

## Chapter 1

### Early Years

IT WAS IN THE EARLY PART of our century that a young man tried to become God. The place was Vienna; the period of his appearance was between 1908 and 1914. He made a deep impression upon his contemporaries. He had his apostles, his gospel, his apocrypha. The religious books in which his doctrine was expressed had profound reverberations throughout the intellectual world. The cruel wars and revolutions through which mankind has passed since have destroyed or dispersed most of the original witnesses, but some of them are still living, and I am one of them.

The extraordinary thing is not the story about how a man becomes God. Many have tried and failed. The extraordinary thing is that a careful record of the internal and external events has been published by its chief protagonist. It is extraordinary, moreover, because it describes not only the transformation of a man into God, but the reverse, the retransformation of God into man. It describes how he climbed up the hill and then how he climbed down, seeing himself both ways, being his own control. Last, it is extraordinary because the man who went through this cosmic expedition was "normal" throughout and, discordant with current psychological theories, returned unscathed, became more productive, and was better able to meet the exigencies of life than he had been before.

One might wonder why a man living in the first quarter of the twentieth century in the heart of Europe should fall victim to the adventure of God-playing. It would not astonish anyone if he were a figure from the Middle Ages or another period, when the religious life was highly respectable. But this age is one of atheism and agnosticism, of a proud godlessness. What purpose would there be for a talented, educated man to involve himself in such an absurd and bizarre undertaking?

I was born [May 18, 1889] on a stormy night on a ship sailing the Black Sea from the Bosphorus to Constanza in Rumania. It was on the dawn of the holy Sabbath, and the delivery took place just before the initial prayer.

itial prayer. My being born on the ship was due to an honorable error, the excuse being that my mother was only 16 and little experienced in the mathematics of pregnancy. No one knew the identity of the ship's flag. Was she a Greek, a Turkish, a Rumanian, or a Spanish ship? The anonymity of the ship's flag started off the anonymity of my name and the anonymity of my citizenship. When World War I broke out in 1914, no one knew whether I was a Turk, a Greek, a Rumanian, an Italian, or a Spaniard because I had no birth certificate. When I offered my services to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, they would not accept me at first because I had no proof of nationality. I was born a citizen of the world, a sailor moving from sea to sea, from country to country, destined to land one day in New York harbor. [Moreno's 1914 registration form at the University of Vienna shows his nationality as Turkish, following his father's nationality rather than his place of birth. This was the customary practice.]

My mother would never verify this fantastic story of my birth; she made some comments and modifications: "It was a stormy night. It was on the dawn of the holy Sabbath. You were sailing on a ship, but the ship was my body, which delivered you." Hence the story of my birth moved into the realm of myth.

My parents were of Sephardic Jewish descent. My mother, Pauline, was an orphan whose two older brothers brought her up. When she reached adolescence, they sent her to a Roman Catholic convent school because they had no idea of how to take care of an adolescent girl and because the only place a girl could get any kind of education in those days was a convent. The nuns exerted a good deal of pressure on her to convert to Christianity. She felt they might have converted her if she had stayed in the convent another year. My uncles, fearful of possible conversion, arranged a marriage for her at age 15. Such an early marriage was not at all unusual in those days.

My mother had a strange, confused attitude towards religion. It combined elements from her Jewish upbringing and her days in the convent. She was also superstitious, a strong believer in the interpretation of dreams and in fortune telling. She used to lay out tarot cards for neighbors, friends, and especially, for her children. She predicted the weather, wars, marriages, childbirth, divorces, and deaths, told fortunes from coffee grounds and tea leaves. She read palms and taught us how to do it.

My mother was full of ideas and dreams, a great teller of tales. Versatile in languages, she spoke German, Spanish, French, and, of course, Rumanian. But she never learned to speak English well. Luckily, the immigration judge was understanding when she applied for United States citizenship in her seventies or her great fear of not achieving naturalization would have been realized.

Wherever she went, my mother was a popular woman. A friendly spirit, she talked to strangers and they responded. She had a good sense of humor, and whenever life got too complicated she said, “*Was kann man machen? Umdrehen und lachen*” (What can one do? Turn around and laugh). She loved gossip and carried tales. She was naive and gentle, good-natured and motherly, always younger looking than her years.

