

ACT II, SCENE 2

A few minutes later, FREUD is studying
Dante's death mask.

MISS PORTERO is pouring coffee.

FREUD

I've just six years to live.

MISS PORTERO

Six years?

FREUD

If I can hold out that long.

MISS PORTERO

Your heart?

(She hands him a cup.)

FREUD

Fifty-one is a critical age. ..You see, that's when men are likely to die.

MISS PORTERO

(Puts cup down.)

What?! Your classical double Aeneas must be behind your believing this fatal age nonsense.

(Picks up The Aeneid.)

FREUD

There's nothing about how old Aeneas was when he died.

MISS PORTERO

But of the magician there is.

FREUD

(Grabbing The Aeneid from her, He opens it
to the biographical note.)

Born October 15, 70 BC... died September 21, 19 BC..

(HE turns white; sits down.)

In three weeks Virgil would have been fifty-one!

MISS PORTERO

(While he was reading ,she was figuring
Virgil's age with her fingers.)

It was stored in your subconscious mind...Don't you see? You've time to prepare.

FREUD (Points to grey hairs in beard.)

You see these grey hairs?!..

(He pulls one out.)

Not a day, not one day, goes by that I don't think about my death.

(MISS PORTERO holds his hand while looking at the hair; then she takes the hair, looks at it in her palm; and blows it away, watching it go.)

FREUD (Musing)

A man does his best when he has no alternative. (He comes back to her.)
...Napoleon died at fifty-one.

MISS PORTERO

(Postures, with disgust, as Napoleon.)

Now, you're Napoleon! (Disdain). Your Berlin friend Dr. Fliess should stick to the nose and throat!

FREUD

You know Wilhelm?!

MISS PORTERO

And his crazy fatal ages numerology, yes. A tenor in our company had recommended him. He washed my tonsils. A lot of good it did. He then suggested I consult you in Vienna. Instead, I consulted your dream book.

FREUD

Our 14-year friendship is about over. At our last "congress", an outing where we discuss our ideas, Wilhelm called me a "thought-reader."

MISS PORTERO

And, 'thought-reader', in your Hell, the dark chamber of Moses in the gloomy Church of san Pietro in Vincoli, your heart, it will not rupture?

FREUD

It's not my heart I'm worried about...

(There is another projection: 'Freud' is trying to strike MOSES with his walking stick, as Others try to control him. He's now on his back, kicking the restrainers: manic energy. Italian police or guards are nursing their wounds.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

To one side is an attractive woman with a torn yellow-gold blouse covering her breasts: Freud's fear of loss of control concerns his sexual as well as his aggressive

impulses..)

I just might crack up, have a psychotic breakdown.

(Looks at his wedding band.)

(Another projection: His WIFE and FIVE of his six children are distressed as they observe 'Freud'. 'disshvelled, with toy soldiers on the floor, and tearing paper. His SIXTH child, ANNA almost six, enjoys playing with 'Freud'. 'Freud' could be wearing a a French Army officer uniform, with an officer 's hat beside him.)

After all, the whole enterprise seems a bit crazy, doesn't it?

(He walks around aimlessly, agitated. He stops at Astraea, the Greek goddess of Justice. Then he goes to Jupiter with thunderbolt and eagle on shoulder.)

For me to think that I can pull it off, that

(Projection: 'Freud' with Dream book in his hand and eagle on his shoulder, is standing facing Jew and gentile alike, who look up to 'Freud'.)

I, a Jewboy from Vienna, can institute a brotherly world, that I can take possession of the field... of Mother Earth.

MISS PORTERO

Perhaps you are of that rare, dangerous breed, the Hannibals, the Alexanders, the Cromwells of this world who can turn their big dreams into reality... Your *landsmann*, Herzl, may belong to that race. In just four or five years his Zionist movement has taken hold and his followers aren't just *schnorrers*.

FREUD

Against the rising tide of virulent anti-Semitism a sovereign Jewish state is a finger in the dyke. Worse, it's a retrogression, a return to the physical ghetto... of our own making. In my Promised Land, on the other hand, der Kinder will be able to move freely across frontiers.

