WHAT SORT OF MAN READS

PLAYTO?

Find out on
WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 5
at 8:00 pm
in the
Da Ponte Auditorium
of the Casa Italiana
Columbia Univ

"An Evening of Rational Entertainment"

Admission Free, Academic Dress optional
On Wednesday, November 5th
at 8:00 p.m.
in the Da Ponte Auditorium of the Casa Italiana

the Department of Philosophy Faculty and Graduate Students
are presenting AN EVENING OF RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

A program of music and dramatic scenes unleashing the
Life of the Mind. Among the offerings will be a medieval
quiz-show "It's Scholastic", hosted by St. Thomas Aquinas;
the song "Ma Vie", from Rene Descartes is alive and well
in bed in Holland; the first episode of a new soap-opera
"Possible Worlds"; and a special TRIBUTE TO JOHN DEWEY.

Also, the play THE BEST PICTURE (the melodrama in which
Ludwig Wittgenstein, Private Investigator, made his stage
debut in solving the Case of the Posthumous Positivist)
will receive its New York premiere.

The entire program is approximately 90 minutes in duration.

ADMISSION IS FREE, and Academic Dress is optional.

The entire University community is cordially invited.
“An Evening of Rational Entertainment”
Choreography by Catherine d'Irvine  Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Sets by Georg Cantor  Conducted by Sir Nrank Fastu, F.L.N.S.
Costumes by Claude Levi-Strauss
Lighting by Roy Soleil

* The Andante from Serenade No. 1 in D Major, K. 100, which bears a dedication: "6 August 1769. At night, in honor of the Professor of Logic."

Prince Mediocrates................................Tyger Standish
Attendant..................................................Zoltan Gazola
Two Courtesans............Horacine Clutch and Rosetta Stone, Jr.
Ephemera...............................Giselle Piffle
Akademia.................................Hopalang Wskzrwcwz

According to Insanius, one day the blind seer Tenure did prophecy to Hysteria in the Chock-Full-Of-Nuts on the banks of the river Ho-ho-kus that her son Telephone would on attaining the age of nineteen find a piece of aluminum foil in the forest, and gazing into it would fall in love with the diode Paraphernalia. But the goddess Dyspepsia, the guardian of institutional lobbies, taking pity on the two lovers transformed them into a portrait of... Dwight D. Eisenhower in academic robes. As a result, the battle of Thermometer ended in defeat for Meticulus, and victory for Prince Mediocrates.

The ballet, consisting of a single scene, depicts the attempt by Akademia to gain the favor of Prince Mediocrates through the agency of the nymph Ephemera. There has been no consensus among interpreters of the work on the exact meaning to be given to the complex and even telegraphic allegory.
Of all the extant spurious Platonic dialogues, The Athenian Ranger stands out as the missing link between philosophical literature and a popular dramatic corpus. It is the only dialogue with an on-stage human female. It is the only dialogue which calls for real on-stage horses, and throws in a fist fight to boot. The subject of this most singular dialogue appears to be the Sophistic distinction between the notion of NOMOS and that of KOSMOS (law and order).

CHARACTERS (in order of appearances):

THE ATHENIAN 'RANGER
ONTO, the masked mortal's trusty sidekick
MORON, the proprietor of a small roadside tavern
ATROCITÊS, the leader of a truthless gang of Sophists
MEANO, a member of that gang
BLANCHE DU BOIS, Moron's beautiful oracular niece

[ A C o m m e r c i a l M e s s a g e ]

IT'S SCHOLASTIC

Contestants eagerly squeal as they vie for top prizes and cash summae by trying to come up with the correct answers to the subtle questions thrown at them by show host, St. Thomas Aquinas.

Last week's big winners, Heloise and Abelard, the young couple from St. Louis, take on veteran celebrity Augustine of Hippo ("the prodigal who became a saint") and William of Ockham, a newcomer to the show.
The Continuing Story of **POSSIBLE WORLDS**:

In this episode $E_1$, X and Y entertain $q_1 \& q_2 \& \ldots \& q_n$ at time $t$ at $p$, but are $q_{n-1}$ and $q_n$ necessarily distinct? And what does this all mean anyway?

"BUT NOT TOMORROW"

The subject of temporal modalities has caught the fancy of many a song-writer and poet, but no one has found a better expression for the feeling of nomological necessity and temporal determinism than the authors of this tune which became the Academy-Award winning title-song from the film *The Large Torpor*.

**A DAY IN OLD KÖNIGSBERG**

In this little scene one catches a brief glimpse into the daily habits of the inhabitants of that truly remarkable town at the tip of Prussia, Königsberg. In a second, one can understand why the philosopher Immanuel Kant never found it necessary to venture very far from this place... where philosophy was just as close as the nearest street, and where even the old folks could tell you a thing or two about the limits of reason. Most remarkable of all is the fact that everything depicted in this sketch is absolutely true, and happened exactly as shown.
INTERMISSION

[15 minutes]

Featuring: twelve minutes of silence, and three minutes of "The Old Professor" sung by the Four Coins on EPIC Records.
THE SONG OF FATE

The triple collaboration of Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill, and Noritz Schlick produced the astounding epic-musical: DER AUFBAU UND FALL DER STADT MACHARONNY.
The text is drawn from Schlick's own Problems of Ethics, and uncannily foreshadows that philosopher's fate in 1936, and at the end of this act:

The fate of a man depends to a great extent upon circumstances which are quite independent of his conduct, for example, upon "chance", upon the path taken by a bullet, or by a tiny bacillus; and only a fool could believe that virtue is a means of avoiding the great misfortunes to which life is, to such a degree, subject. Our statement, therefore, obviously cannot assert (as many Stoics sought to assert) that virtue guarantees a joyful life....For an accident can always put an end to everything.... The virtuous man and the scoundrel are equally subject to chance, the sun shines upon the good and the evil....

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[A Commercial Message]

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Ein Lied: DER FREGE UND DAS MÄDCHEN

The character of Freges drastically altered the face of the logician in modern times; and his advances are captured in assertoric duet in this number.

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THE MIND-BRAIN IDENTITY

What does it mean for the shoestore, the restaurant, the home?

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[A Commercial Message]

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A TRIBUTE TO JOHN DEWEY

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The Continuing Story of POSSIBLE WORLDS:
In this episode the audience struggles with
the identity of indiscernibles, with respect
to the previous episode.

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KUM AHER DU FILOZOF (Come Here, You Philosopher)*

Come here, you philosopher,
You with your short-sighted brain,
Come and sit by the Rabbi's table
So you may learn some sense.

You thought up the steamship,
And pride yourself on this achievement.
Our Rabbi spreads out his handkerchief,
And thus crosses the ocean.

You invented a balloon to fly with,
And think yourself something;
Our Rabbi scoffs, our Rabbi laughs,
He needs no such things to fly.

