKA: (Hastily and excitedly) I got up quickly, to escape. I ran. Then I  
found I was running. I could see myself running on a ladder. The sand  
was so rough that it tore my feet. A woman who was taller and stronger  
than me was running beside me. Everything about her was the exact  
opposite from me. I called her Mrs. K. She made me feel ashamed  
of myself. In every way, she was all I could have desired. I didn't have to  
explain anything to her. She was subtly indifferent to my failures.  
Going down, I felt I was drifting further and further away from myself.  
I was abandoning myself.

FRANK'S VOICE: As if she, too, were escaping. To keep from arriving  
to keep from arriving as well.

DOKA: Just then I saw him again. There! It was there! So far away!  
That really only a few meters away. But too far. So far from me, I know  
very well that one day...

FRANK'S VOICE: To search for him everywhere, from the beginning of  
time. As if he existed. As if he were waiting only for me. For me  
and, to disappear.

DOKA: There was no reason to hope. Everything seems to repeat. It  
and "this way, nothing is changed." And I wonder what the time  
because here where I am nothing is alive. I was in the past.

FRANK'S VOICE: All that happened to her happened to me after the fact.  
She lived on memories. A prey to the past. Without any hope of ever  
leaving anything that would be the present.

DOKA: She urged me to live. She was unaware of the possibility of my  
suffering. Which I can't even feel. I couldn't even cry out.

FRANK: Finally lost between love and desire.  
DOKA: When I wanted to shut myself in the bedroom in the afternoon to  
rest, there was no more key. I'm certain that it was Mr. K who took it  
away.

FRANK: Naturally one can't be indifferent as to whether a key is "open"  
or "closed." The obvious which key would be used as "open" in such a  
case.

DOKA: I was "sure" you would say that!

FRANK: Didn't you ever wish to give a present to your mother? That



wouldn't have been out of place.

DORA. Absolutely not. I've never thought of it. I didn't trust him. I was afraid he would come into my room while I was getting dressed.

FREUD. Into "his" room?

DORA. MRS. K. always left very early to take a walk with him. But he didn't bother me again.

FREUD. Perhaps you regretted it?

DORA. Absolutely not. Besides, I had promised myself not to stay at the K's house without Papa. Because Papa was living at the hotel and he always went out in the morning, I dressed very quickly to run and meet him.

MR. K. This is my room

DORA. There is some mistake. You are in my house.

MR. K. There's no mistake. You are in my house.

DORA. I'll take my pearls, then, and throw them on the floor!

*Sound of pearls rolling on the floor.*

MR. K. (*a cry of anger*) I'll take back my key! Give me my keys!

DORA (*childishly*) No (*from far away*) Where are we headed. Where are we headed. Where are we headed! And if something dreadful happens, it will be Papa's fault. Mr. K. gave me a jewellery box. So, I gave Mr. K. my jewellery box. No I didn't

FREUD. Go on.

DORA *is looking for something.*

FREUD. If it's your handbag you're looking for, it's there on your lap. You haven't stopped fiddling with it for the past hour. By the way, it's very pretty.

DORA. (*suspicious*) This is the first time you've noticed it?

FREUD. It's the first time I've seen you with it. Here, in any case.

DORA. I carry my handbag with me wherever I go. Always. (*anguished*) It's stuck, look, I was fiddling with it because I couldn't open it. Here: look how tight it is. It's impossible too open.

FREUD. Don't you think your words might be referring to something other than your handbag?

DORA. (*hatefully*) Yes if you like. That's what men like to think.

FREUD. He whose tongue is silent speaks with his fingertips. Ambiguous words are like needles on the path of free association.

DORA. Pricked, pierced, sewn, unravelled. That's women's work.

DORA. I have a dream.

FREUD. Tell me.

DORA. I know how to.....

FREUD. What do you know how to do?

DORA. How to make dreams rise, inflate them, heat them, roll them, take

wouldn't have been out of place.  
 DORA. Absolutely not. I've never thought of it. I didn't even know I was  
 afraid he would come into my room while I was getting dressed.  
 FRED. Into this room?  
 DORA. Mrs. K. always left early to take a walk with her. Then he  
 didn't bother me again.  
 FRED. Perhaps you regretted it?  
 DORA. Absolutely not. Besides, I had promised myself not to stay in the  
 house without Papa. Because Papa was living at the hotel and he  
 always went out in the morning, I dressed very quickly in the mid-evening  
 and  
 Mr. K. This is my room.  
 DORA. There is some mistake. You are in my house.  
 Mr. K. There's no mistake. You are in my house.  
 DORA. I'll take my pearls, then, and throw them on the floor.  
 (Sound of pearls rolling on the floor.)

Mr. K. (angry) I'll take back my key! Give me my key!  
 DORA. (shouting) No! (to herself) Where are we headed? Where  
 are we headed? Where are we headed? And if something should  
 happen, I'll be Papa's fault. Mr. K. gave me a jewelry box. So I  
 gave Mr. K. my jewelry box. No I didn't.  
 FRED. Go on.  
 DORA. (looking for something)  
 FRED. It's your handbag you're looking for. It's there on your top.  
 You haven't snatched anything with it for the past hour. (to her) It's  
 very pretty.  
 DORA. (happy) Yes. This is the first time you've noticed it.  
 FRED. It's the first time I've seen you with it. (to her) It's  
 DORA. I carry my handbag with me wherever I go. (to her)  
 (angry) It's stuck, look. I was holding it with it and it couldn't open.  
 in there, look how tight it is. It's impossible to open.  
 FRED. Don't you think your words might be better if you were talking  
 other than your handbag?  
 DORA. (angry) Yes if you like. (to her) What are you talking about?  
 FRED. It's whose tongue I speak with. (to her) It's  
 DORA. (shouting) It's stuck, look. I was holding it with it and it couldn't open.  
 in there, look how tight it is. It's impossible to open.  
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 other than your handbag?  
 DORA. (angry) Yes if you like. (to her) What are you talking about?  
 FRED. It's whose tongue I speak with. (to her) It's

them in my mouth. I sit at the table beside my grandmothers. They are having a terrific feast on little cakes. We become aware of the sound of the wedding procession approaching. I am shocked by it, sad and ashamed. I realise that there aren't enough cakes left. I've eaten several of them myself, I've gorged myself out of nervousness, I'm violently upset by the idea that I've eaten other people's portions. Mr. and Mrs. K. came in, holding hands, and then my father and his bride, holding hands. I don't know what they're thinking. They are all beautiful and charming and familiar. As if I were seeing them all together for the first time. I don't know whom to serve first. I go to ask my three grandmothers how to divide the cakes equally. They're choking with laughter, their mouths are stuffed, they've eaten everything

Mr. K. turns to me and says, in the most natural voice, "Can you be ready to set aside two hours of your time at a moment's notice?" I'm lost, taken aback by the simplicity of another era. What does Papa think of this?

I can't bring myself to answer. For what? Ready for what? I put it off, I excuse myself for not answering. I ask them if they want to play cards, which I don't know how to play, but maybe draughts. There are five of them for with against me.

And if one of them killed me, ah! If one of them killed me under my own eyes, what revenge would that be! My body cut into tiny slices on the table. To replace the cake.

DORA. I smell smoke.

FREUD. Tell me about the smoke.

DORA. The smell of smoke came to me in the last dream. An in the other dreams.

FREUD. Yes. So?

DORA. There was always a smell of smoke. Like a sudden blow. I woke with a start. And I had this same dream three times. My father is standing at the foot of my bed, and he wakes me up. I'm asleep, but I see him. There must be a fire somewhere in the house. I get dressed quickly. Mama wants to save her jewellery box, but Papa says "I won't have myself and my two children burned to a crisp because of your jewellery box." We run downstairs and as soon as we're outside, I wake up.

FREUD. Did you have this dream when you first arrived at Linz, or just before you left?

DORA. I don't know. I think it was afterward.

FREUD. How long after the scene by the lake did you remain at Linz?

DORA. Four days. The afternoon following the excursion to the lake, I stretched out as usual on the *chaise longue* in the bedroom, to have a nap. I woke with a start and saw Mr. K. standing before me....

FREUD. You are certain it was Mr. K?

MR. B. Quick, get dressed, hurry, go downstairs. (MR. B. screams



them to my mouth. I sit at the table beside my grandmother. They are having a tea the first of the cakes. We become aware of the sound of the wedding procession approaching. I am shocked by it and stand. I realize that there aren't enough cakes left. I've eaten several of them myself. I've gorged myself on of my ownness. I'm violently upset by the idea that I've eaten other people's portions. Mr. and Mrs. K. can't sit holding hands, and then my father and his brother holding hands. I don't know what they're thinking. They are all beautiful and charming and happy. As if I were seeing them all together for the first time. I don't know whom to serve first. I go to ask my three grandmothers how to divide the cakes equally. They're choking with laughter that the cakes are stuffed, they've eaten everything.

Mr. K. turns to me and says in the most natural voice: "Can you be ready to get inside two hours of your time at a moment's notice?" I'm lost, taken aback by the simplicity of another era. What does Papa think of this?

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FRIED: Did you have this dream when you first arrived at 1101 or just before you left?

DORA: I don't know. I think it was afterward.

FRIED: How long after the scene by the lake did you remain at 1101? DORA: Four days. The afternoon following the excursion to the lake, I stretched out as usual on the chaise longue in the bedroom to have a nap. I woke with a start and saw Mr. K. standing before me.

FRIED: You are certain it was Mr. K?

MR. K.: Quick, get dressed, hurry, go downstairs. (MR. K. returns.)



*violently*) I don't want my two children burned to a crisp because of you!

DORA. As soon as I get outside, I wake up. I wonder what Mama is doing in this dream? She wasn't with us at Linz.

FREUD'S VOICE. But it was for her- or for another woman- that her father brought home jewellery. And Mrs. K. gave her a jewellery box.

DORA. (*to whom? To Papa? To Mr. K.*) I am ready. I would have given you what your wife refuses you. It would be her fault.

FREUD. The secret lies with your mother. What role does your mother play here? She was once your rival for your father's love.

DORA. I "knew" that "you" were going to say that.

FREUD. So now you know who stands for whom.

DORA. (*tired*) To know. To know. But no one knows anything. What does it mean, to know? Do I know what I know, do I know it? Everything means nothing. If there were a god....

FREUD. Who used to stand by your bed when you were small?

DORA. I don't know. My father....?

FREUD. I don't know. Someone stood by your bed and awakened you. Why?

DORA. Tell me what you know.

FREUD. I don't "know" anything.

DORA. So what use is it? What do you want to make me say?

FREUD. ...To make you understand.

DORA. I forgot. Yes, I don't understand.

DORA. I forgot. Yes, I don't understand.

FREUD. Where there's smoke, there's fire.

DORA. (*Ironically*) And where there's fire, there's water?

FREUD. Precisely. (*He smiles*) Fire is the opposite of water. In the dream where there is fire, there is water. You certainly "had to go out" because of the fire. But also in order that some little mishap might not occur...On the other hand, fire enflames. It is obviously a symbolic representation of love. From fire, then, begins a path, which leads....

DORA. I see what you're getting at!

FREUD. You don't know how right you are to say that. You see what I'm getting at. Which another has already gotten, a long time ago. A very long time ago.

DORA. You don't think you're interpreting all this a bit too personally?

FREUD. That may be. However, all I'm doing is teaching you the significance of dreams. I see that the contrast between fire and water in the dream serves you particularly well. What does one do to prevent a child from wetting its bed? One wakes it up. Your father wakes you up in the dream. Mr. K. wakes you up.

DORA. Tell me Doctor, why exactly did this disease strike me, why me particularly?

DORIS: I don't want my two children buried to a crisp because of you.  
 EDITH: As soon as I get outside, I wake up. I wonder what Mom is  
 doing in this dream. She wasn't with us in this  
 EDITH'S VOICE: But I was for her, or for another woman--that her  
 mother brought home jewelry. And this I gave her a jewelry box.  
 DORIS: So when I wake up, I'm ready. I would have given  
 you what you wish, I would be her father.  
 EDITH: The secret lies with your mother. What role does your mother  
 play? She was once your rival for your father's love.  
 EDITH: I know that "you" were going to say that.  
 EDITH: So now you know who stands for whom.  
 DORIS: To know. To know. But no one knows anything. What  
 does it mean to know? Do I know what I know? Do I know if  
 becoming means nothing. It does mean something.  
 EDITH: Who used to stand by your bed when you were small.  
 DORIS: I don't know. My father...  
 EDITH: I don't know. Someone stood by your bed and awakened you.  
 Why?  
 DORIS: Tell me what you know.  
 EDITH: I don't know anything.  
 EDITH: So what are you? What do you want to make me say?  
 EDITH: To make you understand.  
 DORIS: I forgot. Yes, I don't understand.  
 DORIS: I forgot. Yes, I don't understand.  
 EDITH: What's there's smoke, there's fire.  
 DORIS: (Sighs) And where there's fire, there's smoke.  
 EDITH: Precisely. (He says) There is the opposite of what, in the  
 a room where there is fire, there is smoke. You certainly mean to go out.  
 because of the fire. But also in order that some little thing might not  
 occur. On the other hand, it's obvious. It is obviously a symbolic  
 representation of love. From that point begins a path which leads  
 DORIS: I see what you're getting at.  
 EDITH: You don't know how right you are to say that. You see what  
 I'm getting at. Which mother was already getting a long time ago. A very  
 long time ago.  
 DORIS: You don't think you're interpreting all this a bit too seriously?  
 EDITH: That may be. However, all I'm doing is teaching you the  
 significance of dreams. I see that the connection between fire and water in  
 our dream strikes you particularly well. What does it do to prevent a  
 child from getting its bed? One wakes it up. Your father wakes you up in  
 the dream. He wakes you up.  
 DORIS: Tell me the factor. Why exactly did this dream strike me, why the  
 particularly?