She had a good ear for music. She loved to sing in all her languages. I still remember the cradle song my mother sang to us. It was a dialogue between a man and a grove of trees.

Man

*Ce te legeni codrule  
fără ploie fără vant  
Cu crâjjenile la pământ.*

Man

Why do you sway back and  
forth, little grove?  
There is no rain. There is  
no wind.  
With your branches down,  
down to the ground.

Trees

*De ce nu mas lejána  
daca trece vremea mia  
Ziu scade moaptea creste  
Si frunzisul mil ráreste.*

Trees

Why shouldn't I sway?  
My time is passing by.  
The days get shorter and  
shorter.  
The nights get longer.  
And my leaves fall down  
to the ground.  
Soon nothing will be left  
for me.  
My branches will be barren.

The lyrics were by a great Rumanian poet and playwright, Eminescu.

My father, Nissim Moreno Levy, was a slender man about 5 feet 8 inches tall. He was serious and retiring, absolute master of the house, a loving and affectionate father. Somewhat irregular in his habits, a philanderer, he came and went as he pleased. He was also very good at starting new businesses and failing. He and my mother finally separated for good when I was about 14 years old. The separation took place without any violent, overt conflict or any formal, legal separation or divorce. It seemed that he just drifted away. I understand that, in his old age in Istanbul, he married at least once more, but it may have been as many as two or three times. He may have fathered more children. We don't know for sure. The rules about such things were far looser there.

My first 5 years were spent in Bucharest, Rumania. We lived in a small house on the Danube River. Rumania is primarily an agricultural nation. Its corn is famous—the best I have ever eaten. The land is relatively flat, becoming hilly towards the Hungarian border. The Danube River flows

through Rumania on its way to the Black Sea; the Danube delta is responsible for Rumania's agricultural riches.

Bucharest was often called Little Paris because the French influence was so strong. All cultured Rumanians spoke French. The fashions of Paris, the culture of Paris were immensely important in Bucharest. Like Paris, the city has many wide boulevards.

So I spent those first years in a strange cultural milieu: the civilization of Paris and the preliterate peasant mentality; the cultural ferment of a cross-roads city in a great empire and the provinciality of an agricultural backwater. I grew up with these contradictions.

When I was a year old, I was stricken with a grave and lingering illness, the "English disease" rickets. My appetite was poor. I lost weight. My legs and feet were deformed. I could not walk. I was taken from doctor to doctor, but none of their remedies worked. No one knew how to help me. I was fading away.

One day my mother was tending me out in our yard when an old gypsy woman went by. She stopped when she noticed my condition. She asked my mother, "What is the matter with the little one?" My mother cried and told the woman my story. The gypsy shook her head, pointed at me with her bony index finger. "The day will come," she seemed to be looking into the future, "when he will be a very great man. People from all over the world will come to see him. He will be a wise and a kind man. Do not cry."

"My boy is so sick," my mother replied.

"He will get well," the old gypsy said. "Do what I tell you. Go and buy a large cartful of sand and spread the sand in the yard. At noon, when the sun burns hot, put the baby on it and the sun will heal the baby of his sickness."

My mother followed the old gypsy's instructions. In a few months I was cured, although my teeth still show signs of rickets.

In the fall, when the leaves began to turn, I was again in the yard with my mother, walking and chatting and playing. The gypsy came back. She stopped and looked at me, her face glowing with joy. Part of her prediction had already come true. . . .

Among the earliest events I remember—at the age of 2—was my first fight with an animal. I was resisting the attack of a dog who was trying to bite me. My grandmother was the only spectator. She was sitting on a chair in the yard sewing when the animal appeared. Helpless and sick with cancer, she could not come to my rescue. I wound up with a severe bite on my right hand and a lifelong aversion to animals. I prefer human beings.

Shortly after that, I had my first encounter with death. My grandmother was sinking rapidly, finally dying from the cancer that had made her so sick and feeble. She was stretched out on her deathbed, two tall candles burning at either side of the head of the bed. . . .

