

EPILOGUE (This is optional.)

(The actor who had played PROSECUTOR alternates as NARRATOR and as 'FREUD'. The Strobe-lights segment the activities of MISS PORTERO and FREUD.)

(A CANTOR and CHOIR sing *Kol Nidre* .)

NARRATOR/ 'FREUD'

(A cigar in his mouth, he is looking at a bust of Janus in his hands. Spotting the audience ,HE places the bust on a shelf.)

Several months after his pilgrimage to Rome, Freud gathers his first disciples

(He looks at his Jupiter head ring, slowly spreading and closing his fingers.)

and he is on his way.

(Goes to the Aeneas painting)

On April 15, 1908, which is the fiftieth anniversary of Julius's death, the Psychological Wednesday Society is-- on Freud's carried motion-- renamed the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. He, thereby, secretly dedicates the psychoanalytic movement to the memory of Julius, a movement which would establish his --and Julius's-- Promised Land, a boundless peaceable brotherly world where der Kinder, the seed of Abraham, at long last are free to develop their talents and satisfy their needs.

Five years later, at Berggasse 19, Freud, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 25th of May 1913, hands each of his five favorite adherents an ancient stone engraved with a scene from classical antiquity to be mounted into a gold ring like his. In the Jewish calendar this date is the eighteenth of Iyar or Lag B'Omer, the feast day marking the end of a plague which was killing students of Rabbi Akiba Ben Joseph. It was Rabbi Akiba who gave Bar Kochba-- famous for his near-successful Second Century revolt against the Romans--his name, which means "Son of a Star" --as in "there shall come a Star out of Jacob . . ." Calling

itself the Committee, this community of elect, under Freud's leadership, works behind the scenes, directing and protecting the psychoanalytic movement. Gracing Freud's ancient stone is the head of Jupiter, who had ordered Aeneas into the underworld.

Up until the First World War, Freud visits Moses regularly. And, at some point t he appropriates the manner of his stoned-faced therapist.

('FREUD' sits in a chair behind a couch 'listening' to a patient. It could be the Jewish stone-thrower...A clock chimes. The patient gets up; nods to 'FREUD'. 'FREUD' takes a puff of his cigar; nods matter -of-factly to the patient. Patient leaves. 'FREUD' picks up a journal beside him and reads:)

The psychoanalyst should be *impenetrable* to the patient...
(He closes the journal.)

An opaque, shadowy figure...a statue.

(He responds to a "question":)

No, Freud and Herzl never did meet. Herzl died in 1904 at the age of 44.... Yes, Freud did write about the statue, an essay, "The Moses of Michelangelo". It was published anonymously....Why take chances? He began working on it Christmas Day, 1913,

(Turning pages of calendar on desk.)

and completed it New Year's Day, 1914... Chance coincidence?...

(Puts journal down.)

(We hear Jewish glass fronts shattering, along with menacing music, or, perhaps, Wagner; followed by Nazi troops marching into Austria, with hearty "*Seig Heils*" from the populace.)

(A stone comes through a window.)

('FREUD', in the manner of a frail old man, picks up the stone; looks at it; nods head in recognition.)

It's come!

(Hate in his eyes, he tightens his hand around the stone, and puts it in his jacket pocket. With dignity, he gathers Dreambook and The Aeneid.. There's an upsurge of fire-place flame. He turns to it.)

In addition to Freud and Herzl, a third Austrian, an ardent admirer of Herr

Dr. Karl Lueger, Adolf Hitler has his own solution to the Jewish problem.

[Turning from the fireplace, he
picks up Janus and MISS
PORTERO'S Grecian urn,
cradling the four objects the way
Aeneas' father, Anchises, cradles
the family gods.

Putting the urn on a column, he
places the two books and Janus
on an antiques-covered

(formerly Miss Portero's)

desk. He

sits down and begins to write with
a pen. A cigar is in his left hand.
He's old, bent.]