FREUD. What disease? You're not...

DORA. (*cutting*) it comes from my father. He had already been ill before his marriage because of his dissolute life. It's a poison that can be transmitted. He gave it to Mama and I have the disease as well.

FREUD. What disease?

DORA. Like Mama had, when we had to go to Franzensbad for her cure. She was haemorrhaging and she had lower abdominal cramps.

FREUD. You think that you have a venereal disease? (*Silence*)

Since when? (*Silence*) Do you know why you cough?

DORA. My father coughs as well.

FREUD. Look. The "disease" comes from your father, but the symptoms affect the lower half of the body or the upper half, depending on whether it's you or your mother who's ill. By coughing you proclaim your father's responsibility for what you call your "disease".

DORA. But I really do cough!

FREUD. Yes.

DORA. I was getting dressed quickly. I was afraid he would surprise me while I was dressing. So I dressed very quickly. (*whispering*) I dress quickly. (*panting*). As soon as I'm outside I wake up, I'm drenched in sweat. The smell of smoke awakens me.

FREUD. You get dressed quickly. To keep your secret.

DORA. But I've never said anything of the kind.

FREUD. He whose tongue is silent.

DORA. Yes. Yes, I know. And he who speaks with his finger-tips? Why do you twist your pen seven times in your hands before talking to me? Why?

FREUD. You must respect the rules!

DORA. (*She mimics him*) You must respect the rules!

*She strides across the width and length of the room.* Where are your cigarettes?

*Sound of a cigarette lighter*

FREUD. Good. You can go now. Next Tuesday?

DORA. Next Tuesday? (*She bursts out laughing*)

THE VOICE OF THE PLAY. It is possible that Dr. Freud had this dream toward the end of December, 1899. Dora is then a blossoming young girl, about eighteen years old. There is something strange and contradictory about her, which makes her quite charming. Her cheeks are rosy, but her mouth is stern; she has a girl's forehead, but a fixed, icy stare. She resembles hidden, dangerous, vindictive loves. Dr. Freud cannot take his eyes off her. Dora, who is holding him by the hand with the firm and irritated grip of a governess, leads him to the shore of a mountain lake, which she points to with her fingers. She doesn't throw



FRÉD. What disease? You're not.  
DORA. Anyway, it comes from my father. He had already been ill before  
his marriage because of his dissolute life. It's a poison that can be  
transmitted. He gave it to Mamma and I have the disease as well.  
FRÉD. What disease?

DORA. Like Mamma had when we had to go to France for her cure.  
She was haemorrhaging and she had lower abdominal cramps.

FRÉD. You think that you have a venereal disease? Always

since you're always. Do you know why you cough?

DORA. My father coughs as well.

FRÉD. Look. The "disease" comes from your father, but the symptoms  
affect the lower half of the body or the upper half, depending on whether  
it's your mother who's ill. By coughing you proclaim your father's  
responsibility for what you call your "disease".

DORA. But I really do cough!

FRÉD. Yes.

DORA. I was getting dressed quickly. I was afraid it would surprise me  
while I was dressing. So I dressed very quickly. Anyway, I dress  
quickly. Anyway, as soon as I'm outside I wake up. I'm startled in  
sweat. The smell of smoke awakens me.

FRÉD. You get dressed quickly. To keep your secret.

DORA. But I've never said anything of the kind.

FRÉD. His whose tongue is silent.

DORA. Yes, I know. And he who speaks with his fingers.  
Why do you twist your pen seven times in your hands before talking to  
me? Why?

FRÉD. You must respect the ritual.

DORA. (She mimics him) You must respect the ritual.

She walks across the width and length of the room. What are you  
cigarettes?

Sound of a cigarette lighter.

FRÉD. Good. You can go now. Next Tuesday?

DORA. Next Tuesday? (She bows and hurries)

THE VOICE OF THE PLAY. It is possible that Dr. Fréud had this  
dream toward the end of December, 1899. Dora is then a blossoming  
young girl about eighteen years old. There is something strange and  
contradictory about her, which makes her quite charming. Her cheeks are  
rosy, but her mouth is stern; she has a girl's forehead, but a fixed, icy  
stare. She resembles hidden, dangerous, vindictive forces. Dr. Fréud  
cannot take his eyes off her. Dora, who is holding him by the hand with  
the fine and unfixed grip of a governess, leads him to the shore of a  
mountain lake which she points to with her finger. (She doesn't know



him into the water; but she insists that he pick her a bouquet of those shimmering white flowers which grow on the opposite side of the lake, and whose perfume she can smell despite the distance. Though his hesitation is entirely natural, Freud is upset, for he senses that he is being put to a test, or perhaps led into a trap. He wonders why they didn't get off the train at the previous station, which was on the other side of the lake. But he doesn't wonder for long, for Dora suddenly eyes him up and down, gives him a look of disdain, and then turns her back to him with a movement that stuns him: haughty, implacable, unrestrained. Then, with perfect composure, she lifts her dress in a wilfully seductive way, allowing Freud to see her bare ankles; and she walks across the lake, over hundreds of bones. Something keeps Freud from doing the same.

*A round of voices: MR. K, MRS. K, and FREUD, successively.*

MR. B. The girl insisted that he pick her a bouquet of those white flowers that grow across the lake.

MR. K. She couldn't stand those white flowers that grew on the other side of the lake. They would have given off a very bitter scent.

MRS. K. She agrees with him that it would be better not to touch them.

MR. B. With a pale, distracted hand, she was fiddling with the pearls around her neck. Without thinking. Staring into the distance.

FREUD. Unnerved, Freud suddenly gives her a slap to stop her.

DORA. Sometimes she wondered if she herself was not Mr. K. In his place, how she would have loved her!

FREUD. She said she would have liked to sleep on the meadow of his breast.

DORA. Whose? You know that you are everything to me. For whom? Am I nothing to you?

FREUD. The worst was that he felt like a fool at the moment when his greatest dream was just beginning.

MR. B. Then my fear was perfectly natural?

FREUD. Naturally.

MR. B. That can't be right. It's quite conceivable that one might need to go out at night..

FREUD. And if someone awakened her?

DORA. Papa came up to my bed. He awakened me with a kiss; he protected me. How beautiful everything was when he loved no one better than me and he awakened me!

FREUD. Go on.

DORA. And now....

Mr. K smokes. I smoke. Heavily. Papa as well is a heavy smoker.

FREUD. Given that I, too, am a smoker.

DORA. I have to go. I have to get out. I can't stay anymore.

FREUD. But who stands for whom in this story?

DORA. Yes. Everyone. Except me (*sudden outburst*) How I adored

him into the water. But she insists that he put her a bouquet of those  
glowering white flowers which grow on the opposite side of the lake,  
and whose perfume she can smell across the distance. Through his  
hesitation is clearly manifest. I find it queer for the reason that he is being  
put to a test or perhaps led into a trap. He wonders why they didn't get  
off the train at the previous station, which was on the other side of the  
lake. But he doesn't wonder for long. The door suddenly opens and he  
sees her. She gives him a look of disdain and then turns her back to him with a  
movement that starts him. Heavily, implacably, antagonized. Then, with  
sudden composition, she lifts her dress in a swiftly seductive way, allowing  
him to see her bare ankles, and she walks across the lake as if she were  
of power. Straining to keep from joining the dance.

FRANK: (To Mrs. K.) Mrs. K. (Mrs. K. is looking at her)  
Mrs. K. The girl insisted that he put her a bouquet of those white flowers  
that grow across the lake.

Mrs. K. She couldn't stand those white flowers that grow on the other side  
of the lake. They would have given off a very bitter scent.

Mrs. K. She agrees with him that it would be better not to touch them.

Mrs. K. With a pale, distracted hand, she was fiddling with the pearls  
around her neck. Without thinking, staring into the distance.

FRANK: (Interrupted) Frank suddenly gives her a slap on the

DORA: Sometimes she wondered if she herself was not Mr. K. In his  
place, how she would have loved her!

FRANK: She said she would have liked to sleep on the meadow of his  
house.

DORA: Whose? You know that you are everything to me. For whom?  
Am I nothing to you?

FRANK: The most was that he felt like a fool in the moment when his  
greatest dream was just beginning.

Mrs. K. Then my fear was perfectly natural?

FRANK: Naturally.

Mrs. K. That can't be right. It's quite conceivable that one might need to  
go out at night.

FRANK: And if someone awakened her?

DORA: Papa came up to my bed. He awakened me with a kiss. He  
protected me. How beautiful everything was when he loved me so better  
than me and he awakened me.

FRANK: Go on.

DORA: And now...

Mrs. K. smokes. I smoke. Heavily. Papa as well as a pipe, smoke as

FRANK: Given that I, too, am a smoker.

DORA: I have to go. I have to get out. I can't stay any more.

FRANK: But who stands for whom in this story?

DORA: Yes. Everyone. I hope the people are happy. How I should



him! My God, how he loved me than!

FREUD. Yes, who stands for whom? At one time, he had stood at the foot of your bed. He awakened you with a kiss. What if it was your father standing by your bed instead of Mr. K.

DORA. And now, what do I mean to him?

FREUD. And Mr. K?

DORA. (*looking at MR. K.*) I feel absolutely nothing for that man. Papa takes advantage of the opportunities Papa allows him. Everyone knows how to get his piece of the cake.

FREUD. And Dora?

DORA. He preferred to ignore Mr. K's behaviour. It would have inhibited him in his relations with her.

FREUD. And you?

DORA. I never went to her house when Papa was there. That was taken for granted. I was thrilled that Papa had found a woman to get involved with. What my father does is none of my business.

FREUD. And what Dora does?

DORA. I have nothing against anyone. What should I have against him? My reproaches were unfair. He sacrificed me to that woman. She took him away from me. But how could I resent it?

FREUD. Resent whom?

DORA. Who betrays whom in this story? No one. Is no one to blame? Give me my coat. I'm leaving

*While she's leaving FREUD, she repeats all her departures, she is already gone, she doesn't look at him: she sees herself leaving again being abandoned.*

DORA. Once more, alone. Everyone stays. You let me go. I was the first to hang my coat on the coat-hook. And you hung your coats on top of mine. As if to say to me, you're not welcome here.

DORA. (*a low, sleepy voice*) I'm taking back this coat. Too beautiful for me. It was a leather coat. I never felt like myself when I wore it, it was the hide of an animal I didn't know, extremely fine and soft, pale, with orange highlights. Is it mine? I searched through the pockets to be sure. He had warned me so many times. I might have left something in the pockets... letters?

MR. K'S VOICE. What carelessness! After all the warnings I'd given you!

DORA. From that time on it had no more importance.

*Sound of a piece of paper being slipped into a pocket.*

FREUD. What's that you're crumpling in your pocket?

DORA. Nothing. Goodbye. (*she leaves noisily*)

FREUD'S VOICE. In a stunned silence, she walks the blazing streets of Linz. She walks slowly, stiffly. She is in excruciating pain. She says nothing, she feels infinitely small, shattered. A piece of dust tossed by the wind. She knows the bitterness of regret to be far more powerful than





desire.

DORA. Practically dead from exhaustion. All that could have been. Exhausts me.

MR. K'S VOICE. Where are you going?

DORA. Where I too will be able to sleep. As for continuing straight ahead, I'm ready to give that up.

FREUD. She felt used. Ridiculed.

DORA. I could have said **Yes**. Just once! His mouth would have tasted of smoke. You haven't understood anything! Haven't you understood anything?

FREUD. If she had been able to speak....

DORA. It's not my fault. When you can't speak, you're dead. If I wrote him a superhuman letter, in my blood; if I explained to him who I could have been if I could have if he looked at me if I showed him my hands in my pockets, the letters crumpled in my hands, if I proved my strength my life my courage to him right here where I'm burning if I captured his glance just long enough to throw fire to water and sun to shadow if I stung him with this regret if I knocked him out if I crushed him....*(Silence)*

FREUD. It's still unclear why you felt so offended by Mr. K's intentions.

DORA. *(in a voice that descends upon FREUD from a great height from a great distance)* Good-bye.

*Pause. The she whispers.*

*(Singsong)* **You can never be sure who kills, dying can kill. Who wants to kill who wants to die I don't know anymore who.** Did I know, I know I once knew it, I knew it before wanting it, but I hardly wanted it, what? What's holding me back, but I'm not, it's the other. But is it; and the other, if it's the other, is it her or him or? One can kill by administering one's own death.

