

ACT II, SCENE 1

A few minutes later.

MISS PORTERO is emptying the crystal ashtray.

FREUD is by the picture of Aeneas holding his son Julius' hand.

FREUD'S rubbing his forehead with his right palm.

FREUD

My self-analysis made me realize that my guilt over Julius's death had impelled me to make decisions, take actions--

*(A mental projection: 'Freud' and pregnant wife, Martha, about 30, with their three children, a girl, Mathilde, 4, and two boys, Martin, 2, and Oliver, 1. This can be a slide. The children are heard; including baby Oliver crying .)*

(FREUD head is tilted as if looking at slide.)

The choice our first home, an apartment ...The first three of our six children were born there.

MISS PORTERO

The apartment seems to have been a good decision, a rational decision.

FREUD

Commissioned by Emperor Franz Joseph, it was built on the site of the ill-fated Ringtheatre. (HE looks at the fire.) Four hundred burned to death.

*(Not conscious of doing so, he picks up a deck of Taroc cards.)*

The rent is used to provide for their children.

MISS PORTERO

You'd somehow make up for killing Julius.

FREUD ("Killing" stings him.)

*(Holding back tears.)*

The apartment house is known as the House of Atonement.....I was driven, driven to find a way to make up for killing Julius.

MISS PORTERO

And once the memories surfaced you understood this?

FREUD

Memories and feelings... After that, I was open to anything... even a pact with the Devil.  
(Mocks cutting his wrist and writing with his blood.)

MISS PORTERO

No!... (Horrified)

FREUD

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

(He holds up the Dream book.)

What had I to lose?..

(He grimaces as if a migraine is coming on.)

My inner torment? Nothing human is alien to me!...Nothing!... (More to self.)  
Not with time running out.

MISS PORTERO

But a compact with Lucifer.

FREUD

If I couldn't save the children then I'd, I'd lose the strength to live...

( His right hand grasps ribs on his left side as well,  
placing him in the posture of a particular wretch  
Michelangelo's Last Judgment, one who knows he's  
doomed.)

(MISS PORTERO starts to fall away.)

FREUD (Catches her.)

Miss Portero, are you all right?!

MISS PORTERO

I am fine ...

FREUD

You sure?

MISS PORTERO (She pours herself wine.)

I am sure... But exchange your soul for what?

FREUD

For that indefinite something which attracts men...and time... Miss Portero I didn't pluck  
my golden bough any too soon.

MISS PORTERO

Then you didn't?--

FREUD

This Jew was that close, believe me --

( HIS left thumb and fore-finger almost touching.)

MISS PORTERO

But this brilliant insight, it , itself, might be what you claim God to be, a wishful illusion.  
For it promises you so much, too much.--

FREUD  
And I haven't wrestled with that? (Shakes Dream book in her face.)

MISS PORTERO  
And just how did this, this godsend come to you?...It's still miserable outside.  
(FREUD is before the picture of Garibaldi; he momentarily blacks out;  
then 'comes back'.

He 'seals' his lips with his wedding ring.)

( MISS PORTERO, getting the message,  
'seals' her lips with her ring-stone.)

FREUD  
I remembered being sexually jealous of my father and wishing he were dead so I could  
take his place with my mother...

(He studies the marble Venus; then  
looks at his train ticket.)

The train ride to Leipzig... (He is back there:)

*[FREUD projects: A slide of Botticelli's The Birth of Venus is projected. Freud's lips and tongue move. The slide then lands on Freud. Freud reaches up to touch his own breasts. (Venus' breasts are superimposed on his.) ]*

( He fondles his breasts, catching himself before  
passion overwhelms him.)

(A big moment: there could be music.)

MISS PORTERO  
(Noticing he is 'away,' she sensuously  
touches his thigh.)  
Where were you?

FREUD  
On a train long ago...

MISS PORTERO  
(She sets an orange half on plate, so  
that it looks like the Dome. 'Quartering' it, she  
offers him a slice. HE refuses. SHE eats it,

with pleasure.)

You were lusting for your mama and wishing to kill your papa --

FREUD

Right! I was younger than three...about two and a half....All boys experience this.  
(He studies Venus.)

Here, Miss Portero is the source of God....

MISS PORTERO

The boy's passion, you say, is the source of God?

(VITTORIO Enters)

( VITTORIO drifts in, surprising Freud, and also apparently Miss Portero.. As if sleep-walking, VITTORIO is holding a large stuffed frog by one of its legs.)