During that time a wild fire broke out across the street. There was an explosion. Firemen came running. A woman burned to death. My grandmother's death and the fire are, therefore, twined together in my mind. I recall that I faced my dying grandmother without fear. But my aversion to fire equals my dislike for dogs. There are later memories within this same period. My Aunt Bulissa, my father's older sister, lived on the same street as we did. She had a house with a veranda. One of my cousins was engaged to be married. She and her bridegroom sat together on the open porch holding hands and kissing one another. They were, so to speak, on show so that the whole town could see that they were betrothed. Nothing was hidden. Everything was wide open, a display of a very personal experience. It was so totally different from the way things are done in America. Friends and neighbors came to the house and brought flowers and gifts. This show of intentions was carried on for several weeks, or however long was necessary to proclaim their betrothal. My cousin was young and beautiful, her bridegroom equally attractive.

During my boyhood, we had fantastically festive holiday dinners and family gatherings. These meals were attended by a huge number of older people—they all looked very old to me. As the eldest son of the family, I was required to go around from guest to guest, make a bow, and kiss the ladies' hands before I could sit down to eat.

When I emigrated to America, as if by gentlemanly instinct, I carried with me the custom of kissing ladies' hands. I honestly believe that my success depended largely upon the number of hands I kissed and upon the appreciation the ladies felt when I kissed their hands. It was so European. It was a gracious message from the Continent to the new country. . . .

When I was 4, I started going to a Sephardic Bible school. I attended for several months. The director of the school was Rabbi Bigireanu. I was exposed to the Bible for the first time, to the book of Genesis, which opens with the words "*Brayshith Boro Elohim es Hashomaim ves Ho-orets*" (In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth). That was probably where I first learned to read—in Hebrew.

In those days, no house owned bathroom facilities. We had an outside latrine. Piroshka, our Hungarian maid, took me to the latrine at regular intervals and acquainted me with the mysteries of urination and defecation. It was bitter cold. Snow was on the land.

My vision of Piroshka was that of a guru of mystic animism. She explained to me that the urine goes into the water, into the river, into the lake. Feces go into the soil, into the earth and into the surrounding hills. She gave me a profound respect, not only for her but for the primitive cosmic events and for my place in the universe.

So my fascination with the God idea began in early childhood. The most famous person in the universe was God, and I liked to be connected with

Him. The first psychodramatic session took place when I played God at the age of 4, sometime in 1894.

One Sunday afternoon my parents went out to visit friends. I stayed home to play with some of the neighbors' children. We were in the basement of my house, a large room, empty except for a huge oak table in the center. Trying to think of a game to play I came up with, "Let's play God and His angels."

"But who will play God?"

"I am God and you are my angels," I replied. The other children agreed.

"We must build the heavens first," one of the children declared. We dragged chairs from all over the house to the basement, put them on the big table, and began to build one heaven after another by tying several chairs together on one level and putting more chairs above them until we reached the ceiling. Then all the children helped me to climb up to the top chair, where I sat pretty. The children circled around the table, using their arms as wings, singing. One or two of the larger children held up the mountain of chairs we had assembled. Suddenly one of the children asked me, "Why don't you fly?" I stretched my arms, trying it. The angels who were holding up the chairs flew away, too. A moment later, I fell and found myself on the floor, my right arm broken.

The psychodrama of the fallen God. This was, as far as I can recall, the first "private" psychodramatic session I ever conducted. I was the director and protagonist in one. I have often been asked why the psychodrama stage has the form it does. The first inspiration may well have come from this personal experience. The heavens up to the ceiling may have paved the way for my idea of the many levels of the psychodrama stage, its vertical dimension: the first level, the level of conception; the second level, the level of growth; the third level, the level of completion and action; the fourth level, the balcony, the level of the "superegos," the messiahs, and the heroes. My warming up to the difficult "role" of God may have anticipated the warming-up process of spontaneous role acting on the psychodrama stage. That I fell when the children stopped holding up the chairs may have taught me the lesson that even the highest being is dependent upon others, "auxiliary egos," and that a patient-actor needs them in order to act adequately. And gradually I learned that other children, too, like to play God. . . .

My love life has been very intense. I have loved a great deal and have also been loved quite often. However, as far as I can remember, I have never committed rape, although I was raped at least once.