Do you know what our Rabbi does
When he is all alone?
In one minute he flies right into heaven
And eats there the Sabbath meal.

* The translation is through the courtesy of Mr. Theo. Bikel.
THE BEST PICTURE [Das Beste Bild] by Kopchyonaya Sel'dy. (1972)

The authorized translation from the original Czech and German is by Ya. Ya. Mskotyn Gorodishko and G. B. H. Lahitowicklompracinha.

THE CAST (in order of utterance):

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER.................................................Palmyr Pooftus, III

ROCHITZ SCHLICK.......................................................Adolf Axim-Beyin

NELLBOCK.................................................................Götz Schreck

LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN...................................................Urbaxter Elwicker

DOKTOR INTERLOCUTOR..................................................Morgan Diewalt

DELIVERY BOY............................................................Florian Rooney

RUDOLF CARNAP............................................................Arno Ehrenheftig

KURT GÖDEL.................................................................Fong Tu-San

the use of "OTTO NEURATH".............................................Janos Hunyadi

META...............................................................................Yerba Queck

the voice of MAX PLANCK..............................................Alexandre Norguliev

SIGMUND FREUD..............................................................Emil Boring

the mention of ERNST MACH............................................Anton Regelmaassig

FRAU DOKTOR DOKTORFRAU...............................................Zephyre de Zipfzac

Scene 1 takes place in the studios of WIEN-TV.

Scene 2 takes place in the office of Ludwig Wittgenstein.

Scene 3 takes place in the Klinik of Sigmund Freud.
(The music of the William Tell Overture is heard, then the voice of an announcer offstage.)

ANNOUNCER: The Athenian 'Ranger.

RANGER: (voice offstage) Hi-yo, Plato!

ANNOUNCER: A gaddfly brain with the speed of sound,
A cloud of doubt, and a hardy hi-yo, Plato.

The Athenian 'Ranger!

(Enter the Athenian 'Ranger and Onto. They are dressed in ancient Greek with dashes of the Old West, and ride Hellenic-looking hobbyhorses.)

RANGER: Hi-yo, Plato, away!

(The pair gallop theatrically back and forth across the stage as the announcer goes on.)

ANNOUNCER: With his faithful Cretan companion, Onto,
the daring and resourceful Masked Mortal of the Attic led the fight for law and order in the Ancient West.
Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear.
The Athenian 'Ranger rides again!

(Music peaks and fades.)

ONTO: Look, masked mortal. Pittsburgh! (Onto, whose speech resembles that of Tonto, points out into distance.)

RANGER: No, Onto, we can't be that lost. But we'd better ride down and find out what town it is. That gang of Sophists gave us the slip back there, and we've got to pick up their trail before they stir up any more trouble.
(The 'Ranger speaks in a deep, assertive, clear voice, and makes all of his sentences sound important.)
ONTO: Maybe someone down in village know something.

RANGER: It's not likely, Onto. The Sophists have the people in these parts scared stupid. Our only hope is that there's a sybil in town. It's not that they know anything themselves, but they are compelled to tell the truth.

ONTO: Look, Kimosabi, we in luck. Sign say, "This way to Tavern, A. Moron, Proprietor. Oracle on Premises."

RANGER: Let's go.

(They ride off.)

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(In the Tavern. The elderly Moron stands aimlessly. Enter Atrocitès and Meano. They are dressed in black and wear loaded holsters.)

MORON: What'll you gentlemen be havin'? Or what'll ya have, gentlemen?

ATROCITÈS: A double whiskey for me.

MEANO: Banana Daiquiri.

(Atrocitès looks startled.)

ATROCITÈS: And let's have a bowl of Buffalo Chips.

MORON: Comin' right up. You sure must be a pair of tough hombres.

(Moron goes and prepares their order at the bar.)

MEANO: Well, Boss?

ATROCITÈS: This guy looks like a weak argument to me. We shouldn't have any trouble with him at all.

(Moron brings over their order.)

MORON: Well, gentlemen, that'll be 37¢ even.
ATROCITES: You're A. Moron, aren't you?
MORON: That's right. But that'll be 37¢, please.
ATROCITES: You said "37¢ even?"
MORON: Yep.
ATROCITES: Well, 37¢ is odd, not even. So how could I possibly hope to pay you 37¢ even?
MORON: Well, I'll have to think about that...
MEANO: You got 'im with that one, Boss! Heh-heh-heh-heh.
MORON: O.K. That'll be 37¢ odd.
ATROCITES: I've only got a dollar.
MORON: Well, that's no problem. I can give you,...uh, 63¢ change.
ATROCITES: You can?
MORON: Sure. 37¢ from a dollar leaves 63¢ change.
ATROCITES: I'm not disputin' your arithmetic, Moron. It's just that I don't understand how change is possible in the first place.
MORON: Wha??
ATROCITES: Well, if something changes, in what sense is it the same thing?
MORON: Oh, help, help...
MEANO: Heh-heh-heh-heh.
MORON: Well, I'll have to think about that one, too.
ATROCITES: We're in a hurry. There's no time for you to think. Look. Don't you agree that nothing is better than being paid?
MORON: Uh, yes.
ATROCITES: Well, then, we gave you nothing. So everything is all right.
MORON: Oh, oh...my head...
(Enter Blanche Dubois.)
BLANCHE: Uncle Moron, what's wrong?
MORON: Oh, oh...I'm so confused. Those men, they...
BLANCHE: (To Atrocités and Meano.) Whatever have you come here for?
ATROCITÉS: We came in for a drink. Why don't you join us, Ma'am.
This here's my pal, Meano.
BLANCHE: He looks it.
ATROCITÉS: And I'm Atrocités. What's your name?
BLANCHE: Blanche Dubois. I'm sorry I can't have a drink with you, gentlemen. You see, I'm on duty as sybil in this tavern.
(Atrocités and Meano exchange a glance.)
ATROCITÉS: Yeh? How'd you like to ride with us? We could use a sybil.
BLANCHE: I couldn't leave poor Uncle Moron all alone. What would he do?
ATROCITÉS: He could collect dis-sybillity.
MEANO: Heh-heh-heh-heh.
ATROCITÉS: On second thought, I kinda like this set-up here. You're gonna work for us, sister. And you're gonna say what we tell you to say.
MEANO: Say, Boss, that's a great idea.
ATROCITÉS: And just as a little insurance, we're gonna hold your Uncle hostage. All right, Meano, take him into the back room and work him over a little more.
BLANCHE: No, no. I'll do anything you want...I'll tell untruths. Only don't confound Uncle Moron anymore.
MEANO: Just an iota, eh, Boss. A few multiple-choice questions.
MORON: No, not those. Please.
MEANO: Heh-heh-heh-heh.
(Exit Meano and Moron.)
ATROCITÉS: OK, Blanche, it's time for you to do your stuff. I don't wanna hear any truths coming out of your mouth. Truth is dead in Blind Man's Bluff.