Vittorio!

(Carrying him to the couch, SHE places VITTORIO'S head on her breast, and hands him an orange slice. Eyeing Freud, VITTORIO eats it.)

This angel?--

FREUD

That angel.

MISS PORTERO

Vittorio, this handsome gentleman is Dr. Freud. (In Italian)

(She squeezes Vittorio's cheeks.)

Kiss me my little Oedipus. (In Italian.)

(VITTORIO kisses her. SHE plants a kiss on a cheek, gives him rest of the orange. VITTORIO offers FREUD a piece. FREUD takes it, and ruffles VITTORIO'S hair. )

( VITTORIO indicates it's all right for FREUD to handle the frog, whereupon FREUD and the frog begin to hop on the floor, amusing Vittorio.)

(LUCINA, in a nightgown, enters; seeing the jumping Freud , she laughs.)

Embarrassed, FREUD becomes the dignified Herr

Doktor.)

(Once she collects herself, LUCINA makes apologetic gestures re: VITTORIO intruding....

(VITTORIO and LUCINA EXIT as hopping frogs. )

FREUD

My kids don't often get to see that side of their father, except--

(We hear LUCINA's laughter, again rattling Freud.)

except when we're on vacation collecting mushrooms.

MISS PORTERO

The way Vittorio holds himself, just like Bernard, his father.

(When she says this it's with some pain.)

FREUD (Before the picture of Garibaldi.)

Vittorio loves and admires Bernard but he also hates him. To Vittorio, Bernard is the most powerful and wisest creature in the whole world...A model to imitate and ... to get rid of--

MISS PORTERO

To take his place with me in bed. ... My empty bed. (To self; shivering.)

FREUD

*(He projects: JAKOB and AMALIE are in bed, as above. A knife in his hand, JAKOB is about to ATTACK his little rival. who is not actually in the scene: it could traumatize a child actor.)*

That charming little fellow is afraid that Bernard will castrate him.

MISS PORTERO.

That he'll be stoned for his impious intentions? (Removing a plum pit.)

FREUD

Stoned?

MISS PORTERO

To stone an animal is to castrate him.

FREUD (Writes it down on pocket pad)

That gruesome expectation makes Vittorio give up his wicked ambition,

*(A projection: AMALIE, the mother, is giving little ANNA her bath , and young SIGI , 5, sees ANNA, 3, nude.)*

The sight of my younger sister, Anna... without a penis. ( To self: Shudders.)

MISS PORTERO

(She hands Freud an orange bough. HE pulls off an orange; smiles; and offers bough to MISS PORTERO who pulls off another orange while FREUD still holds bough: 'Touche.' HE puts it back in planter; lights a cigar.)

And God comes from this, this, family romance?

FREUD

Family romance?

(HE writes it down on pocket pad.)  
( MISS PORTERO smiles, shakes head:  
'This he has to write down now?')

God the Father once roamed the earth in bodily form. He's nothing but the young boy's idealized perception of his father magnified a thousand times..

(Mimes the exalted Oedipal father)

MISS PORTERO

God was fashioned from the little boy's magnified image of his father?

FREUD

Right! Long ago this the overvalued exalted father of boyhood, this all-knowing, all-powerful, superhuman creature was thrown out onto the universe and became God....  
.Gott in Himmel, is a wish fulfillment, pure and simple.

MISS PORTERO

(About to light a cigarette with a candle--.)

And the terrible Yahweh, just how is He a wish fulfillment?!

FREUD

(He now goes to statue of Jupiter who has an eagle on his shoulder and a thunderbolt in his right hand.)

The ways of the Lord are dark, but seldom pleasant--(Smiling.)

MISS PORTERO

What?!

FREUD

Just a joke... Look!... Like the earthly father, the Heavenly Father rewards and punishes His children, doesn't He?

MISS PORTERO

His Mercy and His Justice, yes, so? .. Ah! I see how He can be seen as a wishful illusion. God cares for and protects us and our families...Famines, plagues, wild beasts will not harm us-- All we need do is obey His Will.

(She re-lights her cigarette.)

FREUD

Now, to our ancestors the inner storms of lust and rage are, er, were just as terrifying as--

MISS PORTERO

The blowing winds and thunderstorms without... Now it's even more clear.

(SHE offers him grapes. HE takes a small bunch.

