

ACT I, SCENE 4

A few minutes later.

MISS PORTERO'S pouring herself wine; periodically rubbing her neck .A bandage on his bitten hand, FREUD is placing her necklace beads on a large seashell.

FREUD

I could have killed you.

MISS PORTERO

In your gloomy sleep you mouthed more than "Julius."

FREUD (Knocking over the seashell.)

Then you lied to me!

MISS PORTERO

And you can reproach me, dissembler? . . . (She holds up his Dream book; reads:) "My politeness is a cover." Take note: I am not your common reader. This much is clear: your brother Julius, he is behind your pilgrimage to Rome.... It is still miserable outside . . . And time, it is running down. (Turning over the hourglass.)

FREUD

What I am about to say--

MISS PORTERO

(With her ringstone MISS PORTERO "seals" her lips . . . )

Well? Your confession?

FREUD

*(A mental projection: Two year-old SIGI sees young mother, Amalie nurse JULIUS.*

I was jealous of Julius, hated him-- This is difficult . . . I wanted my mother for myself.

*(Mental Projection: Mama, und Ich?! Mama, und Ich?! ["Mama, What about me ?!"]  
"Mama, What about me?!")*

FREUD (CONT'D)

My hateful thoughts, I believed, had killed him . . . thoughts of knocking him from her breast and kicking him in the head, over and over again.. Well, I got my hateful wish

MISS PORTERO

Just south of here, where so-called Civilization has yet to come, my people believe in the magical power of words, words can heal, word can kill.

FREUD

Julius' death left the germ of guilt in me.--

(Lifting to him a clay figurine of a seated boy,  
FREUD *projects: Holding her dead infant,*  
*AMALIE FREUD looks for answers into*  
*JAKOB'S eyes-- "WHY?WHY?"--as*  
*JAKOB tries comforting her.)*

MISS PORTERO

The idea that you had rid yourself of Julius--that you had murdered him--this tormenting Cain phantasy, then, is your scar.

FREUD (Relacing the figurine)

I was miserable but didn't know why. I couldn't account for my deep depressions and migraines . . . Deluding myself, making myself believe it was pure scientific research, I experimented with the active ingredient of coca leaves, cocaine. (Takes a sip of water.)

Like that

(Snapping fingers)

my migraines vanished, were washed away. And I've got to say it made me quite gay and confident. It seemed like a magical substance.

MISS PORTERO

Seemed? Then this self-cure you discontinued?

FREUD

I convinced a close friend to take this magical drug for his morphia addiction, but he got addicted to it instead. Six years later he was dead . . . .

(Wincing, he rubs the heel of his  
left hand into his forehead.)

MISS PORTERO

Dead like Julius . .

FREUD

When Hannibal was nine,

(Freud's shadow is on a screen on the  
back wall. It is smaller than Freud,  
making him the size of a child. He

postures as Hannibal, below, before the family altar.)

his father, Hasdrubal, made him vow with one hand on the sacrificial lamb, to take vengeance on the Romans Well, in my later school years, I vowed to take vengeance against the new Romans, the Holy *Roman* Catholic Church!

(Opens his Dream book to motto:)

"If I can not bend the higher powers, I'll move hell."

MISS PORTERO

Your battle-cry!

FREUD

Until my self-analysis, I didn't know Julius' death was behind it . . .

(Claw-like, FREUD snaps the book shut.)

MISS PORTERO

That it was your vow to Julius.

FREUD

Yes, ultimately, Miss Portero, it was my vow to Julius . . .

MISS PORTERO

Can I get you anything?

FREUD ( He sits down on the chair.)

I'll just have to ride it out.

MISS PORTERO

The name of Hannibal's papa was Hamilcar, not Hasdrubal, Hasdrubal was the name of Hannibal's brother ...his younger brother—An apt slip, no?

FREUD (Writes in note pad)

Yes, Miss Portero, an apt slip. I'll make that correction in my Dream book.

( and to self)

Provided I'm not wheeled out of that gloomy church tomorrow.

MISS PORTERO

Your design is clear. Make a better world for other, future little Juliuses, a world where anti-Semitism is a thing of the past, and you make an atonement for killing Julius—

FREUD

But Miss Portero, Julius is not dead.

