

FREUD IN ROME: It Takes A Little Courage

A PLAY in TWO ACTS

WITH EPILOGUE

BY

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FREUD IN ROME: It Takes a Little Courage

A Two-Act Play

Robert L. Lippman, Ph. D.

. . . there is plenty of evidence that the fulfillment of this great wish [to visit Rome] was opposed by some mysterious taboo which made [Freud] doubt that if the wish could ever be realized.

--Ernest Jones, Sigmund Freud's official biographer.

We can now understand why heroes visit the underworld, the dwelling place of the dead. They do so in order that they may return from the dead as gods. Lord Raglan, The Hero.

CHARACTERS

Sigmund Freud	Age 45, impeccably groomed, he is wearing a 3- piece suit, a blue gardenia in his lapel.
Miss Portero	Attractive, about Freud's age, with long dark hair parted in the middle. Her blouse and full-length skirt would have been in fashion in classical antiquity.
Lucina	Miss Portero's African maid in her twenties of uncommon beauty. Regal bearing, she's wearing a turban, a bright loose-fitting outfit, and one huge gold earring.
Prosecutor	Groomed and dressed like Freud, he can pass for him
Vittorio	Miss Portero's pajama-clad five year-old son.
Freud's Brethren	Five actors play ten Jews of all stripes.
Freud's "Julius" or "Julian" Line	Males and Females: all ages, races (The Actors who play Freud's brethren also play members of this line.

SETTING AND TIME

SETTING

All scenes, including Epilogue, take place in Miss Portero's Rome hotel apartment overlooking St. Peter's Square.

TIME

The evening of September 4, 1901.

ACT I, SCENE I

The living room of Miss Portero's Rome hotel apartment overlooking St. Peter's Square. The room doubles as an artist's studio. It is a large, dark, book-lined room with several lighted candles. On the left side are artifacts and paintings of ancient Rome, including deities (e.g, Janus; Pan; Jupiter) pottery (urns; flower-pots; an ink-well), and also a painting of Garibaldi. On the right side are works of art with Christian, especially Catholic subject matter, including a picture of Virgin nursing Child. A large, crude crucifix is over a fire place On the right-rear are double glass doors leading to a terrace. Center-stage there is an oblong table between a sofa and a comfortable armchair, both in earth tones.

Behind the couch and chair and to the left, is a curtained area, a 'stage'. The curtain is made of violet, purple, and scarlet yarn. On its center is a gold Sphinx, the mythological monster with a woman's head, the body of a lion, and wings. Directly over the Sphinx, in Greek, is the legend, "Know Thyself." On each side of the Sphinx is a gold sheaf of five ears of wheat. The curtain is bounded by a gold cord.

The set is multi-leveled for enacted projections from Freud's mind, including flashbacks.

AT RISE:

It is about 9:30 P.M., September 4, 1901.

It is storming. There is a powerful peal of thunder and brilliant lightning.

ACT I, SCENE 1

FREUD and MISS PORTERO are re-entering the room from the terrace which has hanging plants. MISS PORTERO has several clipped roses in her hand as well as a pruner. Her face is partly in the shadows, designed to give an eerie effect. FREUD is closing the doors against strong resistance. Shutting the door with a forceful hip movement MISS PORTERO goes to the buffet, smelling the roses.

It is miserable outside.

MISS PORTERO

(She pours water into a vase on the buffet with care; arranges the flowers.)

FREUD

(Spotting the Sphinx on the 'stage' curtain, he takes a doily from the chair and goes to Sphinx. He carefully puts the doily over his own hair to make it a kind of Sphinx hair. Suddenly, he mimes the Sphinx: his hands and arms braced against an imaginary object, his back arched, with fearsome visage.)

Like an oriental despot.

(MISS PORTERO look up; smiles, almost breaks out in laughter, in spite of self.)

(Straightening up, FREUD spots the Greek Legend.)

"Know Thyself!"

(Backing away, wipes brow with his handkerchief, and returns the doily.)

MISS PORTERO

(Setting the vase in front of and then to the side of the marble figurine of Venus.)

And the Mother of Cities, does she meet your expectations?

FREUD

Ah! An incomparable city. . . Today, my brother and I took in the National Museum. It's a jewel. --

MISS PORTERO

I understand your brother Julius is always with you.

FREUD

What?! I have no brother Julius.

MISS PORTERO

(Getting the wine carafe.)

Some wine?

FREUD

No, thank you . . .

(And to self:)

Roman red wine, that's all I need.

(Climbing the library ladder, HE studies the titles.)

MISS PORTERO (Pouring self a drink.)

In the National there is an immediacy. Even the Lares, the household gods of long ago, they spring to life--

(FREUD, slipping off a rung, almost falls off ladder.)

(Hearing Freud slip, MISS PORTERO turns--)

LUCINA (Offstage)

Ha!

(Then LUCINA laughs heartily, mockingly, as though Freud is the butt of a joke.)

(FREUD is unnerved.)

MISS PORTERO

I should have cautioned you.

FREUD

After we left the museum, I had an unsettling experience of another kind. Alex and I took a carriage tour and got off at the Capitoline Hill overlooking the Forum. I am standing on the hill, taking everything in . . .

(HE looks down, across the room: Astonishment!):

Just as we learnt it at school, the Roman Forum is real!

(Climbs down.)

MISS PORTERO

But surely you must have known that the Forum is not a mere myth. How then can you account for this momentary disbelief in its physical reality--?

FREUD

Standing on the hill signified I had risen higher in the world than my father. You see, Miss Portero, I was guilty of the crime of excelling the father.

(Studying the marble Venus.)

That's why—

MISS PORTERO

The Mother of Rome won't bite. -- (Taking a cigarette from a silver case.)

FREUD (Handles Venus delicately.)
(To self:)

And Rome seemed out of reach. All it took was a little courage.

MISS PORTERO

Filial piety, guilt, then, spoiled your pleasure--?

(Lighting her cigarette with a candle.)

FREUD

Right! My momentary astonishment or disbelief in the reality of the Forum was my way of punishing myself for having risen higher in the world than my father --

(Returning Venus to her spot.)

MISS PORTERO

Your father Moses?

FREUD (He almost drops Venus.)

Moses? My father's name was Jakob.

(Relieved that he didn't drop Venus, he returns her to her spot; his eyes lingering.)

MISS PORTERO (Swats a mosquito)

One less bearer of malaria. . . (Crushes the mosquito with her fingers.)

Not that it is cause to rejoice. The miserable pests are as thick as the locusts of the Bible story.

(FREUD takes a cigar from his vest.)

MISS PORTERO

(Deciding a brass ashtray isn't good enough, SHE hands him a crystal one instead.)

Tell me, what do you hope to find in the Eternal City?

(Cutting an orange in half, SHE places one half on a plate so that it 'mocks' the Dome of St. Peter's, which can be seen from the apt.; then she quarters it with two strokes. With her nails she peels the 'quartered' Dome.)
(FREUD, oblivious, is studying the crystal's fire.)

(MISS PORTERO has realigned the 4 quarters in the shape of St. Peter's Dome; tapping him, offers FREUD who gives a start, a quarter from the plate. he takes it.)

FREUD

(Somewhat taken aback by the uncanny symbolism, HE says to self:)

Quartering St. Peter's should be that easy.

(With silver cigar clipper , HE cuts cigar. As he is about to light the cigar, spotting a large painting of Garibaldi on his horse, HE goes to it abruptly.)

On his deathbed my father looked like Garibaldi.

Lighting his cigar, HE has a flashback:
Sigmund, 7, is being rebuked by his father, Jakob, 47, in the parents' bedroom. His mother, Amalie, 27, is in her nightgown. There is a fire in the fireplace. HERE, WE JUST HAVE THE VOICES OF BOTH FREUD and MISS PORTERO AS IF IN AN ECHO CHAMBER:

--Amalie, that boy will come to nothing

--Jakob, he's but a child!)

MISS PORTERO

(Tapping Freud with an orange branch.)

(FREUD jumps; his *FLASHBACK* fades.)

For urinating on his bed you expected your papa to hand you a medal?

FREUD

I was only seven --

(White-faced, as if he had seen a ghost, he abruptly turns to her.)

How?!-- (High-pitched!)

(From a shelf MISS PORTERO gets The Interpretation of Dreams; hands it to him.)

My Egyptian dream book. (Relieved.) Some ticket to immortality!

(Taking out a train ticket, HE knocks on wood 3 times . . . HE looks at the ticket.)

The first time I saw my mother naked was on a train. . .

(Putting the train ticket in the Dream book in the manner of a bookmark.)

In two years only about two hundred have been sold. (Takes puff.)

(SHE nods. As HE goes around the ladder to get the book, SHE smiles. HE puts his cigar down and wipes his hands on a handkerchief before taking The Aeneid. HE feels the title, sits in the armchair and puts his face in the book.)

MISS PORTERO

It was my father's.

FREUD

My father chided me for spending money on books. You see, for this bookworm, the smell...the taste of books...reading, is sensual.

(Perhaps since it is acted out, FREUD needn't say the above.)

As a schoolboy I read The Aeneid for pleasure and in Latin. (From memory)_

“Arma virumque cano...”

“Of arms and the man I sing...” Colored plates!

(LUCINA enters.)

(SHE's carrying a tray holding a pot, two cups, a creamer, cheese and crackers. Placing the tray on the oblong table SHE pours coffee.)

MISS PORTERO (To Freud.)

Cream?

FREUD

(Oblivious of both Lucina and Miss Portero, HE reads:)

"In the perilous underworld the golden bough renders the hero invulnerable."—

(LUCINA pours Miss Portero a cup of coffee, with cream and sugar. She then approaches Freud.)

(FREUD, upon seeing Lucina, jumps; and indicates that it's fine: no sugar, no cream.)

(LUCINA exits.)

(FREUD's eyes follow Lucina out. He is about to drink when--)

(LUCINA, off-stage, laughs heartily, a mocking quality.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

(FREUD, startled by LUCINA'S laughter, spills some coffee; then examines book.)

The coffee didn't get on The Aeneid. I'd never forgive myself.

(MISS PORTERO dips a linen napkin in water and starts to wipe him.)

(Her attention makes FREUD uncomfortable; taking the napkin from her, HE wipes himself. Seeing the blood-red wine stains on the napkin, HE quickly discards it.)

Thanks . . . (To self:) Since making this pilgrimage, my foot, my hand, even my mind, they've all slipped. Can my heart take it, my mad task?

(Returning to The Aeneid and Miss Portero)

Virgil and the Greeks were my teachers. . . I named my brother Alex after Alexander the Great.

(A projection: little Sigmund beaming as his parents, Jakob and Amalie, make over him for having chosen the baby's name.)

MISS PORTERO

You named your brother? How old were you?

FREUD

Ten. . . My parents liked my suggestion--

MISS PORTERO

Ten? Even then a Mesmerist. (BOTH smile.) Thank goodness you didn't name him after your one-eyed hero of your school days, the relentless Semite who almost vanquished Rome--.

(SHE pats Dream book.)

(BOTH laugh.)

FREUD

I don't think I could have pulled it off . . . Imagine! Hannibal, get off your elephant and pass the salt..

(Accidentally knocking over a salt shaker, he tosses salt over his left shoulder.)

We're like a book, the brothers, the covers; the five sisters, the pages.

(HE smiles; turning the pages.)

(A Mental projection: We hear them sing at the Passover Seder. FREUD joins in:)

"Da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-ye-nu, da ye-nu!"--

(Catching self.)

You say you're troubled by a series of dreams?

MISS PORTERO

(Seats self on couch, smooths out her garment behind her; extends her left hand.)

I believe they are on common ground.

FREUD

Would you like to work on one?

MISS PORTERO

Not now, later perhaps. . . Your right hand.

(Across the oblong table, FREUD reluctantly gives her his hand, conveying an impression that he doesn't like being touched, very reserved, uncomfortable in this area.)

(FREUD watches her examine his hand, palm up. Both of her hands handle his hand, very sensual.)

Keep it still! Don't help me!

(SHE examines his hand intently; still sensual. Freud, looking at his hand and catching himself getting pleasure, tightens hand, withdrawing it some. She pulls it back, straightening his fingers.)

Your birth?

FREUD

1856. . . May 6th. The great French-Jewish General, Marshall Massena, was born that day, exactly one hundred years earlier. In my toy soldier days Napoleon's "favored child of victory" and I crossed the Alps together many times.

(Flashback: Freud, about, 8, on the floor placing names on the backs of toy soldiers.)

