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# PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE DRAMA

BY  
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AND  
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## INTRODUCTION

The function of life is to live and to live more abundantly. Every agency created by life should be a servant to this end. Literature is not the least of such agencies, providing as it does interpretations of the hidden meanings of life and giving ever new groupings of the forces of life for the carrying out of its great function. The drama as a special form of literature strikingly performs this double service. It penetrates with a particular directness into the meanings of life. It presents clearly objectified situations in which the inner nature of man finds a reaction which his emotional need may grasp and make its own. Man finds a stimulus to a solution of conflicts which brings him to a new adjustment of his unconscious forces.

This is not a matter primarily for intellect. It has equally to do with the unconscious affective life. Situations which present merely patterns or warnings to intellect are coldly rejected. Art creates them with a deeper relationship, that of sympathetic identification with subjective needs. Thus the drama releases the feeling into an intuitive freedom with itself far more profoundly effective than mere intellectual understanding of the dramatized situation. Then it enlists these released impulses in a new synthesis for a higher sublimation.

Intellect is not entirely excluded, however, from this psychotherapeutic service of the drama. The release of the forces and their more lasting synthesis into fuller opportunities are best attained when intellect obtains a wider view of the factors involved, of the difficulties which multiply themselves about the active life forces, the conflicts into which they fall. It has its place in the synthesis emotionally effected as guide to the ends which really promote the great function of life.

Psychoanalysis seeks to enlarge the extent of intellectual knowledge and control of the unconscious mental life. It therefore welcomes the drama as an important means toward this end. It

delights to coöperate with its more intuitively effected service by searching into the revelations of the drama, into the means by which it accomplishes its psychotherapeutic results. It attempts to bring these functioning elements of the drama more clearly into the field of intellect in order to render more definite and durable the emotional effect.

The studies here presented are examinations of a few of the dramas presented upon our stage in recent years. They are not complete analyses of the plays. They are suggestions rather along the line of the fuller service which the drama itself accomplishes. They seek to put into the more precise form of conscious statement the conflicts, the defeats, the solutions which constitute the unconscious material out of which dramas are woven. It is hoped that they will serve both to make these human problems clearer and to stimulate interest in the drama as a representation and substitute solution of such problems.

These studies were published from time to time in separate form. This separate publication made necessary a certain amount of explanation with each paper. This produces a certain amount of repetition when the papers now appear together. It has seemed advisable nevertheless to permit them to stand in their original form. It is hoped that the repetition will not detract from the interest in the group as a whole, while it will make of each chapter a distinct study to be consulted if need be by itself.

The authors would express appreciation for coöperation on the part of dramatist or producer in making available manuscripts of the plays and for other courtesies shown.

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE,  
LOUISE BRINK

NEW YORK, April, 1922

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## CHAPTER I

### THE DRAMA AND PSYCHOTHERAPY<sup>1</sup>

The drama has always been an important handmaid of culture, and in every age of human history its development has kept pace with that of culture. Its direct appeal to the senses, as well as its growing intellectual and artistic value, have made it always a leader of the thought of the race and of its form of expression. It has stimulated the people, educated them, directed their religious aspirations, and has served for their amusement and recreation. So well has it done the latter that the danger has increased of forgetting that these in themselves are conventional terms for something deeper and more significant. This is something that lies in the mental life below the surface and gives to the drama in its very function of amusement and recreation a far more serious purpose for which it intrinsically stands.

The drama, through its artistic setting as well as through its emotional character, its closeness to the actual events of life and to the impulses which move beneath these, is particularly fitted to serve humanity, whether it appears in its serious or its lighter moods. It stands in all times and no less in these later more sophisticated times for a safe and ready avenue of release of otherwise overcharged emotions, the outlet for which is neglected or too severely restrained.

It also permits a constructive representation of these emotions. It may be called instructive because life cannot proceed healthily and effectively without becoming once more better acquainted with the sum of emotions which are too well concealed in their real nature from the busy life in which intellect and reason tend to confine themselves. The drama presents therefore a

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the Medical Record, Aug. 26, 1916, under the title The Physician and Psychotherapy.

most needful, practical lesson. Such emotions are only repressed, they are not annihilated, nor are they given sufficient outlet in useful work in our hurried and strained activities. Conversely also our attempts at work remain hurried and strained because of the partly conscious suppression and the more largely unconscious repression of all these emotions. The hours at the theater should therefore greatly relieve the strain of repression and they should moreover furnish food for further thoughtful speculation and awaken the sense of recognition of these inner vital factors. Through such hours there is possible better acquaintance with the vast emotional life which lies beneath the far narrower rational life and is therefore largely master of it. Wiser, calmer and more effective use and control of this underlying dynamic life and its impulses for the purposes and ends of reason and intellect result from becoming conversant with this emotional or affective life and its conflicts, its striving for expression, the successes or the disasters which may result and the methods by which all this activity takes place.

The cultural value of the drama has been acknowledged in the past in various well defined ways. It also receives fresh acknowledgment in the aspirations today of educational and other cultural spheres. Beneath all this however is a still broader and deeper meaning in the drama and also in kindred forms of expression. This may be defined as a psychologically applicable value, one which deals directly with the emotion which constitutes the greater part of the life of man, and through this with man's interests and activities in every sphere in their most fundamental and vital significance. The drama and other such forms of art reach the dynamic force, the energy, the expression and activity of which makes individual character, and thus they aid in its understanding and better building and control. Psychological approach to the drama is that which seeks to reach, through the drama's special artistic pathway, into the energetic nature of mankind and draw therefrom better understanding of human life in its individual and social needs and activities, in order to aid in the attainment of better use of the inner force of life for these individual and social ends.



The effort to understand the drama from such a point of view and the inner meaning thus discovered ought to be of interest to those who especially minister to the psychical needs of the individual and society and are conscious of the problematic character of such needs. Perhaps the physician feels most keenly the need of some such aid in grasping inner problems. At any rate he would first acknowledge the value of any investigation into the psychic factors represented in the drama or other work of art, which throws clearness into the obscurity and maze of mental disturbances.

Psychology and medicine are coming more and more to recognize that mental disturbance is a thing of degree and not of kind in its separation from so-called normality, and that the term disturbance may be applied relatively to the varying manifestations known as poor adjustment, discontentment, ill success, unhappiness, "nervousness" in short, to the mental attitude and mental expression of all members of society at any place and time as well as to the states of those who are markedly ill. If this is a correct viewpoint, then the study of these disturbances of varying degrees is one and the same and the representation of mental problems in art should be found to stand in the service of the whole of society.

The privilege of the drama is to represent in lighter or more serious form the mental activities always at work forming the little peculiarities of life or its greater disturbances, its smaller triumphs and its more distinguished successes. The tragedies of the drama are those of actual life, and the somber real tragedies of mental disease may be given through the drama no less actuality or profundity of meaning because represented and softened by the touch of an imaginative setting and an artistic treatment. The very phantasy form in which such are presented is the product of this same mental life and its content, its mechanism, its wide and deep place in human psychical life are brought more distinctly to light. A study like this therefore offers itself to all who would understand more fully their own mental life or that of others through a medium which clothes itself in a form which gives recreation and pleasure and delight. It is

desired that the consideration of these works of art from this point of view should more especially arouse the physician to a fuller realization of his responsibility toward the mental life of his patients as he meets them day by day with their minor or their major psychic difficulties. \*It would rouse him especially to an appreciation of the aid of the drama and kindred works of art not only in clarifying his understanding of the mental life, but also to a recognition of these artistic products as direct aids to the patient or others whose psychic burdens he must help to bear.

The appeal is the more urgent because of the long-accustomed ignorance or lack of recognition of the working within the human being of the dynamic force which makes life a thing of vitality and success and from which also its disturbances necessarily arise. All too familiar is the complaint from sufferers or from those who have the welfare of such at heart, the complaint on every hand and the alarm of "tired nerves," increase of "nervousness," mental strain and mental breakdown, but these are only names which vainly seek to express the demand for output of the energy within. The terms are misnomers which seek to deny the energy, serving to call for rest when in reality activity and freer expression is what the race needs. Psychotherapy, honestly and fearlessly searching into the disturbances which come for healing and finding the conflicts which underlie these, discovers the abundance of unused or badly applied energy, which is merely, and often in vain, awaiting discovery and conviction on the part of the individual that its very essential right is the activity which has seemed denied it. The psychotherapist comes to realize that the pressing need is an understanding of this and a re-education in the value of the individual's own mental life and a redirection of its elements into such paths of well directed utilization. And he finds convincingly that the revelations of the drama tend toward these ends.

To such a physician, who seeks to understand, come letters like this from those who are in need or see others in need:

Dr. X——:

Dear Sir—The fact that you are one of the translators of —— has led me to address this letter to you.

My husband suffered a complete nervous collapse in July, 1909. He was pronounced a victim of neurasthenia by local physicians, which opinion was confirmed later by Dr. Y—— of B—— Hospital. The patient took medicine under direction of Dr. Y—— for two years. Rest and change of scene have greatly improved but have failed to cure. He is possessed by worry, indecision, nervousness, etc. I desire to find a physician who uses psychoanalysis in the treatment of nerves. Our local physicians seem either afraid or ignorant of that method, and I have failed utterly in gaining any help in looking up the proper person to consult. My means are limited, but nevertheless I am prepared to make great sacrifices for sake of treatment.

Will you recommend someone that uses this treatment? Our need is very great, and that is my only excuse for asking this favor from a stranger.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy of a reply, I am,

Yours truly,

Mrs. A.

The people are waiting for help but are ignorant where to turn and just what it is that will help them. Nor does the physician, however truly desirous to render aid, recognize that the help lies within the patient or the needy individual himself. Both fail to realize the vital source and character of the difficulty and the fact that both it and its remedy exist in the very mental capacity and vigor which make up human life and all its possibilities. Definite analysis and investigation into this, as it lies by far mostly below the surface of ordinarily evident things, is just becoming an accepted fact. And here we do well to invoke the rich service of the drama in awaking interest in this deep underlying emotional territory, where our mentality is founded, and in revealing its hidden meanings and the yearning and strivings which arise out of these, for moreover ignorance and lack of control of these is the cause of psychic disturbance.

The hardened heart of ignorance can ill dispense with the warmer arousing which comes through the dramatized appeal of human factors and of these deepest needs which lie within the human life. Long ago a dramatic prophet cried aloud amid

the natural amphitheatres of Judaea. "Is there no balm in Gilead? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

The culture wrested from the centuries which have intervened since this cry went up, from the ancient prophet of mankind has brought us much of advantage. Science has put into our hands countless tools by which we can further comfort and health. We should be masters of the art and practice of complete health. And still the cry is heard. "The wise men are ashamed, they are dismayed and taken. . . . They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace."

It is not a mere appeal of sentimentality to bring back this ancient outcry against the failure of those in high places to minister to the profoundest human needs. Our physicians occupy today this exalted station, and still an incessant and increasing call for help falls vainly upon our ears. It is not desire and purpose to help that are wanting. It is, nevertheless, lack of sympathy in the truest sense of the word, sympathy which is understanding. The physician has compassion in that the sufferings are too often likewise his own, but the deeper understanding which could bring relief is somehow not his. Perhaps a little research will reveal some of the causes for this darkening of our understanding, and therefore our failure just where the need is most pressing.

What is the reality of this human cry in its modern form? No prophet stands upon the mountain top to voice the burden of a suffering people. The complaint, however, is no less insistent. Its force is the noiseless current, often, of the mind weighted by its own inner conflict or of the helpless witness of such an outspoken conflict in a cherished relative or friend.

Here in this letter a wife writes for advice in choosing medical assistance for her husband. He has been a nervous wreck for a number of years. He has seen twenty doctors and more. Medicine was prescribed for him for two years, the result of which the letter does not mention. It however goes on to say that "rest, change of scene have greatly improved but have



failed to cure. He is possessed by the worry, indecision, etc., of nervousness." The same familiar story. The profound burden of these words falls only upon those who have borne it themselves, or upon those whose vision has been directed by psychical aid and clarified by the courage of self-analysis to penetrate beneath the surface of the conscious life into the immeasurable territory of the unconscious, where the deeper life of man is hidden, and where the mighty racial forces which have made civilization, and those that would hinder it for the sake of primary individual freedom, strive in titanic conflict. The stifled cry, checked by the impulses we call pride, humility, self distrust, regard for our fellow men, reveals only in partial glimpses the existing struggle.

The letter here referred to represents the condition of many. The world is full of this sort of resigned, hopeless struggle, or of determined but futile efforts to rid oneself of such un-social, unproductive forms of behavior, or again of those who have found a false refuge even more useless and vain and pitiable. The entire strength of Christian Science, of New Thought, and of the thousand and one cults, lies in the fact that the regular medical profession is too busy with things material to interest itself in the mental or spiritual life of the multitudes.

Is it not high time that we awaken to the meaning of such phenomena? That we look about us to see if there is any way by which we can understand their intrinsic, their actual meaning, in order to find and utilize the remedy? Physicians have not been wholly idle nor indifferent. Yet ignorance and lack of understanding have led to an apparent indifference, to a condition of mental slothfulness and moral cowardice which was expressed recently by a physician, who said, half humorously, wholly seriously: "Oh, I never have anything to do with neurotics. I send them out at once." Others have manifested the helplessness that paralyzes even sincere effort to relieve suffering, and have prescribed rest, travel, amusement, aimless occupation, all the accessories of therapy which fail because they ignorantly condemn a patient to palliative measures which only perhaps condemn the sufferer to a little further attempt to repress an

irrepressible conflict, while in reality the secret struggle accompanies him on his journeys, thrusts itself upon all his occupation, stalks like an unwelcome, ghostly guest at every festive scene, making a mockery of the measures prescribed by the physician or urged by solicitous friends. Too often, also, enormous expense is incurred and prolonged in the fruitless efforts of escape, and the very hopelessness of cure is even notoriously capitalized. The intense reality of the individual struggle recognizes all too clearly the ineffectualness of such means. They palliate the "hurt" and cover it "slightly," but such measures have too long cried "Peace, peace, when there is no peace."

There is one, and only one, way to remedy this state of affairs. That way is to set to work to understand why men and women and children are suffering from nervous and mental disturbances and the tremendous significance of these maladies in regard to their cause and as to what must be done about it. Or more universally stated it is high time that all members of society awaken to an understanding of all this inner individual force of instinct and emotion which works so disastrously for ill but which might and can create the health and happiness of a purposeful life.

Toward such an understanding, it will be said, physicians have labored. But they have not succeeded in the unraveling of the psychoneurosis, of which all humanity has a trace. The school of psychoanalysis has tried to press nearer to the essential facts of the mental life. Freud, through careful experimental work and with a sublime courage, discovered a method of penetrating the deeper and vaster portion of a man's life than that with which we are accustomed to reckon, a territory hardly suspected, and surely not understood. There lie all the forces of the past which have made the race and the individual, and these forces are still active, still striving for mastery the one over the other. The recognition of this is more revolutionary than appears at first thought. The comprehension of the fact demands further profound consideration of the widely diverse character of these forces and their antagonism and incompatibility. This necessitates a knowledge and understanding of biological evolution and

of anthropology in order to know the instinctive forces in their intrinsic nature and the gradually advancing modes of expression through spiritualization or sublimation of the same. Only thus can we realize why they are factors today in the normal outflow of energy, or for that blocking of energy which causes maladaptation to social requirements and the concealed internal struggle, which breaks forth to consciousness in the disguise of all sorts of painful or unproductive symbolic symptoms.

The courageous investigations of Freud and his followers into this darkened portion of man's nature disclosed this immeasurable stream of energy or libido, a force that cannot be abated, only diverted, dammed, and introverted through the inertia which is a psychological feature of infantile and primitive feeling, which produces and fosters the overwhelming desire to return to infantile and primitive conditions and modes of reaction. And these reality sternly forbids. Hence the strong repression of this antisocial attitude and those lawless individual tendencies which mark it; hence also the failure of repression, the yielding to the infantile pull which occasions the conflict, or the complete yielding which shuts the individual away into a thoroughly un-social world of his own.

All this, of course, precludes a distinction in kind between the mental life of the sick and the well. Only a difference of degree of adjustment to reality and of freedom from infantile dominion exists. Therefore our acceptance of the theory demands an acknowledgment of unacceptable impulses existing within each one of us in all their primitive and infantile egotistic force. It demands, also, that we search out and understand these impulses, and see whether they master us or are our servants. They court disguise, so that this involves a thoughtful psychological attitude and unwearied searching into all the history of mankind in order to discover his modes of expression and the means of disguise universally employed; to discover, also, the mistakes into which the infantile mode of thought and action have led man away from the pathway of achievement and advance, as well as his victory over the inertia and self-seeking, which has brought the race onward.

All this is necessary equipment with which to approach the problem of individual mental and nervous disease. For the individual repeats the history of the race. A knowledge of one acquaints us with the real nature of the other, and gives the only means of intelligently and effectively handling the complex entanglements into which the fundamental struggle of impulses, rendered keener and more insistent by the increasing demands for repression which follow advancing culture, has plunged vast numbers of our population. And into all these mental phenomena the drama takes its audiences.

Such principles as these stated have to be borne in mind in the study of the drama as they serve to deepen its meaning and enhance its value in its relation to the deeper meanings of life. Whatever means may aid thought and therapy to penetrate the unconscious realm, the harboring place of all the mysteries and terrors of mankind, and to recognize this unconscious as the heritage of every one, of the physician as well as the patient before him, and of all society, by all means let us use them. In such a light the work of art can never be neglected.

In order to discover the psychic needs of mankind and to meet them no effective tool may be passed by with indifference nor may there be timorous shrinking from unknown forces. Each instrument is rightly valued only through its use and in this alone it may be perfected where it is incomplete. One which enters, as does psychoanalysis, into the vitality of human life grants much to those who employ it carefully and conscientiously, in increasing knowledge, understanding, genuine sympathy and one's own increasing self control and effectiveness. So the opportunity for a clearer and more profound knowledge of the inner psychic nature, such as art and psychoanalysis together should afford, lays upon the physician or any other social worker and upon the individual members of society themselves a special responsibility for accepting and employing such a combination to reach the distraught mind in its particular type of suffering and incapacity for life, to restore such a mind by patient unremitting effort. This imperfect attempt to arouse interest in such an approach to human problems offers itself in such a spirit of responsibility.



It is necessarily a slow process which deals with the delicate intricacies of the human psyche and rouses it to a new confidence in itself in independence and freedom from infantile forces. It makes every participant in it in part at least the conductor of the newborn soul into a freedom which is racially productive and creative. Each needy individual himself also learns the first principles of independence as he enters into the interest of an analysis and understanding of his psychical life. There is a discovery of the undiminished energy, the immortal libido which becomes free from its bonds. There is a glimpse or a vision even of the great and satisfying task of directing this libido into progressive, constructive paths and to setting it to flow free, satisfied and in harmony with any demands reality may make upon it, because now it pours outward. Such a psychic task, which belongs to the special worker, or to each individual himself demands every aid and counts the artistic an important one.

Knowledge of the inner psychic life opens up limitless possibilities and opportunities because it deals with human life as it sweeps back into the past, as it extends in breadth and intensity into the future and because it considers it not merely as a whole but in relation to individual complexities and individual relationships and adjustments to the whole, and to individual share in the racial task. All these things the drama represents, setting forth these psychical elements and factors in individual realistic situations where these forces of life are at work.

## CHAPTER II

### "MAGIC:" AND THE UNCONSCIOUS<sup>1</sup>

The spectator need not be consciously aware of the close relation to himself of the problems presented in the drama. His intense interest in their progress, their solution or the disaster that follows in their train lies chiefly in the unconscious where his own problems largely lie hidden. The mission of the drama is to apply healing, sometimes through the solution objectively presented or perhaps only through the laying of these open for a certain amount of psychic ventilation. This may occur through a tragic exposure of the problems and their results. The existence of the problems may even be quite unguessed, the need of healing may be the least acknowledged reason for seeking pleasure in an evening's performance.

Psychic problems would by no means form the conscious motives for attendance upon the play produced under the name of "Magic." Nevertheless, the place of the artistic psychologist might well be claimed for the author. For his hand reaches into depths which ordinarily pass unknown and there touches matters no less real and potent in the psychic nature of every man and woman because unseen. This is no less true because he formulates them under some other name than that which psychoanalysis would choose. A touch of revelation strikes the rock, to use the author's own symbolism, and at least tiny streams trickle out giving relief to pent-up floods of emotion which otherwise, without such grateful though unrecognized forms of relief, would fret and break at last in their fury beneath the surface and cause disruption in many lives. For thus it is too often, since man hides within himself a dynamism so little known

<sup>1</sup> Printed in Transactions of the Charaka Club, Vol. IV, 1919, under title Magic Above and Below. G. K. Chesterton: Magic. Brentano, N. Y.

that nothing is farther removed from his ordinary recognized thought.

This little play brings a modern audience, lighthearted or not, often superficially alert to escape some of the serious conscious burdens of the day, to confront them after all under the guise of recreation and in their unconscious deeper aspects. This is done in words which are made to return out of the magic of the remote past, when the conscious thought of the world was less exact even than it is today. "A child," the author says, "is someone you can play with," so he takes the grown children of the hour and gracefully reminds them of the child alive within each one,<sup>2</sup> which would always play. He lays the child's hand into that of the adult who then pinches at reality so hard that the phantasms move away — and a sigh of relief is heard.

But what is the reality? Which is the child and the child's play, and where is the adult left to stand? It may be that there is not here mere play but the healing touch of adjustment for the most real and persistent human problems, a suggestion of the deeper complexities of these problems that confront the human race as generations and individuals pass over the stage of life.

Patricia has brought from Ireland to her adoptive English home a belief in fairies. She is singing in the wood on a misty rainy evening when she meets a fairy "in the shape and size of a man." Her child faith is rudely torn asunder when this fairy, who for a while successfully fills the rôle and pleases her, discovers himself as the conjurer hired by her uncle the duke to show them some commonplace juggling. The duke hopes in this way to compromise satisfactorily with Patricia's somewhat dangerous mystic tendencies for he always believes in giving equal credence to both sides of a question, although he may arrive nowhere by so doing. So he thinks in this way to satisfy both the dreamer Patricia and her most practical brother who is to arrive from America this very evening. "Now the Duke

<sup>2</sup> "In our inmost souls we are and remain children our whole life long. Scratch the adult and you will find the child." S. Ferenczi: *Introjektion und Übertragung*. *Psa. Jahrbuch*, Vol. I, p. 444.

thinks a conjurer would just meet the case. I suppose he vaguely thinks it would brighten things up, and somehow satisfy the believer's interest in supernatural things and the unbeliever's interest in smart things. As a matter of fact the unbeliever thinks the conjurer's a fraud, and the believer thinks he's a fraud, too. The conjurer satisfies nobody. That is why he satisfies the Duke."

The doctor, who is also at hand, deals practically and calmly with matters medical and social, and particularly applies himself with a special sympathy to the interests of his friends. He is an agnostic professedly, whose constant practical service to his fellow men keeps him safely on the level of reality. He is so imbued with practical common sense in the interests of his clients' health that he is almost open to a little more than the methodical consideration of ailments and their formulistic treatment. He is so human that he is slightly tolerant at least of something outside of the limit of rigid medical definitions. At any rate he cannot dismiss all of Patricia's faith by the summary thou shalt not of her brother's ultrapracticality and ultrasience. He can "consider" even that a "family superstition" might be "better for the health than a family quarrel." And he walks over casually to Patricia: "Dream for us who can dream no longer. But do not quite forget the difference. . . . The difference between the things that are beautiful and the things that are there." The clergyman Smith has his own conviction of the fixity of the stars of which Patricia dreams. He is very willing to admit there is something of more value beyond the tangible things at hand and the success such as the brother's which is built apparently on them alone. He is not quite willing to admit the dream stars as floating freely about somehow dependent on the choice or the chance of men. But after all he adheres to his fixed conceptions only as they serve mankind and have served him, as they hold for him certain values which the worldly unbelief of Morris the brother has yet convincingly to supplant. Morris's overbearing rationalism tries to hit hard at all beliefs which seem to take account of anything more hidden and mystical than the power of hard cash which he can handle



and see or of the literal machinery by which he can lift petrol from the wells in Arizona. That there might have been any other kind of apparatus at work in human lives through the ages than this most material kind, he tries stoutly to deny. "I don't believe in" seems to establish for him beyond challenge the limit against conceiving any truth at work beyond that which his eyes can see.

The clergyman's larger faith is more reverent and more patient toward farther possibilities of knowledge and of action. He has this advantage over Morris's materialistic narrowness. When the latter impatiently and with patronizing superciliousness objects, "Well, well, they didn't know everything in those old times," Smith replies, "No, and in those old times they knew they didn't. [Dreamily.] Where shall wisdom be found, and what is the place of understanding?"

To this group the conjurer is to exhibit some of his tricks. This is the duke's indecisive way of meeting the puzzling situation of Patricia's absorbed wanderings in her dreams and out in the damp twilight, which the doctor fears is no better for her health than the mystic tendencies she manifests. It proves to be the conjurer who has played the part of fairy to Patricia, making her dreams for a brief time come true. She has caught him in the woods or he has caught her unawares and with his long cloak and peaked hood, aided by the shadows, has been able to impersonate "the fairy as he truly is. . . his head above all the stars and his feet amid the floors of the sea. Old women," he continues to Patricia, "have taught you that the fairies are too small to be seen. But I tell you they are too mighty to be seen. For they are the elder gods before whom the giants were like pigmies. They are the Elemental Spirits, and any one of them is larger than the world."

Such an atmosphere surrounding the conjurer, even after he has thrown off his innocently assumed disguise, ill comports with the scornful materialism of the brother Morris. The latter is not slow to express his scorn of the conjurer and loudly to assert his complete understanding and explanation of every one of the conjurer's tricks. He does not hesitate to fall repeatedly

into an angry contempt of the latter, who is a sincere thoughtful person and evidently imbued with a deeper and truer realization of some greater power about the ordinary manifestations of life than he for one moment claims can reside in the simplicity of his hired tricks. These he can afford to set aside with as little hesitation as that with which Morris manifests his disbelief, but while Morris storms and all present are in doubt, he permits himself a few manifestations of the greater secret power in which he believes and shakes the matter of fact complacency of all the company, except perhaps that of Patricia. Morris actually becomes seriously ill, mentally unbalanced, so that the doctor has to implore the conjurer at the last to give some material explanation of his doings to save the young man's reason from permanent collapse. And the conjurer does devise some natural explanation and with a lie to his own convictions trumps up this explanation to restore the young man again to faith in his own rationalism. No one but Patricia receives a full explanation of the conjurer's connection with the unseen forces of Magic but so complete is her appreciative sympathy that she is allowed to symbolize it in a conventional ending to the play by walking with him out of the house to throw in her life henceforth with his.

Suppose that it is granted that the author of the play has taken the liberty to set his conjurer forth in the light of a "spiritualist" and to permit the playgoers thus much of an explanation for the trick man's behavior. The writer has even introduced certain events which he has left otherwise inexplicable, and the human intellect can think only in explicable terms. It demands some rationalization, some explanation or staggers and falls before it. Therefore for the dramatic effect the spiritualism may be let pass. A more important question exists in regard to the human truth touched upon, the actual facts of the human mind, of its affective side, which far exceeds this limited but imperious intellect. Is there some justification in human psychic experience and content for the developments of the play and some reason here which would even permit that we should leave the spiritualistic stand as a convenient hitching post for the fleeting mat-

ters of this deeper affective life, while we examine the deeper meaning of the play in the light of this? Can it be possible that here also a healing touch of understanding is possible in regard to some of the most real and persistent problems confronting the human race at all times? For some reason practical achievement and the science with which it works have constituted only pitfalls for the young man and turned him violently and insistently away from any semblance of belief outside his petrol well and the material success he there attains. Past experience has been too rich and deep, the clergyman at least would say, to make it possible that it could all be crammed into such values or explained only in the light of the measurements that pertain strictly to these externalities. Yet the young business man ruthlessly seizes any outstanding belief in such past experience and reduces its content quickly to such cramping dimensions, or he tries to imagine that he does. He breaks out “Well, sir, I just want that old apparatus that turned rods into snakes. I want those smart appliances, sir, that brought water out of a rock when old man Moses chose to hit it.”

The conjurer’s interpretation ascribes a mysterious and inexplicable power to a man through converse with spirits, devils as well as fairies, which the conjurer thinks he has brought out of former experiences when he had “mixed with many queer sets of people.” He soon found that these spirits “tried to be my masters . . . I found they were not fairies. I found the spirits with whom I at least had come into contact were evil . . . awfully, unnaturally evil,” while before, “as long as these things were my servants they seemed to me like fairies.” Modern psychology has attempted by sympathetic and most simple research into the activities of the mind to find some explanation which lies more closely actually in the experiences of that mind itself and which can thus dispense with such extraneous source of explanation. The study of the content of dreams and the active wishes of the human mind, unknown to ordinary consciousness but admissible to consciousness when the dreams are laid bare through the aid of association, finds ample ground in the wish of man for all the strangeness and variety of

mystery that has otherwise been attributed to outside agency. Men have not yet shaken themselves from the shackles of such interpretation by which the savage still explains even his dreams of the night as the work of whispering spirits from without or the excursions into strange regions of his own spirit leaving the body during his sleep.

Now psychology is coming to believe that the wish or more fundamentally the inner drive which is the very urge of life, its preservation and its reproduction in the most extensive sense, is productive of such a variety and complexity of wishes and impulses that the strange variety of manifestation in thought and dream and feeling may have its source only there. Then at the same time psychological investigation, especially that analysis which patiently reduces the more complex and obscure manifestations to their simpler origin, discovers that the human mind, mystified at itself, has always resorted to a "projection" of its inner content over upon external objects in order to satisfy the reasoning intellect with an obvious objective explanation. Therefore psychoanalysis dispenses with the necessity of juggling with spirits. It is sufficiently easy for one's own overwrought mind, working mostly in unconscious emotional activity, to people a room with strange presences so that even the level headed doctor says the "room is simply horrible" and the clergyman cries out in the dark "In God's name, go" And the duke with his characteristic conciliatory attitude even toward spirits says "Room horrible? Room horrible? No, no, no. Only a little crowded. A little crowded. And I don't seem to know all the people. We can't like everybody. These large at-homes. . . ."

The conjurer is sincere, he is not playing a cowardly trick of self deceit for he is as well convinced as the others, and through his varied experience with life he is full of outer and inner conflict. "My mother was a lady and she married a dying fiddler who tramped the roads," gives the key to much that might be vexing and distracting him in inner struggle and outward adjustment, and which demands the interposition of the spiritualistic definition to posit and name the conflicts that ensue. Therefore he is equally in need of the current self deceiving explanation



with which the world has been now perhaps too long content, with which at any rate it vexes its own credulity and peace of mind. The mechanism of the play permits the picture on the wall to sway, the chair to fall and the doctor's lamp outside, which has served as an object of reality to hold them all sane, to turn its color in a quite inexplicable way. It is feeble to say that all this is due to the superficial bewilderment of the overwrought minds of the conjurer's audience. The author of the play has, at least, for the entertainment and mystification of his audience laid more serious weight upon these things than that. Perhaps however having admitted so much it is still permitted a clear eyed psychology to grant this as a dramatist's privilege to give a tangible expression of the actual psychic factors. These again are to be found alone in the deeply aroused impulses and affects in the hearer's minds, doctor, clergyman, duke, even the correct secretary Hastings, who have been subjected to a rousing of their inner feelings, a questioning of their grounds of action and belief, an unrecognized approach to those things that lie deepest in all men at all times. The structure of the drama permits the result to be projected into an objective representation of these mysteries, while psychology reduces them to these internal subjective activities.

This is a deeper science than that of the brother who believed that his science "will find out that cause, and sooner or later your old miracle will look mighty mean." It is rather the science of the clergyman, who can believe in greater things than those the merely physiological eye can see. He would admit with the conjurer that the fairy's head is "above all the stars and his feet amid the floors of the sea . . . the fairies are too mighty to be seen. . . . They are the Elemental Spirits, and any one of them is larger than the world." For he believes, though he cannot yet define this precisely to himself, that there is something in the human mind, or rather some great product of its emotions and its cogitations upon them, which has produced the need for belief. It has also produced out of itself its objects of belief, its steadying explanations which serve for a time at least for the management and rational control of this same

irrepressible and otherwise uncontrollable mental affective life. He has at least a pragmatic sense of the truth of the usefulness of such beliefs because they are both fixed for a certain time and yet transformable when progress demands it, to give room for others.