MR. K. I take the keys and I shoot. *(Sound of a pistol shot)* And I take back my keys.

DORA. How will I forgive you?

MR. K. You know me. I would have given everything. And now I'm taking back whatever I gave you.

DORA. Give me back the keys. Such very little keys.

MR. K. I'm taking them back.

DORA. IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME. Is this all that's come of it?

FREUD. At the threshold.

DORA. Am I on time? Why are you looking at me like that? So insistently?

FREUD. I'm not looking at you insistently.

DORA. Why not?

FREUD. No, no, none of that. You know very well that I'm an institution.

DORA. May I take my shoes off?

DORA: Practically dead from exhaustion. All that could have been  
 Exhaustion.  
 MR. K: VOW: "Where are you going?"  
 DORA: "Where I can be able to sleep. As for continuing tonight  
 ahead, I'm ready to give that up."  
 FRED: She isn't used. Killed.  
 DORA: I could have said Yes, just once. His mouth would have tasted  
 of smoke. I'd have to under each anything. I'd have to under each  
 anything?  
 FRED: If he had been able to speak...  
 DORA: It's not my fault. When you can't speak, you're dead. If I were  
 him a superhuman being in my blood. If I explained to him who I could  
 have been if I could have if he looked at me. If I showed him my hands in  
 my pockets, the better I could be in my hands, if I showed my strength in  
 the way I could be to him. I'm sure he'd captured his  
 strength just long enough to show me to water and say to me that I'd strong  
 him with this weight. If I knocked him out, I'd knock him out. I'd knock  
 FRED: It's still another why you're so offended by Mr. K's intentions.  
 DORA: You know what I mean. When FRED is a grown man, he's grown from  
 a grown man. I'm a grown man.  
 FRED: This is a woman.  
 DORA: You can never be sure when a woman can kill. If he  
 wants to kill who wants to die I don't know and I don't know. I don't know  
 I know I once knew it. I know it before he was in. I know it. I know it.  
 What's holding me back? I'm not in. I'm not in. I'm not in. I'm not in.  
 the other. If it's not other, it's not other. It's not other. It's not other.  
 administering one's own death.  
 MR. K: I take the keys and I shoot. I shoot. I shoot. I shoot. And I take  
 back my keys.  
 DORA: How will I forgive you?  
 MR. K: You know me. I would have given everything. And now I'm  
 giving back whatever I gave you.  
 DORA: I'm not back the keys. I'm not back the keys.  
 MR. K: I'm taking them back.  
 DORA: IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME. I'm not taking them back.  
 FRED: A. the threshold.  
 DORA: A. the threshold. I'm not taking them back. I'm not taking them back.  
 DORA: A. the threshold. I'm not taking them back. I'm not taking them back.  
 FRED: I'm not looking at you honestly.  
 DORA: Why not?  
 FRED: Not, not, not, not, not. You know you're not that I'm not  
 honest.  
 DORA: Okay I take my shoes off.

FREUD *is silent. A sigh.*

My foot hurts. Does my foot disturb you? Is it ugly? *((She laughs))*  
Good, tell me something, and I'll do it, just to please you.

FREUD. Put your shoe back on and tell me a dream.

DORA. Who was she?

FREUD. Who?

DORA.. you know who I mean. That woman. It's not the first time I've seen her leaving here. I see everything. You, too, have a fondness for secrets.

FREUD. No, she's a former patient; after her treatment she remained a friend of the family.

DORA. Remained a friend of the family.

FREUD. Come, don't be childish. Believe me. And tell me your dream.

DORA. Don't be childish.

MRS. K. Come. Tell me what you've been doing.

DORA. I have nothing to tell you. I never do anything.

MRS. K. Tell me something about yourself.

DORA. Couldn't you love me a little? Just a little?

MRS. K. Yes, of course I could love you a little. But what does it mean, *love?*

DORA. You don't love me at all, then? Not at all?

MRS. K. it never crosses my mind! You *are lovable!* Someone will love you. I very much love all that you are...

DORA. There's nothing I can give you? There's nothing that you might need from me?

MRS. K. I don't need anything, anyone. That doesn't mean that you're nothing.

DORA. Then you'll go on seeing me?

MRS. K. Why not?

DORA. One day, I would like to be lying beside you. Not sitting-I want to lie against your body. I close my eyes, and I see. There would be blood all over. I would have blood on my face.

MRS. K. how gory! I see you standing, quite alive, preparing for a journey....

DORA. And I see you dead. I would like to see you dead. And no one allowed to touch you. To see you.

MRS. K. A ten-year-old has thoughts like that.

DORA. A person too much in love has thoughts like that.

MRS. K. The most frightful the most desirable.

*Silence.*

DORA. I had a dream

FREUD. Tell me your dream.

DORA. I dreamed about you. *(She stops short)*

FREUD. Tell me your dream.

FRED: Tell me your dream.  
DORA: I dreamed about you. (She says slowly)  
FRED: Tell me your dream.  
DORA: I had a dream.  
MRS. K: The most frightful the most desirable  
DORA: A person too much in love has thoughts like that  
MRS. K: A ten-year-old has thoughts like that  
DORA: I would like to see you dead. And no more  
MRS. K: how good! I see you standing, quite alive, preparing for a  
DORA: I would have blood on my face  
to the against your body. I close my eyes, and I see. There would be  
DORA: One day I would like to be lying beside you. Not thing-I want  
MRS. K: Why not?  
DORA: Then you'll go on kissing me!  
MRS. K: I don't need anything anyone. That doesn't mean that I am  
DORA: I don't need anything. There's nothing that you might  
MRS. K: I never crosses my mind. You was lovely. Someone will love  
DORA: You don't love me at all, then? Not at all.  
MRS. K: Yes, of course I could love you a little. It's what does it mean  
DORA: Couldn't you love me a little? Just a little?  
MRS. K: Tell me something about your life.  
DORA: I have nothing to tell you. I never do anything  
MRS. K: Come. Tell me what you've been doing  
DORA: I don't be childish.  
FRED: Come, don't be childish. Believe me. And tell me your dream.  
DORA: Remained a friend of the family.  
MRS. K: Not she's a former patient after her treatment she remained a  
DORA: I see everything. You too have a fondness for  
DORA: You know who I mean. It's not the first time I've  
DORA: Who was she?  
FRED: But your shoe back on me tell me a dream.  
DORA: Good, tell me something, and I'll do it just to please you.  
MRS. K: Does my foot disturb you? Is it ugly? (She laughs)  
FRED: A woman's shoe.



DORA. What will you give me?

FREUD. *(smiling)* Not a jewellery box. But my full attention.

DORA. It's strange, I see myself climbing the stairs that lead to your flat. I ring the bell. Your former patient comes to the door and says. "You may come in, he's already dead." I look at her face. Although she's at least ten years older than me, her skin is fresh, her features are wholesome, sensuous. It's only later that I realise that she's abnormally tall. After she speaks I don't feel the least but sad. I realise there's a crowd of women waiting in the parlour – perhaps they're servants.

Just then I hear a dance melody. The young woman comes up me and asks me to dance with her. She puts her arm around my waist. I'm slightly surprised; I'd been expecting a male partner. But I accept. Who am I? don't know how to dance – but I let myself be led. I am annoyed. I want-or she wants-a third person to join us. I don't know whether it's a man or a woman. *(DORA whispers)* I wonder what I mean to her. We dance our way downstairs. I'm dancing poorly.

Then I realise that I'm also embarrassed because my knickers have fallen down to my knees. *(she leans her head on her partner's shoulder and sighs)*

They watch while I lift my dress and pull my knickers up. I realise that all three of us have been your patients, and I wonder if you preferred one of us to the other. What do you think?

FREUD. And you? What do you think?

DORA. I didn't feel the least bit sad. I felt an unspeakable tenderness for my companion, but it was checked by my irritation with her. It's only when I woke up that I was overcome with sorrow, as though I have loved her in real life, and then lost her.

FREUD. Did it ever occur to you that there was a serious obstacle to your desire to have your father rescue you from some danger? And that obstacle was the thought that it was your father himself who exposed you to this danger?

DORA. What does that have to do with it? Is that all you can come up with?

FREUD. This thought makes you uncomfortable.

DORA. *(exasperated)* Which relationship? Great God, which relationship? During the dance I felt very irritated, but also very sweet: as though I were overflowing with tenderness. At one point-it's strange- she tells me she is forced to carry a heavy sack all the time. I suggest that I take it from her for a moment, to give her a chance to rest. But instead of carrying it in front of me, with my arms outstretched, as she does, I slip a shoulder-strap around it. I tell her that my arms are weak, but my shoulders are strong. In fact, this bag is so extraordinarily heavy that I





stagger as soon as I try to lift it; and I have to walk hunched over the leaning on the edge of space, of the road, so as not to be overcome by its weight. It's impossible to walk one step further.

FREUD. And the dead man?

DORA. I knew you had died. That was understood between us. Besides I wasn't coming to see you anymore, because it was understood, absolutely, between us. I was coming, then to bring or to receive the news.

FREUD. Do you know why you wanted to kill me?

DORA. No. Do you?

FREUD. And with the young woman-you didn't feel threatened?

DORA. No, not really. I felt irritated, rather. As though I were slow-a bit feeble minded. In one sense, I was flattered that she trusted me; but I knew I was deceiving her. I was dancing poorly, I was caught up in my knickers. I wasn't thinking anymore about your death. It was as though you had always been dead; or as though the fact that you had always been dead were perfectly natural.

FREUD. That's not wrong. But perhaps I'm not. Dead. For you.

DORA. Perhaps. Yes. It doesn't matter.

FREUD. We'll speak about this again. Next Tuesday:

DORA. Perhaps.

FREUD. You'll tell me....I'll walk you downstairs.

DORA. No.

DORA. (*staccato voice, each word a wrenching outburst*) This-treatment-is-taking-too-long. How much longer must it go on?

FREUD. I told you: a year. We have six months to go.

DORA. Why a year? Why not two years? Or two days?

FREUD. You still need a guide for a few months.

DORA. I don't need a governess.

FREUD. Did you ever have a governess?

DORA. Oh, yes. She wasn't very young, but she was well-educated and quite a free spirit.

FREUD. Was she pretty? Seductive?

DORA. No. She was flabby.

MR. B. This woman persists in turning my daughter against Mrs. K.

DORA. I got on rather well with her. She didn't like Mrs. K. She told my mother it was beneath her dignity to tolerate such a relationship between her husband and another woman.

FREUD. Did she have any influence on you?

DORA. She was in love with Papa. But I didn't hold it against her. And besides, my father didn't pay her the slightest attention.

MR. B. She quarrelled with her all of a sudden and demanded that she be sent away.

FREUD. And what happened to her?

DORA. She was dismissed. Within two hours she's already left. She didn't even say good-bye.

stayed as soon as I was in the air, and I have to walk through over the  
leaving on the edge of space, of the road, so as not to be overcome by its  
weight. It's impossible to walk one step further.

FRIDY: And the dead man?  
DORA: I knew you had died. That was understood between us. Besides I  
wasn't coming to see you anymore, because it was understood, absolutely,  
between us. I was coming, then to bring or to receive the news.

FRIDY: Do you know why you wanted to kill me?  
DORA: No. Do you?  
FRIDY: And with the young woman-you didn't feel threatened?

DORA: No, not really. I felt irritated, rather. As though I was slow-  
but simple minded. In one sense I was flattered that she hated me, but I  
knew I was deceiving her. I was dancing poorly. I was caught up in my  
kissers. I wasn't thinking anymore about your death. It was as though  
you had always been dead, or as though the fact that you had always been  
dead was perfectly natural.

FRIDY: That's not wrong. But perhaps I'm not. I feel for you.  
DORA: Perhaps. Yes. It doesn't matter.  
FRIDY: We'll speak about this again. Next Tuesday.

DORA: Perhaps.  
FRIDY: You'll tell me. I'll walk you downstairs.  
DORA: No.

DORA: (Slightly moved, now, now a very young woman) The  
treatment-is-just-too-long. How much longer must I go on?  
FRIDY: I told you, a year. We have six months to go.

DORA: Why a year? Why not two years? Or five years?  
FRIDY: You still need a guide for a few months.  
DORA: I don't need a governess.

FRIDY: Did you ever have a governess?  
DORA: Oh, yes. She wasn't very young, but she was well-educated and  
quite a fine spirit.

FRIDY: Was she pretty? Seductive?  
DORA: No. She was flabby.  
MR. B: This woman persists in turning my daughter against me.

DORA: I got on rather well with her. She didn't like me. She told  
my mother it was beneath her dignity to tolerate such a relationship  
between her husband and another woman.

FRIDY: Did she have any influence on you?  
DORA: She was in love with Papa. But I didn't hold it against her. And  
besides, my father didn't pay her the slightest attention.

MR. B: She quarrelled with her all of a sudden and demanded that she be  
sent away.  
FRIDY: And what happened to her?