(Not getting a response from her, FREUD, annoyed, blurts out:)

Am I boring you?

(Still no response from Miss Portero, who appears engrossed. He moves his hand to get her attention. She pulls it back.)

I was born in caul, a membrane on my head . . .

(A Projection from Freud's mind showing his mother in the scene he relates below, Infant Sigi is in a wicker cradle. Initially, for a moment, the **slide** does not find the right place and Freud's mother is projected on Freud himself.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

A Moravian peasant woman told my mother, who was only twenty, that she had brought a great man into the world . . . Even today this shabby old Jew is her *goldener Sigi*.

MISS PORTERO

Hm, the 6th of May, the day of your birth, is, of course, the anniversary of the Sack of Rome, long ago, in 1527. The Holy Father scurrying to the Castel Sant Angelo. . . can you imagine? (Miming the scurrying with her fingers.)

FREUD (To Self, as he looks at his hand.)

When I show my hand, the Holy Father won't have a hut to escape to.

(MISS PORTERO gives him back his hand.)

Well . . . shall I have a long life?

(In a mocking tone, in a manner of an unbeliever. But he is deeply curious.)

MISS PORTERO

Your father had the gift of prophecy.

(Rubbing her palms together, SHE shows him the blackish epidemis scales.)

In the end we all come to nothing. . . . What do Moravian peasant women know?

FREUD

(At first he doesn't know how to take this, He thought she had been reading his future. He softens as he notices a playful mischievous smile, although one mixed with sadness.)

I'd better go. Tomorrow is a big day.--

MISS PORTERO (Lifting The Aeneid)

When it came to essential matters my father would consult the oracle . . .

(Raising her gown, SHE scratches her left leg.)

FREUD (Averting his eyes.)

The practice of Virgilian lots?

(Intrigued, but feigning disdain.)

MISS PORTERO

With eyes closed, Father would select a passage.

(Demonstrating with her left forefinger.)

And it had to be with his special pointer.

(With her left hand, she feels in the drawer of the oblong table. Then she looks in the drawer, bending down: nothing. She looks around the room. She throws her arms out in frustration.)

Uncanny how it returns, the exasperation as father and I searched --

FREUD

(Walking to the antiques side of the to an unfinished painting. By the palette he spots a thin bright pointed metal rod about a foot long with gold leaves. The painting has a burning house in the background; in the foreground is a man in ancient attire carrying an elderly man on his back and holding a boy by the hand. They are fleeing. The grandfather is holding the household gods. (Lifting the bough, FREUD speaks to it:.)

Right next to Aeneas escaping his homeland, Greek-besieged Troy, with his father, Anchises, and his son, Julius Ascanius.

(MISS PORTERO looks up; surprised.)

You believed golden Sigi wouldn't find and pluck you? Some careful concealer!

MISS PORTERO

The scientist and intuition.--

FREUD

I'm a conquistador!

(Testing the bough as one might a sword. Suddenly, he slashes the air in the direction of St. Peter's.)

MISS PORTERO

You come to plague-ridden Rome!

(Lifting the Dream book she squashes a mosquito; scrapes it off the book. Trying for another she misses.)
(The first slam startled FREUD. Inspired, with the bough he slashes the air, barely missing her nose. This frightens MISS PORTERO: 'has he lost control?')

HE shows her an imaginary mosquito he
picked off in flight.)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

(Regaining HER composure--)

Had your pleasure--?

(Reads passage from Dreambook:)

*For a long time to come, no doubt, I shall have
to continue to satisfy my longing for Rome in my dreams; for at
that season of the year when it is possible
for me to travel, residence in Rome must be avoided
for reasons of health.*

(She puts the Dream Book down.)

A fool, a knave, or just simply brave, the first-born son risking a plague.

FREUD

(Uneasy, and wanting to get off the topic,
FREUD quickly realigns large chess pieces
but accidentally drops the white queen. He
strokes the white queen; examines her in
detail. She isn't chipped; relieved, HE returns
her to the board.)

When I was fourteen I played Brutus to my nephew John's Julius Caesar. He's the son
of Emmanuel, my half-brother from my father's first marriage. We both loved and
hated one another. (Takes a puff and coughs.)

Through my self-analysis, I've come to understand that I've always needed an intimate
friend and a hated enemy.

(With a black and a white pawn he 'mocks'
wrestling and boxing; their shadows are on
the back wall.)

When we were kids, poor John played both roles. ...We were like brothers. When he
was 17 or 18 he left home and hasn't been heard from since.

(To self:)

It's as though, like Julius, John had never lived.

MISS PORTERO

(Taking the golden bough and playing the
stabbed Caesar incredulous, with sadness,
SHE faces FREUD:)

"*Et tu, mon fils ?*"

(FREUD bites his lips at "*fils* .")

(Feigning pondering, MISS PORTERO asks:)

Why does the poet have Caesar call Brutus "son"?

FREUD (Arms folded, glaring at her.)

Out with it! You're up to some--!

MISS PORTERO (As if she hadn't heard him.)

Oh well, . . . for your reward consult Virgil . . . (Offering golden bough.)

FREUD (To self.)

You're too jumpy. Collect yourself! (He replaces the chess pieces.)

MISS PORTERO

When in Rome . . .

FREUD (He takes the bough.)

Which Rome? . . . (Pointing HIS left arm at the wall opposite him, the 'classical antiquity' wall.)

The pagan (Pointing the bough in HIS right hand at the 'Christian' wall behind him.)

or the Christian?

MISS PORTERO (Lifts a porcelain Madonna.)

My taste is too Catholic. (BOTH laugh; FREUD despite himself.)

FREUD (Turns Madonna away.)

Nothing Catholic is funny....

MISS PORTERO

And these, my Catholic legs, are they funny?

FREUD

I had a Catholic nanny. God was she ugly--
(Smiles as he catches self saying "God.")

MISS PORTERO

Ugly as sin?-- (Handles beaded necklace a la Rosary.)

FREUD (Touche: He nods to her.)

Resi told me a great deal about God, heaven, and of souls burning in Hell...
(Looking at the fire-place over which is a crucifix.)

This was in the Catholic town of my birthplace, Freiberg in Moravia. Just two percent were Jews.

FREUD (CONT'D)

*[A FLASHBACK (using a series of slides)
2 year-old Sigi 'telling' his parents
about God and Heaven and Hell. Enjoy-
ing him, they act terrified when he
throws sticks into the fireplace. Jakob is
smoking a cigar.]*

After Mass at the Church of the Nativity of Our Lady I preached to my parents how the Lord Jesus conducted His affairs. . . (Crosses self with cigar.)

Miss Portero, it's all waste! All the coal needed for hell-fire

(HE throws 'sticks' at the slides which
become encircled with hot red lights, as
if burning.)

It'd be so much better to follow the usual procedure, condemn the sinner to so many hundred thousand years of roasting, then lead him to the next chamber, and just let him sit there. In no time the waiting would become a worse punishment than being actually burned—

MISS PORTERO

This wisdom, may I pass it along ? Or perhaps you prefer an audience with Pope Leo?—

FREUD

What this Godless Jew has to say to the Holy father, believe me, Miss Portero, the Holy Father wouldn't want to hear...When I was two and a half they let Resi go.
(Tinge of sadness.)

MISS PORTERO

For seducing you?--

FREUD

For seducing me?

MISS PORTERO (Looking up at the Crucifix.)

Into the faith.

FREUD

They dismissed her for stealing . . . money, even my toy soldiers.

*(A FLASHBACK: Little Sigi is handing
nanny some coins and his toys., includ-
ing toy soldiers.) ... (He 'comes back'.)*

Strange that her name, like an unlaidd ghost, should come back to me . . .
(Puts rod down.)

Frantic, I searched for Resi all over, even in the cupboards.—

MISS PORTERO
 Virgil is waiting. (SHE holds out the bough in an
 apparent no-nonsense way.)

FREUD
 I take no stock in oracles, even Virgil, much as I love him--

MISS PORTERO
 Consult the magician, and, unbeliever, Venus (pointing to the figurine)
 is yours. What have you to lose? . . . As you say, tomorrow is a big day.
 (Nonchalantly, SHE playfully holds on to it.
 When FREUD applies some 'pull', she lets it
 go. Not expecting this, Freud is propelled
 back in his chair. She smiles and, in this
 this instance, HE seems to appreciate
 her toying with him.)

So much for your intuition.

FREUD
 (An accusation!: this way HE places the
 blame on her.)
 (SHE smiles but there is concern behind
 the smile.)

So, now, we cast our lot! (Heartily.)

(Quickly but gently HE opens The Aeneid,
 randomly selecting a page and extending
 palm as a surgeon might for a scalpel.)
 (MISS PORTERO places it in his palm.)

Let it fall where it will!

(Eyes closed, FREUD selects a passage.
 Opening his eyes he reads silently, turns
 pale and becomes frozen in space, the
 pointer fixed to the passage.)

MISS PORTERO
 (Taking The Aeneid from him SHE looks
 at the lot; then at Freud.)
 Ah ! The Sybil of Cumae's advice to Aeneas who has just arrived in Italy to enter the
 underworld to visit his father's shade. (By heart:)
*If you are still bent on this mad task you must first find the Golden Bough.
 Only those favored by fate can pluck it free.*

(FREUD spots a portrait of a Sybil with a striking resemblance to Miss Portero studying a large book. Wiping and replacing his glasses,, he studies Miss Portero's face, and for a better view, he starts for the portrait--)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

(SHE taps FREUD on the shoulder with the golden bough. HE jumps.)

This was father's favorite passage. It virtually opens on its own (SHE demonstrates) See! The spine, it is cracked.

FREUD

(Looking again at Miss Portero's face and that of the Sybil, HE retrieves The Aeneid, which flies open to the page. Relieved, His confidence restored, He jokes:)

If I were superstitious, I'd see this as an omen.

(SHE smiles but there is concern behind the smile. He re-tests and, again, it opens to that page.)

So, again, we cast out lot! (Heartily)

(Again, HE turns pale and becomes frozen, with the pointer fixed; this time at a new passage. And ,again, SHE takes The Aeneid, fixing her eyes on the lot.)

(In a trance-like state, FREUD recites from memory:)

*... And there Aeneas tried three times
To throw his arms around his father's neck,
Three times the shade untouched slipped through his hands,
Weightless as wind and fugitive as dream.*

(While reciting, HE gestures with his left hand, trying to hug space: anguish at not being able to touch his father.)
(If possible a holograph could be used as FREUD tries to touch his father and nothing's there.)

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

FREUD (CONT'D)

(Coming to, HE retrieves The Aeneid from Miss Portero and checks its spine.)

No crack! (To self.)....It's uncanny. I've been to the underworld . . .

(Returning The Aeneid to Miss Portero, he goes to the painting of Garibaldi on his white horse. Garibaldi's head is radiant.)

Daily after my father's death. . .

(Long silence as though FREUD blacked out momentarily--there is pain here. With his fingers he closes his eyes as he might have his father's. Then with his left fore-and middle fingers he presses his forehead just above the eyebrows.)

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

MISS PORTERO (Looking at Garibaldi picture.)

You were burying your papa who looked like our glorious freedom-fighter--

FREUD

He was a very happy man with a peculiar mixture of deep wisdom and fantastic light-heartedness....Whenever I was too much on my high horse

(Mocking holding the reins of a horse)

he'd admonish me:

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy...

For a moment, the lot seemed his way of tweaking me. (He twists his nose.) Remember, my brilliant son!... After his death -- he died in November 1896, five years ago--I felt uprooted I studied, analyzed, myself, by my dreams...(pointing the bough at Dream book.) I became my most interesting patient---

. . . . (Glancing at the Aeneas painting.)

(There is a projection from Freud's mind: He is seated at a desk with artifacts. It is night. Freud has a cigar in his left hand and a pen in his right hand. Behind him is a bookcase from which Janus, the 2-headed god, looks down on Freud. Janus' shadow falls across Freud's face. Adjoining the bookcase is a table with more of his collection of antiquities; behind those figurines, and on the table, against the bookcase, is a large portrait of Michelangelo's Moses, but only tip of the head is visible. The rest of Moses' head is hidden by the figurines.)

(A peal of thunder and brilliant light startle FREUD.)

MISS PORTERO (She looks out the terrace.)

Michelangelo could have made this storm.

(The golden bough in his right hand, FREUD approaches, as if drawn to it, the now gleaming full-figured statue of Janus on his throne. With his left hand Freud fondles the key in Janus' left hand. A sceptre is in Janus' right hand.)

FREUD

Janus' two stone faces look down on me very haughtily.