SHE pulls off one of his grapes and eats it.)

The fathers yearned for a caring but dreaded father, the fear of whom would keep them and the others from acting on their murderous urges and sexual desires.

(SHE licks his ear.)

FREUD

(Spits out the pits; brushes her away)

And a comforting illusion, God the Father, was born.

MISS PORTERO

A Merciful and Just Father....

FREUD

(Takes two walnuts from the horn of plenty.)

And the prototype of God's terrible Justice is--

MISS PORTERO

The dreaded castration...By strength of hand. (SHE reaches for his penis.)

FREUD (Backs away.)

Are Roman women all like you?... (With his hands, HE cracks the walnuts. He offers her the meat. SHE takes a piece.)

You know, you'd make a good psychologist.

MISS PORTERO

You, too.

FREUD

When it came to me I felt an extraordinary clarity.

(He removes a "veil" from eyes ; looks at

'fire' in crystal ashtray. Then eats the nut.)

MISS PORTERO ('Blows' horn of plenty.)

You wanted to trumpet this divine revelation but you hold back, say nothing about in your Egyptian dream book. For first Golden Sigi must be seen as the authority on the psychology of so-called civilized man. Today, preach about God's humble beginnings and psychoanalysis would be dismissed as a Jewish science.

(A wave of the hand.)

FREUD

I can't risk psychoanalysis succumbing to anti-Semitism, of it being seen as just another Jewish national affair, like Zionism--

MISS PORTERO

You'll need Christian comrades--

FREUD

They'll find their way to me against great inner resistances and will be all the more valuable for that. Rest assured, if my name were Oberhuber, psychoanalysis would have met with far less resistance.

MISS PORTERO

And the world is ready for the good news that God is an impotent old man?

(Caressing Freud's leg.)

FREUD (Removing her hand.)

Men can't remain children for ever; they must in the end go out into 'hostile life.' The world is not a nursery!

MISS PORTERO

You are not afraid of me, are you?

FREUD

Sexual excitement is of no use to me.

MISS PORTERO

Pity.

FREUD

Men who, from childhood onward,

(Places his open right hand about 18 inches from the floor.)

are educated to reality will be able to live without that sweet poison, the pap of religious illusion. –

MISS PORTERO

Pap? (Smiling) You want me don't you?

FREUD

You make too much of yourself..

(He gets up; goes to a large globe.)

Knowing they're on their own, these new men will use their intelligence to cultivate

their small plot on this earth so that it supports them...They'll have no alternative--  
(He spins the globe.)

(MISS PORTERO hands him a Philippon Bible volume.)  
(Quickly HE looks inside; HE's relieved that there's no inscription.)

The Philippon Bible. How'd you know this was the Bible I had when I was a boy? Was I hypno--?

MISS PORTERO

Some question. Your father would have handed you Luther's Bible?...It's yours, here, to tear leaf by leaf, law by law.

(Putting the Bible down, FREUD takes his jacket off; folds it neatly; places it on couch and lies down on the floor, on his back, by Janus.)

FREUD

No movement, no apparent consciousness.... I appear dead, don't I?..

MISS PORTERO

Like a corpse. So? (Smelling his blue gardenia.)

FREUD

This bit of hysteria, my deathlike swoon, signifies my death.

MISS PORTERO

Go slow. (Putting Freud's jacket over her shoulders.)

FREUD

I wanted Moses dead. I wanted to take his place--

MISS PORTERO

And now you are dead, taking that Great Man's place? (Hands up: puzzled.)

FREUD

The death wish was redirected towards me... a fitting self-punishment.

MISS PORTERO

I see! You should die for wanting Moses dead to succeed him... Filial piety, guilt, then, and not the fear of God, is your Achilles heel.

FREUD (Getting up.)

I've had four years to work on my fear of der Liebe Gott. I believe I have a handle on

it...But the old man meant a great deal to me.

MISS PORTERO

So, "Conscience makes cowards of us all," even golden Sigi.

(FREUD takes his jacket from her!)

(A SHOFAR BLAST startles FREUD. The Sphinx 'stage' curtain rises: MOSES, played by an actor, is on a hill.)

FREUD

What is this?!

MISS PORTERO

Let's just say it's a rehearsal, a dress rehearsal....

(She tries to place the head phylactery on him. HE removes it,)

FREUD

That's not Lucina, is it?