So he too can realize a product of all this changing, fluctuating but ever active mental life which furnished an "apparatus for writing the book of Job." It forms all the bigger, wider life around the small point of our rational conscious attention, and makes us ask reverently with the clergyman, and with the writer of Job, "Where shall wisdom be found, and what is the place of understanding?" At the same time he shows his practical appreciation of the silent but no less forceful service which belief renders in different ages and in different kinds to the safeguarding of the sanity and to the practical effectiveness of the spirit of the race. "And what harm came in believing in Apollo? And what a mass of harm may have come from not believing in Apollo? . . . Why can't you leave the universe alone and let it mean what it likes? Why shouldn't the thunder be Jupiter? More men have made themselves silly by wondering what the devil it was if it wasn't Jupiter. . . . The child who doubts about Santa Claus has insomnia. The child who believes has a good night's rest."

The brother is completely overthrown by the revelation of such a vaster world than that he thought was his, while the sister passes unscathed and undisturbed through the experiences of the night. Her only grievance lies in the fact that her faith was shaken by the disillusionment in regard to her dreams of fairies through the appearance of a human man under the fairy guise. Yet this grievance is wiped away when the mere man has restored her faith in something dwelling in him, something more than that which is closely visible. She can stand to one side and be taught, for she already knows. She has entered in, rather she has never forced herself without. She gradually slips into reality from the child world so that to her there is no fear and blind self defending struggle against the deeper realities of the human nature which she shares. She only knows that slight

transition which is barely a shock out of the fairy land of childhood into the possibility of the womanhood where fairy tales "end only by coming true." The conjurer, who understands, is at hand to lead her out, and he is allowed to do this through the potent force of love.

The brother's situation is the sadder result of an inability to recognize the inner psychic life and of a strong defense set up against its wishes, which appear then only negatively and unpleasantly to him. He is hindered from entering the border world of fairy land where his sister has walked and found the way into womanhood. Material seeking and material success, perhaps it will be said, stand in his way and harden his heart. Such explanations are always given first and will continue to be given just so long as we close our eyes to the real stream of duration which is life and seek its meaning in the attempts that have been made to escape to this side or that. Afraid of the "forms that swim and the shapes that creep" man leaves this deeper reality of emotion, where is his true home, and throws up his static defenses behind which he stands safe but poorer, scoffing at those who dare try the depths of the unconscious life to know what is there; to know and gather from it that wondrous inspiration which makes its fairy tales no longer child's dreaming, ineffectual or even dangerous, but gives them reality and brings them to pass in external satisfying love, activity.

The brother misses this and why? Because his dream life is in the dark and he has to deny it and then like most men he seeks an external rationalistic explanation, calling this science. Back in that very far away child world of dreams brother and sister probably meant much to each other. The small family group, we know, fills the love circle so exclusively that there is no room for an intruder. Here lies the key to the strong taboo attached to wishes which concern the child soul. Since child wishes, like all others, are imperishable, as time goes on and one must fit into a larger world repression comes to take the place of a destruction of these desires. But repression, as has been seen, changes the character of pleasure to hideousness. Patricia has been able to follow the course which is the lot of

the healthy individual and gradually shift her childish intense love through the kindly fairy world over upon her strange wizard and then, with but a slight resistance, on the man whose size the magician has kindly assumed. The brother has fallen into the fate of a large number of less fortunate souls, whose original desires are perhaps more intense or their capacity for this gradual shift, sublimation, is limited. Such are compelled, then, to set up stern barriers, which manifest themselves in hatred-colored reactions like those the brother displays toward the conjurer.

The very emphatic flatness of their denial is, besides, a token of the reality of the forces which work unseen within. A man laughs loudest on the edge of the precipice. The ground trembles underneath the brother's feet so he but stamps the harder and rushes the more madly to prove to himself and all concerned that unseen forces are non-existent, simply nothing whatever, perfectly explicable by his self defensive scientific perspicacity.

And then — and then — that cry from the darkened garden when the conjurer has proved himself the master and asserted the existence and power of the unconscious factors. Deny the unconscious as one will, build up all the objective defenses of which rationalism is capable, there is that within any one which makes itself heard sooner or later, in one way or another. The brother hears it now when science fails to give its explanation. Two ways are open for him, that one which his sister has found more easily and naturally, acceptance of the wish world within and coming to terms with it in a wholesome re-adaptation of it to adult life beyond the infantile confines, or, failing that, its acceptance of him and drawing of him down into the depths where it would have him in its power again, the victim of a psychosis. A third way, however, makes a short cut to the end of the play as it serves to short circuit the conflict for many lives — and thus often, to be sure, prevents a sublimation which would greatly enrich life. This way the conjurer, who understands, who stands between the two spheres of man's life and looks both ways, gives back to the young man. He affords him



again the defense of his limitations and allows him a satisfactory materialistic explanation for those things he is too narrowed and undeveloped to understand.

The playwright has run his fingers over the keyboard and touched the note that one or another sounds in this life conflict with unseen powers, priest and doctor, the duke and his self effacing secretary, brother and sister, but the conjurer stands frankly on the border line and in reality in the fuller meaning of his character sweeps the whole range of the harmony. He knows the demons and where they lurk even as he knows, likewise, the sphere above our limited conscious outlook. He can take the stature of a man because "his head reaches beyond the stars." The clergyman has looked into the remote beyond and has seen in part what lay before and thus the relation of that land beyond to the childhood of man. Without this completer knowledge we miss the relation of this sphere of the "fixed stars" immeasurably above effort and inspiration, to the present height of man.

With the whole in view it is possible to find and value that from which man springs. Man knows the unconscious as the world that harbors creatures that prove to be only his wishes or oftentimes those wishes distorted by necessity of denial. He harbors them because the value of their inspirational power, the impulse they contain, must not be lost though their form is changed. Then, because their form must be altered while yet this their power must be kept and used, he projects them through a mighty arc to the space above, exalting them to the skies. There also he no longer recognizes them as his but they become a more authoritative inspiration, spiritualized, transcendent, a goal of limitless striving and aspiration.

There is magic. Man is surrounded by it. Out of it he arises, toward it he tends. It is the greater reality in which the small point of his conscious moment glimmers like the doctor's warm red light in the greater blackness of the night. This blackness now and then blazes forth in the lightning that overwhelms the poorer, limited, material ray, and at times inexplicably changes the color of the latter to its own capricious hues. It is an un-

deniable necessity that man shall break away from the child world of fairy dreams if he will find the world of man's activity and constructive life. It is no less a necessity for this very creativeness, that he project and keep ever advancing and receding before him this larger world of the complete reality in which he lives and moves and has his being.

## CHAPTER III

### VISIONS OF THE FUTURE<sup>1</sup>

A mystic drapery is given also to "Eyes of Youth" but only as a curtain which is drawn aside with each succeeding act or "episode" to let the actual factors appear in their working. The girl Gina Ashley, daughter in a modest American home, firm in its traditions, is confronted with the various possibilities which life seems able to afford her. She may not choose them all however and she stands halting among their desirabilities. She possesses a voice of no uncertain promise and the opportunity is at hand to go abroad under the direction and care of her Italian teacher to perfect this voice and acquire wealth and fame. Yet near at hand are the duties to a widowed father and a somewhat dependent brother. They need her care and even her pecuniary aid, for the one is still hardly more than a schoolboy, the other is on the downhill road of business loss and failure. Still further, remaining at home might mean the gratification of the father's wishes and aid to the brother through a life of ease for herself, for her father desires her marriage to a wealthy but older suitor, whose claim to her hand has nothing of sincere romantic love. Beyond all these is the younger man of her own liking but who is only at the uncertain threshold of his career and whose offer of love does not yet weigh heavily enough in the balance against greater wealth and surer success on the one hand, or the call of duty on the other. In her perplexity she longs, as many have done, for some sudden and complete revelation of the future, something clear and far-sighted by which her decision might be reached. This wish is almost anticipated by an Indian Yogi who has just arrived to

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the Medical Record, March 2, 1918, under title "Eyes of Youth": A Drama of Past Influences and Future Possibilities. Carlton Gliddens with collaboration of Max Marcin: Eyes of Youth.

offer some strange wares. He permits her three opportunities to gaze into the crystal ball, only three, after which she may be free to choose according to the visions which have met her there. Three possible careers are thus opened to her contemplation, the visions of them appearing as if given her from without, from one holding something of the mystery of the future in his power. The steady gazing into their depths reveals, however, such defeat and disappointment, such play of passion and such disillusionment that her terror of these possibilities brings her to the real center of herself and she is glad in the end to choose most simply the path of the true sincere love of her heart. With it she is able to enter into a life as free from artificiality and false selfishness as it is free to follow the better and more honest dictates of this most inner self seeking its own best welfare.

In this drama as in the preceding one, the mystic element, as embodied in the Indian sage, the Yogi, and his crystal ball, may be reduced to human dimensions or rather, it should be said, extended to include those. For their depth and breadth exceeds any single concentration upon the crystal and all that this can reveal.

Few are bold or brave enough, nor are they sufficiently skilled in a fearless self mastery to recognize mysterious possibilities of action and events that do take place, as prepared and determined only within themselves, and finally given forth with all the color and vitality of the unconscious secret wish. This indeed it is which has set man to calling in the aid of demons first, kinder, wiser spirits, later on devils and gods, then all the continued mysticism of hallucination to satisfy his demand for cause even while it enabled him to fling away all personal responsibility. At the best it has kept him humbly loyal and trusting toward a beneficent divine Spirit of good. But he has shrunk from a more resolute self control through knowledge that his possibilities and the so-called accidents of his fate lay largely in himself. He has shunned the acknowledgment of such a reality, one beset with dangers to his own spirit but best met and attacked by a knowledge of these things as they exist



in the heart of man, or as the very inner man, his inherent energy, his creative self, acts and reacts upon this reality.

Certain phenomena, mysteriously called "psychic," as if the psychic were a thing apart or unusual to life, seem to some to give him access to a special form of mysticism in which his projections take shape and appearance out of his dominant wishes, hallucinations half in the dark, whisperings as of a world of spirits visible to some privileged or specially qualified ones, under peculiar conditions and special circumstances and states of mind.

Others have seen in hypnotic phenomena, automatic writing, crystal gazing, strange revelations which were not of the ordinary clear light of day. Wonder and fear have arisen as if again there were something outside the self playing upon it, or something which certain gifted selves could appropriate peculiarly for themselves and for others. For any or all of these things the Indian Yogi, with his soft air of mystery, his cautious, gentle manner steeped in the ancient introspective philosophy of the Orient, has constituted a most suitable agent. Even the uniform grayness of his garments is suggestive of the calm of death and complete repose, where questions and problems of reality and its perplexing need for choice are stilled in release from all personal endeavor. The background his presence gives is strangely suited for dark mystery. His own brooding acquaintance with the inner subjective things, though he too has still his external terms for them, makes him the bearer of messages from the mystic and ascribes to him the power to penetrate the hidden things of the future. His exaltation of sentiment at the same time both stimulates to a truly spiritual purpose and leads to an idealization of the mystical powers which then appear as external. For man has projected his progressive ideals through the powers upon which he thought he leaned, in this way throwing upon them the responsibility and need for endeavor which should have been his own. Thus he has both made progress and limited that progress at the same time, making his way a slow and tortuous one.

"There is no past or future in time as in space. Each stretches to eternity." So far the Indian sage, the Yogi of the

drama, has pointed out the littleness of the present moment of action amid the resistlessness of the entire onward movement which is life. A great quiet sea, yet heaving beneath the calm surface with the whole of gathered experience, such is the past behind each individual. Before loom the impenetrable mists of the unbounded future. The affairs of each moment are no more than a tiny point of rock emerging where the ever-increasing ocean of the past pours its influence over into the instant that breaks at once toward the eluding future. The moment has already joined the past, the unknown future is still ahead, the effort to reach it is continued. Our feet touch the point which is the present moment and it is gone; we are beyond, leaping to the next point of time and experience. Vivid, clear, effulgent with an unknown glow, each momentary halting place is such a small and yet concentrated instant of experience that we are driven bounding to the next poising place, and still we recoil before the thick mist stretching away before.

Yet there is in the mental life a glow that warms and delights and inspires this moment so richly filled even as it takes flight. It streams ahead also until the heavy fogs of the future grow warm and radiant with hope and promise or lurid with a deeper, darker play of color within the gloom. It is not strange that man has reached out in every conceivable way to understand the mystery before him, and though he has paid less conscious attention to that behind, nevertheless has sought vaguely to define the influence which pressed upon him from this immeasurable past. He is ceaselessly impelled onward, ruthlessly hurled forward to know only when his path has been taken that it was not of the light. Why then should each instant of choice be so laden with richness of color and tone that present and future alike reveal themselves only to conceal themselves the more? What is the mystery that dissolves itself into so many elements of pleasure and pain, desire and effort, only to perplex and bewilder?

Man's first impulse, as has been said, was to explain it as of some power outside himself, mostly malicious, which came and went upon him according to its own caprice. Or as he felt the

force of his own desire and his feeble reasoned opposition to all this pressure of his own unconscious life, he conceived a sense of sin toward which the external powers assumed an attitude of punishment. This has not satisfied man, it does not today, as a sufficient interpretation of cause and effect in regard to the mysterious interdependence of present power and past influence and future possibilities of immeasurable good or ill.

Science has searched until it found cause and effect in the external world, and thus released man from his burden of haunting powers in that realm. The world within remains however to most unfathomable, inexplicable, and still holds thought and vision bound. It is not even called the world within. The effort of the human mind to master the spell of its overwhelming power has always led man to attempt to get around to the outside of it, where he could view it objectively. His ignorance however and the helplessness which this incurs have prevented a clear scientific objectifying of the phenomena as they really are, and have led man to juggle with these things, deceive himself and misconstrue them still as forces and events without himself. He has externally projected his own inner life, unknown to himself, in order to get a better view of it, and thus has only continued to misinterpret and fail of the truth. Partly he has saved himself the keener but perhaps more actually effective agony of self recognition and self knowledge, which would have given him a better and more earnest control of inner as well as outer conditions.

This projection of the subjective beyond himself has nevertheless been necessary to his weakness and his slow mode of evolution, growth and the mastery of self and environment, toward which he has been able to make in this way gradual progress. On the other hand he has, by this method of blinding and defending himself, also made the way a slower and more ineffectual one. Moreover in the curious way that satisfies the contradictions of human feeling or affectivity, he has enjoyed the company of the specters he has conjured forth as responsible for these things of his destiny. His innate indolence has likewise taken refuge in them from the straightforward endeavor with which

otherwise he must have attacked reality, to win from it his own progress and to utilize it for the progress of the race to which he belongs.

All this misinterpretation, ignorance in the face of the forces playing within and through man, has set his energies so at cross purposes and produced so much social confusion as well as individual pain and suffering, that many have grown impatient with this ancient attitude. Some in sickness and despair, others with a vision cleared and quickened by sympathetic touch with this need of the world, have dared to peer into the mysteries which well up around the human individual and to seek disentanglement of the elements playing there. They would bring them into a light of explanation and interpretation that some control may result. The sickness and despair, and the sympathetic aid too, lie, to be sure, even behind the effort to project them without and seek to understand them thus. This however only removes each factor from the ocean of intermingled elements to which it belongs, and therefore it is neither recognized for what it really is nor brought into a harmonious control. It explains neither the boundless roll of influence which sweeps into each life, nor does it throw any light within the thick veil of the future.

The scientist, however, who would also understand this internal work and turn an analytical light upon the profound reality of all this mystery, or the helpless victim who craves a fearless knowledge, has been preceded by the artist whose intuition carries him into the heart of these things. Often his conscious intellectual thought has been hardly aware of the things that he saw and yet his power of intuition and his skill were such that he could present them acceptably to the same intuitive appreciation and thus the help of other struggling souls. The dramatist with his ready appeal to a public mind, which unconsciously or consciously seeks behind its amusement some deeper and more lasting help, has been one of the chief artistic servants here. Yet he too, in his own partial intellectual blindness and also to meet the long obscured understanding of the people, has resort to the current forms of thought and expres-



sion. That which perhaps he sees much more truly must still make its appeal couched in objective phrases and in persons and events which still represent the projecting tendency of the subjective mind. He must speak in terms of the external world. Such indeed is the limitation of the means of communication from one individual to another, the intellectual limitation through which greater subjective fluid things must be expressed.

He nevertheless points the way fearlessly into the profound underlying truths. His truer meanings are those which in another way become clear to the psychoanalyst, who through close application to the inner thoughts and feelings of the emotional life, of the subjective personality, has come to know the reality and the strength of such subjective life, which has filled the ocean of past experience with the influences out of which mysteries arise. These become known largely through clinical experience where the souls made sick by the struggle and the uncertainty and the buffeting of the sea of mystery and power come to bring their inner experiences and seek for analysis and adjustment. Such close intercourse with this subjective world gives knowledge of it and understanding of it. It makes one clear visioned also to understand in the artist's presentation certain indications and expressions of the actual truth under his artistic and superficially objective setting forth of these inner realities.

The analyst therefore recognizes in the artistic production something which will touch, even half unaware, the difficulties of those who labor to know themselves in the power of the mysteries. For those who in fear or desire would know the future before them, there is to his insight a better way pointed out to them. More effectual than a knowledge of just what the future may be is a mastery of it through themselves and through the meeting of it fearlessly and efficiently, whatever it may be. There is an opportunity for the awakening also through the artistic appeal of those who walk calmly or evasively content to leave things as they are and deaf to the call for help in universal struggle with these powers.



"Eyes of Youth" is one of those dramas which speaks a deeper language than that which appeals first to the conventional moralist. The serious-minded theatre-goer or the lighter-hearted pleasure-seeker may draw certain very obvious lessons for thought from the cleverly presented "episodes." They present such various possibilities as might offer themselves to the opening life of a talented girl. Yet each contains its bitter, very bitter draught, and their contemplation wins every one to the value of the simple choice of the path of simplicity of desire. Any number of platitudes might crowd about the suggested possibilities and the satisfactory outcome which wipes clean the slate in the end.

The drama is however far more profound than this. In the reality of life the visions are not so easily expunged. The simplicity of the ending is only one of those balancing moments of the present, behind which lies all the influence of the past and before which still looms the thick obscurity of the future. Here stands the heroine at the beginning upon one of the glittering points of the Now, yearning before this great future and longing to know whither she shall walk to fulfill its best purpose for her. She can only flutteringly guess at the meaning to her young life of the commendation and the promise of her music master. She is however equally staunch to a sense of duty impressed upon her soul by years of training and discipline. Before her open out still other ways of seeming advantage, opulence and comfort on the one hand, the freedom of young love on the other.

No one of these paths nor any other is however free for her, because something in her inmost self determines events upon any of these pathways. This it is which confuses choice and makes the uncertainty in knowing what is best to seek. Unaware of this, yet feeling her helplessness, she takes refuge where human thought has always found escape from the burden and terror of recognizing and acknowledging the forces which lie within to determine each life and its course. The dark quiet form of the Hindu throws out in objective relief her groping within herself after the determined course which shall

lead her. There is the mystery and remoteness of his world as well as the strangeness of his philosophy of another land and time to link him with the unfathomable mysteries within. Besides she can actually hold in her hands the crystal ball that burns with mystic splendor. Touching it, grasping it she is close, in her concentration upon it, to the ocean of unknown forces streaming up in fact through her own life forces which shape themselves into wish and throw themselves forward into the future course. Yet clasping the unyielding glass she can sufficiently objectify the intangible strength of all this mystery to look upon it as if apart from herself and examine the ways she would take.

For after all what is it but her wish which stirs itself, which presents such a complexity of events upon her pathway, even those which produce confusion among themselves? "How could I," she questions in one of the pauses among these pictured events, "have seen it otherwise? Could I have wished it?"

The confusion of impulse and desire within her, the multiplicity of form and possibility in which her inner wish presents itself to her limited conscious vision, demand some objectifying aid. She is ready, as man has always been, to seize such external forms which circumstance throws into her way. Yet this process, the very cunning of the unconscious wish thus to gain access to her reasoning thought, deceives her that it may thus relieve her of any overwhelming sense of responsibility for the creation of such pathways of events as are outlined there.

Gina Ashling, vibrant in her inmost soul with the possibilities and the wish impulses which were harbored within her, could not have tolerated the sudden naked revelation of these before herself. She is overwhelmed when, through concentration upon the seemingly mystic object in her hands and a shutting away of the distractions of the external world, her gaze penetrates deeper and deeper into the abysses that lie concealed. To her they are only the dizzying, bounding or despairing possibilities of the future. And as such they seem only to come from without, whatever may be her share of conscious choice in following them. Also they are handed to her as visions through the medium of the

kindly sympathetic and seemingly wise and noble Yogi. Thus alone has she courage to face them not only, but to acknowledge them as within the scope of her life and range of her experience.

For hers is the immediate inheritance and cultural training of a parentage and social environment which expected and had prepared a careful pathway of circumspection, unselfish service, a devotion, even though a too narrowed one, to the superficial well being of others. Duty loomed large and smote with a note of the New England conscience upon the girl sensitive by nature and training. Yet even duty had become very befogging because it was based upon the limited selfishness of those who surrounded her, and was hedged in by their more immediate needs. Duty at the sacrifice of the healthy impulses and functions of life, she has to learn, cannot bring real values to herself or her family.

Behind all this nevertheless lay a deeper inheritance, which reached much further back into the slow development of the girl's full and rich young nature. The elements within it made demands which swept far beyond these narrowed ones which her devoted and dependent family, or her numerous lovers presented to her. Even the prospect of self realization through the career which thrust its likelihood before her was infused with a power and complexity of impulses and desires which had been gathering strength throughout all the preparation of this individual psychical life.

This heritage had slowly accrued to her through the long line of women stretching away far beyond her immediate ancestors. This ocean of the past which rolls unceasingly behind the present moment of each life contains a record of all the past. "All that we have felt, thought, and willed is there leaning over the present." So has said one of our modern thinkers. This explains the measurelessness of the past behind the present. It affirms the source of the glow which spreads through this present and passes over to color the future for good or for ill. "All we have felt, thought, and willed" — and feeling has kept its full value. Sometimes we have learned a new and better discharge for it, but in its discharge it stores up yet richer affect,

the result again of the new experience. Much of it has been denied discharge and has not found transformation into the more cultural ways of expression that the race has learned, so that beaten down, it is rebelliously active there in the unconscious life. There are also traces of its passage over into action, the further emotional response which resulted when such action took place. Some remaining desire, imprisoned, denied, and the pleasure of phantasy which easily surrounds this, all are there to produce and maintain an affective glow which burns into the present and future and also to keep alive and stimulate to new and higher effort wishes which belong to the long history and prehistory which antedate modern life.

This it is which explains the great outpouring of possibilities in the three visions which Gina obtains into the future. No more than the world acknowledges the content of its dreams as arising out of wishes, which come in such strange, grotesque, inexplicable form, could her conscious thought recognize these startling apparitions of the future possibility in all their diversity, as expressions of her own desire. Yet the wish is within her inmost nature, the long train of unsatisfied or half satisfied desires stealing upon her individual life out of the far depths of the past. She with each individual has much in common with such a line of ancestors reaching back through the ages when wishes were taking to themselves progressing ways of expression and gratification, which gradually built up life's complexity and entangled its interactions.

These wishes could not always be granted or fulfilled in their direct form because that was crude, too self seeking and asocial as society grew to a greater culture involving the higher development of the greater number. Elemental desire, informed with the energy of life, was no less active and forceful but it had to seek less egoistic ways of fulfilment, losing therefore often the immediate pleasure for the sake of a more remote cultural gain and satisfaction. These primitive wishes and their successors, which have however also gradually yielded to cultural demands, remain deep within the heart of every man and woman. They remain to irradiate the later higher attainments of life,



spiritualizations, intellectualizations, with an earthy glow that keeps the life true to the nourishing soil at the bottom from which it sprang. Yet in the light of higher attainments and the restrictions these put upon each individual life they dare not stand in the clear light of conscious recognition except in a disguising symbolism or hiding behind some rationalizing explanation of them, such as this of the play.

They appear therefore as the buffetings of the future from the outside world. From certain of them there seems no escape on any of the paths that may be chosen.

This inner self, where such wishes are stimulated and out of which they seek such indirect exit, is not like the rational self which we know in our intercourse with one another. Because of the asocial nature of its wishes, the direct self gratifications which they seek to obtain, they are obliged to hide themselves or express their power in such obscure and devious ways. Their unconscious harborage is notwithstanding intensely emotional and the manner of thought which surrounds them is that of phantasy, different from the clear, logical, purposeful thinking of consciousness. Their logic and purpose lie only in the direct emotional impression of themselves into some manner of fulfilment, and this in the face of reality must be largely only phantasy and pure wish. Do they escape, thus governed by phantasy, they distort reality to themselves and produce the disorder and distraction, the disappointment, suffering and pain, in which the various "episodes" end. They have a service to perform if they silently, unconsciously contribute their influence to the clearer rational way of life, but escaping its control, they work unrestrained havoc in individual and society.

Such the wishes paint the future before Gina. The poet Hebbel has said of dreams, they "glide like shadows through the soul, preparing, warning, comforting," but the comfort here turns to fear and pain when she awakens, as do the dreams of the night when at the point of waking they pass over to the inspection of consciousness and the wishes of which they are made must become unrecognized as such in order to pass this exacting censor. Gina's vision comes too close to the wishes



as realities for her recognition of them as in any sense her desires. They must be clothed with fear, shrinking, condemnation, and, with the same familiar mechanism of shifting responsibility, as due to environment, the work of those who surrounded her.

Perhaps it might be hardest to admit that the first "episode" contained a pictured wish fulfilment. Surely in the somber and despairing close of the five years of humdrum service for her family, in all the loss and bitterness which are her lot, there seems nothing that could claim the roseate title of wish. This episode ends in lonely sorrow for herself, an insignificant school teacher, who has failed in attaining her own happiness and the attempt to serve her family. The wishes which hide in the unconscious are nevertheless frequently strange to ordinarily recognized ways of thought. They do indeed hide a certain strange pleasure upon which the ego feeds, a negative form of pleasure which extracts nourishment for the pleasure sense from suffering, a self pity and a self immolation which in the depths satisfy the ego sense. This therefore is only a strange disguise for the more positive seeking which desire primarily knows.

Beneath this pathway of Duty, behind even Gina's perplexity, which is the cause of her peering thus into her own unconscious depths, is a race old problem. It is the difficulty and inner reluctance with which the child separates from an innately indolent dependence upon parental love and care. Examination of the effort of both parent and child to make this necessary separation, whether it is observed throughout the history of man's racial development or through investigation into the difficulties of individual life, reveals that this bond is a stronger one than has carelessly been supposed. It is founded in an intense love and desire of the child toward those upon whom it has leaned for earliest absolute comfort, support, care and affection. The parent is the object of childish desire and of that more active aggressive seeking of a love object, which is early awakened, and directed first of all toward those upon whom the child thus leans. Toward these, in its narrowed environment, its feelings take on an intensity which is not always

sufficiently displaced in later life upon more external objects, be they persons or other objects for endeavor.

Moreover, since the child is already a sexual being, this love has a tendency to go out more positively toward a parent of the opposite sex. Therefore a certain fixation upon such a parent may manifest itself in later life, or at least it will color and determine later events and later object choice. This too forms a guide for the maturing child, only it also forms a source of danger as the use of this early tendency is exceeded and too great demands are made therefore upon maturity to conform to the child's early pattern of wishes.

The parent is often no more free than the child in this matter. Thus Gina's father with his almost whining dependence upon her domestic care and affection, as well as his grosser desire to sell his daughter's hand for his own comfort and release from care, blocks the way to his daughter's path of independent self expression. He complicates the problem which is vexing not only her conscious sense of duty, but more deeply the unconscious struggle she is making to be free from her own inclination toward him. The unconscious impulse to prostitute herself, which fairly shrieks aloud in the second vision which she has of herself, is more quietly and so more distractingly at work even now. It too has precipitated the perplexity and the desire to gain help for her choice.

Prostitution is a trailing into present society of certain ancient elements in a woman's love or sex complex which once in a far more primitive society and on through advancing periods of its history had definite social service to perform. Woman as a weaker party before male aggressiveness could only demand certain rights for her protection and reward. In the earliest forms of society of which even unwritten record can be found, she was curiously protected in the demand for these rights and in the exercise of them by some male member of her own family, usually her elder brother. She maintained under his protection an exalted right in the tribe over her children, and sometimes their property and succession. Even in ancient civilizations as well as in the more barbarous conditions of many savage tribes,

it was her duty and privilege to become the property of a stranger or group of strangers, either before marriage or even, perhaps with a religious sanction, during marriage. Thus was her promiscuity a part of her past history, an affective element which takes its place in the preserved past of emotional experience and uncultural desire, once cultural now no longer so. This is doubtless closely intertwined, since it was her exercised right, function and duty, not only with her mere desire, as a past source of exercise and therefore a pleasure for her, but through it she found her source of power, when power avenues were largely closed to her otherwise. She is even known in earliest times to have contributed to the brother's prestige by bearing children by her husband or other lover to count as the brother's own. Her own power and prestige lay therefore for ages in the use of her body. Through it alone she was exalted above man, dominated him. This was not one man, but many men, and yet in most ancient periods at least, for the service of male members of her own family who were thus particularly in her power.

Such light from the remotest depths of the past into which we can peer, shines forth with almost uncanny brilliancy in the light of Gina's possibilities revealed in her visions. They are the result of these anciently inherited impulses based on ancestral experiences in the past. She strives to break away from father and brother, but even when freedom seems to have been gained, she too utilizes her power over other men, to bring through her rewards both father and brother into the dominance by which she makes them dependent upon her. Unconsciously she plunders other men while they destroy her, and hurls her plunder at the feet of the father and brother whom she would thus dominate and enslave.

Therefore even in the first vision, clothed in the garment of self immolation, abandoned to tears of self torture, she has sacrificed herself to keep them still in her power. Duty is the word with which she covers it all, most securely from herself. Duty is the word impressed upon her by the weak and faithless Louis, a third suitor for her hand who proves faithless through-

out all the three visions of the possibilities of her future. She has adopted his cravenly used word duty only to find herself in the end its dupe and victim. Her father is dead, beyond her power of support and comfort, the brother Kenneth has grown pitifully weak and inefficient in his dependence upon her. Her sister has been flung into the arms of the unfaithful lover who once prated of duty to her.

She has realized upon herself, and upon those whom she should rather have set free to wrestle with reality for themselves, an unconscious wish to be all to them, to exercise the peculiar power which only a woman has. Unable to escape to an external love, that which for the modern woman can truly lie only in mutual service and mutual freedom, she has remained in the father's house, close to the brother too, and has met only loss and disaster for them all. Still the unconscious is able to extract something for self, the revery of bitter grief and freely shed tears. She awakens however from such an insight into possibilities within herself, repulsed, but assured that here is not the reality of her true path. She will look again.

This is the vision in which her prostitution runs riot. The gleam of power through her voice had led her, but had soon been exchanged for the false brilliancy of love's basest conquest over men. It had been the influence of the man first who had stood in a fatherly relation to the unprotected girl, but who failed in his protective power, rather initiating her into the life which was the expression of the fundamental sexual father complex. She had escaped the unconscious incest bondage at home only to find it confronting her in the mocking disguise of a sexual experience with this older man, which was the beginning of the riotous course of prostitution and domination, up to the last silly exhibition of her power to defy her operative engagement and fling herself more completely to the infantile form of pleasure and power. It is the final culmination of the dominance, gathered in the brother, for whose sake and the father's this state of affairs largely existed, which breaks the destructive spell. When she has goaded the brother to a sudden resolve to murder this man, that is to destroy the father representative



who had been her ruin, which perhaps will end in the brother's own final destruction, then the vision breaks. The girl can bear no more. As in the dream such wish must be brought through waking to the light of consciousness for denial, rejection, for choice of some other better way to power.

One more vision however must clear the unconscious atmosphere and give her final freedom to use in a wiser way these powers hidden within her soul. This time she will yield more distinctively, more consciously to the father's wish. As it streams before her out of her own psychical possibilities, it must be her own wish also. Prostitution is decently clothed here in society's sanction, the father's material comfort and freedom from care, with beside the added element of the attention and consideration of a grave gentleman, apparently desirous of her self as well as to make her comfortable and well provided for.