(Looking up at Janus, Freud gives him a haughty look back.)

MISS PORTERO

(Looking at Janus' key held by Freud:)

Janus clubs those who trespass, but then Janus is also the god of new beginnings . . .

(FREUD eyes St. Peter's Dome while tightening HIS hand around the key.)

(SHE caresses Janus' sceptre sensually.)

FREUD

He forgets my golden bough-- (A private joke, or so he thinks--)
 (With the golden bough he starts to parry
 Janus' sceptre. Suddenly JANUS's left head
 glows, radiance as though straight from
 EXODUS 34: 29-35. Looking up at the
 terrible glowering face, FREUD,
 experiencing awe and terror, tries to cover
 his eyes. The bough falls from his hand. He
 faints, falling away on his back.)

MISS PORTERO

(Rushing to him, she cradles him.)

My little Sigismund you've come home--

FREUD

(Coming half-to, he catches himself as he
 about to suckle her breast--)

Resi?

MISS PORTERO

Yes, my darling, Resi. Our warm baths together, do you remember? Such pleasure
 we--

FREUD (Crying, as though a little boy.)

I just wanted Julius to go away--

MISS PORTERO

Hush, my son, Julius is with Jesus in Paradise

(Humming a lullaby, SHE comforts Freud, as he drifts off.)

(Outside there is a loud peal of thunder and
 brilliant light. For a brief moment St. Peter's
 Dome is visible through the terrace doors

END OF ACT I, SCENE 1

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 bother 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.)

My feet are burning.

(HE pours himself a glass of water.)

I've had these attack 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. Dressed and groomed like Freud, The PROSECUTOR can pass for him. FREUD is horrified!)

FREUD

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

Make your suit!

(HE waves the legal folder at FREUD.)
(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 and
his rod.)

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'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 he 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 Shlomo. 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 and 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 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, 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 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) .

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

ANOTHER JEW

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

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 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 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-Semitic 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?

(A projection: 'Freud' bound by the phylacteries and the Torah Scroll to the Cross: Christianity is the Jew's Cross. The two rollers of the Scroll are positioned to make 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?

PROSECUTOR (As FREUD)

If not us, who?

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

FREUD (Collecting self; to the Jews:)

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

ANOTHER JEW

A plague on both your houses!

FREUD

My hat please--

(Removing his 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. And leaving—

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!

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 slipping away. . . 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 Sigmund Freud the Philippon Bible on Freud's 35th birthday and inscribing it.)

Ten years ago, on my thirty-fifth birthday, my father gave me this German- Hebrew Bible that I had as a boy. . .

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.

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 Sigmund is standing beside him. This had been in Scene I. But now we see that the book in Jakob's lap is Philippon Bible.

*Perhaps we see its frontispiece woodcut of Moses with the Tables of the Law. This can be a series of **slides** in quick succession, leading to closeup 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,

(Finding a phylactery in his hand, HE jumps.

It seems to have come out of nowhere.)

A phylactery!...

(He wipes his face with his sleeve.)

PROSECUTOR (Takiing 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.)

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 brethen 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 begins to rise, the terrible 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!

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 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!! I get my hands on her!

(As though about to strangle someone.)

(Swinging around he addresses the JEWS.)

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 *davenning*.)

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, the 'prayer for the dead.')

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 repressed' 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 (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

ACT I, SCENE 3

Apparently several minutes later. We
hear FREUD twisting and moaning.

When the lights return we see FREUD
lying covered on the couch as in
Scene 2.

MISS PORTERO is seated on the armchair
observing, smoking. A half-full wine
glass is on the oblong table; also a game of
solitaire, as well as Freud's dream
book, the Interpretation of Dreams.

FREUD

Julius wake up. It's your play. (Flips wrist as if tossing a playing card.)
He'll visit Naples, too? You know what they say, "See Naples and die!" One day,
Julius, I've got to meet your famous brother, Arthur . . . You're not preparing for
surgery now. Make your play. It's only a game .

MISS PORTERO

(SHE approaches Freud.)

Sigi, who is this Julius with the playing cards? (In a whisper.)
This is Resi.

FREUD

He is baby Julius come back to me.

MISS PORTERO

Baby Julius? Tell me more—

FREUD

Julius ...Julius ... (HE's 'coming to') . . . Miss Portero? . .
(Seeing Janus HE gives a start.)

What time is it?

MISS PORTERO

Just past eleven.

FREUD

What?! Why didn't you wake me?! (Putting on his shoes.)

MISS PORTERO

(Placing smelling salts under his nose.)

This strong perfume didn't rouse you. Were we to bludgeon you?—

FREUD
 We? Who's we?

MISS PORTERO
 Why Lucina and I, of course. (Placing the cover in the armoire.)

FREUD
 I'm sopping wet.

MISS PORTERO
 (From a silver case, she removes a cigarette; lights it by lifting a candle to her face.)

You cried out, "Julius."

FREUD
 (He turns white as though he had seen a ghost; he's obviously agitated.)
 (Strangled, high-pitched voice.)

I did ?!
 Anything else?

MISS PORTERO
 No, Julius was all.

FREUD
 (He's distressed, but his analytical side comes to the fore.)

I must have been dreaming of Julius Caesar.

MISS PORTERO
 Julius Caesar? But the cry, it arose from the ground of your very being.--

FREUD
 Look, This is Rome, isn't it? Who else could it have been but Caesar?

MISS PORTERO
 Yes, indeed, who else indeed? There are those who claim to have seen on the Ides of March at the Forum, where the Senate stood, the broken ghost of Caesar, his blood oozing onto his linen toga--

FREUD
 Spirits, I'm afraid, suspend their activities when I am around.

MISS PORTERO
 Perhaps you've not visited the right spot at the right moment.
 (Swallowing a cracker like a Communion Wafer, followed by a gulp of wine.)

FREUD

Well, when that occurs Miss Portero you'll be the first to know.

MISS PORTERO

And not you, impious son?

FREUD

Leave my father out of this!--

MISS PORTERO

Your papa, he will not so easily give up the ghost. . . . Despite your wishful dreams.
(Lifting Freud's Dream Book.)

FREUD (Grabbing the Dream Book.)

These are the dreams that trouble you? . . . my dreams of my father?
. . . I didn't come to Rome to be played with. My things! (Looking for his things!)

MISS PORTERO (Handling the Golden Bough.)

The troubling dreams, they are not the ones of your papa Jakob. They are the ones of your papa who is as cold as stone, Michelangelo's terrible stone.

FREUD (To self:)

"As cold as . . . Michelangelo's terrible stone?" The witch knows; she broke my dreams of Rome. . . Collect yourself! I carefully concealed the statue.

MISS PORTERO

Would-be patricide, Moses won't be killed off so easily. He is not a wax manikin. He won't melt before your eyes. He is hard as stone.

(With the Golden Bough raised over her head and murder in her ice-cold eyes, she rushes at FREUD, who, terrified, raises Dream book to shield self. Suddenly, wraithlike, SHE returns to the table the Golden Bough, which HE quickly grabs, dropping the Dream book.)

FREUD

My hat and stick!

(Rushing to pull-rope, he pulls so hard it comes loose; he flings rope across room.)

Lucina can bring my things to my room. (He looks at his key.)
Room 51. . . Ha! 51.

(He superstitiously believes he'll die at age 51; this comes out in Act II.)

MISS PORTERO (Lifts his Dream Book)

Including your Egyptian dream book?

("Egyptian" gets FREUD'S attention, almost a startle response; biting his lips he moves towards the door.)

LUCINA Enters:

(Silently, she hands FREUD his straw hat and gold-handled cane. LUCINA leaves but not before giving him a hard look. Out of sight she laughs, which startles Freud.)

(Facing an object which is cloaked by a scarlet-red canvas, MISS PORTERO says:

At the Capitoline, filial piety poisoned your pleasure. But the papa in question is not your papa Jakob. Here, wicked son, is the papa in question:

(MISS PORTERO quickly unveils a bust of Michelangelo's MOSES holding the two Tablets of the Law.)

(There is brilliant lightning and thunder. Seeing MOSES with his lit up face, terrifies FREUD. With his Dreambook, he covers his face. Recovering, he is angry enraged at her but also disgusted with himself for not having been able to contain himself. He's about to leave.)

As I am ambitious I slay him!

(With the golden bough SHE stabs MOSES in his right eye, where it remains. Facing MOSES, she lifts her wine glass and toasts)

Moses is dead, long live the new Moses, the little pisher, Sigmund Freu—

FREUD

No! You must not utter my last name!

FREUD (CONT'D)

(Lunging at her, HE covers her mouth with his right hand; his left hand is on the back of her struggling head. She didn't anticipate this. His superstitious side is excited. Terror is Freud's basic emotion, but there is rage as well, for she is putting him and his mission at risk. There is also a trace of lust: Freud, touching her, experiences sensual pleasure. Catching himself Freud backs away. He realizes he could have seriously harmed her.)

Over four years to prepare and I come unglued like this! (To Self) . . .
I must ask your forgiveness.

MISS PORTERO

[Wipes wine from outfit. (She, too, had experienced lust.)]

Do not muzzle me again!

FREUD

(FREUD picks up his hat and cane, which had fallen in the struggle. The cane's gold handle came off. An omen? It's by the painting of Aeneas. He looks at Aeneas. He picks up the handle, holding it, the same way Aeneas' father holds the household gods. He stares at the bright handle; then at the Sphinx curtain.)

It's coming back. In the dream the handle came off . . . (To Self:) I can't still be dreaming?!

(As if his life depends on it, he struggles to replace the handle, but can't.)

MISS PORTERO (Wiping herself.)

You, the man of science; you, whose god is Reason; you who lusts for fame, for glory; you, the great Sigmund Freud, still fear names. For names, carry souls. And my coupling

(Pressing her snake bracelet together, so that the head meets the tail. Or, she could, with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, link her hands--.)

your name and the patriarch's, well, just the thought of that horrifies you, doesn't it? For Moses, then knowing where you are, would appear—

FREUD

It's got to go on! Damn!

MISS PORTERO

(Watching Freud as he tries re-attaching
cane handle.)

An omen, Golden Sigi? (Still wiping herself.)

FREUD

Some Golden Bough!

[HE throws handle across the room. He then breaks cane over his knee. One piece is longer than the other. As if knifing someone, he forcefully 'stakes' the larger piece into a planter. Then, unconsciously, he 'attaches' the smaller piece to larger piece at a 45 degree angle: Root (Moses) and Branch (Jesus).]

Root and Branch! Ha!

(Laughing uncontrollably, as if he's just realized something: a joke--a joke that's on joke that's on him.)

Jesus.

(HE flips, with disdain, the smaller piece into the fireplace: but no added blaze.)

Moses.

(HE stands tall, looks at crucifix, and, as Zeus/Jupiter would a thunderbolt, he hurls the larger piece (Root) into the fire. There is a brilliant, crackling fireplace blaze. He's transfixed.)

It should be that easy.

(Meanwhile, to contain herself, MISS PORTERO places a red record on a hand-operated phonograph: music of that time.)

(FREUD is startled)

No! No! No! (Rushing to the phonograph, he removes the record.)
Music moves me too much. I have to know why I'm moved!

MISS PORTERO

(Picking up the cane handle, she points
it at Aeneas.)

A recurrence of the past, no?

FREUD (Face turns white.)

A recurrence of the past? (High-pitched.) . . .

MISS PORTERO

To find a home for his uprooted and wandering nation, the hero must, with his golden
bough, (Using the gold handle to 'light the way'.)
go into the underworld and, there, face his papa--

FREUD (Collecting self.)

I've had it with the father ghost business!

(HE picks up his hat; then grabs the
handle from her and heads for door.)

MISS PORTERO

Leave and --

FREUD

And what?! Tell the world I'm a Jewboy from Vienna?--

(His hand on the door knob--)

MISS PORTERO

Something far more damning . . .

(She goes to Pan and whispers to him
while playfully fondling his horns.)

See that miserable Jewboy?

By father-murder at Rome

He, brother-murder, would atone --

FREUD

What the hell are--?

(When HE looks back at her he sees his
"double," who seems to have materialized
out of thin air. Actually, it's Freud's reflection
in a mirror. Turning pale, FREUD backs
away, covering his eyes with his hat, while
clutching his heart.)

My double. . . I'm about to die! (High-pitched, to self.)