BLANCHE: But upon my soul, I've never told a lie.

ATROCITÉS: Well, you better learn fast. I hear someone coming! I'll be close by in the back room, so don't try any...sybil disobedience.

(Atrocité exits.)

BLANCHE: Why did I ever leave Belle Reve, where the magnolia blossoms, and the gentlemen callers know how to treat a fine lady...

(There is a knock at the Tavern door.)

BLANCHE: Come in.

(Enter the Ranger and Onto.)

Oh, dear, a Cretan and a masked man. What am I to do?

RANGER: You have nothing to fear from us, young woman, if you stand on the side of...the road.

BLANCHE: The road? Which road is that?

RANGER: Why, the road to truth.

BLANCHE: Those are peculiar words coming from a masked man.

RANGER: There's a reason I wear this mask.

ONTO: Extreme ugliness.

(The Ranger hits Onto.)

And chronic self-delusion.

RANGER: Why you, Cretan...

BLANCHE: Please, gentlemen, have you forgotten yourselves?

RANGER: That's an interesting question, Ma'am. I refer, of course, to the celebrated doctrine of anamnesis.

BLANCHE: (outraged) My daddy raised my six sisters and me as strict
BLANCHE: Presbyterians.
RANGER: That's a mighty rare thing in these times.
BLANCHE: But I converted to Prognosticism upon attaining my majority.
RANGER: That's just what we rode out here to talk to you about. According to folks in town, you have the reputation of being a straight-shooter when it comes to oracles.
BLANCHE: Is that what you've come here for? An oracle?
RANGER: Yes, Ma'am. How much will that be?
BLANCHE: I'm afraid I can't accommodate you gentlemen today. You see, I'm feeling a trifle faint.
ONTO: That good for divination.
BLANCHE: I just don't feel like it. I'm sorry, boys.
RANGER: Onto and I have been in the saddle for four days, and we think that entitles us to at least one question.
BLANCHE: I suppose I can manage one answer. Go ahead.
(She sits down on a stool and starts to go into a trance.)
RANGER: Who's the best mind in the Ancient World?
ONTO: Always the same question, Kimosabi.
RANGER: And always the same answer, Onto.
BLANCHE: The best mind in all of antiquity is... Atrocities.
RANGER: (furious) What! That's crazy. I'm the best mind in all of antiquity. Why, the Delphic Oracle herself told me...
BLANCHE: (stirred out of her trance and standing) The Delphic Oracle? She don't know from shit!
ONTO: Au contraire, Ma'am. That exactly how she know.
RANGER: Blanche, why are you lying? What do you have to hide?
RANGER: Out with it, Blanche.
BLANCHE: I'm afraid...Oh...whoever you are...I have always depended on the kindness of rangers. Atrocités and Meano, they have my Uncle Moron in the back room, and they said that if I told as much as one truth, they'd permanently confound him. I couldn't let that happen to Uncle Moron.

ONTO: They sound like real badsters.

RANGER: Evil is never really real, Onto, no matter how bad it is. (softly) Look, Blanche, I'm going to pretend to go along with your oracle to lure Atrocités out of the back room. Onto here will sneak in through the window and surprise Meano.

( Onto exits.)

(loudly) Well, Blanche, if this Atrocités is everything you say he is, it'd be worth a pretty penny to have a talk with him.

(Enter Atrocités.)

ATROCITÉS: Did I hear the gentleman mention my name?

RANGER: I used your name to get you out into the open, you Sophist bastard!

ATROCITÉS: The Masked Mortal's not supposed to swear.

RANGER: That's right. But don't try anything funny.

ATROCITÉS: Masked Mortal, you asked for it. Take this.

(Atrocités draws a large black question mark from his holster. He points it at the Ranger.)

How can it be that what-is-not is?

RANGER: To say anything at all about that which is not, or about things which are not, is to speak either in the singular or in the plural...
ATROCITÉS: Oh no! He has an answer.

(Retracts collapses to the floor.)

RANGER: Let me say this about that. I have all the answers, because I know all the questions.

(onto drags Meano in and drops him in a heap next to Atrocitēs. Moron returns also.)

BLANCHE: Oh, Uncle Moron, are you all right?

MORON: I'm fine Blanche, thanks to this here Cretan.

BLANCHE: Oh, Masked Mortal, weren't you frightened by his question mark?

RANGER: Not for a second. The semi-colon is the accepted interrogatory punctuation in Greek. That curly thing was meaningless, like everything the Sophists do.

BLANCHE: Oh, you must be the best mind in the whole Mediterranean Basin!

RANGER: That's what I like to hear.

MORON: I don't know how to thank you.

RANGER: You don't owe us any thanks, Moron. But you do owe the people of this town something better than Buffalo Chips. And you Miss Blanche, you owe them honest oracles, and that means the truth.

BLANCHE: Wait, aren't you even going to tell us who you are?

RANGER: My name's not important. Come on, onto. Adios.

(The Ranger and onto exit.)

MORON: Blanche, who is he? and what's his business?

BLANCHE: His business is justice. He is the Athenian 'Ranger!

(The music of the William Tell comes up again and rises to its finale.)

* TELOS *
ANNOUNCER: Say, kids! What's the new game that everybody's playing?

KIDS: HEGEL-REGEL! HEGEL-REGEL!

ANNOUNCER: That's right! It's HEGEL-REGEL, the exciting new action toy. Wind it up, let it go, and watch it unfold itself in space and time through history. Have hours of fun turning everything inside out and upside down. Just set the magic DIAL-ectic to your favorite thesis, push the button that releases the Zeitgeist, and enjoy concrete actuality as it comes into being. Oh, look out, here comes that mean old Antithesis! What's gonna happen when they meet? (Crash!) Wow! It's a Synthesis!

KIDS: HEGEL-REGEL! HEGEL-REGEL!

ANNOUNCER: And the whole family can play, too. Will Dad win by expressing the Absolute as Subject? No, here comes Sis with Actual Spirit as the Object of Self-Consciousness perceived as a Mode. But Junior quickly unfolds the Other as the content of Negation manifested in Multiplicity. Wait a minute! Mom wants to reconcile Consciousness with Self-Consciousness in the form of Implicit Impermanence of Explicit Self-Existence. Will she succeed?

KIDS: HEGEL-REGEL! HEGEL-REGEL!

ANNOUNCER: HEGEL-REGEL. An action toy from Marx. Batteries not included.
"BUT NOT TOMORROW"

TODAY WILL BE YESTERDAY TOMORROW,
AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW.
CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PLACE FROM DAY TO DAY,
DAY TO DAY, TODAY, TOMORROW.

AND ALL OUR YESTERDAYS WERE ONCE TODAYS,
AND OUR TODAYS ONCE TOMORROWS;
BUT ALL OUR TOMORROWS ARE STILL TOMORROWS,
UNTIL TOMORROW WHEN ONE OF THEM BECOMES TODAY.