The unconscious slavery, which is that inner fixation upon the father, in the infantile form of demanding the father's love, provision, whatever makes up the child relation to the father in the intense self seeking of the father, this breaks forth in blackest shadow in this episode. The dominance which she has unconsciously sought, providing again through herself for her father and family, turns upon herself. She is the worse than slave. She is scorned and spurned, flung aside without the slightest consideration. Her value as the man's social and sexual bauble is utterly at an end. Her downfall is brought about by a most false and despicable accusation on the part of the husband who has tired of her. In fact this situation too arises in her own subjective vision, as again a picture of the possibilities which her own wish was able to project into the pathway of the future. So again it is with the fact of her own inner possibilities and therefore her sense of guilt with which she wrestles. No wonder then that morphine becomes a refuge after she has been cast off legally by her husband. No wonder also that even in the dream, the vision, she struggles in the weakened drugged condition against complete downfall again and though poor, in need, friendless, lost to her social world, yet keeps herself here true to the pure ideals of her girlhood home.



And this one of the three "episodes" ends through its sorrow in hope and promise of joy and life as she is discovered and rescued by her one true lover.

She is prepared for the waking. This is like the so-called "preparing function" of the dream of the night, which after long struggle, yielding to primitive, uncultural wishes, and slow conquest of them, seems at last to take the path out into light and victory. One who has been submerged in the power of the baser unconscious wishes and the conflict with them, as in a long neurosis, comes after a more decisive and clearer wrestle with these through analysis of them to a new form of wish. The way out into a new adaptation to reality comes at last through an understanding of what the more primitive wishes are and where their ancient value and their still present power lies. A pathway is found to bring that power and value out into a higher cultural life, which is the sublimation of them. To this the dream itself finally points the way.

So has Gina won victory for herself and for those whom she would have made thus blindly dependent upon her, absorbed in her dominating power. Once more in waking reality, with all the dream possibilities unfulfilled, only dreams, she kindly but assuredly refuses this last wish of her father, as she has already refused the other two courses which had presented themselves to her. This time her father seems likewise to have attained a new freedom. This comes about through no mystic subtle influence. It results from Gina's simple matter of fact grasp of reality for him and for the brother. Her sublimation is very real and very complete. A few clear suggestions to the father that he shall simply utilize the reality which is at his hand and take up his own problems, take them up with the coöperation of the active young son, to the advantage and for the opportunity of self expression for both, breaks the spell of domination and dependence. Then she herself is at last free to turn to the one lover with whom she can meet on free and equal terms of mutual endeavor and enterprise. Eyes of Youth are at last cleared to see their way beyond the confines of inner fixation out into the privilege and possibility of a maturity freed

from the bonds of infancy skulking under false names and deluding pretences.

There is no boundary to the past undulating behind us. The future remains dark and impenetrable before. Life's activity finds itself however upon the clear moment that looms up instantaneously between past and future. All, like this play of the theater, which reveals to us more of the actual content and power of that past, releases us from its bondage and gives us a freedom to receive its influence and fit it successfully and constructively into this quickly fleeting present moment. In this way and this alone the future becomes ours. We do not penetrate it. We have no definite visions as to where we shall walk and how. But its possibilities come within the range of our understanding, and we have a better, nobler task than walking a clearly defined path. It is ours to grasp the influence of the past, apply it to reality, to opportunity, so that we make, create the future and mold it to progressively constructive ends.

## CHAPTER IV

### PHANTASY COMPENSATION THROUGH DREAMS<sup>1</sup>

As the dream may forecast the future through revelation of the wish trend which in the unconscious guides the course of action, so also it performs a less progressive function. It brings to view in this the compensatory nature of the wishes and the phantasies they produce to soften the hardness of reality and to substitute a phantastic unreality for the sterner things of the world outside. This is not an altogether harmful function since first it keeps an idealism about external actualities which is in turn an inspiration to progress, an incentive to make the dreams come true in contact with reality and through its means. Besides this it forms an aid and support for the psychic tenderness and sensitiveness of a race which is not yet able to meet openly and fully the jolts and jars of the real world of endeavor. Here however the danger line is discerned and this sensitive side of human nature too soon throws the weight of its attention and interest so thoroughly over upon phantasy that connection with reality becomes to a greater or less extent dulled and confused and may even reach a complete separation from external realities.

Even the failure to make of life something of beauty and value, which has been called illness, has always had its compensations. They serve to make life and the conflict between weakness and the craving for success bearable, even if they must in part also prevent the better solution and victory. Furthermore in the case of more complete failure they substitute a complete phantasy gratification for the lost reality. The failure is due to the retreat of the creative energy into paths which are out of touch with social activity, and in a greater or less degree,

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the New York Medical Journal, Sept. 3, 1917, under title Psychotherapy and the Drama. Drama by John N. Raphael from George Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson.

as the energy has retreated, there is weakness, pain, or ineffectuality. Pain is sometimes spared, weakness and ineffectuality disguised by this secondary art of compensation, which serves reality only indirectly, if at all. If severance with reality is complete an utterly helpless psychosis is the result. The break with reality is, however, rarely so entire. Human nature is too plastic not to allow of some sort of compromise by which art patches up, conceals, and even magnificently justifies its failures.

The mechanisms are many by which individuals in all degrees of success and failure hide from themselves and largely from the world the measure and the nature of the latter. This serves the useful purpose of preserving one's own sense of existence and self importance, the foundation on which alone all effort and effectualness are possible, relieving man of that overwhelming sense of his own shortcomings and disabilities which would seriously hinder true progress by keeping him bowed under an impossible burden. He is yet too ignorant of all the impulses and emotional content which make up his history to be granted a clear scientific control over these difficulties. Therefore a certain amount of animistic projection is still permissible to maintain this sense of security. Civilized man does not drop his weariness, as does the savage,<sup>1</sup> along with a stick or a stone as he ascends a hill, but he still kicks the table which he has banged and thus saves his decorum and dignity in the face of the defenseless furniture. He has, however, far higher and greater refinements whereby he casts from himself the inner burdens and conflicts and the tragic failures which have resulted from these. They constitute sometimes mental disturbances which cause society endless pain and trouble; at other times they pass over into exquisite dreams both of pleasure and of pain.

Ordinary man attempts unwittingly these matters of artistic substitution and projection. His success is ugly or beautiful in varying degrees. Here, however, is the place of the true creative artist who can take this material also from the mill of human

<sup>1</sup> See Frazer: *The Golden Bough*, Part VI, *The Scapegoat*, p. 1 ff. Third edition. Macmillan and Co. 1913.



experience, which is both individual and common experience, and so deal with it and reconstruct it that it becomes of saving health to the multitude. His art as has been seen takes these elements which lie deepest in the human psyche and offers some solution of universal problems which will help also the individual soul in its unconscious struggle with them. It may solve problems by some happy optimistic ideal and thus transport unsatisfied humanity to a world of wish gratification. Again, it may express in tragic form the struggle as it rationalizes and disguises itself under the inevitableness of fate or a wiser Providence. Art accomplishes all this through its beauty and its intuitive insight into the buried life of the unconscious. Its beauty and success, moreover, are actual only because it is based upon the truth which is universal, truth of the inner conflict and of the essentially human means of solution. This truth may lie even in the artistic portrayal of a solution which fails to meet reality or it may point a better ideal, a more effectual solution. In either case it is because art is able to bridge the chasm between successful or unsuccessful solution that it grants the unconscious libido an avenue of safety and release.

Its beauty and intuition carry its message into the heart of the human conflict and afford that contact with dreams with which the psyche cannot entirely dispense, but it does not remain there. It subtly touches the unconscious by the reality of the problem presented, but it also with equal subtlety and skill leads the way back to the reality of conscious thinking and the evaluation of the problems in the light of this. Thus it both reveals the way out from a false and dangerous phantasy absorption in the inner struggle and reveals and illumines the falsely projected defense. It so utilizes the latter, moreover, that it safely bridges the gap between dreaming false and dreaming true.

The story of Peter Ibbetson, whether as first presented by Du Maurier in his romance, or as it has been placed in the dramatized form before the public, has committed itself, more or less unwittingly on the part of the author and the dramatist, but none the less truly, to the study of the development of a definite form of *defense reaction* out of a tragic inner struggle.



It is its truly artistic character that has made possible this reaching down into the crushing prospect of a lifelong imprisonment to draw from it the marvelous phantasy formation which changed Peter's despair and loneliness into a veritable heaven of love and bliss, childhood joy, and lovers' constant meeting.

Peter Ibbetson spent his boyhood at Passy, a charming village retreat near Paris. Here, better known as the boy Gogo Pasquier, he passed his childhood days with his father and mother and his small friend Mimsey, who with her mother was a constant visitor in the garden. Here she and Peter learned their lessons and played the happy play of childhood. The death of Peter's parents brought him into the care of a so-called uncle, really a cousin of Peter's mother in England, Colonel Ibbetson, a hard and unjust as well as a sensual man. Peter, bearing his relative's family name, grew to manhood here separated from all those he had known in the happy days in France and with his heart full of love and longing for them and of bitterness toward the contemptuous and contemptible cruelty of his uncle's manner toward him. He enters the profession of an architect but has little confidence in his own success although his prospects are good as others measure his ability. He himself dreams and longs for the old happy days. At the ball with which the play opens he meets the Duchess of Towers whose beauty and goodness are on every tongue and he and she are stirred to a vague remembrance which later becomes a distinct recognition of each other as the long separated friends of the happy Passy days. The recognition takes place at Passy where at last Peter has escaped for a brief holiday. He returns heartened for a new and more forgiving relationship with the uncle, but his good intentions are rudely frustrated by being confronted by the evidence of his uncle's infamy. The latter had plainly and maliciously intimated that Peter was his own son and adds to his perfidy by producing a letter in which he practically but still evasively states that Peter's mother, held by her son in sainted memory, was before her marriage the mistress of this cousin, Colonel Ibbetson. Peter cannot restrain himself. Fired

by hideous doubt he rushes to the house of his so-called uncle and demands of him the truth. The cowardly wretch still fences from the truth, only goaded at the last to utter an equivocal avowal, when Peter tortured by doubt of the truth or falsity of the avowal rushes upon him and slays him at once with the heavy stick in his hand.

Peter is at once apprehended and in the jail meekly prepares to die. At the moment of his being led from his cell however a reprieve is brought to him obtained by the Duchess of Towers, who also sends him a message by a mutual friend, that although her own marriage an unhappy one must then keep her from him she will be with him in his dreams, and she instructs him how he shall "dream true."

There follow then forty long years of imprisonment during which the gentleness and industry of the prisoner are remarked by all about him. The days of privation and toil pass for him in a light that his keepers know not of. He lives actually only in the anticipation of the dreams of the night, when true to her word the duchess moves with him through the childhood haunts and through all the dreamed of but on his part unseen wonders of the world. The story elaborates these, the drama confines itself to the wanderings in the old garden of Passy among the parents and dear friends long departed. The dreams continue even until Mary passes out of them in one dream of death and until Peter's life of atonement in its narrow prison is over and the dream melts into his passing.

The drama has a specialized technical interest in that it takes its audience into the inner phantasy of a Prison Psychosis and illuminates the content of such a pathological formation. This is a psychotic formation which is frequent enough among those inmates of penal institutions or the hospitals which care for their sick, and much labor and time have been expended upon its possible cause and meaning. These remained, however, obscure and inexplicable until this principle of defense reaction against an inner conflict shed its interpretative light. This explains also the reason for its frequency and its common occurrence in the early period of imprisonment. This has already

been noted also as a universal mechanism, guarding humanity from that self depreciation and discouragement which would surely condition further failure. It assumes, however, all too often, pathological proportions as it separates the individual more and more from the reality which he would gladly deny in the face of his inadequacy. In the prison, further separated from the corrective influences of active life and social comparisons, the pathology becomes uppermost. And still there is the refuge and the beauty of it which not only bring back the lost peace and happiness, but make of the otherwise depressed prisoner the cheerful worker, whose keepers marvel at the willing accomplishment of his tasks. Such a faithful inmate Du Maurier has pictured Peter. The drama has apparently utilized as its chief theme such happy aspects of the dreaming. Yet we believe that unconsciously the novelist and dramatist have touched also the deeper theme which is a universal one, and by thus bridging the way from the tragic inner conflict to this its compromise solution, have shown us how much or how little we may trust such a solution, how far it holds one to one's place in the real world, and how far it forms the dangerous cutting loose. It touches the inner conflict with just enough intuitive understanding to quicken each auditor's unconscious appreciation of it; it grants him then both warning and relief through this artistic channel. We can never get away from the fact that human life with its trial and error consists of so much compromise adjustment that we can ask for nothing more than a constantly but only gradually increasing light upon the usefulness or danger of the mechanisms we employ. No one can set himself apart in a class of complete success, for all share the disabilities, all make use of the same means either to evade or overcome them. We all seek by dream to compensate for reality. Therefore these artistic creations find their greatest value in teaching us how to dream true rather than to dream false. They help us to that clearer knowledge of what it is we really are about in these defense reactions and so deliver us from the bondage to them which makes of them an end in themselves and thus a more complete disguise of reality. It

leads on, therefore, to that clearer knowledge of our inner selves and the outer projections of that self, which means more perfect health in actual working adjustment to the things of the real external world.

What, therefore, is the kernel of Peter's problem, the conflict and the phantastic construction which finally solved his problem for him in this compromise fashion? For the prison psychosis can probably no more be separated from the whole of the patient's life than Peter's later dreams with their pleasure giving outcome are apart from the earlier dreams and doubts which intermingled themselves to his undoing. The conflict seems indeed to have been that fundamental one which lies beneath each life fabric. Long, long ago when the world was still very young man apparently groped in the dark with the same problem. He had not made this problem. Evolution teaches that it had come to him from the long slow ages of building before man arose, when life was learning to emerge, here, there, everywhere, now at this flashing moment, now that, to start upon an individual career. Plant and animal life experienced the sudden thrill of something new whenever an individual was making a fresh start out from the parental stream of immortality which had felt the impetus to grant a new birth.

The parent hold of this greater immortal stream, strengthening and intensifying itself as time went on, continued to exert a powerful influence upon the life it had brought forth. Its fullness, the security and peace of its greater stream, glowed with an attraction from which the individual, with its own forward purpose to pursue, only reluctantly and partially broke away. And still his incompleteness of separation afforded the individual life a rich share of the greater, fuller life behind, of which it was a part, even while it pursued its solitary way of achievement of something higher. The dawning of intellect and consciousness marked the rise of a new being into this mystery of ancient dream on the one hand and individual struggle to rise out of it on the other. His ability to think and reason gave man a responsibility toward the problem, the keenness



of which had no place when only feeling and impulse were involved. Man first began to face the problem with the power of interpretation and control. It was the problem of individual responsibility and effort against the inertia of racial security and completeness.

The racial child of long ago is still the individual child of today. His perplexity, deeply grounded in the feeling and impulse which reach far behind his span of history, is still consciously, intellectually unsolved. Each individual man and woman and the whole race together are still in a life and death grapple with the things that embrace desire, love of comfort and ease, and the outer world of opportunity which summons the creative impulse. The parent complex those psychiatrists call it who have sought to understand and guide the progressive urge in its conflict with the regressive instinct within. Early man in his simple totemic clan set himself rigid laws for its control. Society of today contemplates with the greatest horror any flagrant breach of the biological barrier between parent and child, the marked overstepping of the separation which has grown up to save the child from complete return to the parent love. Yet rigid taboo and cultural repression have not wiped away the old problem nor solved the conflict. They have served rather to push it deeper and ever deeper into the soul of man. There it broods as an unconscious disturbance constantly active and therefore demanding of the cultural forces of consciousness ceaseless vigilance and control. Sometimes the solution is attained by that successful adaptation of hidden energy to these same cultural purposes which is designated useful sublimation. Then a healthy balance is maintained and life is free. Often, more often than we know, the darkness and obscurity of the problem form a menacing influence which overthrows the peace and effectualness of the life and the cause is not understood. Crime itself results, as with the hero of our play, and further drifting into the power of the unconscious follows upon this in the added struggle to get away from the consequences of the misdeed.

Whole nations have cried out under the burden of this life old conflict, and such tragedies as that of *Œdipus the King*



have become the national tragic theme. Hamlet vacillated under it until he destroyed himself and all his house. Brutus slew Cæsar, his probable father. It established the "Ordeal" through which Richard Feverel wrecked his life and Lucy's happiness. It inspired Du Maurier in turn to set Peter Ibbetson to write his autobiography in the light of his own projected defense, and led finally to the dramatization of this story of ill success, tragic failure, and refuge in dreams. The crowding of the theater night after night with an audience tense in its interest testified to the appeal of this play, which strikes deep in the heart of man. Probably few are aware of the real note of unison with which this hero's story awakens response in each spectator. No one in fact can see deeply enough and clearly enough into this ancient darkness to understand what it is that has stirred him so. That hesitating restraint which has marked comment and discussion of the play bears witness that the most profound problem has been touched. The complexity of the machinery of presentation, with the skill and strength and sympathy that one has felt in the acting, has given suitable setting and expression to the ultimate reality of the drama and enhances its profound mystery and truth.

Ophelia's cry over Hamlet might find echo in the ruin of a character so innately noble as that of Peter. Gogo, the boy, grown to manhood in Peter Ibbetson, gives promise of all that is ideal, lovable, and admirable. One thing, however, and that the one thing needful, is lacking to save this man from himself and for the world. The great purpose of life which surmounts all difficulties, because its glance is free beyond them all, is conspicuously absent. Social diffidence, business mediocrity, full employment of none of his faculties were all the manifestations of a spirit in bondage. Ability even to tower over the uncle's foppery and cowardly licentiousness reserves itself for that last supreme act of passion, which cuts him off finally from the world of real men and women. How little even this is an act of freedom from inner doubt and conflict is evidenced by the cry in the face of the uncle's craven lie, "Oh, God! what shall I believe! My mother!"

Where is the promise of the lad Gogo at play with Mimsey and their friends, bending over Gray's *Elegy* or spouting for Mimsey their favorite poem:

"All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night be near."

Why did he, young man that he was, rich with the heritage of his birth and confronted with a future of opportunity, so soon stop, weary, seeking in vain for the "summer home" of rest? The message which as a happy child he had taken from the poem had failed to lead him "through . . . rosy depths" to pursue the solitary way of progressive achievement where the creative soul must often soar alone. He had not read aright. His solitary way led rather back into the dreams of the past where "glow the heavens with the last steps of day."

Du Maurier makes Peter himself say, "Thus did I pursue my solitary way like Bryant's *Waterfowl*, only with a less definite purpose before me." And again Peter says of the wearying mental uncertainty which causes the indecision and purposelessness of life, "Oh, that alternate ebb and flow of the spirits! It is a disease and, what is most distressing, it is no real change; it is more sickeningly monotonous than absolute stagnation itself. And from that dreary seesaw I could never escape, except through the gates of dreamless sleep, the death in life. . . ." Even the dreams at that time, before the deed of murder, he dared not admit, but they must lie in that apparent "dreamlessness," where the unconscious phantasies are enacted far below the regard of consciousness. It is no wonder that he dares know that he dreams only when the stronger woman has taught him some service of the dream.

Frail little Mimsey's life force had found a better way for her. She as Mary the Duchess of Towers, the successful, strong woman, unlimited in her service to her fellowmen, must needs be the support and guide of her one time protector and willing slave. Thus say the dreams, recognizing in her the success and strength which the dreamer himself had missed. She had

grown free of the garden loveliness and peace. Only at the end of a busy day in the brief time she could steal from waking life's active duties could she return to the heart's desire. In this she knew the secret of "dreaming true." Poor Peter emerged from the garden home in a bondage more fettering than poverty, absence of friends, or the unsympathetic scorn of a heartless uncle could ever impose upon him.

The invisible web which has entangled so many a life in the unsuspecting years of childhood had bound him fast. The very shelter and sweetness of the idyllic home, the tender love of father and mother and admiring friends imprinted upon these early impressionable years the weakness from which he was never afterward to escape. It strengthened that fixation in the old problematic strife between the love which finds all its satisfaction in dependence upon the past and that freedom which finds its salvation out in the world. The very precipitation of that unconscious struggle into such a fixed snare to the libido reveals its cause in the dream which in the drama just precedes Peter's projection of the whole struggle out into the murder of the uncle. It occurs at Passy on the occasion when he and the Duchess become fully known to each other, while he sleeps just before her entrance. Long before this Peter had confided to Mrs. Deane that the first drop of hatred had been distilled into him from the way in which the uncle had spoken of the Major, an old friend of boyhood, when the uncle came to fetch the boy Gogo away. "I hate him; I think he hates me," Peter had sought to justify himself at that interview with Mrs. Deane. The dream at Passy on the hot Sunday afternoon tells a different tale. It reveals a rising something in the child's mind much earlier than that which crystallized then into the bitter poison of suspicion. The boy Gogo sits at his translation under the trees. He appears utterly absorbed in childish struggle with the difficulties of his task. He must finish putting into French, "And leaves the world to darkness and to me." Just here the uncle enters and holds interview with the mother. Gogo, flushed and engrossed with the arduousness of the translation, apparently does not hear. Suddenly he looks up more than

startled. He seems to have an unconscious intuition or perception of the turn the conversation is taking. It has not yet needed the uncle's sneering reference to the possible jealousy on the part of the husband or his mother's sudden cry to Gogo to go find his father, to attract the boy's frightened attention. He is up and alert before the fatal word "jealousy" is uttered. That only fixes the doubt which has arisen from a flash of self revelation that has entered his soul.

Those familiar with the vagaries of the unconscious phantasies, as they group themselves about the central complex with an absolute disregard for the sequence of conscious logic or time, will be ready to accede to this phantasy picture its possible place merely in the later psychosis erected by Peter both before and after the deed and transferred in his defense to this earlier period to account for the closely following murder. The picturing of the play makes this dream vision a curious turning point upon which Peter decides to return to the uncle, lay aside his long animosity, and enter upon relations of friendship and peace. Is this a palliative resolve against the suspicion at work in the dream?

The resolve is rudely shattered, however, by the uncle himself. The letter which comes into Peter's hands and his uncle's subsequent conduct precipitate instead the violent murder, nevertheless not without cry of doubt and despair before the blow finally is given. Once the deed is committed, Peter seems to have attained a new sense of freedom. There are throughout the psychotic dreams which present themselves through the long term of years no longer such scenes as those in which the boy Gogo participated in the previous dream. All is sweet and fair and desirable. There is even the separation of the child from the mother through the woman in the dreams, who now becomes leader and guide and sympathetic friend. After the first call of loneliness and need toward the mother who does not hear, Peter wanders satisfied with the woman Mary, the normal, adult object of love, who at last, though only in the dream, has rightfully taken the mother's place. Even at death the greeting with the mother turns quickly to a revival of the dream existence with Mary.



It is as if Peter attained freedom at last when the murder had been committed, the freedom he had never in his unimprisoned days been able to find. But, alas, it is now only in the dream, the psychosis, when he can no longer make it of service to the world in which he should have lived. He has bought his inner freedom at the price of his place out there; nevertheless he has killed the dark thing within himself. This not unusual dramatic issue has its correspondence in the dreams of the neurotic patient. Here it is often discovered there will be a number of attempts to slay the fixation in terms of the death of the unconsciously loved object. Freedom from the neurotic fixation is marked by the final accomplishment of this in the dream. The yielding of even the child to the inner unconscious attraction of dependence upon the mother, and gratification within that love, had led Peter all these years in the opposite direction from life. It had held him hesitating, timid, afraid, pursuing his solitary way in dreams of his own making. It led him finally into the agony of doubt and horror and pain to the point where he actually faced the darker side of this mother worship, the side which is death to the creative life and against which all nature and nature's laws have set their flaming sword.

The unbearableness of this darker side to conscious recognition must fling it outside himself. As with Hamlet, there is an uncle at hand. Let the guilt and shame be upon him through his shameless torture of the young man as through his cowardly accusations of the woman involved. Hamlet, too distraught with his own doubts and fears, could not bring himself to the deed of retribution. Peter, slaying his uncle in a storm of contempt and anger, frees himself from the horror within himself. Now he can laugh in the face of death. There is no repentance for the thing he has done. Freedom to go and come is lost, but peace within himself is attained. Henceforth he will live only in his dreams, but he has learned how to "dream true." He calls it dreaming true, because the conflict is now wiped out of his life. It grants him forty years of peace and happiness in which he faithfully fulfills the limited prison tasks. That is all. He has paid a price for this, the



price of complete withdrawal from the greater sphere of activity, where creative achievement had awaited him. It is in reality the price of his childish fixation for which he had given in part his earlier ineffectual years but which has now demanded full payment. Was this price first set upon him by the too loving parents who made of the garden home so dream-like an existence that the child could never break away? Had a too sheltering tenderness established the fixation upon the mother so strong that it formed an indissoluble bond which had fettered his whole life? It is dissolved by this act, which was the culmination of the "bitter drop" instilled within the mother love. It barred him forever from that happiness which lies in the world, where one attains it by freedom both to love and to work. It substitutes for this only the goal of dreams and finally "the abyss of heaven," the "zone to zone" of the "boundless sky," to which the dreams finally converge.

Herein lies the lesson of understanding for all who witness this play. Here also is the value for a therapeutic understanding of the reason for the form and content of the psychosis of self defense and substitution. This offers not only a way of approach into the clinical appreciation and treatment of such individuals who have thus separated themselves from actual affairs. It brings also a new measure of prophylaxis which must have the widest social bearings upon the underlying meaning and hidden purpose of crime. It must work, moreover, through each individual life as society comes more clearly to appreciate the source and reason for such a result of the inner conflict, which in some finds expression in criminal conduct. These are known through the mechanisms also which grow up later, as in the psychosis, as a means of defense against the unbearable recognition of the inner conscious content and the conflict which this conditions. The prophylaxis, however, reaches still further, touching the lives of the children. It calls sharply to those who have the task of thrusting them out to face the sterner things, hard enough for the adult himself, still harder for him to choose for the child.

Dream is not denied us by the reality in which we live. The latter realizes its own true worth, builds and strives toward

its ideal because the never failing glow of the dream life cannot be obliterated. Dream life nevertheless spends itself to its own enjoyment and reaches bewilderment when it turns its attention only upon itself. It gropes confused in insatiable desire, unsatisfied yet cloying with the satiety of its endless phantasies. Really it is only through healthful action that one learns to "dream true." The constant alternation between wholesome, useful activity which delights in the difficulties as well as the rewards of the outside world, and the deep, silent life of pleasure within, gives life its precious worth. This makes it deep and true in the heart of things, but keeps it at the same time always rebounding toward the height of achievement, even shifting this height with the growing outlook which action must continually prepare for itself. Such dreaming true fans indeed "that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere," but this is not coldly and harshly to reject "the summer home where reeds shall bend, soon o'er thy sheltered nest." It merely sets the true limited value on the havens of rest and pleasure, limited so that they shall not prove a snare. That solitary way loses itself neither in heaven nor on earth, but knows them both in the true dreams that live.

It is such dreaming which lies in the very art of the playhouse. To such a spirit of dreams it leads its audience, so that they find veiled beneath its artistic forms the reality of human struggle, its source, and the success or failure of its solution. There is a clear intellectual gain in the presentation of these human reactions and efforts at adjustment and a fresh insight into certain definite social problems. For these are interpreted in the language of the energy which strives beneath the tragedies of life and the emotion which gives life its individual value and setting. Actual psychoses are set in a new and truer light through this rich and varied coloring. They take their place in the one great drama of human effort and compromise success. All problems of health and disease find also a new significance in such a conception. For practical clinical affairs find their place also among human dreams. The art of the drama finds and points the way between the false dreams and the true.

## CHAPTER V

### ALCOHOLISM AND THE PHANTASY LIFE<sup>1</sup>

The pathway into the attainment of dream satisfaction as a substitute for reality may not depend, as it did with Peter Ibbetson, on a suddenly complete severance of the right to remain among men. The unconscious may choose less violent and more protracted ways to release the individual from adjustment and responsibility. Alcohol may prove in its particular effects upon the individual such a means and the pathway of alcoholic indulgence be chosen and followed in order to obtain the same unconscious ends.

There are two things which mark the complete success of man: his capacity for adapting himself to the demands of external life and that for living out satisfactorily his own inner self. In these is to be found the measure of health within himself, individually, and without himself, that is in his full moral relationship to society.

Whether he is aware of this or not, he is continually expressing his ability or disability to live out healthily his own personal relationships, such as those of love and friendship, and in expressing himself in the social ways of activity, which are equally, but more broadly, creative. These are the advance posts which he must reach as he attains the high tide of success and health, or they only mark the degree of his failure and sickness. He naturally presses these boundaries forward with his growth and prepares for himself in this way a fuller exercise of his powers, thus providing for the increasing demands which alone can express his enlarging capacities and his ever increasing need for this self expansion and self expression. This must be so in his more personal relationships, and then

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the New York Medical Journal, Jan. 18, 1919. Leo Tolstoi; Redemption. Boni and Liveright, New York, 1919.

also as his individual relationships stimulate him toward a more complete socialized creative life, in which his individual capacities find this wider exercise.

More briefly stated, each individual in order to be satisfied and well must be adult, that is full grown up to each fresh point of departure into experience and continually passing on through full use of the capacities he has into wider ones. Anything less than this is temptation to idleness and ease. It is failure to gather all the force to each point of development and use it there and it results only in deterioration and continuous loss rather than gain and satisfaction. Yet at the same time such is the pleasure reward which acts as a premium upon every effort toward attainment, and upon every forward step in progress and use, that each one of these pleasures forms too easily a satisfaction in itself and the individual is tempted to remain at any stage in the path of progress, sexual or social. Then the phantasied enjoyment easily weaves its spell around him and reality recedes and fails in its stimulating attractiveness, while the unreal, the phantasy surrounded, partial attainment appears sufficient in itself and for the time altogether entrancing. Because it is unreal, therefore not enduring, it must frequently show its unreliability and finally end in bitter dissatisfaction. But phantasy in defense multiplies itself and also resorts more and more hectically to artificial means to stimulate itself and cover over more and more thickly and completely its empty nothingness. It has itself magnified the difficulties of reality by distorting them through a wrongful interpretation of itself no less than of the reality it opposes and so it makes the way out of dangerous phantasy continually harder, and the way deeper into its meshes continually easier. It luxuriously paves the broad road to destruction.

It is not, however, a wilful and depraved determination which starts one upon this road. Weakness and failure are not so abruptly nor so simply conditioned. Rather such a course discovered as it is by the world, even, by the physician, only when already far along, has its determinants more or less all along the way where phantasy has succeeded in wresting the attention



from reality and building up its own power instead. It is a lifelong story beginning regularly in childhood, when the way of progress and complete mental health has not been found, but instead these deviations from that road have been discovered and one by one their attractions have been allowed subtly to multiply and fasten themselves upon the victim.

It must still be remembered that these bypaths are not however through foreign country into which some exceptionally unfortunate persons wander. They are those in which all linger for a time in the process of growth, but some also soon pass beyond in development toward the full and healthy adult life. It is here in such natural territory that phantasy does its work, distorting the prospective look and preventing the free stepping forth on the forward path.

"Redemption," the dramatization of Tolstoi's story, has also its own peculiar fitness for drawing the veil gently from this darker side of the losing inner conflict. It leads the spectators on from a mere legitimate return to the inner life of phantasy to its abuse and exaggeration of influence upon the individual. It enables them to enter at first sympathetically into the fairer glow of the phantasy which forms too effectual a bar to the hero's return to the world of real deeds and achievement, and holds him there until the roseate mirage has proved itself sordid, unsatisfying, deathly. Meanwhile by a keen penetration it has laid bare some of the falsifying mechanism of the phantasy and revealed the deeper causes of the failure and psychic sickness and degradation.

Fedya has deserted a wife who loves him though the desertion has no apparent external motives. The attempt of her family to explain it upon the attraction of the gypsy character with whom he is often found or in the lure of the low surroundings in which he indulges appears at once quite unconvincing. Deeper reasons lie within the man's own conflict as he himself acknowledges to the one or two truly sympathetic listeners who can understand him. These conflicts and the losing struggle with them which marks Fedya's career form the theme of the play. No entreaties on the part of the wife prevail to lead



him to return to her, his life with her being because of his inner difficulties impossible to him. Yet his respect and sincere regard for her happiness create the desire to remove the hindrance of his presence so that she shall be free to marry another man who loves her and can make her life a happy one.

