

***“The Struggle is  
Not Yet Over”***



Freud and members of the Committee: (left to right seated) Freud, Sándor Ferenczi, and Hanns Sachs; (standing) Otto Rank, Karl Abraham, Max Eitingon, and Ernest Jones—1922

## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

### A Play in One Scene

. . . What took hold of my imagination immediately is your idea of a secret council composed of the best and most trustworthy among our men to take care of the further developments of psycho-analysis against personalities and accidents when I am no more. . . .

I daresay it would make living and dying easier for me if I knew of such an association existing to watch over my creation.

First of all: This committee must be *strictly secret* in its existence and in its actions.

—Sigmund Freud to Ernest Jones, letter dated August 1, 1912; in Jones, 1955, p. 153.

I started my professional activity as a neurologist trying to bring relief to my neurotic patients. Under the influence of an older friend and by my own efforts, I discovered some important new facts about the unconscious in psychic life, the role of instinctual urges, and so on. Out of these findings grew a new science, psychoanalysis, a part of psychology, and a new method of treatment of the neuroses. I had to pay heavily for this bit of good luck. People did not believe in my facts and thought my theories unsavory. Resistance was strong and unrelenting. In the end I succeeded in acquiring pupils and building up an International Psychoanalytic Association. But the struggle is not yet over.

—Sigmund Freud, BBC interview at his last residence, 20 Maresfield Gardens, in Hampstead, London, on December 7, 1938.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

#### DR. DONALD CUNNINGHAM, M.D.:

Born in 1929, in Sheffield, England, a graduate of Cambridge University Medical School, Dr. Cunningham is a child psychoanalyst at London's Tavistock Clinic, where he doubles as a training analyst. Analyzed by Anna Freud, he has authored well-received books on child psychoanalysis. He's wearing an expensive but worn tweed jacket.

#### DR. PIETRO LUZZATTI, M.D.:

Born in 1944, in Naples, Italy, a graduate of the University of Perugia Medical School, where he is Professor of Psychiatry. A psychoanalyst, he has

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written several books and numerous articles on psychoanalysis and art history. Stylishly dressed, he could be a museum curator.

### DR. SOLOMON MAIER, M.D., Ph.D.:

Born in 1938 in the Bronx, a graduate of Yeshiva University and N.Y.U., receiving both a Ph.D. in clinical psychology and a medical degree. A training and supervising analyst at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, Dr. Maier is Professor of Psychiatry at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. He is on the editorial board of *The Journal of the American Psychoanalytic Association*. Conservatively dressed, he is a cigar smoker and bearded.

### DR. MIMI ROSENTHAL, M.D.:

Born in 1950 in Queens, a graduate of Hunter College and Stanford University Medical School. A training and supervising psychoanalyst at the Boston Psychoanalytic Institute and clinical professor of psychiatry at Yale Medical School, she specializes in the treatment of children. She is attractive and of average height.

### SIGMUND FREUD'S GHOST:

The ghost of the father of psychoanalysis (1856–1939) looks like a vigorous 45-year-old. The 5-foot-7-inch, 126-pound Freud has penetrating brown eyes—eyes that have been known to strike terror in disciples who crossed him. Impeccably groomed and carrying a gold-handled cane, he is wearing a 3-piece gray suit with a blue gardenia in its lapel.

### SETTING

Sigmund Freud's study, Berggasse 19, Vienna, Austria. The set should approximate Rita Ransohoff's description in E. Engleman's book of photos, *Berggasse 19, Sigmund Freud's Home and Offices, Vienna 1938*, University of Chicago Press, 1981:

The couch is piled high with pillows so that the patient would be in a near-sitting position, but eminently comfortable . . . The patient could cover

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himself with the shawl at the foot of the couch to protect against a possible draft. Freud would sit behind the couch in an easy chair with a footstool. The room is cluttered in late-Victorian style, but in an organized and “interesting” manner. The antiques have their place; they do not take over. The wall-covering is plain, almost dark; pattern and color come from the Oriental rugs on the floor, the couch, and its adjacent wall.

TIME:

Several minutes before midnight, September 23, 1989.

(PROLOGUE MUSIC—a Violinist plays the opening bars of *Kol Nidre*.)  
(Outside it is storming. DRS. LUZZATTI, MAIER and ROSENTHAL are clearing the antiques-covered desk for the funerary urn in DR. CUNNINGHAM’s hands.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

When Anna Freud, on her deathbed, told me of her father’s last wish, well, it took my breath away . . .

(Places the urn on the desk.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

But, Don, he had been interested in the paranormal—

DR. LUZZATTI

In 1913, he even held a séance here at Berggasse 19.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

But, Pietro, it was Sandor Ferenczi’s idea.

DR. MAIER

Don, since when did a disciple—even a member of his inner circle, the Committee—tell Sigmund Freud what to do, and in his own home and office?

DR. LUZZATTI (Examines a marble Venus)

Donald, we, of all people, know the critical role of early life experience. And from his faithful nanny, little Sigi learned about our immortal souls—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Then there’s the other side of the coin. At the Passover Seder his Talmud-reading father, Jakob, set aside a large wine cup for Elijah, just in case the Messiah were to show up—

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DR. MAIER

That'll be the day!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

There, that's plenty of room. (Placing the urn on the desk.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

The death of his infant brother, Julius, I'm willing to bet, disposed him to believe in survival after death.

DR. MAIER

How?

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol, I believe Mimi's on to something, especially given Catholicism's emphasis on the saving of souls.

DR. LUZZATTI

Hm! Little Sigi wondering whether baby Julius is with Jesus in Paradise or burning in everlasting Hell—

DR. MAIER

Pietro, it's Sigmund Freud, the ultimate atheist—the self-described “completely godless Jew”—that we're talking about, not a 23-month-old toddler whose baby brother had just died—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol, just the month before, Freud's mother, Amalia, lost her younger brother, who, strangely, was also named Julius—

DR. LUZZATTI

Do you not see, Solomon?

DR. MAIER

See what?!

DR. LUZZATTI

With his young mama overcome with double grief—she was but twenty-two—his devout nanny became little Sigi's mama—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Giving her a free hand to shape him—

DR. LUZZATTI

And in the plastic stage. . . . Can this then be behind his putting off Rome for so long—fear that in the seat of Catholicism, with its many moving religious works of art, that his stirred up Roman Catholic sensibility would overwhelm him?

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DR. MAIER

Sigmund Freud bend the knee? Pietro, return to the couch; she misses you.—

DR. LUZZATTI

Have you a better explanation for his Rome phobia?—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

There, that’s plenty of room.

(Removing an envelope from his jacket pocket—)

To keep this evening from getting out, Freud wanted just four persons, all psychoanalysts, present. He wanted America represented, Mimi and Sol, because it was there that he received his first recognition of consequence.

DR. MAIER

His series of lectures on psychoanalysis at Clark University in 1909—

(DR. CUNNINGHAM replaces envelope on desk.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

William James was there. He even got an honorary degree of Laws.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Italy, Pietro, because of his many fond memories of Rome.

DR. LUZZATTI

The pagan Rome, not the Christian Rome.

(Studies a figurine of classical antiquity.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

And because he lived out his last year in London in freedom, Freud wanted England represented. (Removes handkerchief from jacket pocket.)

DR. MAIER

Leaving Vienna at the last minute in June 1938, it’s as if he had a death-wish—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Anna’s full day interrogation at Gestapo headquarters decided it for him. He even handed her Veronal tablets—

(DR. CUNNINGHAM unfolds the handkerchief on the desk, revealing a gold ring with an intaglio bearing the head of Jupiter.)

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DR. LUZZATTI

Freud's Jupiter head ring? May I?

(DR. CUNNINGHAM hands it to him.)

(DR. LUZZATTI goes to the light to better see the ring; he  
mocks sliding it on his right ring finger.)

You think some of our papa's charisma might rub off?

DR. MAIER

Wear it, Pietro, and the Chair at the University of Perugia is yours. Here, let  
me try. (Getting ring from Dr. L., HE slips it on.)

It won't come off!—

(Struggling.)

DR. LUZZATTI

A sign, perhaps, Solomon?

(DR. MAIER removes the ring; relief.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Well, shall we?

(DR. MAIER places the ring in DR. CUNNINGHAM'S  
outstretched hand. DR. ROSENTHAL seats self in the chair  
opposite Freud's desk chair. Placing the ring on the desk,  
DR. CUNNINGHAM pulls up a chair beside DR. ROSEN-  
THAL and sits down.)

DR. LUZZATTI

(Beating DR. MAIER to the footstool at the right head of the  
desk, DR. LUZZATTI sits.)

I am afraid, Solomon, you will have to try to fill our papa's seat.

(Hesitantly, DR. MAIER seats self in the sacred chair of psycho-  
analysis.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

(Carefully removing a letter from the envelope, he puts on  
his glasses. and reads:)

My Dear Colleagues,

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of my death, from my  
study at Berggasse 19, Vienna, you are to try to make contact with me.  
Just before midnight you are to place my cinerary urn on my writing  
desk. Next, the Italian among you will place my ring on his right  
ring finger.

(Surprised, DR. LUZZATTI obeys.)



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Then, as the four of you clasp hands, the Italian will cry out: “Sigmund Freud,” followed by “Professor.” If, after ten minutes, I don’t make contact, consider this experiment over. And enjoy the Roman red wine.

Yours Freud

(The FOUR clasp hands;  
the clock begins chiming twelve times.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Sigmund Freud . . . Professor! . . . Contact us. Professor!—

(FREUD’S GHOST APPEARS,  
holding his gold-handled  
cane in the manner of a staff.)

(The sight of FREUD’S ghost terrifies DR. MAIER, the  
only one seeing it.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Solomon, you are hurting me!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol, you’re pale . . . like you’ve seen a—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol, Sol! What is it?!

(DRS. ROSENTHAL, LUZZATTI and CUNNINGHAM  
turn to see what DR. MAIER is reacting to.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Holy Mother of God! (In Italian.)

(In disbelief, DRS. LUZZATTI, CUNNINGHAM  
& ROSENTHAL stare at FREUD.)

Professor, if I may? A question—

FREUD

My ring, please. I am naked without it.

DR. LUZZATTI

But of course, Professor.

(Obliges)

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FREUD

(Studies ring before slipping it on his right ring-finger.)

You and the others, you do have names?

(Spreading and closing fingers as he gazes at ring.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Forgive me, Professor. I am Pietro Luzzatti and am from Perugia.

DR. ROSENTHAL

Mimi Rosenthal, Professor, from Boston.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Donald Cunningham, Professor, from London.

DR. MAIER

Solomon Maier, New York City, Professor.

FREUD

Thank you . . . Pietro, you were asking?

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, you passed away at age 83, and yet you appear my age, 45.

FREUD

You prefer that I return a feeble old Jew so eaten up with cancer of the jaw and mouth that even his chow, Jofi, avoids him because of his smell?

DR. LUZZATTI

To see you as you are, Professor, that is to say, as you appeared in the early days of struggle, this is more than I could have hoped for. But—

FREUD

Ah! You remembered the cigars!

(Pointing his silver cigar clipper at them; HE lights one.)

Smoking was the death of me. I once quit for fourteen months. The trouble was, without my cigars, work was impossible.

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, one more question.

FREUD

And that is, Pietro?

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DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, what is beyond the veil?—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Yes, the other world, Professor, what’s it like?—

FREUD

(Suddenly enraged, HE lifts cane to cudgel DR. CUNNINGHAM.)

Withholding my cancer from me! By what right, Jones?!