THIS MORNING, THIS AFTERNOON, AND EVENING
ARE TODAY, BUT NOT TOMORROW.
OUR YESTERDAYS HAVE LIGHTED FOOLS THE WAY TO DUSTY DEATH.
OUT, OUT, TODAY! OUT, OUT, TOMORROW!

A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT — TODAY,
RETOLED TONIGHT, PERHAPS TOMORROW.
SOUND AND FURY SIGNIFYING NOTHING —
NOT A GOD-DAMN FUCKING THING!
MA VIE

Il y a déjà quelque temps que je me suis aperçu que, dès mes premières années, j'avais reçu quantité de fausses opinions pour véritables,
et que ce que j'ai depuis fondé sur des principes si mal assurés, ne pouvait être que fort douteux et incertain;
de façon qu'il me fallait entreprendre sérieusement une fois en ma vie de me défaire de toutes les opinions que j'avais reçues jusques alors en ma créance,
et commencer tout de nouveau dès les fondements, si je voulais établir quelque chose de ferme et de constant dans les sciences.

Mais cette entreprise me semblant être fort grande, j'ai attendu que j'eusse atteint un âge qui fût si mûr,
que je n'en pusse espérer d'autre après lui, auquel je fusse plus propre à l'exécuter; ce qui m'a fait différer si longtemps,
que désormais je croirais commettre une faute, si j'employais encore à délibérer le temps qu'il me reste pour agir.

Maintenant donc que mon esprit est libre de tous soins, et que je me suis procuré un repos assuré dans une paisible solitude, je m'appliquerai sérieusement et avec liberté à détruire généralement toutes mes anciennes opinions.

LIFE

It is now some years since I detected how many were the false beliefs that I had from my earliest youth admitted as true,
and how doubtful was everything I had since constructed on this basis;
and from that time I was convinced that I must once for all seriously undertake to rid myself of all the opinions which I had formerly accepted,
and commence to build anew from the foundation, if I wanted to establish any firm and permanent structure in the sciences.

But as this enterprise appeared to be a very great one, I waited until I had attained an age so mature that I could not hope that at any later date I should be better fitted to execute my design. This reason caused me to delay so long that I should feel that I was doing wrong were I to occupy in deliberation the time that yet remains to me for action.

Today, then, since very opportunely for the plan I have in view I have delivered my mind from every care...and since I have procured for myself an assured leisure in a peaceable retirement, I shall at last seriously and freely address myself to the general upheaval of all my former opinions.
A DAY IN OLD KÖNIGSBerg.

[Music.]
[An old woman with a cane hobbles onto the stage.]

OLD WOMAN: You know, the city of Königsberg is over 500 years old and very famous for its seven bridges; but for all that, it's a terribly boring town. Nothing ever happens. In fact, it's so boring that the burghers spend all their time walking around trying to find a way to cross all seven bridges without crossing any one bridge twice! Did you ever hear of anything so stupid? I told the mayor... I told him that the application of the Euler connectivity theorem in topology to the network structure shows that no path exists when there occurs an oddness of local degrees at the juncture points. But did he listen? No! No one listens to me. I'm just a stupid old woman! Bah!

Oh, look, here comes that crazy Professor Kant — as regular as clockwork.

[Kant enters.]

OLD WOMAN: Good day, Professor Kant.

KANT: (to the audience) Hah! Why should I bother to say hello to such an ugly old woman? But I'll fix her.

[Kant walks back, and returns with a leash to which is attached a brick. The old woman is taken aback.]

KANT: Good day, old woman.
OLD WOMAN: Why, Professor Kant!!! There's a...a brick...on the end of your leash!


[Music.]

[Curtain.]
THE SONG OF FATE.

The fate of each man's
Taken out of his hands,
And there's nothing that he can ever do.
When chance deals him a blow,
It's just to let him know
That the time has come — his life is through.

Now, some will try to run
From the muzzle of the gun,
But they'll find that it's always too late;
For the accidental bullet
Will get you in the gullet (tsk- tsk- tsk).
There's just no place to hide from your fate.

Your own fate depends
On so many loose ends,
That there's nothing that you can ever do.
When chance deals you a kick,
You've played your last trick.
The chips are lost, the game is through.

If some bacillus should deign
To enter a vein,
And there to make himself a bed,
The fruits of copulation
Will be bacterial overpopulation;
And the end result is that you're dead.

Life hangs by a thread
Which is just about to shred;
But don't bother to look for a friend.
He'll just try to turn his back,
Or even worse, he will attack
You for plotting to hasten his end.
Now, only a fool
Could believe such drool,
That virtue can shield you from pain.
It even says in the good book
That the good guy and the crook
Both get wet when they go out in the rain.

[Dance interlude]

And when the clouds have finally gone away,
And the sunshine starts to fill your day,
An accident will land you in the pond.
And while you're crying and you're whining,
On good and evil the sun keeps shining;
And some say it even shines beyond.
SPEED-TALKING.

(A man starts babbling.)

ANNOUNCER: This man is speaking 4367 words per minute. He used to speak only 8 words per minute. As a result, his life was feckless and boring. He didn't have time to say any of the things that he heard other people saying. But then he heard about the Thelma Phantod Speed Talking Course. Now he's able to deliver an hour-lecture in only 44 seconds. And he has time for all the things he really enjoys saying.

(The babbling takes on an intense aspect.)

ANNOUNCER: You too can learn to speak as much as 5000% faster than you presently do. Let me repeat that. You too can increase your rate of talking by as much as 100 words per second. Here's how.

TAPED ANNOUNCEMENT: Thelma Phantod is offering a free introductory mini-lesson in your area at the following locations.

(The sound of little bunches of babbling in place of the locations.)
DER FREGE UND DAS MÄDCHEN. (The Logician's Love-Song.)

LOGICIAN: If and only if you love me,
Then and only then should you tarry;
For while for me your body is sufficient,
For the law your consent is necessary.

COED: There exists an $x$ such that $x$ wants me;
But the commutative generator
Doesn't always hold for a relation $R$,
And besides, $x$ is no rigid designator!
THE MIND-BRAIN IDENTITY.

ANNOUNCER: The Mind-Brain Identity: What does it mean...in the shoe store, in the restaurant, and in the home?

*****

SALESMAN: Well, Mrs. Gerkin, that should do it. A nice pair of shoes. Shall I wrap them up?

GERKIN: Wait a moment. I'm not going to buy them after all. I changed my brain.

*****

WAITER: Sir, may I take your order?

CUSTOMER: Yes, I'll have the calf's mind.

*****

WIFE: John, I'm going out to the supermarket. Would you please brain the baby until I get home?
ENCORE: The Plenum Song.