Fedya has not the courage to shoot himself and he has too much high feeling to drag himself through the degradation necessary to give her grounds for divorce. So he accepts the clever scheme of the gypsy girl who loves him and befriends him to pretend that he has been drowned and therefore can no longer prove an obstacle because of his wife's scruples. This plan is successfully carried out but after his former wife has passed some years of happy married life with her second husband, Fedya unwittingly reveals himself and the marriage is subjected to the rigors of legal trial and condemnation. Then at last the courage of the man, though now to all external appearance utterly ruined and degraded, asserts itself and he does actually remove himself by taking his own life.

After the first scene, in which the hero's defection from the paths of rectitude has been briefly stated for the audience, the real play opens upon this phantasy world. Even before this second rise of the curtain the simple beauty and charm of phantasy makes its appeal. This is first to the sense of hearing, that sense through which, as Wagner has said, the artist reveals most deeply and most truly the inner nature of things. The simple strains of the orchestra with the subdued voices of the singers upon the stage prepares us for the added fascination of the low gypsy room with its strange dark figures, their wild spontaneous yet suppressed breaking forth into song or dance or whatever is suited to please the mood of the hour. The red glow of the fire upon the picturesque figures with the occasional brightness of garment or ornament upon the women fill in the enchantment of the picture. The central figure of the play reclines in the more mellowed glow of the spot light under the full spell of pleasure and indolent enjoyment of all this sensuous and phantastic setting. It is he in whom is to be witnessed the effect upon a human soul of such a complete

weaving and thralldom of the spell of unreality as he descends into its power more completely.

The music grows more abandoned but plaintively appealing as it takes possession of the entire scene which seems to have attracted and lured him from his home. It is not however strictly that. It is not the spell of this gypsy room sunken below the street or the cold blue light which shines from without against the window panes at the top of the room. It is not the warm sensuous brightness, which contrasts even more humanly with the outside coldness, in the warmer radiance of the fond creature hovering passionately near him, her bright colors and cheap flashing ornament more in evidence in the brighter light where Fedya, the sunken man, lies drinking and smoking and dreaming. It is here that his friend, the devoted messenger from his wife, seeks him and implores him for her sake to return to her and the realities of life. The appeal is vain. It is met only by mocking indifference with a certain insolent disdain which is partly bravado, partly drunken helplessness to break the chains of fascination which hold him in this other, this unreal world.

For this is what he, this drunkard, has chosen. Rather this is what it is to be a drunkard. For some reason he has drifted from the path which would have proved him a man with a man's power to win and enjoy life in all the fullness with which earlier opportunities presented themselves to him. For some strange and hidden reason he has been caught in this outer fringe of pleasure which looks so fair if not gazed upon too long or too closely, but which even here ends only in the luxury of dream and selfish phantasy with no access to anything lasting and substantial.

This is the drunkard's paradise, the refuge which alcohol gives from something in reality which fails for some reason to maintain its better and higher claims upon him. He has chosen the route of alcohol, not because of its taste, not by the craving for the thing in itself, the basis on which the world has blindly sought to explain and counteract its influence, but as a means of easy entry into the world of phantasy, and has

allowed it to release the higher conscious control of reason and grant admittance to the easier retrogressive paths. Fedya later explains this to the wise and thoughtful prince, who alone holds out a hand of understanding sympathy, of comprehension of the fact that to the drunkard's life there is an inner history of conflict, who perceives that there is a reason for his conduct and the state into which he has fallen which deserves attention and consideration as an actual psychical fact. "I've led this sort of life for ten years and you're the first real person to show me sympathy. . . . Ah, yes, my ruin. Well, first drink, not because it tasted well, but because everything I did disappointed me so, made me so ashamed of myself. I feel ashamed now, while I talk to you. Whenever I drank, shame was drowned in the first glass, and sadness. Then music, not opera or Beethoven, but gypsy music; the passion of it poured energy into me, while those dark bewitching eyes looked into the bottom of my soul. And the more alluring it all was, the more shame I felt afterwards."

So far however this is still looking upon the more external revelation of his conflict. This is no deeper than a superficial realization of its existence as a psychic struggle. Its inner meaning and the elements which have first initiated it and have given it its peculiar trend, the dark things beneath it, from which temporary refuge is found in these particular paths of self indulgence, are yet matters of deeper study. At first the authors and the actors allow to play upon their audience the same spell of attraction which proves the phantasy world a delight to all, and not at first an unnatural evil in itself. Then by artistic gradations those who witness the drama are introduced into the exaggeration of its hold upon the human psyche, its wrongful use to pull away from the paths of salvation in reality to the ultimate ruin, which is its regressive goal.

It is indeed soon to be seen even through the first glamour of the play that already there is at work an unreality substituting itself for ability wholesomely to receive and enjoy. There is something thus unnatural and incomplete even in the response which Fedya makes or fails to make to the advances of the gypsy

girl, who as time goes on reveals herself sincere and genuine in her devotion to him. He is unable to return her love in kind. Here once more it is not the moral aversion he admits to sully the purity of this girl's love for him which makes him so half responsive to her love. This is no doubt a factor in his behavior to her, particularly later, as he explains in the last scene when he is describing their happy hours together after she has saved him from the suicide he had planned.

At that time, as the play proceeds, he had planned to take his life in order to release his wife, so that she might be free to marry a man more worthy of her, the same friend who appeared in the gypsy resort to lead him home. He had chosen this course rather than that of a divorce because of the sordid and filthy lying details of the ordinary legal course of procedure. There was too much good, too much real nobility of character striving against weakness to permit that. Yet characteristically too his courage had failed him. Then when he was in despair the gypsy girl had appeared and in the strength of her love and power to control affairs she had proposed a feigned death that he might free his wife and friend from the barrier of their moral scruples, leaving them to their happiness as he would be free to follow his own course. This he rehearses in the last act, when, some years later and many stages lower in his degradation, he relates his strange life to a sympathetic companion at a drinking den in the city slums.

Even then he admits that not alone was it a moral ideality and unselfishness that had kept him from debasing the gypsy girl sexually, this girl who had so pleaded for his love and thrown herself upon him. He had in fact revived his original sense of honor and highmindedness, that higher standard of character which is so at variance with the weaknesses and selfish tendencies which are revealed in the search into unconscious motives and causes for sickness and failure. It is this double character that is in one sense the cause of any neurotic compromise. The strife between the two attitudes and trends causes the conflict and suffering which are felt as illness and mental distress and weakness with its attendant shame. On the one



hand it reveals that the better nature will not fall easily into the paths of sheer self indulgence and base gratification, on the other that the better nature has not obtained sufficient control of the unconscious with its buried impulses to direct them to ways of health and strength. Such evidences of conflict, of the presence and force of two sets of desire and tendency, are evident all along the way in the character of Fedya. It is this which excites interest and sympathy. Through this there is here such a true representation of the average human life that the spectator is compelled to a fellow feeling, whether he acknowledges it or not. The special pathological form therefore in which it appears in the character of Fedya is only an exaggeration of such a struggle in degrees which make it pathological and which also drive the sufferer to the aid of alcohol to make the conflict easier, to efface it for the time by inhibiting the higher control which sets one side of the struggle.

Fedya knows something of these two sides of his nature. His friends are not unacquainted with the higher cultural side with its ideals and semblances of restraint. They have seen it in the better days and when he first slipped along his regressive path. The other side, in which lie the reasons for weakness and failure, they do not know, but he himself feels them and can in part lay them bare. We hear this as he tells the story first of his treatment of the gypsy girl. "I felt it wasn't right to go on taking, taking where I couldn't give. I told her we'd have to say goodbye. My heart was so wrung all the time that I could hardly help crying."

"The single good act of my soul was not ruining that girl. Was it from pity? I sorry for her? Oh, never. And I've been attracted often, you know. Once I was in love with a grande dame, bestially in love, doglike. Well, she gave me a rendezvous, and I didn't, couldn't keep it, because suddenly I thought of her husband and it made me feel sick. And you know, it's queer, that now when I look back, instead of being glad that I was decent I am as sorry as if I had sinned. But with Masha (the gypsy girl) it's so different; I'm filled up with joy that I've never soiled the brightness of my feeling for her."



Something plays beneath the surface of these revelations. There are elements underlying these experiences which suggest a deeper flood of unrest, of strange doubts and phantasies and fears, which must belong only to the inner life of the man himself rather than to any outward circumstance, which prevent normal definite reactions either in such situations or in the way of escape from them. The adult form of reaction is direct, decisive either directly toward a certain goal or determinately away from it, while the infantile, uncertain form is wavering, vacillating, inefficient and inadequate toward the event and uncertain in its attempt to flee from it. Such very plainly is the nature of the baser affair, such was the inability either to give or to respond to the fulness of the gypsy's love for him or to find in it more than a dream of autoerotic phantasy satisfaction. Only there was the saving strength to make one final effort of separation even from this, and then the plunge into deeper autoerotic drinking.

But already in the early scene in the gypsy resort and in the reminiscence of it a little later in Fedya's own poor room, there is the ecstasy of the unreal dream, made up of music, mysterious semidarkness and wine, the appeal of a simple almost primitive sensuousness but which, like Masha herself, "unlocks the gates of heaven," that is the gates of the region of sheer self indulgent phantasy. To watch his indolent, unresponsive attitude as he lies in the gypsy room steeped in alcohol, drunk even with the excess of phantasy, is to realize the depth of sheer autoerotic ecstasy of dreaming into which the alcohol permits him to enter. It is a complete substitution of the unreality of phantasy for the tortures which arise from the reality toward which he is able to offer only an unsatisfying inadequacy and inefficiency. It is doubtless something of the nobleness which he still retains which leads him to refuse to return to his wife at the request of the messenger she sends. It is, furthermore, as can be judged by the weakness later displayed, the inherent inability to arise and master reality by seizing it as it offers itself.

But why this weakness which besets him at every hand and which has first driven him upon the path of dangerous self

indulgence? Why are such things so in the psychic world? If the choice of a course of action lay only in outside circumstances most of us would have reason enough to choose at one turn and another the useful and safe and prosperous way of action. We are, however, governed by stronger impulses, the force of which and even the existence of which is hidden from conscious recognition. Only, as Bergson says, through a few messengers from the unconscious, which succeed in smuggling themselves through the half open door, do we have any inkling of the past of desire and the feeling associated with it which we are dragging behind us at all times. To some these recollections and the affects attached to them are scarcely perceptible or troublesome. They form some of the slight distractions, peculiarities, negligible superstitions, half admitted fears, unguarded slips of the tongue, any one of the trivial factors which barely disturb the even tenor of the conscious course of action. With many others these smugglers are of greater power to disturb. They indicate less serenity and satisfaction in the unconscious sphere and they appear perhaps in horrid form or they serve to drive the individual to some such artificial and harmful relief as that which Fedya sought.

Fedya too confesses to certain of these unbidden messengers, and they point to some nucleus in his past life, probably as in most individuals belonging first to the remote period of childish desire. For here at that early time desire rules supreme, there is not yet the later correction through both reason and experience with an external world. The child's desires are intense and selfish and can in themselves at first brook no interference. Yet the interference of reality with phantasy cannot be avoided and certain children, less easily able in their natures to adjust to such outside influence, repress into the unconscious these desires in all their intensity. These desires by their very overstrong repression tend to lose contact with reality and thus to develop into an exaggeration of phantasy, both the unreal substitute pleasures which phantasy, even in the unconscious, may offer, and the opposite feelings of revenge,

anger, and jealousy. Then only later when life offers perhaps some special difficulty and even adult interest recedes from the real world to join such phantasies, do they attain strength enough to appear in some covert or disguised form to disturb the external life. Or it may be that a conscious adult joy can be after all only looked upon by the individual through the eyes of such infantile phantasy, self centered unsocialized pleasures and angry injured feelings, and the conscious adult joy which presents itself turns to dust and ashes. The child situation is brought up against the adult circumstances and fails to fit; instead the whole adult situation is distorted and spoiled.

Something of this sort seems to have been the case with Fedya. At least he admits that his life has failed in the face of all that was fair and prosperous in outlook. Before he began to drink "everything I did," he says, "disappointed me so, made me so ashamed of myself." He had education, financial position, a charming and loving wife, but peace he had not. Something within himself beyond outward circumstances disturbed all this. It had come, as we hear in that confession of his later life in the drinking slum, to poison all the love and happiness of his married life. The other relation, the bestial relation with the grande dame, seems to have been interfered with not so much by a moral scruple but by the same sort of feeling applied in a different direction. It was the thought of the husband which had made him sick and determined him so suddenly to flee the rendezvous. The same thing working in another direction drives him from his wife to find forgetfulness in degradation and chiefly in drink.

We have not here the details of an analysis but we may perhaps draw by analogy from the many such instances that have passed before the review of the psychoanalyst. These have discovered such psychic difficulty arising in infancy in the reaction of the child in its strong wishes directed positively, primarily, toward the parent of the opposite sex and negatively, that is fearsomely and hostilely, toward the one of the same sex as the rival. The long dormancy of these wishes as they

lie waiting in the unconscious for a suitable occasion for discharge explains their seeming unreasonableness and their abrupt compulsive as well as hallucinatory character when they finally gain access to consciousness, but even then only in a somewhat changed and redirected form. In fact it is one frequent manner of defense to throw them in conscious accusation upon some one else or upon outward circumstances.

In this manner Fedya had come to doubt the sincerity and wholeheartedness of his wife, Lisa's love. To her he attributes the unconscious division of the affections which probably exists in his own heart. The faithful friend, Victor, who had loved her earlier unsuccessfully stands to his mind as a ready and natural vehicle for this disloyalty on her part. Yet consciously he can not justly accuse either of them, so it is only in the hallucinatory phantasy of the night when she lies innocently asleep by his side that these thoughts rise within him and force him from his bed and finally drive him permanently from his home. The old child phantasy regarding the father and the mother is apparently at work. The doubt is there of the mother's purity and loyalty because his own wish, unexpressed, is in conflict with the knowledge, however indefinite, of her relation to the father. Because the child is excluded from this he reacts unconsciously also with consequent hatred and hostility to the father.

Fedya had felt from the first that he had to share the love that he wanted with some other man. That at least was his rationalizing conscious way of putting the deeply unconscious gnawing, yet forbidden desire from the childhood. It was the outward expression of the jealousy, the craving for the love that belonged to another before it belonged to him. He attributes to the wife then the unconscious love which he does not know how to admit in himself. "Yes, I think she's always loved him, far, far down beneath what she could admit to herself, and this feeling of mine has been a black shadow across our married life." "Yes, no brightness could suck up that shadow. And so I suppose I never was satisfied with what my wife gave me, and I looked for every kind of distraction, sick at heart



because I did so." These words are an admission rather of inner conflict than of disappointment and grief from merely the possible external factor of his wife's lack of love to him. The psychopathologist knows that such sickness of heart is not a reaction to outside difficulties and losses even of the most serious kind. Reality calls for a more healthy, healing reaction. Inner conflicts, one's own self involvement through unconscious impulses and distraught phantasies, are rather the source of such distress.

Then out of these inner phantasies, the strange hidden content of them, which has its coloring from the unreasoning jealousy of infancy, arises his maddening hallucination. "Do you know when she lay there asleep beside me," he says with a shrill laugh, as he lays bare his heart to the sympathetic companion in the drinking den, "I would hear him, pushing open the door, crawling into the room, coming to me on his hands and knees, grovelling, whining, begging me" — and by this time Fedya is almost shouting in a suppressed way — "for her, for her; imagine it! And I, I had to get up and give my place to him. Phew! then I'd come to myself."

There is a conflict in such a soul deeper than any outer circumstance is able to occasion. It expresses horrible contortions of phantasy built out of the exaggerated occupation with the thoughts first innocently conceived in infancy, very vaguely conscious or entirely unconscious even then. But lacking thorough healthy reaction with reality they have nowhere to go but back upon the inner self. They have prevented a wholesome joyous attitude toward the love object who had willingly chosen him in preference to the other man, and who held her love to him long after he had cast aside all semblance of a forced outward devotion to her. He was true in his intention and wish toward her and yet the fiercer grip of the unconscious drove him upon his way of equally forced disloyalty and unfaithfulness toward her. Other features of the inner conflict, other forms of phantasy and struggle, which it develops or through which it passes in the unconscious in order to drive into the particular form which leads down the road of alcoholic

indulgence, have not been indicated or suggested as these have. It is simply shown that alcohol dulled the pain of conflict and of defeat. It also marked the path of defeat, for it proved a quick and unhindered way into the phantasy which appeared so hideous so long as conscious struggle against the unknown force had to be maintained. For it and the surroundings in which it was first indulged opened wide the gates of sheer indulgent phantasy where the conscious monitor was stilled. One can easily believe also, in the face of the high ideals which Fedya yet preserved within himself and in his relations to these other characters, that the better, higher nature, the unquenchable yet losing side in the struggle was demanding as a sort of compromise a penance of degradation and self abasement for the darker nature of the phantasies which were being striven against. In such strange compromises, half yieldings, half indulgences, losses and sufferings, there is after all an egotistic satisfaction and pleasure in self abasement and self inflictions.

What after all is the purpose of such a play, even though an unspoken, an unconsciously presented one? Is there real value in thus portraying human weakness and downfall? What, it may be asked, is it that so claims the attention and sympathy in the representation of this losing conflict? It is not alone that the physician may find in it some definite object lesson with which to arm himself for his work of understanding and help. The appeal is a far more universal one. It is necessary, and each spectator's undefined reception of such a play testifies to this, that we should look more deeply into the conflict with which each life is beset, which solves itself for each in his own best way or which transforms itself into something which is no solution but only a distortion, a failure, a defeat which in one form or another has arisen out of it. It is necessary furthermore that our objective attitude toward failure, defeat, degradation, as seen in the world all about, should be more definitely and more profoundly understood. This means that they should be known in their causation and in the mechanism of transformation. This entails knowledge of the causation by which they arise from deeply laid unconscious impulses and

of the struggle which these necessarily have with the higher conscious and social impulses and desires. It necessitates understanding the mechanism whereby they appear in such indirect and little comprehended manifestations as alcoholic indulgence and precipitate or seemingly deliberate choice of degradation and ruin.

That they are not in real fact such, Fedya's own heartbroken explanations testify: So also do the ringing words with which he makes his vain appeal to the befogged understanding of the magistrate in the court of so-called justice. This man's understanding is under the control of formal conventions. These are too rigid defenses against the admittance into conscious thought of the force and power of the inner impulses, a fear and indolence under which society hides itself from the arduous task of really understanding and wisely, helpfully dealing with men's mistakes and crimes, which are impelled from within by these forces. The material with which they have to do is real and vital, it is human life itself in all its possibility of good or evil. This they forget because they want to defend themselves from the further implication of this fact, that this material, because it is human, vital, is the great explosive force of the world, just as it is the great creative force, and so can work utter destruction. Therefore the latter possibility creates the fear that formally hides both itself and the creative and recreative possibility under the hard and self protective formalism, which is perhaps more conspicuous in the legal circles than in any other branch of society.

Fedya is brought at last into court, a wretched, shambling figure. He is physically repulsive, he is mentally abject. There is however still in him enough of the divine spark of the better endeavor to be roused once more into hot protest and burning pronouncement of the truth. He is not here for his own misdemeanors. The irony of misnamed justice is bitterly in evidence. His act of self effacement for the happiness of others and the ridding of them of his presence, the one disturbing factor to their happy usefulness together, has been vilely dragged

into the light for material gain. Some blackmailer who had overheard his life's confession to the drinking companion has made capital of it by hauling the one time wife and her present husband into court on a charge of bigamy. The righteousness of the law would reunite her to the base counterpart of a man which is all that is left of her former husband, and exile the man whom she has come to love and honor most sincerely and with whom she was living a life of upright sincerity and peace.

The self righteous zeal of the law would simply hurl the whole psychic conflict in all its lurid impurity and untruth back upon their heads. Fedya, however, in the final clear nobility of thought and appreciation flashing through his abjectness, catches at last also the clear pathway of courage, as clear a one perhaps as can be left for one so long straying from definite mental purpose and direction. At last he has the courage to do that which he could not do years before and he solves the impenetrable problem by taking his own life. This is not, however, before he has uttered a last ringing arraignment of the falseness of the conventions under which the law and society hide all attempt to comprehend the profound psychic truths of which he has the full measure of experience. His plea is that which the play must make to every one. It must also come with peculiar force to those special guardians and manipulators of the welfare of society and of the individuals which compose it, as represented in our legal bodies, or our medical workers, or any other profession or group which presumes to hold the reins of social government and individual regulation.

"The truth, O God, what do you know about the truth? Your business is crawling up into a little power, that you may use it by tantalizing, morally not physically, people a thousand times better than you. . . . I'll speak as I feel and you write it down. So for once some human words will get into a deposition. . . ." And the besotted voice goes on, once more convincing and manly in the truth it speaks: "We were all in a spiritual struggle beyond your comprehension; the



struggle between anguish and peace; between falsehood and truth. You, the defender of public justice, the appointed guardian of morality . . . receive on the 20th of each month a few kopeks' gratuity for your wretched business, you get into your uniform, and in good spirits proceed to torture—bully people who wouldn't admit you across their doorstep. Then when you've had your fill of showing off your wretched power, oh then you are satisfied, and sit and smile there in your damned complacent dignity. How can you punish me," he asks, beating his breast, "who am suffering the worst there is. . . . How absurd you would be if you weren't so vile." And then, when his plea falls fruitless, as of course it could not alter the rigidly determined events of the law, he takes the one remaining way to circumvent the artificiality of the law and ends his life. By overcoming his fear at the end he grants freedom to those whom his impotence and self indulgence, or the complexes which had lain behind these, had bound with himself. His own freedom is won, too, but with loss as he ends the useless life and sinks at last into the complete unreality, which with his last breath he calls "Happiness."

It is a drama that attempts to draw no solution out of its presented features of character and action. It is Ibsenian rather in that it teaches or convicts in its representation of life as it is, as it exists deep in the mental life beneath the external conflicts and failures in which it is clothed. It seeks to elaborate no explanation, to point no moral. It does, however, lay human psychic life before its audience, first appealingly, that it may rouse our sympathetic appreciation, introduce us as it were into the reality of the psychic problems. Then in a faithful manner it pictures and develops these to their inevitable outcome, with many a sidelight also on the petty complications of emotion and feeling which blind judgment and distort reality while they separate thus the self righteous from those who make the more signal failures. Its impressive lesson is that those who witness the drama should not be among the self righteous in the appraisal and condemnation of such

weaknesses, but should rather understand them as conditioned by psychic occurrences. They should be regarded as attitudes of deepest and remotest origin revealing themselves in real life in these unsuccessful forms. Thus there is given greater insight into these as disease conditions to be psychically and socially met and understood and helped as such.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE MEETING OF EXTREMES<sup>1</sup>

A still more analytical search into the unconscious than this frank and open revelation which has just been considered would reveal the great variety of wishes and strivings that are there at work. This would give explanation to externally expressed peculiarities of character which would help toward a better adjustment of these in relation to other men and women. The pattern of thinking and feeling in the unconscious is very different from the carefully guarded and selected one of consciousness, yet this careful selection so distorts and warps the inner impulses that the unpleasant characteristics show how consciousness bungles its task. The larger relation to a variety of factors of the mental life as well as the better possibility of relationship in the use of the impulses from which they arise are not understood by viewing conscious appearance alone.

The sordid and the gay, earthly love and heavenly joy, merry making and religious festival, and even the gentle kindness of ministration and the darker things of envy and greed, all these lie closer in the unconscious than we are accustomed to think. Conscious thought rudely separates them from one another, — this is the imperfect attempt to dissolve the mystery of the ever shifting confluence of the varying elements of life. Ordinary thought is so careful in real life to separate one interest out from another that one gains its value only at the expense of the other. The latter then only comes to shrivel or to turn sour upon happiness and cheerfulness of disposition or it precipitates hopeless conflict in which health of mind is impossible. The resulting misunderstanding, hatred, envy, jealousy, self seeking, the mental sickness of any sort, even often the bodily ailment

<sup>1</sup> Charles Rann Kennedy: *The Army with Banners*. B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1919.

are distortion and marring of that which should have been sweetness and light. The petty and partial interests with which we occupy ourselves fail themselves to draw a real sustenance, and progress and constructiveness are also absent. For there is lacking that fundamental unity where sordid and spiritual, earthly and heavenly have their common source and receive their mutual power and value. The quick daring flash of the dream reveals not only the manifold aspects of truth in such varied phases but the greater truth as well which comprises these in one great vital fact, which is life itself.

"The Army with Banners" attempts to bring some of these apparently incongruous elements into the setting of their mutual relation. It does so by utilizing the ordinary conscious attitude of misunderstanding and ignorance of this relationship, thus through it to reveal gradually the deeper interrelationship and the fellowship which this really entails. It has to call to its service of revelation also the manifest forms of hatred which arise. The playwright calls it rightfully a "Divine Comedy" for it bears a message of the humor with which life's incongruities interplay as well as the minor tragedy with which the incarnated devils of hatred, envy and all the selfish partialities of life tear aside life's unity and harmony each for its own ends. Thus are the soundness and wholeness of mutual living and thinking sadly disturbed.

The playing of such a comedy is allowed place in an old thirteenth century nunnery, now an orphanage under the care of Mary Bliss. There is a spontaneous freedom in her outlook upon life but this is somewhat hindered and its brightness enfeebled by a too childish trustfulness and lack of alertness in regard to its full meaning. The possibilities which lie in the contact of her home with a vital active modern world are somewhat dimmed by the too idealistic peace which hovers over it. For this reason it is only too ready for the entrance into the happy scene of certain dividing elements which mar the perfection themselves revealing ignominious and shameful depths of the human mind. But out of this there comes a clearer knowledge of all the truth and life is lifted from its



childishly meaningless roseate dreams to a more vivid and hearty interest in reality.

Certain friends of Mary Bliss, more worldly than she, constitute themselves presumably her guardians though their hard self interest comes openly to the fore. Because in her wider appreciation of inner realities, she gives freer vent to these in her beliefs and actions, they label her with a static disease term so that this may satisfy their usual rational tendency always formally to define what is too wide for the common understanding and also to justify to themselves and others their interference by making it appear necessary. So they call her a victim of dementia precox, apparently because she brings somewhat nearer the conscious surface some of the older ways of thinking and acting which have been relegated to the unconscious. She conforms not only her conscious activity largely to the lines of religious symbolism and gives that a more constant place in her daily life than is ordinarily accorded today, but she reveals much of its actual inner meaning, closer to the unity of life in the sphere of love than it also is ordinarily accepted to lie. And it must be admitted that her behavior belongs to an earlier period of history.

Therefore the professed friends have come to take charge of her behavior and exert restraint upon her on the very day when she is expecting the return of the Lord from heaven. For this she has prepared in the most matter of fact way, utilizing all the interests of her daily life, the activities of the children in the school, their play even more than their work, and adorning herself as a bride awaiting her bridegroom. Into this scene of expectation the assembled friends launch their plans for convincing her of the unreality of her ways. Their finally executed plan is to offset her dreams with the rude introduction of a representative of the crude and crass practical religion which merely seeks to haul souls out of perdition to salvation with but scant appreciation of the full and slowly developing possibilities of these souls and the life which they convey. Tommy Trail is the embodiment of all that is offensive and harsh in a religion which has blatantly offset itself against

the inner realities in their relation to the actual desires and pleasures of life. He it is who comes intruding upon Mary Bliss and her gentle and happy readiness for her Lord. She is puzzled and disturbed but so complete is her trustful obedience to His word that she believes at first that it is only her blindness and lack of perfect development which makes His manner of coming seem harsh. Her eyes are opened at last however to the revolting character of the intrusion and to the duplicity of her friends. This serves not to stun her however and cast her down, but it does bring about the desirable union of her gentler withdrawal into the blissful happy things which are largely of dreams and that outer ruder but more real life with which her contact had not been sufficient. It is then her time of triumph or rather that of her greater knowledge and faith, when the narrowness of her would be friends withers before the denunciations of her faithful servitor Dafty. They pale also before the vision of Mary Bliss as she represents the full victory and glory of a church which appears as "clear as the sun, fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners."

Dafty has stood on the side of truth throughout the transformations that have taken place. He seems to be always on hand, slyly appearing when the plots are thickest, bringing to light the simple joyousness of the more natural life with the children when the false complaints of the others are darkest. At the last he is thunderous in his proclamation of the mysteries of death and life, the depths of darkness and sin, which he says he has traversed, and the union of all these in a life which is full and free indeed and before which the pettinesses have, as he threateningly repeats, only six, five, four, yes, only one minute yet to live.

In this general plot of the play each character deserves a special examination since each one represents his or her part in this separateness of impulses, the factors which apart work so destructively and disastrously and together are capable of the complete harmony of a life both serviceable and happy.

The viewpoint of Mary Bliss, charming as it is in contrast to the darker ones of her advisers and spies, is only one of

those partial ones in which men and women seek so successfully to enfold themselves that a broader practical comprehension of life in its duties and opportunities slips out of sight. The latter view requires a high courage of thought and incessant, often difficult constructive labor upon the matters of reality. So these are set aside for a beauty and attractiveness in retirement. The roughness and the uncouth shapes in which the crude unfinished reality of the world presents itself to the creative hand for further making are thereby avoided. To such dreamers and idealists the beauty of past achievement, the esthetic result of that already accomplished is enough, or this failing to fill out all desire and emptiness the rest is rendered even more sumptuously complete by the infinity of dreams.

Such dreams are not necessarily altogether incompatible with a life of beautiful and helpful service to one's fellows. Sometimes they are especially serviceable to the weary or the old and worn, or even in a guarded measure to the play time of little children and the beginning of their entrance into life's sterner lessons. Man cannot live by bread alone. His dreams remain somehow with him because they are indispensable. Nevertheless there is a danger, if he relies too much upon them or turns too frequently to their attractions, that there will steadily result more and more a severance with reality and with the harder tasks and the harder truths which it presents.

Such is the danger, the unreality that on the one hand lies in the gentleness, the joyousness, the merry happiness of Mary Bliss. And yet these descriptive words which arise to characterize her and her life in the nunnery remind one again that this was not all vain; far from it. But she needed an awakening, to add, as she learns to say, to the harmlessness of the dove the wisdom of the serpent, something that awakens to real life as it is and as it thrusts itself even within her retreat. Her hypocritical friends are pleased to stigmatize her with the term *dementia precox*, as if the last word needed for understanding and sympathy and fellow feeling were thus uttered, or indeed were no longer needed, as if one such whole-

sale characterization should sum up the situation and dismiss her once for all from any ordinary consideration of justice and fairness. It is an unctuous term which these schemers after their own ends roll from their tongues in a pseudoscientific justification of the policy of espionage and interference which they plan to carry on. In this way they have this nominal backing of scientific terms, in which also they include the more crafty, less easily duped Dafty, the devoted servant and friend of the gentle lady not only, but of truth in its real essence. His ways are obscure to the watchful plotters and different from their conventional thought and manner of speech. Therefore he is as easily set aside as the "paranoiac." No, not so easily put away as the more helpless woman for there is something about Dafty's inner eye for the truth, his complacent acquaintance with mysteries which they have not had his courage to pass through, which makes them quail. They disguise this though from themselves in their attempted technical dismissal of him as far as they may beyond the pale of ordinary reckoning and consideration of the affairs in hand.

There is certainly more than a smack here of an unconsciously hypocritical attitude in society toward that which it fears and yet is either too indolent or too timorous boldly and conscientiously to come to know and to treat on terms of understanding and mutual adjustment. This is society's attitude even yet toward the mentally sick. This may exist toward the more pronounced forms which completely separate the sick ones from the world of activity or toward those forms which get but a cold shrug of pity and blame. There is a sort of fearful discharge of the whole burden of really understanding them by slipping their ailments under certain long familiar names, such as "nervousness" or craziness or insanity, by members of society. Thus is not exactly all duty done, but like the mischief makers of the play, they take to themselves a special unctuousness of condemnation of the sufferers and consider themselves as moving in an atmosphere of "I am holier than thou," or at least saner and wiser than thou. In the same manner the attitude toward those whose maladjustment to so-



ciety and its demands is so marked as to constitute them the socially sick, those who commit crime, shows the same blinded nature. Here too the name, the long familiar and well sounding term is enough to remove the self righteous robes of a nonunderstanding social world from contamination with this class, and from the trouble to find out the causes and the cures for their social illness.