(As the startled DR. CUNNINGHAM struggles to disarm FREUD, DRS. MAIER and LUZZATTI restrain FREUD.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Professor, the year is 1989. He is not Ernest Jones in 1923—

DR. LUZZATTI

But a later disciple, Donald Cunningham—

FREUD (‘Coming to,’ he drops Cane.)

Cunningham, I must ask your forgiveness. It must be the accent. For a moment. I was back here at Berggasse 19 with Jones when he informed me that he and the other members of the Committee had withheld my cancer from me in 1923 so that I could take my trip to Rome with my daughter, Anna, in peace.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, I’d have been enraged, too. (Begins to return cane.)

(Refusing cane, FREUD takes a pad from breast pocket and writes . . .)

DR. ROSENTHAL

(Whispers to DR. MAIER)

He could have killed Don.

DR. MAIER

Yeah, something’s there, Mimi, something explosive, just what, the Professor’s not telling.

(Nodding in direction of FREUD returning note pad to pocket.)

FREUD

Cunningham, you were asking?

DR. MAIER (to DR. ROSENTHAL)

Let’s not go there again.

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DR. CUNNINGHAM

Yes, Professor, the other world...what's it like?

FREUD

Wouldn't you rather know what your "papa" was like?!

DR. LUZZATTI

"Papa"? Then you heard us, Professor?

FREUD

While waiting in the wings, you could say.

DR. MAIER

The Professor is back to form. That's a relief.

FREUD

(Spots 2-headed Roman god Janus.)

Janus, I see that nothing's changed. Your two stone faces still look down on me in superior fashion . . . May I? (Lifting Janus.)

Tell me, O Roman god of new beginnings, have these my children the courage, the moral courage, to see their papa naked?

DR. MAIER

So that's it! He's returned to set the record straight! Maybe even about Rome—

DR. LUZZUTTI

Solomon, careful what you wish for.

FREUD

(Places left Janus mouth to his left ear.)

You just guard the threshold?

(Now places right Janus mouth to his right ear)

You are not psychologists? Thank you both anyway.

(Lightning and thunder; FREUD looks out window.)

On Sunday, July 3rd, 1904, Theodor Herzl died prematurely at the age of forty-four. Jews from all over descended on Vienna for his funeral four days later. The unending procession winding its way through Europe's most anti-Semitic city—I tell you it was a sight to behold. Even for Herzl's Jewish detractors who had dismissed him as just another false messiah—and, also, I suspect, for the ever-popular mayor of Vienna, "I say who is a Jew!," *Herr Doktor* Karl Lueger.

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DR. MAIER

Whom Hitler will praise to the high heavens in *Mein Kampf*. But why is he telling us this?

DR. LUZZATTI

Patience, Solomon!

FREUD

In shocked dismay and with mounting irritability I read Herzl’s eyewitness account of Dreyfus’s court-martial in December 1894. The French General Staff had evidence that one of its officers was selling military secrets to the Germans. The traitor couldn’t possibly be a Christian—

(Crossing self with cigar.)

DR. MAIER

(Plays a Jew-hating French General)

Heaven forbid! Ah ha! But of course! It’s as plain as his hooked nose, the Judas is Dreyfus, the one Israelite on our staff! (‘Wipes’ his hands.)

DR. LUZZATTI

An apt scapegoat!

FREUD

In the *Neue Freie Presse*, Herzl also reported on Dreyfus’s public degradation on the parade ground of the *Ecole Militaire* a few weeks later, on the fifth of January. Just before being stripped of his honors and his sword broken in two—and with the bloodthirsty mob shouting, “*A la Morte les Juifs*”—“Death to the Jews”—Dreyfus cries, “Soldiers! An innocent is dishonored! Long Live France!”—(*Mental projection: a slide of this incident, with Dreyfus’s face superimposed on that of FREUD.*)

And this disgusting behavior took place in the land of “Liberty, Equality”. . . What was the other? Ah yes! “Fraternity”!

(Gets *The Interpretation of Dreams.*)

Here, in my great confession, I relate a dream-image of mine that was instigated by a train of thoughts concerning Dreyfus on Devil’s Island where he—its sole prisoner—was sentenced for life over that fraudulent charge of treason. Ah! here it is. (Hands book to DR. CUNNINGHAM.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

“A man standing on a cliff in the middle of the sea . . .”

FREUD

Let me see! (Looks at the sentence). James Strachey omitted translating *Steilen*. It was a *steep* cliff!

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DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, you withhold the thoughts informing this dream-image. But, clearly, Captain Dreyfus's precipitous fall signified to you the precarious standing of Jews in Christendom—Each and every one a potential Dreyfus.

DR. MAIER

The writing was on the wall, the bloody cliff wall.

(Looks up to the heavens.)

And, Yahweh, your strong hand, where was it?!—I'm still waiting!

FREUD

The miserable plight of that pitiful Alsatian Jew who was as good as dead and the rampant mushrooming of vicious attacks on Jews throughout France—the land of the Rights of Man—were sobering. For, Cunningham, they signaled a return to the Middle Ages, when my people were held responsible for all epidemics.

DR. LUZZATTI

The noose round your increasingly isolated people was being tightened.

FREUD

And nowhere more than in my alleged fatherland. Mark Twain's description of the Austrian Parliament comes to mind (mimes writing):

They are religious men, they are earnest, sincere, devoted, and they hate the Jews.

Those words penned ninety years ago by Hannibal Missouri's greatest son apply as well, I suspect, to the current members of that august body. . .

DR. ROSENTHAL

In addition to Herzl, there was one other would-be Moses on the Berggasse, wasn't there, Professor?

DR. MAIER

Professor, is that true?—(troubled)

FREUD

My, dear Mimi, your feminine intuition, I see, wasn't analyzed out of you, after all—

DR. MAIER

Oh, but to be a fly on the Berggasse,  
When the two Messiahs first they greet.

(Miming a chance encounter, 'Freud' and 'Herzl' remove their hats and bow to each other.)

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If not now, when?

If not us, who?

(Mimes dancing away arm-in-arm.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol! (A reproof.)

FREUD

You mock me, wicked son?

DR. MAIER

And why shouldn't I!? Taking you at your seductive word, I believed that psychoanalysis—which has been my life—is a science grounded in reason, when, in actuality, you now all but confess to Mimi, it's a political movement—

DR. LUZZATTI

Like Herzl's Zionism, psychoanalysis is a Jewish national affair but cloaked with the mantle of science?

DR. MAIER

You got it, Pietro—it's a covert political movement to deliver the Jews from anti-Semitism. Our great revolutionary 'science' is grounded in shifting sand—our papa's grandiose messianic wishes!

FREUD

Pietro, an irresistible feeling of solidarity with my people was mounting in me. . . In 1898, Leopold Hilsner was sentenced to death in Czechoslovakia for allegedly killing a 19-year-old Christian woman for blood to bake the Passover matzos—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

The charge of ritual blood-sacrifice—it was actually argued—and successfully—in a modern court of law?

DR. MAIER

You heard, Don. . . Just one more Dreyfus.

FREUD

That young Jewish shoemaker could have been any one of my three boys.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, like Herzl, you would institute your own Promised Land?

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FREUD

Yes, my dear Cunningham, a socially just world where that neurosis of humankind, religion, is unknown.

DR. LUZZATTI

But this envisioned Promised Land of yours, Professor, it is purchased at a dear price—Judaism itself.

DR. ROSENTHAL

Yes, but Abraham's seed, (Gently touching statuette busts of a boy and a girl) Juliuses and Sarahs, are no longer plagued by that miserable anti-Semitism—

FREUD (Breaking down.)

Julius! Julius! Julius! If there is a God in Heaven, would He have allowed you to die? Cause me to suffer so? - All I wanted was for you to just go away.

*(FREUD projects: We hear Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. Clutching her dead infant, AMELIA FREUD, 22, looks for answers in JAKOB'S eyes—Why? Why?—as JAKOB, 42, tries comforting her.)*

DR. MAIER

What should we do?

FREUD

(As FREUD begins to faint, DR. CUNNINGHAM catches him; briefly coming to in his arms as they head for the couch, FREUD looks up at DR. C., as a boy might to his father.)

How sweet it must be to die!

DR. MAIER

Mimi, why in hell did you mention Julius!?

DR. LUZZATTI

Wicked son, you should talk! —

DR. ROSENTHAL

“Julius” just came out.

FREUD

(On the couch, moaning like a young child; in German, says:) *Resi, Resi, all ich wollte nur das er weggeht. Resi, erzähl noch mal über Julius und Jesus. Resi, Resi, Sag's mir noch mal, bitte! Noch mal!* (Anguish).



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[All I wanted was for him to just go away. Resi, tell me again about Julius and Jesus. Resi, Resi, tell me, tell me it again, please! Again! (For the English, an off-stage VOICE can be heard.)]

DR. ROSENTHAL

(As the OTHERS look on helplessly, SHE heads for couch and cradles ‘little Sigi’; in German. says:)

*Sei still mein Sohn, dein klein bruder Julius ist mit Jesus in dem Himmel.*

[And then in English]

Hush, my son. Your baby brother Julius is with Jesus—in Paradise with Jesus. (FREUD drifts off at HER breast.)

DR. MAIER

(Abruptly turning DR. ROSENTHAL’S face towards him.)

Mimi, when our papa awakens—and recalls your playing his Catholic mama to his little Sigi—you’ll have hell to pay, especially for that pap about his baby brother Julius being in heaven in the loving care of Jesus—

DR. ROSENTHAL (As if back from a trance.)

That wasn’t me!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

In my arms, when the Professor half came-to in his weakness he looked at me as if I were his father. . . . I’ll never forget that look.

DR. ROSENTHAL

The sooner this is over, the better—

FREUD

(Slowly coming to, on couch.)

Minna? Minna?

DR. ROSENTHAL

Now, he’s calling for his sister-in-law. In 1895, several years after her fiancé passed away, the Professor and his wife, Martha, took her in. Is he confusing me with her?—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

She took more of an interest in his ideas and work than Martha, who was four years older.—

DR. LUZZATTI (Pouring water in a glass.)

They went on trips to Italy together—

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DR. ROSENTHAL

That he should call out for Minna, not Martha. Did he, then, marry the wrong sister?

DR. CUNNINGHAM

According to Carl Jung, when visiting Freud here, Minna took him aside and confided that she and Freud had had an affair.

DR. MAIER

That's bull! Consider the source.

DR. LUZZATTI (Beside FREUD)

Professor . . . Professor, it's me, Pietro, your Roman rock.

FREUD

(Refusing assistance, HE sits up, accepts the glass of water;  
HE seems very old, bent.)

Thank you, Pietro. . . . I suppose the heart rebelled. (To ALL)

I beg your forgiveness.

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, are you up to continuing?

DR. MAIER

Pietro, the Professor has been through enough . . . We all have—

FREUD

Shouldn't I be the judge of that?!

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, you fell away at the mention of Julius, the name of your deceased infant brother—

FREUD

(*Mental projection: Two year-old SIGI sees his MOTHER nurse  
JULIUS; both JAKOB and AMALIA make over 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?!”]*)

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.

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Julius was an intruder, a rival . . . Well, I got my hateful wish . . . His death left the germ of guilt in me.

(Lifting a clay figurine of a seated boy, FREUD *projects: Cradling her dead infant in her arms, AMALIA FREUD looks for answers—“Why? Why?”—as JAKOB tries comforting his young wife.*)

DR. LUZZATTI

It left its mark, that of a Cain!

FREUD

From childhood, I suffered from spells of deep depression. I couldn't account for my black moods and debilitating headaches.

(Replacing the boy figurine, HE rubs the ‘heel’ of left hand into his forehead.)

He returned to me, you know?—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, what are you saying?!

DR. MAIER

Who returned to you, Professor?

