

FIELDING SARGENT

A NOVEL

BY

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LIVING DEAD MAN," ETC.



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*"Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind."*

—EDWIN ARNOLD.

"Because I have shifted a few grains of sand upon the shore, am I in a position to understand the abysmal depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the world's archives before we know the last word concerning a gnat."

—JEAN HENRI FABRE.

"We are confronted with the fact that civilisation, which has been so laboriously built up, has reached a point where its achievements, and the collective customs it has imposed, are no longer in harmony with the needs of the human organisms. Society itself has reached a stage of neurosis."

—CONSTANCE E. LONG, M.D.

FIELDING SARGENT

CHAPTER I

IT was one o'clock in the night, and Fielding Sargent was passing slowly along the dimly-lighted hall near the half-open door of his library.

Suddenly he started back, his skin crawling with fear. Was that a footstep he heard? A gulf seemed to open beneath him, he felt himself falling.

With a bound he gained the shelter of the library, and banging the door behind him, he placed his back against it, pushing with his heavy shoulders as in resistance to some force that pursued him even there. Fumbling awkwardly behind his right hip, his trembling fingers caught and turned the key. He was panting like a runner, his legs shook, and still he stood there with his back against the locked door.

Throwing up his head, he caught sight of his reflection in the long mirror opposite, between the serried bookshelves—a squarely built, strong figure of a man, with thick black hair just graying at the temples, the smoothly-shaven face now putty-colored, the blue eyes staring.

“You fool!” he whispered. “You white-livered, infernal fool! If they could see you now!”

He strode forward into the room and shook himself, like an animal coming out of the water. He drew a long coughing breath. Placing his cold hands together, he rubbed them vigorously back and forth. He grasped his waist with both hands, pulling himself upwards from the hips till he could feel the stretching of his spine. Then with another long explosive breath, he settled back into himself and sat down

before his flat-topped desk, which occupied the centre of the room. It was strewn with books and papers, with letters and packages opened and unopened, a square of chaos in the midst of the orderly cosmos of that ten-thousand-volume library.

As Fielding leaned forward with his elbows on his desk, he regarded fixedly a Corot landscape which he had bought in Paris before the War, because it reminded him of a certain tree on his father's old farm in New Hampshire; but he did not know that he was looking at a painted tree. What was he thinking of? He could not have told. His thoughts, if so they might be called, were below the threshold of consciousness, busied with something buried, long buried. . . .

The striking of the clock recalled him to his surroundings, without suggesting the hour. He drew towards him a pile of unopened letters and selected one at random.

"Mrs. Beverly Anderson announces the marriage of her daughter Margery to Mr. John Farnham, on Saturday, October the nineteenth, nineteen hundred and eighteen."

He threw the thing from him.

"John Farnham," he cried, "married again, and his wife not cold in the grave! Why, she died only in March—shocking! beastly!"

His anger grew, rising from the depths of him. He clenched his fist and would have brought it down on the desk with a bang, had not a sudden inhibition stayed him. He must not be violent. He dared not be violent. Only yesterday he had struggled with an impulse to choke his chauffeur, when the brawny fellow had sheepishly asked for an extra night off. No, he must restrain himself, now more than ever, when everything was so uncertain.

But John Farnham! If he could only tell him what he thought of his behavior, of his disloyalty—

At the thought of that other man's disloyalty he began to

tremble again, and he was furious with himself for the trembling. Involuntarily he glanced behind him. Why, one would think he was afraid of something! He had been afraid a little while ago, but that was different—quite different. And he forced the remembrance away.

He must go through those letters and packages. What a preposterous custom, that of sending letters to a man, letters, always letters, that he had to answer! Another evidence of the stupidity of an absurd and horrible civilization.

A fortnight before he had discharged the stenographer who came to him for an hour or two every morning, discharged her with a month's pay in lieu of notice, because he was tired of watching the silly trick she had of twisting her forefinger round her pencil while waiting for him to dictate. How could a man dictate while forced to observe that senseless performance? And the girl wore on her other shapely hand a diamond ring worth several hundred dollars. Fielding was always wondering where she had got it.