I was about 4 or 5 years old. Piroshka, our Hungarian maid, was about 15 years old. She was already a woman. She tried to make love to me in a very physical way, as it might have been practiced on her. She aroused my

curiosity and I did not resist her. How could I? At that time I was not aware that it was seduction or rape, but years later I realized it, since it was certainly not by consent. It was either a powerful impulse on her part, or she was attracted to me, or she just liked to play with little boys as a dream target for big boys. Also, I learned later, it was customary among the Balkan peasantry to initiate sexual relationships with children quite early in life. What is in our culture regarded as pathological—incest between brother and sister, parent and child—was quite the usual pattern in those times and among those people.

Piroshka excited me. She conditioned me very early to become a lover. I still remember the first incident very vividly. I see her before me, nude, blue-eyed, blonde, sprawled out in a variety of coital positions. She stayed with our family about a year, and all that time she made love to me at every opportunity. . . .

[At age 6 or 7 Moreno moved with his family from Bucharest to Vienna.]

One of my most vivid childhood memories can be traced back to the age of 6. In the middle of one night I slipped into the kitchen with one of my younger brothers. My mother had prepared dough for a big cake and it was set to rise overnight. We worked silently in the dark and slipped back into our beds. When my mother awakened and went to the kitchen the next morning, she must have been horrified to find the dough gone. Instead, there were figures of people, animals, and objects on the table and the floor, in the sink and on the windowsills. She must have had a hard time undoing the figures and restoring the dough. When we got up, we could not believe our own eyes when we saw the cake on the table.

The moral of the story is, great men begin to write their great books in the crib, soon after they learn to walk and speak. I created the world and wrote *The Words of the Father* in dough before I wrote them in ink. . . .

My mother adapted quickly to life in Vienna. Her talent for languages and her gregarious nature made her adjust to Viennese [life] after 2 years.

My father never mastered German completely. As a traveling merchant, he did not stay in one place long enough to learn a language properly. He never learned to accept Austrian ways. . . . Our family's transformation into Viennese was quite revolutionary to him. He could not cope too well with it. He remained true to his Rumanian-Sephardic background. . . .

Our transformation into Viennese was never quite complete, however. We were one of many typical, marginal families of Jewish origin that survived by developing a strongly knit family life. As a matter of fact, we were, in Vienna, almost up to the time I left for the United States, foreigners or refugees. In the Austro-Hungarian empire of that period there were thousands of families like ours who were tolerated by the government as long as they lived a quiet life, not threatening to the stability of the nation.

To this should be added that we lived in an environment of aggressive German nationalism reinforced by a strong Roman Catholic constituency. Our family was outside the mainstream of Austrian life on more than one count.

My father's frequent absences from home and his eventual separation from us created for me, the firstborn, a special position of authority very early in life. The central figure of the family was always my mother, whose exemplary devotion to her children was nevertheless not able to replace the absence of strong leadership, which is usually expected from the father. When my father was there, he was strong and authoritative. An image of my role from the early days in Vienna comes to mind when I think about my father's role in the family. We were accustomed to going out for walks on Sunday afternoons with my father. We children marched in formation, in twos, boy-girl, boy-girl, boy-girl. He and my mother formed the rear of the procession. I had the job, at the head of the column, of looking out for traffic when crossing streets.

Also, there was, during that period, a deterioration of religious observances among Jews, except for the very Orthodox families where ritual compulsions had largely replaced religious feeling and religious loyalty. This fading out of religious sentiment was characteristic of our family, too. But the tradition was still strong enough to help hold the family together until the girls were old enough to marry and the boys were able to earn a living. We lived in mixed neighborhoods, Jews and Gentiles, in Bucharest and Vienna, exposed to a wide range of influences throughout our childhood. The years my mother had spent in the convent were useful in helping us to deal with people in such an aggressively Catholic culture as existed in Austria during my youth.

Although my family life did not emphasize the development of an unshakable Jewish identity, I did have a bar mitzvah in the Sephardic temple in Vienna. I have only a hazy recollection of the event and of the inevitable religious instruction which must have preceded it. The bar mitzvah took place in a relatively calm period of my youth, in an interregnum before the final separation of my parents. They were both at the ceremony.

A really important link to the old, more stable life of the Balkans was our food. My father's mother had taught my mother to cook all the old dishes like eggplant and baklava. We continued to eat Balkan dishes as we grew up, and dining was always a central experience in our days. . . .