This is only apparently a digression from the narrative of the play. In fact it lies in the very spirit and message of the play to point out this falseness of attitude, this blindness to the actual effort and striving of human life. Such effort, to be sure, fails here, succeeds there, hides failure under a spurious guise of success, appears to succeed only because the guage of either is false and falsely applied. This blindness to life as it really moves in the upward currents from the depth of every human psyche, as it often shows turbid and confused, misses the oneness of human life. The blindness is entrenched in natural timorousness and indolence, which makes it easier to remain in its own false and petty interpretations. Its own small motes are magnified to beams, whereby all perspective and relative value are lost.

Such then are the personages assembled in Mary Bliss's sanctuary, the hall of her orphanage. They are the spirit of modern shallow criticism and empty self-seeking which can interpret and speculate upon none but the most superficial and restricted plane. Each has his or her private pet end in view not only, its very narrowness making them conflict with each other, but each has centered upon one particular symbolic symptom of his or her own. Such symptom in each one speaks louder than the words in which they constantly bring it to the attention of each other, of the hatred and envy and narrowness and mutual enmity, the intense egoism and self interest of their hostile, critical attitude. This they direct to the gentle unselfish soul under whose roof they have gathered, and to all that is hers. Not so deeply envious are they in reality of the worldly goods with which she is endowed, which is the envy they can almost acknowledge to one another, as they are of the sunshine

of kindness, gladness, pure enjoyment of the good things of life, of the positive things of living, with which she has surrounded herself. She is not so far withdrawn in her dreams that they have ceased to become outwardly radiant, but she has kept a wholesome vitality even in her return to medieval surroundings and symbolism. All this is contrary to their self centered mode of living and thinking. Their peculiar troubles and sufferings are the reactions in which the human psyche is accustomed to conceal its own ineffectualness even from itself, crystallize as it were such imperfection and impotence into some particular negative psychic emotion directed toward the outer world, which can then unconsciously create for itself some physical disability, or otherwise project it upon the external environment.

It is hardest for the "man of the past," Job Limp, to drag himself into the interests of things about him, even as they concern the matter which has ostensibly brought them together. This matter is the conversion of Mary Bliss from her dreams or else the establishment of a guardianship over her which will give control of her substance into the hands of these worthily inspired friends. The ostensible desire for her conversion is too plainly but a mask for the second desire. This most clearly betrays itself in the very symptomatic ailments with which the creator of the drama has endowed these figures, no less than in every revelation in voice, manner, excessive manifestation of zeal in the cause in hand, the over protestation on every side of each individual egoistically directed point of view. Self betrayal truly oozes from every pore of these characters, the self betrayal that subtly portrays what manner of self deception in human nature it is the purpose of the play to set forth.

It is not strange then that the man of the past severs himself from all that might make for the joy of living, which is essentially active, creative, progressive, and must sit by the fire nursing the feeling of hatred. Hatred is the opposite of all this and it works on a lower plane of metabolism. In truth it checks that healthy metabolism on which the joy of living is

dependent for its means of expression, for its ability to pour itself out into constructive activity. The liver well serves as the seat of his soured attitude toward all things alive. The derangement, coincident with that of the liver, of so many other organs and functions dependent to a greater or less degree upon its action, is all indicative of the apt symbolism of this organ to represent the withdrawal into himself of this acrid man of the past, who selfishly enjoys even his particular discomfort and whose only response to his companions is a selfish, disturbed growl. Medicine is coming to know, how frequently, how almost invariably this form of introversion, self absorption in one's own past, causes and maintains just this sort of derangement on the bottom layer of nervous activity, that of the physico-chemical metabolic organs and functions of the body, and how symbolic in turn these are of the very psychic factors which become the motivation of these physical disturbances.

The man with the plethoric heart is no less symbolically afflicted. Here again whatever the organic reaction back upon his psychic condition there is apparent a symbolic causal connection between his frequent suffocating dyspneic attacks and the overreaching schemes and practices he is busied with, whether robbing the children's penny boxes in the chapel or plotting the sweeping of Mary Bliss's property into his control. Account must be taken of the tremendous activity which the libido or energy output through psychic interest arouses through the vast unconscious "automatic" as well as voluntary conscious control of the functions of the body. Therefore it is not strange that his cardiac and respiratory functions too should have learned an over response to a double disturbance conditioned by the continual double stimulation which must be somehow adjusted. Since it cannot run smoothly, the stimuli having to do with two opposite paths of behavior, an imperfect compromise, as so often happens, is the result. Some organ or certain organs have to bear the brunt of a continually precipitated conflict between the grossest self seeking on the one hand and on the other the preserving of a sanctimonious mien and religious fervor, even though this manifests itself for the most

part in carping advocacy of the narrowest and most lifeless principles behind which religion could possibly mask itself. Even the pious emotions are so evidently a fraud that the organic cardiac response must be unconsciously called in to give support to the emotional deception and the plethora forms a sufficient symbol for the fulness of pious faith and ardor and desire. Like most such justified compromises it conceals at the same time that other fulness of the pockets, the greedy stuffing with worldly wealth, which stops not even at the children's poor boxes nor at the saving of pins in the lapel of his coat.

Another of the three coplotters is the man of the present. His interests are too widely and flutteringly dispersed for us to expect any great things of him, those things which are accomplished by sincere effective endeavor. He too has his misplaced reactions. He belongs in "almost any time" and is engaged in almost any enterprise. Just now true to nothing better than a hysterical busybody impulse, the war and the flag are his concern. Perhaps it is his ability to keep his eye a little more upon the outer world, though in such helter skelter fashion, which at least gives him his symptomatic disturbance on a somewhat different plane though it fails to bring the ease and satisfaction of well placed toil. So it is his spine that finally protests. Something in his sensorimotor apparatus would surely have to go wrong with such a misguided, ill directed zeal.

Mary Bliss, enveloped in the expectancy of dreams coming true, engages herself above stairs in her devotions, unsuspecting of the plotting against her among these hypocritical friends who grumblingly enjoy her hospitality. She is not completely unsuspecting, however, but in her self effacement and unworldliness tries to attribute what she might make ground for suspicion only to the excess of zeal and kindness toward her. She looks down, while at her devotions in the small oratory above, upon Julia, the final accomplice of the friends below stairs. Julia has to strain even at the ready rationalism of pious and disinterested motives to justify to the assembled group, when she joins them, the reading of Mary Bliss's private diary.



There in pages of loving devotion expressed to the Lord, for whose coming Mary Bliss awaits, Julia has found with ready eagerness food for scandal and ground for drastic action. Such action is given the thinnest veneer of pious concern for the aged friend's soul. It is in reality a scandalously overt scheme to obtain from her through her religious susceptibility the worldly and mercenary advantage for which the others are more covertly working. Julia's envy, hatred, narrowminded uncleanness of soul scarcely find a semblance of concealment. She conspicuously projects upon another, here the most simply pure and innocent, the dark imaginings and strugglings of her own nature. These she is too petty to bring to any victorious adjustment within herself, and so she becomes the type of a cavilling world, of the men and women who are too self-blinded, too indolent, too safe in their own conceits to value either themselves or their neighbors in their actual strength and weakness, in the light of sincere purpose. Instead Julia, like them, falls quickly and easily into conventional verbal condemnation, and suggests a false and insincere remedy of the same sort.

Therefore she is most ready with her highly developed scheme for the saving of Mary Bliss's soul, and incidentally securing control of her wealth. Here enters an element of the crudest and crassest attempt to define and handle human nature without the least attempt to come first to an understanding of it. It is an exaggeration of one of those wholesale attempts to crowd out the variety, complexity, depth of human nature, by the enlargement of one point of view concerning it. The result owes its grotesqueness to the failure to realize the reality of human nature, not alone its manifoldness and individual variety of struggle and effort, but the depth and fulness of that struggle, which is based upon the presence of the profoundly fundamental elements which constitute human nature. Tommy Trail stands for such a hollow conventionalized form of religion. He indulges in condemnatory revilings, uproarious vituperations and blasting dogmatisms which are but resounding words. They are merely splashed with a trifle of

maudlin sentimentality and also serve to cover from the perpetrator of such preaching as well as from those moved to hear him a true understanding of the growth and evolution of a human soul through its very weaknesses and conflicts up to light and life. Dafty, the slyly quiet and merry one, knows more of this really spiritual religion.

The Tommy Trail introduced to mark the extreme travesty of a religion which seeks more to hide and conceal the true struggle and evolution of man than to recognize it and give it scope, knows nothing of the titanic struggle between good and evil, out of which good is naturally born. His religion kills where it would make alive. It finds in the excesses of its religious belief and the seeming ardor of its expression and effect a blinding disguise to the very things it most condemns. Better the more frankly enjoyed mingling of the sensuous and delightful with a devoted ardor of worship and service as that manifest in Mary Bliss and her happy orphan group, whom this latter day religion comes to save, or here evidently to rob.

The mockery lies in the introduction of this figure but it speaks also in the exaggerated form of religion which masks itself against the pure and undefiled religion of the heart. The latter seeks its truth sincerely though it may be mistakenly and with wanderings from the truth. And yet too many people are glad to pull such roughened wool over their eyes, rather than boldly and industriously to examine their own hearts and see whither they tend. Otherwise might they see too the selfishnesses, pettinesses, angers, backbitings, seeking for gain, or sourness of self centered disposition, which here forces itself to notice in petted physical ailments or in the mean spirited plotting in the name of science and religious fervor.

The soul of Mary Bliss is filled with loving thought of her Lord and the news of his expected coming in Tommy Trail, as her friends have arranged it, falls upon her expectant spirit with a joy that sets her dreams vibrating with a marvelous prefigured reality. The expectancy has power even to transform her outward appearance and correct the encroaching feebleness of years. So thoroughly have her dreams assured her that it is

long before the cruel truth of the hideously planned attack upon her manner of life with its confidence and trust penetrates her understanding. Her dreams have caused such a childlike reliance upon the greater judgment of others, that in all humility she attributes the unexpectedly disillusioning appearance of the expected visitor to pass as her own misunderstanding. The raucousness of speech, sentiment and manner of the preacher fall at first upon an averted listener, timid, tremulous, waiting if she may discern something in this her Lord which will answer to her love and longing and consecration.

It is a rude awakening when she discovers how she has been unwittingly deceived. No one had planned it just so; Mary Bliss and the conspirators had been working at cross purposes. Each thought the other understood, Mary who had been mistakenly led to believe that the Lord for whom she watched "at evening, or at cock crowing, or in the morning" had surely come, and the plotters, who thought she had somehow got wind of the famous modern preacher, Tommy Trail, who would drag her out of hell with his fire and brimstone methods, in which all love and beauty and grace were utterly lacking.

Nevertheless the awaking is also a more real one than they had planned. Her dreams have been violently shaken, but in their stead she has learned the wholesomeness of a little doubt and question. She knows now that there is a better and stronger way for the soul to reach out for itself and find and make its truth. Love and adoration and blissful expectancy are not enough for the inner life of man or woman. No less do all things belong in the symphony of life, the merry, the gay, the worldly and the contemplative, and none so widely separated as our conventional religion, the hard bitter cavilling sort, would leave us to believe, but they must be diffused with more of the sterner sense of reality. There is room and necessity for question and doubt, for the serpent's wise activity. The Hebrew and Christian religions have magnified too exclusively the guile and subtle evil of the serpent. Other religions have given more attention to its cleverness, activity, power, the ceaseless activity and creative vitality symbolized

through him. Though Christ made reference to this his followers have laid little stress upon it, but Mary Bliss is ready now to add such subtlety and assiduity to her dovelike acceptance of life's dreams and through them of the impositions of her friends. It is not enough, she has come to realize, to sit and passively receive wounds and hurts and adulations alike, or even to lose oneself in the rapturous devotion of worship and the mere joyous service which this calls forth. She too is coming closer into the heart of a reality as it finds itself in this mixed world, this petty, divided, sordid humanity, which yet struggles and strives. Now her return to youth and strength becomes lasting and complete, and she even comes in a closer, truer sympathy to sour Job suffering by the fire. She takes the world just as it is, out of its dreams, while still not losing its dreams, and realizes the need of each individual. She comes closer to weaknesses and uglinesses, to strength and beauty, with that truly sympathetic touch which stimulates to new life for these and crowds out those by stimulating to a life of vigor and worthy ambition. This Mary Bliss was roused to feel and in such a spirit she drew more truly nearer her companion than in all the generous but indulgent courtesy with which she had formerly greeted these misguided friends.

It must however be Dafty who finally enforces the lesson and with his flaming sword, gilt paper toy though it is, rouses them from death to life. Here again is a return to the truth that the beginnings of all power and aspiration, all spiritualization are far, far below, basic, simple, earthy, childish. Dafty knows this truth and how salvation is wrought, how eternal life is found. Dafty, the "man out of time," has passed through hell up to heaven. He has tried the ways of these men before him, he has suffered the penalty of narrow sordid self seeking, the penalty which caused ages of experience in growth and development, slow upward climbing to victory. He knows it is not attained by thunderous accusations which hurl one portion of the race to final perdition, nor self blinded acclamations which fix one narrow way of salvation for a selected few. Neither is it found in dreams. Dafty represents the race



of no time, of all time, the timelessness which cannot even stop its evolutionary process to mark time. He stands for the ceaseless effort of humanity to struggle and work from the indistinctness and vagueness of early creation, through the mistakes and wanderings and clumsiness of all effort, particularly human effort with its wider possibilities both of accomplishment and of straying, up to an even clearer light, to a greater power, to a more perfect, harmonious and effectual adjustment within itself and in the world of environment and opportunity about it. This is life. It is growth, evolution, creative evolution. This outlives and finally dissolves and wipes away the pettinesses, personal faults and personal grievances, which are the partialities. These stand in the way of the vision of the whole and the ever receding because ever growing heaven of salvation just beyond. So Dafty preaches the salvation which lies in learning here and now thus to live and strive toward the greater and to grow beyond the smallnesses.

Yet because this grows with our growth it is not to be grasped in visions from above. It does not come streaming down through Mary Bliss's angel window of glory before which she stands waiting, nor yet in her hours of meditation and prayer. These are necessary from time to time, in some form or another, in order to keep the vision just a little way before the striving and in order to speak out faster than slow effort can bring to pass the unquenchable yearning and hope toward something better. Even the greed for other's people's money or the angry petted liver can only partially conceal this. Yet the vision itself comes from the smaller beginnings which are our own. They arise of the trivial, the childish and the earthy and grow with our growth. So Dafty's sham sword, made for the children's fête, is after all a fit symbol for the arousing to seriousness and to life of those dead and dying individualities who were allowing themselves to stifle in the narrowness of their points of view. Tommy Trail, who is at last depicted wrapped in his own hellishly pictured accoutrements, even he begins to writhe forth and to live in a new and wider light

upon humanity. An undreamed of path of true humble activity begins to take the place of the crude and boastful threatenings which had only served to block the way toward everything but the death and destruction he had preached.

Thus the play leaves them just awakened at last to the first flush of comprehension that there is a different way to attain life and its satisfaction. The narrow schemes are turned by the clever Dafty back upon the promoters of them. The scales begin to fall and they begin as little children to see the way to walk on a path that widens out to a boundless prospect of living. Barely is this suggested to the different personalities. There is at first only the astonishment of the new awakening, hardly yet supplanting the fear occasioned by the closing in of the trifling, self contracted schemes of each one. The life that unfolds from within, which with Dafty has come up through all time, carries with it all the store of the ages of past experience of trying and failing and succeeding, of sinning and of suffering, of hope in dreams and hope passing into the realization of action and achievement. This all proves to lie behind the partial divisions, which we in our superficial blindness, like the characters of the play, have believed constitute the whole of life.

The very long course of salvation, of good and of evil, of passage from death unto life lies in the full measure of life as conscious and unconscious, some above the surface where we habitually view it, much preserved below our ordinary conscious awareness, preserved as the record and accumulation of past experience, individual and racial. Life must go on climbing from sphere to sphere, from its hells to its heavens, surrounded by dreams, as it still takes account of the glow of the past, and as it throws this radiance ahead to stimulate us toward a future of progress. And this can come only through a present conflict of forces. The Dafties are within us carrying their swords of simple beginnings, of childish possessions, of means of conflict and of achievement drawn from this world, the simpler, lower experiences through which the pathway has

lain, through which it still lies. Each effort, each petty striving, yes, each narrow fault and sin, if it seeks its place and its regeneration in this wholeness of life, may lay claim to the song of triumph and love with which Mary Bliss praises her Lord for the victory which she discovered lies in this life. "Clear as the sun, fair as the moon and terrible as an army with banners," such a Church looks forth in the morning light.

## CHAPTER VII

### COMPULSION AND FREEDOM <sup>1</sup>

Freedom is synonymous with perfect health, and either denotes the goal of human striving. Both mark a return to the conception embodied in the literal meaning of health as the wholeness of man, which alone is perfect freedom. This is not the irresponsible liberty to do that which brings immediate pleasure or gain, unmindful of social duty or accountability, of one's relations to a society ordered toward the greatest good of the greatest whole. It is rather that freedom by which all one's powers are best directed toward progressive ends and man has found through ages of trial and error that these are communal ends. Such freedom, bound to the social group in racial service, in reality releases man from fetters which cut him off from his fullest powers and opportunities. Contrary to a selfish liberty, it sets and keeps these powers free for that fullness of service which is creative achievement and grants him his place in the steady advance upon which the race long ago embarked.

Curtailing of freedom does not lie in external restriction and the limitation set by the differences and misunderstandings of the social group. These after all are but the stimulus and challenge to the really free soul. Fetters are rather within, self forged, though often unwittingly so. "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The physician is intent upon this cry as it comes daily to his ears. He knows well that the inner disease, however slightly it is sapping the strength and limiting the ability of his patient to take up the free and effective work which is abundantly at hand, or however great the inroads it makes into the inherent

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the *Psychoanalytic Review*, Vol. V, No. 3, July, 1918. J. H. Benrimo and George C. Hazelton: *The Willow Tree*.



right of man to swing freely into the current of progressive thought and action—such disease is bondage to some inner weakness, insufficiency, ineffectualness. A vital psychology, which seeks to cope with this larger problem of man's adjustment to the demands of life, in which lie freedom and health, is still more keenly aware of this question of relative freedom and bondage, which condition man's success. For this is that sort of success that manifests itself in the buoyant power of accomplishment winning its way from one goal of activity to another. Such psychology sees likewise the compelling force of inner inhibitions and restraints, at least the painful results and manifestations of these are evident and awaken the question whether one's bondage is not in fact only from within. Are not inner psychical fetters the only chains that really bind the spirit and interfere with health and achievement?

Obsession, compulsion, these terms are familiar in special mental conditions where freedom is markedly curtailed and acute suffering ensues. There is still failure to realize however how such inner conditions, which are thus recognized in flagrant pathological form, are dominant in still lesser form, perhaps to some degree in every human life. The knowledge and power of observation of the physician grow to include many borderland cases, and those in which only slight deviation or peculiarity marks a restriction of normal power. These are finding a wider, more comprehensively human classification, both better understanding of symptomatic manifestation and explanation for the same, and also a sympathetic comprehension of them as but differing degrees of the same struggle, endeavor and partial success, which pervade all society, all forms of activity, all varieties of life's pursuits.

The wider training and fuller initiation into such an attitude of understanding, appreciation and ability to guide to a healthy freedom, which are coming to be demanded of every social worker, urge him to look about him constantly alert and receptive to all that can reveal human nature in its manifold phases. He must see these as but varying expressions of the underlying unity of striving, effort, longing, disturbed and

thwarted by these inner fetters which alone constitute disease and bondage, and thus condition ineffectualness, failure and even death. Such an one therefore at his daily work, the physician in the presence of disease in its more distinctive forms or either at his recreation, where through art and beauty, gaiety and frivolity, it is still human life in its trials and errors, its successes and failures, that is depicted, is coming to wider acquaintance, keener discernment and more thorough penetration and comprehension of just these human problems. Indeed the theater, presenting as it does the artist's intuitive knowledge of the unconscious, which lies behind the scattered phenomena which we are accustomed to call the mental life of man, affords oftentimes the surest entrance into the profound regions of the human psyche. There lie the unseen fetters, and veiled in the language and setting of art, the difficulties which beset every life are revealed, while artistic skill discovers and points also the way of release out into freedom and health.

The Willow Tree is a play of such rare delicacy of treatment that superficially one might miss its excursion into these secret and often somber depths of the psychical life, did not the final sacrifice grip the inner soul with an answering response of the necessity as well as the beauty of such self effacing devotion. What is the compulsion which has made this necessary, which silently convinces each spectator of the same inescapable demand for a supremacy of self denial, which for the princess, though she abounds in the joy of life, ends not in freedom but in death? Why is human nature thus compelled, and freedom for one attained only by the complete vanquishment of another?

Some analysis of this "Fantasy of Old Japan" will perhaps bring a sympathetic insight into the compulsion which is at work to a greater or less extent in every psyche, preventing the complete exercise of one's powers, not always with pathological distinctiveness, but with just so much limitation, suffering and actual acute loss of power, opportunity, or life itself. Thus every life is limited. So accustomed to this has mankind been, and also so rationalized into a complacent disavowal of his own accountability toward such a state of affairs, that his ages of

culture, his systems of religion, his individual ethics and moralities have been based upon a blind acceptance of it in the terms in which it is upheld and interpreted, those of inexorable fate, inscrutable providence, or an inevitable subordination of the individual to heredity and environment. Only recently has it become a matter of serious practical concern to investigate man's own individual psyche and discover and release the chains forged there, it may be by heredity and by early circumstances, but still individual fetters capable of release from their inherent compulsion. If it is possible thus to attain at least a greater freedom for a fuller life, with a greater intensity of achievement, if not an actual extension of the years of active life through such release, every insight into the heart of man should be welcomed, that truest artistic insight from the theater as not the least of these.

There is, this "Fantasy" tells us, a "wish in the heart of a man," to which indeed life owes its inspiration and aspiration, but to it also its entanglements and bondage. For the way to realize the wish is not unhindered. The wish must for the sake of greater gains conform to other men, to that very society which the instinct of man has constructed about his wish to give it security and opportunity, and which therefore sets to it certain inevitable limits. This is not an imposed bondage of compulsion, but in the nature of man, because his wish has not learned to fit the ego into the broader, social life of greater advantage, the compulsion arises both out of the effort to realize without restraint his ego wish and the necessity of curtailing and redirecting that wish in conformity to his social, cultural position. The ego blazons forth, is rebuffed through the very fear of itself, retreats, hedges itself round by all manner of defense, rationalization, fear, inefficiency, the wish still strong within it, but unable through the defensive fear and taboo which it has created to find its way over into that sublimation which marks the higher freedom. And it misses thus, through its self made limitation, that increase and enlargement which the wish, spurning the early egoistic path, might have found on the more open and effective paths leading to the plane of sublimation, and advancing this again.

Hamilton, the hero of the play, has lost his freedom. Apparently he has entered a life of easy indolence and irresponsibility. He is free from the sordid interests and futile pursuits of the restless, feverish Occident and has sunk into a manner of life which appeals to his inner nature and permits a freedom of moods and dreams, which lie close to the wish within his heart. London had rent his inner nature. His love was engaged there but it had to be lived out in terms of establishment and the artificialities of motor cars and social display, the standards of creature comforts and external advantage. The woman of his choice stood for this phase of existence and felt her life to be impossible without these things. His nature, recoiling from this superficial approach, unable to master such forms of reality and yet not willing to be enslaved by them, flees from reality itself, turning instinctively to the heart of phantasy for its escape. The Oriental languor and indolence of his remote garden retreat are concealed under a simplicity which gives them a specious justification to this man, sickened by the superficial unsatisfactoriness of the life he has left. It is a veritable toyland garden into which he has withdrawn. The seclusion of a tiny cottage in far Japan in its miniature setting, where bright flowers are blooming and small fountains trickling, is a far more fitting environment for his retirement into phantasy than the conscious acceptance of such an ideal retreat could admit. It is the unconscious child seeking peace, comfort, even the self inflicted pain of nursing its grief and disappointment, which falls back thus easily to the arms of phantasy, to the mother image eternally hidden in the heart of man. There he dreams and dwells in the unreality of his ideal world, and there he hangs his verses upon the willow tree.

Reality however with watchful saving grace comes keen-eyed and seeks out those who have only let the immortal purpose of life become obscured. Even while they dream she touches unawares, through the dreams even, the truer impulse and quickens it into response. Hamilton makes verses to the rain god and these give the first low rumbling promise of an awakening activity, and bring their own salvation though this activity is



hardly more yet than a phantastic childish indulgence. The unconscious depths, harboring place of all the instincts and impulses of the human race, though crowded with often hindering and inhibiting emotions, affects, contain yet within them, stimulated and inspired by these same affects, the unquenchable impulse to power and self expression, which is the creative instinct. Active impulse and conditioning affect urge him in very fact to impersonate the rain god of ancient mythology. All mythology attests to the unconscious association of the mother with the heart of the tree and her localization there. Myths of birth from the tree confront us in the legends of such remote lands and cultures as those of ancient Greece and the islands of Oceanica. That most human of the religions of antiquity, which moved the heart of ancient Egypt, devoted a solemn ceremonial to the representation of its beloved god Osiris lying among the branches of the sycamore tree to commemorate his birth from his mother Nut. Nor is there wanting similar abundant evidence of the power of the rain god over Mother Earth, the strife with the heaven god in this capacity as the son seeks to replace him, which is the concrete though unconscious struggle of each individual to find in this manner complete power and satisfaction with the mother.

This his phantasy may be his destruction, if the infantile wish controls until it overpowers him. Therefore the hard world of reality speaks opportunely in the voice of the sincere and earnest Geoffrey, warning his friend against the madness toward which this tends. This friend, however, type of blind self-defending rationalization, comes with eyes quite darkened to the reality that lies in the dream, where after all the undying impulse arises and advances to its own out of the source of pleasure phantasy. The young rain god, because he is the embodiment of the creative impulse, cannot remain satisfied with the mere dream of nearness to the mother. The phantasied prayer does not suffice; he must write out his poem, "rather good poem, too, Geoffrey, I was rather proud of it." And so in the pride of his creative effort he unconsciously rises from the mother image toward his own salvation.

It is then that the embodiment of the mother wish, renewed in the form that leads away upon the path of sublimation, comes to him with more than the marvel of his fondest dreams. The truest presentation of the reverse of the mother-son wish, seeking to escape its chrysalis of phantasy, necessitates that the father shall bring this mother reincarnation, the younger woman made in the mother image, but herself young and fair and therefore true object for sublimation and freedom through it. It is the father heart that has given her birth, rediscovered and recreated her in the mother image, from the mother willow by his power of love. This lies in an old man, type of the ancient life of Japan, who has carved from cedar wood, and ivory and jade an image, the image of the Princess of the Willow Tree, which to his love seems almost to be alive. Could he believe himself a more worthy carver, he believes that the woman embodied there would certainly live again under his hands.

He knows full well the parent's reluctance to give her to the hand of another. Yet the "dim old eyes" looking out of the far mist of the past, this old man "five hundred years older than his son," who in his haste with the gifts of the world has made only cheap contact with reality—these eyes have the vision of the past and of the future that lies within it.

They are the eyes that look through the old tale from its farther side in the legendary past out into the need and demand of present activity and duty. His narrative of the Legend of the Princess of the Willow Tree is more than a prophecy, for it is his own soul's history and that is the eternal conflict and victory. He has felt the price of that progress which is freedom, life, the immortality of the race. With determined mastery of the trembling which marks the depth of sacrifice demanded of the parent, aging and passing on, he recites the legend which yields to the younger man the object of his seeking, which is to be to him at the same time his salvation through the losing of itself for his freedom. Thus again the eternal paradox, which is only the never ending alternation which Jung has told us must always lie beneath life to keep it moving now and ever toward its goal of progress but with the also ever recurring rebirth from the fountain both of pleasure and of life.

He relates to Hamilton, who becomes the purchaser of the Image, the tale of the Princess of the Willow Tree, a beautiful old legend from the "days of the mists of the dawn of history," who smilingly sacrificed all for love. In that olden time a general had fallen under the displeasure of the Mikado and was sent into banishment. Near his cabin where he dwelt grew a willow tree and from it had appeared to him the beautiful woman who dwelt at its heart. She had lived with him and loved him until one day she learned that he had been summoned once more to Japan to save her from her enemies, and to marry the Mikado's daughter, but had refused to leave her. Voluntarily she removes the obstacle of her presence from his path by begging that the willow tree, symbol and source of her life, shall be cut down. She laughs gaily while he carries out her wish and still laughing disappears from his sight as the tree falls. The carved image the old workman believes to be a portrait of this ancient heroine, reproduced by the knowledge which his dreams of her loveliness have imparted to his hands. He leaves the image with Hamilton after telling him half reluctantly and fearfully of the old Japanese superstition that a mirror, containing as it does the soul of a woman, laid in the bosom of the image might bring her to life. But he warns Hamilton not to presume to use thus the magic of the gods.

No sooner has the image maker departed than Hamilton dares the experiment and is himself spell-bound to see the image slowly waking to life. She is a wondering untouched child woman, innocent of the ways of the world into which she has stepped and dependent upon the love and tenderness of Hamilton who inducts her into its practical everyday concerns and its deeper mysteries. Underneath this simply sweet exterior she has however all the depth of wisdom which makes her the eternal soul of woman, and capable in the end of the supreme sacrifice whereby the source of love and life, the mother soul, can lay aside all the delights with which she charms and the reward of pleasure which is hers through them, and retire again from obstructing the man's pathway to a higher and broader exercise of life.

Thus attained there dawns however the fulfilment of the hero's bliss. It seems supreme, complete at last, at least after he has finally made his choice between this tender woman, newborn, and the old world beyond, which once more in the person of Mary Temple, the woman from England, directly thrusts its claims upon him. Now at last there is the freedom of enjoyment, which seems to restore to him all he had lost, or seemed to have lost because he had not really found it as yet.

His is the delight of worship of the lovely creature, father-created, yet in truth only actually brought to life because his faith in her reality exceeded the timidity of the older man, who dared not put the mystery to the test. His alone was the right in the power of the younger man to call her into being, to breathe the breath of life—universal impregnation phantasy from the childhood of the race<sup>1</sup>—upon the mirror which should then reflect to the woman all that her living soul might mean to the man who would thus give life to her and then take this life to himself. His was the task, moreover, of bringing her to a knowledge of the real meaning of life which was shared with another, lived not in dreams to itself alone. His masculine spirit might rejoice in its creative power and the authority which it had established over the being in his hands. Yet the perfection of this creature no less than her innocent helplessness holds him to a sense of his responsibility. The limitation of his right and power by the power of love and devotion within her redeems him from a too egoistic goal to the more perfect life of mutual adaptation and concession. Already she is winning for him a freedom from the inner compulsion which belongs to the mother fixation, which demands that all shall be directed toward the pleasure wish of the infantile egoism. A certain unconscious incest fear is also a barrier against this and sets up some of the restriction which tempers the relationship toward this embodiment of his unconscious ideal. At the same time, since it is all unconscious, it occasions an inner conflict with the

<sup>1</sup> See F. L. Wells: *A Summary of Material on the Topical Community of Primitive and Pathological Symbols*. *Psychoanalytic Review*, Vol. IV, No. 1, January, 1917, pp. 55-57.



desire itself, which makes the final decision toward England and duty, when news of the War arrives, impossible for him and compels the woman's resolution of the question by the sacrifice of herself. Who can say how much the inner compulsion, arising out of this early infantile, strongly affective attitude toward the mother, infused the ardent desire to give life to this woman and appropriate her to his unsatisfied and disappointed love, and how far it compelled the growing strength and delight of this love until the sacrifice became unavoidable? Of such inner causations are our acts merely the outward and often the mystifying expression. Freedom loses itself within the compulsion and then must be attained in the end by the path of pain and loss. If this course can be traced even so obscurely, until by such studies the hidden life shall become more plain, the development of this play, through its exquisite unfolding, will not have been in vain.