FREUD

My brother Julius . . . in the form of another Julius, a brilliant surgeon—

DR. MAIER

*Oy*, the superstitious belief in the transmigration of souls!

(HIS head in his right hand, his left leg shaking up and down.)

You can take little Sigi out of the *shtetl*

(Taps left Janus head)

but not the *shtetl* with its Jewish mysticism out of big Sigi.

(Taps right Janus head.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Insolent son, be warned, this evening is young yet!

(In a voice not HER own, an older, authoritative voice, like that of a Sibyl.)

DR. MAIER

Ooh, you got this *boychik* peeing in his britches!

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DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol! Can't you see Mimi's not herself?!

DR. MAIER

Like a bat out of hell!

DR. LUZZATTI

Mimi, are you all right?

DR. ROSENTHAL (Collecting self, nods)

The sooner this is over, the better—

FREUD

In the Carl Theatre (lights darken), I sat engrossed, marveling at Arthur Schnitzler's intimate, detailed knowledge of the unconscious.

(on edge of his seat):

It's uncanny, I could have written this play . . . That's it,

(an 'ah ha!' experience)

he is my double! And his younger brother Julius—my Saturday afternoon card partner—he is Julius come back to me!

(THE OTHERS, taken by surprise, look at one another!)

(FREUD gets Taroc deck from desk; cuts & deals)

Feeling obliged to explain my not making his acquaintance—more so since my Anna had taught his daughter, Lili, in elementary school—I wrote Schnitzler on the occasion of his 60th birthday, May 14, 1922.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, the letter survived.

FREUD (Oblivious, mimes writing)

. . . I will make a confession, which for my sake I must ask you to keep to yourself and share with neither friends nor strangers. . . . I think I have avoided you from a kind of reluctance to meet my double. (Puts pen down.)

(Schnitzler's photo is now superimposed on Freud's face.)

DR. LUZZATTI

But, naturally. For to meet one's double signals death, one's own death.

FREUD

Saturday afternoons I play a lively game of taroc with my dead brother, Julius. (Mimes dealing cards.)

And, I, I, would lead humankind to the Promised land of Reason!—

(Lies down on Couch)

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

Tell me, which of you would have accepted me as a patient? No takers?  
(Gets up.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, if one person was your dreaded double, that person was Herzl—

FREUD

Correct, Cunningham, but can one ever be sure just who one’s double is? When that other felt double, Herzl, was still alive my afternoon walk was a trial. (Walks tentatively, on the lookout.)

You see, I couldn’t afford to die prematurely—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Not before preparing the ground for your own Promised Land, Professor?

FREUD

Correct, my dear Mimi, a world where *der Kinder* move freely across streets—I meant to say, “frontiers.”. . . A brotherly world where *der Kinder* move freely across frontiers. . . . (To self:)

Why this slip of substituting “streets” for “frontiers”? Ah! that horror! The Sunday walk with father when I was 10 or 12—“Move freely across streets,” indeed!

(Freud heads for painting of Aeneas holding his son’s hand and carrying his father on his back, with Troy in flames in background.)

DR. LUZZATTI

The Professor, he relives that terrible event, the walk with his papa that he relates in his dream book.

FREUD

(A FLASHBACK: FREUD, 10, & JAKOB, 50—Their VOICES sound as if in an echo chamber:

—Schlomo, one **Shabbos** when I was a young man in your birthplace, Freiberg, a Christian came up to me as I was walking and with a single blow he knocked my new **Shabbat** hat from my head and shouted, “Jew get off the sidewalk!”

—And, Papa, what did you do?

—I went into the roadway and picked up my **Shtreimel**—

The strong man holding my hand changed before my eyes—

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. LUZZATTI

As if, then and there, God, Himself, died . . . The Professor's atheism, can it have stemmed from here? (More to self.)

FREUD

(Studies a print of the famous bronze equestrian statue of Garibaldi by Gallori in Rome.)

And, yet, on his deathbed, he looked like your people's greatest hero, Giuseppe Garibaldi:

I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions, I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his nation in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me.

Many of his red shirts, Pietro, were Jews, you know—

DR. LUZZATTI

Yes, Professor, I know, out of proportion to their number. But, Professor, you misspoke. Garibaldi cried, "Let him who loves his country follow me in his heart," not "Let him who loves his nation . . ."

FREUD

That slip I'll own, Pietro. If only in life he had behaved like your glorious freedom fighter. . . One night when I was about 7, I urinated on the rug of that very room, my parents' bedroom:

(Then, another *FLASHBACK*: *Jakob, 47, is rebuking Sigmund, 7; Amalia, 27, is in her nightgown; there is a fire in the fireplace; we hear their voices as if in an echo chamber:*

—*Amalia, that boy will come to nothing!*

—*Jakob, he's only a child.*)

In the course of his reprimand, my father let fall words that were a frightful blow to my ego, "That boy will come to nothing!" In many of my dreams I roll off my achievements and successes, as though to say, "You see, Papa, I have come to something!"

DR. MAIER

Yeah, like becoming the Messiah of the Jews!

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol!

## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD (Oblivious)

When I was on my high horse he loved to say, “My brilliant son there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy.” And, my brilliant children, he was right. He meant a lot to me. After his death, I felt uprooted. (Heads for the desk containing artifacts.)

I studied myself in detail, especially my dreams . . . And became my most interesting patient.

(Seated, he mimes writing with a pen in his right hand. In his left hand he has a cigar. Behind him is a bookcase, from which Janus, the 2-headed God, looks down on FREUD. Janus’ shadow falls across his face. Adjoining the bookcase is a table with more of his antiquities collection; on the table behind those figurines and against the bookcase there is a large print of Michelangelo’s *Moses*, with only the top of the head visible. The rest of *Moses*’ head is hidden by the figurines. A peal of thunder and brilliant lightning startle Freud.)

DR. LUZZATTI

And, Professor, soon after, in the following year, 1897, you discover the Oedipus complex, the boy’s passionate wish to kill his papa so as to possess his mama—

FREUD

On our second move, on the overnight train from Leipzig to Vienna, I saw my mother naked; I was four.

*(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 as he reaches up to touch his own breast.)* (Venus’ breasts are superimposed on his. He fondles his breast, catching himself before his passion overwhelms him: A BIG moment; there could be music.)

(DR. LUZZATTI touches Freud’s shoulder gently.)

(FREUD ‘comes back’.)

Oh, Pietro, where were we? . . .

DR. LUZZATTI

Discussing our shibboleth, the Oedipus complex. And from which, Professor, you derive your mighty weapon to destroy religion.

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

FREUD

Right, Pietro. After my sense of guilt over Julius's death surfaced, tormented, I resolved to redeem myself by eradicating anti-Semitism. And that very year, 1897, I discover that God the Father once strode the earth in bodily form (Walking with authority)—a projection, pure and simple, out on to the universe of the young boy's idealized perception of his own father—

DR. LUZZATTI

That is to say, the all-knowing, all-powerful oedipal papa.

FREUD

This revolutionary discovery that religion can be traced back to the longing for the father, I keep close to my breast—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Close to your breast, Professor, until you gain recognition, become the authority on so-called civilized man—

DR. LUZZATTI

For were you to trumpet prematurely God the Papa's humble beginnings ('blows' horn of plenty), psychoanalysis would be dismissed as but a Jewish science—

DR. MAIER

The anti-Semites would have a field day:

This filth that God is a mere wishful illusion could only have sprung from the diseased mind of a syphilitic Godless Jew!—

DR. LUZZATTI

Psychoanalysis, it would be nipped in the bud—

DR. ROSENTHAL

And, Professor, you kiss goodbye your redemption, the realization of your Promised Land.

FREUD

I must say you've captured me back then—

DR. MAIER

But not fully. Professor, may I play you?

FREUD

And, Schlomo—you don't mind if I address you by your Hebrew name?—are you not already playing me?



“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

(Points to DR. MAIER’S beard, attire, and cigar.)

Or, perhaps, you are my double? One can never be sure. You, of course, do know that Schlomo is my birth name also—

(DR. MAIER almost falls away.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Courage, Schlomo.

DR. MAIER (Overcoming his brief distress:)

Something’s bugging, er, nagging at me. Because it promises so much— (enumerating with fingers) the eradication of anti-Semitism; self-redemption; the exacting of vengeance, that is, the destruction of that miserable seed-bed for good Christians like that human trash who had symbolically castrated my beloved papa, the hated Roman Catholic Church—my brilliant revelation about God the Father, must be, as a scientific construct, suspect—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

And then there is also, Schlomo, er, Sol, the little matter of eternal fame, which the Professor lusted after. For the realization of his Promised Land—a brotherly world grounded in Reason—would leave him in possession of the field—Moses, Jesus, and now the latest comer, the new moral authority, the new Moses, Sigmund Freud—

DR. ROSENTHAL

With but one Law, “Know Thyself!”

FREUD

This takes me back to the weekly meetings held here of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society.

(Studying his Jupiter ring).

But, truth to tell, it was a mediocre lot, except for a handful. There was, however, one star during these early days of struggle, a Christian star—

*(Projection: Photo of Carl Jung)*

DR. LUZZATTI

Carl Jung—

FREUD

In 1910, as you probably know, I proposed that he be made president for life of the International Psychoanalytic Association.

DR. LUZZATTI

But in the face of the storm of protest by the Viennese analysts, this extraordinary proposal you withdraw. And a very good thing, too. For your

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

charismatic “crown prince” and “heir”, your setting in stone—making into a dogma—the Oedipus complex was increasingly vexing him.

FREUD

Our final break in 1913 couldn't be helped. Still it was a heavy blow. For, Jung, I believed, would break down the great inner resistances of the gentiles to psychoanalysis. . . Later, he dubbed me, “The Pope in Vienna.”

(FREUD extends right hand for Jupiter ring to be kissed.)

DR. LUZZATTI

And in time your, your Joshua, he would reveal his true colors—most especially in his six-year editorship of a Nazi-controlled psychiatric journal, beginning in December 1933—a position, moreover, he voluntarily assumed—

DR. MAIER

Professor, how could you have so misjudged that creep who all but swooned over National Socialism with its mighty “Germanic soul”?

FREUD

Truth to tell, Shlomo, your papa's not been a good judge of men. It's a talent I unfortunately never had.

DR. ROSENTHAL

Jungians contend that his “shadow”—whatever that's supposed to be—got the better of him, that, temporarily it eclipsed Jung the man.

DR. MAIER

(Black comb on upper lip, he does a song and dance.)

“Me and my shadow . . .” My six-year-long ever-darkening shadow.

(Dance morphs into Nazi kick-step.)

FREUD

Enough about that scoundrel! . . . Now, before setting others free from their religious chains, I must, I understood, set myself free from the Law. So, Pietro, summoning courage, this hero boards the train to your immortal city, where four days later —

(Plants self defiantly before the large poster of Michelangelo's *Moses*)

(Bewildered, DRS ROSENTHAL, MAIER & CUNNINGHAM look at one another.)

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. LUZZATTI

Ah! I see!

DR. MAIER

I'm glad that you see, Pietro!

DR. LUZZATTI

Some psychologist! Solomon, before setting others free from their religious chains, the Professor would set himself free from the Law. And to deliver himself from the Mosaic legislation, what better object than Michelangelo's magnificent *Moses*?