In 1938, in exile in his temporary London home, 39 Elsworthy Road, N.W.
3, Freud completes his last major attack on religion, Moses and
Monotheism...

To deprive a people of the man whom they take pride in as the
greatest of their sons is not a thing to be gladly or carelessly
undertaken, least of all by someone who is himself one of them.
But the man Moses, who set the Jewish people free, who
gave them their laws and founded their religion, was himself a
a high-born Egyptian who got his religion from a pharaoh, the
pharaoh, Akhenaten....Only Jewry and not Christianity should
be offended by my conclusions.

be

(Blotting the page.)

(He pats each head of Janus:)

Moses; Jesus.... Caught together, hanged together!

(Blowing a circle, he rises.)

On Thursday, September 21st, 1939, Freud, 83, and wasting away from
cancer of the mouth and jaw,...

('FREUD' wearily takes off his jacket.)

from sores that do not heal... and which he has borne stoically for 16
years, ...33 surgical procedures in all....

('FREUD' lies down on the couch.)

tells his friend and physician, Dr. Max Schur, the time has come.

(While unrolling his sleeve,
he says in an old man's

voice:)

Now, it's nothing but torture and makes no sense any more...

shot [Squints but takes the morphine stoically (Schur will inject two subsequent shots.)

I thank you...Tell Anna about this. (His eyes close.)

(A SHOFAR BLAST!)

(Startled, frightened,'FREUD' opens his eyes.)

Freud doesn't die on the anniversary of Virgil's death as he had intended but two days later, Saturday, September 23rd at 3 A.M.

(He puts on a skull cap and a prayershawl, quietly praying as he puts on the latter.)

In the Jewish Calendar, (Now, he is by the Sphinx.) it is the Tenth Day of *Tishri*, which is the anniversary of Moses's descent from Mt. Sinai with the Tablets of the Law.. That is, the day the people received the Law.

(The TABLETS of MOSES are lighted up.)

It is known as *Yom Kippur*, the Day of Atonement.

(*Kol Nidre* is plainly heard.)

Defiant to the very end, against Jewish tradition, Freud is cremated.

(He looks at the urn.)

On the occasion of Freud's death, the poet, Auden, wrote:

If often he was wrong and at times absurd,
to us he is no more a person
Now but a whole climate of opinion
Under whom we conduct our differing lives...

My own opinion? Sigmund Freud, the one with the terrible eyes...

(He takes the thrown stone from his pocket and places it by the urn.)
(VITTORIO, now wearing a skullcap, and holding on to it to keep it from falling, rushes into the NARRATOR's arms.)

[The NARRATOR holds Vittorio the way "Julius" had in II,ii; i.e., right arm around him. (VITTORIO may be eating a matzah:

although it's a day of fasting, youngsters are allowed to eat.)

With his left hand, the NARRATOR reaches in the urn and gets a handful of Freud's ashes. He looks at the ashes in his hand...He tosses the ashes in the air, in the direction of Miss Portero and Freud.]

There was a *mensch* !

[Unfolding like a Torah scroll are three large photos of Freud; the middle one is pre-eminant. This 'triptych' tells a story: on the left side, Freud as a boy, beside his father who has the Philippon Bible in his lap; in the center, a vigorous Freud with penetrating eyes, wearing the Jupiter ring, with pen in hand; on the right side, Freud, in old age, still at work, pen in hand: "Die in harness!"

The left and right photos fade. Superimposed on the center photo is the divine radiance. And *Kol Nidre* is cut short, as is the Shofar note. There is the beginning of a crack in the Dome; a boys' choir singing a Gregorian Chant stops in mid-air. And the Four Passover Questions are also cut short.

All the while, Freud's photo **glows and glows**: violet, purple, scarlet and gold. And outside, the glorious dawn of a New Day.

(If there is a good photo of Freud in his prime with pen in hand, we should use it. Perhaps this photo could slowly begin to multiply on the stage so that like a hundred TV monitors, all of these Freuds fill up the stage.)]

(We hear LUCINA's laugh.)

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