Oh, I got plenty o' plenum,
And plenum's plenty for me, oh,
It's not on maps,
It fills all gaps,
It's very hard to see.
Yessiree!
TRIBUTE TO JOHN DEWEY.

John Dewey, do we, do we inquire tonight?
John Dewey, do you know your answers are outta sight?
You're a great reformer, a big scholar, and a don.

John Dewey, dare we carry on the work of Peirce and James?
John Dewey, can we marshall warrants for our epistemic claims?
You taught us to give up the quest for certainty,
And pragmatized the Journal of Philosophy!

John Dewey, must we give up clinging to the norm?
John Dewey, do we undertake curriculum reform?
You walked into the Ed. School and took over the joint,
And drove librarians wild with your Dewey Decimal Point!

John Dewey, you started out in Vermont very poor.
John Dewey, you came to us in nineteen-hundred-and-four.
You wrote Art as Experience, and A Common Faith — right on!

John Dewey, do we, do we reconstruct tonight?
John Dewey, do you know you turned on the light?
At the end of the tunnel where we were all alone?
But now we can't discriminate the knowing from the known!
POSSIBLE WORLDS, I.

ANNOUNCER: The continuing story of POSSIBLE WORLDS.

(Music.)

(As the curtain opens, X and Y are talking.)

X: Y.

Y: Yes? What is it?

X: It is almost time t. The others should be arriving soon. Is everything ready?

Y: Everything is all ready...already....

(Pause.)

X: I wish you hadn't invited q_k.

Y: Well, q_k belongs to our regular set. I had to include q_k.

X: I still wish you hadn't invited q_k.

Y: You can wish what you like.

X: But don't you see that some inconsistency could arise.

Y: Then it would have to be resolved.
X: Not necessarily.

Y: If some inconsistency does arise....

X: You can wish what you like.

(Pause. There is knocking at the door as the telephone rings. X answers the door as Y answers the telephone.)

Y: (at the telephone) Yes?

X: (at the door) No!

$q_k$: (coming in the door) Yes!

Y: (at the telephone) No?

(As Y sadly hangs up the phone, a young man follows $q_k$ in the door.)

$q_k$: I'd like to introduce $q_{k+1}$.

(X and $q_{k+1}$ shake hands.)

YOUNG MAN: I knew your father, G of x.

X: Oh?

(Y joins the group.)

Y: That was J. He's at p', and because of the storm, all the trees are down and there are no open paths.

X: Perhaps he can make it later, at time t'?
Y: All paths are closed.

X: All paths are closed....

Y: (seeing q_k) q_k!

q_k: Y, this is q_{k+1}, my successor in the group.

Y: Then, you must know q_{k+2}. We're expecting him at a later stage in the evening.

(There is a knock at the door. It is q_{k+2}, an older man.)

OLDER MAN: Hello, everyone.

X: q_{k+2}! Y was just mentioning your name.

Y: Not at all.

(Another couple stroll in the door as X and q_k walk off to the side of the stage to talk alone.)

YOUNG MAN: Look, it's q_i and q_j. They certainly make an ordered pair, don't they?

Y: (looking at X and q_k) Yes, they do, don't they?

OLDER MAN: Is q_j any relation to J?

YOUNG MAN: No, though people used to make the same mistake when they were in classes together.
Y: (wistfully) J? He called tp say that he couldn't make it. All paths to p are closed.

(X and q_k step forward as the other group's conversation becomes inaudible.)

X: I understand you've taken on a new position with respect to A.

q_k: I'm not with A any longer. I've become a model.

X: An open model?

q_k: The trouble with you, X, is that you're too much of an operator. You're not my type really. I find I can't function in purely reflexive relationships the way I used to.

X: That's funny. Y always accuses me of being too arbitrary. All I really want is to be free.

q_k: I thought you were bound by your relationship to Y.

X: My relationship to Y?

(X looks at Y as Y looks across the room at X.)

(The curtain closes as the closing music is heard.)
THE BEST PICTURE [Das Best Bild] by Kopchyonaya Sel'd'y. (1972)

The authorized translation from the original Czech and German is by Ya. Ya. Nikotyn Gorodishko and G. E. H. Lahițăwickłămprăžinh.

THE CAST (in order of utterance):

TELEVISION ANNOUNCER...........................................Palmyr Foccus, III
HORITZ SCHLICK.............................................Adolf Axim-neyin
HELLBOCK......................................................Götz Schreck
LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN........................................Urta Baxter Elwicker
DOKTOR INTERLOCUTOR.......................................Morgan Diewelt
DELIVERY BOY....................................................Florian Rooney
RUDOLF CARNAP................................................Arno Ehrenheftico
"KURT GÖDEL......................................................Fong Tu-San
the use of "OTTO NEURATH".................................Janos Hunyadi
META............................................................................Yerba Queck
the voice of MAX PLANCK......................................Alexandre Horgulyov
SIGMUND FREUD................................................Emil Boring
the mention of ERNST MACH.................................Anton Regelmassig
FRAU DOKTOR DOKTORFRAU..................................Zephyre de Zipfsac

Scene 1 takes place in the studios of WIEN-TV.
Scene 2 takes place in the office of Ludwig Wittgenstein.
Scene 3 takes place in the Klinik of Sigmund Freud.
Scene 1: The television studios of WIEN-TV, educational television.
Professor Moritz Schlick is seated behind a table, preparing
to do a commercial for "ERSATZ" aspirin. On the table is a
drawing of a human head screaming, with arrows pointing to
the mouth and the center of the brain. To the left of the
table is a large aspirin-bottle labeled "ERSATZ ASPIRIN -
100,000,000 Tablet Inflation Size". An announcer steps out.

ANNOUNCER: ERSATZ-Headache Number 491. (The announcer exits.)

SCHLICK: Hi, there. My name is Moritz Schlick. I'm a professor
of philosophy at the University of Vienna. You know, we
philosophers do a lot of thinking...thinking about pain.
And all that thinking can give you a walloping headache.
When I have a headache...that is to say, when I believe
that I have a headache...one might prefer to say, when it
is the case that I can be said to be acting in a manner
consistent with the conjecture that I actually have a
headache....Well, you know what I mean, don't you? That's
the time I reach for ERSATZ, the aspirin of positivists.
Two ERSATZ tablets in a glass of whipped cream will have
you feeling like a superman in no time. And that's because
ERSATZ contains the secret ingredient CRITERION, the most
powerful antiseptic known to epistemologists.

BOTTLE: Professor Schlick!

SCHLICK: ERSATZ goes beyond mere pain-behaviour...which is, as
everyone knows, only an outward manifestation of an inward
process...to the pain itself, where it really counts. You
can see why here in this diagram.
[As Schlick is speaking and pointing to the drawing, the lid of the bottle unscrews and rises, attached to a periscope.]

BOTTLE: Professor Schlick!