MISS PORTERO

You, the great Sigmund Freud, you, who would rid the world of religious superstition, the would-be Messiah who would usher in a Golden Age grounded in reason, you are the most superstitious of all creatures, believing that names conjure ghosts and in the old fish wives' tale that each of us has a double who appears just before we die! And who knows in what else?! Some hero! Some careful preparation you have made for your baptism in Hell, that is to say, the gloomy chamber of Moses, in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli . . . Moses and Jesus need not, it seems, lose any sleep over this the latest comer . . .

(SHE grabs the hat, which still covers his face, out of Freud's hands.)

It is safe, hero, to unveil your face. For your terrible double is but your own pitiful reflection.

FREUD

(FREUD looks at himself in the mirror.

Disgusted with himself, he bites down on his lips. There's a howling wind; the terrace doors fling open; St. Peter's Dome is visible; Gregorian chants are heard, a boys' choir; he covers his ears; the mirror shatters into many pieces before his eyes. He jumps. Collecting himself, as though drawn there, he goes to the terrace. He looks out at St. Peter's Dome.)

How proudly it rears its golden head to heaven, that lie of the salvation of mankind.

MISS PORTERO

(She's by what remains of the mirror, trying on the straw hat.)

In 15 years, Hannibal, with all his men and large tusked elephants, was not able to storm the city gates. And, yet you, you who are terrified of your own image, you can crush the new Romans, the Holy Roman Catholic Church!?

FREUD

It's a question of arms.

(He picks up an old clay pot which has touches of gold.)

MISS PORTERO

Then, hero, you have the arms?

(She tilts the hat with Freud's golden cane handle.)

I have the arms.

FREUD
(With his hands, he breaks the pot, as one might an egg. He looks at it and at the Dome. He pulls a shard from his left hand; applies his handkerchief to staunch the bleeding.)

That's good.
Well, what do you think?

MISS PORTERO
(Satisfied with the way the hat looks.)
(Referring to the way the hat looks on her.)

I think it's time to go.
It's been an experience—

FREUD
(He grabs his hat and gold handle.)

Tell me, pretender, which of us belongs in the *Manicomio*, our brilliantly lighted lunatic asylum?

MISS PORTERO
(SHE blocks the way; in her hand is an orange branch with oranges still attached.)

Move witch!

FREUD

Leave and I nip your line in the bud.

MISS PORTERO
(Her right thumb and forefinger are poised to pinch an orange from the bough.)

You threatening my kids?

FREUD
(Letting go of his hat and cane handle. HE grabs her by the shoulders.)

Your biological children, no. Your enlightened line, yes.

MISS PORTERO

Enlightened line? Just what the hell are you talking about?

FREUD

One can be a Moses without fathering a people who will be a light unto all nations? That is news to this *goyische kopf*. (Lighting a cigarette.)

MISS PORTERO

FREUD

If arias you sang at La Scala are as silly as the things you say, then there is a merciful God after all.

(He is about to bend over to pick up his cane handle and hat--.)

MISS PORTERO

My singing days, they may be over, but I can still speak. And were I to mouth my silly idea that you intend to destroy Judaism and Christianity, there would be no receptive ground to scatter your seed . . . now would there? And, poof, there goes your longed-for line, your longed-for redemptive line.

(Pulling off two small oranges SHE drops them into his hat.)

(FREUD looks at the oranges. Then he takes the cane handle and lifts it in a menacing manner, as though he is about to cudgel her with it.)

You haven't the balls.

(She rolls the oranges across the floor.)

Now, Castrato, you may kiss the nun . . .

(Handling her beaded necklace as Rosary beads which now sparkle.)

('Losing it', FREUD begins to choke MISS PORTERO, who, biting his left hand, won't let go. Finally freeing his hand, FREUD grabs a couch pillow to smother her.)

(LUCINA's laughter off-stage brings Freud 'back'.)

FREUD

(FREUD looks down in horror at his homicidal hands squeezing the pillow over the face of the now barely struggling MISS PORTERO whose beads are scattered. He lets her go.)

I could have killed her!

(There is a loud peal of thunder and brilliant light. The crude crucifix lights up. FREUD looks at it; then, at his bleeding

hand; then back at the crucifix and becomes frozen in his posture.)

(A mental projection: This time on Freud's face and open hands: Christ's face on Freud's face and the bloody stigmata on Freud's hands. Mixture of rage and terror n Freud's face.)

(For a brief moment, St. Peter's Dome is visible through the terrace doors.)

(Note: The crucifix is a crude work, and just plain wood; not painted, making the Stigmata *projection* more powerful.)

(LUCINA's laughter, again, is heard.)

END of ACT I, SCENE 3

ACT I, SCENE 4

A few minutes later.

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

FREUD

I could have killed you.

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD (Knocking over the seashell.)

Then you lied to me!

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

What I am about to say--

MISS PORTERO

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

Well? Your confession?

FREUD

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

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

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

(Replacing the figurine)

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

(Snapping fingers)

my migraines vanished, were washed away. And I've got to say it made me quite gay and confident.

(Miming 'gay' and "confident.")

I must tell you, it seemed a magical substance.

MISS PORTERO

Seemed? Then this self-cure you discontinued?

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

Dead like Julius . .

FREUD

When Hannibal was nine,

(Freud's shadow is on a screen on the back wall. It is smaller than Freud, making him the size of a child. He postures as Hannibal, below, before the family altar.)

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

(Opens his Dream book to motto:)

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

MISS PORTERO

Your battle-cry!

FREUD

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

(Claw-like, FREUD snaps book shut.)

MISS PORTERO

That it was your vow to Julius.

FREUD

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

(FREUD projects; We hear his voice, and possibly there is an image reflecting Freud, tormented, below)

Julius, to you I vow to do away with the miserable Church and institute an enlightened, world, a brotherly world, where, my dear Julius, children like you, children of our detested and homeless race, are free to develop their talents and satisfy their needs. A peaceable, secular world in which anti-Semitism is unknown.

MISS PORTERO

Can I get you anything?

FREUD (He sits down on the chair.)

I'll just have to ride it out.

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD (Writes in note pad)

Yes, Miss Portero, an apt slip. I'll make that correction in my Dream book.(and to self) Provided I'm not wheeled out of that gloomy church tomorrow.

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

But Miss Portero, Julius is not dead.

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

MISS PORTERO

To your heart, no. For it won't relinquish him--

(Arranging the cards dealt her.)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

What?! (Putting cards down!)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

You sense that this Julius Schnitzler is little Julius reincarnated? . . .

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

(Lies on couch; mimes Freud dreaming.)_

"It's your play, Julius." –

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

Hush! (Still on the couch, pondering.)

Unable to acknowledge that his brother is dead once and for all, this tormented Cain senses that the card-player Julius is little Julius . . . But, of all the Juliuses, why

(Putting one picture card on another.)

fasten little Julius on this, this Julius Schnitzler? Ah! (Tossing the cards in the air.)

Sometimes you merely have to ask the question . . . (SHE gets up.)

May I intuit? . . . Julius Schnitzler's brother is th renowned writer, Arthur Schnitzler—

FREUD

The playwright is his older brother. So?

MISS PORTERO

(Gets up and touches Janus' left head.)

So this! Your mystical head senses that that born psychologist is your double.

FREUD

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

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

(Enumerating with fingers.)

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

MISS PORTERO

And if Arthur Schnitzler is your double, then, of course, his younger brother, Julius, must be your brother Julius, reincarnated. For, as we know, names, they carry souls.

FREUD

(Spotting the Golden Bough, HE raises it.)

And I would lead humanity to the Promised Land of Reason!

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD (By heart:.)

. . . *A line that is just--*

Not by constraint or laws, but by choice.

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

Who are you?

MISS PORTERO

(Shows his Dream Book inscription.)

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

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

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

FREUD

(Bending, FREUD studies Aeneas' boy,
Julius.)

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

MISS PORTERO

(She taps him with the Golden Bough.
Startled, FREUD grabs it from her.)

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

FREUD (Turns to her.)

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

MISS PORTERO

Herzl, the father of Zionism? But of course!

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

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

FREUD (Heading for picture of Garibaldi.)

Why do you think I work out of my home?

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

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

MISS PORTERO

Jakob?

FREUD.

Jakob.

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

Even Before the miserable Dreyfus Affair made him realize assimilation was hopeless,
Herzl had come up with a way to save the children, (Picks up two White Pawns)
mass baptism of all the Jewish children.

MISS PORTERO

No?! When was this?

FREUD

1893.

MISS PORTERO

The year before Captain Dreyfus' courtmartial!

FREUD

He'd strike a bargain with Pope Leo.

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD (Gives her a 'look!')

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

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

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

(Holds a Black Bishop in left hand.)

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

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

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

FREUD (CONT'D)

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

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

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

the last Jews on earth! ...

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

MISS PORTERO

Such a feverish imagination!

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

Tell me, hero, shouldn't you have gone out of your way to meet, to make contact with both Herzl and Arthur Schnitzler? After all, made this pilgrimage to contend with ultimate double!

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(Before Freud knows it, SHE 'stamps' his forehead with a head phylactery.

Enraged, FREUD grabs her hand; the phylactery cord "veils" his face.)

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

(We hear LUCINA's laughter.)

END of ACT I, SCENE 4

ACT II, SCENE 1

A few minutes later.

MISS PORTERO is emptying the crystal ashtray.

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

FREUD'S rubbing his forehead with his right palm.

FREUD

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

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

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

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

The rent is used to provide for their children,

MISS PORTERO

You'd somehow make up for killing Julius.

FREUD ("Killing" stings him.)
(Holding back tears.)

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

MISS PORTERO

And once the memories surfaced you understood this?

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

No!... (Horrified)

FREUD

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

(He holds up the Dream book.)

What had I to lose?..

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

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

MISS PORTERO

But a compact with Lucifer!

FREUD

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

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

(MISS PORTERO starts to fall away.)

FREUD (Catches her.)

Miss Portero, are you all right?!

MISS PORTERO

I am fine ...

FREUD

You sure?

MISS PORTERO (SHE pours herself wine.)

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

Then you didn't?--

FREUD

This Godless Jew was that close, believe me --

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

And just how did this, this godsend come to you?...It's still miserable outside.

(FREUD is before the picture of Garibaldi; he momentarily blacks out; then 'comes back'.
He 'seals' his lips with his wedding ring.)

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

FREUD

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

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

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

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

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

(A big moment: there could be music.)

MISS PORTERO

(Noticing he is 'away,' she sensuously touches his thigh.)

Where were you?

FREUD

On a train long ago...

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(VITTORIO Enters)

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

Vittorio!

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

This angel?--

FREUD

That angel.

MISS PORTERO

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

(SHE squeezes Vittorio's cheeks. HE grimaces.)

Ever see such a punim?

Kiss me my little Oedipus. (In Italian.)

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

(VITTORIO indicates it's all right for FREUD to

handle the frog, whereupon FREUD and the frog begin to hop on the floor, amusing Vittorio.)

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

Embarrassed, FREUD becomes the dignified Herr Doktor.)

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

(VITTORIO and LUCINA EXIT as hopping frogs.)

FREUD

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

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

except when we're on vacation collecting mushrooms.

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD (Before the picture of Garibaldi.)

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO.

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

FREUD

Stoned?

MISS PORTERO

To stone an animal is to castrate him.

FREUD (Writes it down on pocket pad)

That gruesome expectation makes Vittorio give up his wicked ambition.

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

And God, He comes from this, this, family romance?

FREUD

Family romance?

(HE writes it down on pocket pad.)

(MISS PORTERO smiles, shakes head: This he has to write down now?)

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

(Mimes the exalted Oedipal father)

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

Right! Long ago this the overvalued exalted father of boyhood, this all-knowing, all-powerful, superhuman creature was thrown out onto the universe and became God....

.Gott in Himmel, is a wish fulfillment, pure and simple.

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

What?!

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(She re-lights her cigarette.)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(SHE offers him grapes. HE takes a small bunch.
SHE pulls off one of his grapes and eats it.)

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

FREUD

(Spits out the pits; brushes her away)

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

MISS PORTERO

A Merciful and Just Father....

FREUD

(Takes two walnuts from the horn of plenty.)

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD (Backs away.)

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

You know, you'd make a good psychologist.

MISS PORTERO

You, too.

FREUD

When it came to me I felt an extraordinary clarity. (HE removes a "veil" from eyes ; looks at 'fire' in crystal ashtray. Then eats the nut.)

MISS PORTERO ('Blows' horn of plenty.)

You wanted to trumpet this divine revelation but you hold back, say nothing about in your Egyptian dream book. For first Golden Sigi must be seen as the authority on the psychology of so-called civilized man.

