

ACT I, SCENE 2

A few minutes later. FREUD is lying on the sofa. An earth-colored pillow is under his head and his face is buried in one of the throw pillows. He is more on his side than on his back. An earth-colored quilted cover is partially over him.

MISS PORTERO watches the dead-like Freud with concern and yet she's afraid to wake him.

FREUD, coming to, looks around and sees Miss Portero. From the supine position with a wonderful calmness, he says:

FREUD

How sweet it must be to die.

MISS PORTERO

So, you come to die!

(Without warning, SHE removes the cover!)

FREUD

(HE sits up quickly. Not knowing how to take her words and action-- for only he can joke about his own death!
FREUD opts to cloak his anger.)

If I must rest in a grave, let it be an Etruscan one.

(MISS PORTERO tosses both the pillow and the cover into the armoire.)

(Noticing he doesn't have his shoes on, FREUD starts to put them on. But he takes his socks off first and then begins to put a shoe on when he catches self.)
(HE pours himself a glass of water.)

My feet are burning.

I've had these attacks before . . . I suppose the heart rebelled . . .

(HE looks around for Miss Portero, who has exited.)

Miss Portero? Where the devil is she?--

(HE now hears VOICES coming from behind the Sphinx curtain.)

(FREUD warily approaches the 'stage' curtain.)

(The 'stage' curtain lifts and FREUD comes face to face with the PROSECUTOR, who, dressed and groomed like Freud, can pass for him. FREUD is horrified!)

My double . . . I'm about to die!

(Clutching his heart.)

Collect yourself! It's just a superstition! (To self!)

PROSECUTOR

(In one hand the PROSECUTOR holds a yellowing legal folder with a blue ribbon around it. With the other hand he gestures with FREUD'S gold-handled walking stick for Freud to address the others on the 'stage', a JURY OF JEWS.

The JURORS are seated on stone benches, but scattered about. The same actor can play more than one Jew. More than bewildered, FREUD is terrified. The JEWS are of all stripes: some in religious garb; workers; craftsmen; professionals; socialists: a cross-section. They are seated. A catacomb effect is aimed for. There is a large gold Menorah with blue flames.)

PROSECUTOR

Well, we haven't all day! Tell the boys the best of what you know!

FREUD

No, you tell me! And I'll take my cane! (Grabbing his walking stick.)

Now, what's all this about?!

PROSECUTOR

(HE waves the legal folder at FREUD.)

Make your suit!

(HE gestures for FREUD to sit in a leather armchair in the center.)

FREUD

Where's the witch?!

PROSECUTOR

Take the chair!

(Michelangelo's MOSES now appears. HE's seated on his Throne, with the Tablets.)

FREUD

Moses!

(Seeing MOSES/MOSES startles FREUD; he wipes his forehead with his handkerchief. As he does so, his cane's gold handle falls to the ground. Freud, in vain, tries to re-attach the handle.)

The handle's got to go on! . . . Damn!

PROSECUTOR

Make your accusation!

(HE points to MOSES/MOSES.)

(FREUD doesn't want anything to do with this initially. But when he looks at the Jews and notes their seriousness and concern, he takes the stand, discarding his stick and handle.)

THE JEWS

An accusation? Against Moses! What?! Yes, Reb. He blames Moses. For our misery. No?! Who is he? A doctor. An alienist. From Vienna. An unbeliever. He says. And he was named after. His zayde. Reb Schlomo. A chasid. From Galicia-- Of blessed. Memory.

FREUD (To self.)

Uncanny. How can they know about me, about my grandfather?

PROSECUTOR (To Freud)

Make your plea to your brethren. Or haven't you the courage, the moral courage? . . . It is still miserable outside.

(Handing Freud his Dream Book.)

FREUD

(Pointing his Dream Book at MOSES,he speaks with a mixture of love hate for Moses.)

We owe Moses so much. This great man raised our self-esteem by assuring us that we are God's chosen people. This has made us confident, optimistic, even proud. Yes, it is to that great man that we owe our tenacity of life, but it is to him also that we owe, ultimately, the hostility we have experienced and continue to experience, the miserable anti-Semitism.

(All the time MOSES/MOSES glowers at FREUD.)

OLD JEW

Blasphemy!