DORA: She was dismissed. Within two hours she's already for-  
getting even say good-bye.



DORA. If I weren't there to fall, how would they walk?

MR. B. You're stronger than all of us put together.

VOICE OF THE PLAY. They all pick up their rifles. They spray Dora with pearls to prove that she is stronger than all of them put together. They prove it, in a cloud of smoke.

When the smoke clears, the ghost of Dora-the-stronger-than-all lifts her apron so as to make a sort of pouch, into which she gathers thousands of these tiny pearls. Then she holds the apron over an open briefcase, and spills the pearls inside it. In the event that they should run out of ammunition.

*Pause*

DORA. The K's had a governess who did the same thing.

FREUD. Ah! You've never mentioned her to me.

DORA. Her behaviour toward Mr. K. was very strange. She never greeted him, never answered him, never passed anything to him at dinner; in short, she treated him as though he didn't exist. And he was no more civil to her. One or two days before the scene at the lake, she told me that Mr. K. had begged her not to refuse him anything; he had told her that his wife meant nothing to him, etc.

FREUD. But those are the words....

DORA. Yes. She gave in. Afterward, he didn't give her a second thought, and she started to hate him.

FREUD. What became of this girl?

DORA. All I know is that she left.

FREUD. If he had disregarded it, if he had continued to pursue her with a passion capable of winning her over, perhaps love might have conquered all the obstacles?

Besides, it wouldn't have been so hard to work out. Mrs. K. would have consented to a divorce; and as for your father, you're able to get whatever you want from him.

DORA. Whatever I wanted? And what do *you* want?

DORA. I think Mr. K. was serious when he spoke to me.

FREUD. Yes.

DORA. But I didn't let him finish.

FREUD. Exactly what terms did he use?

DORA. I don't remember any more. He said to me: you know that my wife means nothing to me. And I cut him off right away.

MR. K. You know that my wife means nothing too me.

DORA. So as not to run into him again, I made up my mind to walk around the lake as far as Linz, and I asked a passer-by how much time it would take me. He said it would take two-and-a-half hours. I remember another detail: in my dream, I saw the "interior" of the forest, as though my eyes could pierce right through it. From far away, I saw flowers.....beds of white flowers. Suddenly I was a woman. A young woman.

DORA: If I weren't there to tell them would they walk?  
AIR: You're stronger than all of us put together.  
MORE OF THE AIR: They all pick up their rifles. They go. Don't  
with beads to prove that she is stronger than all of them put together.  
They prove it in a cloud of smoke.  
When the smoke clears, the ghost of Don-the-strong-man--it's not  
again so as to make a sort of pouch into which she gathers the beads of  
these new beads. Then she holds the apron over an open bedstead, and  
spills the beads inside it. In the event that they should run out of  
ammunition.

When  
DORA: The K's had a gay mistress who did the same thing.  
FRED: Ah! You've never mentioned her to me.  
DORA: Her behavior toward Mr. K. was very strange. She never  
greeted him, never answered him, never passed anything to him or handed  
in short, she treated him as though he didn't exist. And he was so more  
cruel to her. One or two days before the scene at the lake, she told me that  
Mr. K. had begged her not to refuse him anything, he had told her that he  
didn't mean anything to him, etc.

FRED: But those are the words.  
DORA: Yes. She gave in. Afterward, he didn't give her a second  
thought, and she started to hate him.  
FRED: What became of this girl?

DORA: Ah! I now is that she left.  
FRED: If he had distinguished it, if he had continued to pursue her with a  
passion capable of winning her over, perhaps he would have continued  
all the obstacles?  
DORA: It wouldn't have been so hard to work out. Mr. K. would have  
consented to a divorce, and as for your father, you'd be able to get whatever  
you want from him.

DORA: Whatever I wanted? And when do you want?  
DORA: I think Mr. K. was serious when he spoke to me.  
FRED: Yes.

DORA: But I didn't let him finish.  
FRED: Even if what he said did me?

DORA: I don't remember now more. He said to me: "You know that my  
wife means nothing to me. And I can find out right away."

AIR: K. You know that my wife means nothing to me.  
DORA: So as not to run into him again, I made up my mind to walk  
around the lake as he is, and I asked a passer-by how much time it  
would take me. He said it would take two-and-a-half hours. I remember  
another detail: in my dream, I saw the "interior" of the house, as though  
my eyes could pierce right through it. I saw the garden, I saw  
flowers, beds of white flowers. Suddenly, I was a woman. I was a  
woman.

MRS. K. What are you looking for?

DORA. From a distance I saw a huge bed of white flowers. Are they forbidden? No.

MRS. K. Those flowers are native, they grow all around here.

DORA. How much time would it take?

MRS. K. They're rather far. The flower bed must be at least two kilometres away, over land.

DORA. That's too far. I won't bother.

But I returned in any case to the boat. Mrs. K. was aboard.

MR. K. I beg you to forgive me, and not to say anything about what's happened.

DORA. Suppose I told your wife?

You offer me a cigarette. And I agree to postpone my departure for twenty-four hours because you say that you'll help me to-morrow. Out of exhaustion I agree to spend the night with you. You smoke two cigarettes. You have one in your mouth and one in your hand. You keep talking, non-stop.

It can't go on much longer. Besides, the cigarette is burning down

FREUD. (*insinuating voice*) One more puff!

DORA. Let's get it over with and then drop it!

FREUD (*insinuating voice*) Suppose we went on a journey?

DORA. I don't have the strength to start all over again. I accepted the cigarette out of exhaustion. But I am incapable to desire. I can neither smoke nor travel anymore. Adieu! Adieu! Where is the station?

FREUD. Those flowers that grew in white rows beside the forest, two kilometres from where you stood-were they lilies-of-the-valley?

DORA. And if the white flowers had been blue, would I have given up? (*imitating her mother's voice*) For shame, they say! For shame! Dora, what are you doing? That's poison. That makes you go mad!

DORA. Where! Is! The! Station! (*screams*)

VOICE OF THE PLAY. What lily-of-the-valley says in a dream Mr. K. says with a jewellery box.

What can be said with flowers

Pap says with pearls.

What Dora hasn't said

The Doctor says with smoke.

DORA. At last, at last, I arrived at the station.

MR. K. There's no train. The rails have been cut. Do you mind my being here?

DORA. Yes, if you want to know the truth.

MR. K. Is this the last time I'll see you?

DORA. (*a further silence, like a long stare*)

MR. K. Such silence, from you, who are usually so full of words!

FREUD. (*in a normal voice*) you knew there wouldn't be a train?

No flowers for the forest, no train for the station. It's no accident.







There's something you don't want to touch or catch.

DORA. I arrive at the station. I'm alone. You had insisted that I come.

FREUD. This trip to Vienna would last perhaps six months. Or, rather nine.

Mr. K. My sweet little Dora, you know how much I care for you.

DORA. You've treated me like a servant. I'm leaving you. No one will come with me. I am alone in a foreign city. I look at a painting of the Madonna. No one touches me. I will never marry.

MRS. K. You are a virgin, my little one.

FREUD. And you spent hours looking at this portrait?

DORA. It's whiteness was so soothing.

FREUD. That's what you thought of Mrs. K.

DORA. No; that's me!

*A dance melody.*

MRS. K. Why aren't you dancing?

DORA. She had come into her maturity. But the years seemed not to touch her. Besides, she spent most of her time in bed.

MRS. K. You have no desire to have children? But you mother my children so well! Why don't you dance? That's what I like-gaiety, movement, vitality! You-you're always so serious.

DORA. It's true. No. Yes.

MRS. K. You're so serious! You're too serious, my child.

DORA. She preached to me, always good-naturedly. It's true that I was serious and reserved. She said to me, "You're such a serious child." That's strange, isn't it? I asked her questions about pregnancy and birth. She liked to satisfy my curiosity. To talk to me about birth and virginity, things like that.

MRS. K. You're such a serious child! Too serious. Be careful: You can't be a Madonna. You are too handsome, my little man.

DORA. My little man! How strange.

MRS. K. One false step and you're over the edge. Listen: (*Whispers*)  
You don't know how to live.

It's rather charming, though. I could be your mother....Listen.

DORA. What if I leapt on top of her? Shook her? Beat her? She doesn't love me. If only she could see herself. I'm much too stubborn for her to turn my head. I could turn against her.

FREUD. How do you explain the fact that you've always been so generous toward Mrs. K, your slanders, whereas you hound the others with an almost sinister vengeance?

DORA. She had slow and gentle movements, which I loved very much. Once, a long time ago, I had sprained my foot tripping down the stairs. My foot swelled. She had to bandage it. I had to stay in bed for a few weeks. She kept me company and spoke to me as if I were her friend. She confided in me. She told me that her husband didn't want a divorce

There's something you don't want to touch in bed.  
DORA: I arrived at the station. I'm alone. I've been waiting for you.  
FRANK: This trip to Vienna would last perhaps six months. I'm sorry  
time.  
Mr. X: My sweet little Dora, you know how much I care for you.  
DORA: You've treated me like a servant. I'm leaving you. No one will  
come with me. I am alone in a foreign city. I look at a painting of the  
Madonna. No one touches me. I will never marry.  
Mr. X: You are a virgin, my little one.  
FRANK: And you spent hours looking at the picture.  
DORA: It's sweetness was so something.  
FRANK: That's what you thought of Mr. X.  
DORA: No, that's not.  
A woman's answer.  
Mr. X: Why aren't you dancing?  
DORA: She had come into her marriage. But the years seemed not to  
touch her. Besides, she spent most of her time in bed.  
Mr. X: You have no desire to have children? But you mother my  
children so well! Why don't you dance? I don't want to take you to  
a restaurant tonight! You go to always so serious.  
DORA: It's true. No, Yes.  
Mr. X: You're so serious. You're too serious, my child.  
DORA: She pretended to me always good-naturedly. It's true that I was  
always good-natured. She said to me: "You're such a serious child."  
That's why, isn't it? I asked her questions about pregnancy and birth.  
She tried to make me comfortable. To talk to me about birth and a woman's  
it might be that.  
Mr. X: You're such a serious child. I'm serious. You can't be too  
careful. You are too handsome, my little man.  
DORA: Why are you? How strange.  
Mr. X: One false step and you're over the edge. Listen. My sweet  
you know I love how to live.  
It's rather charming though. I could be your woman. I mean.  
DORA: What if I kept on top of her? She'd be? She'd be?  
Love me. It only she could see herself. It's much too stupid for her to  
live any longer. I could run against her.  
FRANK: How do you explain the fact that you're always been so  
puzzled about Mr. X. Your studies? Because you found the others  
with an almost sinister vengeance?  
DORA: She had slow and gentle movements which I loved very much.  
Once a long time ago, I had squandered my foot tripping down the stairs.  
My first accident. She had to hang up it. I had to stay in bed for a few  
weeks. She kept me company and spoke to me as if I were her friend.  
She confided in me. She told me that her husband didn't want a divorce.

because of the children.

FREUD. Didn't you think a divorce would have been the best thing for all concerned?

DORA. I'd had a curious dream. I was running, my right foot was very sore. I had to sit down. My ankle was swollen. I couldn't move anymore; I wanted to talk to Dr. K., and at the same time I knew he wasn't really a doctor. I wanted to ask his advice. I ask for him on the phone. Finally he comes; and it's not him, it's his wife. I feel her presence over the phone, obscure, white, insinuating.....

MRS. K. (*over the phone*) Who shall I say is calling?

DORA. She asks. Mrs. K., I say.

MRS. K. (*on the phone*) Oh, indeed!

DORA. (*in a modulated voice, without the slightest annoyance*)

I know. Let me talk to him!

MRS. K. Indeed!

DORA. She puts him on the phone. He tells me he can't do very much. I'll have to wait until next year. I laugh. He tells me, "You know that..." But I don't let him finish. I hang up.

FREUD. In fact you don't let things finish. Your ankle swells. You give birth. Nine months after the scene at the lake. So despite everything you manage to have a "child" by Mrs. K. Something happened during the scene at the lake.

DORA. Nothing happened!

FREUD. Precisely. It was there that you took that "false step" whose consequences you are still suffering. You regretted it. You still regret the outcome of that scene. It's not *the Madonna* you wanted to be. Your love for Mr. K. doesn't stop at that.

DORA *is silent*

FREUD. Why did you keep him from going on?

DORA. Is that all?

FREUD. I'm not disappointed with the results.

DORA. You're giving birth to a mouse.

DORA. Do you know Doctor, that this is my last time here?

FREUD. You're informing me.

DORA. Yes, I told myself I would try to be patient, but I don't want to wait much longer for the "cure".

FREUD. You know you are always free to stop treatment. When did you make this decision?

DORA. Two weeks ago, I think.

FREUD. Two weeks? That's the notice a governess gives before quitting.