FREUD

(Another projection: He is receiving the Nobel Prize)

If only. (To Self)

MISS PORTERO

Today, preach about God's humble beginnings and psychoanalysis would be dismissed as a Jewish science. (A wave of the hand.)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

You'll need Christian comrades—

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

And the world is ready for the good news that God is an impotent old man?
(Caressing Freud's leg.)

FREUD (Removing her hand.)

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

MISS PORTERO

You are not afraid of me, are you?

FREUD

Sexual excitement is of no use to me.

MISS PORTERO

Pity.

FREUD

Men who, from childhood onward,

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

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

MISS PORTERO

Pap? (Smiling) You desire me, don't you?

FREUD

You make too much of yourself.. (He gets up; goes to a large globe.)
Knowing they're on their own, these new men will use their intelligence to cultivate their
small plot on this earth so that it supports them...They'll have no alternative--
(He spins the globe.)

(Quickly, HE looks inside; HE's relieved that there's
no inscription.)

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

MISS PORTERO

Some question. Your father would have handed you Luther's Bible?...It's yours, here, to
tear leaf by leaf, law by law. (Putting the Bible down, FREUD removes

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD (Getting up.)

I've had four years to work on my fear of der Liebe Gott. I believe I have a handle on it...But the old man meant a great deal to me.

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD

What is this?!

MISS PORTERO

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

(She puts the head phylactery on him.

He removes it.)

FREUD

That's not Lucina, is it?

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(FREUD retrieves the Bible.)

Your glorious Hell's Charm is unsheathed?

FREUD

[HE heads for, and halts before, MOSES; face-to -face. Containing himself, HE opens the Bible, to tear it.

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

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

VOICE OF GOD

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

FREUD

Moses' radiance! I'm doomed!

(He cringes as if he were before a wild, raving beast. The radiance blinds Freud. Panicked, he tries to see his hand.)

I can't see!

(A SHOFAR sounds; there is thunder and lightning, and smoke. Then, total darkness.... Freud, in the dark, recites the Shema, the Jew's declaration of faith in God.)

Shema yisrael, adonai elohainu adonai eh-

FREUD (CONT'D)

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

I lost it ! (Self-disgust!)

(The rest of the 'stage' is still blacked out.)

(Sounds of long ago return, sounds of bed boards creaking.)

(And Freud now witnesses:

His grey-haired papa JAKOB in bed, gazing up at his naked and voluptuous young WIFE. THEY embrace. The bed has red satin sheets and pillows. There is a brilliant fire in fireplace. A gown identical to Miss Portero's is at the foot of the bed.

Dropping the Bible and phylactery, FREUD, enraged, grabs fireplace poker and rushes at Jakob. JAKOB gives him a hard look, one of scorn and furious wrath.

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

FREUD, catching himself, is disgusted with himself.)

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

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

Was that you?

(The 'stage' is blacked out.)

MISS PORTERO (She mimics Freud.)

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

FREUD (Turning to the 'stage')

But how can you know?

MISS PORTERO

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

(LUCINA Exits.)

You intended to kill the patriarch to displace him. (Fondling Janus' key.)
(LUCINA's mocking laugh is heard.)

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

(FREUD does not appreciate the pun.)

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

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

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

FREUD (Opens to ribbon marker; reads:)

We lead the patient's attention back from his symptom to the scene in which and through which the symptom arose. And, having thus located the traumatic scene, we remove the symptom. (HE puts journal down.)

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

And just what's my symptom? (Takes puff. Coughs.)

MISS PORTERO (Retrieves journal.)

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

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

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

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO (Looks at Garibaldi painting.)

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

(SHE grabs a handful of clay.)

FREUD

(With phylactery in his hand, heads for Crucifix)

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

(HE looks at the crucified Jesus.)

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

MISS PORTERO

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

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

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

crowned Moses with horns.—

FREUD

Your point?

MISS PORTERO

It is ironical that one and the same feature, the horns, symbolizes the terrible radiance of Moses and calls up the dreaded castration... It seems that both the translation error and Moses with his crown of horns were created just for you and your ambition.

FREUD

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

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

(He goes to 'stage' curtain Sphinx.)

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

MISS PORTERO

An uncanny feeling?

FREUD

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

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

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

(HE raises his hands to protect himself from the tilting seat.)

It looked like it was about to topple over... on me. I never sweated so much in my life.. . It seemed all I was, was terror, wild terror. (A Shudder goes thru him.)

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

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

VOICES

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

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

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

Imagine what it must be to stand before the original!

More frightening than facing the Golem.

It would be worth going to Rome just for that.

Not for this sinner! (Laughter.)]

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

FREUD

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

(He looks at his railroad ticket.)

MISS PORTERO

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

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

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

(LUCINA's laughter is heard.)

End of ACT II, SCENE 1

ACT II, SCENE 2

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

MISS PORTERO is pouring coffee.

FREUD

I've just six years to live.

MISS PORTERO

Six years?

FREUD

If I can hold out that long.

MISS PORTERO

Your heart?

(SHE hands him a cup.)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

(Puts cup down.)

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

(Picks up The Aeneid.)

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

But of the magician there is.

FREUD

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

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

(HE turns white; sits down.)

In three weeks Virgil would have been fifty-one!

MISS PORTERO

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

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

FREUD (Points to grey hairs in beard.)

You see these grey hairs?!.. (HE pulls one out.)

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

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

FREUD (Musing)

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

MISS PORTERO

(Postures, with disgust, as
Napoleon.)

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

FREUD

You know Wilhelm?!

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

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

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

I just might crack up, have a psychotic breakdown.

(Looks at his wedding band.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

(Taking aim with the telescope, he 'fires'; then he puts it down.)
Don't get me wrong! I admire that fighter for the human rights of my people. But if one person is responsible for my boarding the train to Rome, it is Emile Zola!

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

MISS PORTERO

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

FREUD

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

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

Zola kept me breathless.... Now there is a *mensch*. If Zola can take on the French army, I can face my own people.

MISS PORTERO

But first there is--

FREUD

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

MISS PORTERO

Unless your secular Promised Land is realized.

FREUD

And soon. Otherwise the children are doomed.

[By the chess board with large marble pieces.
With a White Castle, HE takes' a Black Castle.
As He does so, the shadow of Freud's Castle
is superimposed upon St. Peter's Dome.]

MISS PORTERO

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

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

Ah! Your dreaded double, the Great Man of your people in the flesh, with calling cards
in hand.

(SHE holds out a yarmulke and a tallith.)

What have you to lose? Your inner torment?

FREUD

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

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

MISS PORTERO

Now, pretender, make your plea!

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

FREUD

A brilliant flash from the ring stone
gets Freud's attention. HE is now in another
state: he was mesmerized by the
flashing light.,
There is thunder, lightning and smoke.

FREUD (CONT'D)

With fear and trembling, FREUD, with his Dream book, heads for MOSES.

A SHOFAR BLAST startles him. FREUD turns towards it and sees ZOLA and, in the background, a huge front page of ZOLA'S "I ACCUSE!"

Zola!

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

Herzl!

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

Garibaldi!

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

Aeneas!

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

Hannibal!

It's now or never! (Summoning courage)

Planting himself before MOSES, who seems about to strike. FREUD contains self, holds his ground despite his emotions.

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

FREUD (CONT'D)

(As Freud starts to remove the Prayer Shawl and Skull Cap, there is a series of SHOFAR BLASTS as on *Yom Kippur*.)

Brilliant lightning and a thunderclap occur.
Blinding light now emanates from MOSES' head.

The radiance! I'm doomed!

(Clutching his heart , FREUD shields his face with his Dream Book.)

(The floor shakes and smoke rises, as if from a fiery pit.)

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

The radiance of Botticelli's Moses is superimposed on FREUD.)

(MISS PORTERO, moved, anxious for FREUD, reaches for him from her spot. Clutching her heart, she starts to shake, and sinks to the floor, convulsing before passing out. . FREUD is oblivious of this.)

(MOSES' radiance causes Dream book to smoke...)

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

(Removing the prayer shawl and Yarmulke, FREUD strikes the Tablets with the Dream Book, turning his head away: filial sense of guilt.)

When FREUD again faces MOSES he sees that MOSES is about to fall off the 'cliff'.)

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

FREUD (CONT'D)

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

Bless me! Bless me! Bless me!

(The Tablet letters bleed, dark red.)

(HE closes MOSES' eyes.

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

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

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

The JEWS now approach Freud, some with stones.)

Go ahead! I deserve to be stoned to death!

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

FREUD (to self:)

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

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

I had to kill him! He had to die!

(To backing away brethren.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

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

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

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

And St. Peter's Dome. That golden egg-- that lie of salvation-- is cracking!..

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

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

(JULIUS Appears.)

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

Julius! You've come back to me.

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

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

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

DANCERS now appear: healthy, erotic, intellectual, well-balanced, all ages and races. They dance around May -pole with

'*Freud*' in the center on an elephant whose trunk holds a golden branch: Freud is the new totem, the new primal father. '*Freud*' has the Dream book (now in marble) and on his shoulder is an eagle.. His head is crowned string of acorns. His face glows. The dancers each hold either of the two: a sheaf of wheat (symbol of fruitfulness) or a gold-tinted oak branch .]

'JULIUS LINE' (Pointing to Dream Book.)

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

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

FREUD

(From a height, a Olympian)

I am Hercules!

[(He's holding and swinging an orange branch as Hercules might his club. Caught up in the gaiety and with a display of manic energy and exultation, FREUD 'lets go': scooting across the floor like a bull charging, dancing backwards; circling, kissing and petting pretty girls; wrestling with the men, hugging, spinning and throwing the children in the air; putting on a crown of acorns.)

(One of the dancers is LUCINA. She has Freud's hat and his gold handled cane. LUCINA and FREUD play out an erotic fantasy to music, a ballet but with the sound of drums.)]

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

Ah! Fair moment! ... Linger awhile.

(The DANCERS DISAPPEAR. There is brilliant lightning, with a tremendous peal of

thunder. FREUD, blinded, his hands protecting his eyes, falls away on his back. There is light. A strobe-light can be used. On his back, still blind, FREUD *has a terrible vision, prefaced by the sounds of a train, including track squeals: A mental projection: Naked, pale, emaciated dead Jews, strewn in the harsh light of the sun, many on their back, an actual photograph of hovering scavenger birds are part of this projection, as are, also, the sounds and shadows of ferocious guard dogs. Whips are also heard.*)

FREUD (CONT'D)

What's that horrible smell? (He is gagging.)...Like burnt flesh.... The children! Martin! Martin! Martin! My first-born son where are you?! It's me, papa! Answer me! Answer me!... Anna, Ernst...

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

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

(Extending his hand through a 'hole'.)

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

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

The visitations, they've begun! (Horror.)

(HE gropes in his blindness.)

Miss Portero! Miss Portero! Miss Portero!

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

FREUD (CONT'D)

HE feels the blood on the floor left
by the Tablets, and moves his hand to his
face to make sure it's blood. He recoils in
horror; HE almost throws up.
He turns and sees Miss Portero on
the floor. He's near panic:)

Did I actually kill her?

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

MISS PORTERO

(Unconscious, desperate,
SHE clutches Freud,
holding on to his arms.)

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

(Anguished, FREUD comforts her.)

END OF ACT II, SCENE 2

ACT II, SCENE 3

A few minutes later.
MISS PORTERO is on the couch,
coming to.

MISS PORTERO

Some wine, and I'll be fine.

FREUD (Pointing to his bloody jacket.)

Did I kill anyone?!

MISS PORTERO

(Backs away from the stench.)

How would I know?... (Still coming to.)

FREUD (Shaking her violently.)

What happened? What did I do?

(MOSES appears in his seat.)

MISS PORTERO

(SHE points to MOSES.)

It seems you didn't kill anyone, anyway in objective reality.

FREUD

(HE rushes to MOSES)

I need to know!

(MOSES vanishes.)

(FREUD tries to find MOSES: futile.)

MISS PORTERO

(SHE gets the wine herself.)

There is no more to be said.

FREUD

Don't you think I should be the judge of that?! (HE shakes her again.)...

It's my life!

(Removing his hands, MISS PORTERO wipes wine from her outfit. Then she picks up his jacket and throws his blue gardenia in a woven waste basket.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

(HE's angry still, but respects her.)

I've got to hand it to her. She stands her ground. (To self.)

MISS PORTERO

(Placing his wallet and notebook on the oblong table, SHE gestures for his bloodied vest. HE hands it to her.)

Lucina will sponge your garments.

(SHE opens a door and places clothes and the cover outside.)

Lucina!

(FREUD heads for the armoire.)