YOUNG RELIGIOUS JEW

I say stone him.

OTHER JEW

Judas!

OTHER JEW

You'll wish you never set foot in Rome.

OTHER JEW

Herr professor, on the couch did you analyze away your conscience?

RABBI

Moses is not to blame for our misery. The seedbed of anti-Semitism is the Church. On Good Friday, for an example, the little ones are instructed that we, "perfidii Judaei, " perfidious Jews, had killed Jesus.

FREUD (With respect.)

Rebbe, the loving Christians hate us because we gave them Jesus.

ONE JEW

That doesn't make sense!

FREUD

The Christian hates being a Christian--

ANOTHER JEW

Of course! He'd rather be a Jew! (Laughter.)

ANOTHER JEW

You have lost me. What happened to the anti-Semite, Moses?

FREUD

One fact and one fact alone is behind the undying enmity of the Christians. It's that Paul, Peter and the apostles, all Jews, handed them their cross, Christianity. And behind---

ANOTHER JEW

What nonsense now?

FREUD (Faces MOSES/MOSES) .

And behind Paul and the others is the figure of Moses, himself--

ANOTHER JEW

Herr professor, yet have I to hear a Christian say that Christianity is his Cross. It's their Salvation---

FREUD

That's my point! Not having the courage--the moral courage--to face that he hates his repressive religion, the good Christian displaces his hatred for Christianity onto us, his jailers And with a vengeance!

ANOTHER JEW

So that is why they detest us so!

FREUD

How else account for the recent bloody pogroms in Romania and Russia? Or the long life of the centuries-old blood libel --

ANOTHER JEW

Leopold Hilsner---

FREUD

Sentenced to death three years ago for allegedly killing a 19 year-old Christian girl to bake the Passover matzos with her blood. That young Jewish shoemaker could be any one of our sons---

ITALIAN ARMY COLONEL

That's Czechoslovakia. It can never happen here!

FREUD (Approaching the COLONEL.)

Hate, my dear Colonel, has a keen eye. Just one national crisis and, like that, you'll see the true worth of your proud, glittering medals--

(FREUD polishes the Colonel's medals
with his elbow. Before the COLONEL
can react, FREUD salutes smartly.)

Former Austrian Senior Army Surgeon Freud requesting permission to brief you on the
infallible deliberation of the French General Staff in 1894—

JEWS

Dreyfus. Captain Dreyfus. The miserable Dreyfus Affair.

FREUD AS A FRENCH GENERAL

Gentlemen, one of our officers is selling our military secrets
to the Germans. It can not be, heaven forbid,

(Makes the sign of the Cross with a cigar.)

one of us, a Christian. It's got to be Captain Dreyfus, the one Israelite
on our staff.

(HE 'wipes' his hands)

FREUD

And, like that, the good Christians ship Dreyfus off for life to Devil's Island—

A JEW

With the shouts of "Death to the Jews!" ringing in his ears.

ANOTHER JEW

Here, it's an open secret that from his office the Vatican Secretary of State Cardinal Rampolla
directs the anti-Semitic campaign of the Royalists in France.--

FREUD

That's Christian of him!

ANOTHER JEW

He has even counseled a diplomat that it's the duty of every good Catholic to support the French
Premier in his anti-Semitism campaign.—

FREUD

Colonel, are you lending your Roman brothers your ears? . . . That good cleric just happens to
be the strongest supporter of the ever popular mayor of Vienna, "I say who is a Jew!," Karl
Lueger,

(Posturing like Lueger, hitting his own
chest with right fore-finger.)

Three years ago, Easter, not far from here, in one of the caves of St. Cangian near Trieste, I
spotted Herr Doktor Lueger.

(Freud's area darkens.)

It was Dante's Tartarus itself.

(Using a large stone as a prop.)

Then and there, in the pitch dark, I should have lifted that good doctor, and, just before pitching
him over the iron rail, whispered, "I am a Jew."

(We hear echoes of "I am a Jew " as
Lueger falls to his death, including
the splash as Lueger hits the water.

Alas! He's still the Fuhrer of Vienna . . . To think I let pass that golden opportunity.

ANOTHER JEW

When the white smoke next rises from the Sistine Chapel chimney it will probably signal that the Cardinals have chosen Rampolla Pope.