No, he would not answer those letters. He would not even read them. He longed to throw them all in the fire.

He turned towards the chimney— Oh, of course there was no fire there! His beloved used always to have a wood-fire for him in October; but there was no one now who really looked after his comfort, only a houseful of servants and his widowed sister Flora to manage them. It was wearing on her, poor woman! for she was not used to running so complicated an establishment. The house was a nuisance, anyhow, and he would sell it. He only remained there now because of his books. Yes, there had been pleasure in collecting the books, in the days when the possession of things could give him pleasure.

His eyes were drawn to a low shelf in one corner where stood the books of his boyhood, even the old school-dictionary and the illustrated volume of travels in Egypt, still in their old worn bindings. How he had loved them! They would not have seemed the same had they worn the new and ornate leather of his later acquisitions. Rebinding

them would have been like having his dead mother's portrait painted from the old daguerreotype he cherished, like having her painted in a modern ball-gown. The idea made him shudder.

His eyes remained fixed on the sombre back of one of those old books in the corner. He was not thinking now, not consciously. . . .

The clock chimed the quarter-hour, and he remembered that he still had letters to read. He picked up another one. Whose handwriting was that? It seemed vaguely familiar, vaguely and menacingly familiar.

"Dear Mr. Sargent," he read, then turned to the signature, "Marie Balfour."

He laid it down, then picked it up, then laid it down again. Why was she writing to him? He thought she was in France, doing something in a canteen, or was it nursing for the Red Cross?

(*This is not a "war story."* The events recorded merely happened to begin just before the armistice, when Fielding Sargent's great psychological adventure first reached a critical stage. Its course might have been similar had there been no war; though that is only a supposition, for the World Struggle which changed everything affected most of all the souls of men.)

Picking up the letter for the third time, Fielding saw that it was dated, "New York, October 18, 1918." So she was in New York! An old friend of his wife's. He could read it through now.

DEAR MR. SARGENT:

Congratulations on your birthday—forty-five, is it not? Or can it be thirty-five?

Something reminded me of you one day in Lyons, and I found a little souvenir for you. That is what our home friends all seemed to expect from us who were over there—that and letters, which we had no time to write.

You will find the souvenir in a little box.

He smiled. He had forgotten that it was his birthday. Now what could she have sent him? And why indeed should she send him anything? Turning over several packages on the table, he found a small one addressed in that handwriting now quite familiar again. He cut the string. The little box was heavy for its size, and when he opened it and unrolled a sheet of tissue paper, there was a beautifully carved sphinx in old yellow ivory. The sort of thing he loved! How perfect it was, like the work of—

Suddenly he gasped, and a chilly horror struggled in his breast. There could be no doubt about it, something was *scratching* on the panel of the door, that locked door.

He listened, holding his breath . . . Only the ticking of the clock now disturbed the silence of the house. But he was not to be misled into thinking he had imagined it; only crazy men imagined sounds that had no existence. To be frightened by an unseen presence in the hall, a little while ago, was normal enough. The newspapers lately had been full of such things. Even scientists were writing and lecturing about them. But if he had heard a scratching on the door, then somebody had scratched on the door.

This reasoning so occupied his mind that he did not hear the pounding of his heart. After glancing uneasily behind him again, he decided that the proper course of action for a rational man in a brilliantly lighted room was to pay no attention to the interruption, but to go right on with what he had been doing. What had he been doing? Oh, yes!—examining that bit of ivory which a war-worker in France had selected for a war-manufacturer in America, both doing their bit in loyal fashion. He, it is true, had sold out his business after putting it on a war basis; but she also had quit, evidently, as she had come home. Why had she come home, he wondered?

That was a delicious bit of ivory cutting, and he would place it in his Chinese cabinet in the drawing-room downstairs. He touched it with tentative fingers, looked in its yellow face—

Again he heard that scratching on the panel of the door.

With calculated slowness, he opened the bottom drawer of the desk and dropped in the ivory sphinx. But he shut the drawer with a bang that echoed through the quiet house.