It was in the hands of Hamilton to follow the path of self gratification and to have taught the woman that way. Instead, because there is another power than the infantile determinant, which is working toward a truer freedom, and because he has felt this truth in this embodiment of the ancient heart of the willow tree, he adopts a different course. The child that merely sinks back upon the mother's breast there to have every wish fulfilled will only seek that which pleases as the moment's toy. The mother image in its actual truth is forgotten; in its place is substituted the so-called freedom of having returned to the place where wishes come true, as the unreasoning child conceives wishes and seizes after their fulfilment. The truth which the freed spirit within us seeks and finds is other than this and toward this Hamilton turns. He has found that which reality, accepted with the straightforward spirit of the adult attitude, will reveal to all, but which is withheld from the autoerotic self seeker. This is the recurrent message of the play which opens up the path of freedom and health.

The lovers, their faces thus set toward the freedom of reality, enter upon a life of mutual bliss, but of mutual service likewise, to be finally consummated only when the price of freedom has

been paid. Knowledge and experience dawn at first through the unselfish consideration and self restraint of the lover, often puzzled and awed before the questioning innocence and complete trust of the virgin woman before him. The double compelling forces are however at work. On the one hand, even in his chaste restraint toward the object of his care, he is building up more strongly upon this new object the old infantile sense of rest and peace and self absorbed enjoyment of its love; on the other hand, within her is the racial depth of the mother soul, tending likewise doubtless toward the pleasure goal, but yet with an ultimate truth and strength which forbids the losing of the creative goal, and wins it finally by its supreme act. The heart of the willow tree, though ages old, has the immortal power of revivification and rebirth for itself and the being upon whom it bestows its love. It is old and yet fresh and young and untried.

This pretty world of delight, of which she will take all as her gift, which must be filled only with bright birds and pleasure and harmlessness, is hers by right merely of claim upon her hero's love. In it she may perhaps employ the feminine devices of pouting, jealousy, the aid of personal adornment, whatever will keep her in playful touch with that which she counts her own. She will defend herself by shutting her thoughts to the time when she must be old and ugly and unattractive. The images and symbols, means of pleasure and enjoyment, are at hand to be cherished and used. She cannot accept the fish as the coarse mercenary dealer offers it nor value the birds and crickets according to their market price. Pleasure for her must be a free and happy gift. Buying and selling it in terms of gain are not to be conceived. Value for value is a part of the lesson to be learned but never that perversity of sacred gifts which makes of the emblems of love objects of barter and gross nutriment. So at any rate may be interpreted the touch of appreciation she puts upon these things, in the light of the unconscious struggle which is manifest in the effort to discover and use life aright. If we could value better and more truly the symbols which are to the unconscious in fable, legend

and individual dream, expressions and opportunities of the love life and its creative power, we too might learn the unsatisfactoriness and the disease-producing power, the loss of freedom in the abuse of these possessions. The symbolization which finds itself in these things is too readily denied and thus a cultural prudishness fails to see the inner value for which these stand. This dainty personification of the ancient heart of things instinctively and intuitively proceeds in her choice and valuation of them straight to their true inner worth.

The fish therefore must be consigned not to the kitchen but to a home among the free swimming goldfish in the pool and birds and cricket must sing and rejoice in happy freedom, such as that in which she herself lives. Yet she knows none the less instinctively the value of the masculine serpent god, god of comfort in the home, to whom she prays for the rest of her lord by night and to whom she finally entrusts him for his care when the time of her departure comes. It is the love that spreads for Hamilton "that soft feathered cushion of his" for his repose. She is hurt also by the vehemence of his love and yet shyly, smilingly proffers her acknowledgment that she likes being hurt by him. He also must reveal at her question love's realities, with the awe of the greatness of love that knows self restraint and asks reverently whether he has the right to make the path to her across the snow, to her the butterfly more white than the snows of Fujiyama against which it might fly.

Of such stuff not dreams alone are made but of such concrete elements, touched here with a beauty surpassing in delicacy yet exquisitely frank, does love consist, and through such concrete elements, hidden and revealed in the symbolism, does love in its creative mission find expression. They are the forms through which is made known the "wish" which is "the most real thing in the heart of a man." Man has grown suspicious of the wish striving thus to make itself known and, frightened, has sought to crowd these things out of sight, deny their meaning and value, until such repression has succeeded outwardly in bringing them to ill favor and within in forming the fettering of the emotional life and its compulsive direction of psychic

energy into symptomatic paths, through which the repressed factors secure a blind escape. Thus disguised and not understood they control external conscious life but in doing so curtail its freedom and limit the higher expenditure of energy in perfect health. These concrete factors are too real, too vital to remain quietly in the heart of man. The artist has dared again and again to bring them forth, touching them gently, freeing them through beauty, and so granting to himself and to those who look upon and receive his work a corresponding freedom from the disturbance and upheaval which follow upon such repression and misdirection of these desires and strivings. He in this way opens out the path to health in the right use of them.

Not the least of the mission of this charming fantasy, therefore, lies in the placing thus beautifully and wholesomely into our hands some of the images and symbols with which the eternal wish in the heart of man must busy itself. The delicate handling of these points the way to the sublimation, which comes not through repression but through the artistic and thus transformed use of these things. Their higher as well as their lower values are brought to attention, each in its place and each in its own true worth and beauty. Like the beliefs of old Japan to faithful, simple-hearted Nogo, the stories and the language of the unconscious "make afraid, make shiver." We have become so frightened over them, in the long-continued effort to get away from their little understood and acknowledged power and value, that we have lost sight of them as very definite pathways which our own human race has laid down out of the things of "beauty and eternity," and as the way which leads back again to attain the knowledge which is mastery and serviceable control. A clearer acceptance of them is sure release from the compulsion to dark and hidden courses of feeling and action, in which freedom is lost.

The profoundly moving message of the play lies however in the larger synthesis which embraces and outreaches the wish in the heart of man. It takes these lesser elements, the incomplete language of the wish, and it brings them to conscious fulfilment. Still more it lifts them through the larger purpose



of the wish, as it exalts and transforms that wish, up to the higher attainment of racial service which society requires. Pleasant indeed is it for the lovers, islanded in their romantic dream world founded upon the heart of things, to play and delight in these verities of love. Something deeper nevertheless must be preparing, through which they shall really discover and test the ultimate depths upon which love bases its creative right to exist and the heights of service toward which its creative impulse must soar. The truth and strength of the spirit of love and sacrifice must respond to the clarion call of reality. The eternal heart must meet the demand to lose all, or refuse and seek only the immediate pleasure. Before the crucial test the man stands in bewilderment. His way is not clear, he is not free. Externally he is not free, for he has a responsibility toward the dainty creature whom he has summoned from the unknown for his own pure delight. It is the mother image which he has unconsciously sought and which now holds him, through its very helplessness and dependence, in the form in which he has known it, standing as the "terrible mother," which Jung discovers in mythology and in individual struggle, the unconscious image from which it is impossible to break away. Is thus the path of freedom for service and achievement barred, one's conscious purpose and wish rendered unattainable? Perhaps to Hamilton the return to the very heart of the ancient willow was merely the return to the unconscious child wish. Holding now the mother image, which his desire has recalled from the ancient soul of the race, it instead holds him and all freedom is lost. He is powerless before even the call to duty for his "England and George King." Action, to which the courage of his English friends has been roused, is no more possible to him than it is to the compulsive neurotic reduced through the opposing forces of his inner conflict to a helpless inactivity. He must follow a path of self established loyalty which conflicts with the larger needs of the world.

One thing however is unknown to him. He is far from an actual understanding of the inner source and meaning of his conflict and his ability to desert this woman whom he has made

his, to whom indeed his responsibility, since he has called her into being, is clear. Scarcely better knowledge has he of the depth and reality of the world-old mother soul. Not so lightly perhaps would he have left his frail treasure that last evening to the power of her own thoughts and convictions, had he been able to penetrate beneath the blithesome, playful attitude of joyous living which had been his to know. The woman's heart too, the eternal mother heart, attains to but one way of freedom. Whether it is freedom for itself or for the soul committed by love to its charge, it is found by the way of sacrifice. Who can say, in the present mere dawning of understanding and interpretation of the intricacy of unconscious motivation, which underlies conscious observed activity, and of the conflicts waged beneath the surface, the extent of the unconscious inhibitions and constraints? Here too the same compulsion in the struggle between the pleasure wish on the one hand and the upward striving of the eternal wish on the other throw about the mother soul the fetters which destroy the action of perfect freedom. The effort to overcome, to master the baser desires, those which lead back to rest and the indolence of inactive peace, the effort to force on the creative urge defeats its own end and cuts off life itself. It is not however futile. The defeat comes along the upward path of striving and is therefore only apparent. The sacrifice is not in vain. It is one of those compromise results with which the race in its imperfection and insufficiency has for the time to be content. It is the price too often of its greater gain, but the price is willingly paid and for it the world obtains progress, stimulus to further endeavor, immortality. The mother heart is to man the source and the symbol of all pleasure and delight and comfort. It is also the eternal source of the power which urges man, whether he knows it or not, onward to duty and activity, as Hamilton was driven from the peace of the garden home to face reality and find there at last not only his duty but the consummation of his joy. Such was the intimation in the completeness of the final sacrifice of the mother heart, which sent him to duty, to wife and the children which she had never had. Like the princess of old, this new

incarnation of the heart of the ancient Willow Tree left the man to seek all these in the sphere to which he and his work belonged. True to the deepest psychological meaning of the eternal mother heart, the heart which was in the willow tree, not only the bliss of pleasure was there for the child man, but it is the source to him of rebirth, from which he goes into the world of activity there to find useful work and the sublimation of the mother love, which alone belongs to adult reality.

The world shouts to the hero who goes forth on such a path. It boasts for him of glory, honor, duty, This spirit which is in the mother soul, on the contrary, its victory which is the steady advance of the race, move in silence and alone. The travail of a rebirth, in whatever man or woman it takes place, is a victory in the loneliness of an inner struggle, its own Gethsemane. Happy if there is at hand the faithfulness of some humble Nogo, as there was for the Princess, who, though sobbing with the abandon of a simple soul, would yet lay the axe to the root of the tree. The shadow of the sacrifice transfigures even him as he too enters into its power. The threat of death cannot prevail upon him to bring the sacrifice to pass. But when he recognizes the claim of something deeper, that something more even than the eternal well-being and life of the Princess is at stake, something that answers within him to a greater call, he complies. All protest is stilled, and unflinchingly, uncompromisingly the task is performed. The tree on whose standing the life of the princess depends is hewn down.

There is a peculiar fitness in the portrayal of this drama of life in this kingdom of Old Japan. It is a land externally of peace and delight. There is an outward perfection of cleanliness and trimness and scrupulous care, which adds to the charm of its beauty. A softness and delicacy and prettiness of nature are its own characteristics. Its artists reproduce it and even the common people are touched with its grace and flit about their daily pursuits with an almost butterfly fancifulness and freedom of light and carefree movement. Dress and manner and smiling face, even the ceaseless slip of their sandaled feet

or the click of their wooden clogs, all are expressive of the simple playful character which lies upon the surface. Yet a greater power makes itself manifest in their national history and closer knowledge of their daily lives reveals also the care and weariness, poverty, discontent, strife beneath this pleasant exterior. Thus also in their pretty land do the frequent earthquakes and actively eruptive volcanoes, which have produced the scarred and jagged mountain peaks, speak of a greater energy beneath the surface, which struggles to break forth and having no guidance or control works destruction and ruin.

Such forces, however, in the human psyche are capable of understanding and control, if man becomes willing to look within. To such an insight this "Fantasy of Old Japan" is directed. It grants more than a hint of the forces of desire which arise there, meet and entangle one another and hinder the useful constructive discharge of these forces. It points the way to salvation through sacrifice, by which freedom from this inner restraint and compulsion is attained. It offers far more than this, however, to the thoughtful investigator who is seeking a fuller freedom for man, which will assure to him a more perfect health, in which attainment can be won by a more comprehensive understanding of these hidden things and a greater freedom of constructive use and creative activity may result. This is a goal to be won in our present ignorance and insufficiency by this path of sacrifice, but it opens a way of fuller knowledge of the inner nature, which will find rather a more liberal exercise of all its faculties toward a higher, more thoroughly racial service in a more complete sublimation. It gives promise that this may in time supplant the present curtailment and loss of certain powers that others entangled with them in the little understood desires shall become free. Sacrifice has always been recognized as the "law of service to the whole"; sacrifice must itself however be free to become more thoroughly constructive in a synthesis and upward direction of these powers, not in the destructive cutting off of opportunity and energy which our present ignorance of the hidden conflicting psychic forces necessitates.



“So long as we are blindly and ignorantly, rolled about by the forces of nature,” Matthew Arnold has said, “their contradiction baffles us and lames us; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward.” In knowledge of these forces lies individual and social health, that ideal of social health in which men and women are no longer struggling at cross purposes, but united in mutual and ever widening achievement. The drama, by each appeal to look into the inner center of these forces, advances by so much our knowledge and understanding. For by its beauty it attracts to the heart of things, by its truth it convinces of the reality found there.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE NATURAL PATH OF SUBLIMATION<sup>1</sup>

“Our play deals with mother’s love, the love of youth, and the hate of men, which makes them do unhappy things.” Thus simply the Chorus introduces the message of “The Yellow Jacket.” At first sight this introduction and the working out of the drama would seem to present simply a pleasing and attractive story of such mother’s love passing over into romantic love and tinged just enough with the darker things of hate, to blend them all in a happy ending. It is a happy play, in spite of the tragedies which lie in its unfolding, because of its victorious and joyous ending for the hero and because of the charm given it in the fancifulness of its Oriental setting. There is besides a remoteness granted through the latter and the admixture in it of indifferent realism offset by the vivid imaginative coloring by which the ordinary external aids for producing the necessary theatrical illusions are dispensed with while yet the illusion is so richly supplied.

Aside from these more obvious charms nevertheless and the simple movement and outcome of the story, there is a psychological unfolding which moves deeper and is as old as the tale of human love itself. All literatures have busied themselves with the telling of it, sometimes in its successful development, as the hero has won his way out to victory over the inevitable obstacles, but oftener in the tragedies that have represented the seriousness of these obstacles innate in human life and its love and causing too often a fatal outcome.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the Medical Record, Apr. 21, 1917, under title: The Yellow Jacket and the Flowery Kingdom: A Recent Dramatic Conception of the “Œdipus Complex.” George C. Hazelton, George Cochrane, Jr., J. H. Benrimo: The Yellow Jacket. Boston, 1921. In T. H. Dickinson, Chief Contemporary Dramatists.

It is not the story of love alone as that forms more narrowly the theme of drama and romance, but the great drama of human life which is contained in the words in the summary, "mother's love, the love of youth, and the hate of men which makes them do unhappy things." At least we have here that side of the great drama of life which represents the hero's career in the task of winning his way and becoming master of himself and his destiny. And if this is presented chiefly in this as in other dramas, from the masculine aspect of the story, it is no less true in principle and practical working for the woman in her effort at adjustment in the unfolding of her life. In the latter case it would only be expressed in somewhat different terms.

Freud has designated the ever recurring theme and its presence in every life by the term "Œdipus complex" from the Sophoclean drama, one of its most renowned expressions in literature. Most briefly stated it represents the relation of the child individually to the father and the mother and the profound tragedy which may result throughout life from a maladjustment of that threefold relationship. There the situation ends in darkest tragedy, here out of the same possibility of relationships they are brought instead to a happy issue and the hero emerges at the last free both of the love that might bind him or of the hate that would destroy him, a victor in his own right, wearer at last of the "sunhued garment" for "his steps are toward the sun, whither he goes."

The classic features of the Œdipus story or "family romance," out of which it grows, are all present in the "Yellow Jacket," sometimes ludicrously, sometimes touchingly exaggerated but making of the developing story a true epitome of life. The tiny baby boy is recognized at once as the unwelcome rival to the father, just as in the old classical tragedy the babe was prophesied by the oracle to be the destroyer and usurper of the father. The father, governor of the province, representing the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, and therefore exalting himself and his conception of power, can brook no rival to his desires and to the deified exaltation of himself. He

fears his own loss of power and prestige, sensing the inroads the small feeble babe can make in his capacity for growth and conquest which lie before him but which are receding behind the aging father. On this account he craves the stimulus of the younger woman, the second wife, whom he would exalt to the place occupied by the babe's mother. Mother and son must both be removed. Rivalry and jealousy, in the vain effort to maintain and exercise the waning forces which are represented in the older passing generation, are the manifestations of an active hate which aims to obtain the ends which serve only the self, and which are therefore in the end self defeated. Just as will be seen the offspring of the rival marriage, that which selfishly and through crime attempts the re-establishment of the father's waning power and the overthrow of the son who should rightfully have carried forward that power in his own time, the rival offspring is only a weakling of the most selfish and unproductive type. He is so filled with that eternal indolence which is the besetting inner psychic sin of the race, the offset to the spirit of progress and endeavor, that he yields at last eagerly to his stronger brother rather than exert or expose himself to retaining even the false semblance of power which he has been enjoying.

The drama shifts and alternates its psychic scenes as it alternates the actual pictures upon the stage. The unconscious wish which represents desire on the part of the son is also in evidence, working no less as a representation of the unconscious wish element active beneath the external course of events than the father's striving for power. Racially the son's wish lies upon the side of right, and probably for this reason enlists most fundamentally the sympathy and championship of the audience and not alone because his wish constitutes the more obvious theme and the external structure of the play. The son's wish, in the opportunity before the young life of promise, is directed toward the reality of achievement, the father's is directed selfishly to the personal prolonging and enjoyment of a power which has had its day of exercise and already reproduced itself for posterity.



Nevertheless it is upon both sides the ever repeated racial conflict between the old and the new—between father and son. As the father in the character assigned to him in the play claims the title of high ruler, so in a deeper, more subtle way is the same high aspiration, which belongs always to the inner wish of man, represented in the situation developed through the child and through his struggles back to his rightful parentage as the play proceeds. The drama sets him consciously as the son of one of high standing, the governor of the province. Therefore logically he must win his way back through the intrigues that have deprived him of his lawful place, to the kingdom and the throne which are his. But the telling of such a tale contains a deeper reference to the wish in the unconscious heart of man and to its complex working there. The construction and development of the tale is an artistic realization, phantastic though it may be, of a universal, deeply buried but active desire and effort after power and sense of security and worth. Again it is the mission of the drama to unite phantasy and artistic expression and give to such a wish at least this substance. Through the victory of the hero, through his winning in the strength of reality rather than mere dreams, it directs also to a saving reality all who secretly cherish such a wish and dangerously rely upon phantasy gratification rather than the actual purposeful accomplishment in some more real and workable form.

The "Yellow Jacket" follows the universal form of such a wish. The humble child claims a ruler for his father. The child mind is not satisfied with less in accord with the seeking for ego glorification. The phantasy says, as the plot of the drama puts it into the mouth of the hero: "These kindly but humble parents are not mine. I must forth to seek my own." As so often with the conscious handling of the unconscious wishes, the wish is projected around so that beginning and end appear reversed. Thus for conscious recognition the child is represented as nobly born but cast out. He and his mother are to be murdered but this would interfere with the unfolding of the psychic wish, except in so far as it would establish still

more surely, the son's desired right to regard the father as unjust and the object of hate. To further more positive ends of the wish however the father's plans are foiled. It is enough for the psychic purpose that the murder is in his heart. The babe is snatched away and the mother left to die without the direct intervention of the father's selfish and indifferent cruelty. The mother must be rejected nevertheless so that the child may claim her as all his own. She can return no love to the unnatural monster nor can his love intrude itself any more upon her, but the mother and son are bound by the closest ties now of common rejection and suffering.

This play proceeds at once, however, to take the development of the child not along the dangerous paths of fixation upon such an original impulse but makes it the starting point of a sublimation into health and freedom. No compulsion arises from the childish attitude which might extend the baneful influence of the early desires throughout the hero's life but these serve only as the inspiration toward conquest in the hero's own strength and right of manhood. In this sense the play forms an ideal treatment of the subject, an ideal which is by no means a false one, but the realization of the true possibilities of life, as set over against the too frequent neurosis which represents failure to attain the ideal. It is a pretty oasis of success among some of the dramas which bring the truths of the inner life to our knowledge rather through the tragic story of failure in the struggle. Both are equally instructive and at the same time this happier presentation is saved from a false idealism for it is not unmixed with the elements of failure, the infantile self seeking and egocentricity to be overcome in the hero himself as well as the effects of the "hate of men, which makes them do unhappy things."

The intuitive artistic sense which wrought the play has realized the mother attachment as a source of great danger to the child unless through spiritualization, call it sublimation, it becomes inspiration toward the full attainment of life and its consummation in normal adult love. The plot of the father is foiled by the wife of the farmer who is detailed to commit

the murder of the mother, which would cause the death of her child. At the suggestion of his wife, the devoted maid of Chee Moo, this first wife, the farmer substitutes for the victim of his murderous sword the evil maid of the second wife, who has breathed out various dark suggestions which have fed the hate: "I am one of the darkest shadows of our play." Chee Moo thus goes free with her child but not free to live with her child. She owes a deeper and truer debt of life, not to her husband's selfish fearsome cruelty, but to the spirit of growth and freedom which must unfold in her little son. That same spirit belongs not to one mother with her son but to the whole race. It demands of her the supreme sacrifice even as it did of the woman Heart of the Ancient Willow Tree. It appears to her in its timeless form, in the spirit of the babe's great grandfather. "And this," says the awakened mother, inquiringly, "is the little Wu Hoo Git, who inherits your to-day and your to-morrow,"—and the ancestral spirit answers: "As I inherit his yesterday and his yesterdays before it."

The mother love appears as a conscious love, seeing the future through the eyes of the present, but blinded by the sorrow of her own defeated hopes and joys to the profounder meaning of his life which must extend timelessly into the past. It cannot unaided recognize the deeper psychical life, where the child must build his own structure untrammelled by the love and care of another, who would chain him where he himself did not belong. Yet her blindness is not the fixed selfish one of her licentious husband. It is only the momentary conflict of the present yielding courageously its hold upon that which it would so gladly retain. The sacrifice attains its value and its impetus toward the racial purpose because the self thus first tests its worth and writes, as did this mother, the terms of the hero's birthright in her own life blood.

She listens, not without the hesitation born of mother's love and caution, to the ancestral spirit's message: "His steps are toward the sun, whither he goes. . . . The ravens will feed him; the eagles will show him the mountain peaks. . . . And a maiden will arise to teach him the story of love. . . . He will go up

and up, till he wears the sun-hued garment." And then out of her natural sorrow and fear, in the racial triumph of the mother's heart, this "mother who would give all and does give all" writes on his baby garment with her own blood: "This is Wu Hoo Git, pure and perfect, now, decreed to live ten thousand years." She departs then to heaven, realistically as the Chinese stage devises, and the babe falls to the kindly ministrations of the faithful farmer and his wife. Thus the unconscious wish drama is also carried on. The child phantasy has thus provided for the substitution in time of the august parentage for the humble father and mother with whom its early years are spent and its actual childhood memories formed.

The time comes in the drama when the young manhood of the hero feels the call of its own power and nobility. The fetters of humble conditions and inexperience strain to be broken and the mother soul in the farmer's wife, no less sincere than that of Chee Moo, is ready also but with the same loving reluctance to bid him godspeed. "He promises to return. He thinks he will return to the mother breast. . . . If he leaves our sheltering care, he will never return to the mother breast except in memory. I worship my soul alone."

The double element in the attitude of a child toward his parent, whereby the parent image is split into two aspects corresponding to the child's inner selfish fixation or his outward development and adjustment toward reality, finds illustration in the two fathers of the hero. The self centered jealousy of the august father is offset by the better relationship with the sturdy and honest farmer. The latter rejoices in the "glory of our beautiful foster-child" and his right to the boy lies in the act by which he rid the child, himself—shall we say psychologically—of the embodiment of the evil rivalry of the father relation. This stronger father too lives in that spirit of the future which can quickly release his own right over the growing youth and welcome "the man's life journey to match his exalted station" which "must call him. . . . Look! He comes like the sun over the eastern hill. He brings a new day to us." Wu Hoo Git: "I long for the free air of life." Lee Sin



[the farmer]: "You will not find contentment there." Wu Hoo Git: "Then where shall I find contentment?" Lee Sin: "In hard work and pure love." Wu Hoo Git: "And where will I find pure love?" Suey Sin Fah [the farmer's wife]: "In a mother's arms." Lee Sin: "In a wife's embrace." And the hero fares forth to learn for himself whether this is true or no.

The unconscious question and conflict which underlies this whole family romance on the part of the boy contains other elements of hatred and rivalry which make for unhappy things. These are projected by the art of the unconscious psychology upon various other persons of the play and the situations which are created to cast difficulties in the hero's way and distract him from his deeper purpose of discovery and upbuilding. These all would drag him through jealousy, hatred, self gratification, all the wiles of the inner self seeking wish life, away from this greater and truer purpose, which is the racial one. The chief embodiment of these shadows is that of the younger brother, the most natural rival figure to be opposed to the hero and his success. His final overcoming will also again represent the fulfilment of the unconscious wish for supremacy and exaltation of power. Since this is to lie with the hero in the finding of true love apart from the infantile source of it, in the wife rather than the mother, the supremacy is a righteous one and belongs to social and racial ends.

The rival brother is the opposite of this and epitome of all that is weak and pleasure loving. "I advise this honorable audience that I am a man, though I possess a daffodil nature. I go to view delightful embroideries, but retard my footsteps, that you may observe my charm. I was born great. Wu Sin Yin was my father, and Due Jung Fah, the second wife, my mother. A wonderful alliance, as I am the superb result." Scarcely any comment upon these his own words is needed to introduce the character of this younger brother and its significance in the drama. He is indeed the superb result of the father's weakness, stimulable and creative only along the pathway of weak and unscrupulous self indulgence, and he repre-

sents the partially equipped, inadequately apportioned character utterly unfit to reign in his own right or in that of service to his people, as he is utterly incapable of love except the utmost extravagance of self love and effeminate adornment and indulgence. He is the epitome of narcissism, that love of self, that all must conquer if they would succeed. His rival, the hero, "must not dwell. He is simply vulgarly manly, while I possess feminine qualities of great luxuriance." He cannot tolerate the genuine type of power with which he is threatened in the noble youth. Therefore he "must contrive to destroy his honesty and cleanness of life."

The trials of strength and endurance, as well as of ingenuity and of faith in his power to win, to which the hero is henceforth subjected, are attributable therefore to this embodiment of all the rivalry of ease and self seeking as opposed to the effort and hardship which lie upon the steep and narrow road of progress. The first device is to lure the young man, through the agency of the monkey formed man, to the type and grade of love that is bought and sold. It is new to the innocent youth, who in his guilelessness responds with all the naturalness of the awakening man to the tempting sweets spread before him. His eyes are soon opened to the sordid unreality of it all and the unsatisfactoriness of a love which has no character of permanency nor any measure of its inner reality. "Gold is the measure of your affection. Your hearts are outbalanced in the scales by a few grains of yellow dust . . ." and he departs to more arduous but satisfying pursuits.

It is not long before he has been seen by Plum Blossom. She is the new incarnation of that mother spirit which can never desert the inner heart of the man, only abides the day when it may reappear in a form which is new and complete in itself, free of all childish fetters and yet somehow infused with the never dying essence of old memories and former love. The first actual meeting with Plum Blossom occurs fittingly when this inner essence of memory has stirred a definite longing for a recognition of the past, something that will assure the youth that his life is complete, not his alone in the present and the

future but grounded in the past as well. He cries out for his ancestors whom he thinks to find "in the city of the dead. . . . I will pray at the tombs for the gods to give me an honorable mother. . . . I will pray at the tombs for the gods to give me an honorable mother, with a delicate name—one that drops like a sweet song from the lips," and quite unwitting of the significant outcome of his choice he chooses through the name on the tomb the maiden who had already chosen him and in whom he is able to make the healthy sublimation of the mother desire which he is unconsciously demanding. As he bends before the tomb of Plum Blossom's mother, the younger Plum Blossom peeps from the shadow of the celestial weeping willow tree behind him. One is reminded of the opposite fate of Narcissus, who enamored of his own likeness stood at the pool unmindful of the nymph near by pining for him and so lost his opportunity and hers for their mutual salvation. It is not so with Wu Hoo Git. He healthily forgets the tendency of a pleasure which answers only to its own desire. They are united—they may, according to Chinese usage, be united in common speech only because they have a common mother, the one he has just artificially chosen. It is true psychically, the lovers must meet in the depth of the ancient childhood desire but not to remain there. They become so entranced in mutual admiration of one another's qualities that Plum Blossom is suddenly recalled to herself, "We are forgetting our mother," but there is more than the conscious reference in the spoken resolve of Wu Hoo Git: ". . . I renounce our mother and will contend with him who seeks your hand."

It is more necessary now than ever that the hero shall establish his connection with the past more definitely so that he may satisfy the proud and cautious father of Plum Blossom, so he sets out more determinedly than ever to win his way to his own estate. Although this is the kingdom of his birth and his father's throne, it is not a backward way that he is to travel. The healthy youthful arrogance of Wu Hoo Git has made this so completely his own rightful goal, and his attitude is so much more one of real governorship than that of the selfish voluptuous

governor of the past, that the path toward the goal is a forward one. The weak scheming brother represents that backward tendency, the hero presses steadily ahead in all his purpose and attainment. In winning the royal jacket or in possessing at last the maid, he is looking toward the future and building in all his attitude for it alone. Hence his success.

Even Plum Blossom however must be withdrawn from him while he learns through the encountering of new difficulties both the measure of his own strength and also its dependence upon the love and devotion of a woman, the mother and her successor. His masculine conceit prevents this dependence from becoming a too appreciative one. When the slipper which Plum Blossom gave him to wave toward her saves him in his extremity he believes all too readily that after all it was his own prowess that has saved him. Thus does man usually receive the devotion of love, utilizing it and going boastfully on his way. He is bound in the toils of the Spider, who has enticed him into the meshes of his web, where he then hopelessly entangles him. The shaking of the slipper has an instant effect upon the "demon Spider." "My web spins not. My joints crinkle in the light of purity." But as Wu Hoo Git finds himself released from the entangling strands and feels in his "expanding soul the power to o'ercome all monsters wild," he adds, "I would that Plum Blossom might see my unaided triumph. She would adore my fiery bravery."

Still sorer trials lie yet between the hero and the two goals of his desire. The unhappy schemes of envy and hate are not yet exhausted. There comes a time when the destroying power has reached its ultimate influence, a purely blighting one, in the congealing coldness which overtakes him and freezes even the slipper in his bosom. "I would shake the slipper, but it is a block of august ice." His cries to Plum Blossom are of no avail. In this last extremity she cannot answer them, but something deeper within him must be once more touched before his final ascent to victory. Once more he must taste the depth of the old mother love. The mother's spirit waiting and watching its hour in heaven above brings through her prayer the



warmth into his world-body. Yet his conscious thought is not of her. The mother love must be content to be hidden still under her sacrifice to the younger substitute, wherein lies the hero's final step into freedom. His last faint warmth of life has breathed itself into the name of Plum Blossom, which remains a melting icicle kiss upon his lips. His first waking consciousness is again of his upward journey: "Lead me to the mountain top one august step above that I may see the world of love and my inner self." He moves on dazzled by the sun shining glorious above him, only dreamily conscious of his mother's voice. He is not entirely unmindful however of the source of his life and love, for one little gray cloud in the huge brass bowl of the sky "is my mother soul cloud. So with every golden shower of happiness there is a touch of gray—for one must pause in happiness to shed a tear for a mother heavenward passed."

And now his icy fetters melt completely away and he has strength and courage to fling himself against the palace gates. Before such courageous resolve the weak and evil powers of selfishness and self indulgence beat a languid but safe retreat. Step by step as the conqueror makes his entering way the cowardly brother smothers one valorous boast after another in his "inability to get away" until he is quite ready at the hero's demand to "bump" the head he is glad to retain and betake himself to his self chosen prison, "A garden! A garden filled with smiling flowers." Wu Hoo Git ascends at last the throne of his ancestors, robed in the yellow jacket, "the sun-hued garment" which marks him the chosen of heaven to rule. Once more he draws forth the slipper and its summons completes his triumph and his entrance into the fulness of life; it brings his chosen Plum Blossom to his side. The mother is not present only above, as an inspiration and a recognition from afar that he has established his own life's kingdom. It is her voice in the distance, "The world and wisdom are his."