DR. MAIER

(Cued in, he puts handkerchief on his head; from the back of Dr. R's chair he takes and kisses her shawl as though a *Tallith*; placing it on his shoulders, he plants himself before the *Moses* poster:)

Moses, if Yahweh exists, where is His strong hand? His Chosen People, have they not suffered enough? Why doesn't He put a stop, once and for all, to the perpetual persecution? Moses, given the unremitting suffering, how can you justify governing my life with your 'Divine Law'? What right have you to be in charge of my life? Well, Moses, here I stand! No More! The miserable anti-Semitism must end, become a thing of the past. The time for Jewish martyrdom. it is over!—

(As DR. MAIER removes the “skull cap,” there is lightning and thunder with radiance emanating from *MOSES*' face.)

The radiance! I'm doomed!

(Terrified, as if facing a wild, raving beast.)

(‘Blinded’ by *Moses*' radiance, Dr. MAIER tries seeing his own hand.)

I'm blind! I can't see!

(THE OTHERS are of no help, as they, too, are terrified, having averted or covered their eyes from *Moses*' terrible radiance.)

FREUD (By window, views the storm.)

When I, at last, stood before *Moses* that Thursday, it was storming like this . . . A storm that Michelangelo might have made . . .

DR. CUNNINGHAM

The Professor's nanny prepared him well—

DR. MAIER (Recovering)

Don, what are you implying?! Spit it out!

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. LUZZATTI

May I, Donald?.... If bread can be Jesus, it follows that stone, marble, can be Moses, the spirit of Moses. (Handling 18-inch statuette of *Moses*.)

DR. MAIER

Pietro, that's crazy, simply craz—

DR. LUZZATTI

And, Sol, you, you can speak?! (Mocks DR. MAIER before *Moses*.)  
'The radiance . . . I am doomed!'

FREUD (Touching Janus' left head.)

As *meschuggah* as it sounds Schlomo, that is precisely what my non-rational head believes, er, believed. Reason enough, my wicked son, for my so-called Rome phobia?

DR. ROSENTHAL

That's what this is—a dream, a bad dream. (Pinching self.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

If I may, Professor, I'll spell it out to both my Jewish brother and sister . . . Inasmuch as he aspired to become the new Moses, what's more fitting than the world's greatest representation of that great man to excite the Professor's superstitious tendencies?

DR. LUZZATTI (Gets book, addresses Others.)

The Professor, he even hints at this in "The Moses of Michelangelo," which, as you remember, he insisted be published anonymously:

. . . I used to sit down in front of the statue in the expectation that I should now see how it would start up on its raised foot, dash the Tables of the Law to the ground and let fly its wrath.

FREUD

A dream, believe me, my lovely Minna, er Mimi, this evening is not. For four years I prepared. In September 1901, it was now or never. You see, I was already forty-five, and my time was running out—

DR. ROSENTHAL

But, Professor, you come from healthy stock. Your father died at eighty-one and your mother was still well and active—

DR. MAIER (an awareness)

That's what it is, the 'critical age' business! According to Fliess' bizarre

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biological theory, fifty-one is a critical age—

FREUD (Wilhelm Fliess photo projected)

A fatal age for men.

DR. MAIER

Professor, I still can't believe that you swallowed Fliess's, er, numerology. He should have stuck with the nose and throat—

FREUD

And yet, my dear Schlomo, here you are contending with a ghost. And if this shade judges correctly, you are just shy of fifty-one, aren't you?

(Unnerved, DR. MAIER. catches self, as he's about to light cigar.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Courage, Schlomo!!

FREUD

Having had heart difficulties, I understood that I might not leave that gloomy, deserted church alive. Worse, I could have a psychotic break. Let's say it's August 1901, the month before my departure (Lays on couch):

Doctor . . . this is so difficult . . . telling you my real reason for going to Rome . . . It's to enter the Church of St. Peter in Chains (Trance-like.) And once inside, to, to, stand defiantly before the shade of Moses, who is there . . . who is there . . . in the form of my personal totem, the terrible *Moses* of Michelangelo. (Sits up.)

Doctor, tell me, do I need to be put away?

Withholding my diagnosis from me, my brave band? . . . Well, just in case I cracked up—and who's to say I wasn't already a *meshuggunah* lunatic?—I brought my brother Alexander along . . . We were like a book—the brothers, the covers, and the five sisters, the pages.

(*A mental projection: We hear them all singing at the Passover Seder: Da-da ye-nu, da-da-ye-nu, da-da ye nu, da—ye-nu, da-ye nu!*—)

DR. ROSENTHAL

A book with a missing first page—

FREUD

Julius never knew the joy at the Passover Seder of asking that sweet soul, our father, “Why is this night different. . . ?”

(*ANOTHER mental projection: a Young Boy's voice: Ma nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol haleilot?*)

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(Simultaneously, FREUD also recites:)

***Ma nishtanah halailah hazeh mikol haleilot?***

(*JAKOB FREUD, 45, dips his right forefinger into a silver cup of red wine, dropping the wine from his finger onto a saucer which already has some wine on it: The Finger of God. THE LITTLE BOY, about 5, is enthralled. JAKOB is acting out the 8th plague, the LOCUSTS: miming the Locusts gobbling everything. [For the LOCUSTS we can have a LIGHT SHOW, such as a rock group might put on, with appropriate SWARMING SOUNDS] . . .*

*We again hear the FREUD family of long ago:*

***Da-da ye-nu, da-da-ye-nu, da-da ye nu, da—ye-nu, da-ye nu.)***

(FREUD, wiping away tears, 'comes back')

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, your vast ambition, it is to become not only the savior of your people but also the Lawgiver of humankind—

FREUD

And your point, Pietro? (Studying his 'card hand.')

DR. LUZZATTI

Did you then not fear that by merely being in the statue's presence that you would die? —

FREUD (Folds 'card hand.')

That Thursday, September 5th, 1901, I did die.

(Sensually handling the *Venus* figurine.)

DRS. LUZZATTI, ROSENTHAL & CUNNINGHAM

What?!

DR. MAIER

I understand. (HE heads for *Moses* print).

The Professor's face-off with *Moses* was transformative. He became his own person. So, in a very real sense he did die.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Hm! No longer bound by the Law, the Professor is no longer a boy or son, but his own man who is free to act as he himself chooses and to govern his life as makes sense to him and him alone. . . .

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

(Enjoying this, FREUD lights a cigar.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

The Professor matured? Okay?—

DR. LUZZATTI

Solomon, Donald, you miss the essential mark!—When the Professor emerged from the Church of St. Peter in Chains, he returned not as a mere mortal, no matter how free. He returned

(Covering his face with a photo of the face of *Moses*.)

as Moses.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Balderdash!

DR. MAIER

Pietro, you’re out of your ever-loving Latin mind!

DR. ROSENTHAL

For our Winter convention, Pietro, please remind me to propose your interesting thesis for a panel—a panel on wild analysis.

DR. LUZZATTI

Follow me.—

DR. MAIER

What?! And risk excommunication from the psychoanalytic fold.

DR. LUZZATTI

Bear with me! In the religions of antiquity, the hero enters a dark pit; there, he kills the bull god, and emerges as the sacred bull himself, endowed with all of that god’s qualities. It is through such an initiation rite that Mithras became the Persian god—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Pietro, Moses may have been a bull of a man, but as great as he was, he wasn’t a deity.

DR. LUZZATTI

Donald, that may be so. But the radiance transferred from Yahweh onto Moses and which so terrified the Israelites at the foot of Mt. Sinai, is that not divine?

DR. MAIER

Yeah, as “divine” as the thunderbolts radiating from Zeus—

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

FREUD

According to the Bible story, “till Moses had done speaking with the Israelites he placed a veil on his face.” But, this evening, I have no such veil.

(Now brilliant lightning—orange-red light with splashes of violet, purple and scarlet; FREUD’S face glows, terrifying the OTHERS, who avert their face or cover their eyes.

*Then, a mental projection of FREUD’S: A slide of MOSES’ scowling, radiant visage superimposed on FREUD’S face.)*

You can open your eyes my children. The terrible radiance of this Moses, it won’t blind you—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Professor, for a moment I was a believer!

FREUD

So, too, it appears, dear Mimi, were your brothers.

DR. MAIER

How did you do that, Professor?!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, you don’t really believe that as a consequence of squaring off successfully with your personal totem that you now possess the radiance of the biblical Moses, that it was transferred onto you?

DR. MAIER

Now that’s what I call transference!

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol! (An admonition!)

FREUD

(Glowers at Dr. MAIER.)

It’s far better than coming away with a limp, don’t you agree, Cunningham? One moment, I’m a 45-year-old Jew boy from the miserable streets of Vienna and the next I’m Moses! Not bad, if I say so myself. And several months after returning to Vienna I have my first adherents.

(Addressing DR. MAIER:)

Chance coincidence?—Schlomo, why suddenly so shy?. . . Now, of course, my rational head

(Touching right head of Janus)

didn’t believe that by withstanding the radiance of Moses that I, like Prometheus, had stolen fire from the heavens.



## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. LUZZATTI (Handling left head of Janus)

But not so your non-rational or mystical head. In this regard, Professor, your ‘Catholic mama,’ she left her impress.

FREUD

Yes, Resi left her stamp. (‘Stamping’ forehead). After Julius died, Resi took me to Mass regularly—that is, until I was about 2½, when she was jailed for stealing . . . my toy soldiers even. With a grief-stricken young wife in the tiny Catholic town of my birth, Freiberg in Moravia, my 42-year-old father—he was a struggling textile merchant—had more pressing matters to attend to than my traipsing along with my devout nanny to the Church of The Nativity of Our Lady, where I was exposed to the sacrament of the Eucharist, bread and wine becoming the actual body and blood of Christ—and learned also about doomsday, of souls burning in Hell—and about which I dutifully instructed my parents.

*(Another mental projection; Kneeling at the foot of his bed, LITTLE SIGI makes sign of the Cross; wide-eyed and with expressive motions, he tells his amused parents about how Jesus Christ conducts His affairs and about Heaven and Hell everlasting.)*

(FREUD catches self as he’s about to kneel and cross himself.)

DR. MAIER

The Last Judgment, Professor, you didn’t believe that?!

FREUD

(Oblivious)

The candles, that music . . . the mystery. (To self.) . . .

Now, my brilliant ones let us examine the situation. I am in the Eternal City, in order, ultimately, to do what to Moses, the Moses of the Bible story?

DR. ROSENTHAL

Simple. To bury him in order to take his place—

FREUD

Sound familiar?

DR. LUZZATTI

But the mama you now passionately wish to possess is Mama Earth.

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. CUNNINGHAM

And, Professor, because the situation before *Moses* is reminiscent of your oedipal days, you are flooded with the feelings you had had when you wanted to murder your father, Jakob, in order to sleep with your mother, Amalia—

FREUD

And with full force. The patricidal rage—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Along with the fear of paternal retribution, namely castration—

*(FREUD projects: JAKOB, 43-45 and AMALIA, 23-25, are in bed. A knife in his hand, JAKOB is about to lunge at his little rival, who is not actually in the scene: it might be too traumatic for a child actor.)*

DR. LUZZATTI

Which *Moses*' crown of horns most certainly calls up.

*(With his fingers as horns, DR. LUZZATTI 'charges' DR. MAIER'S groin, who, in mock horror, holds on to his genitals.)*

FREUD

*(FREUD projects: AMALIA giving LITTLE SIGI'S 3-year-old sister ANNA a bath; seeing ANNA naked horrifies LITTLE SIGI, 5.)*

The sight of my younger sister Anna . . . without a penis (Shudders). You see, quite naturally, I thought that she had come with one.

DR. ROSENTHAL

And, needless to say, the gruesome expectation, Jakob cutting off his wee-wee made little Sigi abandon his impious ambition.