DORA. Are you alone? Where is your wife? (*This last time must be extremely violent*)

VOICE OF FREUD. Whether or not he wanted to cure her in his own time, or whether he wanted it only on this first day of January 1900, he will



because of the children.  
 FREUD: Didn't you think a divorce would have been the best thing for all  
 concerned?  
 DORA: I'd had a curious dream. I was running, my right foot was very  
 sore. I had to sit down. My ankle was swollen. I couldn't move  
 anymore. I wanted to talk to Dr. K., and at the same time I knew he  
 wasn't really a doctor. I wanted to ask his advice. I ask for him on the  
 phone. Finally he comes, and it's not him, it's his wife. I feel her  
 presence over the phone, obscure, vague, insinuating.  
 MRS. K. (over the phone) Who shall I say is calling?  
 DORA: She asks Mrs. K. I say.  
 MRS. K. (over the phone) Oh, indeed?  
 DORA: (in a modulated voice without the slightest emphasis)  
 I know. Let me talk to him.  
 MRS. K. Indeed?  
 DORA: She puts him on the phone. He tells me he can't do very much.  
 I'll have to wait until next year. I laugh. He tells me "You know  
 that?" But I don't let him finish. I hang up.  
 FREUD: In fact you don't let things finish. Your ankle swells. You give  
 birth. Three months after the scene in the lake. So despite everything, you  
 manage to have a "child" by Mr. K. Something happened during the  
 scene in the lake.  
 DORA: Nothing happened.  
 FREUD: Precisely. It was there that you took that "false step" which  
 consequences you are still suffering. You regret it. You still regret the  
 outcome of that scene. It's not the awkwardness you wanted to be. Your love  
 for Mr. K. doesn't stop at that.  
 DORA: Why?  
 FREUD: Why did you keep him from going on?  
 DORA: Is that all?  
 FREUD: I'm not disappointed with the result.  
 DORA: You're giving birth to a monster.  
 DORA: Do you know Doctor, that this is my last time here?  
 FREUD: You're informing me.  
 DORA: Yes, I told myself I would try to be patient, but I can't wait to  
 wait much longer for the "cure."  
 FREUD: You know you are always free to stop treatment. When did you  
 make this decision?  
 DORA: Two weeks ago I think.  
 FREUD: Two weeks? That's the notice a governess gives before quitting.  
 DORA: And you alone? Where is your wife? (The door opens and a  
 governess enters.)  
 VOICE OF FREUD: Whether or not he wanted to come back to his own  
 home, or whether he wanted it only on this first day of January 1900, we'll  
 see.



never know, and nor will she, and nor will I.

DORA. If only I knew very simply where I was now, in what country. I might begin to believe.

FREUD. You never gave me the chance to finish expressing myself. That's what you got out of your tendency to hurt yourself. I've never seen such violence.

DORA. Today is my last time here.

FREUD. (*doesn't hide his panic*) you are avenging me the way you would have like to avenge Mr. K. And you are abandoning me the way he abandoned you.

DORA. You don't understand anything. That won't stop you from existing! Here's my revenge: I'll go "alone," I'll cure myself. The first of January 1900.

FREUD. Listen. Your decision....We had decided...

DORA. No.

FREUD. You know....

I admit...

I am stupefied. But I expected it. Never did I really dream....

I would have sworn...How well I understand her! Too well!

MR. K. I found her beautiful. She seemed larger to me as well.

DORA. This desire still this desire. Yes.

FREUD. This is murder you're committing. You're murdering someone else, whom I re.....(*DORA's serene smile stops him short*) Why didn't you tell me before?

DORA. I should have chosen some other date? Yes... You could have had your wife here?

FREUD. You're trying to hurt someone else through me.

DORA. Dear Doctor, you are an institution. So respect the will and the point of view of a patient who wishes you well.

MR. B. I assure you, Doctor, my daughter will return.

FREUD. I assure you she will not.

DORA. Act as though I had never come. As though I were dead. Do you deny every having kissed me?

MR. K. No!

DORA. (*to MRS. K.*) I know you're having an affair with Papa.

FREUD. Maybe you know too much about it? Or, in some way, not enough?

DORA. (*mockingly*) And what if it were true? If I did know too much about it? I still know too much? A little bit more than all of you?

FREUD. No. I'd say you didn't know enough.

DORA. Or maybe you love yourself a bit too much?

FREUD. Think carefully. Don't hurt yourself.

DORA. You make me laugh. But I have no desire to hurt you. Because,

DORA: I never know, and not with her, and not with I.  
DORA: If only I knew very simply where I was now, in what country, I might begin to believe.  
FRED: You never gave me the chance to finish expressing myself. That's what you got out of your tendency to butt yourself. I've never seen such violence.  
DORA: Today is my last time here.  
FRED: Yesterday I was the owner, you are everything and the way you would have like to arrange Mr. K. You can see abandoning me the way he abandoned you.  
DORA: You don't understand anything. That won't stop you from existing. Here's my revenge. I'll go "alone". I'll come myself. The first of January 1900.  
FRED: Listen. Your decision... We had decided.  
DORA: No.  
FRED: You know.  
DORA: I admit.  
FRED: I am satisfied. But I expected it. Never did I really dream... I would have sworn... How well I understand her. I no well I.  
MR. K: I found her too little. She seemed larger to me as well.  
DORA: This desire... this desire... Yes.  
FRED: This is murder you're committing. You're murdering someone else, whom I see... (DORA's voice came from above) Why didn't you tell me before?  
DORA: I should have chosen some other time. I was alone and I was had your wife here?  
FRED: You're trying to put me alone else through me.  
DORA: Dear Doctor, you are a physician. Do respect the will and the point of view of a patient who loves you well.  
MR. K: I assure you, Doctor, my daughter will commit.  
FRED: I assure you she will not.  
DORA: But as though I had never come. As though I were dead.  
Do you deny having kissed me?  
MR. K: No.  
DORA: (to MR. K) If you're having an affair with Papa.  
FRED: Maybe you know too much about it. I'm not very sure, am I?  
DORA: (weakly) And what if it were true? If I do know too much about it, I still know too much. I hate her more than all of you.  
FRED: No. I'd say you don't know enough.  
DORA: Or maybe you love her with a lot too much.  
FRED: I'm sure. Don't hate yourself.  
DORA: You make me laugh. But I have no desire to hurt you. I've never

you, Doctor... I never would have loved you.

FREUD. I might have managed it. What takes my breath away is this date, this first of January 1900, this single drop of time that remains to me. I would need a lifetime. I could....

DORA. *(stops him and lashes into him)* You could....push me, throw me downstairs? Propose a final meeting, meticulously planned, planned, with an air of relief at my departure? Letting me know, at the same time, that you're hiding your satisfaction? You could tell me you're delighted with my decision. That you were hoping for it. That you'd predicted it. Expected it. That it's fulfilment of your greatest desire. You could-you couldn't-beat me black and blue. I wouldn't put up a struggle. You could slap me. I think we would both take a certain pleasure in it.

FREUD. I would have taught you what I've learned from you. *(with great difficulty)* I would have liked to do something for you.

DORA. No one can do anything.

FREUD. Let me know what I'm doing *(he makes a slip of the tongue in such a way that it goes unnoticed)*... Write to me.

DORA. Write? ....That's not my affair.

VOICE OF THE PLAY. May 1900. Vienna. At a particularly bush intersection, Dora saw Mr. K. struck by a carriage. She saw him fall. It was the most horrible day of her life. It was the happiest day of her life. She crossed the street without batting an eyelash, lifting her elegant dress with her fingertips, slightly baring her ankles. It was only a very minor accident. On the inside, Mr. K. was going through the tortures of the damned; but his outward appearance was still quite striking. He had seen Dora pass. There is no greater sorrow than the memory of love.

And Freud knew it.

THE END.

you, Doctor... I never would have loved you  
FRIED. I might have managed it. What takes my breath away is this  
date, this first of January 1900, this single drop of time that remains to me.  
I would need a lifetime I could...

DORA. (sighs) You can't have that. You could... push me, throw me  
downstairs? I propose a final meeting, meticulously planned, with  
an air of relief at my departure. Letting me know, at the same time, that  
you're hiding your satisfaction? You could tell me you're delighted with  
my decision. That you were hoping for it. Then you'd predict it.  
Expected it. That it's fulfilment of your greatest desire. You could say  
couldn't beat me black and blue. I wouldn't put up a struggle. You could  
slap me. I think we would both take a certain pleasure in it.

FRIED. I would have taught you what I've learned from you. (a whisper)  
I would have liked to do something for you.

DORA. No one can do anything.  
FRIED. Let me know what I'm doing. (a whisper) I'll make a slip of the tongue in  
a few days that a good woman... Write to me.

DORA. (sighs) That's not my affair.  
VOICE OF THE PLAY. May 1900, Vienna. At a particularly busy  
intersection, Dora saw Mr. K. struck by a carriage. She saw him fall. It  
was the most horrible day of her life. It was the happiest day of her life.  
She crossed the street without batting an eyelid, lifting her elegant dress  
with her fingertips, slightly bending her ankles. It was only a very minor  
accident. On the inside, Mr. K. was going through the torments of the  
damned, but his outward appearance was still quite striking. He had seen  
Dora pass. There is no greater sorrow than the memory of love.

And Fried knew it.

THE END



## **APPENDIX B**

### **SECTION 1**

#### **Talking Lips Monologue – Superimposed Chronology**

Sigmund Freud's Dora A Case of Mistaken Identity

**1882** Dora is born. Darwin dies. Nietzsche declares 'God is Dead.'

**1883** Karl Marx dies. The machine gun is invented.

**1884** Engels writes 'Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State.'

**1885** Freud studies hysteria with Charcot. Africa divided between the colonial powers.

**1886** The Statue of Liberty is dedicated.

**1887** Freud's first daughter born.

**1888** Emmilene Pankhurst rejects the inactivity of established women's suffrage groups.

**1889** Dora wets her bed. Second international in Paris.

**1890** Emma Goldman works in New York. Dora suffers from difficulty of breathing.

**1891** Clara Zetkin works with German Communist Party on abortion, divorce and sexuality.

**1892** Dora's father is nursed by Frau K. Alexandra Kollontai reads Marx in Paris.

**1893** Kollontai's parents call her back to Russia to get married. Munch paints 'The Scream'.

## APPENDIX B

### SECTION I

#### Talking Type Monologue -- Superimposed Chronology

1880s Freud's *Die Traumdeutung* (The Interpretation of Dreams)

1882 Marx is born. Darwin dies. Nietzsche declares "God is Dead."

1883 Karl Marx dies. The machine gun is invented.

1884 Engels writes *Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State*.

1885 French studies hysteria with Charcot. Africa divided between the colonial powers.

1886 The Statue of Liberty is dedicated.

1887 Freud's first daughter born.

1888 Emancipation Proclamation rejects the inactivity of established women's suffrage groups.

1889 Dora was treated. Second International in Paris.

1890 Emma Goldman works in New York. Dora suffers from difficulty of breathing.

1891 Clara Zetkin works with German Communist Party on abortion, divorce and sexuality.

1892 Dora's father is buried by Franz K. Alexander. Kollekian enters Marx in Paris.

1893 Kollekian's parents call her back to Russia to get married. Munich joins "The Movement."

**1894** Dora's father visits Freud and is treated for a syphilitic complaint.

**1895** Saussure prepares 'Course in General Linguistics.' Oscar Wilde tried for homosexuality.

**1896** Herr K. kisses Dora. Freud's father dies.

**1896** Lumiere shows moving pictures in Paris. The term 'psychoanalysis' is introduced.

**1897** C.S. Peirce works on semiotics at Harvard.

**1898** Dora visits Freud. Herr K. propositions Dora. Dora slaps Herr K. In the face

**1899** Dora has appendicitis.

**1900** Dora threatens suicide. Dora enters analysis with Freud.

**1901** Dora leaves analysis. Freud writes the case history.

**1902** Freud is appointed Professor Extraordinarius. Lenin writes 'What is to be done?'

**1903** The first telegraph transmission of images.

**1905** First revolution in Russia. Dora's case history is published.

### **FIRST SECTION MONOLOGUE**

I told him that psychoanalytic theory is impregnated through and through with bourgeois ideology. I said: 'You've been initiated into this language game and you suppose it to offer you reality. You can only repeat yourself, and by recognising yourself in your repetitions you feel comfortable. You ignore the real practice of psychoanalysis, which now functions almost as an Ideological State Apparatus, and its intellectual history, which has been a history of fashions.

He said: 'The discoveries of psychoanalysis cannot be ignored, and either can they be avoided. It is for you, too.'

I said: 'You can only salvage your practice and your and your conscience by talking of the 'perversion' of psychoanalytical theory, as though, somehow, somewhere, it was originally innocent. But the subject is not an immaculate conception and it did not drop out of the sky. Medical origins still mark its practice and the individual outside of real history and real

- 1894 Dora's father visits Freud and is treated for a phobic complaint.
- 1895 Freud's paper 'On the Psychology of the Unconscious' is published.
- 1896 Dora leaves analysis. Freud's father dies.
- 1898 Freud shows moving pictures in Paris. The term 'psychoanalysis' is introduced.
- 1901 Freud works on symptoms of hysteria.
- 1902 Dora visits Freud. Freud's proposition that Dora loves him is the first.
- 1903 Dora has appendicitis.
- 1904 Dora threatens suicide. Dora enters analysis with Freud.
- 1905 Dora leaves analysis. Freud writes the case history.
- 1906 Freud is appointed Professor of Psychiatry. Dora's work 'What is to be Done?' is published.
- 1907 The first telegraph transmission of images.
- 1908 First revolution in Russia. Dora's case history is published.