SCHLICK: What the...? Yes? It's a talking bottle.

BOTTLE: Professor Schlick, I do this out of jealousy and revenge!

[A small door in the label opens (leaving the fragment "ASP"), and a hand with a gun comes out and shoots Schlick twice. He falls on the table; then as he tries to raise himself, the bottle escapes. Schlick falls to the floor.]

SCHLICK: Ohhhhh!...Fuck!

[Schlick dies. The announcer rushes out.]

ANNOUNCER: Quick, Bruno, the jingle! (The announcer exits.)

CHORUS: (offstage) Fear and Trembling, Angst and Dread. ERSATZ, ERSATZ knocks 'em dead. ERSATZ.

[Blackout.]

Scene 2: Dramatic music. The titles are illuminated, after the manner of a movie. The voice of Wittgenstein is heard.

WITTGENSTEIN: My name is Ludwig Wittgenstein, private investigator. I remember the case of the Posthumous Positivist very well; it was one of the strangest cases Doctor Interlocutor and I ever tackled. We were sitting in the
[The lights come up to reveal the offices of Wittgenstein. He is seated on a chair, with Doctor Interlocutor on his knee, in the manner of a ventriloquist's dummy.]

INTERLOCUTOR: There are certain things in the world that one would wish to say are beautiful, while there are others that are only pretty.

WITTGENSTEIN: And some that might be said to be both.

INTERLOCUTOR: What? How could something be both beautiful and pretty, at the same time?

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, a face might appear beautiful to one person and pretty to someone else.

INTERLOCUTOR: Then, one of them is wrong! How could a face be both beautiful and merely pretty?

WITTGENSTEIN: Merely pretty? I didn't say "merely pretty". "Merely" in what sense?

INTERLOCUTOR: You're not trying to tell me that being pretty isn't something less than being beautiful!

WITTGENSTEIN: Less? But are they even the same sort of thing? What would it mean to say that one is correct in calling a face beautiful?...What would it mean to call a face beautiful, and to be wrong?

INTERLOCUTOR: I give up, Socrates. You tell me.
WITTGENSTEIN: Isn't it curious that while we often say of a face that it is pretty, we rarely say it of a body? A pretty body? A beautiful body!

INTERLOCUTOR: I'll tell you what I really think...that in all the world...there might not exist so much as one beautiful thing...one truly beautiful thing...only some pretty ones...toys...

[There is a knock at the door. As Gödel and Carnap enter, Doctor Interlocutor gets off Wittgenstein's knee and sits in another chair, and starts to read a book. Just as Gödel is about to speak, a delivery-boy rushes past him with two large packages.]

DELIVERY-BOY: Chinese funeral for five?

WITTGENSTEIN: I don't think so.

DELIVERY-BOY: Then you must be the guy who ordered the two pictures framed. That'll be three hundred thousand marks, please.

WITTGENSTEIN: Tell me, would accept tokens in place of marks?

DELIVERY-BOY: Huh?

INTERLOCUTOR: Watch out, he can be very tricky.

DELIVERY-BOY: Strictly cash, mister.

WITTGENSTEIN: Very well.

[picks up

[Wittgenstein picks up an enormous bill.]

WITTGENSTEIN: I'm sorry I don't have anything smaller. Oh, well,
WITTGENSTEIN: Now then, excuse me, gentlemen, for the delay. You're here, I take it, about the unfortunate shooting of Moritz Schlick.

CARNAP: (startled) But how could you know?

GÖDEL: (to Carnap) Rudi, I don't like it. Let's go.

WITTGENSTEIN: I assume I have the honor of addressing two distinguished members of the Philosophy Faculty of the University of Vienna. Professors Carnap and Gödel, if I am not mistaken.

CARNAP: Positively amazing!

GÖDEL: Impossible! How could you know?

WITTGENSTEIN: Elementary, my dear Gödel. That tell-tale trace of chalk-dust on your sleeves — AUSTIN Puce No. 3 — found in only two places on the face of the earth: at the base of Mount Gapagai, an extinct volcano in northern New Jersey, and... in the seminar room of the Philosophy department of the University of Vienna. And from Dr. Carnap's use of the word "positively", the ambiguity was resolved! And now, gentlemen, about the shooting...

CARNAP: Hey, pick a number between zero and one.
CARNAP: You're not supposed to tell me. (to Doctor Interlocutor) You pick one.

INTERLOCUTOR: Okay.

CARNAP: Got it?

INTERLOCUTOR: Yep.

CARNAP: The square-root of three divided by two pi.

INTERLOCUTOR: That's right! How did you...?

CARNAP: It's a nice trick, isn't it. You want to learn how to do it?

WITTGENSTEIN: Gentlemen...the shooting?

GEDEL: The murder! The murder!

CARNAP: Kurt believes it to be part of a larger schema...

GEDEL: Believe nothing! I know! Someone, somewhere, is out to murder positivism itself...by killing off the whole Vienna Circle.

WITTGENSTEIN: What leads you to this conclusion?

GEDEL: There have been threats on my life....I received a package in the mail....
WITTGENSTEIN: Yes? And....What was in it?

GÖDEL: I don't know. I didn't open it. But I have it here, at the end of my rope...here.

[Gödel goes out and returns with a rope, which he pulls until a package flies onto the stage from the wings.]

INTERLOCUTOR: It's all wet! (examining the package)

GÖDEL: I took the precaution of soaking it in a tub for six weeks first, in case it should contain a bomb....

WITTGENSTEIN: Six weeks! When did you receive the package?

GÖDEL: Oh, several years ago. I don't remember exactly.

CARNAP: I do. It was right around the time of the Polish logician jokes.

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, then. It should be perfectly safe to open it...

GÖDEL: No, no....It might contain some kind of dangerous animal capable of living for prolonged periods of time under water — (to the audience) such as that terrible Vampire-Stoat that terrorized Vienna right before the Franco-Prussian War.

WITTGENSTEIN: Still...let's have a look.

GÖDEL: No, no! It isn't safe, I tell you.
CARNAP: I just remembered I promised to help Otto Neurath fix his boat.

GÖDEL: The Sea-Star? It sank in the Danube last Tuesday.

CARNAP: Shhh.

[Gödel and Carnap exit stealthily.]

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, let's see what we have as.

INTERLOCUTOR: Oh, let me unpack it. Hey! It's a drawing, a representation!

WITTGENSTEIN: A clue?

[Doctor Interlocutor takes out a picture of a triangle.]

INTERLOCUTOR: No, a triangle!

WITTGENSTEIN: A triangle? Let me see. A triangle.

[The telephone rings.]

WITTGENSTEIN: Hello.

GÖDEL: (offstage) Wittgenstein?...Gödel here. I just remembered something important.

WITTGENSTEIN: Yes?

GÖDEL: (offstage) There was a woman, a young woman...but Schlick was married....Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk.... (He hangs up
WITTGENSTEIN: G"odel...He hung up.