MISS PORTERO

Does the patriarch look like Lucina? .. For safe passage in the underworld Aeneas relied upon his guide, the Sybil of Cumae. Well, this evening to your Aeneas I play the Sybil of Rome. Do not worry, I shall not be in the corner of the gloomy church whispering, "Take courage, take heart." That task, that mad task, in the netherworld is yours to accomplish alone--.

FREUD

Life has no value, no value, if I don't go through those doors. (To self.)

MISS PORTERO

It's still miserable outside. If not you, who? Your younger rival, Herzl?

(FREUD retrieves the Bible.)

Your glorious Hell's Charm is unsheathed?

[FREUD goes to MOSES ; halts before him, face to face. Containing himself, Freud opens the Bible, to tear it.

The divine radiance (Cf. Exodus 34: 29-35.) now emanates from MOSES' face: radiant orange-red light with splashes of violet, purple and scarlet. ]

[A mental projection : Voice of God, a voice like Morris Carnovsky's:

VOICE OF GOD

Sigismund Schlomo ."No man shall see my face and live!" ]

FREUD

Moses' radiance! I'm doomed!

(He cringes as if he were before a wild, raving beast. The radiance blinds Freud.

I can't see!

Panicked, he tries to see his hand.)  
(A trumpet sounds; there is thunder and lightning, and smoke. Then, total darkness.... Freud, in the dark, recites the Shema, the Jew's declaration of faith in God.)

*Shema yisrael, adonai elohainu adonai eh--*

I lost it ! (Self-disgust!)

(Some light returns. HE catches self as he's about to kiss the phylactery.)

(The rest of the 'stage' is still blacked out.)  
(Sounds of long ago return, sounds of bed boards creaking. )

(And Freud now witnesses:

His grey-haired papa JAKOB in bed, gazing up at his naked and voluptuous young WIFE. THEY embrace. The bed has red satin sheets and pillows. There is a brilliant fire in fireplace. A gown identical to Miss Portero's is at the foot of the bed. Dropping the Bible and phylactery, FREUD, enraged, grabs fireplace poker and rushes at Jakob. JAKOB gives him a hard look, one of scorn and furious wrath.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Dropping poker, FREUD covers his genitals with one hand; then holds out his arms to JAKOB, who starts to hold, to comfort him.  
FREUD, catching himself, is disgusted with himself.)

How can I hope to contain myself in the damn Church?! .....Some great concealer.  
(Self-disgust.)

( MISS PORTERO and LUCINA now emerge from the dark. They are adjusting Miss Portero's gown as if it had just been put back on; they also readjust her hair. All this is done to confuse Freud.)  
( On seeing Miss Portero, FREUD does a double-take.)

Was that you?

(The 'stage' is blacked out.)

MISS PORTERO (She mimics Freud.)

"Shema yisrael,.. Hear O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One."  
And you expect to be able to comfort yourself before His messenger, Moses? Such careful preparation!

FREUD (Turning to the 'stage')

But how can you know?

MISS PORTERO

Rather, how can I not know?!.. Thank you, Lucina.(In Italian)

(LUCINA Exits.)

You intended to kill the patriarch to displace him. (Fondling Janus' key.)

(LUCINA's mocking laugh is heard.)

The situation just begs for a reawakening of the feelings you had when you wanted to kill your father to take his place....Only this time the mama in question is Mama Earth. We are hitting bedrock, no?

( FREUD does not appreciate the pun.)

Sorry. (Referring to pun.) Seeing Moses tomorrow will be your attempt at purging yourself of the emotions which originated in the family romance.

( From the bookcase she gets an 1896 journal. In it is Freud's essay, "The Aetiology of Hysteria")

This is still the way you cure troubled souls, isn't it?

FREUD ( Opens to ribbon marker; reads:)

We lead the patient's attention back from his symptom to the scene in which and through which the symptom

arose. And, having thus located the traumatic scene,

we remove the symptom. (HE puts journal down.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

Only by a fresh high tide of the childhood passions can the symptom be resolved and washed away... (Lights cigar.)

.And just what's my symptom.

(Takes puff. Coughs.)

MISS PORTERO (Retrieves journal.)

Submission to the Will of the Papa, be he Moses or Jehovah...or your beloved gray-haired papa, Jakob (She Reads:)

We remove the symptom by bringing about, during the reproduction of the traumatic scene, a subsequent correction of the psychical course of events which took place at that time.