## FIRST SECTION MONOLOGUE

I told him that psychoanalytic theory is interpreted through and through with bourgeois ideology. I said: 'You've been initiated into this language game and you suppose it to offer you reality. You can only repeat yourself, and by repeating yourself in your repetitions you feel comfortable. You ignore the real practice of psychoanalysis, which now functions almost as an ideological state apparatus, and its intellectual history, which has been a history of failure.'

He said: 'The discoveries of psychoanalysis cannot be ignored, and either can they be avoided. It is for you, too.'

I said: 'You can only salvage your practice and your own conscience by talking of the "discovery" of psychoanalytic theory, as though, somewhere, somewhere, it was originally innocent. But the subject is not an unmastered or neglected and it did not drop out of the sky. Medical organs still mark its practice and the individual outside of real history and real



struggle is its focus. So, its reconciliation and reappropriation to capitalist ideology and economy is not an accident. It is the natural place for a bourgeois pseudo-science.

He said: 'What is the relation between scientific discourse and the discourse of the Other?'

I thought: 'He says this but what does he want?'

I asked: 'Why are you telling me this? Do you think I am supposed to know?'

He said: 'It is at the level of desire that we will be able to find the answer.'

He seemed to be avoiding the point. I said that we will be able to find the question at the level of history – the history we make.

He said: 'We do not always possess our creations. Sometimes we are prepossessed.'

I said: 'That's what I was saying.'

He smiled.

## **SECTION 2**

**Four Dialogues between Freud and Dora, each preceded by quotations from television advertising and movie porn.**

### **No. 1 The Kiss**

TV Ad: Tylenol – liquid aspirin

Movie Porn: fellatio

Dora: I was fourteen years old at the time, She said. Herr K. had made an arrangement with me and his wife that we should meet him one afternoon at his place of business in the principal square of Baden so as to have a view of the church festival. He persuaded his wife however to stay at home and sent away his clerks so that he was alone when I arrived. When the time for the procession arrived he asked me to wait for him at the door which opened upon the staircase, while he pulled down the outside shutters. He then came back and instead of going out by the open door, suddenly clasped me to him and pressed a kiss upon my lips, She remembered.

strange to its focus. For its representation and representation is a political technology and economy is not an accident. It is the natural object for a biological pseudo-science.

the end. What is the relation between scientific discourse and the discourse of the Church?

I thought, I say this but what does he want?

I asked, Why are you telling me this? Do you think I am supposed to know?

He said, It is at the level of desire that we will be able to find the answer.

He seemed to be avoiding the point. I said that we will be able to find the question at the level of history - the history we make.

He said, We do not always possess our creations. Sometimes we are water-sealed.

I said, That's what I was saying.

He replied.

## SECTION 2

Four dialogues between friend and friend each preceded by quotations from television advertising and movie parlour.

## Part 1 The Kiss

I'm a Tylorist, I should say so.  
What's your religion?

From a few fourteen years off at the time, she said, I don't know. I had made an appointment with me and his wife that we should meet him one afternoon at his place of business in the principal square of Baden so as to have a view of the church festival. He borrowed his wife however to stay at home and sent away his clerk so that he was alone when I arrived. When the door of the procession arrived he asked me to wait for him at the door which opened upon the square, while he pulled down the outside shutter. He then came back and instead of going out by the open door suddenly clasped me to him and pressed a kiss upon my lips. She answered.

Freud: This was surely just the situation to call up a distinct feeling of sexual excitement in a girl of fourteen who had never before been approached, especially by Herr K, a man of pre-possessing appearance.

Dora: But at that moment I had a violent feeling of disgust, tore myself free from the man, and hurried past him to the staircase and from there to the street door. Neither of us ever mentioned the little scene. I kept it a secret until the treatment, She revealed.

Freud: In this scene, your behaviour as a child of fourteen was already entirely and completely hysterical. Instead of genital excitement you were overcome by the unpleasurable feeling that is proper to the mucous membrane at the entrance to the alimentary canal – that is by disgust.

Dora: She confirmed, I am a poor eater and have some disinclination for food.

Freud: On the other hand the scene had left another symptom behind it in the shape of a hallucination which even made an appearance while you were telling me your story.

Dora: I can still feel, upon the upper part of my body, the pressure of Herr K's embrace, She confirmed.

Freud; In accordance with certain rules of symptom formation that I have come to know, I have formed the following reconstruction of the scene. During the man's passionate embrace you felt not merely his kiss upon your lips but also the pressure of his erect member against her body. This perception was revolting to you. It was dismissed repressed, and replaced by the innocent sensation of pressure upon the thorax; here we find a displacement from the lower part of the body to the upper.

Dora: I know that Frau K only loved my father because he was ein vedimoegender Mann, a man of means. She insisted again.

Freud: Certain details of the way you express yourself lead me to see that behind this phrase its opposite lies concealed, namely that your father was *ein unvermoegender Mann*. This can only be meant in the sexual sense – that as a man, he was without means, was impotent.

Dora: This I know – She confirmed.

Freud: Notice the contradiction you are involved in if on the one hand you insist that your father's relation with Frau K is a common love affair, and on the other maintain that he is impotent – in other words incapable of

Frank: This was surely just the situation to call up a distinct feeling of sexual excitement in a girl of fourteen who had never before been approached especially by her K. a man of pre-possessing appearance.

Frank: But at that moment I had a violent feeling of disgust for myself. I ran from the man, and hurried past him to the staircase and down there to the next door. Neither of us ever mentioned the little scene. I kept it a secret until the treatment, she revealed.

I read in his second year behaviour as a child of fourteen was already animal and completely hysterical. Instead of general excitement you were concerned by the unpleasant feeling that is proper to the enormous members of the entrance to the urinary canal. That is by disgust.

Frank: she continued, I am a poor eater and have some distaste for food.

Frank: On the other hand the scene had left another symptom behind it in the shape of a hallucination which even made an appearance while you were telling me your story.

Frank: I can still feel upon the upper part of my body, the pressure of her K's embrace, she continued.

Frank: In accordance with certain rules of symptom formation that I have come to know, I have formed the following reconstruction of the scene. During the man's passionate embrace you felt not merely his lips upon your lips but also the pressure of his erect member against her body. This perception was revolting to you. It was dismissed repressed, and replaced by the innocent sensation of pressure upon the throat, here we find a displacement from the lower part of the body to the upper.

Frank: I know that Frank K. only loved my father because he was ein verführerischer Mann a man of means. She insisted again.

Frank: Certain details of the way you express yourself lead me to see that behind this phrase its opposite has concealed, namely that your father was - you were - a man of means. This can only be meant in the sexual sense - that as a man, he was without means, was impotent.

Frank: I know - she continued.

Frank: About the contradiction you are involved in it on the one hand you insist that your father's relation with Frank K. is a common love affair, and on the other maintain that he is impotent - in other words incapable of



carrying on an affair of such a kind.

Dora: Why is it a contradiction? I know very well, she said, that there is more than one way of obtaining sexual gratification.

Freud: Are you referring to the use of organs other than the genitals for the purpose of sexual intercourse?

Dora: Yes, she replied.

Freud: In that case I can go on to say that you must be thinking of precisely those parts of your body which are now in a state of irritation – the throat and oral cavity.

Dora: I cannot go that far myself, she contested.

Freud: But the conclusion is unavoidable that with your spasmodic cough you picture to yourself a scene of oral sexual gratification between the two people whose love affair occupies your mind so incessantly. Now, something else, do you know anything of the physical signs of excitement in a man's body?

Dora: Yes, she admitted, yet from the very beginning you have taken the greatest care not to introduce me to any fresh facts in the region of sexual knowledge.

Freud: And I have done so not out of any conscientious motives but because I was anxious to subject my assumptions in this case to a rigorous test.

Dora: Accordingly you have not called a thing by its name until my allusions to it have become so unambiguous that there seems very slight risk in translating them into direct speech, she added.

Freud: Your answers have always been prompt and frank: You know about it already.

Dora: But the question of where my knowledge came from she mused is a riddle that my memories are unable to solve, I have forgotten the source of all my information upon the subject.

Freud: Your knowing all about such things and at the same time pretending not to know where your knowledge came from was really too extraordinary. I ought to have attacked this riddle and looked for the motives of such a remarkable piece of repression.



**TV Ad: Pine Sol, cleaner/ disinfectant**  
**Movie Porn: two lesbians**

Dora: Herr K had always been most kind to me, he had gone on walks with me, had made me small presents, and I had been almost a mother to the K's two little children.

Freud: \Do you remember two years ago when you and your father came to see me? You were on your way to spend the summer with the K's in the Lake District, and your father was to return after only a few days....

Dora: Yes, that's right, but just when father was preparing to leave I suddenly decided that I was determined to go with him, later I told my mother that Herr K had had the audacity to make me a proposal while we were on a walk after a trip upon the lake, I slapped him and walked away.

Freud: Your father, for one, has no doubt that this is the incident responsible for your depression and suicidal ideas. He told me that you keep pressing him to break off relations with Herr K and more particularly with Frau K, whom you used to worship. Let me tell you exactly how he put it: 'I am bound to Frau K by ties of honourable friendship, - you already know that I get nothing out of my own wife. With my state of health I need hardly assure you that there is nothing wrong in our relations. We are just two poor wretches who give one another what comfort we can by an exchange of friendly sympathy.'

Dora: That's typical I'm furious with father, often I am overcome by the idea that he is using me, giving me to Herr K. of course the two men never made a formal agreement in which I was treated as an object for barter, my father would have been horrified at such a suggestion....But you know he has a gift for seeing things in the light that suits him best.

Freud: I can't dispute that. Yet at other times aren't you well aware that you are guilty of exaggeration in talking like this

Dora: I have been handed over to Herr K as the price of his tolerating the relations between my father and his wife.

Freud: Mmmm...I don't know what to say.

Dora: Because it's perfectly true, isn't it?

Freud: nevertheless, when a patient brings forward a sound and incontestable train of argument during treatment it soon becomes clear that

17 Feb: Fine not clean/distant  
More Form: two lesbians

Dear, I had always been most kind to me, he had gone on walks with me, had made me small presents, and I had been almost a brother to the K's two little children

Friend, I do you remember two years ago when you and your father came to see me? You were on your way to spend the summer with the K's in the Lake District and your father was to return after only a few days...

Dear, Yes, that's right, but just when father was preparing to leave I suddenly decided that I was determined to go with him. Later I told my mother that the K had had the authority to make me a proposal while we were on a walk after a trip upon the lake. I slipped him and walked away.

I feel, Your father for once has no doubt that this is the incident responsible for your depression and suicidal ideas. He told me that you kept pressing him to break off relations with the K and more particularly with the K, whom you used to worship. But me tell you exactly how he said it: "I am bound to the K by ties of honourable friendship - you must know that I get nothing out of my own wife. With my state of health I need hardly assure you that there is nothing wrong in our relations. We are just two poor wretches who give one another what comfort we can by an exchange of friendly sympathy."

Dear, I don't expect I'm familiar with father, often I am overcome by the idea that he is using me, giving me to the K. Of course the two men never made a formal agreement in which I was treated as an object for amusement, my father would have been horrified at such a suggestion. But you know he has a gift for seeing things in the light that suits him best.

Friend, I can't dispute that. Yet at other times when I you well aware that you are guilty of exaggeration in talking like this.

Friend, I have been handed over to the K as the price of his tolerating the relations between my father and his wife.

Friend, I don't know what to say.

Dear, Because it's perfectly true, isn't it?

Friend, nevertheless when a patient brings forward a sound and incontestable train of argument during treatment it soon becomes clear that



thoughts of this kind are used for the purpose of cloaking others. Hadn't there been someone in the house who had been anxious at an early stage to open your eyes to the nature of your father's relations with Frau K?

Dora: Yes, of course, my last governess, she was an unmarried woman, no longer young but of advanced views, she used to read every sort of book on sexual life and similar subjects and talked to me about them, at the same time asking me quite frankly not to mention our conversations to my parents...

Freud: But didn't you ignore what she said about your father and Frau K?

Dora: perhaps that's so, I have been a friend of Frau K and her confidante in the difficulties of her married life, difficulties of her married life.

Freud: And when you stayed with the K's didn't you share a bedroom with Frau K, while her husband was quartered elsewhere?

Dora: yes, we took great interest in sexual matters and used to read Mantegazza's Physiology of Love and books of that sort, in her house by the lake.

Freud: Did you realise that when you talk of Frau K you praise her 'adorable white body' in accents more appropriate to a lover than to defeated rival? Behind the almost limitless series of displacement which are thus brought to light, it seems possible to divine the operation of a single simple factor – a deep rooted homosexual love for Frau K.

### **No. 3 The First Dream**

**TV Ad: Tickle, deodorant**

**Movie Porn: masturbation**

Freud: A house was on fire. Her father was standing beside her bed and woke her up.