(MISS PORTERO follows him..)

One of Garibaldi's redshirts wore this at the siege of Rome in 1849....He was shot there.

(SHE points to a pant leg. FREUD notices blood on his own pant leg. Placing the Garibaldi hat on her head, SHE looks out the terrace .)

It happened in the street-fighting, just before the exodus from Rome to the mountains...From the Square, Garibaldi made his glorious plea for volunteers:.

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--

FREUD

(Looking at picture of Garibaldi.)

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!

MISS PORTERO

(Offers the hat to FREUD, who handles it as if it's sacred.)

"Let him who loves his country," Garibaldi cried. Not, "Let him who loves his nation ."

FREUD

I'll own that error ... Garibaldi possessed what God, er, nature, had not granted me-- that indefinite something which attracts men.

(FREUD continues holding and examining the hat, meditating.
Then he returns the hat.)

MISS PORTERO

The father, he may have looked like Garibaldi, but the son, he is Garibaldi.

FREUD

What did you say?

MISS PORTERO (Taking Dream book.)

You are reliving the symbolic castration of your father, aren't you?

FREUD

(*A projection: Jakob Freud's fur hat, his Shtreimel being thrown in mud by a CHRISTIAN; JAKOB meekly going into the gutter and picking it up: not taking up himself.*)

His words on that Sunday stroll around Vienna when I was 10... Even now they are painful to remember...

(FREUD plays out the terrible event.)

--*Schlomo*, , one Shabbos when I was a young man in Freiberg, a Christian came up to me as I was walking and with a single blow he knocked my new *Shtreimel* from my head into the mud and shouted, "Jew! get off the sidewalk!"

- And, Papa, what did you do?

-I went into the roadway and picked up my cap.

(FREUD, as Sigismund Schlomo, ashamed of Jakob's unheroic behavior, holds back tears.) ...

The strong man holding my hand changed before my eyes...

As if God Himself had died. (To self.)

(He recovers.)

Well, when my boys look back, they'll have a different picture of their father. ...Just before Alexander and I left for Rome an ugly incident occurred. We were on vacation near Salzburg, in my so-called fatherland. My sons, Oliver and Martin, were on the lake fishing when they were jeered by Christians, grown men. The good Christians accused the "dirty little *Yid* Jewboys" of stealing fish... With that can one live?! --

MISS PORTERO

How can people be so cruel?

FREUD

They are only 10 and 11. --

MISS PORTERO

About the age of you with your father. —

FREUD

Well, later that afternoon, Martin and I chanced on those good Christians. The trash made way, let me tell you! (Takes golden bough; flails it.)

And Martin was at the ready.

(A projection: young Martin , 11,
prepared to fight with oar as club.)

MISS PORTERO (Opens The Aeneid)

*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

My boys won't need to look for models, ...for fathers.

(MISS PORTERO offers him
Garibaldi's hat.)

(FREUD puts hat on. It is a bit
large. HE puts it on at an angle.)

MISS PORTERO

Not a bad fit for a conquistador.

FREUD

Even for one with a limp?

MISS PORTERO

Especially for one with a limp.

FREUD

Just let some good Christian try to knock this from my head!

(MISS PORTERO takes golden
bough from him; hands him sword
instead.)

(There is lightning. HE goes to
terrace. St. Peter's Dome is whole.)

Now all that's needed is—

MISS PORTERO

Garibaldi's white horse.

FREUD

I was going to say. " Garibaldi's brave *Pasionaria* , his beloved Anita, beside me."

(In the background of the Garibaldi picture is his brave young wife, Anita, in the same uniform.)

MISS PORTERO

(Beside him; deeply moved; holds back tears.)

That's my name.

FREUD

I know.

(Laughs; pats her knee-thigh; he doesn't notice her tears.)

But instead of Garibaldi's white horse, I'd prefer Hannibal's elephant, his white elephant.

MISS PORTERO (Yells down:)

Golden Sigi is at the gates!

FREUD (Does her one better:)

Golden *Schlomo* is at the gates!

(With angry edge, sword overhead.)

MISS PORTERO

(Tears come; wipes eyes; keeps Freud from knowing.)

(FREUD's caught up.)

Look at them squirm. There, the Holy Father is scurrying to his fortress, the Castel Sant' Angelo for shelter.

(FREUD brandishes sword.)

He's not afraid of that.

(Pointing to sword.)

But of your special something, your golden stream of baptismal wine, his drowning in it,... The little pisser comes of age.

FREUD

(HE shakes head, appreciating her.)

My dream of the Open-Air Closet, you broke it?!

MISS PORTERO

Of course! You think we do things here half-assed?

(She swings her hip into his; this makes his sword stands upright. BOTH laugh.)

(Looking in the Dream book.)

Its meaning is crystal clear. Your pissing on the Open-Air seat, which reminds you of Italy, must signify your pissing on the Papal Seat, no?

FREUD

A Herculean task.

MISS PORTERO

A labor of love.

FREUD

And of hate! I'm a good hater!

MISS PORTERO

Ah! Here it is, your veiled allusion to the Papal Seat, "The museum of human excrement."

(We hear a GREGORIAN
CHANT: a boys' choir)

FREUD

(He swats a mosquito on his neck.)

The stinking seeding ground for pious anti-Semites....

(Momentarily lost in wonder as
HE looks at St. Peter's.)

Still, it's so hauntingly beautiful.

MISS PORTERO

(Looks through spyglass)

Over the centuries they came, messianic pretenders, arrayed in rags, and stationed themselves there, (pointing) by the bridge leading to the Castel Sant' Angelo.

FREUD

And the misery continued...

MISS PORTERO

Each one living out the Jewish legend that within the gates of Rome the Messiah will reveal himself. Romantic personages, one and all.

(Hands Freud the spyglass;
directing his gaze.)

FREUD

To think that I'm different from those deluded *schnorrers!* (To self)

MISS PORTERO

In one dream you view this very bridge, the Ponte Sant' Angelo. Of course, you do not elaborate.

Excuse me--

(As she physically directs the
spyglass at St. Peter's.)

But, my finely attired pretender, that is not a windmill but a formidable power!

FREUD (Looking thru spyglass)

A poisonous power!

MISS PORTERO (Pours self wine; toasts:)

"Moses is dead, long live the new Moses, Sigmund, er, *Schlomo* Freud!"

(FREUD's caught off-guard
but stays in control.)
(SHE claps.)

Well, well. There is hope for you yet.

FREUD

I almost lost it again—

MISS PORTERO

Because names carry souls your non-rational

(Caressing Janus' left head)

head believed Moses would be conjured up but this time

(Caressing Janus' right head)

your rational head prevailed.

FREUD

Garibaldi's motto was "Rome or death!" You could say mine is "Hell or Death."

(Hands Garibaldi hat back to MISS
PORTERO, who begin to place it
on table)

MISS PORTERO

Hell, being the gloomy chamber of Moses. You realize, of course, will be the battle of your life!

FREUD

It's the battle for my life!

MISS PORTERO

Ironical is it not? The more you try to break free of Moses, the more his impress shows: the intellectual boldness, the single-mindedness of purpose, the quest for peace and social justice through an enlightened line—

FREUD

(HE heads for the Aeneas painting)

It's as though I'm living out a myth.

MISS PORTERO

A glorious one. But only up to a point. In order to save his homeless people, Aeneas, once in Italy,

(mimes Aeneas with golden bough)

enters the underworld to receive instructions from his father, Anchises.

On the other hand, in order to save your people, you , on your third morning in Rome,
(mimes Aeneas/Freud with the dream book
as shield)

enter the underworld to destroy, ultimately, the Instructions from your father Moses, the Torah.
(Taking defiant stand before bust of Moses)

Which begs the question, Presuming that you succeed at this "mad task," that is to say of successfully contending with Moses in his gloomy chamber, that is, you do not flee, nor faint, nor come apart but contain yourself --

(Miming standing strong)

do you sincerely believe that you will then have surmounted, once and for all, your dread of Yahweh, of His terrible Justice? –

FREUD

Nothing can erase the instruction repeated year after year at the Passover Seder:

[FREUD has a *mental projection*:
*The Passover Seder: JAKOB
FREUD is at the head. SIGI ,5;
his sister, ANNA 3; and his
MOTHER, AMALIE,, are at the
Feast. There is an empty chair
and wine goblet SIGI (played by the
child actor who played Vittorio) is
'mouthing' the Passover question ,
"Why is this night different...?" But the
voice is from long ago and off-
stage.*

YOUNG BOY'S VOICE

Mah Nishtanu ha ly-law ha-zeh, m'call ha-laylos?]

FREUD

(Simultaneously, he also recites:)

"Mah Nishtanu ha ly-law ha-zeh, m'call ha-laylos ?"

[JAKOB FREUD dips his right forefinger into a silver wine cup and with his finger drops wine onto a saucer which already has some wine on it: The Finger of God. The LITTLE BOY is enthralled. JAKOB is acting out the 8th Plague, the LOCUSTS: miming 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 see horror on the boy's face, as he covers his ears. ... Then, we can hear the FAMILY of long ago.

Da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-ye nu, da-ye!]

MISS PORTERO

And should catastrophe befall any of your loved ones, you would hold yourself responsible.

FREUD (Shaken.)

To Martin, especially. (More to himself.)

MISS PORTERO

Of course! That is your greatest fear, Martin your first-born son paying for your rebellion. For, having spared, that first Passover, the first-born sons of the Israelites, Yahweh has a special claim on Martin.

FREUD

(Reaching for the head phylactery on the table, He presses it to his forehead, as though one of his migraines is about to come on.)

Exodus 13: 15 ..." but all the first-born of my children I redeem"-- It's up to me to redeem Martin, my first-born son—

MISS PORTERO

By obeying, not trespassing, Yahweh's Commandments--

(FREUD places the phylactery and hat on table. With the hat, he accidentally knocks over VENUS, shattering her, and bends to pick up the pieces.)

(MISS PORTERO sits on floor .)

I'm afraid there's no help for Venus.

(She has FREUD hand her the Venus pieces, which She places in her lap.)

According to you, so-called accidents are purposeful. By shattering Venus, you sacrifice your ambition to take possession of Mother Earth-- -and so avert disaster from befalling your loved ones, Martin, especially.

FREUD

But what kind of a life would Matrtin or any of my children have here on earth, a Christian earth?

(Helping her up)

MISS PORTERO

Thank you.

(Placing the Venus pieces in a woven waste basket, She pours herself a drink.)

Some wine?...

(HE shakes his head)

Are you sure? You may need it!

(SHE hands him a photo from her desk drawer.)

FREUD

That's Bernard beside you?

(Pointing)

MISS PORTERO

Yes, Vittorio's father, Bernard.

FREUD

(HE looks at self in mirror and back at photo.)

Uncanny. We could be brothers.

MISS PORTERO

Or *doppelgangers*, no? When I first saw in Dr Fliess's office the photograph of the two of you, I almost fell away.....Bernard was as removed from his people as one can be. And yet--

FREUD

And yet?

MISS PORTERO

On Sunday morning, January 6, 1895, the day after Captain Dreyfus' ceremonial degradation, Bernard, awakening to the pealing of bells, begins to come out of a dream. Rather, it was more a frozen image. He and Theodor Herzl are marble pillars supporting a platform, in the center of which is a golden Star of David--

FREUD

The wish instigating the dream-image seems to be transparent.

MISS PORTERO

And, Bernard, he hears loud and ever more threatening echoes of the blood thirsty mob on the parade ground, "*A la Morte les Juifs*"-- "Death to the Jews." -- Emerging from the dream, he is changed—a transformation, change so profound that, for a moment, once again I am on stage preparing for a new role...

*(Projection: Bernard's voice:
Freud's voice with a French accent.)*

BERNARD

*Anita, an irresistible feeling of solidarity with my threatened nation
has mounted within me—
Dearest, one, I must tear myself away from you and our joy,
Vittorio, to devote myself to Theodor Herzl and his Divine Dream,
a sovereign homeland for our besieged nation.*

(Gets scores of newspaper clippings)

Some of Bernard's newspaper pieces –

*(SHE holds out the clippings
to FREUD, who takes, and scans
them intently.)*

The disgusting behavior of his 'brother' journalists pained Bernard deeply--not only did these 'guardians of truth' champion the fraudulent conviction of Dreyfus! They gleefully incited the blood-thirsty rabble--especially after Zola's "bomb" hit the streets three years later,--

FREUD

Bernard is French?.

MISS PORTERO

Bernard is dead,....

FREUD

Dead, how old was he?