INTERLOCUTOR: Why don't you call him back. The G"odel number is on your desk.

WITTGENSTEIN: No, it takes too long to dial. Anyway, he'll call back. He loves to telephone...A woman, he said.

INTERLOCUTOR: A woman! Holy Heidegger, Ludwig! Look! Another picture, on the back of the triangle. I wonder who she could be?

WITTGENSTEIN: I don't know, but I intend to find out. Call the offices of the Neue Freie Presse.

INTERLOCUTOR: Yesse.

WITTGENSTEIN: I want to place a personal ad in the classified section.

[Doctor Interlocutor places the call, and hands the telephone to Wittgenstein.]

WITTGENSTEIN: Hello. I'd like to place a notice. Here's the text: "White Male Philosopher, 47, seeks swinging thinker, 18 - 22, for games, a case of life and death".

[Wittgenstein hangs up, and there is a knock at the door. Meta enters carrying a tape-recorder.]

META: I'm calling about your ad. I'm in fear.

WITTGENSTEIN: Won't you come in. What did you say your name was, again?

META: I didn't...it's Meta...I'm a...student.
WITTGENSTEIN: Ah! (suddenly turning on her) What do you know about the murder of Moritz Schlick?

META: (chewing gum) Well...he was one of my regular...professors as it were.

WITTGENSTEIN: As it were?

META: Yes, he's dead. I used to go talk with him about Aristotle and stuff like that.

WITTGENSTEIN: So....

META: Well, I always carry a tape-recorder with me, so that I won't forget anything my professors might say....Schlick was a genius, you know. A genius!

WITTGENSTEIN: That's nothing here. Go on.

META: Well, one night...here listen.

[Meta starts the tape recorder. The following dialogue is on tape.]

SCHLICK: Now, where were we? Meta, you were asking me about physical causation...Meta, physical causation?

META: Yes, I just don't understand what the difference between a cause and an effect is.

SCHLICK: Well, let me try to help you....Hume gives three conditions for....Look, I'll be the cause and you be the effect. We can
META: (shyly) Okay.

SCHLICK: Now, first there must be temporal precedence of cause over effect. Now, I'm older than you, and perhaps a little more experienced in the ways of the world...so that condition is satisfied...satisfied, yes. Secondly, there must be spatial contiguity....Why don't you move a little closer, my little noodle....There, now, just...

META: Professor, Schlick, what are you doing?

SCHLICK: Nothing, nothing, I assure you. Just relax and lie back.

META: Oh!

SCHLICK: And the third condition...there must be between the cause and the effect...a constant conjunction!!!

SCHLICK and META: Oh! Ah! etc.

[These sounds continue, followed by a loud crash. The tape-recorder falls silent.]

WITTGENSTEIN: What happened then?

META: You wouldn't believe it!

WITTGENSTEIN: Never mind, tell me anyway.

META: Well, this kook...dressed up like a...ready for this...like a hypodermic needle, comes in and tries to shoot the place u
WITTGENSTEIN: Horrible! And then...

META: Well, I ran out...and the last thing I saw was this guy making for the professor like he was trying to kill him or something. I don't know what happened after that.

WITTGENSTEIN: Can you describe him more definitely?

META: Well, he had on a shirt with horizontal stripes. They were graduated — one quart, two quarts, you know, like that — and there was this needle on his head.

WITTGENSTEIN: Are you absolutely sure you weren't hallucinating, and thought that the professor had become...

META: No, no. I was perfectly conscious the whole time.

WITTGENSTEIN: An hypodermic needle, ha? Most interesting! Do you mind if I borrow this tape for a while?

META: No, go ahead. Just do something...I'm so afraid of him. I took a real chance coming here, you know.

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, Miss, sometimes it pays to gamble with truth.

META: You wanna bet? I wouldn't give you two cents for my chances if he ever found me.

WITTGENSTEIN: You should try not to be so subjective in your beliefs.
META: He's a real kook, I tell you. Crazy, you know what I mean?

WITTGENSTEIN: Crazy, yes...crazy. Well, thank you for coming.
Good afternoon.

[Meta exits.]

WITTGENSTEIN: Dr. Interlocutor, call the V.C. headquarters. Tell them to meet us in half an hour at 716 Sackgasse.

INTERLOCUTOR: 716 Sackgasse? What's that?

WITTGENSTEIN: The psycho-erotische, -neurotische, und -psychotische Klinik und Hochschule...of Doktor Sigmund Freud, the one man in Vienna who can help us solve this terrible crime. Let's go.

INTERLOCUTOR: I can't.

WITTGENSTEIN: Why not?

INTERLOCUTOR: (holding up the telephone) I waiting for Gödel.

Scene 3: [The lights go out as music begins. As soon as the scene change is ready, the lights fade in on Freud's Klinik. Freud is listening to the radio and reading a magazine with a foldout.]

RADIO: (offstage) This is Radio Berlin. We interrupt our broadcast of the Max Planck hour to bring you a message of national importance: 'Ladies and Gentlemen, the Chancellor of the Reich, Doktor Max Planck.

* Meine Damen und Herrn, Mesdames et Messieurs...
PLANCK: (offstage) What really matters is that we recognize a fixed goal...this goal is not the complete adaptation of our ideas to our impressions, but the complete liberation of the physical world-picture from the individuality of the creative mind! This...

[Freud turns the radio off.]

FREUD: This rational realism! Where will it lead? Hah, if Mach were still alive...

[There is a knocking at the door. Wittgenstein, Dr. Interlocutor, and the Vienna Circle enter.]

FREUD: Come in.

WITTGENSTEIN: Doktor Freud?

FREUD: Ja. Won't you have a seat? (seeing all of them) Oh, I'm afraid there simply isn't room in here for all of you to lie down at once...perhaps we can begin with you, my dear. (to Dr. Interlocutor) The others can wait outside.

WITTGENSTEIN: No, Dr. Freud. We're not here for therapy. I represent these gentlemen...the Vienna Circle. (They dance around.) I'm investigating the murder of their founder, Moritz Schlick.

CARNAP: Pick a number between zero and one.

FREUD: Zero!

WITTGENSTEIN: Not now. That's enough. As I was saying...
WITTGENSTEIN: Dr. Freud, I'm looking for a murderer; and it's possible that he is currently here in the Klinik as one of your patients.

FREUD: Ja?

WITTGENSTEIN: Do you have anyone here who believes himself to be an hypodermic needle?

FREUD: I do not permit the use of drugs on the premises.

WITTGENSTEIN: You misunderstand... I meant that this person is deluded and thinks himself to be an hypodermic needle... or even an aspirin.

FREUD: An aspirin! The man must be crazy!

WITTGENSTEIN: Exactly!

FREUD: No, there's no one here like that.