FREUD

Essentially, yes, Mimi. But little Sigi's love for his papa was also an inhibiting factor. . . Accordingly, before making my pilgrimage to *Moses*, I anticipate the re-awakening of those earlier feelings, including my love and longing for my grey-haired father—

DR. LUZZATTI

In September, 1901, Professor, when you first face Michelangelo's *Moses* you hold still to the cathartic method of cure, that is to say, a washing away or purging of neuroses by a reliving of the very emotions which sustain them.

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DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, care if I take a stab?

FREUD

Only if it's not fatal, Cunningham.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

When taking your stand against *Moses*, as these anticipated early childhood emotions and feelings surface, it is crucial that you contain yourself, recognize them for what they are—

FREUD

Yes, as new editions of those feelings and attitudes pertaining to my father long ago.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Stay in control as these, these, new editions of your earlier feeling states and attitudes return, and you resolve or master your Father complex; that is, you no longer submit to the Will of the Father—be he Jakob, Moses or the Lord God Jehovah.—

DR. ROSENTHAL

But get carried away or overwhelmed by this ‘return of the repressed,’ and, Professor, you may as well close up shop.

DR. LUZZATTI

(Handling the 2-headed god, Janus.)

Like Janus, the guardian of the threshold, you must be constantly on guard, ever vigilant. One momentary lapse, and, Professor, it is all over.

DR. MAIER

My God. Don, lie down on the couch!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Why?

DR. MAIER

It's all right, isn't it, Professor?

FREUD

Jones, er, Cunningham, the couch is not taboo.

(Removing shoes, DR. CUNNINGHAM lies down.)

DR. MAIER

Now, Don, you know the drill. Just say what comes into your head—

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DR. CUNNINGHAM

Not on your life!

DR. MAIER

Then fake it.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, frikkin, frikkin mumble.

I'm sorry Professor, Mimi.—

(After miming his intention and getting DR. MAIER'S 'okay,' DR. LUZZATTI places the statuette of *Moses* on the easy chair at the head of the sofa, out of DR. CUNNINGHAM'S view.)

DR. MAIER

Now, Don, turn and face the Professor's chair.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Very funny! What am I to make of?—No!

FREUD

(Arm around DR. CUNNINGHAM'S shoulders, HE whispers:) My dear Jones, my loyal disciple and gifted editor of our journal, what I am about to say you must not tell a soul: I got the neutral or non-responsive stance of the psychoanalyst—the so-called 'analytic incognito'—from my psychologist, old stone-face himself, the *Moses* of Michelangelo.

DR. MAIER

(Whispers in DR. CUNNINGHAM'S other ear.)

Not a lot of people know that! (a la Groucho Marx)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Jones would have *plotzed*.

FREUD

Fortunately, he could have fallen back on a former vocation—teaching figure skating. (Taking DR. ROSENTHAL'S hesitant hand, FREUD mimes instructing her.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

(To DRS. LUZZATTI & MAIER)

That the transference, the key instrument of psychoanalysis to cure our patients, came from his trials before the statue, this is simply unbelievable.

## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

(FREUD is oblivious.)

DR. LUZZATTI

This, Donald, is the reason no one has made the connection. It is inconceivable, too incredible even to imagine.

FREUD

One day, during my afternoon stroll, it came to me.

(Bows to DR. ROSENTHAL: ‘skating session’ over’)

That’s it! I’ll model my behavior after *Moses*. I’ll be stone-faced—a silent blank screen, a shadowy image onto whom my patients can throw—transfer their oedipal feelings and attitudes—

DR. LUZZATTI

And, Professor, in order to facilitate the transference, you even darken this, your chamber here at Berggasse 19.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

So, Professor, had you never faced *Moses*, psychoanalysis as we know it today wouldn’t exist?

FREUD

My dear Cunningham, had I not summoned courage and crossed the threshold of that gloomy church only a few persons would remember that such a thing as psychoanalysis had ever existed. (FREUD blows smoke rings.)

And you would not be.

(The stage darkens; brilliant radiance emanates from FREUD’s face, momentarily startling the Others. Carefully removing a volume from bookshelf, HE says;)

On May 6, 1891, my thirty-fifth birthday, my father presented me with this, a re-bound volume of the Bible of my childhood, the illustrated *Hebrew-German Philippon Bible*.

*(A mental projection in sepia tones: A slide based on an actual photo of Freud, at age 8, with his father. In the photo, Jakob is seated, with a book in his lap, and little Sigi, wearing a suit, is standing beside his father, to his left [Freud is reliving this]. But, here, the slide is projected on the back of Freud while that of his father is projected higher on the wall, like a god.)*

(‘Coming to,’ FREUD hands the Bible to DR. MAIER.)

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

Its plates held me in thrall—

(*The Frontispiece is projected*)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Especially, I suspect, the frontispiece, a lithograph of the biblical Moses with rays of light shooting upward from his forehead—

DR. LUZZATTI (Looks at it)

Imagine its effect on precocious little Sigi on Jakob's knee—

DR. ROSENTHAL

And from a Chasidic background, yet.

DR. MAIER

When the Bible was translated into Greek, the Hebrew word for “rays of light” was erroneously translated as horns. This mistranslation was carried over into the Vulgate, the Latin version of the Scriptures, which, of course, was Michelangelo's Bible—

DR. LUZZATTI

So this is the reason for Michelangelo gracing the head of *Moses* with horns? One and the same feature, then—the statue's crown of horns—called up both the dreaded castration and the terrible radiance.

DR. MAIER

Kind of a double whammy. Either you're zapped or snipped—and either way your life is over.

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, your papa's dedication, it is in Hebrew—So, it was but a ruse, your professed ignorance of the sacred language—a way to keep psychoanalysis from being identified with Judaism, from it being dismissed as but a Jewish science.

DR. MAIER

May this former Yeshiva *boocher* attempt a rendering, Professor?

FREUD

If you wish, Schlomo.

DR. MAIER

Son who is dear to me, Schlomo—

FREUD

After my paternal grandfather. He was a *Chasid*, you know.

## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. MAIER

when you were seven the spirit of the Lord began to stir and said, study my Book, from which lawgivers have drawn the waters of knowledge and wisdom . . . For many years, the Book, like Broken Tablets, has been lying in my closet. Re-bound in a new leather cover, I present it to you as a token of love.

From your father, Jakob, who loves you forever. . . .

(DR. MAIER hands the Bible to DR. LUZZATTI.)

FREUD (Wiping tears away.)

A father's death has to be the most poignant loss of a man's life.

(FREUD heads for painting of Aeneas fleeing Troy in flames carrying his father on his back and holding his young son's hand.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Mercifully, Professor, your gray-haired papa could not foresee that in 1897, a mere six years after turning this sacred text over to you, that you—his beloved birthday boy—would secretly resolve to destroy the Law, see to it that there would be no remnants of the Torah to restore—

(Hands Bible to the eager DR. ROSENTHAL.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Not one leaf, not one law—(Hands Bible to DR. CUNNINGHAM.)

FREUD

Guilt, filial piety, I knew could be my undoing in that gloomy Church. For, again, I loved that sweet soul, my father— (Retrieves Bible)

By assuring us that we are God's chosen people, Moses made us confident, optimistic, and even proud.

(With the gold cane handle, He lifts Dr. Maier's chin.)

To him, we owe our tenacity of life. But, Schlomo and Minn—er, Mimi, that great man of our people who had molded us into who we are, must be sacrificed in order to save *der Kinder*—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

And, Professor, to save yourself—

FREUD

At the last moment. I almost backed out and left the miserable anti-Semitism to Herzl and his band of Zionists. But an ugly incident near Salzburg, in my

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

so-called fatherland, settled it. We were on our family vacation. My two older boys were on the lake fishing, when they were jeered—grown men calling them *Yids*, accused the dirty Jew boys of stealing fish . . .

DR. MAIER

That was Christian of them!

FREUD

With that can one live?

DR. LUZZATTI

Such cruelty, it shocks me still.

FREUD

Oliver and Martin were only ten and eleven

DR. LUZZATTI

About the same age as you on that miserable walk with your papa.

FREUD

Well, later that afternoon, Martin and I chanced on those good Christians.

(Swinging his walking stick.)

The trash made way, let me tell you! And Martin was at the ready.

(*A projection: young Martin, 11, ready to club with his oar.*)

My boys didn't have to look for models . . . for fathers—

DR. LUZZATTI

(By painting of Aeneas holding son's hand.)

And for this in large part, Professor, your boys, they are indebted to Virgil, the singer of Aeneas:

Son learn fortitude and toil from me . . . When before long you  
come to man's estate be sure that you recall this . . . let your  
father arouse your courage.

FREUD

As a schoolboy, for pleasure I read *The Aeneid* in Latin—

DR. LUZZATTI

And from which, Professor, you appropriated your Dream Book motto—  
and which, I now understand, is actually your very battle cry: "*Flectere si  
nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*" ["If I can not bend the heavens, I'll  
move hell."]



## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD (From memory:)

“*Arma virumque cano . . .*” “Of arms and the man I sing ! . . .”

That Virgil is known as “the magician” is no mystery to me. . . For that great poet’s hero helped shape this hero, who, too, would save his own wandering and homeless people. . . Well, the next morning, this Aeneas and his brother Alexander boarded the train for the Holy City—Your questions?

DR. CUNNINGHAM (Gets a volume.)

Professor, in exile in London one year before your death, you complete *Moses and Monotheism*; in this, your last major assault on religion, you account for anti-Semitism—an insight that, it is now clear, you had arrived at before the turn of the century. Professor, may I be frank?

FREUD

Cunningham, I believe I can handle it.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, your explanation for anti-Semitism has always seemed, well, simplistic. Moreover, not all Christians hate Jews. True, Peter, Paul, the Apostles—all Jews—handed Christians their exacting religion, but to assert as you do here (raising the book) that for this, we, er, I mean, they, loathe the Jews— (Rattled by the slip).

Forgive me, Professor . . . Mimi, Sol.

FREUD

*Et tu, Mon Fils?* (Mocks having been stabbed.)

Jones, er, Cunningham, you have just confirmed my point vis-a-vis the Christian’s undying hatred and perpetual persecution of the Jews. Not having the courage—the moral courage—to acknowledge his hatred for his demanding religion which obliges him to renounce his aggressive tendencies and illicit sexual desires, the Good Christian disavows this hatred or loathing and displaces it on to the ones who had enchained him, the Jews. That is why so long as there is Christianity, my people—as you have just witnessed within your soul just now—will continue to suffer from that miserable scourge, anti-Semitism.

*(A PROJECTION: ‘FREUD’ is bound by the phylacteries and the Torah Scroll to the Cross: the two rollers from the Torah Scroll are positioned to make the Cross to which ‘FREUD’ is bound: the phylacteries are wrapped around*

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

*the twisted Scroll enveloping 'FREUD,' who is in full religious garb, including full-length prayer shawl.) (Or Chagall's **White Crucifixion** can be projected . . .)*

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Accordingly, the Law must be sacrificed.

FREUD

Yes, Cunningham, the Torah must go—

DR. LUZZATTI

And as Judaism goes, so goes what you consider is its toxic shoot, Christianity.

DR. MAIER

Moses...Jesus

(Pats each Janus head, then with his tie, DR. MAIER 'hangs' the figurine by its common neck.)

Caught together, hanged together!

DR. LUZZATTI

(Points to Aeneas painting, with Troy in flames)

And it is precisely here, Professor, that you part company with your classical double. For, in order to save his homeless and wandering people, Aeneas, upon landing in Italy, entered the underworld to *receive* instructions from his father, Anchises. But you, by contrast, in order to save your homeless and wandering people, you, on your fourth day in Rome, descended into the underworld to *destroy*, ultimately, the Instructions of your father, your father Moses—the Torah!