(Stepping boldly across room)

MISS PORTERO

But Herzl's example was a spur for you--

FREUD

(Taking aim with the telescope, he fires'; then he puts it down.)

Don't get me wrong! I admire that fighter for the human rights of my people. But if one person is responsible for my boarding the train to Rome it is Emile Zola!

*(Another mental projection: A full-faced portrait of **Zola**, with his open letter, "I Accuse!" as background.)*

MISS PORTERO

Zola? ... His courageous defense of Capt. Dreyfus?--

FREUD

[Freud projects: The step-by-step public degradation of CAPT. DREYFUS with 'Freud' as Dreyfus. He is stripped of his honors; his sword is broken in two. The MOB is jeering (mime: "Death to the Jews!")]

*If **slides** are used, they show Freud as Dreyfus and flash very quickly on a screen wrapped around the back wall. Either way, **slides** or not, **HERZL** is a troubled on-looker. (He reported on the degradation for the "Neue Freie Presse.")]*

Zola, now there is a *mensch*. If that great French writer can stand up to the contempt and hatred of his nation--risk all for a miserable Jew--then I can stand up to my nation...

MISS PORTERO

But first there is--

FREUD

May I finish? The violent attacks on Jews throughout the Land of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the rising anti-Semitic movements elsewhere, especially in my so-called fatherland, Austria, are sobering. For they signify a return of the Middle Ages when my race was blamed for all epidemics. And, I fear, Miss Portero, much worse is to come--

MISS PORTERO

Unless your atheistic Promised Land is realized.

FREUD

And soon. Otherwise the children are doomed.

[By the chess board with large marble pieces.]

With a White Castle, HE takes' a Black Castle.
As He does so, the shadow of Freud's Castle is
superimposed upon the Dome of St. Peter's (In

The Divine Comedy., the Castle symbolizes
human wisdom. Freud's dream book was
modeled after Dante's masterpiece)

MISS PORTERO

As I was about to say--But before you set others free from their religious chains, it is
essential that you first free yourself from the Law.

(There is thunder and lightning. On 'stage',
when the smoke clears, MOSES
appears played by a physically impos-
ing actor. MOSES is looking down at
FREUD. MOSES is holding the Tablets
so that they face Freud: 'Here they are,
shatter them!')

Ah! Your dreaded double, the Great Man in the flesh, with calling cards in hand!

(SHE holds out a yarmulke and a tallith.)

What have you to lose?

FREUD

(Reluctantly, He puts on Yarmulke and
recites the ritual blessing for placing
the prayer shawl around him.)

*Baruch ata adonai elohainu melech ha-olam asher kidshanu d'mitzvotav
v'tzivano l'hit -atef b'tizitzti--*

MISS PORTERO

Now, pretender, make your plea!

(Points with her right forefinger on which
there is a gold ring with a large green
stone.)

FREUD

A brilliant flash from the ring stone gets
Freud's attention. HE is now in another
state: He was mesmerized by the
flashing light.,

There is thunder, lightning and smoke.
With fear and trembling, FREUD, with his

Dream book, heads for MOSES.

A SHOFAR BLAST startles him.

FREUD turns towards it and sees ZOLA and, in the background, a huge front page of ZOLA'S "I ACCUSE!"

Zola!

He hears a SHOFAR BLAST from another direction. Zola is blacked out. He sees HERZL with his grief-filled eyes.

Herzl!

FREUD hears another BLAST. Herzl is blacked out. He sees GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi!

He hears another BLAST. Garibaldi is blacked out. He sees AENEAS plucking the Golden Bough.

Aeneas!

Another BLAST. Aeneas is blacked out. Freud sees young HANNIBAL with his father, making the oath of vengeance.

Hannibal!

It's now or never! (Summoning courage)

FREUD plants himself before MOSES, who seems about to strike.

FREUD contains self, holds his ground despite his emotions.

FREUD (CONT'D)

Moses, if Yahweh exist, why hasn't He shown His strong hand? His Chosen People, they haven't suffered enough? Moses, it is with a heavy heart that I say this to the Great Man who has shaped me and every other Jew, and to whom we owe so much: The Torah, it is your people's Cross, and so must be destroyed. There is no alternative-- to save the children, The Law, Judaism, must be sacrificed. You look down at me with scorn, but, Moses, I will not cower or fall away before your wrathful gaze. The time for Jewish martyrdom is over!