"Bedtime," he said aloud, as if speaking to someone. "Why, it's two o'clock!"

The door of his bedroom opened into the library, and he sat looking at it, pondering. Had he turned off the light in there, when he went down to dinner hours before? He sometimes did it still, unconsciously, from early economical habit. Also had he left open the other door which led into the shadowy hall? . . .

It was quarter-past two when he rose from his chair at last. Humming bravely an old Gospel hymn, "I'm the child of a King, the child of a King," etc., with decided step he went to the bedroom door and flung it open.

The room was in bright light, and the door beyond was safely closed. Fielding switched off the light in the library and closed that door behind him. His fears were gone for the moment; but he did not neglect the little formula of protection which he had devised at about the time when he retired from active business.

Always before going to bed now, he took from a secret drawer in an antique secretary a little marble image of the Madonna, which he had found one day in a shop window and had bought, because it reminded him vaguely of something.

He held it in his hand, repeating a part only of the angelic salutation, "Ave Maria, blessed art thou among women . . . pray for us!" and slipped it under his pillow. It was a protection against demonic powers. He did not really believe in demonic powers, but he felt safer with the Madonna near him.

He was lying now in the great bed, gazing at the carved figure of an angel which guarded the foot; between the Madonna and the angel he felt doubly protected. And then

he forgot both Madonna and angel, and his mind labored on automatically.

"And why did you leave your old partner?"

"I wanted leisure for study."

"And what did you do with the money?"

"I bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty bonds."

"And what did you do with the rest?"

"I object to that question as irrelevant and immaterial."

"Objection sustained."

"And why did you also sell out your interest in the Raphael Studio Building?"

"I wanted to get rid of it—the real estate, I mean."

"Did you inherit money?"

"I am a self-made man."

"And how did you pay your way through college?"

"I had a scholarship."

"And how did you get your first start in business?"

"Objected to as—"

And so on and on his tired brain spun webs of questions and answers—this time it seemed to be his examination and justification on the charge of dishonesty with his old business partner—for half an hour, an hour, two hours maybe, because in that state of consciousness there is no measure of time. Then, starting at the rattle of an early milk-wagon in the street below, he turned off the light beside the bed and fell asleep at last.

He dreamed that he was stumbling heavily along through a desert of loose sand. Deeper and deeper his feet sank in the yielding, clinging mass; it pressed against his ankles, it bound the calves of his legs, it hurt his knees as he labored forward muttering, "I must get out of this!"

Pursued by a strong wind, a ghostly wind that carried voices, he was making his way towards something that loomed in the distance, large and possibly kind, with two

bright eyes beneath its sloping bonnet, and hands that would clasp his, if he could reach them.

And now he was near the goal. He raised his hand to the latch. And the huge, bright-eyed, bonneted *sphinx* lifted its paw and touched him. . . .

Striving to escape he found himself half out of bed, his feet entangled in the blanket, one hand as he fell backwards clutching unconsciously at the carved angel which guarded the bed's foot.

It was broad daylight. The sun was shining on the re-awakened city of New York, far from the desert sands, and Fielding Sargent, struggling out of his nightmare and his bed, made ready to face another day.

CHAPTER II

IN the Jacobean dining-room, sombre with old oak carvings and rich with tapestries, three persons sat at table—not waiting for the fourth, whose appearances at breakfast in his own house were irregular enough to add the spice of variety to an always informal meal.

Beside the silver coffee-urn was Fielding Sargent's elder sister, Flora. Her name had been an asset thirty years before, when it called attention to roses then in blossom; but to-day it seemed to the sensitive, gray-brown woman an ironical reminder of a springtime that would not come again. No one else was conscious of the incongruity. Every age has its charm, for all but the one who changes.

Her daughter Barbara seemed rosier than usual this morning, more golden-haired and "curly-girlie." Even Howard Sinclair, though he claimed to have burned the midnight electricity in the composition of a sonnet, seemed youthfully alive in all his slender six-foot-one of height, refreshed as by a draught from some fountain more personal than the Pierian.

"How does the man preserve that boy's complexion?" thought Flora Dana. "Why, he's nearly as old as I am!"