(Picking up some playing cards, he studies the designs . Deals cards, fast, adept.)

MISS PORTERO

To your heart, no. For it won't relinquish him--  
(Arranging the cards dealt her.)

FREUD

Saturday afternoons I sit down to play a lively game of taroc with Julius.

MISS PORTERO

What?! (Putting cards down!)

FREUD

Yes, , my all-knowing Sybil, my brother has come back to me in the form of another Julius, Julius Schnitzler...  
(Arranging his cards.)

MISS PORTERO

You sense that this Julius Schnitzler is little Julius' reincarnation? . . .

FREUD

He's a brilliant surgeon and not a bad taroc player.

MISS PORTERO

(Lies on couch; mimes Freud dreaming.)\_

"It's your play, Julius." --

FREUD

You got it! And I'm the one who would lead the world--

MISS PORTERO

Hush! (Still on the couch, pondering.)  
Unable to acknowledge that his brother is dead once and for all, this tormented Cain senses that the card-player Julius is little Julius . . . But, of all the Juliuses, why  
(Putting one picture card on another.)  
fasten little Julius on this, this Julius Schnitzler? Ah! (Tossing the cards in the air.)  
Sometimes you merely have to ask the question . . . (She gets up.)  
May I intuit? . . . Julius Schnitzler's brother is the renowned writer, Arthur Schnitzler--

FREUD

The playwright is his older brother. So?

MISS PORTERO

(Gets up and touches Janus' left head.)

So this! Your mystical head senses that Arthur Schnitzler, who is a born psychologist, is your double.

FREUD

(Sits on the edge of his seat, engrossed in an imaginary stage-play:)

How could Schnitzler know so much about the unconscious,... about the instinctual forces driving humankind?! . . . I could have written his stage plays . . .

(Enumerating with fingers.)

He's also a Jew, was born in May, and even started out like me as a neurologist.

MISS PORTERO

And if Arthur Schnitzler is your double, then, of course, his younger brother, Julius, must be your brother Julius, reincarnated. Names, after all, carry souls.

FREUD

(Spotting the Golden Bough, he raises it.)

And I'm the one who would lead humanity to the Promised Land of Reason!

MISS PORTERO

Only someone like you, one with the moral courage to look deeply into heart and examine his soul in detail, can instruct man about himself, about what drives him . . . If anyone can found a line as prophesied by Virgil for Aeneas' son Julius, a line like the Latins of the Golden Age of ancient Latium, you can

(SHE points to Julius Ascanius in the painting; putting the cards down, she hands Freud The Aeneid, open, to the verse.)

FREUD ( By heart.)

. . . A line that is just--

Not by constraint or laws, but by choice.

MISS PORTERO

"A line that is just...by choice." An apt description for your longed-for Julius or Julian line. . . your brotherly line upon which you pin your redemption—

FREUD

(FREUD, again, studies the painting of a Sybil with a striking resemblance to Miss Portero.)

Who are you?

MISS PORTERO

(Shows his Dream book inscription.)

Why, your Roman reader . . . Such a short memory . . .

(FREUD now goes to the painting of  
Aeneas, as if He is drawn to it.)

If you can pull it off, (eating a grape), if you can conceive this brotherly line, you would ,  
in effect, undo, cancel, that terrible crime, the murder of Julius, wouldn't you?

FREUD

(Bending, FREUD looks at the boy Julius.)

*(A Projection: FREUD'S Voice:*

*Aeneas, you have your Julius line, the  
Romans. But one day , my classical double,  
I'll have my own Julius line! Instead of bei  
like yours , a battle- hungry line, my Julius line  
will be a brotherly one. And through this line  
my little brother Julius will come back to life.  
For so long as his line lines, he lives.)*

MISS PORTERO

( She taps him with the Golden Bough.

Startled, FREUD grabs it from her.)

May I intuit yet again? You have yet to meet Arthur Schnitzler. For to meet one's  
double means that one is about to die. Die prematurely and your vast ambition, it goes  
up in smoke.

FREUD (Turns to her.)

I dread my afternoon walk, especially when Theodor Herzl, who lives a stone's throw  
from me, is in Vienna--

MISS PORTERO

Herzl, the father of Zionism? Of course!