This happy retelling of the *Œdipus* story carries a mental refreshment and a stimulus toward the ever-recurring conflict between the individual venture forth upon the path of reality,

which is the price of progress, and the pleasant and sheltering arms of phantasy, which would keep us in the regressive realm of the infantile. Yet through all the light fancifulness of the play and its pleasing presentation one is reminded of the crystallization of this Œdipus constellation in the nation from which the theatrical setting is borrowed. To be sure the play has elements, such as a certain American freedom of love making, which one could scarcely find in Chinese society and which seem likewise to lie far remote even in their phantasy life. That they do exist there, however imperfectly, is evidenced by the imaginative qualities which can transform their meager stage equipments into a richness of suggestion which fairly rivals the elaborate devices of the occidental theater. They manifest themselves also in the wealth of symbolism which appears not only on the stage, but is part and parcel of daily life. Nevertheless, the sordid misery and poverty of life in that vast empire, republic as yet only in name, allows but little healthful phantasy play.

It would seem that centuries ago, when other peoples were voicing the great fundamental complex in the projected form of ancestral worship which gave emotional relief and therefore freedom for development away from its bondage, China for some reason allowed it to run into a fixed mold from which for all these centuries there has been no escape. It stopped for them the clock of time and left them, full grown then and accomplished beyond the rest of the world, like the sleeping figures in the enchanted palace.

The cause would be hard to seek back in those dim centuries of the past. The results are apparent in the wretched lives of hundreds of millions of people, in the slavery of both men and women to the one family ideal, an ideal as Sir James Legge has said, which looks backward and not forward, in the stagnation of all progress which has marked their centuries of history.

The family complex fetters them. They have never passed beyond ancestor worship. It is their religion, it pervades all government, it makes or rather mars their family life. Slowly

the light of progress is touching these bonds, but the great nation is yet so far from its awakening that we may speak of the China of the past as still bound and barely starting on the quest for its own life which urged on the hero of the play.

Here it is that "The Yellow Jacket" is so true to the Chinese life. It presents very clearly and definitely these features of the fundamental complex just as they oppress China in actuality. Its Emperor only so recently was indeed the "Son of Heaven." The president still sacrifices to Heaven—Shang-ti, the Supreme Ruler. It has been argued for them that they were monotheists par excellence, but this monotheism manifests itself as the supreme exaltation of the great divine *ruler*. It is this idea of power and authority rather than of any other character which they conceive in their supreme God. In practice they are worshipers of many spirits, but most conspicuously of the ancestral spirits. Its fruit in their lives testifies to the unproductiveness of this continuance of a primitive form of belief so many centuries since it had outworn its usefulness in the advance of culture and civilization. It proves itself a regressive attitude toward life. The son lives for the father, for the grandfather, for the shades who have long preceded him. Woman has no importance save as she may be the instrument for raising up sons, not for succession but for maintaining the recession into the past. Everything about the home centers around male prestige through the backward gaze not the forward note of progress and hope in the son. Therefore, the son's wife becomes only the drudge in the home, the helpless slave of the mother-in-law who toils for the men. Her own family no longer have control of her. Plum Blossom's pretty rebellion against the mother-in-law threatening her future finds many a darker echo in the real China. Many have been the prospective brides who have fulfilled Plum Blossom's threat and chosen death rather than the dreaded servitude.

Filial piety is extolled in China's sacred books and commended by idealists, but actual conditions bear truer witness to the effect of such enforced retrogression. Formal worship and compulsory obedience and respect do not lie deep. They

make for hatred, quarreling, wrangling, Families do not live at peace among themselves. The empty formality of a phase of human development dead and forsaken by other nations these thousands of years produces that indifference in the most sacred things which so astonishes the occidental mind. These things are as hollow as their loudly extolled filial piety. In the play the "property man" appears as the perfect exponent of that. His superb indifference to the bombast of boastfulness or pomp, of heartrending sorrow or exquisite joy, the air of boredom and disdain with which he can set up mountains for the hero to climb or whisk the dust from the chairs on which their highnesses have just been seated finds its counterpart, too, in the real China. The untidy priests in the temples care as little for its intrusion by curious foreigner or careless, unkempt worshipper. They can as unconcernedly drink their tea as the "property man" could turn his back and partake of his bowl of rice and let great events take their own course.

This is a dark picture of the land itself. Are there no lighter elements in it? Yes; they stir to laughter and to delight in the play and to wonder, too, at what may be their significance. They too bear the character of infantile, the features which would appear among a people who live thus in the past and must express their desires and impulses in that concrete form which lies so much nearer the remote past of primitive man.

Noise, racket, and din! The "assistant property men" do their best and the "God of Thunder" has things all to himself for a time, yet it is all less than naught to the rattling and banging with which China itself sounds on every possible occasion. Whether or not the Chinaman has lost his faith in the many spirits abroad to be frightened away by the din, the noise is an indispensable part of wedding and funeral, of feast day and fast day, of welcome and godspeed, not one salute but all that gun and gong can combine, with firecrackers demolished not by the pack or the bundle, but by the hundreds massed together in a manner that would stupefy the Yankee boy's provident soul. Just as infantile is such an assertion of power as are the methods of the thunder god on the stage who thinks



by the quantity and perhaps quality of his noise to overwhelm the hero and turn him back to regressive paths. Thus the infant thinks to win power by thunderous noise and the peculiar crude get-up of the thunder god with his black and yellow suggests that early infantile power source which analysis finds to contain so much attraction in the unconscious as a phantasy level, the black and yellow of the dirt or fecal level. One wonders whether the brown covered hills sprinkled with black boulders which is so much a feature of their natural world, together with their muddy yellow rivers, may not have helped to fix such a phantasy. Surely, the Chinaman feels at home in the dirt layer. Thread the narrow streets of his filthy cities to be convinced; stop at the stalls which tempt him—not you—all along the way with their repeated display of rich fried food, greasy and brown, and think how far in development his interest has yet to rise.

One cannot tarry long, however, before ready Eastern hospitality thrusts upon the often unwilling guest another form of native delectation. Insipid, half sweetened cakes vie with sweetish, brackish teas to tempt the Chinese epicure and puzzle the analytic foreigner as to their symbolic value to the Chinese mind. It is true to the expressive symbolism of the play that the all-powerful ruler and his "honorable second father-in-law" demand the honeysuckle leaf repeatedly renewed in their tea. Here again nature has assisted the Chinese form of phantasy development or has lent herself willingly to the cultivation of sources of phantasy gratification. The fruit which they brew with their tea on choice occasions, the floating honeysuckle leaf or the orange blossom, bespeaks the concrete representation of the seminal fluid which lies in so concrete a way as part of their love phantasy just as it appears in the archaic symbolism of the dream and of the psychosis. The mystic soma of the gods is to them perhaps unconsciously retained in their common brews.

The sense of smell, too, finds its delight in the cloying sweets which lie so close to the sensuous side of love. We know the heavy odor of their sacred lily, which must blossom at least

once a year in every home. In the south of their land the pumelo blossom outrivals the orange and the "seven lee fragrance" might truly be thought able to cling to and follow one for the distance of seven "lee" as the name signifies.

The eye likewise seeks the direct language of phantasy expressed in telling form. The laying on of paint and powder in frankly heightened artificiality speaks in as clear characters as the manifest symbolism of their mode of written speech. Painted faces, marvelous coiffure, which denotes a woman's locality and to some extent her standing—no woman could appear in public respectably without some or many ornaments thrust through her hair—the tiny pointed feet barely as yet dispensed with as a mark of respectability and social position, these are but a mere mention of the bewildering symbolism by which this strange undeveloped people seek self expression and manifest their as yet unassimilated comprehension of life.

No wonder that the "Yellow Jacket" transports one into an enchanting dream world which, however, lacks that harmonizing atmosphere which advanced culture has thrown about the more concrete pictures of the primitive and childish world. In this land men and women live still among the individual objects which appear in our cruder unsoftened dreams of the night, where each element comes and goes in incoherent confusion and bewildering multiplicity of vivid detail. These men and women are closer, as the night dreams are, to the world to which the psychotic returns for whom a unifying control is no longer exercised by the reality of the actual century in which he lives.

Thus again "Daffodil," the effeminate rival brother, is only perhaps an extreme example of that grade of partial development which magnifies the homosexual or "homopsychic" element before it has found through maturity its proper sublimation. The long, enveloping robes of the Chinaman, garment upon garment, of soft silken texture and rich or delicate, which marks the pride and taste of the well-to-do gentleman, suggest that his virility is considerably obscured behind elements which have not as yet reached their full evolution. His tendency to go softly and speak softly likewise exaggerate this same partial

stage behind which capacity for development still lies partly dormant.

More robust elements have not however been wanting and recently signs more abundant of their awakening to a fuller development. In the last decade or two the touching of hands more and more practically and vitally with the nations of progress has not only stimulated them. It has, furthermore, discovered those traits in them which make for strength. There is promise of a mighty synthesis of that multiplicity of symbolism in which it will lose the character of its individual features and merge them rather into a full-grown progressiveness—when they have broken the fetter of the past. They have yet to learn to close the gateway which, according to Bergson, should shut away the past, admitting just enough of it at any moment as will further the action of that moment. Virile and steadfast advance along the path of progress lies in their future.

The hero who wins the yellow jacket, a refined harmony of tints, very different from the base yellow which clothed the thunder god—is the figure of China's promise. He typifies the strength and resource that lie almost untouched, untried in its vast area. Not only its natural wealth untold, but the vigor of growth which covers the brown hills wherever the soil is tilled are suggestive of such a future. No other green is so richly vivid as its velvety fields of rice which change the dark hillside. Its luxuriant groves of bamboo spring up as if by magic. The yellow sands of its river banks and fertile valleys, its stretches of mountain land have their growth of grain or forest. And above its cloying scented flowers the scentless wild rose climbs high and the flaming hibiscus flaunts a note of power to come rich and warm with the fulness of an unfettered life.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE HEALING FUNCTION OF THE DREAM <sup>1</sup>

"Swift, through some trap mine eyes have never found,  
Dim-panelled in the painted scene of Sleep,  
Thou, giant Harlequin of Dreams, dost leap  
Upon my spirit's stage. Then Sight and Sound,  
Then Space and Time, then Language, Mete and Bound,  
And all familiar Forms that firmly keep  
Man's reason in the road, change faces, peep  
Betwixt the legs and mock the daily round.  
Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears  
At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign  
Thou hast a heart: and oft thy little leaven  
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.  
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,  
I think thou'rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!"

SIDNEY LANIER, *The Harlequin of Dreams.*

Freud has called the dream the "royal road into the unconscious" and brought into service one of the most commonplace factors of human life as a means for searching into life's conflicts. The dream is such a universal and ordinary occurrence in every life that it appears, to the unthinking, foolish and meaningless. Regulated conscious thought, hard at work for centuries upon centuries trying to subdue and control the waywardness of actual wishes and strivings which tend to outrun all control, has condemned dreams as foolish, mad, useless, forgetting that they were once regarded more seriously when the world was younger and thought was still more candid, before "camouflage" became a universal fine art. And they may still be utilized to penetrate the inner life, its wishes and strivings.

Here again the artistic creator with his quicker, more active

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the New York Medical Journal, Apr. 5, 1919, under title: "Dear Brutus": The Dramatist's Use of the Dream. J. M. Barrie: Dear Brutus.



intuition comes into closer touch with the unconscious and brings its content to conscious attention. It is fitting therefore that his happy exposition of the science of the dream should be included in this study.

In *Dear Brutus* the genius of James M. Barrie has spoken very directly and clearly of the service which the dream may render for the understanding not only of one's inner life, but for its readjustment and rehabilitation: Whether from conscious intention or from the deeper truth of artistic intuition, he has portrayed its actual service in the redemption of life from saddening waste and bitterest dissatisfaction. Barrie, in his wisdom and humor, stands between the scoffing multitude who see only the foolishness of dreams and their apparent freakish triviality, and the serious psychopathologist who considers them, in their functional import, worthy of earnest investigation. He lets his little old Lob, so akin to Lanier's *Harlequin of Dreams*, break the bonds of rhyme and reason as he appears upon the stage to set the dream work in motion. Some words overheard one night at the theater before the play had proceeded far paid genuine tribute to the dramatist's intuition. "It certainly must have been some lunatic that wrote this play." A wise lunatic, yes! One who has the wisdom and the courage of the deeper hidden truth to see in all the mad gambols which far outreach carefully circumscribed conscious thought, something human, something seeking expression, something from the inner heart of man and woman where both difficulty and success are conditioned and determined. But this "lunatic" has also in richer measure than the ordinary man the large wisdom and control to bring meaning and order and service out of the lunacy of the dream.

First of all there is Lob. The dream world has nothing to do with "Space and Time . . . and all familiar Forms." The stream of the unconscious from which dreams appear, released from the too highly vaunted intellectual repression of reason which holds them in check during the humdrum hours of waking, belongs to all the ages since life began. Therefore Lob is ageless or of all the ages. He has no memory of timed

events, of years measured in brief periods. He was just as active when "Merrie England" flourished and the "philomel" sang its song of love, as when the nightingale of today melts away with its melody the dividing barriers which conscious thought calls time. Lob—his little simple name rings its changes through many tongues—is no forgotten and discarded past. Lob, love, life, libido, belongs to the measureless unconscious life of man, the preservation of its power, impulse, striving, and he moves and flits and plans and makes things come to pass out in the external conscious world as well. He is power, real vital dynamic force, love and life, creative, constructive energy. It is a stultifying blindness, a superficial timid aloofness from the stream of knowledge and power within, which breeds discontent, misunderstanding, false control of our unseen desires, or loss of control and wasteful drifting.

These things have moved Lob's deeper heart to bring certain poor, blind time servers to his house for the magic Midsummer Night. Keenly urgent and alive but warily cautious of opening upon them this flood of possibility, he suggests and only half pretends that there is any marvelous plan before them. But he yearns inexpressibly to bring them at least into touch with the real profound life within them, and it may be that some will respond. He is subtle and quiet, as little to be thwarted as is the stream of life itself. He hides the intensity of his purpose by whimsicality, as securely as life itself hides and only half discloses its sure, still purposes. The flowers grow for him. He has only to stand before them and they are as if coaxed to unfold. And if they fall and break, as happens when he drops them from the vase, they are not cast out as useless. Like life in its true course, he is wiser and more tender than that. They can be readjusted, rewatered, the broken one is reestablished, some of its stem is lost but it is encouraged to stand up and still prove bright and serviceable among the others; just as good in a new way, if only the new way is cheerfully and resolutely accepted. This is his simple childlike prattle to them. This vigorous little Lob, whom even a stupidly blinking, visionless old butler cannot successfully put to bed and to sleep,

he it is who holds in his hand the rousing of all these souls to their own possibilities. Yet even Lob is tremulous, not sure. So is life. It has only its possibilities; what shall be done with these, what shall be made of the dreams of sleeping or of waking, even life cannot say. Each individual makes his own choice, whether or not he shall fulfil these possibilities for himself.

Lob yearns over them all but mostly over the two, Mr. Dearth and Mrs. Dearth, in whom, though they have drifted sadly astray, he knows lies the greater possibility of the right turning. Particularly he sees the power that might lie in the hand of the woman. She has turned blindly from it, blaming only her husband, the rejected object of her opportunity, for the things which have gone wrong for them both. Lob is almost afraid to have her enter the realm of dreams and face the baseness and disaster of her own inner desires, in the facing of which nevertheless alone lies her "second chance."

In the first act all have been waiting and wondering what is in Lob's mind concerning them. He himself is scarcely sure even yet that the magic wood of dreams will be there on this Midsummer Night, but it is closer than any one of them would have imagined. The radiant growing garden of the day has given place to the mystic dream world. No one suspects that it is so close. The curtain had been drawn before the flower garden while the scene of perfidious lovemaking between the philanderers was taking place. Now it is suddenly withdrawn and the magic wood is there. The waiting guests look at it and at one another in wonder, awed, questioning, afraid of that "second chance," yet drawn one by one irresistibly into the strange secrets of the wood, their own secrets and their own renewed opportunities. The drunken artist is the first to enter it, he who had awakened the pity of all the company and who together with his wife had particularly stirred Lob's yearning heart. His life is the visibly wasted one, force and initiative gone. He is too broken and ashamed to do other than meekly accept the reproach and censure of his embittered wife. That her selfishness and hardness have repelled and defeated his creative power she has yet to learn; but the darkness and emptiness

of the desires which will constitute her dream do well to make her hesitate fearfully, before she steps into the wood for her second chance.

Meanwhile the others have gone. Lady Caroline, gowned in gold of a glittering sheen, scornful, proud, in the haughtiness of a gilded snobbery, sails majestically into the forest's glades. Mr. Coade, easy, polished, blessed with an affluence and no need for exertion, follows the spell of whatever may be for him. The triangular lovers—the man whose mind stays made up hardly longer than its object of choice is in sight, the girl flattered by his attentions and the plausibility of his self conceit, and the bright eyed little wife who was looking around for her husband's love which she feared she had lost and some one might have picked up—these three follow each other in quick succession to see what the wood may do in revealing their true desires. Even Matey, the dishonest butler, sets ponderously forth, hardly so much impressed by his second chance, as compelled to the self revealing dream, whether he will or no. Only Mrs. Coade, comfortably, placidly happy, remains behind, upstairs, far from even the suggestion of the mystery of the wood of dreams. Her day has gone by. There is no more creativeness to her love, no more inspiration and vision. She has settled all too soon to the biological running down of the sands and is no longer eager for a stimulus to herself. Nor does she offer an incentive to her husband, which might have saved his dream from its ineptitude and revealed some keener desire than that which he has to acknowledge in the end as his. So Mrs. Coade merely haunts the house during the night, candle in hand, anxious in regard to the others, but to no avail. For the house is deserted by the adventurers and only Lob slumbers on at his chimney side, patiently awaiting the working of his dream experiment.

But the wood, what is transpiring there? Psychoanalysis in its persistent working with dreams has found that for practical therapeutic purposes they may be viewed in at least two aspects. First, they are the means of revealing to conscious attention, fixed upon them after awaking, inner complexities which unknown desires create in our lives. This demands the revelation



which their detailed whimsicalities, with the aid and the disguise of symbolisms, so cunningly set forth. They are often startling, in spite of clever disguises, in the secret desires, the pettiness, the primitiveness, the childishness, the baseness of interest which they reveal still at work beneath the surface of what we term a civilized, cultured, adult mind. They show the source of the confusion, the uncertainty of striving, and the indecision as due to the variety of desires and of the different cultural layers to which such desires belong, which are at all times present within us. The dream, however, has a further function, a further message. Out of these desires and out of the clearer revelation of them it aids the mind in its choice and control of these to higher syntheses. It reveals better possibilities and sets one on the correct pathway of synthesis and control which will attain these and unify life. Bearing in mind then this double function of the dream, we need not be surprised with whatever Barrie's play may reveal to us. Like the analyst with his patient, he must first draw the curtain from the desires in their nakedness, high or low, base or noble, and then lead gradually to the conscious grasping of them, the slow, at first bewildered, acceptance of them, and then the determined use of the acquired knowledge of self; or shall it be only the continuance in a life of indolent, indifferent drifting? Even in the latter case, however, some impetus and concern will have arisen from the dreaming. Some "little leaven of dream-taught wisdom" work them "bettered years."

Since there is a power in the dream to discover unsuspected realities of desire partly hidden, partly revealed by the symbolic actions, manners, dress of ordinary conscious life, it need occasion no surprise to find first in the wood the haughty Lady Caroline madly in love with Matey the butler. He sleeps with his head pillowed in her lap. Her glittering, golden gown is exchanged for motoring garments hardly less suggestive of the sordid affluence which her prosperous dream husband has brought her in the financial success which has also satisfied his dreams. Their position upon the ground, from which they are separated only by the luxurious rug from the "Rolls-Royce"

left somewhere near, is all indicative of the low position of their desires. There is no inspiration or aspiration in either of them. The fat, clumsy Matey limits her horizon with his boasting of his clever dealings in the "world of finance." Even she is not in his vision. The fat brown cigar tempts him far more than the request to kiss her ring, her "golden fetter," and his thoughts are only on the baser accruing of wealth and the circumventing of the rest of the world of finance by his schemes. No, the dream could not change his baseness of desire and method of dishonesty. His striving for power develops no more than merely to substitute one base form for another. And it keeps "the nails in my boots for those beneath me."

The philanderer had already given a picture, before he entered the wood, of the end of his desires. He is one of those individuals who see no further than the horizon of the self, such a Narcissus that his own image fills the pool of events quite completely and quite entrancingly. Joanna, the love of the moment, or Mabel the wife, one time loved, are only objects upon which the narcissistic self reflection shines forth. So in the first act, still in the waking world, Joanna attempts to love and admire him but his love for her is only a boastful rehearsal of his own graces of spirit, his own loneliness and separateness of soul. These are just so many rich mouthfuls of self appreciation and conceit, the enjoyment of the feigned loneliness and regretfulness oozing through with an unctuousness which deceives the very man himself. It is the essence of egotistic self pity which masochistically suffers to enjoy. And for a time it deceives the equally selfish Joanna. Mabel's vision is rather keener. She is a contrast to these too common types of thickly blinded self worshippers and deceivers. Quick, alert, she is able to pick up a situation as tangled and absurd as it is disastrous to her comfort and contentment, and in sprightly fashion make the best even of it. Certain flashes of spiteful hatred come through, however, to place her among the ordinary and imperfect members of human society.

In the wood the situation of these lovers is reversed. The dream seems to be devoted principally to clearing the air a

little for the man, John Purdie, and awaken him somewhat from his extreme egotism. He is still pursuing the wrong woman, so it appears to him in the dream, and so he enjoys still the flavor of the forbidden and attainable only by clandestine means, but in reality his fickleness and lack of stability evidence themselves in that he pursues his wife and deserts the other woman, thinking his wife the forbidden object. His methods are none the less self worshipful and reveal that his blindness to the object is one deeply rooted in the egotism of his nature. Of course the object must be nothing when self is all and fills the horizon. "You know why I love you, Mabel; because you are so much like myself." Joanna's triumph while awake and her surprise at Mabel's lack of appreciation of the self engrossed viewpoint which is hers and Purdie's are now reversed and the falseness and shallowness of her obscured judgments come to her in their true light. It is her turn to indulge in little wrathful explosions, most sharply at the last toward "philomel" in the trees over her head, that bird of love whose true nature she little knew. Mabel has shifted her pale gown of desertion for a vividly bright one, warm and eloquent of love.

Coade has not attained the life of usefulness which his waking anticipation of a second chance had conceived for him. Ah, no; he has escaped the comfortable unstimulating partner of his daily life only to pipe and dance in idle, careless self enjoyment. He has returned in play only to the childish level which lurks in the unconscious, ready, the moment the ordinary pressure of the daily life is released, to summon to autoerotic pleasure. This is easy of attainment, requires no effort, fills the place all too readily of the creative power which should have supplanted it more securely than this. Nevertheless he is as happy and merry and pleasurably unconcerned as only dreams can permit one to be.

The others, however, those upon whom Lob's wish had most seriously bent itself, how does it fare with them? The wish for true living, that which is sincerely happy because it expresses itself untrammelled in the genuine constructive force of its na-

ture, must have been alive in the poor drunken artist at least. The dream wood has released him from the weaknesses, the ineffectuality, the external disappointments which had turned his natural energy from the paths of success and work. Here in the wood he has found both of these. Energy has not wasted itself here in pathways which bring neither complete forgetfulness nor afford any of the satisfaction which life really demands. Now the artist is an artist, presumably rising betimes in the morning as the man awake had regretfully stated he used to do. In the dream he is out even to seize the spell of the full moon and make it his for definite productive ends. And with him is the daughter who is chief symbol of the creative power and wish, the daughter whom the selfish, hardened unproductiveness of his wife has in reality denied him.

This scene of consummate dream art, so replete with the grace and power of the dramatist's thought, cannot be easily passed by. To go back a bit, Barrie has confessed in the sketch of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy," something of what she had meant to his life and what a prominent place she held in all his creative work. She constantly reappeared by name or otherwise in his best female characters. It is not strange therefore that this wish daughter should bear the name of Margaret. Furthermore psychoanalysis has been teaching us the lasting and dominating influence upon all of one's later life, and largely conditioning its success or failure, which the love of a child toward its parent may have. Life's success or failure depends upon the attitude formed then. This expresses itself in a fixation upon the parent, which means introversion, dependence, inability to meet life in one's own strength and effort, or on the other hand the parent love becomes only the inspiring model for all of later life, urging to extroversion upon external things and an adult acceptance and use of love and all other opportunities that life may bring. Barrie himself has said that "nothing that happens after we are twelve matters very much." Furthermore we have the testimony from the life of one of our great anatomists as to the hold of the mother upon the child's life and its return through the



undying wish in the form of a daughter. Burdach<sup>1</sup> relates his intense experiences in the birth and life of his daughter to whom he gave his mother's name and whom he allowed to supplant a strong fixed affection and desire toward his idolized mother who had died earlier. The wife in his narrative seems to have been only a secondary consideration.

It would seem that the dramatist has here laid emphasis even if only intuitively and unconsciously upon a combination of factors grown very familiar to psychoanalysis. They are given simply in the drama: the artist who has failed in his work, whose life for some reason has not attained its freedom and has instead sought refuge in the often frequented port decanter. He has been unable to command and hold the love of the wife, whose wild untamed beauty had at first fascinated him. His deep inner desire, which perhaps had formed the unconscious fetters which had caused this failure and his disastrous career, returns in the dream in the daughter form, whom Barrie confessedly suggests as a revived mother image when he gives her his own mother's name. And yet the dramatist's art, no less than his creative and reconstructive purpose, which is thus artistically to point the way out from fixation and failure to renewed living, utilizes this same daughter-mother figure to reinspire the artist and lead him to rebirth. Such is the mission of the dream; it reveals the danger side of the unconscious wish but its constructive, "prospective" tendency as well. It is the thought to which Jung has given elaboration in his *Psychology of the Unconscious*, in which he discusses the "terrible" mother object of the infantile desire leading to death and the lifegiving mother from whom comes the psychic rebirth, "the mother, who is the continuous and inexhaustible source of life for the creator, but death for the cowardly, timid and sluggish."

The artist's dream makes much of the moonlight, which Sadger<sup>2</sup> has shown from his psychoanalytical experience and from literature has much to do also with parent influences, often

<sup>1</sup> Cited by J. Sadger in "Sleep Walking and Moon Walking." *Nervous and Mental Disease Monograph Series*, No. 30. New York and Washington.

<sup>2</sup> *Locus cit.*

associated by the child mind with the light of the moon, and surviving from childhood into adult life. Barrie has added a further touch from his childhood memories when the artist and the dream child are engrossed in catching the full expression of the moon for his picture. The playful references of both child and father are strongly suggestive of the influences which Sadger's study has discovered operative in these associations in the unconscious and conscious phantasy life and the erotic interpretation of the moon. Then the dream daughter turns her head up saucily and delivers her address to the moon which savors of the erotic fancies which have been addressed to the moon or conceived of it throughout all the ages. But when the maiden wonders if the moon would feel insulted at being possibly considered old enough to be her mother, the light hearted artist's answer comes straight from Barrie's own mother reminiscences. He has told us how Margaret Ogilvy was wont to borrow his school boy Latin phrases and surprise those who complimented her daughter. "Would it not be more to the point to say, '*O mater, pulchra filia pulchrior?*'" which the father in the play offers as a rejoinder to the moon to defend her youthfulness, translating it into, "O moon, who art more beautiful than any twopenny ha' penny daughter."

One might well linger over this brightly tender scene. Its artistic interest is great, its psychological depth no less. It touches the hearty, healthy wish and energy, alive in the deepest life of the artist, which outwardly and practically had gone so far astray. It reveals the eager, half timid, wholly venturesome straining of the child to enlarge her love and yearnings out into womanhood. Imperiously her power exercises itself upon the father, who has no choice but to yield to her will. Yet she has been molded, unwittingly, unconsciously guided and formed by him. Even the shape of her ears are his handiwork, and significant again of the keen association between the child's night phantasies and loving parental care is the recall of her earliest recollection, the vision of the star, which also she learns her father had planned for her first consciously retained memory. Then she steps out cautiously into the woman's sphere

and tests her own valuation of a son setting it over against her father's exclusive estimate of a daughter. "Dearth: 'Daughters are the thing. . . . Sons are not worth having, Margaret. Signed. W. Dearth,'" and Margaret responds: "'But if you were a mother, dad. . . . Sons are not so bad. Signed. M. Dearth.'" Then, as they proceed: "Margaret: 'Daddy, now you are thinking about—about my being in love some day.' He nods. 'I won't, you know; no, never! Oh, I've quite decided. So don't be afraid.' At back of him—whispers, 'Will you hate him at first, Daddy?'" It is the privilege of the dream to be at once so candid and so contradictory as Dearth when he answers to the repeated question, "'Would you hate him at first?' 'I hope not. I should want to strangle him, but I should not hate him.'"

A cloud, an intimation from the real world where this happiness of the wood has not come to pass, darkens the brightness of the moonlit wood. Mrs. Dearth appears, the mother who had failed to bear this child and make this happiness a reality. Her dreams have revealed the disastrous wishes which lay within her. She is ragged, hungry, wretched. Her ambition has been gratified; she bears the name of the Hon. Mrs. Finch-Fallowes but she is forsaken. She has proved the truth of her husband's warning words in the waking world at which she scoffed, and she has found that the Hon. Mr. Finch-Fallowes is a "rotter." Starving and hunting for bits which the tourists may have left between the roots of the trees, she is glad to accept the aid which the artist and his daughter give her from their scanty means. The thought of her preys upon the happiness of the artist's mind, even as the wood darkens after she comes and goes, and he sets off in the direction of a light he sees in the distance to procure her food. He sings as he goes expecting to return in a few moments to the dear little daughter, but she is only a dream, and with her frightened cry darkness completely swallows up the wood of the dream: "Daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy. Come back, come back, daddy! I don't want to be a might have been!"

One needs to have learned to take dreams somewhat seriously to appreciate fully the waking up from the night in the wood.

Barrie has skillfully pictured the perplexing transition when the world of the unconscious only slowly yields to the sharp clear light of definite, practical reality. He knows, at least intuitively, of the puzzled groping between the two realms of mental thought, when the effort is made to bring together the conscious and distinct and the unconscious world which lies not only just beneath but also reaches mysteriously into profound and illusive depths. This is the patient task of those to whom dreams are of definite service for the reordering of life, and to such again Barrie's message is full of sympathetic suggestion.

A dramatist less artistically true might have made much greater profit out of their dreams for all the characters who had gone into the wood. The play would have pointed its moral, the dream done its ideal work and all lived happily ever afterward. The truth of the play as it is lies, however, in its adherence to reality—with all its startling revelations and its phantasy. The best in the real world comes only by a slow and imperfectly working change. Life does not stand still for a moment and the self revealing dream must always work to some slight extent at least its "little leaven." So Barrie permits it to do, at least in all but the sordid pair, Lady Caroline and Matey, the butler. Yet even in them who can say there is not a significant flash of humbling self knowledge? Lady Caroline puzzles over to herself: "And I seemed to like it," though she in self defense against too great understanding and self acknowledgment quickly assumes her attitude of scornful haughtiness. Matey drops less conceitedly back to the familiar feel of the coffee tray, though his fingers slip instinctively to the pocket where he habitually drops his tips.

The philanderers are the first to come out of the wood and stumble back into waking. They find themselves in the dark in the room that is strange to their recent experience. Purdie's exaggerated self interest and pity make him fear he has fallen down a cellar hole in the dark. As they flash on the light they discover no one else present except Lob still asleep by his chimney side. At least he appears to be oblivious to their existence, so soundly asleep that all their efforts to be polite to this apparent owner of the house they have happened



upon fail to obtain any response. Only when they are once more absorbed in their own affairs does he give elfish signs of his alert watchfulness over the success of the dream experiment. As the arrivals come drifting in the "trickster" slumbers on, profoundly indifferent.