My father's exporting business [in Vienna] suffered too, after a successful start. He sold merchandise to Serbia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Turkey. He sometimes went as far as Smyrna or Palestine. But he had difficulty collecting payments. Written contracts were not only a rarity, but businessmen who relied upon them were thought of disparagingly. My father

had to spend longer and longer periods away from home, which, in turn, alienated him from us. It was not too long before his ability to support the family slackened. My two unmarried uncles, Markus and Jancu, my mother's older brothers, stepped in and assumed responsibility for our care. They were both rich grain merchants, especially devoted to my mother, their youngest sister.

My father was seen in Vienna more and more rarely, coming only for a few days at a time. I took sides with my father against my mother and uncles, although I was never entirely clear about the reasons that nourished the rift between my parents. But my bachelor uncles did have a great deal to do with the breakup of our family. Uncle Markus and Uncle Jancu had three younger sisters. Curiously, all three married men who turned out to be unsuccessful. The uncles had selected their sisters' husbands—those were the days of arranged marriages. In retrospect, it would appear that they wanted to hold on to and dominate the affections of their sisters by marrying them to ineffectual providers.

On one of his visits to us, my father brought the news that his older brother, a doctor in Istanbul, had died in a cholera epidemic. My father said, "Maybe you should follow his example and become a doctor." And that is what I did. . . .

My behavior in school was exemplary and I was always the pet of my teachers. I was a very, very good boy. Because of my language limitations, I felt I had to be *extremely* good; this persisted when my German became as fluent as that of the natives. Whenever a task had to be done, the teacher usually asked me to do it. I also had to explain new tasks to the rest of the children. I was the teacher's deputy, always in a first row seat so that I could be available to the teacher. I was very proud of my status in the classroom, what the Germans call *ein stolzer Knabe*. I was, however, popular with the other children. They seemed to accept and enjoy my leadership and my superior status.

My life, in those days, was highly regulated and orderly. After school I went right home and did what was expected of me. I was reported to have been a very happy child, although I was never a "normal" child. Despite my regularity and my extremely good behavior, I was very, very active. I was always at the center of events, never a spectator.

I have been asked whether my fascination with the play of children, which was so central to the development of my theory of spontaneity and creativity, stemmed from playing with my five younger brothers and sisters. In fact, I was isolated from them throughout my childhood, only associating with them in the normal routines of our household. . . .

[On a trip with his father to Calaresi on the Danube at age 11, Moreno contracted malaria.] After I had fully recovered from malaria, my father

said, "I'll take you to Istanbul for a vacation to see our relatives there." And that is how I got to stay in a harem for a while.

When we visited the estate [of my father's great uncle], I was escorted to the harem building in back of the main house. I remember walking through a very dark corridor at the end of which was a light. Two men conducted me inside. My father was, of course, excluded. The two men who took me in were eunuchs, men who had been castrated. They were sterile but could have erections.

When the wide door opened, I found myself in a beautiful piazza with a pool in the middle. Forty to 50 girls were bathing and massaging one another. The girls were nude. I have never seen so many beautiful women in one place: they were all very white-skinned, between the ages of 15 and 21. The girls greeted me in a very friendly manner. They showed me around and embraced me. I was very embarrassed. There were a few other children in the harem, for that is where the children spent their early years. Then I met an older woman, well over 30, who seemed to supervise or dominate the situation. She was the legal wife of the harem owner. Everyone treated her like a queen.

The harem is a mysterious institution to Westerners. There is a good deal of folklore about it. In essence, the harem was a social mechanism for taking care of surplus, unattached women in society. A woman either had to be married or be a concubine attached to a household. An unmarried woman could live in the household of a relative, but her status was poor, even if she lived with a wealthy person. A man could have as many as four wives under Islamic law and as many concubines as he could support. There was no prostitution in Islamic nations.

Concubines were the property of the harem owner. There was a busy market in their buying and selling. Girls were sold for cash or traded for sheep, textiles, or any other commodity that the buyer and seller could agree upon. It was always possible for a concubine to buy her freedom and have a legal marriage arranged for her if she could find the dowry.

According to the rules, the harem owner was obligated to care for the women as long as they lived. They did useful work for their masters: weaving rugs and fabrics, drawing, painting, sewing, cooking, cleaning; often the work was hard. But a harem woman could never lose her home.