MISS PORTERO

Excuse me.

(SHE Lies down on couch.)

FREUD

(FREUD seats self, wipes his glasses and reads to self a passage from the article.)
(A projection: We hear Bernard's voice which sounds like Freud's with a French accent).

BERNARD

A French Army officer is selling our military secrets to our enemy, the Germans. Naturally troubled, the Army sets out discover the traitor. Ah ha! Of course! It's plain as the nose on his Israelite face: Captain Dreyfus, the one Jew on the French General Staff has to be, must be the Jusas? But I must be fair. The Jewish Captain was not without guilt. His sin was in believing that in the Republic he and his children have a fatherland.

Bernard,

(FREUD, looking again at Bernard's photo.)

we could have gotten on. You did not blind yourself.

MISS PORTERO .

(Opening her eyes and seating herself,, she gestures for the photo.)
 (FREUD hands it to her)

Vittorio was not yet two and, Bernard, his Jewish soul awakened, sacrifices us for a dream, a "Divine Dream. " Dr. Luzzatti said Bernard had worn out his heart,. But in my bones I know this: Herzl and his "Divine Dream" killed Bernard.

FREUD

Miss Portero it was trash, human trash that killed Bernard!

MISS PORTERO

Tomorrow, he will be dead two years.

FREUD

Tomorrow?

MISS PORTERO

Yes, your big day....Sensing a bond between Bernard and you—

FREUD

Let me see ...By gaining insight into me-- Bernard's "double"-- you'd then understand Bernard? What had driven him?

MISS PORTERO

What was driving him. He was still alive... wasting away but alive—

FREUD

Incredible!! That you would go through this whole business of getting me here to --

MISS PORTERO

More incredible than making a pilgrimage to one's totem?

Fliess showed me the copy of your dream book that you had sent him.

(SHE mimes with Dream Book:)

*He relates and interprets his own dreams!
I must obtain a copy!*

I pestered my bookseller.

FREUD

But my book was published after Bernard had already died.

MISS PORTERO

I needed to know what drove him. Surely, you can understand that.

(SHE mimes eagerly opening the
Dream book skipping pages.)

*I shall begin with this very short dream, the dream of the Botanical
Monograph.*

(Looks up dictionaries; takes notes.)

Ah ha! So That's the dream wish!

(SHE goes before her bust of MOSES.)

*No More! No more will you or your Law, the Torah, govern my
life.*

FREUD

But I carefully concealed the statue. How ?

(HE goes to her desk and
examines her thick books.)

Dictionaries! Dictionary decoding?!

MISS PORTERO

(Reads from Dream Book)

*The thoughts corresponding to the ... dream consisted of a
passionately agitated plea on behalf of my liberty to act as I chose
to act and to govern my life as seemed right to me and me alone. .*

But who or what can keep a grown man, a Jew, from governing his own life?
Anti-Semitism? Yes.. On the other hand, there is the Mosaic Code, the Law.

FREUD

The dream just shows that I wished to become my own person—

MISS PORTERO

Dr. Freud, surely you of all people must know, self-concealment is impossible.

(Sensuously, SHE fondles Janus' key.)

Michelangelo's Moses, whom you have so carefully veiled, was the master key
to unlock your series of dreams of Rome

(From the desk drawer she
removes a sheaf of papers
bound with a purple ribbon.)
(FREUD reaches for them--)

(MISS PORTERO unties the
ribbon, letting the pages fall.)

Voila! , the veil, it lifts, only to discover that the world's greatest representation of
Moses is not but a mere prop for you to deliver yourself from the Law. Rather, it is a
symbol In the same manner that the bread Jesus of the Eucharist is a symbol for
faithful Catholics, which is to say, Michelangelo's terrible Moses is Moses himself
possessing all of his qualities, including the terrible, divine radiance.

(Putting her ear to JANUS' left mouth) --

'If bread can be Jesus, then stone, marble,, can be Moses' exactly! Yes, his bloody
nun of a mother instructed him well... Unfortunately, you just remain stone.

(Pats Janus's left head, as SHE
'returns' to Freud.)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

Because you are obsessed with your messianic ambition to save your nation, it like a

(Miming with the ribbon that had bound the dreams.)

thread, runs through your dreams.

FREUD

(Lifting the pages that MISS PORTERO had let fall.)

Castle by the Sea.

(HE reads silently .)

MISS PORTERO

Here your isolated nation is being besieged. And you are next in rank to take Moses' place, a volunteer yet!...With your pointed, rapier-sharp questions

(Thrusting the golden bough)

you kill Moses, and wonder if you should inform der *Oberkommando*, *Yahweh*, of your impious deed.

FREUD (Flips page.)

Dissecting My Own Pelvis.

MISS PORTERO

Here you must confront your personal totem, Michelangelo's Moses--the dreadful task left you by Pope Julius the Second, that warrior-pope who had commissioned Michelangelo to sculpt Moses for his tomb. Ironic is it not---

FREUD (Flips page.)

This is unbelievable . Uncle with the Yellow Beard.

MISS PORTERO

Here you identify with YOUR uncle Joseph who broke your grey-haired papa's heart--

FREUD

He was imprisoned for being in a counterfeit ring.

MISS PORTERO

And you can not but wonder if you, too, like uncle Joseph, are offering false coin-- and will also, like him, be punished for breaking the law-- in your case, for breaking Divine Law, Yahweh's Law, the Torah.

FREUD

Have you told anyone, ...Fliess?—

MISS PORTERO

Not a soul! .

FREUD

(Obviously troubled, HE flips
the pages quickly .)

My Son, the Myops (flips) ; Hollthurn (flips); Count Thun...

(Before throwing them in the
fireplace, HE looks at them one
last time.)

If you can read me, that means others could !

MISS PORTERO

How can Bernard just discard us... sacrifice us. Nothing mattered, except his
and Herzl's bloody Zionist cause-- not Vittorio, not me--

FREUD

And Vittorio, he's not a Jewboy? Just try selling that to the good Christians in
Vienna or Paris or Kiev or Algiers or Bucharest—

MISS PORTERO

But Vittorio ,needs, needed him. ... (With a finger, SHE "circles" the photo
of Bernard; catching herself, she
hands it to Freud, who studies it.)

FREUD

After Bernard died that's when your singing difficulties began?

MISS PORTERO

No. When he left.... Why sing, why live, if there's no reason.

FREUD

And Vittorio, (Pointing to where Vittorio exited)
your precious child, he's not reason enough!

MISS PORTERO

Bloody fool! (With the ribbon that had held the
dream SHE tries to strangle
Freud.)

It is to bring me back to life that you are here...

(Struggling free, FREUD keeps
the ribbon but drops the photo.)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

Venus couldn't have loved her love-child, Aeneas, more.

(SHE gets several Venus fragments.)

I am now no more Vittorio's mother than this broken Venus. Just as your nanny became your mama after Julius had died, Lucina is now Vittorio's mama--

(Retrieving the photo from the floor, she rips it, and tosses it into the fireplace)

FREUD

(Taking the Venus fragments from her, He flings them in the basket, and takes her firmly by the shoulders.)

Listen to me! For this Venus there is help!

MISS PORTERO

(She rubs his left hand still on her shoulder.)

You make too much of your Roman reader.

FREUD

No, too little. Bernard was blessed.—

MISS PORTERO (Looking at him, decided to tell:)

I told Dr. Fliess' housekeeper that we are lovers.

FREUD (He lets her go.)

What?! You said what to Flora ?!

MISS PORTERO

I made this 'confession' to pore over your correspondence with Fliess. Flora relented when I pleaded with her: (Miming)

For Vittorio's sake, I must know his true intentions, Vittorio had already lost one papa,

Over the years I have learned that one can depend upon the exquisite sensibility of Germans. In this regard, Flora didn't disappoint. And when Fliess and his family were away vacationing, I, thanks to my papa's example, like a Talmudic scholar. pored over your letters...From them I learned much—

(Miming this at her desk, turning pages of a pad.)

MISS PORTERO (CONT'D)

5 May 1897

"Another presentiment tells me.... I am about to discover the source of morality."

Hm! Is not God "the source of Morality"?

Ah, 2 March 1899,

". . . the realization of a secret wish . . . might mature at same time as Rome.

This secret wish—is it that he matures in Rome? But how?

FRE
UD

The letters! I've got to burn them!

MISS PORTERO

(Turning pages in a pad)

Yes, The money I handed Flora, a rather large sum for me, was more than worth it. From your own hand I also learned about your having played Cain to your infant brother Julius, and, of course, the related fratricidal sense of guilt, a torment which is always with you. And earlier In this very same letter, that of 3 October 1897, I learn about your nanny and her very careful instruction.

FREUD

Sinners burning in Hell—

MISS PORTERO

Doom's Day, Judgment Day—

FREUD

Nothing can erase that wonderful instruction either...The seductive promise of Salvation through Christ --

(Looking at the Fireplace cross)

MISS PORTERO

What?! You have considered converting to Catholicism? No!

FREUD

I had a Catholic mama, didn't I? Imagine a precocious two year-old from a Hasidic background enthralled by all those vespers candles and the music-- and, yes, by the face of Christ.

MISS PORTERO

"Give us a child."

FREUD

There you go... If this tormented Cain can consider a pact with Lucifer, then why not one with Jesus, whose blood, after all, cleanseth us from all sin, both murder included?... From Vienna, Rome promised me redemption-- If not one way, then another.

MISS PORTERO

On the one hand, the promise of redemption by your becoming the Deliverer of your people; on the other hand, the promise of redemption by--

FREUD

The simple acting of bending the knee,

(HE starts to kneel, facing the Crucifix--)

and this Cain's inner torment would be behind him...forever.

(HE looks up at the Crucifix...;
his eyeballs roll back as his
eyes close and his mouth
welcomes the Communion
Wafer. This isn't an act. He's in
a trance-like state.)

MISS PORTERO (Oblivious)

Your scar, the scar of a Cain, would be washed away... Today, then, in the gloomy church, it will all come to a head, including the temptation to recognize Christ. --

(She now realizes that he is in another state.)

FREUD

(HE 'comes back'; stands up while
viewing the Crucifix.)

Almost twenty years ago, five days before Christmas, 1883, I visited Dresden's Zwinger Museum , where for the first time I viewed Titian's Christ and the Tribute Money-- and was captivated by the head of Christ—

MISS PORTERO

It remains a mystery: How Titian conveys directly the very souls of his subjects.

FREUD

Far from beautiful, Christ's noble human countenance is filled with 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.*)

FREUD (CONT'D)

Where that sensation came from, I didn't know. I would loved to have left with the painting. But there were too many people. So, I left with a heavy heart.

MISS PORTERO

Tell me, your Catholic mama, you think she had you secretly baptized?!. If she loved you, which I am sure she did, she would have been concerned about your soul. More so, since that of baby Julius, not being baptized, was in all likelihood already lost.

FREUD

Hm! I remember her bathing me in reddish water. Looking back, I had assumed it was her period—

MISS PORTERO

“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

(FREUD almost gags.)

(With a wet napkin, SHE
starts wiping his forehead--)
(FREUD resists.)

How you react! You already may be a Christla—

FREUD

Don't! ... Please, don't say it. (SHE doesn't complete "Christian.")
(FREUD is now looking at the
Crucifix, an uneasy searching in
his glance.)

Just a fewl more hours.

MISS PORTERO

Your hand, please. The right one.

(Troubled, FREUD gives her his
hand, expecting a 'reading.')

(Before HE knows it, SHE puts
her green stone ring on his right
ring finger.)

FREUD

What's this?!

MISS PORTERO

The head is of Jupiter. This day,, Thursday, is his day...

(FREUD's about to take the ring off--)
(MISS PORTERO stops him.)

Let me share this moment!... And who knows? The stone even may be a potent charm.

FREUD

Well, what's one more superstition?

(HE kisses it. He then puts the
Garibaldi hat back on.)

(MISS PORTERO gets a wooden
cane from the armoire ; places it in
a large planter by the terrace, as
a stake.)

(Plucking it free easily, FREUD admires it)

Oak?

MISS PORTERO

Oak, evergreen oak..Solid, no? Could pass for Aeneas' bough.

(FREUD holds it as a pope's staff
and extends his ring hand towards the
terrace, making out he is Pope.)

The Pope is dead, long live the pissing pope, the new papa of the world!

(With her right hand above her, and
moving from her right to left, SHE
"mocks" holding aloft a printed
announcement to this effect.)

FREUD (Laughs.)

When I gather my inner circle, I may just give each a stone like this
to mount into a gold ring.