Purdie's perplexities follow him into the waking as they followed him away into the dream. This time he has won Mabel, so much the dream accomplished for him, and they believe they have taken refuge in this strange house on a deliciously clandestine expedition, but the embodiment of the third factor in their uncertainty presents herself at once, Joanna, the neglected and spitefully jealous wife of the dream. Their waking, all three together, is as confused and perplexed as any strange intermingling of the wishes of the unconscious with the groping efforts of consciousness to establish again the ordinary relations with reality. For here at first as so often the wishes from neither side have a decisive influence. There is on the part of Purdie at least that weakness of character which means the honest yielding to neither one course of action nor the other, through the selfishness and blinding of his own self admiration. Joanna falls a little more decidedly out of the race as soon as she is wide awake and Mabel assumes again her bright quick attitude as the real mistress of the situation. She is more that now than formerly for the biting stings of jealousy are softened through the humor which comes with an appreciation of the real state of the case, that is, of her husband's proclivities, and perhaps her own readiness to walk just where Joanna did before. She at least has attained a somewhat larger view.

All are enough enlightened to admit a better knowledge of their true tendencies and the hope that they may be a bit better for their experience. They are also enough ashamed to hide from Mrs. Coade the character of their experiences as she comes in, candle in hand and rather vexed at the irregularities of the night which have disturbed her complacent rest. Her equanimity is hardly satisfactorily restored when her husband returns still in a merry, playful mood and unable yet to remember his staid married state. Only he has enough desire for her,

this pretty, comfortable woman, to begin making love to her again, stranger to him that she is, until he is fully awake and appreciative of her faithfulness. Then he has to confess the failure of his dreams, from which he had hoped so much in proving that there slumbered within himself a latent energy and strength. And all he could boast of was a night of idle but happy amusement.

When all these have found themselves once more in the ordinary waking world, partly ashamed, wholly glad to be on ground more openly familiar, the thoughts of all turn pityingly to the other two who have not yet returned. Their awaking, they feel, will be one of sorrow. All recognize not alone the waste in the lives of Mr. Dearth and Mrs. Dearth but the stronger and better possibilities which these lives also contained. And then Mrs. Dearth appears through the curtained entrance behind which lay the magic wood. The bitterness to which the fulfilment of her dream desires have brought her is exaggerated as she brings the uncouth manners of the ragged starving woman into the lighted room, bright again with reality. The rags are no longer in her dress, which like that of the others has been transformed on leaving the wood to that of the real world. So she wears again the blue steel trimmed robe of domination. But it ill fits with the cowering servility of her manner as she sees and devours the food upon the table, ravenous still with the vividly dreamed hunger of neglect, symbolic perhaps the dramatist has meant of the empty wife and mother's heart. While she eats and tells her story with the depravity of untruth in the form of the perverted truth, how she gave away her food to the hungry artist and his pretty child in the wood, the happy artist comes in. All present are now truly awakened to pity and awed to silence. They face, as they realize, a heart rending tragedy or—no, not one of them conceives of hope, only doubtless the sprite in the chimney corner who apparently slumbers on. Even he has come to the crucial point of the test, though he yet gives no sign. Unless perhaps there is a more earnest quietness in his form instead of the merry contortions which had evinced his unobserved interest while the others were awakening.

“Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears  
At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign  
Thou hast a heart.—”

Dearth's first shock of the reality, which the dream had so joyously and hopefully replaced, comes in the recognition that he has exchanged the sensible useful brown tweeds of the wood, the clothes in which he could healthily work and play, for the seedy, soiled and spattered clothes of the life into which he had not fitted, which bore the marks of his dissipation and decline. He comes back to the past he had so briefly left with a quick realization and a poignancy of regret and sorrow. Even here, however, is the same redeeming note which had faintly sounded before and which had marked his pity and kindness to the forlorn woman in the wood. His first thought is one of pity for her who must suffer through him. The old redemption motive of love saving through pity is at work. It helps to waken the wife from her wretched dream, but more it rouses her after the revelation of her dream to love and pity also for him. Their hearts are melted together with grief, but are welded also in a new hope. They can no longer endure the shallow atmosphere in which they had moved with the others. Mrs. Dearth hastily leaves the room and her husband is not long in following her, for her love at last finding itself had surrendered its pride and indifference before him.

The rest are now quite fully awake and the tenseness of the situation is relieved by the outbreak of Purdie into a bit of the very real world of trivialities and commonplaces, and the whiff of the morning of another day of life. For just then Matey solemnly opens the door of the breakfast room and announces breakfast, and to Mrs. Coade, “I have given your eggs six minutes, ma'am,” for she always, as might be expected, takes them hard boiled. Purdie's resolution to profit by his experiences has already failed to uphold him with absolute safety, as he feared it would, for on the way to breakfast he already stops to whisper, very loudly, in Lady Caroline's ear of the interesting loneliness of his soul. But Mabel's understanding being quickened, she is both patient and kindly admonitory to this weak child

she has married, and she reminds him of his waiting breakfast, while he promptly recovers and obeys. Just so much of a glimmer of regeneration had the dream wrought for him. At least he knows where to recognize and correct what he can of his life at the source of the difficulty. For he has learned to say with Shakespeare:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

This is the text of the play which Barrie has so delicately yet so wisely written. Joanna at least can "hold on to breakfast" and leads the way into the breakfast room. Lady Caroline appears unregenerate, but in truth the added superciliousness with which she passes her dreamed of husband on the way, as she follows the rest, shows that something is touched within, even if so far it has done no more than put her upon the defensive.

This often lies in added vexation or exaggeration of already over-compensating qualities for dimly recognized weakness. Just so with Matey whose chagrin at his revealed baseness, which lies deeper than he had suspected, reacts with a spitefulness and vexation toward the author of these revelations, whom he believes he has at last in his power. He is ready to wreak a petty revenge upon him, as human realization of its own weakness is prone in this way also to deceive itself by such an exhibition of futile power. The rest having left the room, he turns wrathfully toward Lob's corner and seizes the great chair in which the little man is almost hidden. "I've got you now where you can't escape me." He shakes the chair violently in gleeful anticipation of hustling the trickster off to bed or under lock and key or wherever he thought Lob could be confined. But no, Matey, you little understand Lob or Life. The chair is empty and no trace of his victim is to be seen. Puzzled and balked Matey soberly lumbers across the room to turn off the lights and once more draw the curtains to let in the morning sunshine. The garden is not altered since yesterday; the mystic wood has withdrawn as it came and the flowers bloom brightly and philomel sings merrily, as if no interruption of the course of things had



occurred. And there in the sunshine before his flowers, head tilted toward the morning sky and listening to the bird's sweet song, stands Lob unaltered also by all that has transpired about him.

He is not, however, unmindful, no more than through those hours of seeming slumber. Lob has still his watchful work to perform and the blessing of his inspiration to give to those who embark on the active stream of things. He has not to wait long before there is sign of such response to his tenderly and anxiously devised experiment of the night, over which he is still patiently watching. He catches a glimpse of Mr. Dearth and Mrs. Dearth, for whom particularly he had schemed and hoped and he joyously hides himself while they pass by. Their transformation has been an actual one. It has lasted over into the test of the bright day. All traces of the dissipation, waste and failure manifest in either of them the night before are gone, whether as the artist had worn them in his wretched outward appearance in the drawing room, or as Mrs. Dearth had revealed them hidden in the sordid wishes of her inner nature. That which was good and of real worth has taken possession of them both. They are clothed for work and for healthy happiness in the open air. They stop to draw in deep breaths of the scented air, to rejoice in the flowers, birds and sunshine, and then fare forth happily to the merrily hummed tune with which the happy artist had pervaded the wood in his dream. There is no need for them to "hold onto" the trivial things with which the others have once more secured their place in the real waking world. They know greater more lasting realities.

No sooner have they passed on than Lob springs again to view before his flowers. His face is soft with loving concern and a satisfaction such as only can be found in the realization that the way of truth has been opened, that one has assisted in the finding of the lost self and its setting forth on the path of sincere endeavor. Lob knows that the most real healing has come to them, not through other circumstances, but through the taking of another turning, finding their lost powers and utilizing these and just these in other directions.

This is the essence and art of mental healing, the message which every true artist is bound to preach. The others—perhaps they have learned a little of the lesson and made or will make some few efforts in this direction. Lob's tenderness has not forgotten them. The wave of the hand with which he dismisses them is a lingering one, not wholly a dismissal, not without affection and hope there too; but he returns again to the receding pair where hope can pour itself in a last loving farewell of assured expectation. Then his happiness bubbles over once more into playfulness. He tucks himself into his chair with the vase of petted flowers in his hand.

The tender, wise physician may rest. His patients are groping toward their cure, the elixir of self knowledge working in the veins of their minds, dull and obscured and clouded by selfish egotism, convention, indolence as these may be. Two of them have shaken themselves free of these and are already well on the road toward perfect health.

“Yet thou canst more than mock: sometimes my tears  
At midnight break through bounden lids—a sign  
Thou hast a heart: and oft thy little leaven  
Of dream-taught wisdom works me bettered years.  
In one night witch, saint, trickster, fool divine,  
I think thou’rt Jester at the Court of Heaven!”

## CHAPTER X

### “THE JEST”: THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY HATE<sup>1</sup>

Each drama has a particular value in its content and structure as a whole. The author conceives a certain situation or continuity of events which is utilized to develop the psychological thought for which the drama internally stands. In so doing he makes, as it were, a cross section of human life as he throws a certain grouping of factors into high relief. “The Jest,” coming as it does out of the fifteenth century, represents a section through the development of human civilization at a period remote enough from the present to reveal a brusqueness of manner, a frank coarseness of language, as well as an openness of impulsive action according to the freedom of individual desire, whether in brutal violence or in more refined spiritual aims, which culture does not so directly permit today. It shows, therefore, another glimpse into the unconscious, a portion of the development of the race which has been more or less covered over by the intervening five centuries of cultural repression.

There is, however, a still more profound psychological interest in such a production. The drama represents a grouping of the factors at work setting the conflicts at all times in human lives, the warring elements working for good or for evil, the activity of hate opposed to that of love. In this story of the fifteenth century the destructiveness of hate predominates, but this makes “The Jest” no less a drama of truth and of mental and moral stimulus than it might otherwise be. Health lies, as has been seen, in facing life as it exists, and that more deeply than is seen in a mere presentation of external results and wielding these perhaps dramatically according to desirable ideals. Mental strength is not engendered by mere idealizing but by the coura-

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the New York Medical Journal, Oct. 4, 1919. The Jest. Translated from Sem Benelli: *La Cena della Beffe*.

geous facing first of the working of internal forces, watching them even as they lose in the conflict through the strength of the primeval emotions. These latter blind individuals to the choice of a reasonable adjustment, which considers social relations and mutual adaptations. They drive so violently along the path of sheer feeling and desire that even reason is swept to their service and changed to the cunning which aids in the precipitation of disastrous ends.

Love has as many definitions as the phases in which it manifests itself in the kaleidoscope of human desires, longing, and pleasure. Yet it may be comprehended also in a definition whose simple dynamic force contains all the variety with which it might otherwise be defined. Thus practically and forcefully considered love is union in feeling and action for constructiveness or creativeness. If this is so then its reverse side, hate, is disunion, the same force in all its might, clashing element against element, hindering and checking all productivity and driving to destruction. The bitter jest of life this, a joke that lies not only in the keen irony of the plot by which the artist in the play overcomes the fleshly monster of cruelty and torment and reaches in the end his own spiritual destruction as well. It is the cruel jest also of human psychology that good and evil lie so close, that the same power, its course altered over such a narrow threshold, flows mightily and effectively to all creation, upbuilding on the one hand, rushing to pain and destruction and downfall on the other.

All this is epitomized in the woman of the play. She is the center and inspiration of either course. Trite is the utterance of this fact and yet it will always be repeated, whether in the offensive doting brutality of a Neri, in the gentler love making of the sensitive Giannetto, or in the more eloquent pathos of the humble but devoted Lisabetta who visits Neri in prison and whose truth flies straight to the good in Neri and knows none of the evil. It must always be so for woman must represent in herself the creative source and stimulating goal for creative desire. Biologically this is undeniable and spiritually it is even more broadly and immeasurably true. And this truth is figured



in all nature and all thought. Literally and figuratively, therefore, love is summed up in woman and the conflict surges about her.

Ginevra, the fishmonger's daughter, has apparently all the natural charm which makes a rich feminine appeal. Giannetto, the spiritual youth, has dreamed his dreams of beauty and inspiration, “We loved each other. She was good and beautiful. I painted her as the Madonna in my ‘Annunciation.’ We were to marry.” And Ginevra herself, though seduced through money and power to the lower levels of her nature, where she can stoop to mock those sacred hours, reveals still in her mockery regret for the holier influence she exercised in those days. “Do you remember a poor child kneeling in a cloister garden? She wears a long blue robe and holds a lily stalk in her two hands. She does not move. She kneels and dreams and listens and the hours go by. . . .” But Giannetto says of the power of those days, in contrast to the effect of the hatred which has long been nurtured by his enemies and then deepened fearfully when they stole her from him and brought her to the present level: “Compare the ‘Entombment’ I am working at with my ‘Last Judgment’ done two years ago. Why even a child could note the falling-off. My heart is not the only thing that died beneath their torments. My soul died, too.”

It is not, alas, merely passive loss of power that has come to the artist through the cruelty of these enemies, encouraged and applauded by the narrow self absorbed exercise of supremacy on the part of the woman. Love or its opposite is the representation of energetic force, which does not remain quiescent. The artist is driven also along the path of destruction. “But oh! sir!” he says to his aged friend, “I have one thing left—my wits! tempered like the blade of a fine sword, turned by my suffering into gleaming steel! And these wits of mine set me now to lure my enemies with flowers and feasting and with silver flutes to their eternal ruin. . . . I was so good until these two brothers changed me to a devil.”

Giannetto has been the victim of brute force, malicious, overmastering in its lustful sadistic fleshliness, since his boyhood.

At twelve years of age he was compelled to submit to the vile torments of his enemies as they imposed upon his physical weakness the one form of power which they were capable of comprehending. Their treatment exaggerated this weakness of his to a timid cowardice, overwhelming the greater spiritual strength and nobility which they could only taunt. The savage and childish baseness of superiority based upon physical strength and lust alone is cleverly suggested in the petty forms of torment to which they submitted the youth, even if allowance is made for the ruder humor of the age which the drama represents. With the uncultured barbarity of childhood they "spat on me and made me catch twelve big blue flies and eat them one by one. . . . And from that day to this we never met but they fell upon me with their fangs and claws."

They were two huge brothers, hired soldiers from Pisa, Neri and Gabriello Chiaramentesi. At last they add to their coarser sports this crushing evil. They seize Ginevra in her home just before the banns are to be published for her marriage to Giannetto, buy her from her father for fifty ducats, and Neri, claiming her, seduces her soul as well as her body. Then, at the feast with which the play opens, he returns her to Giannetto's sight only to mock and lacerate him with the revelation of the shallowness and corruption of her nature.

At this banquet the "jest" begins its work. Giannetto's sharpened wits have prepared a final and deep revenge after a night of insult more deliberate, more elaborate, than any cruelty yet perpetrated, aided also by the connivance of the faithless Ginevra. She had falsely acquiesced in a final leave taking tryst, which gave occasion for the seizure of the artist. He was apprehended by the powerful buffoons, stripped, tattooed with their dagger points, with which derisive devices were pricked upon his skin, and finally thrown fainting into the black river water. Rescued from this by some fishermen he has arranged, with the aid of the great Lorenzo, a feast to which his enemies are invited. The two brothers appear in all the glory of their brute strength, filled with scorn of Lorenzo the Magnificent and all his associates and with their contempt of

the artist in no wise abated. They further inflame his desire for revenge by bringing with them the tempting though false and mocking Ginevra to goad the artist's pain. The fact that his old suffering for her is roused to a keenness and sensitiveness which they are incapable of knowing and which necessitates a strong control and suppression on the part of Giannetto, serves to feed the flame of vengeance more hotly and to give to it a subtlety and an abandon which at first even his own sharpened wits had scarcely conceived.

There is but little in this drama of the pure glow of the force of love. Here and there are remnants of it, some of the steady redeeming power which has not yet been transformed to the devouring flame of hate. Giannetto still loves Ginevra. Her shallowness and treachery have not destroyed the sincere and holy respect with which his early desire had gone out to her. Yet lurid passion and revenge soon darken the love that remains. He loves the dwarf, his faithful servant and the physical counterpart of his own timidity and inner consciousness of weakness. But the dwarf becomes only his reliance to support and aid him in his design for revenge. Neri in his boisterous way loves his brother Gabriello and there is a rough attempt at fairness between them in regard to the girl, but the hatred of Giannetto stirs up the unconscious slumbering jealousy and at the last tricks Neri into destroying his brother, as it first tricks Gabriello into playing the traitor to his brother's possession of the girl.

The devilish hate engendered in this once gentle artist leads him to plot a jest which shall be one indeed. “And these wits of mine set me to lure my enemies with flowers and feasting and with silver flutes to their eternal ruin.” Through soft speech, a humble mien, compliance with their noisy insults, he plies Neri with wine of Cypress “that is liquid fire.” The brother has already departed, urged away from the city by the conflict between desire for the girl and loyalty to Neri, which the artist has taken care to rouse into his consciousness. Firing Neri then to vindication of his boasted prowess and courage, the artist goads him forth in his drunken condition to a more

than foolhardy attack upon the adherents of Lorenzo the Magnificent. It is an adventure that no one but a madman would undertake and the toils are laid that this strong soldier, temporarily maddened by wine, should be apprehended and treated as a veritable dement, all protests and assertions of his sanity being of no avail. As they increase in violence, according to the nature of the man and his habit of violent speech, they mount up in the sum of appearances which are against him. This is the jest. Thus is he in the power of the feeble artist.

The artist meanwhile has secured the key of the house where Neri has earlier sent Ginevra to await his coming and his pleasure. There is a poisoned sweetness to Giannetto's revenge without which his plans would be incomplete and which he loses no opportunity to bring before his enemy's notice as the latter stands bound in the dungeon where they have confined him. It is Giannetto who uses the key and gains access to the woman, but even here revenge must reach its utmost and she must yield of her own will to the superiority of her former lover. So the vengeful plot is slowly protracted and Giannetto is ready the next day to confront Neri writhing and foaming with helpless rage, lashed to the underground pillar. In a still deeper dungeon the latter is also submitted to all the horrors of a medieval test as to his possession by the demons of madness. Most galling, however, is the bland mockery of Giannetto as he cleverly disguises from all around, through an assumed pity, his responsibility for the sufferings of Neri and his actual instigation of them all. All this is too painfully known to Neri himself, who must be goaded also by the consciousness of the mockery of Giannetto's bearing, the helpless realization that he and his enemy know between them the trickery and fraud of the whole proceeding, which so excites the pity of the onlookers. Thus deeply bites the jest as it proceeds.

Then comes the sudden news that the brother Gabriello has returned from Pisa, and a fearful thought takes shape in Giannetto's breast. His dwarf first utters it that the love of women "goads . . . the brother to commit the crime of Cain." But a better moment, albeit mixed with fear, first comes over Gian-



netto. He is at the point of releasing Neri. Once for all he offers him absolute freedom, to cease his joke if Neri will give his word never again to torment and torture the poor young artist. He pleads with Neri, “There! I have said it, Neri. I have stripped my soul. You see me as I really am—in all my weakness and my vanity. Your joke had lasted for so many years and I had suffered so, was it strange that when the moment came I struck at you? If I went too far, remember that I am not used to triumph. But now—please God! the dreadful game is ended. Give me your word and I shall set you free. . . . Speak, lest both of us be lost.”

Neri however is obdurate. The suggestion of fear and of yielding in his enemy, who had been so long his helpless prey, only serves to rouse afresh the contemptuous triumph with which Neri had always hitherto approached the artist. Half in mockery, half in the rôle of the doting type of madman, which by this time he has assumed, Neri renews his derisive insults. Giannetto’s terror grows not of the loathsome brute before him, but of the hideous plot forming in his own breast, the consummation of hate which is bound to bring destruction upon destruction. “Oh, Neri, keep me from this mortal sin! I am so young! I want so to be good—all good and clean, the way I used to be! Oh, I would rather never pray again than ask forgiveness for such wickedness! Now help me, Neri—no, you must—you shall—”

Neri, mockingly deaf to the last to Giannetto’s entreaties, goes forth freed, unheeding the artist’s dark threat as to the vengeance which will be awaiting the soldier when he again crosses his own threshold. Giannetto, alone with his dwarf, faces now the hot breath of deepest hate; “Oh, Fazio, now how my plans, my pretty plans, how they wriggle and squirm to get away, to swish along the floor, to coil themselves around your hot, brown throat, my enemy. Oh, Fazio, I stand at the edge of a pit—. . . My horror of it grows and I love life the more. Fazio, the thread I have spun so fine, I must now tie into a knot of death! . . . Fazio, to-night, to-night, I must damn my own soul to hell! . . . Pray for me, Fazio, for I shall never pray again.”

As in a happier drama of life all the determining forces work toward the full fruition of some great purpose, so here do the many currents of hatred which have been roused and inflamed meet to a blasting destruction which includes all of life. Just as body, mind and the sum of individualism which we call soul are all united in the love which informs them and inspires them to the fulness of creative life, so here body, mind and soul burn with the flame which can only blight and disintegrate in utter ruin. In the woman the sacredness of love has been absorbed into the gross selfishness and the seeking of advantages which feed merely her own gratification and vanity. There is no further goal in her thoughts and desires. The tenderness and inspiration which the "painter of madonnas" had succeeded in partially awakening were quickly spoiled by the allurements that lay in the trinkets which money could buy, the passing domination exercised over the brute force that kept her, the fleeting conquest won over any chance lover and the brief pleasure seized with him.

The heartless Ginevra, whose love Giannetto had easily won back from its allegiance to Neri, is even then responding to a love message sent her through her tire woman and is awaiting the song of the new lover from the garden when Neri once more appears in her room. He has precipitated the final execution of Giannetto's plan, for he has hastened to Ginevra's house to intercept the artist when he shall return to Ginevra. It is then that Neri, in his own ferocious way, puts the woman to the test and proves the utter lack of true love within her, the complete prostitution to her own advantage and welfare of all that makes her woman's nature. There is with her no thought of the sacrifice or the service of love. The ordeal to be sure is a severe one, but no glimmer of response of a love that is true is manifested toward any one of the men.

Neri makes known his scheme of revenge. Ginevra as usual must hang the small alabaster lamp in the window to announce to the approaching lover that all is well and then upon his entrance into the darkened room Neri will meet him with death; either that or Ginevra herself must forfeit her life. Ginevra

can only begin by throwing all blame on the absent lover, her one thought to clear and save herself. “Neri: ‘Well, do you throw him overboard?’ Ginevra: ‘Yes! Kill him if you must! But let me live—’ Neri, contemptuously: ‘You love him, then, as much as you loved me. What a rag you are!’”

For just such an act of attempted vengeance and ultimate cruelty on the part of Neri was Giannetto prepared. His own plan had been quickly laid with the knowledge that the brother had returned from Pisa as his last plea to Neri failed. As soon as Neri was released Giannetto had hastened to Gabriello and arranged with him that the latter should visit Ginevra, disguised in Giannetto’s own white cloak. This is the figure, therefore, that steals into Ginevra’s bedroom under the watchful eye of Neri, concealed there in the darkness. He has first compelled the trembling woman to enter, that the deed performed in her presence shall lose none of its horror.

There is no delay in the hideous succession of events which mark the final cataclysm of destruction. Hate rushes unchecked to its several ends. The brief struggle in the bedroom is succeeded by the rushing out of Ginevra, wild, disheveled, the embodiment of the ultimate bitterness and death of a love that has lost its nature in self and the nothingness to which such utter prostitution must lead. Neri stands at the threshold for a moment triumphant in his bloody deed, gloating over it in a savage burst of hate, only to be confronted by the slender figure of the artist, pale, with a quiet triumph which contrasts with that of the baser brute before him and Neri learns the horrid truth. He has slain his brother, the one being toward whom he was capable of any real love. Because this is so, he has slain his better self, the self that saved him from complete absorption in hate and violence. It is not only this better nature, it is also in fact the brother he has slain, the warm, brave, living body, not the materialistic nature alone, but the body as instrument of true love and its force and power for life. Nothing is left for Neri, the man whose life was summed up in the forceful use or abuse of that body. He plunges now actually into the abyss of madness, where before he had been merely

the plaything of the artist and his jest. All reason is gone. There is nothing more for him but the blindest yielding to every foolish and ungoverned whim, except as he shall fall into the care or the maltreatment, the humanity or the inhumanity of the control of others, in whose hands he is now forever powerless.

This is more than even Giannetto's wildest dreams of revenge had planned. "Now God forgive me! He is mad! Stark mad!" And the artist falls on his knees and tries to pray for his enemy. But what prayer is of avail when all is dead? Self, with the power of love in its hands, had sought only its own. It had turned away from the pathway in which love lives and infuses all that it finds there with power. Self turned back upon itself and hate arose. All the force of self but went to feed hate. Power remained on every hand but it burned destructively and its end was death. Body, mind, and soul were destroyed.

"The Jest" owes its importance and its value upon the stage in part to its skilful representation of the life of an earlier time, a period when the newly awakening intellectual life of the world flourished in an era of political power and of beauty and pleasure. Its language is that of an earlier century—as its setting. Its lesson of dramatized truth is, however, changeless. It lies in the same play of human passions which exist in us today and which sweep on with the same inevitableness to destruction if turned into the pathways of hate. This may not be so easily recognized in the present in the ordinary walks of life for five centuries have brought much restraint and much external emolument of the outward expression of such passions. As language has become more softly veiled, so also has a certain gentleness of manner and of self control come to pass in outward behavior. Yet the passions have not changed. And the fact that they lie more deeply beneath the covering of a progressive culture, though this serves to hold them to a certain extent in wholesome restraint, is also accountable for the lamentable degree in which society has lost sight of the force for which they stand.

Energy is one and the same. There is no difference in the inner essence of a brutal, blustering Neri or of the gentle artist.



whose soul burns itself into a holy religious zeal in his painting, and turns to the deepest poison of hate in the end, nor yet of the shallow and faithless Ginevra, whose power of love, devoted only to her selfish gratification, becomes the source of strife and hurt. All are containers of the energy which moves on to one goal or the other, to love and more life or to hatred and death. Individual personality and circumstances have determined for them different forms of expression or it may be have blocked the expression of such life force. As each personality has thus continued its way or altered it for better or for worse, success or disaster has been the result. And this is the sum and substance of human life today as well as then. No one is a blind and unwilling victim of an inherited personality nor of circumstances but, as with these dramatic characters, choice is always within each personality to be exercised every moment, consciously or unconsciously, for the use of the dynamic force of life. Therefore attention cannot be too often fixed upon these fundamental facts of power which makes up the moving passions of life for good or for ill. The world grows sick from lack of clear knowledge of them and the possibilities in their outpouring to create and construct or the inevitable results when they rush unchecked to destroy.

It is the same today as in the fifteenth century. Beneath the restraints which serve, now as aids to conduct, now as hindrances, the same forces still play, divisions of the one great force, which is the movement of life. In some it moves with the domination of overmastering cruelty, although of a more modern and refined type than in the mercenary soldiers, Neri and Gabriello. In another it burns with the steady glow of success and achievement until it is diverted by disappointment, injustice, or cruelty into a no less forceful activity, though now an unproductive one, as with the frail artist Giannetto. With another it is blocked by stupidity, by adverse circumstances which have not been overcome, perhaps simply by never having found its way to a satisfactory productiveness in spite of waiting avenues of interest, to which the race is sorely blind. Or it is choked by selfishness as that of Ginevra. Even the many lives which

seem undisturbed by such expression of force harbor it no less, too often unaware of its existence themselves and still more unaware of its possibility.

Yet such power is never really still. Its ways of exercise may be surreptitious, roundabout, disguised, often distorted far from their original source in the deep desires and passions of human lives. The unacknowledged, or even unrecognized activity may be manifest in symptoms of unhappiness or of actual neurotic suffering. The power may be expressed by restlessness and dissatisfaction. At the same time it may creep forth in a more active but still unsatisfactory form. Love seldom or never has its perfect work. The poisons of hate, flowing in many directions, are ever at hand. They are not necessarily directed to those to whom one might, even if only in the depths of the unconscious, call one's enemies. As with the artist they can never be active without involving also the self.

The lesson of this drama written in heavy lines cannot be overlooked in its relation to this diversion of the force of life in these universally prevalent ways. Yet its theme is also more clearly definite. It moves in the more fundamental pathways in which man and woman find themselves, in which they meet. It pictures the evil that may be wrought by a self seeking that forgets all but its own gratification, its own selfish establishment, to which it also prostitutes itself. It is this which creates the offensive brutality of a Neri and the brother who duplicates him. Power becomes rampant in its overweening might. Without the will to power life could not proceed but when this has no vision which relates it to one's fellows for mutual welfare but serves only itself, then it gives no place on the earth to one whose service to mankind follows some other pathway. Such a one, if weaker in the physical force to withstand, becomes only the despised prey of the power, which, inflamed by its own boastfulness, as Neri was heated with the hot wine of Cypress, rushes heedless also to its own destruction. The love of a woman is only its own unreasoning gratification. There is no social purpose in such power nor in such love, nor is there any true self realization, only blundering self glorification and

in the end failure. As in Neri and Gabriello, they belong to mercenaries, moved by no impulse of patriotism or other higher motives, but soldiers for hire, for personal gain.

Giannetto's will to power also, directed at first happily to a high and noble service, when it becomes embittered by long oppression and the multiplication of wrong, turns upon the losing path of self seeking. His goal in his well planned jest is not the actual reestablishment of his power, such a true assertion of himself that even his enemies shall be compelled to give him place. Even if such a desire is present to some degree in his first turning to revenge, it is soon stifled in the poisoned satisfaction of outwitting his arch enemy and stealing back from him also the pleasures of which he has been robbed. Though the better feeling asserts itself once more, as his triumph grows supreme, and urges him to prevent the last great crime, in the end he but proceeds to the final consummation of revenge which destroys all. Satisfaction, yes, he wins that in large measure if complete triumph over his enemy can bring it. But the price is a costly one. Destruction to his enemies in body and mind, while he has dared to damn his own soul. If his painting had fallen off earlier because hatred and desire for vengeance had begun their work in his mind, what can be expected of his work henceforth with the curse of accomplished destruction resting upon him?

The power which Ginevra exercises is of a subtler sort but it lacks the dignity even of a well directed hate. She is indeed a bauble for the last bidder. She boasts that perhaps she was born “ to drive with reins of silk two roaring lions ” or to win the poet dreamer to herself. Yet she knows as little of the satisfaction that comes of a well used power as she does of any real contentment from the trinkets which all too easily win her love. “ ‘ Oh, these. I'm tired of them already. ’ (Eagerly) ‘ There is a pearl necklace on the Ponte Vecchio. ’ ” What power her unstained purity may have exercised upon Giannetto's work yields all too quickly to a petulant form of triumph in the trifles with which her favor is bought. These only breed fresh dissatisfaction and stimulus to the wish which craves merely for itself and creates nothing.

Love inspired through the true nature of a charming woman, who realizes herself in a self forgetful outpouring of its strength, is the source of social life. This fundamental element in society, as well as every form of energy striving, or pathway of the will to power which it inspires, belongs to a mutual social adjustment and mutual recognition of each individual's right and particular form of mastery and service. This mutual adaptation forms and cements and continues to evolve society. It requires some sacrifice, some acknowledgment of the weaker by the stronger and of the stronger by the weaker. All this was lacking in the catastrophe to body, mind and soul which the drama represents. Wherever also they failed in the Florence of the fifteenth century the destructive work of hate disturbed and disrupted and hindered the harmonious constructive work of that newly awakened world. Love in its most fundamental sense and in its broadest developments has its way to win in the constructive need with which society is confronted today, individually and collectively in the world tasks newly set. Nevertheless hate may work just as forcefully but destructively, hindering and destroying in the divisions caused by individual seeking set over against such mutual concession and adjustment. Self seeking prostitutes as it seeks only its own, and falsely thinks to content itself with those narrow ends which belong to such seeking. Union of feeling and action is lost sight of in the desperate effort to establish one's self or hold one's lonely individual place against the might with which one dares not unite. Such disunion, whether abroad in wider social events or whether serving narrowly to cut off the individual life to its own pleasures and bitter pains, ends in death. Body, mind and soul fail of their great social birthright of life and are dead.









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