(As Freud starts to remove the Prayer Shawl and Skull Cap, there is a series of SHOFAR

BLASTS as on *Yom Kippur*.
Brilliant lightning and a thundclap occur.
Blinding light now emanates from MOSES' head.)

The radiance! I'm doomed!

FREUD

(Clutching his heart , FREUD shields his face with his dream book.)



a fiery pit.)

A mental projection: "They, and all that appertained to them went down alive into the pit"; then a SLIDE of Botticelli's The Punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram (Numbers: 16-35), which depicts Moses with rays emanating from the top of his head calling down Yahweh's wrath on these Hebrews who rebelled against his authority. The radiance of Botticelli's Moses is superimposed on FREUD.)

(MISS PORTERO, moved, anxious for

FREUD, reaches for him from her

spot. Clutching her heart, she starts to shake, and sinks to the floor, where she briefly convulses before passing out. passing out. FREUD is oblivious of this.)
(MOSES' radiance causes Dream book to

smoke...)

Moses, I love you But I've got to kill you!

FREUD (CONT'D)

(Removing the prayer shawl and Yarmulke, FREUD strikes the Tablets with the Dream book, turning his head away (guilt). When FREUD again faces MOSES he sees that MOSES is about to fall off the 'cliff'.)

Moses!.. If I touch him, I'll die. But I can't just leave that Great Man.

(HE carries MOSES the way Aeneas, in

the painting, carries his father; FREUD
lays MOSES on the sandy ground.
MOSES is still holding the Tablets .
Freud rolls up his jacket making a
pillow for MOSES. FREUD puts his
head on MOSES' bosom, next to the
Tablets and sobs quietly. He lays
MOSES' hands on his own head.)

Bless me! Bless me! Bless me!

(The Tablet letters bleed, dark red.)
(HE closes MOSES' eyes.

The *mana* -- the divine and terrible radiance
which had been transferred from Yahweh on
to Moses on Mt. Sinai [Exodus 34: 29-35]--
now emanates from FREUD'S face, but for
now Freud is unaware of this).

[In Group Psychology and the Analysis of the
Ego, Freud, 1921, 125) refers to the mana of
Moses.]

(The JEWS now make a great lamentation,
expressing deep grief.

The JEWS now approach Freud, some
with stones.)

Go ahead! I deserve to be stoned to death!

(Seeing FREUD's glowing face the Jews
back away in terror, their hands
covering their eyes.)

FREUD (to self:)

They back away from me as though I've got a fatal, contagious disease –

FREUD (CONT'D)

(HE tries to override his patricidal sense of
guilt by justifying to himself his having killed
Moses.

(All the while, he is in a fugue state.)

I had to kill him! He had to die!

(To backing away brethren.)

(Freud has a hunch; limping, he rushes to a
window; he sees his shining face.)

The radiance. No wonder they're backing away. It was transferred on to me... I've
died!... I'm, I'm Moses! -- Moses with a limp. Well, last I heard, It's no sin to limp.

(He spots the shattered Dome of St. Peter's.)

And St. Peter's dome. The golden egg is cracking!..

(We now hear SOUNDS like that of
bats flying. But it's the shuffling of cards.)

The shuffling of cards? It's Julius!... Julius! Julius! Where are you?

(JULIUS Appears.)

(JULIUS is in the form of a handsome
middle-aged Jew in a white surgeon's outfit.
He tosses the playing cards, one at a time.)

Julius! You've come back to me.

(Startled, FREUD picks up the cards at his feet;
kisses them.)

(FREUD now sees JULIUS with his right
arm around little VITTORIO. JULIUS is holding
the Dream book in his right hand. With his left
arm and hand JULIUS tosses seed into air.)

[There is now the sound of JOYFUL MUSIC,
maybe of a lyre and tambourines. FREUD is
startled.