MISS PORTERO

For your community of elect?...Now, that I would like.

FREUD (Still looking at the stone.)

Was I hypnotized?

MISS PORTERO

Maybe this is just a dream...A big dream.

(FREUD is momentarily shaken.)

(MISS PORTERO takes his hand.)

FREUD

One day you'll show me how you interpret dreams?

MISS PORTERO (Studying his palm.)

And, if you like, how to read letters, the inner text—

FREUD

You made sure I'd get room 51, didn't you?

MISS PORTERO

It affords a glorious view of Rome, don't you agree?

FREUD

Taking advantage of my superstitions. That's not playing fair.

MISS PORTERO (Still examining his hand.)

Shush! You must understand, here, I am a novice. But if I divine correctly, the day of your death will be one of deep remembrance.

FREUD

All over the world?

MISS PORTERO

Over all the world and for ages to come.

FREUD

(HE eyes the large hourglass. Then, He 'studies' the two rings on his finger, his wedding ring and Jupiter ring, slowly spreading his fingers. Looking at her, he decides to tell:)

Today is Julius's birthday. He would have been forty-four.--

MISS PORTERO

(Off-guard, but collects self.)

I should have known! What better day for a new beginning?!

FREUD

Time for casting my final lot!...

(Handing her the oak cane, he picks up The Aeneid.)
(He closes his eyes and extends his hand, palm up, for the golden bough.)

(MISS PORTERO places it in his palm.)

Let it fall where it will!

(FREUD CONT'D)

(Arriving at a lot, HE can't believe his eyes. He nods head to self. He sits down. He reads it aloud but to himself and with pleasure, savoring the words. As he recites, he seems to be praying, *davening*, as Jews in the synagogue do, moving the upper body.)

*revocate animos, maestumque timorem mittite:
forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

MISS PORTERO

(While HE 'prays', SHE takes retrieves The Aeneid from him.)

Now call back your courage, and have done with fear and sorrow. Someday, perhaps, remembering even this time of struggle will be a pleasure.

(FREUD looks at Jupiter ring, slowly spreading and closing his fingers.)

See! No crack in the spine!

FREUD

I know!

MISS PORTERO

(Searching in the oblong table drawer.)

The warriors of Aeneas' day had one especial supersti, er, tradition. Before battle they were washed and rubbed down with oil, a very special oil....Ah!

(Removing a small dark blue vial, SHE savors the fragrance.)

FREUD

When in Rome--

(As HE starts to take off his shirt, SHE helps him from bottom up; touches his arms; very sensual.)

MISS PORTERO

Lucina! Ready the bath..."Of arms and the Jew I sing." (Singing.)

(SHE starts removing earrings, bracelet, blouse.)
[There is thunder and lightning.

Also a long SHOFAR BLAST. In the background there is MOSES with his

shining visage; (if possible a huge statue of MOSES.) Beside him is Botticelli's VENUS (model or picture?).

The Crucifix and the clay bust of MOSES light up, as do the paintings of Garibaldi, Aeneas, Virgin nursing Child, and the Sybil.

The armoire opens revealing the Garibaldi outfit .]
(We hear LUCINA's laughter.

END OF ACT II

CURTAIN

Though in the play Freud states that his brother Julius passed away on September 5th [1858], the actual date of his death is unknown.

The Aeneid passages are from Robert Fitzgerald's wonderful translation of that masterwork.

EPILOGUE

(The actor who had played PROSECUTOR alternates as NARRATOR and as 'FREUD'. The Strobe-lights segment the activities of MISS PORTERO and FREUD.)

(A CANTOR and CHOIR sing *Kol Nidre*)

NARRATOR/ 'FREUD'

(A cigar in his mouth, he is looking
at a bust of Janus in his hands.
Spotting the audience, HE
places the bust on a shelf.)

Several months after his pilgrimage to *Moses/Moses*, Freud gathers his first disciples

(He looks at his Jupiter head ring, slowly
spreading and closing his fingers.)

and he is on his way.

(Heads for the Aeneas painting)

On April 15, 1908, which is the fiftieth anniversary of Julius's death, the Psychological Wednesday Society is-- on Freud's carried motion-- renamed the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. He, thereby, secretly dedicates the psychoanalytic movement to the memory of Julius, a movement which would establish his --and Julius's-- Promised Land, a boundless peaceable brotherly world where *der Kinder*, the seed of Abraham, at long last are free to develop their talents and satisfy their needs.

Up until the First World War, Freud visits Moses /Moses regularly. And, at some point he secretly appropriates the manner of his stoned-faced therapist.

('FREUD' sits in a chair behind a couch 'listening' to a patient. It could be the Jewish stone-thrower...A clock chimes. The patient gets up; nods to 'FREUD'. 'FREUD' takes a puff of his cigar; nods matter-of-factly to the patient. Patient leaves. 'FREUD' lifts a journal beside him and reads:)

The psychoanalyst should be impenetrable to the patient...

(He closes the journal.)

An opaque, shadowy figure...a statue.

On Sunday 25 May 1913, nine months after writing Ernest Jones about his enthusiasm for Jones's idea of a "secret council," Freud, who was date-sensitive, handed his five favorite adherents an ancient stone engraved with a scene from classical antiquity to be mounted into a gold ring like his. In the Jewish calendar this date was the eighteenth of Iyar or Lag b'Omer (5673). This feast day marks the end of a plague that was killing students of Rabbi Akiba Ben Joseph who gave the Jewish warrior Bar Kochba (132-135 C.E. rebellion) his name, which means "Son of a Star," an allusion to the Messiah to come: ". . . there shall come a Star out of Jacob . . ."

(Numbers 24:17). Because Akiba proclaimed that Bar Kochba was the Messiah, Jews flocked to Bar Kochba, under whose leadership they recaptured from the Romans all of Judea; after which they minted coins with Hebrew inscriptions: "the redemption of Israel," "the freedom of Israel," and "the freedom of Jerusalem." The recipients of the stones were Ernest Jones (London), Sandor Ferenczi (Budapest), Karl Abraham (Berlin), and Otto Rank and Hanns Sachs (both of Vienna); calling itself the Committee, this secret society worked behind the scenes under Freud's leadership, directing and protecting the psychoanalytic movement. Gracing Freud's ancient stone was the head of Jupiter who ordered Aeneas into the underworld in order to save his wandering and homeless people . (Responding to a "question":)

No, Freud and Herzl never did meet. Herzl died in 1904 at the age of 44.... Yes, Freud did write about the statue, an essay, "The Moses of Michelangelo". It was published anonymously....Why take chances? He began working on it Christmas Day, 1913,

(Turning pages of calendar on desk.)

and completed it New Year's Day, 1914... Chance coincidence?...

(Puts journal down.)

(We hear Jewish glass fronts shattering,
along with menacing music, or,
perhaps, Wagner; followed by Nazi
troops marching into Austria, with
hearty "*Seig Heils*" from the populace.)

(A stone comes through a window.)

('FREUD', in the manner of a frail old
man, picks up the stone; looks at it;
nods head in recognition.)

It's come!

(Hate in his eyes, he tightens his hand
around the stone, and puts it in
his jacket pocket. With dignity, he
gathers both Dream Book and The
Aeneid. There's an upsurge of
fire-place flame. He turns to it.)

In addition to Freud and Herzl, a third Austrian, an ardent admirer of Herr Dr.
Karl Lueger, Adolf Hitler, has his own solution to the Jewish problem.

[Turning from the fireplace, he
picks up Janus and Miss
Portero's Grecian urn,
cradling the four objects the way
Aeneas' father, Anchises, cradles
the family gods.

Putting the urn on a column, he
places the two books and Janus
on an antiques-covered
(formerly Miss Portero's) desk. He
sits down and begins to write with
a pen. A cigar is in his left hand.
He's old, bent.]

In 1938, in exile in his temporary London home, 39 Elsworthy Road, N.W. 3,
Freud completes his last major attack on religion, Moses and Monotheism.

*To deprive a people of the man whom they take pride in as the
greatest of their sons is not a thing to be gladly or carelessly
undertaken, least of all by someone who is himself one of them.
But the man Moses, who set the Jewish people free, who gave them*

*their laws and founded their religion, was himself a high-born
Egyptian who got his religion from a pharaoh, the pharaoh
Akhenaten....Only Jewry and not Christianity should be
offended by my conclusions. (Blotting the page.)*

(He pats each head of Janus:)

Moses; Jesus.... Caught together, hanged together!

(Blowing a circle, he rises.)

Freud pens the book's last sentence of this book on Sunday, July 17, 1938--or the civil date of the Fast of the Seventeenth of Tammuz, the day of mourning commemorating both the Chaldean breach (586 B.C.E.) and Roman breach (70 C.E.) of the walls of Jerusalem, which led to the destruction of the First and Second Temples . And this is fitting, for universal acceptance of its essential premise--Judaism stems from a patricide, the murder of Moses by the Israelites--would result in destruction of the Jews' 'stone' fortress, the Torah—and, thereby, to paraphrase the famous lament of the Babylonian exile, “rase [Christendom] . . . even to the foundation.”

The following, year on Thursday, September 21st, 1939, Freud, 83, his mouth and jaw ravaged by cancer,...

(‘FREUD’ wearily takes off his jacket.)

from sores that do not heal... and which he has borne stoically for 16 years, ...33 surgical procedures in all....

(‘FREUD’ lies down on the couch.)

tells his friend and physician, Dr. Max Schur, the time has come.

(While unrolling his sleeve,
he says in a weary, old man's voice:)

*Now, it's nothing but torture and makes no sense any more... I thank
you...Tell Anna about this.* (His eyes close.)

[Squints but takes the initial morphine
injection stoically. (Schur will apply two
subsequent injections hours apart.)]

(A SHOFAR BLAST!

(Startled, FREUD'S eyes open.)

Freud, however, doesn't die on the 21st, or the anniversary of the death of
Virgil, but two days later, Saturday, September 23rd, at 3 A.M. To give up the
ghost on the Sabbath or indeed any Jewish holy day is a good day to die. It
means one has led a righteous life,

(He puts on a skull cap and a prayer
shawl, quietly praying as he puts on the
latter.)

In the Jewish Calendar, (Now, he is by the Sphinx.)

That fateful Saturday is the Tenth Day of *Tishri*, which is the anniversary of
Moses' descent from Mt. Sinai with the Tablets of the Law.. That is, the day
the people received the Law.

(The TABLETS of MOSES are lighted up.)

In other words. *Yom Kippur..* (Kol Nidre is plainly heard.)

From the death day of the singer of Aeneas to the Day of Atonement is a time span which bridges the two worlds of this lonely and unknown fighter for the human rights of his besieged nation.

Defiant to the very end, against Jewish tradition, Freud has himself cremated.

(He looks at the urn.)

On the occasion of Freud's death, the poet, Auden wrote:

If often he was wrong and at times absurd,

to us he is no more a person

Now but a whole climate of opinion

Under whom we conduct our differing lives...

My own opinion? Sigmund Freud, the one with the terrible eyes...

(He takes the thrown stone from

his pocket and places it by the urn.)

(VITTORIO, now wearing a skullcap, and

holding on to it to keep it from falling, rushes

into the NARRATOR's arms.)

[The NARRATOR holds Vittorio the way

“Julius” had earlier; i.e., his right arm around him. (VITTORIO may be eating a matzo: although it's a day of fasting, youngsters are allowed to eat.)

With his left hand, the NARRATOR reaches in the urn and gets a handful of Freud's ashes. He looks at the ashes in his hand...He tosses the ashes in the air, in the direction of Miss Portero and Freud.]

There was a *mensch* !

Unfolding like a Torah scroll are three large photos of Freud; the middle one is pre-eminent. This 'trptych' tells a story: on the left side, Freud as a boy, beside his father who has the Philippon Bible in his lap; in the center, a vigorous Freud with penetrating eyes, wearing the Jupiter ring, with pen in hand; on the right side, Freud, in old age, still at work, pen in hand: "Die in harness!"

The left and right photos fade. Superimposed on the center photo is the divine radiance. And *Kol Nidre* is cut short, as is the Shofar note. There is the beginning of a crack in the Dome; a boys' choir singing a Gregorian Chant stops in mid-air. And the Four Passover Questions are also cut short.

All the while; the photo of Freud in his prime with pen in hand glows and glows-- violet, purple, scarlet and gold; like one hundred TV screens, replicates of Freud's radiant image begin to fill up the stage, signifying the dawning of a glorious New Day.

(We again hear LUCINA's laughter.)

END of EPILOGUE

CURTAIN

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