Only the owner of the harem had access to the concubines, although it was the custom of hosts in some Islamic nations to share their concubines with their guests. The eunuchs in the harem I visited coupled freely with the girls. With them there was obviously no possibility of pregnancy. On the whole, there was a tendency for the women to avoid pregnancy. That may explain why there were so few children around the harem while I was there. The girls were primarily concerned with preserving their youth and

beauty, and they seemed to spend a great part of their time tending their bodies and faces, oiling and perfuming themselves, massaging, bathing. Women aged fast in Turkey and, by the time a woman was 30, she had to be extremely careful to preserve her looks.

While I was in Istanbul, I was betrothed to the 9-month-old daughter of my father's cousin. It was all arranged beforehand, a simple ritual, which I cannot recall. I remember asking my father if I should send the baby a gift. The "bride" was sent a piece of cake. A dress and some other gifts were sent in my name. It was all done according to the prescribed customs. Of course, I never kept the promise. In any case, child marriage was abolished when Atatürk came to power in 1923, at which time he also abolished the harem and concubinage. . . .

I grew up with an independent air; difficult to manage, self-willed, rapidly outgrowing the family orbit. A child can never repay his mother for what she has done for him in the first years of life. The child has no memory of it; all the memory is in the mind of the mother. Also, a child grows out of the womb into the world. Mothers are blind to this. They fear it, even. For them, the child is always a little one, but he grows away, out into the world, never to return. My mother used to say to us, half smiling, half sad, "When you were just little ones, and you were naughty, I could spank you a few times on the popo and it was all over. But now, what can I do? If I should ever be reborn, I would never come back as a mother, '*lieber ein Hund.*'" This was her response to me when, many times, she waited for me to come and see her and many times I failed to come. When I finally came, she was tired of waiting for me, and she said, "*Lieber ein Hund.*"

By the time I was 13, my uncle Markus had married. Uncle Jancu was, however, a fanatic bachelor. I don't think he ever had any intimate contact with females in his life. Jancu was attached to my mother and, because of that, very devoted to me. Due to my prospects, he always called me "doctor." Jancu was often lonesome, particularly after his brother's marriage. He came to Vienna and offered to take me on a trip around the world. He was proud to travel with me, to be seen with me, his brilliant nephew. He was sure that one day I would surprise the world with my cunning.

Our trip "around the world" took us from Vienna over Graz, Fiume, Brioni, Trieste, Venezia, Milano, Firenze, Roma, Napoli, traveling by train and by boat.

Jancu found me too idealistic and impractical, with too little respect for the material things of life and the need to earn them. He shook his finger at me and admonished me, " '*Geld regiert die Welt,*' you should always remember that." I laughed in his face. He was worried because I did not share his philosophy of money. He showed me that he had to pay the hotel

bills and the fares and that everything costs money. But despite his efforts to teach me the importance of money, I laughed and laughed. I thought I could do without it. . . .

In Firenze, we stayed at the Albergo del Porta Rosa. No one can imagine Firenze who has not been there. You cannot tell whether the statues on the sidewalks and corners are people or not. It is a city created by God for his own pleasure.

I met Pia, just as I had met the statues and other great forms of art in Firenze, one day in the lobby of the hotel. We maintained contact on the pretext that she was teaching me Italian. She was a beautiful girl, about 15.

Our relationship was entirely innocent. She was an exceedingly virtuous girl. I don't think I even kissed her hand.

But Pia did something entirely un-Italian and improper, especially for those days. She used to sneak away from home every night and came to see me at the hotel. She feared, sometimes, that her father might find out what she was up to, but I don't recall that he did.

My uncle was anxious to keep on going, going, going. He didn't understand why I should be so enchanted with Firenze. I found it the most beautiful city in the world and Pia the most beautiful girl in the world. We had a marvelous, warm feeling for one another.

Let's go back to Firenze! . . .

My relationship to my name has been curious from that time on. My Biblical name was Jacob. My secular name was Jacques. From the time that my behavior became strange in early adolescence, as I withdrew more and more from my family, I also began to withdraw from my name, that is, from my first name. I seemed to be looking for a new identity and, perhaps, for a new name which would better fit my changed status, that new identity. Knowing the first name of a person and calling him by it is a sign of intimacy, suggesting a closeness, an equality of status, being, so to speak, from the same clan. And so I did not want to be called by my first name, although I acted with a certain arrogance when I continued to call the people around me by their first names. I talked to Victoria, Robert, Hans, Wilhelm, but because of my forbidding, righteous air they hesitated to initiate any conversation with me at all, and they began to drop my first name when they were compelled to address me. Instead of saying, "*Jacques, was willst du?*" they dropped the "Jacques" and they said, "*Willst du etwas?*" I never said outright, "Please don't call me by my first name," but it happened increasingly that people perceived my attitude and did not call me by that name.