Dora: She knew that it was so. The meaning of the dream was now becoming even clearer, everything is turned into its opposite.

Freud: She is as you know her formed rival in her father's affections. Although this requirement is not universal, I have a predilection for discovering a means of satisfying it.

Dora: Then it means that she was ready to give her father what her mother withheld from him, she had there Herr K in the place of her father, just as he was in the matter of standing beside her bed.

thoughts of this kind are used for the purpose of clearing up. Hadn't  
you been someone in the house who had been anxious at an early stage to  
open your eyes to the nature of your father's relations with Frau K?

Don't. Yes, of course, my last governess, who was an unmarried woman,  
no longer young but of advanced years, she used to read every sort of  
book on sexual life and similar subjects and talked to me about them. At  
the same time asking me quite frankly not to mention our conversations to  
my parents.

Frieda. But didn't you ignore what she said about your father and Frau K?

Don't. Perhaps that's so. I have been a friend of Frau K and her confidante  
in the difficulties of her married life, difficulties of her married life.

Frieda. And when you stayed with the K's didn't you share a bedroom  
with her? While her husband was quartered elsewhere?

Don't. Yes, we took great interest in sexual matters and used to read  
Mann's psychology of love and books of that sort, in her house by  
the lake.

Frieda. I'd you realize that when you talk of Frau K you praise her  
as a "white body" in recent more appropriate to a lover than to  
a distant rival? Behind the almost limitless series of displacement which  
are thus brought to light, it seems possible to divine the operation of a  
single simple factor - a deep rooted homosexual love for Frau K.

No. 3 The First Dream  
TV. Add: Fichte, Schopenhauer  
Altogether: masturbation

Frieda. A house was on fire. Her father was standing beside her - I and  
woke her up.

Don't. She knew that it was so. The meaning of the dream was, no  
becoming - on closer examination everything is traced into its opposite.

Frieda. She is as you know her former rival in her father's affections.  
Although this replacement is not universal, I have a predilection for  
discovering a means of analysing it.

Don't. I mean it means that she was ready to give her father what her mother  
withheld from him, she had there Frau K in the place of her father, just as  
he was in the matter of standing beside her bed.

Freud: For her father had once stood beside her bed, just as Herr K had the day before, and had woken her up, with a kiss, perhaps, as Herr K may have intended to do.

Dora: he gave her a jewel case; so she is to give him her jewel case.

Freud: That is why I spoke just now of the return present. The dream confirms once more what I had already told her before she dreamed it – that she is summoning up her old love for her father in order to protect herself against her love for Herr K.

Dora: She also knew that the danger lay precisely in the man presenting the woman with something liquid in the form of drops and that it was her business to protect her genitals from being moistened.

Freud: I brought her mind back to the pearl drops that her mother had not received, and....

Dora: She also knew that it was her business to protect her jewel case from being burned.

Freud: But what do all these efforts show?

Dora: A house was on fire. Her father was standing beside her bed and woke her up. She dressed quickly, Mother wanted to stop and save her jewel case, But father.

Freud: Her father then had fallen ill through leading a loose life and she assumed....

Dora: She overheard a conversation.

Freud: I was careful not to tell her that I too was of the opinion that the offspring of syphilitics were specially predisposed to neuro-psychoses.

Dora: I met her half way.

Freud: Mother got sexual wetness from Father.

Dora: He gave her the dirtying discharge.

Freud: Dora got sexual temptation from Herr K.

Dora: He excited her to feelings of disgust.

I told her father had once stood beside her bed, just as I had done the day before, and had spoken to her in a way that she had intended to do.

Don't, he gave her a jewel case, so she is to give him her jewel case.

I told her that is why I spoke just now of the return present. I had dreamt once more what I had already told her before she dreamt it - that she is summoning up her old love for her father in order to protect herself against her love for her father.

Don't, she also knew that the danger lay precisely in the man presenting himself with something laid in the form of a gift and that it was her business to protect her feelings from being moistened.

I told her I brought her round back to the point where she had not received, and...

Don't, she also knew that it was her business to protect her jewel case from being burned.

I told her what do all these efforts show?

Don't, I told her as on fire. Her father was standing beside her bed and woke her up. She dressed quickly, Mother wanted to stop and save her jewel case. But father...

I told her father then had fallen ill through leading a loose life and she...

Don't, she overheard a conversation.

I told her I was careful not to tell her that I too was of the opinion that the clinging of children to their parents is especially pronounced in neuro-psychoses.

Don't, I met her half way.

I told her Mother got serious, warning from father.

Don't, he gave her the dirty discharge.

I told her that was not sexual temptation from her father.

Don't, she excited her to feelings of disgust.



Freud: Dora got sexual protection from Father

Dora: And yet he...

Freud: And yet it was he that brought her into danger. It was Dora's view

Dora: She knew that it was so

Freud: And here again she was probably right.

Dora: that this illness was due to her father.

Freud: Her persistence forced me almost to ask whether she too was suffering from a venereal disease, although this requirement is not universal, but I then understood, as usual, a self-accusation, confirming once more what I had already told her before.

Dora: She is her father's daughter, he has made her ill just as he has made Mother ill.

Freud: it is from him that...

Dora: A house was on fire, her father was standing beside her bed and woke her up. She dressed quickly, Mother wanted to stop and save her jewel case, But Father said: "I refuse to let myself and my two children be burnt for the sake of your jewel case." They hurried downstairs and as soon as she was outside she woke up.

Freud. The interpretation of the dream now seemed to me to be complete.

Dora: But Dora said that each time after waking up she had smelt smoke.

Freud: The dream had a special relation to myself, I had already told her: "There can be no smoke without fire".

Dora: But Dora objected, saying the first attack had come on after she had probably been a little out of breath.

Freud: The asthma formed the boundary between the two phases of her sexual life.

Dora: He suffered from shortness of breath.

Freud: Sympathetic excitement may be supposed to have been aroused, might not she too have over-exerted herself?

Friend: I don't get sexual protection from Father.  
Dora: And you don't.

Friend: And yet it was he that brought her into danger. It was Dora's view.

Dora: She knew that it was so.

Friend: And here a room she was probably right.

Dora: That this illness was due to her father.

Friend: Her physician forced me almost to ask whether she too was  
suffering from a venereal disease, although this requirement is not  
unusual, but I then understood, as usual, a self-accusation, confirming  
more more when I had already told her before.

Dora: She is her father's daughter. He has made her ill just as he has made  
Mother ill.

Friend: It is from him that.

Dora: A house was on fire, her father was standing beside her bed and  
kissed her up. She dressed quickly. Mother wanted to stop and save her  
jewel case. But Father said: "I refuse to let myself and my two children be  
burnt for the sake of your jewel case." They hurried downstairs and as  
soon as she was outside she woke up.

Friend: The interpretation of the dream now seemed to me to be complete.

Dora: But Dora said that at the time after waking up she had small marks.

Friend: The dream had a special relation to myself. I had already told her  
I there can be no marks without this.

Dora: But Dora objected, saying the first attack had come on after she had  
previously been a little out of breath.

Friend: This sentence formed the boundary between the two phases of her  
sexual life.

Dora: She suffered from shortness of breath.

Friend: Sympathetic excitement may be supposed to have been aroused.  
might not she too have over-exceeded herself?

Dora: Children divine something in the uncanny sounds which reach their ears, piece by piece, at various times, and in different connections.

Freud: Her father was a passionate smoker.

Dora: Herr K was a passionate smoker.

Freud: I am a...

Dora: She knew he would say that, she could see that it was so.

Freud: Accordingly, it was concerned with the temptation to show herself.

Dora: willing to yield to the man.

Freud: Accordingly it was concerned with allowing her secret.

Dora: to be torn from her by the doctor.

Freud: But a kiss had passed between Herr K and Dora some two years earlier.

Dora: Although this requirement is not universal.

Freud: I am a smoker too

Dora: I came to the conclusion that

Freud: the idea had probably occurred.

Dora: She would like,

Freud: one day during a sitting,

Dora; that she would like,

Freud: to have a kiss from me – the circumstantial evidence of her having masturbated in childhood seems to me to be complete and without a flaw.

#### **No.4 The End**

**TV Ad: Vaginal Deodorant**

**Movie porn: Dominatrix**

Dora: Well there was a young girl in the house who was the children's governess, a day or two before the scene by the lake the girl took me aside

Dora: Well there was a young girl in the house who was the children's  
nanny, a day or two before the scene by the lake the girl took the aside

Movie Genre: Dominant  
TV: Adult  
The End

Friend: to have a kiss from me - the circumstantial evidence of her having  
manipulated by childhood seems to me to be complete and without a flaw.

Dora: that she would like.

Friend: one day, among a string.

Dora: She would like.

Friend: the idea had probably occurred.

Dora: I came to the conclusion that

Friend: I am a smoker too.

Dora: Although this requirement is not universal.

Friend: But a kiss had passed between Her K and Dora some two years  
earlier.

Dora: to be torn from her by the doctor.

Friend: Accordingly it was concerned with allowing her secret

Dora: willing to yield to the man.

Friend: Accordingly it was concerned with the temptation to show herself.

Dora: She knew he would say that she could see that it was so.

Friend: I am a...

Dora: Her K was a passionate smoker.

Friend: Her father was a passionate smoker.

Dora: Children do me something in the uneasy sounds which reach them  
one piece by piece, at various times, and in different connections.



and told me that Herr K. had made advances to her at a time when his wife was away, he had implored her to yield to him saying that he got nothing out of his wife, and so on.

Freud: Why, those are the very words he used when he made his proposal to you and you gave him the slap in his face.

Dora: yes, she had given way to him but after a little while he had ceased to care for her and since then she hated him.

Freud: And this governess had given notice?

Dora: No, she meant to give notice, She told me that as soon as she felt herself thrown over she told her parents what happened, Her parents told her that she must leave the house instantly; and as she failed to do so they wrote to her saying that they would have nothing more to do with her and that she was never to come home again.

Freud: And why had she not gone away?

Dora: She meant to wait a little longer, to see if the might not be some change in Herr K, if not, she said, she would give notice and go away.

Freud: And what became of the girl?

Dora: I only know that she went away.

Freud: And did she not have a child as a result of the adventure?

Dora: No.

Freud: Now I know your motive for the slap in the face with which you answered Herr K's proposal. It was not that you were offended by his suggestions; you were actuated by jealousy and revenge. At the moment when Herr K. used the words 'I get nothing out of my wife' fresh emotions were aroused in you and tipped the balance.

Dora: Does he dare to treat me like a governess, like a servant?

Freud: You said to yourself, wounded pride added to jealousy – it was too much. To prove this to you let me draw your attention to the repeated occasions upon which you have identified yourself with the governess. You told your parents what happened, a fact which we have hitherto been unable to account for – just as the governess wrote and told her parents. The letter in the dream which gave you leave to go home is the counterpart

and told me that when K. had made advances to her at a time when his wife was away, he had tried to lead to him saying that he got nothing out of his wife and so on.

I said: Why, those are the very words he used when he made his proposal to you and you gave him the slap in the face.

I said: Yes, she had given way to him but after a little while he had ceased to care for her and since then she hated him.

Fred: And this governess had his own house?

I said: No, she meant to give notice. She told me that a few days before she left her house over she told her parents what happened. Her parents told her that she must leave the house instantly and as she failed to do so they went to her saying that they would have nothing more to do with her and that she was never to come home again.

Fred: And why had she not gone away?

I said: She meant to wait a little longer, to see if the night would be more change in K. It was the said - she would give notice and go away.

Fred: And what became of the girl?

I said: I only know that she went away.

Fred: And did she not have a child as a result of the adventure?

I said: No.

Fred: Now I know your motive for the slap in the face which you answered K's proposal. It was not that you were offended by his suggestion, you were actuated by jealousy and revenge. At the moment when K. used the words 'I got nothing out of my wife' fresh emotions were aroused in you and tipped the balance.

I said: Does he dare to treat me like a governess like a servant?

Fred: I am said to yourself, wounded pride added to jealousy - it was too much. To prove this to you let me draw your attention to the repeated occasions upon which you have identified yourself with the governess. You told your parents - what happened, a fact which we have before been unable to account for - just as the governess wrote and told her parents. It is better in the dream which you leave to go home is the counterpart

to her letter forbidding her to do so.

Dora: Then why did I not tell my parents at once?

Freud: How much time did you allow to elapse?

Dora: The scene took place on the last day of June, I told my mother about it on July the fourteenth.

Freud: two weeks then- the time characteristic for a person in service. You waited for that length of time so as to see whether he would repeat his proposals. If he had, you would have concluded that he did not mean to play with you as he had done with governess.

Dora: Well, a few days after he left he sent me a picture postcard.

Freud: Yes, but after that when nothing more came, you gave free reign to your feelings of revenge. Perhaps you even thought that your accusation might make him come to see you.

Dora: As he actually offered to do at first.

Freud: In that way your longing for him would have been appeased and he might have made you the amends you desired.

Dora: What amends.