FREUD

And that good news doesn't trouble you? The noose around our necks is tightening.

ANOTHER JEW

And you are certain that so long as there is Christianity, there will be anti-Semitism?

and the Torah Scroll to the two
(A projection: 'Freud' bound by the phylacteries
Cross: Christianity is the Jew's Cross. The
rollers of the Scroll are positioned to ake the
Cross to which 'Freud' is bound. The
phylacteries are wrapped around the twisted
Scroll enveloping 'Freud' who is in full
religious garb, including full-length prayer shawl.)

FREUD

The Torah, the root cause of our misery, must go!

PROSECUTOR (Bending back his fingers,
one at a time:)

No Torah; no Judaism; no Christianity; no miserable anti-Semitism. . . Elegant.

ANOTHER JEW

The destruction of our Tree of Life! The misery I'd rather suffer, thank you!

ANOTHER JEW

Some deliverer!

ANOTHER JEW

But why does it fall to him to deliver us?—

RABBI

I, too, see increasing darkness for our nation. Not a day passes without dreadful visions intruding, even during sleep--visions I dare not relate. But only Jehovah can redeem us--not him!--

(pointing at Freud)

not Herzl!

ANOTHER JEW

Oh! But to be a wall on the Berggasse Street
When the two Messiahs first they meet.

(Wearing Freud's straw hat and swinging his walking stick, the PROSECUTOR encounters another bearded Jew, handsome, aristocratic, wearing a black suit and a top hat, THEODOR HERZL. Both bow.)

FREUD

Herzl! (High-pitched, as though seeing a ghost.)

"HERZL"

If not now, when?

"FREUD"

If not us, who?

(They tip hats; each goes his 'way'.)

FREUD (Collecting self; to the Jews:)

And just what, my scornful brothers, had Jehovah done for us lately?

ANOTHER JEW

A plague on both your houses!

FREUD

My hat please -- (Removing his straw hat from the PROSECUTOR's head)
He's done nothing because He exists only in our, er, in your minds.

ANOTHER JEW (Points to the heavens.)

May Yahweh strike down your first-born son!

(With considerable effort, the PROSECUTOR and OTHERS keep FREUD from charging the above Jew.)

PROSECUTOR

Collect yourself! (to Freud) . . . Brothers, please (To the Jews, who quiet down.)
Continue with your plea.

FREUD

Look! Our ignorant desert fathers were all alone in a world of natural forces, terrible forces beyond their control and understanding. Out of their childlike helplessness, they longed for, and got, a powerful father, God the Father, a comforting illusion.

ONE JEW

The philosophe not only psychoanalyzes man but God, too! . . . Tell me, does He make a deep impression . . . on your couch, I mean?

ANOTHER JEW

Without the Law, without the fear of the Almighty, man is an animal.

FREUD (Gesturing with Dream Book.)

The time for religious superstition is over. . . New generations who've been brought up in kindness and taught to value reason won't need the fear of God to make as socially just and decent society.
(Bats fly by, startling Freud.)

ANOTHER JEW

He is blind. Pity him.

STONE-THROWER

Pity him?!

(Spits in Freud's direction.)

I say stone him!

FREUD

Because they'll listen to the voice of the intellect, they'll choose to set the same aims as those whose realization you expect from God--

ANOTHER JEW

Dreamer, face reality. There will never be such a splendid race of men—

FREUD

Self-knowledge will give them a handle on their own emotions and behavior. They won't throw
(HE moves his left fist down his chest;
then he 'throws' with left hand.)
their own asocial qualities or tendencies onto others--

ANOTHER JEW

Such as the greedy Jew pervert.

FREUD

They'll identify with others. And with mutual identification comes the possibility of, of--why should I be ashamed to say it?-- comes the possibility of love-- —

ANOTHER JEW

At long last, the Golden Age of brotherly love.

ANOTHER JEW

How shall I love thee? Let me count the ways-- (He plays a Jew's harp.)

FREUD

Leaving heaven to the sparrows, their liberated energies concentrated into this life on earth,
(With his right hand picks up some earth.)
they'll succeed in achieving a state of things in which life will become tolerable for everyone and civilization no longer oppressive to anyone.

(If possible, the mockery below can be acted out; there can even be the sound of a violin.)