There is a deep psychological meaning in the use or disuse of names. In the Mosaic religion [Moreno uses the expression to refer to Judaism that was common in his childhood in Central Europe] the name of God was not

to be used, apparently in order to maintain the majestic distance between the masterful Godhead and little man. In the process of becoming a prophet, I expected people to assume towards me the same kind of behavior they were supposed to have towards the Godhead, not to know my name, and, if they did, not to call me by it. It helped to give me a mysterious aura and to maintain the appropriate distance from others. Then, too, knowing the name of a man means having power over him. We always use a name to designate a concrete individual, in the absence of that person. By using his name we are actually possessing him. I did not want to be possessed by anyone. I wanted to be free of all chains, whether spiritual, moral, psychological, or nominal. So I did not want my name to be on anyone's lips when I was not present: And when I was present, there was no need for anyone to call me by name. This was the source from which my idea of anonymity sprang, anonymity of the Godhead, anonymity of the "I," and the namelessness of things. It appeared to me that a name was a substitute, a stand-in for someone who was not present. The absolute presentness of God makes his namelessness a logical consequence. That which is always present does not need to be named. I think I wanted to assume the prerogatives of the Godhead with respect to namelessness. . . .

By the time I was 14, my father had several business failures, and each time my uncles stepped in to get him out of bad speculations. Uncles Markus and Jancu became more and more integral to our family sociogram. The more involved they were in our family's affairs, the greater was the alienation between my parents.

The last great experiment my father made to keep the family intact and to regain his stature as the breadwinner and head of the house was to move from Vienna to Berlin [probably in 1903 or 1904]. I imagine that the thought of going even farther, that is, to America, was simmering in his mind when our family arrived in Berlin. It is a testimony to my father's devotion to me, his desire to help me develop my talents, and to give me every conceivable opportunity of continuing my education, that he employed a tutor to teach me Latin to prepare me for the examination I had to pass in order to enter the fourth class of the Berlin gymnasium. It was a great sacrifice because he was very short of money. It was a sign of how much he believed in my ability. . . .

[After three weeks in Berlin, Moreno and his parents agreed that he should return to Vienna. He did not feel comfortable in Berlin and felt he could support himself in Vienna as a tutor.] I returned to Vienna without any prearrangement, a few gulden in my pocket. I rented a room with a family not too far from the gymnasium. It was a huge room, abnormally large, without windows. The apartment was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hindler. They charged me very little rent and asked that I tutor their two daugh-

ters, aged 9 and 11, in order to make up for the low rent I paid them. Both of the Hindlers worked during the day, so I was alone with the girls when they came home from school at noon. Well, to make the whole story short, I began to make love to the girls: first to the younger one. She seemed to enjoy it. She guided me with her little hands so that our sexual union was easily managed, although she was a virgin. The elder sister also became involved in the love-making, but she was not a virgin, so there was no trouble making love to her. For several weeks, my young life was quite a heated one.

My tutoring was a success. I soon had a number of wealthy clients. I would have two meals a day in each house, 5 o'clock tea and 7 o'clock dinner. I received 10 gulden in cash for each session as well. . . .

As it turned out, my instinct for leaving Berlin was well grounded. Berlin did not bring my father any luck. As he had done so many times before, he made a successful start. The business was a partnership with a manufacturer of coffins and shrouds for funerals, along with icons and other requisites for Greek Orthodox rites. These were exported to the Balkan countries and deep into the Near East, wherever there were Orthodox Christians. My mother said that he sold thousands of coffins and shrouds. He was, again, hopeful that prosperity was just around the corner.

But the Berlin police stepped in. My family's police permit, something like a visa, had expired. The authorities refused to renew it. The family was classified in the "unwelcome foreigners" category. They moved to another German city, Chemnitz, because the police regulations were more flexible in Saxony. . . .