Freud: The fact is, I'm beginning to suspect that you did fancy Herr K.'s proposals were serious and that he would not leave off until after you had married him.

Dora: Do you know that I'm here for the last time today?

Freud: How can I know as you have said nothing to me about it?

Dora: Yes, I made up my mind to put up with it till the new year. But I shall wait no longer to be cured.

Freud: You know that you are free to stop the treatment at any time. When did you come to this decision?

Dora: Two weeks I think.

Freud: You give me two weeks notice, just like a governess! I knew Dora would not come back again. Her breaking off so unexpectedly just when

to her letter forbidding her to do so.  
Dora: Then why did I not tell my parents at once?

Friend: How much time did you allow to elapse?

Dora: The scene took place on the last day of June, I told my mother about it on 1 July the fortnight.

Friend: Two weeks then--the time characteristic for a person in service. You waited for that length of time so as to see whether he would repeat his proposals. If he had you would have concluded that he did not mean to play with you as he had done with your sister.

Dora: Well, a few days after he left he sent me a picture postcard.

Friend: Yes, but after that when nothing more came, you gave him reign to your feelings of revenge. Perhaps you even thought that your accusation might make him come to see you.

Dora: As he actually offered to do so at first.

Friend: In that way your longing for him would have been appeased and he might have made you the amends you desired.

Dora: What amends?

Friend: The fact is, I'm beginning to suspect that you did fancy Herr K.'s proposals were serious and that he would not leave off until after you had married him.

Dora: Do you know that I'm here for the last time today?

Friend: How can I know as you have said nothing to me about it?

Dora: You! I made up my mind to put up with it till the new year. But I still want no longer to be cursed.

Friend: You know that you are free to stop the treatment at any time. When did you come to this decision?

Dora: Two weeks I think.

Friend: You gave me two weeks notice just like a governess. I knew Dora would not come back again. Her breaking off so unexpectedly just when



my hopes for a successful termination of the treatment were at their highest, this was an unmistakable act of vengeance on her part. Might I perhaps have kept the girl under my treatment if I had exaggerated the importance to me of her staying on, and had shown a warm personal interest in her? I do not know, I have always avoided acting a part, and have contented myself with practising the humbler arts of psychology. Nor do I know whether Herr K. would have done any better if it had been revealed to him that her slap by no means signified a final 'No' on her part, and if he had continued to press his suit with passion which left room for no doubt... Incapacity for meeting a real erotic demand is one of the most essential features of a neurosis.

### SECTION 3

#### 'The Mother', reading postcards in five sections

##### *Postcard section*

##### *First letter (Dora to her mother) porn postcards*

Dear Mother,

I have never told you of this dream I had about you. I was in analysis at the time and all my dreams – like gifts – were for Doctor Freud.

##### **(fellatio)**

You had written to me a letter, which said, "Now your father is dead and if you like you can come home

##### **(two lesbians)**

Oddly enough, a picture plays an important part in Dr. Freud's interpretation of dreams. The strange town I was wandering around was Dresden.

##### **(masturbation)**

And the two hours were those I had actually spent looking at the Sistine Madonna there.

##### **(dominatrix)**

Dr. Freud asked what I liked about the picture. I said "the Madonna". He then told me that the image of the Madonna is a favourite counter idea in the minds of girls who suffer from sexual guilt – and was the case with me...

##### **(fellatio)**

But Dr. Freud said, over and above this identification with the image there is identification with the act of looking, which he insists is an active process, and so a masculine. In short, I was identifying with a boy...

##### **(two lesbians)**

Yet a question still remains. If this active looking is a masculine drive, as Dr. Freud insists, is this position of being a spectator any more masculine when the picture is of a woman.

##### **(madonna painting)**

Is this voyeuristic drive, which Dr. Freud insists is sexual, any more

my paper for a successful termination of the treatment were at their best, this was an amiable and a lot of sympathy on her part. Although I do think have been the girl under my treatment if I had suggested the importance to me of her - turning on, and had shown a woman personal in heart I do not know I have the girl avoided acting a part and have contented myself with playing the hand of the girl. Not do I know whether that is, would not have done any better if it had been revealed to him that she was for me means a final "No" on her part and it had continued to press his son with passion which left room for no doubt - incapacity for meeting a real erotic demand is one of the most essential features of a neurosis.

### SECTION 3

The Mother's, reading postcards in five sections.

How much better I know to her what postcard means.  
Dear Mother,  
I have never told you of this dream. I had about you. I was at night as at the time and all my dreams - like gifts - were for Doctor Freud.  
(Fellatio)  
You had written to me a letter, which said, "Now your father is dead and if you like you can come home."  
(Two lesbians)  
God's one eye is always playing an important part in Dr. Freud's interpretation of dreams. The strange love I was wandering around was  
(Fellatio)  
And the two boys were in bed I had actually spent looking at the picture.  
(Fellatio)  
Dr. Freud asked what I liked about the picture. I said "the Madonna". He then told me that the image of the Madonna is a favourite constellation in the minds of girls who suffer from sexual guilt - and was the case with me.  
(Fellatio)  
The Dr. Freud said over and above this identification with the image there is identification with the act of looking, which he insists is an active process and so masculine. In short I was identifying with a boy.  
(Two lesbians)  
Yet a question still remains. If this active-looking is a masculine drive or Dr. Freud insists is the position of being a spectator any more masculine when the picture is of a woman.  
(Fellatio)  
Is this a characteristic drive, which Dr. Freud insists is sexual, any more

sexual when the image is of a sexual act?

**(masturbation)**

In pornography, images of sexual relations between women are constructed for this masculine spectator and celebrate his position as voyeur, but in what way does this inform my physical relations with other women?

**(dominatrix)**

So many unanswered questions,  
Love, Dora

*Second letter*

What is the relation between Charcot's scientific discourse on hysteria and the discourse of the Other?

His search for the visible demands an object.

And in Charcot's scientific photography, the object is not neutral, not arbitrary.

It is that which culturally and historically has always constituted the object – a woman.

*Third letter*

Dear Mother,

The women's group here has just finished reading Freud's Dora. In the story, Dora sees herself as being an object of exchange between her father and the man who is making love to her. And later, in a dream, she places herself in the converse position, as a subject/spectator to a picture of The Madonna.

**(Che Guevara)**

Anna characterises these two instances as being the clearest example of Dora's either/or choice in the contract of desire. Either to be exchanged as a female object of desire, or to become a masculine subject of desire,

**(Christ on the Cross)**

But Jackie says that when Dora walks out of the treatment, silent, she becomes the embodiment of feminist struggle, refusing to accept either of these two choices that Freud wants to impose on her. She says that Dora is our heroine.

**(Elvis Presley)**

This is causing a split in the group. Some of us said that we can't see what is heroic about silence. Silence just means not speaking. Surely not a position outside of language.

**(Mohammad Ali)**

sexual when the image is of a sexual act?  
 (manipulation)  
 In pornography, images of sexual relations between women are  
 constructed for this masculine spectator and celebrate his position as  
 viewer, but in what way does this inform my physical relations with other  
 women?  
 (dominance)  
 So many unanswered questions.  
 Love, Dora

2nd May  
 What is the relation between Chancer's scientific discourse on hysteria and  
 the discourse of the Other?  
 The search for the visible demands an object.  
 And in Chancer's scientific photography, the object is not neutral, not  
 arbitrary.  
 It is that which culturally and historically has always constituted the object  
 a woman.

2nd May  
 Dear Michael,  
 The women's group here has just finished reading Freud's Dora. In the  
 story, Dora sees herself as being an object of exchange between her father  
 and the man who is making love to her. And later, in a dream, she places  
 herself in the converse position, as a subject-object to a picture of her  
 father.  
 (The father)  
 A new characteristic these two instances as being the clearest example of  
 Dora's choice or choice in the context of desire. I think to be exchanged  
 as a female object of desire, or to become a masculine subject of desire,  
 is part on the Oedipal.  
 But I think says that when Dora works out of the treatment, she  
 becomes the embodiment of feminist struggle, refusing to accept either of  
 these two choices that Freud wants to impose on her. She says that Dora  
 is our heroine.  
 (The President)

This is causing a split in the group. Some of us said that we can't see what  
 is behind about silence. Silence just means not speaking, rarely not a  
 person outside of language.  
 (Johnston 41)



Dora is a bundle of symptoms, and to see her as a heroine ignores the fact that she was the same bundle of symptoms after leaving, no less afflicted than she was before. Jackie however, transforms her leaving into a triumph of the will of an individual. Jackie did the same thing to her therapist.

**(Sigmund Freud)**

But I don't know if we need or want a heroine. Dora to me isn't a role for feminist autonomy. Her story is interesting because it raises more *questions* than it can *answer*, *not* because of the "her" that the story is about. I wonder what it is I want from you.

**(bookshelves)**

Your loving daughter.

*Fourth letter*

How do psychoanalytic theories which presuppose language, prescribe to place from which I am allowed to ask questions about the relation of my sexualities to representation?

All theories which make language a given are phallogentric. When my sexualities are represented, in theory, in film, in language, how does this define the position from which resistance to that representation is articulated?

*Fifth letter (Dora to her mother)*

Dear Mother,

**(Da Vinci madonna fragments)**

In Dr. Freud's case history of my hysteria, he completely dismisses you after one paragraph. You are characterised merely as a foolish woman, suffering from what he calls "housewife's psychosis". So it's not surprising when you write to tell me: "I never made Dr. Freud's acquaintance." You are nothing for him.

**(Close shot Madonna)**

I think Freud could have talked about The Mother as the site of the intersection of many representations – of which you are just one.

**(Jesus + Lamb)**

There is the psychotic housewife which I don't want to become.  
There is the lover of my father.

**(St. Anne close-up)**

There is the woman both my father and Herr K "got nothing out of"

There is a bundle of symptoms, and to see her as a heroine ignores the fact that she was the same bundle of symptoms after leaving, no less afflicted than she was before. Jackie however, transforms her leaving into a triumph of the will of an individual. Jackie did the same thing to her therapist.

(Eugene Bond)

But I don't know if we need or want a heroine. Even to me isn't a role for feminist autonomy. Her story is interesting because it raises more questions than it can answer, not because of the "her" that the story is about. I wonder what it is I want from you.

(Bookends)

Your loving daughter

A loving father

How the psychoanalytic theories which presuppose language, prescribe to their users which I am allowed to ask questions about the relation of my resistance to representation? All theories which make language a given are phallogocentric. When my sexuality and representation in theory, in film, in language, how does this define the position from which resistance to that representation is articulated?

A loving father (Dora to her mother)

Dear Mother

(Dora / Jack madonna wayward)

In Dr Freud's case history of my hysteria, he completely dismisses you after one paragraph. You are characterised merely as a foolish woman, suffering from what he calls "hysterical psychosis". So it is not surprising when you write to tell me "I never made Dr Freud's acquaintance". You are nothing for him.

(A love story Madonna)

I think I could have talked about The Mother as the site of the intersection of many representations - of which you are just one (Dora + Father)

There is the psychoanalytic discourse which I don't want to become. There is the love of my father.

(Get some close-up)

There is the woman in my father and there is "got nothing out of" 80

There is the image of The Madonna  
**(Anne + Christ)**

There is the mother of Herr K's children that I became.  
There is the mother I sought in my governess  
**(Mary + Anne)**

But he didn't talk about The Mother.  
Is this merely an oversight, or is it necessary that she cannot have a place there?  
**(Feet + animal)**

How can I differentiate between you, my mother, and The Mother who is always absent?  
Unless I can somehow separate the you, from this symbolic Mother, it is difficult to see how it is that we share a position as women.  
The family structure in which you and I are placed, at once produces aggressively through the repression of the symbolic Mother, and displaces that hostility, directing instead towards you, the real mother.  
**(Mary – Anne – Christ)**

Yet isn't this retreat into theory really about my need to maintain you still as blameless?  
I don't know.  
I feel that the demands you make on me are unbearable, but being hardly able to understand where it is they come from it's difficult to address them as such.  
But I still can't help blaming you.  
I miss you.  
Dora.  
**(Two pairs lips smiling – Mary + Anne)**

There is the image of The Madonna  
(Anne + Christ)

There is the mother of Her K's children that I became.  
There is the mother I sought in my goddess  
(Mary + Anne)

But he didn't talk about The Mother.  
Is this merely an oversight or is it necessary that she cannot have a place  
there?  
(Foot + animal)

How can I distinguish between your mother and The Mother who is  
always there?  
I know - I can somehow separate the you from this symbolic Mother, it is  
difficult to see how it is that we share a position as women.  
The family structure - which you and I are placed at once produces  
aggressively through the repression of the symbolic Mother and displace  
that hostility - directed instead towards your real mother.  
(Mary + Anne - Christ)

Yes, and this recent trip to Italy, I talk about my need to remain in you still  
as phantasies?  
I don't know  
I feel that the demands you make on me are unbearable, but being hardly  
able to understand where it is they come from it's difficult to address them  
as such.  
But I still can't help blaming you.  
I miss you.  
I love  
(Two pairs lips smiling - Mary + Anne)



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