(She hides behind a pillar, before  
takes first tentative steps.)

MISS PORTERO

Death could be around the corner, the corner of the Berggasse, in the form of Theodor  
Herzl, another felt double who too has a solution to the miserable anti-Semitism: a  
Jewish homeland. That you leave your own home at all is a wonder.

FREUD (Going to picture of Garibaldi.)

Why do you think I work out of my home?

(He says this in a way that makes  
her wonder if he is serious.)

Herzl was also born in May and his father's name happens to be --

MISS PORTERO

Jakob?

FREUD.

Jakob

(He takes off his red tie and lays it flat on the oblong table, like a carpet.)

Before the Dreyfus Affair made him realize assimilation was hopeless, Herzl had come up with a way to save the children,

(Picks up two White Pawns)

mass baptism of all the Jewish children.

MISS PORTERO

No?! When was this?

FREUD

1893.

MISS PORTERO

The year before Captain Dreyfus' courtmartial!

FREUD

He'd strike a bargain with Pope Leo.

Help us against the Anti-Semites and I will start a great movement for the free and honorable conversion of Jews to Christianity.

(Places the Pawns on the 'carpet' in front of two Black Castles which seem connected, like closed double doors. The Castles are not on the 'carpet'.)

MISS PORTERO

In Rome, you go to one papa, and he to the other papa. How nice.

FREUD (Gives her a 'look!')

Once the pact with the Holy Father was made, there would be a grand procession, made up of the elders and the little ones, to that relic from the Middle Ages, St. Stephen's Cathedral in the heart of Vienna.

*(Projection from Freud: Herzl and Jewish elders lead Jewish children to the door of St. Stephen's Cathedral. Gothic, it was completed in the 15th Century.)*

Naturally, Herzl would be the pied piper....God, how like me!

(Holds a Black Bishop in left hand.)

If the Pope couldn't be there to greet them, then Herzl (White Knight in right hand) would settle for the Archbishop of Vienna.

(FREUD puts Black Bishop aside; takes other Black Bishop and places it between the 'children' and the Black Castles. The Black Bishop is not on the 'carpet' ... not just yet. Freud adds other 'children,' two by two; still holding 'Herzl', a White Knight, in his hand.)

At noon, on a Sunday, probably Easter Sunday, to the pealing of church bells, the procession would arrive at that Gothic horror. Herzl and the brethren would stop outside the church door...

[FREUD puts 'Herzl' at head of procession; Freud pulls 'carpet', with 'Herzl' and 'children' on it, to the Black Bishop who is before the 'Church doors' (Contiguous Black Castles). 'Herzl' steps aside; the Black Bishop takes Herzl's place. The doors open. Freud pulls the 'carpet' through the doors; the Black Bishop, now on the 'carpet,' leading the way.

Now, the Black Castles are again positioned as double doors, closed.

FREUD (CONT'D)

The White Knight. 'Herzl', stays for a moment; then leaves; looks back one more time before he moves on.]

the last Jews on earth. ...

(If the above chess piece action won't 'play', then Freud could play Herzl walking, leading an imaginary procession to terrace doors.)

MISS PORTERO

Such an imagination!

FREUD

He's a playwright, remember! Fortunately, his newspaper publisher, who is also a Jew, talked Herzl out of it. . . . Don't get me wrong! I admire Herzl. His wife, by the way, is named Julie--

MISS PORTERO

Tell me, hero, shouldn't you have gone out of your way to meet, to make contact with, Herzl and Arthur Schnitzler, seeing as you are in Rome to face your ultimate double?!

FREUD

Ultimate double? . . . Good Lord, Moses! (A realization.)

MISS PORTERO

"Good Lord"!? Some careful preparation! Make your pilgrimage to Moses, the terrible desert father who conceived and shaped you--and, impious Jewboy from Vienna, you die!

(Before Freud knows it, SHE 'stamps' his forehead with a head phylactery. Enraged, FREUD grabs her hand; the phylactery cord "veils" his face.)

*(Mental Projection: **slide of MOSES'** radiant face on FREUD's face.)*

(We hear LUCINA's laughter.)

End of ACT I, Scene 4