Of course, just now, no cure took place.. You merely became that budding Oedipus again--

FREUD

(Removing her hands from him, HE goes to Janus and touches its right head. )

A part of my ego has got to be detached, be free to observe and understand what's happening--

MISS PORTERO

Like Janus, moment-to-moment you must be on guard, ever vigilant—

FREUD

I've got to stay in the present, not be pulled back into the past. Otherwise, it's all over.

MISS PORTERO (Looks at Garibaldi painting.)

As the thoughts, feelings, and attitudes in regard to your father, Jakob, return, you must recognize, and in that very moment, that they belong to long ago—

FREUD

As they wash over me I can't let them overwhelm me.

MISS PORTERO

This way you rob the feelings and impressions of their charge, of their power.

(She grabs a handful of clay. )

FREUD

(With phylactery in his hand, HE goes to the crucifix)

Especially the passive-masochistic-attitude, that of the dutiful boy sacrificing his will, his life, to the Will of the powerful father.

( He looks at the crucified Jesus.)

I can't, I won't identify with that sacrificial lamb!

MISS PORTERO

(Starts molding horns on an unfinished bust of Moses bust.)

In Michelangelo's Bible, the Vulgate, the Hebrew word for "rays of light" was mistranslated as horns. Because of that mistranslation, Michelangelo

(She now crowns Moses with 'horns',  
handling them sensually.)

crowned Moses with horns.--

FREUD

Your point?

MISS PORTERO

It is ironical that one and the same feature, the horns, symbolizes the terrible radiance of Moses and calls up the dreaded castration... It seems that the translation error was made just for you and your ambition.

FREUD

(He looks at her; decides to 'open up'.)

In the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts there's a large plaster cast of Moses.

(He goes to 'stage' curtain Sphinx. )

Before it, I repeatedly experienced what I can only describe as an uncanny feeling.

MISS PORTERO

An uncanny feeling?

## FREUD

A sense of dread...with horror, creeping horror.. The feeling was familiar but I couldn't place it. On one visit Moses' angry scorn seemed directed at me. And, as I was trying to hold my ground,

(Trying to hold his ground before the Sphinx.)

I had the delusion that Moses was about to rise up and strike me down with the Two Tablets of the Law.

*(A mental projection : The SPHINX's TALONS seem poised at Freud and it now has the FACE OF MOSES: a slide of MOSES ' FACE can be superimposed on the Sphinx..)*

(FREUD backs away wiping his brow with his sleeve. )

## MISS PORTERO

This was after plucking your golden bough, that is, your dazzling discovery of how the idea of God the Father came to be? (Eats plum; discards nut.)

## FREUD

What do you think?...The room became dark. There was just Moses and me, and his towering shadow. And in the half-gloom his huge stone seat started to move ominously, first on one corner, then the next.

(He puts up his hands to protect himself from the tilting seat.)

It looked like it was about to topple over... on me. I never sweated so much in my life.. . It seemed all I was, was terror, wild terror.

(A Shudder goes thru him.)

My heart felt as though it would explode. I almost passed out...

*[A mental projection: 'FREUD ', played by a double, before MOSES; there are others as well viewing MOSES. FREUD hears their comments :*

## VOICES

*I hear Michelangelo struck Moses' knee with his hammer demanding that Moses speak.*

*To the Jews in Michelangelo's day, the statue was something divine, as though it is Moses himself .*

*It was said that, like God, Michelangelo breathed into his creation the breath of life.*

*Just think what it must be to stand before the original!*

*More frightening than facing the Golem.*

*It would be worth going to Rome just for that.*

*Not for this sinner! (Laughter. )]*

*(The VOICES fade. FREUD realizes he is alone with MOSES; he takes a step back ; then another step back; wipes his forehead , and flees. We hear the hollow echo of his steps.)*

FREUD

Then and there I understood I had to go to Rome.

(He looks at his railroad ticket.)

MISS PORTERO

( She swallows a cracker as if it were a  
Communion Wafer; then gulps wine.)

If bread can be Jesus (Italian pronunciation), then marble, stone, can be that ignorant  
desert father, the terrible Moses of Mt. Sinai in Egypt.

(She wipes her mouth with a white linen napkin; some of the  
blood- red wine stains it. She eyes the stain.)

(LUCINA's laughter is heard.)

End of ACT II, Scene 1