ONE JEW

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb.

ANOTHER JEW

And the leopard shall lie down with the kid.

ANOTHER JEW

And a little child shall lead them..

(A spot-light brightens the face of A
JEW who is lying on his back, curled up.
He makes out he is being blinded by the light.
With his hand, he struggles against the
light as if it were a caul.
Hovering over this Divine Babe are THREE
JEWS.)

JEW 1

He's born in a caul (Miming looking for a suitable place!

JEW 2

Ah! A Great Man has been brought into the world!

JEW 3

Already a Moravian peasant woman has told his pretty young mother it's a sign her Golden Sigi is destined to become a great man..

JEW 1

The biblical prophecy has come to pass. Behold the "Star out of Jakob."

JEW 2

How shall we honor this little pisher?

FREUD

(With each sarcasm, HIS right hand tightens more and more; earth correspondingly slips away from the hand. . . HE throws the remains on the ground.)

Moses and the Law must go!

A JEW

He going to attack Moses! Stop him! --

FREUD

(The PROSECUTOR steps in his path, as do, also, the STONE-THROWER and a BUTCHER.)

Out of my way!

PROSECUTOR (Pointing above Freud's head.)

Ah, wicked bookworm, it has managed to find you.

(A large black book, the Philippon Bible, floats down.)

(As FREUD reaches for it, the PROSECUTOR motions for The STONE-THROWER and BUTCHER to leave.)

FREUD

(He quickly turns to the inside cover and sees his father's inscription below.)

Where did you get this?! (High-pitched and white-faced.)

PROSECUTOR

"There are more things in heaven and earth--"

FREUD

(A projection of Jakob Freud giving Freud the Philippon Bible on his 35th birthday and inscribing it.)

Ten years ago, on my thirty-fifth birthday, my father presented me this, our family bible.

PROSECUTOR

And the birthday boy, was he able to read his papa's Hebrew inscription?

(FREUD: Mental projection: Sigmund Freud as a Bar Mitzvah boy.)

(FREUD closes the Bible; glares at the PROSECUTOR.)

It's still miserable outside. And much worse is to come.

FREUD

Tell me something new. (He re-opens the Bible, reads:)

When you were seven years old, the Spirit of God--

PROSECUTOR

From the beginning.

FREUD

My dear son, Schlomo –

(To the PROSECUTOR.)

Now, only my dear old Hebrew teacher, Professor Hammerschlag, calls me Schlomo . . . I named my daughter, Anna, after one of his girls... I'm always his son—

PROSECUTOR

Pity he's not here. Continue: "When you were seven . . ."

FREUD

When you were seven the spirit of God began to stir and said, study my Book . . .

[A mental projection: Jakob Freud is seated with young Sigismund standing beside him. This had been in Scene I. But now we see that the book in Jakob's lap is the Philippon Bible. Perhaps we see its frontispiece woodcut of Moses with the Tables of the Law. This can be a series of slide in quick succession, leading to close-up of the Bible.]

from which lawgivers have drawn the waters of their knowledge-- (Holds back tears.)

You get the gist.

PROSECUTOR

Continue would-be lawgiver!

FREUD ('Far away'.)

For many years, the Book, like broken tablets,

(His voice starts to crack: He's out to break the Tablets, destroy the Law!)

has been lying in my closet. Now, on your forty, er, thirty- fifth birthday I have brought this same Bible out from retirement, and, in a new leather cover,

A phylactery!... (Finding a phylactery in his hand, HE jumps.
It seems to have come out of nowhere.)
(He wipes his face with his sleeve.)

PROSECUTOR (Taking phylactery from Freud.)
Ties that bind. Continue.

FREUD
and, in a new leather cover, send it to you as a token of
love. From your father who loves you forever,
Jakob, son of Schlo....son of Rabbi Schlomo Freud. In the
Capital of Vienna, . . . the 29th of Nissan in the year 5651.

ONE JEW
Look! He is moved.

ANOTHER JEW
He's breaking down--

ANOTHER JEW
It's his bad conscience--

ANOTHER JEW
He can still back out--

(With the Bible FREUD heads towards MOSES/MOSES.)

ONE JEW
He is going to tear up the Torah, the five books of Moses--

ANOTHER JEW
Stop him!