FREUD

Yes, Pietro, in this regard my identification with Aeneas was a twisted one . . . more so, since that pious hero entered the underworld on the orders of the supreme Roman god, Jupiter—and,

(looking at his Jupiter ring)

of course, from Yahweh I received no such divine command. . . Still, like my classical double whose mother was Venus, I, too, was favored by that sign of greatness, an exceptional birth—

(FREUD PROJECTS, showing AMALIA in the scene related below:

*Infant Sigi is in a wicker cradle. Initially, for a moment, the slide does not find the right place, and AMALIA is*

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

*projected on Freud, who struggles with his hand against the ‘blinding’ light, as if the light were a caul.)*

One day in a pastry shop, in my birthplace in Moravia, a Czech peasant-woman informed my mother, who was only twenty, that because I born in a caul, a membrane on my head, that she had brought a great man into the world. . . . “You are destined to become a great man, my golden Sigi.”

DR. MAIER

Which, apparently, she never had let her *goldener* Sigi forget.

DR. ROSENTHAL

But, Professor, little did your proud mother know that to fulfill your great destiny that, you, her undisputed darling, would murder that great man our people, Moses.

FREUD

(Gold-handled cane raised, HE heads for the *Moses* print.)

To assure safe passage, Aeneas was obliged to pluck a Golden Bough to shield him in the underworld. Well, *this* Aeneas entered his underworld, the gloomy chamber of *Moses* armed with his own ‘Golden Bough’—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Which you had plucked seemingly by chance, your brilliant illumination that God the Father is nothing but an exalted father—that is to say, the oedipal father transformed, magnified a thousand-fold.

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, may I reconstruct?

FREUD

Pietro, as our great Jewish sage Maimonides said, “The gates of interpretation are endless.” Is that not so, Schlomo?

DR. LUZZATTI

*Grazi*, Professor. Some time in late 1897, your mystical head,

(touching left Janus head)

excited by your vast ambition, senses that Michelangelo’s terrible *Moses* embodies or possesses the shade of the biblical Moses.

(Mimes *Moses/Moses* transformation: animated)—

DR. MAIER

Pietro, the pantomime we can do without.

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. LUZZATTI (Oblivious)

And after four years of detailed preparation, and armed with your hell's charm, that is, your golden notion of how the God-idea came to be, and hoping against hope that it, itself, is not what you assert God to be—a mere hollow wish fulfillment—you gather courage, and with fear and trembling, enter that dreaded, shadowy chamber to stand defiantly before Yahweh's Messenger. And after delivering yourself from the Mosaic legislation you then deliver humankind from its religious shackles and institute your atheistic Promised Land. This, Professor, is your game plan, your secret game plan—

DR. MAIER (With mock megaphone)

Visitors to the Freud Museum, good news: Now, in the consulting room, for this night only, is the latest comer, *Goldener Sigi*! But a caution! The beaming countenance of this ambitious little *pisher*, it is not veiled.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol, you're again out of line!

DR. LUZZATTI

Line? Line? (An awareness.) Excuse me, Professor, Aeneas' son, he was named Julius.

(Pointing to the boy whose hand Aeneas holds).

Did you not also find that uncanny?

DR. MAIER

What nonsense now?!

DR. LUZZATTI

Solomon—or should I say, Schlomo—according to legend, it was from this boy, Iulus Ascanius, that Aeneas' great line descended, the Romans, and it was the Professor's intention to have as descendants his very own Julius or Julian line—a line, as the great Virgil portrays, “who are just—not by constraint of law, but by choice.”—

DR. MAIER

You mean us, the psychoanalysts?

DR. ROSENTHAL

Professor, if I may?

FREUD (Nods approval)

I am not here.

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol, we're to be the midwives—the models for and educators of the Professor's Julian line—a line of enlightened unbelievers, a self-aware line

## “The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

that chooses to control both its aggressive tendencies and illicit sexual impulses—

DR. LUZZATTI

Because they do not disown or repress their anti-social tendencies, this enlightened line does not throw or project onto others their own lust and aggressive inclinations, Accordingly, they identify one with the other. And with identification, love follows—love even for the so-called stranger. It is this line, the Professor’s Julius or Julian line—a line which of its own volition controls its asocial inclinations—that would institute the Professor’s Promised Land, an atheistic brotherly kingdom where the Professor’s “Know Thyself!” is taken to heart and where Jesus’ “Love one another” is unknown, for to love on command, well, it is just not possible.

DR. MAIER (Gets a book.)

Here, in his 1927 attack on religion, *The Future of an Illusion*, the Professor suggests that such an atheistic utopia is possible, but since he never mentions it again, I believed that it was an aberration—that, later, coming to his senses, he dismissed it as a fantasy:

. . . New generations, who have been brought up in kindness and taught to have a high opinion of reason, and who have experienced the benefits of civilization at an early age . . . will feel it a possession of their very own and be ready for its sake to make the sacrifices as regards work and instinctual satisfaction that are necessary for its preservation. They will be able to do [this] without coercion from their leaders—

DR. LUZZATTI

These “new generations” or new people, they sound like the Professor’s Julian line, do they not?

FREUD (Quotes by heart, as if in a trance.)

. . . As honest smallholders on this earth they will know how to cultivate their plot in such a way that it supports them. By withdrawing their expectations from the other world and concentrating all their liberated energies into their life on earth, they will probably succeed in achieving a state of things in which life will become tolerable for everyone and civilization no longer oppressive to anyone. Then, with one of our fellow-unbelievers [Heinrich Heine], they will be able to say without regret:

“We leave Heaven to the angels and the sparrows.”

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. LUZZATTI

And (Pointing to the above quote),  
Professor, the grandest wish promised you by your Golden Bough, it is here,  
is it not!? That is the say, not immortality, which you most definitely craved,  
but the undoing, at long last, of having played Cain to Julius' Abel. For, so  
long as your brotherly Julian line lives, Julius lives!

DR. MAIER

I guess I could give Hebrew lessons. (Gallows humor)

FREUD

(Hands DR. MAIER open folder & points.)

Schlomo, please read; these are minutes from the early years.

DR. MAIER (Reads:)

Scientific meeting on April 15, 1908. The society, which . . . is to  
appear before the public for the first time, is named: Psychoanalytic  
Society—

FREUD

Thank you, Schlomo. This name-change—from the Psychological Wednesday  
Society to the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society, a moment, you will agree, sig-  
nificant in the history of psychoanalysis—was made on my carried motion . . .  
That date, April 15, 1908, was the 50th anniversary of Julius's death.

(ALL FOUR register surprise.)

DR. LUZZATTI

In this manner, Professor, you secretly dedicated to the memory of Julius the  
psychoanalytic movement—

DR. MAIER

One more shock, and I'll be wheeled out.

DR. LUZZATTI

Courage, Solomon. Your constitution, it is stronger than you suspect. . .

DR. CUNNINGHAM (Gets book; addresses Freud)

In this famous passage of your 1914 essay on the statue, you write, "no piece  
of statuary has ever made a stronger impression on me." Professor, did it have  
the same powerful impact when you stood before it on your last trip, the one  
taken with Anna in 1923?—

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. MAIER

Some analysts never learn—(to self)

(Suddenly enraged, FREUD, again, lifts cane to cudgel  
DR. CUNNINGHAM.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Oh no, not again!

(As the startled DR. CUNNINGHAM tries to shield self,  
DRS. MAIER and LUZZATTI intervene.)

(DR. CUNNINGHAM picks up cane and, again, hands it to  
FREUD.)

DR. MAIER (To DR. ROSENTHAL)

The beauty part, Mimi, is that we might now find out what really had set the  
Professor off —

FREUD

(Goes to painting of Aeneas, holding his son Iulus Ascanius’s  
hand.)

The visitations, they had already begun—

DR. MAIER

He saw his cancer as a punishment, as divine retribution?—

DR. LUZZATTI

So, this then is behind the Professor’s fury towards Jones?—the cancer, it  
aroused fear, fear that Yahweh with His Visitations actually exists after all—

FREUD

Earlier that year, 1923, on the 19th of June—my daughter Sophie’s younger son  
died of miliary tuberculosis. Heinele was 4½ . . . I was sure I had killed him.

(SLIDE of Heinele’s photo)

[FREUD projects, *VOICE OF GOD* (Exodus 20:5):

*. . . I the Lord Thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the  
fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of  
them that hate me.]*

DR. LUZZATTI

‘The sins of the papa’ . . .

FREUD

Heinele was of superior intelligence and indescribable spiritual grace, and  
repeatedly said that he would die soon!—How did he know such a thing?!

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

(Breaks down)

DR. MAIER

At bottom, then, his homicidal rage towards Jones

(Raising Freud's cane over his head)

was due to the Professor's sense of guilt over the death of his most beloved grandchild.

DR. ROSENTHAL

Imagine the inner torment—

FREUD

Nothing mattered. I withdrew, quit attending meetings. Three days earlier, on June 16, the *Shabbat* reading portion in synagogues the world over was Numbers 16, covering the rebellion by Korah and his cohorts against the authority of Moses—

[*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 16:33), which shows Moses, rays emanating from the top of his head, calling down Yahweh's wrath on these Hebrews who rebelled against his, Moses', authority.*

[FREUD covers his eyes to protect himself from the radiance of Botticelli's *Moses*, which is superimposed on FREUD.]

DR. MAIER (Quotes Numbers 16: 32)

And the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their houses, and all the men that *appertained* to Korah and all *their* goods.

FREUD (Turns to the FOUR.)

Heinele's mother, Sophie, my beautiful Sunday child, had died of influenza three years earlier.

(Photo of Freud with Sophie.)

DR. LUZZATTI

The visitations, they seemingly had begun. And with a vengeance! And yet, and yet, Professor, you continue defying Jehovah—

FREUD

I must, I must, save *der Kinder!*

DR. MAIER

And all the while conning us into believing that psychoanalysis is an objective discipline, a science—



“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD

For misleading you and betraying your trust, my children, I am truly sorry. But secrecy was essential—My time with you is about up. Your questions. Be quick!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, for 16 years you suffered the mouth and jaw cancer stoically, refusing pain medication in order to be clear-headed; you had had thirty-three torturous operations. And yet, you ask Dr. Schur to put you out of your misery—

DR. ROSENTHAL

It was his life. He was in constant pain. To avoid needless agony, why shouldn't the Professor have . . . ?

FREUD

Please, my dear Min, er, Mimi, I don't need any help . . . It's a good question. I was wasting away, shrinking. At the most, I had a few days left . . .

(Disoriented, he's back there:)

My dear Dr. Schur, now it's nothing but torture and makes no sense anymore . . .

(extending arm for the 'injection,' taking it stoically.)

I thank you . . . Tell Anna about this.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

It's a flashback—the Professor is on his deathbed at 20 Maresfield Gardens in London.

DR. LUZZATTI

Choosing to end his life with poison . . . like Hannibal.

FREUD

Minna, Minna.

(DR. ROSENTHAL approaches FREUD; takes his hand.)

Heinrich Schliemann's autobiography, *Ilios*. The third shelf in the corner.

(DR. CUNNINGHAM hands it to DR. ROSENTHAL, who begins handing it to FREUD—)

You have it, good. Where it is cracked. He will speak for me, Schliemann, this big dreamer and discoverer of Troy, Aeneas' Troy. Minna, you will know the place.

DR. ROSENTHAL (Reads:)

I was now sure that Minna still loved me, and this stimulated my ambition. Nay, from that moment I felt within me a boundless energy, and was sure—

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

(Colorized photo of FREUD and MINNA.)

FREUD (By heart)

—and was sure that with unremitting zeal I could raise myself in  
the world and show that I was worthy of her . . .