DANCERS now appear: healthy, erotic,
intellectual, well-balanced, all ages and races.
They dance around May -pole with
'**Freud**' in the center on an elephant whose
trunk holds a golden branch: Freud is the new
totem, the new primal father. '**Freud**' has the
Dream book (now in marble) and an eagle on
his shoulder. His head is crowned with a
string of acorns. His face glows. The dancers
each hold either of the two: a sheaf of wheat
(symbol of fruitfulness) or a gold-tinted oak
branch .]

'JULIUS LINE' (Pointing to Dream book.)

Turn it and turn it again. For everything is in it , the new Torah!

[The dancers have cymbals, castanets,
crotals and other instruments from biblical
times. There are golden acorns all over, out of
which pop healthy, energetic children. (The
golden acorns are the counterpart to the gold
Dome of St. Peter's. It is the children,
remember, the golden line, who would make
the difference!)

The streamers are made of the brilliant 'stage'

curtain colors (purple, violet, scarlet, gold).]

FREUD (From a height, an Olympian!)

I am Hercules!

[(He's holding and swinging an orange branch as Hercules might his club.

Caught up in the gaiety and with a display of manic energy and exultation, FREUD 'lets go': scooting across the floor like a bull charging, dancing backwards; circling, kissing and petting pretty girls; wrestling with the men; hugging, spinning and throwing the children in the air; putting on a crown of acorns.)

(One of the dancers is LUCINA. She has Freud's hat and his gold handled cane.

LUCINA and FREUD play out an erotic fantasy to music, a ballet but with the sound of drums.)]

(Slides can be used for much of the above, plus actors playing various roles.)

Ah! Fair moment! ... Linger awhile.

(The PLAYERS DISAPPEAR. There is brilliant lightning, with a tremendous peal of thunder. FREUD, blinded, his hands protecting his eyes, falls away on his back. There is

FREUD (CONT'D)

alternating near-total darkness and brilliant light. A strobe-light can be used.

On his back, still blind, FREUD has a terrible vision, prefaced by the sounds of a train, including track squeals: A mental projection: Naked, pale, emaciated dead Jews, strewn in the harsh light of the sun, many on their backs an actual photograph of hovering scavenger birds are part of this projection, as are, also, the sounds and shadows of ferocious guard dogs. Whips are also heard.

What's that horrible smell? (He is gagging.)....Like burning flesh.... The children!

Martin! Martin! Martin! My first-born son where are you?! It's me, papa! Answer me! Answer me!... Anna, Ernst...

(HE crawls, gropes, trying desperately to find, to save, his little ones.)

My babies where are you? Answer me! Answer me! It's papa. Mathilde! Sophie! Oliver! My little ones where are you? Answer me! Answer me! Tell papa where you are!

(Extending his hand through a 'hole'.)

(MISS PORTERO is startled by his screams but remains unconscious.)

(FREUD comes out of fugue state but is still blind, and he no longer possesses the *mana*.)

The visitations begun! (Horror.)

(He gropes in his blindness.)

Miss Portero! Miss Portero! Miss Portero!

(Now, there is a powerful peal of thunder and brilliant lightning. Suddenly he can see again. HE spots his jacket on the floor, rolled up. Reaching down , He feels the blood on his jacket. The gardenia is blood- stained.

He touches the blood on the floor left by the Tablets, and moves his hand to his face to make sure it's blood. He recoils in horror; HE almost throws up.

He turns and sees Miss Portero on the floor. He's near panic:)

FREUD (CONT'D)

Did I kill her?

(FREUD approaches her. He wipes his hands on his pants. He feels her neck.

She is alive. He goes to armoire to get cover for her. When he opens the door, he is startled. On a hanger is a Garibaldi outfit, complete with red blouse, felt grey hat plumed with ostrich feathers, trousers, and sword. He covers Miss Portero, looking fondly at her. He looks back at the Garibaldi uniform.)

(Still unconscious, desperate, MISS PORTERO clutches Freud, holding onto his arms.)

MISS PORTERO

Don't go! Don't leave!... Don't leave! Bernard! Bernard! Don't leave me!

(Rushing to her, the anguished FREUD
comforts her.)

End of ACT II, SCENE 2