PROSECUTOR
No! Brothers, please. (Trying to restrain the enraged brethren
who are blocking the determined Freud.)

Our father Moses doesn't need our help.
(An ARK behind MOSES opens, revealing
a dust-covered Torah scroll.)
(The PROSECUTOR addresses Freud:)

Legend has it that it dates back to the time of he who is called the Second Moses, Ezra the
Scribe--

(The PROSECUTOR gently dusts off the Scroll.)
But once the dust clears we see it is as dazzling as ever.

(FREUD for a moment is blinded by
the brilliance of the Torah's gold
breast-plate, which is engraved with
the two Tablets of the Law.)
(The Ark resembles Miss Portero's
armoire.)

An exchange is in order, wouldn't you say?

(THE PROSECUTOR hands FREUD the
Scroll while taking Freud's Bible.)

FREUD

Out of my way!

PROSECUTOR

Wait! Won't you consider wearing a tallith and yamulke, perhaps even binding the tefillin on your arm and forehead?--

FREUD

(Shouldering aside the PROSECUTOR,
FREUD approaches MOSES/MOSES.)

[MOSES/MOSES begins to rise, his terrible,
supernatural radiance emanating from his face:
brilliant orange-red light with splashes of violet,
purple and scarlet. (Cf. EXODUS 34: 29-35.)]

Moses' radiance!

(FREUD covers his eyes with the Scroll.)

ONE JEW

Look! The wretch is cringing! Some hero!

ANOTHER JEW

And shielded by the Torah Scroll yet!

ANOTHER JEW

Some hero.

ANOTHER JEW

So much for this unbeliever's glorious self-knowledge.

(MOSES/MOSES laughs: it's LUCINA's
mocking laughter.)

FREUD

(FREUD peers out, only to see
the mocking LUCINA remove the
MOSES mask from her face.)

Lucina! . . . That miserable hag. Wait'll I get my hands on her!

(As though about to strangle someone.)

(Swinging around, FREUD addresses his
Brethren.)

By what right?! . . .

A JEW

"By what right?!"... Now, that, brothers, that is what I call chutzpah !

ANOTHER JEW

Another moment and we'd find you prostrate reciting the Shema ... "Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One."
(Making out he is davening.)

FREUD

Never!

(The CHURCH BELLS peal twelve times.)
(The first bell startled FREUD. Anxiously,
he listens.)

PROSECUTOR

Ah! The hour when ghosts are abroad.

(The 'stage' is now dark. We hear Kaddish)

FREUD

Kaddish ? The prayer for the dead?

(We see MISS PORTERO as AMALIE FREUD
grieving over BABY JULIUS in her arms.
She is wearing a dark hooded cloak.)

Julius! Julius! Julius! (High-pitched.)

(There is a SHOFAR BLAST.)
(FREUD jumps, still holding the Scroll.
Before HE can reach them, JULIUS and
AMALIE disappear; Kaddish is over.)

Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!

(Pounding his head on the Torah.)

A JEW

He's defiling the Torah! --

FREUD

Julius, if I could just change places with you. (Sinking to the ground with the Torah,
which will support him.)

A JEW

Such suffering.--

ANOTHER JEW

What should we do?--

ANOTHER JEW

And that impious Cain, he doesn't deserve it?--

PROSECUTOR

Silence!

FREUD

Julius. . . Julius. . . Julius. . . If there is a God in heaven would He have let you
die. . . cause me to suffer so?

(Startled by these, his words, FREUD sits
straight up. For this 'return of the re-
pressed' holds a terrible truth, below:)

THE JEWS

Look! He can't. Believe. He said. This . . . He. Now. Knows. That. The germ. Of his. Atheism.
Sprang from. The. Death. Of his. Brother. Julius...That. It came. Not from. His Head. But. From.
His. Heart. A. Heavy. Heart. (Now ALL in unison:)

No. Longer. Blind. Better. Our. Brother. From. Vienna. Who. Has. Lost. His. Way. Should.
Give. Up. The. Ghost . . . Moses. We. Mean! And not. Sacrifice. Martin. His first-born. Son....
There. Are. More. Things. In. Heaven. And. Earth. Than. Are. Dreamed. Of. In. His.
Philosophy.

END of ACT I, SCENE 2