To arouse his courage, Schliemann had his Minna and I, . . . my Minna.

(Patting her hand.)

(Tears trickle down DR. ROSENTHAL'S face.)

Without you—hold me, hold me. I am so cold. (She comforts him.)

(Drifting off, FREUD paraphrases Goethe's *Mignon*:)

*“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen bluhent?”* “Know'st thou the  
land where lemon-trees bloom, where golden oranges glow and from  
the blue sky a soft wind blows? Do you know it, perhaps?” It is there  
to Italia, to the delicious land of Italy, that I brought my beloved . . .  
my beloved Minna.

(DR. CUNNINGHAM is now comforting DR. ROSENTHAL,  
as DRS. MAIER and LUZZATTI look after FREUD, who  
'coming back,' spots DR. LUZZATTI.)

Oh, Pietro. And your question, my Roman rock?—your question! Be quick!

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, in the dream book you relate that you were born on the birthday  
of a Jewish general of Napoleon exactly one hundred years later. The date  
that Dr. Schur administered the fatal morphia, was it—?

FREUD

As it turns out, Pietro, I was mistaken: Marshall Massena wasn't Jewish. But  
I get your point. You are asking if my deathday fell on a special date.  
Dr. Schur did his good deed—his *mitzvah*—on Thursday, September 21, the  
anniversary of Virgil's death. (ALL register surprise.)

Not only did the great poet breathe life into Aeneas. He, also, as you know,  
breathed life into this would-be Aeneas or savior of his homeless, wandering  
nation. Virgil's deathday is then a fitting day for me to die, wouldn't you  
say, Pietro, my rock?—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

But, Professor, you passed away two days later, on Saturday, the 23rd.

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD

Did I, Cunningham? The Lord’s ways, they are mysterious. . . . In His merciful wisdom, He saw to it that I died on a Saturday—and the Sabbath, indeed, any Jewish holy day is a good day to give up the ghost. Is that not so, Schlomo?

DR. MAIER

Yes, Professor, it means you led a righteous life.

FREUD (The Jupiter ring is flashing)

Well, my children, I’m afraid it’s time . . . . Minn, er, Mimi, will you give this hated old Jew a kiss?

DR. ROSENTHAL

Thought you’d never ask.

(Before THEY know it, their tender kiss is passionate; embarrassed and pleased, THEY disengage.)

FREUD

My one regret . . . This is not Rome. (Kisses Mimi’s hand.) On May 25th, 1913, the Sunday I handed out intaglios to the Committee to be mounted into a gold ring like this—

(Showing her his ring)

it seems so long ago—that day fell on *Lag b’Omer*; which is considered to be a lucky day, for this minor harvest festival of the Counting of the Sheaves or bundles of grain celebrates, as you may know, the end of a plague that was killing our people—

DR. LUZZATTI

Which is apt, Professor. For you aspired to eradicate a plague, the miserable anti-Semitism—

FREUD (Searching his pockets, oblivious.)

Where is it? I know it came with me.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Working behind the scenes in London, Budapest, Berlin and Vienna, under the Professor’s leadership, secretly policed, directed, and protected the psychoanalytic movement.—Sol, did you know that the Professor dispensed the engraved stones to the six members of the Committee on this Jewish feast day? —

*(Mental Projection of the famous 1922 photo of The Committee: Freud is superimposed on FREUD; four of the original five Committee members are superimposed on the OTHERS.)*

## THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. MAIER

This is the first I've heard of it. Rabbi Akiba's disciples had been dropping like flies when, suddenly, the dying stopped on *Lag b'Omer* or the thirty-third day of the counting of the sheaves—

DR. LUZZATTI

Rabbi Akiba, he supported Bar Kochba in his three-year revolt against the Romans.

DR. MAIER

Right, it was the last Jewish war of independence. Ah ha! Despite himself, the Professor did leave a trail—a date trail. Listen! Not only did Reb Akiba proclaim that Bar Kochba was the Messiah. (Bending back his pinky). He gave that Jewish freedom fighter his name, Bar Kochba, which means “Son of a Star.”—It's an allusion to the Messiah to come as predicted in the Book of Numbers: “There shall come a Star out of Jakob” . . . (Propelling his open left hand upwards.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Jakob, like Jakob Freud!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

No doubt about it, the Professor was a concealer, a careful concealer—

DR. MAIER

Either that or we chose to blind ourselves. Those of us who are Jews most of all. How long have I been researching, and lecturing on, the Jewish roots of psychoanalysis? In his memoir, Dr. Schur mentions the Professor's exquisite sensitivity to dates, like his getting engaged to Martha on the 17th of the month because in Hebrew the letters of the word “good” add up to 17—and yet I ignore this significant detail, the date of his dispensing of the intaglios, which for the Professor, it's now only too clear, was on a par with Jesus breaking bread with his disciples that fateful Passover.

FREUD

(Finding the engraved ringstone in his inside jacket pocket, he addresses Dr. Rosenthal.)

Here, please take this stone. (Trying to hand her the intaglio.)

It was meant for another. She, I believe, would understand . . . Do not deny me this special pleasure.

DR. ROSENTHAL (Takes intaglio to bosom.)

I feel my brothers' jealousy. It's lovely. Thank you, Professor.

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD

No, my child, it is for me to thank you. . . . Now, there is one last confession. Pietro . . . come close. It has to do with Rome, Christian Rome.

DR. LUZZATTI

I know, Professor.

FREUD

You do? Well, my Roman son, tell me!

DR. LUZZATTI

You not only *feared* that in the seat of Catholicism you would be unable to resist acknowledging Christ, but also *wished* that, overwhelmed, you would be unable to resist—

DR. MAIER

Professor, you didn't?!

FREUD

Why so perplexed, Schlomo? This seemingly simple act promised your papa redemption—His anguish over Julius's death would be behind him forever. Moreover, if Resi was right, he'd be reunited with Julius—

DR. MAIER

I can't believe I'm hearing this! Professor, say something!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Don't you see, Sol? (Extending arms laterally.) In Rome, the Professor would be coming home, home to his nanny, home to Jesus Christ whose blood cleanseth us from *all* sin—

DR. LUZZATTI

This evening we've just focused on the Jewish side of the religious coin—

DR. MAIER

Rome, the Professor's road to Damascus? Pietro, You can't be serious—

DR. ROSENTHAL (To DR. MAIER)

Sol, as we well know, behind a phobia, there is not only a fear but also a wish.

FREUD

Five days before Christmas, 1883, I visited Dresden, where for the first time I viewed Titian's *The Tribute Money* and was immediately captivated by the head of Christ. Far from beautiful, this noble human countenance is

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

full of seriousness, intensity, profound thought, and deep inner passion. . .  
Lost in wonder, I found myself saying, "This is Christ." . . .—

(Titian's head of Christ is now projected on FREUD'S head.)

Where that sensation came from, I didn't then know. I would love to have  
gone away with it, but there were too many people about . . . . So I left the  
Zwinger Museum with a heavy heart.

DR. MAIER

I'm feeling weak.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Life Saver, Schlomo?

(Offers a Life Saver to DR. MAIER, who rejects it.)

Anyone?

FREUD

(Takes one; swallowing it a la Communion Wafer)

Lemon?

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Butterscotch, Professor.

FREUD

Hm! Cunningham, this is all right!

(Getting a decanter, HE begins pouring red wine into five  
glasses.)

The most unnecessary expenditure I know of is for all the coal that's needed  
for hell-fire. It would be so much better to follow the usual procedure, have  
the sinner condemned to so many hundred thousand years of roasting, then  
lead him to the next chamber and just have him sit there. The waiting would  
soon become a worse punishment than being actually burned. . . . Minna,  
er, Mimi?

(FREUD hands her a poured glass.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Thank you, Professor.

FREUD

Cunningham? (Hands him a glass)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Thank you, Professor. (Hands him glass)

DR. LUZZATTI

*Grazi*, Professor. (Hands him glass)

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD

Schlomo? (Hands him glass)

DR. MAIER

Thank you, Professor. (Looks at his wine glass.)

“Roman red wine”! The blood of Christ!

(Horried, HE drops the glass.)

Over my dead body, I’ll swallow that!—

FREUD

(Pours another glass; before DR. MAIER knows it, it’s in his hand. FREUD then offers a toast.)

My children, *L’Chaim!* To Life!

DRS. LUZZATTI, CUNNINGHAM & ROSENTHAL

To life! (They drink up.)

(Without having toasted, the full glass in his hand, DR. MAIER rushes to open a window for air.)

FREUD (His ring flashes)

My time is galloping—Cunningham, (Extends hand)

for making this extraordinary evening possible, I thank you. And, oh, yes, my Anna sends you her warmest regards. . . Thank God I remembered. My Anna-Antigone never would have forgiven me . . .

(FREUD’s ring flashes; now urgently.)

Pietro, when you and your young wife, Francesca, with her blooming good looks next visit the Eternal City, do stay at the Hotel Eden at Via Ludovisi. It more than lives up to its name. And, one more thing, my Roman rock, you will remember to say “Hello” to *Moses* for me.

DR. LUZZATTI

With pleasure, Professor. And in the tongue of Virgil.

FREUD

My dear, dear Schlomo, rest assured

(Placing his hand on DR. MAIER’s shoulder.)

your papa, he did not bend the knee in Rome.

DR. MAIER

I knew that, Professor. Deep down, I really did.

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

FREUD (Takes coin from breast pocket)

This ancient coin bearing a Hebrew inscription was minted in 133, one year after Bar Kochba's short-lived revolt against the Romans—

(Hands the coin to DR. MAIER.)

DR. MAIER (Taking the coin, HE translates:)

“The Redemption of Israel.”

FREUD

Schlomo, this silver denarius from the land of our fathers is yours.

(Pressing coin into DR. MAIER's hand).

A token of your papa's love.

DR. MAIER (Trying to contain self.)

Thank you, papa, er, Professor!—

FREUD

(HE places hands on Dr. MAIER'S head; the Jupiter head ring flashes; DR. MAIER bursts into tears; FREUD gently tilts DR. MAIER's head; looks him in the eye.)

*Verstanden?*

DR. MAIER

But, Professor, you're a poor judge of men—

FREUD

*Verstanden?! Verstanden?!*

DR. MAIER (Still collecting himself.)—

I understand.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Mimi, Pietro, what's going on? I'm lost.

DR. LUZZATTI

Do you not see, Donald? It is a Bible re-enactment: “And Joshua . . . was full of the spirit of wisdom; for Moses had laid his hands upon him . . .” Which is to say, ‘If I am Moses who is about to leave this world, then you, Schlomo, are Joshua’—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Who'd carry on the struggle, and lead humanity to the Professor's Promised Land? Good God!

DR. LUZZATTI

Exactly!—The staff, it is being passed.



“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

FREUD

(To DR. MAIER. now somewhat composed.)

Good. . . . *Der Kinder*, remember, *der Kinder*!

(Jupiter ring flashing urgently, He now turns to OTHERS.)

My children, you will keep this night to your selves and share it with neither friends nor strangers—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

You have my word, Professor—

DR. LUZZATTI

Mine, also, Professor.

DR. MAIER

Mine you already have, Professor. (‘Lost’ in the coin.)

(DR. ROSENTHAL ‘seals’ lips with her Jupiter stone.)

FREUD

Good. Remember, dear ones, the struggle is yet not over; it is still miserable outside— (Looks out window). The voice of reason is a soft one, but it does not rest until it gains a hearing—

(Now, lost in thought)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

May I, Sol? (Gesturing for the denarius, HE does a ‘double take’)

The Professor could have sat for this head of Bar Kochba.

(Hands coin to Dr. Luzzatti, who, too, does a ‘double take.’)