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, perhaps his pain behavior has manifested a new aspect has taken on a new form... perhaps a laxative, or a nasal decongestant....

FREUD: Wait! There is a patient here who behaves as if he were a giant carbonating tablet... possessing a morbid fear of water panic at the thought of indigestion, of his being consumed, of dissolving at any moment...
WITTGENSTEIN: It sounds as if he's our man. Would it be possible for me to see this patient, Doktor Freud?

FREUD: Well... highly irregular... and...

WITTGENSTEIN: But in the interest of science?

FREUD: In the interest of science? Yes... very well. But I warn you, let me handle the patient. (speaking into an intercom) Frau Doktor Doktorfrau? Would you be so kind as to fetch Patient Seltzer, and bring... her... to my office. (to Wittgenstein) Actually, it's a he, but he thinks he's a she... sometimes even an it!

WITTGENSTEIN: That's life.

[Nellböck is brought in by the Alienist, dressed up to look like a large Alka-Seltzer with arms and legs. He appears dazed.]

FREUD: Bring her over here. [to Nellböck] Sit down. [to the Vienna Circle] Permit me to introduce my assistant, Frau Doktor Professor Professor Doktorfrau. [Everyone nods.]

WITTGENSTEIN: (confronting Nellböck) Nellböck! What was that a wince?

INTERLOCUTOR: It's very hard to tell.

FREUD: (Nellböck winces, but says nothing) Please, please. He does not know that he is any Nellböck; he believes himself to be Elke Seltzer. If we are to get anywhere, we must work backwards from his present identity to the stage at which the murder occurred, and then even further back if we are to find the motivation.
FREUD: (to Nellböck) Now then, Elke. When we were speaking last time, you were telling me about your experiences in the bathtub. (to Wittgenstein and the others) Gentlemen, he is supremely hydrophobic, which I interpret as the consequence of a traumatic incident in the...

GÖDEL: Can't you proceed any faster? How long is it going to take to get back to the time of the murder?

FREUD: Why, several years, I imagine. It's a substantial trauma, to shoot a philosopher. We must be patient, and go slowly.

WITTGENSTEIN: Several years! Why that's absurd!

GÖDEL: I haven't got several years.

INTERLOCUTOR: Is there nothing you can do to speed things up?

ALIENIST: Professor Doktor Freud, if I may suggest...

FREUD: Ja, Frau-Doktor-Professor Magister-Ludi Ludimagister-

ALIENIST: Hypnosis.

FREUD: Hypnosis? Out of the question. I haven't indulged in hypnosis in years.

ALIENIST: Still, it's faster.
FREUD: Very well. If you would proceed, my dear...Doktor.

[The Alienist hypnotizes Nellböck with melodramatic gestures.]

FREUD: You know, when this patient came into my care, he was suffering from a mild neurosis, which as you know cannot really be treated. But we were able to induce in its place an acute psychosis, which of course we can treat — over a long period of time, and at enormous expense to the patient.

ALIENIST: The patient is prepared for...analysis, Doktor.

FREUD: Thank you, Frau Doktor Professor Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus, und so weiter. Eh? (to Nellböck) All right, Elke. Can you hear me?

NELLböCK: Yes, Doktor.

FREUD: Elke, I want you to think back to a time when you were not what you are today.

NELLböCK: Yes, Doktor.

FREUD: What is your name?

NELLböCK: E...Er...ERSATZ!

FREUD: Ja!

WITTGENSTEIN: It's working! Ask him about...

FREUD: Shall. Remember the terms. Now...think back further.
NELLBOCK: Yes, Doktor.

FREUD: Now, tell me your name once more. Your name.

NELLBOCK: Nellbock.

FREUD: Ja.

WITTGENSTEIN: That's it!

FREUD: Shhh. Nellbock, tell me your first name.

NELLBOCK: Professor!

FREUD: Transference. Describe to me where you are.

NELLBOCK: I am sitting in a room filled with books and people. It is a large room, but not large enough — it is full of smoke! There is an elliptical table... and a picture of a man. I ought to know who he is, but I don't know. Now, someone begins to speak... but I cannot understand what he is saying.

FREUD: You are in the seminar room of the philosophy department.

NELLBOCK: Yes! I am attending a colloquium, but I cannot concentrate... I keep thinking about... metaphysics...

FREUD: Metaphysics?

NELLBOCK: Yes... No! About Meta, the girl in Schlick's lecture-course.
FREUD: And what are you thinking about her?

NELLBOCK: I am thinking that I wish she would look at me... but all she ever thinks about is Professor Schlick... she never looks at me or talks to me... only to him... he is the Professor while I am only a lowly assistant...

FREUD: And how does this make you feel about Professor Schlick?

NELLBOCK: I regard Professor Schlick with the greatest respect and warmth. He is my teacher. He taught me... philosophy.

FREUD: You do not feel anger at him about Meta?

NELLBOCK: No! He is my teacher. He taught me how to make certain moves...

FREUD: (excitedly) Nellböck! You do not feel hatred and frustration at this situation? and at Schlick for causing it?

NELLBOCK: No. No!... Yes! I feel full of jealousy and revenge!...

FREUD: Ja!

WITTGENSTEIN: Dr. Freud.... (coming forward) One catches cold, but not hot. One catches a meaning, but not a word of what was said. And if one is naughty, one catches it! And, and... one catches the murderer.... (seizing Nellböck) Nellböck, "jealousy and revenge", Nellböck... you killed
[Everyone gathers around as Nellböck wakes up.]

NELLBOCK: What? No, no! (Nellböck runs out.)

GODEL: Stop him! Stop him! Murderer!

[The Alienist runs out.]

FREUD: He won't get far...that door leads only to the pool...

WITTGENSTEIN: The pool!

FREUD: Good God! In his present state...hurry, hurry...

[Everyone starts to rush out when a splash is heard, followed by a fizzling sound which finally dies out. Everyone except Nellböck returns to the stage; Wittgenstein and Freud step to the front.]

FREUD: Too late...I'm afraid I was not in time to help him.

WITTGENSTEIN: Well, Doktor. At least we have the satisfaction of knowing the murderer has not gone unpunished.

FREUD: I'm afraid I was not in time....

WITTGENSTEIN: At least we have the satisfaction of knowing the murderer....

FREUD: I'm afraid I was not....

WITTGENSTEIN: At least we have the satisfaction of knowing....
FREUD: I'm afraid I was....

WITTGENSTEIN: At least we have the satisfaction....

FREUD: I'm afraid....

WITTGENSTEIN: Satisfaction....

FREUD: Afraid....

WITTGENSTEIN: Satisfaction....

FREUD: Afraid....

[As the lights fade out and the curtain closes, an offstage voice sings the closing line.]

VOICE: The human body is the best picture of the human soul.

FINIS

Revised October 21, 1975.
New York City.
THE REALLY REAL CAST:

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