DR. LUZZATTI

The likeness, it is striking.

DR. ROSENTHAL (To Freud in low voice)

It is for this that you have returned, isn’t it, Professor? For a trustworthy Joshua, unlike Jung—

FREUD

That scoundrel!

(Becoming enraged and about to fall away, HE collects self . . .)

To remain steadfast, Minna, er, Mimi, he will need you—

DR. ROSENTHAL

You have to ask?

FREUD (Holding her hand.)

Spoken as a true daughter.—

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. LUZZATTI

(Reaches for *The Aeneid*; approaches FREUD.)

*Scuzi*, Professor, at crucial moments my papa, he would consult Virgil—

FREUD

The practice of Virgilian lots?

DR. LUZZATTI

Professor, from all sides we are assailed, not only by believers and religious institutions, but also by critics—many distinguished scientists—who attack us, asserting that we have yet to show the validity of our concepts or even the efficacy of our treatment—Please, this is a time critical for psychoanalysis—

FREUD

(Wipes hands on handkerchief before taking *The Aeneid*, HE feels the title; oblivious to time.)

My father who was a very happy man with a peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and fantastic lightheartedness often chided me for spending money on books. You see, for this bookworm, the smell . . . the taste of books . . . reading was sensual.

(HIS ring flashes urgently; DR. LUZZATTI gets a gold pen from pocket.)

The boatman is getting impatient. Apparently, he has never heard of Jewish time—

(Eyes closed, FREUD extends hand for DR. L's pen.)

Let it fall where it will!

(Arriving at a lot, he opens his eyes, reads it with pleasure, savoring the words; as he recites, he seems to be praying, *davening*, as do Jews in the synagogue, moving upper body back and forth):

*revocate animos, maestumque timorem mittite—*

Now call back your courage, and have done with fear and sorrow.

Someday, perhaps, remembering even this time of struggle will be a pleasure.

(Lost in the 'realization' of his Promised Land, FREUD holds the book to his breast.)

Oh, fair moment, linger awhile!

(The room darkens; then there is brilliant lightning with a bluish haze; and a thunderclap; then silence.)

(When we can see clearly, FREUD is gone.)

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Professor, wait!—

DR. LUZZATTI

(Examines *The Aeneid's* binding.)

No crack in the spine . . . uncanny.

DR. MAIER

“Oh, fair moment, linger . . . ” The Professor had to have been seeing our, er, his Promised Land—

DE. ROSENTHAL

Psychical reality was in play. In the Professor’s mind, his dream of establishing a brotherly world had been realized.

DR. LUZZATTI

Mimi, the Professor’s viewing his ‘Promised Land from afar’ need not have been a delusion but an instance of peering into the future—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Precognition? Isn’t that a stretch?!

DR. LUZZATTI

And this night, Donald, has it not been a stretch—a stretch beyond what is commonly thought possible.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Now, we’ll never know if the Professor believed it was all worth it—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Including his sacrificing—as had Aeneas—personal happiness with the woman he loved—

DR. MAIER

Why, suddenly, does this ‘Joshua’ feel he’s being had? You set this all up, didn’t you, Don?! A *goyische* smoke and mirrors con—

DR. LUZZATTI

Solomon, your Jewish victim complex, you’ve not worked it through. What purpose would there—?

DR. MAIER (To Dr. LUZZATTI)

Pietro, you’re in on this, too! Jew-hatred oozes through the pores of your smooth papal skin. This ‘Joshua’ can smell it.— (Sniffs his own wrist.)

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DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol, you're on edge. We are all are. This is pure paranoia.

DR. LUZZATTI

Solomon, that you sniff yourself is apt, for the Jew-hatred you detect—it is yours—

DR. MAIER (Shoving Dr. LUZZATTI aside)

Bloody Papist! Out of my way!

DR. LUZZATTI

Do you not see, Solomon? Anti-Semitism has so poisoned your soul that you have become—like not a few of our patients—a specimen of Jewish self-hatred—

DR. MAIER

For this enlightening session, this rare denarius should be sufficient payment.  
(Prying open Dr. LUZZATTI's hand, HE places the coin in it.)—

(Now, turning abruptly to DR. CUNNINGHAM)

Don, the letter. I want to see it! I know the Professor's handwriting—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Not in the state you're in!

DR. MAIER

Then his alleged ashes will do!— (Rushes for the urn—)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol, get hold of yourself!—

DR. CUNNINGHAM

No, you don't!

(Places hand over Dr. Maier's hand, now on the urn lid.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Donald, your finger!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Good God, the Jupiter ring!—

(Astonished, DR. CUNNINGHAM loosens grip on Dr. Maier's hand.)

But it was on the Professor's finger—

“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

DR. LUZZATTI

One is on my hand..

DR. MAIER

On mine, also . . . (Starts removing his hand from urn lid)  
How did he do that?!

DR. ROSENTHAL

Like manna from heaven.

DR. LUZZATTI

You think that this is his resting place, Paradise?

DR. MAIER

What kind of a question is that?!

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol, how can you deny, after this evening, that there's 'something more'?

DR. LUZZATTI

Faust made a compact with Lucifer and yet his soul, it was raised to Paradise:  
Whoever aspiring struggles on,  
For him, there is salvation.

DR. MAIER

Salvation! My God, Pietro, that's poetry! And Christian to boot!

DR. ROSENTHAL

Pietro, you're not saying that the Professor made a pact with the Devil?

DR. LUZZATTI

Mimi, what had this Cain to lose? His inner torment?

DR. MAIER

Pietro, you're spouting drivel—

DR. LUZZATTI

(Gets *The Interpretation of Dreams*.)

The Professor, was he not fond of saying that nothing is alien to him?—The Dream Book motto, it even hints at his considering such a compact, “If I cannot bend the heavens, I'll move hell!”

DR. ROSENTHAL

But, Pietro, exchange his soul for what?

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DR. LUZZATTI

For (bending back one finger) that infinite something which attracts followers, charisma; (bending a second finger) for time to prepare the ground and (bending third finger), most importantly, for the means to purchase his personal redemption, which had come to him in the form of his 'Golden Bough', his dazzling notion regarding the beginnings of the idea of God the Papa, universal acceptance of which would eradicate the miserable anti-Semitism, would it not?

DR. MAIER

Pietro, stay with Judaism, not Catholicism. Because our life belongs to the Almighty, it's forbidden to shorten one's life by even a split second, let alone be cremated or reduced to ashes like Aeneas (Pointing to the urn). And the Professor defied Jehovah. No matter the reason for the defiance or how seemingly noble the cause, he defied Him. He'd have to be punished. That much I know—

DR. LUZZATTI

But from a Jewish perspective solely—

(Now, there's brilliant lightning and an ear-shattering peal of thunder. A book, *The Comprehensive Hebrew Calendar*, crashes to the floor.)

DR. CUNNINGHAM

What on God's earth was that?

DR. LUZZATTI

The urn!

DR. MAIER

It's not the urn.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Pietro, you scared the hell out of me. (lifting the urn.)

DR. LUZZATTI

I'm sorry, Donal-

DR. ROSENTHAL

Look!! It was a book.

(Pointing to the book on the floor.)

DR. LUZZATTI

Mimi, that cannot be it, a mere book falling open on a rug. No, something shattered—

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DR. ROSENTHAL (Bending over the open book.)  
It’s the Jewish calendar. . . But it was on the bottom shelf—

DR. MAIER (Reaches down)

Good Lord! (Clutches his heart.)

DR. ROSENTHAL  
Sol, what is it? Sol, what’s the matter?!  
(DRS. CUNNINGHAM & LUZZATTI rush to DRS.  
ROSENTHAL & MAIER.)

DR. MAIER  
(Oblivious, his left forefinger now ‘glued’ to a page, HE  
prays, moving upper body back and forth.)

Blessed art Thou, Lord our God, King of the Universe who has  
kept us in life and sustained us—

DR. ROSENTHAL  
Sol! Sol! I can’t reach him.

DR. MAIER  
And enabled us to reach this season.—

DR. CUNNINGHAM  
“Season”? What’s he—?

DR. LUZZATTI (Looking at the page.)  
Mary, Holy Mother of God (In Italian). . . The Professor, he died on the  
Tenth Day of the Hebrew month of *Tishri*, *Yom Kippur* —

DR. CUNNINGHAM  
What?! The anniversary of Moses’ descent from Mt. Sinai with the Tablets .  
. . when he gave the Israelites the Law? No!

DR. LUZZATTI  
From to Virgil’s deathday to the Day of Atonement, it is a time span  
which bridges the two worlds of the Professor—worlds which formed, which  
shaped, him—

THE UNKNOWN FREUD: FIVE PLAYS . . .

DR. MAIER

Our God and God of our fathers, pardon our iniquities on this Day of Atonement; blot out our transgressions and our sins, and make them pass away before thine eyes—*Shema yisrael, adonai elohainu adonai ehad*—

DR. ROSENTHAL

(Tries getting DR. MAIER's attention.)

Sol! For God's sake!—

DR. MAIER

Hear O Israel, the Lord is Our God. The Lord is One. You shall Love the Lord your God will all your heart.—

DR. ROSENTHAL

Sol! Sol! Get hold of yourself! This isn't *shul* at Yom Kippur—You're at the Freud Museum in Vienna—

DR. MAIER

What happened?

DR. CUNNINGHAM

(Raising the page)

You lost it when you saw that the Professor gave up the ghost on Yom Kippur.

DR. MAIER

Now, I remember. The Yeshiva *boocher* in me took over.

DR. LUZZATTI

And, in me, the altar boy.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

A religious remnant remains. . . If I can speak for myself, an unruly remnant.

DR. MAIER

I feel like a heel. Don, Pietro, can you forgive your Jewish brother? I thought, I really thought, I had worked it through.

DR. CUNNINGHAM

Sol, at the end of his life, in exile in London, didn't the Professor conclude that analysis is endless, interminable?

DR. LUZZATTI

And, Schlomo, for a Jew to be wary, is that so terrible? After all, outside remains miserable. . . I believe this is yours.

(Returning the Denarius to DR. MAIER, he hugs him, as



“The Struggle is Not Yet Over”

does DR. CUNNINGHAM; DR. MAIER tears up.)

DR. ROSENTHAL

Can girls play?

(ALL embrace—a mirroring of the séance circle—with DR. ROSENTHAL beside DR. MAIER.)

(A SHOFAR blast startles ALL FOUR.)

DR. MAIER

The Shofar? (high-pitched). Am I losing it again?—

(In the background, a VIOLINIST plays *Kol Nidre*.)

FREUD’S VOICE

Courage Schlomo, one day you will remember this time of struggle as the best . . . *Shalom*.

(After looking up in terror and awe, DRS. CUNNINGHAM, LUZZATTI and MAIER each examine his Jupiter ring, while the pleasantly surprised, DR. ROSENTHAL places her Jupiter stone, now miraculously attached to a gold necklace, over her heart. The four Jupiter stones glow, followed by FREUD’S ringstone, now atop the urn.)

(Another SHOFAR blast! We now see a brilliant sky, signaling the dawning of a glorious new day.)

(In single file, the FOUR exit, stage front, DRS. CUNNINGHAM and LUZZATTI; ROSENTHAL gazes at the Jupiter stone cupped by her hands, lets it fall over heart, and walks straight ahead. DR. MAIER—now armed with FREUD’S gold-handled cane in the manner of a staff—moves with new resolve or purpose.)

END of PLAY

Earlier versions of the play were given staged readings at The Actor’s Edge Workshop in Elizabethtown, KY (July 2004) and at the Floyd County Playhouse in New Albany, Indiana (August 1989).