When his friends asked him the question, Howard usually answered that any freshness they might feel about him was due to the pure air of his Staten Island estate. Those who had visited the "estate," a half-acre and a cottage which had been given him by his old school-friend Fielding Sargent, never declined a second invitation, especially in summer, when the little house was sometimes so full at a week-end that the younger men roughed it by sleeping on hay-bales in the barn and washing in a tin basin if the tide

was low in the morning. Fielding had nicknamed his friend's old gray horse "Mallarmé's donkey," because it resembled that historic animal as Sinclair's sonnets resembled Mallarmé's—by having the same number of feet.

The poet was supposed to live the year round on Staten Island, which had been chosen as an ideal place for writing; but there was a room in the Thirty-fifth Street house which was called his, and he came and went as he pleased, spending a night there or a week, as if Fielding had been his brother.

Howard had always been a widower, Barbara once said to an inquiring stranger. Her mother had reproved her for flippancy. That was before the poet's son Theodore, coming home from Oxford, had fallen in love with Barbara. Young Sinclair was now in Washington, "doing something in ordnance," as his father said, while secretly praising God for the boy's astigmatic eyes.

"Isn't that Fielding's step in the library up-stairs?" And Sinclair passed his cup for more coffee.

The sister nodded.

"I didn't see him last night," Sinclair told them, "though there was a light under his door when I went up to my room, after the dinner-party. Strange, his having declined so charming an invitation! How is he? I haven't seen him for a fortnight."

"Very well, indeed," Flora answered. "But you know he's always the same, so calm, so rational, so everything that I am not."

"Self-reproaching again, Mumsey?" Barbara smiled at her mother, who half-smiled back, and sighed.

"Fielding wasn't cursed with the artistic temperament," declared the poet, "and that's one of the reasons why I love him. I never envied him his millions, at least I don't believe I ever did; but I've often envied him his poise. If I struggled for a thousand years I could never attain it."

"One doesn't attain poise by struggling," Barbara philosophized. "One just goes quietly about one's work."

"And where did you dig up that jewel of wisdom?" asked Sinclair, who still regarded her as a "flapper."

"I didn't dig it up myself. Uncle Fielding said it yesterday."

"And *à propos* of what?"

"I didn't think it was *à propos* of anything. We were in the drawing-room, and he was looking out of the window, with his hands clasped behind him—you know the way he has."

Sinclair asked for news of their ex-butler, who had volunteered for ambulance service at the front, and had not been replaced in the household.

"Good old Barnes!" Barbara smiled. "He's covering us with reflected glory. He's been mentioned in the French newspapers for valor under fire. It seems he did something specially hazardous which saved a great officer's life. Oh, we're awfully puffed-up about Barnes!"

At that moment the master of the house came in to breakfast, greeting the two women with a smile and shaking hands with Sinclair.

"What do you say to a canter in the park?" he asked, gaily.

"Wish I could," said the poet, "but I've promised to see an editor around ten o'clock."

Barbara waited, thinking the offer of the second horse would turn in her direction, but there was no hint of it forthcoming.

"Did you sleep well, Uncle Fielding?"

"Like a top."

"I wish I had your nerves," said Sinclair.

"I wish you had!"

The brilliant blue eyes of his host looked straight into his for a moment, then turned to the grape-fruit before him. There was something in that glance which startled Howard Sinclair; it reminded him of something—he could not remember what—which had happened a long time ago. . . . It was not until three days later, while gazing at the bay

from Staten Island, that he recalled an incident of their very early boyhood in New Hampshire. Fielding, without a word of preliminary reproach, had suddenly knocked him down with a stick of wood. Even when reconciliation came about through the awkward offices of other boys, the assault was never explained. "I felt like it," was all the sullen "Fieldie" could be forced to say.

But though Howard did not recall the incident this morning at the breakfast-table, the other man did, and it made him uneasy. Suppose he should do a thing like that again, without the irresponsibility of childhood to excuse him! He turned back to his guest with a brave smile:

"And how went the dinner last night?"

"I enjoyed myself even more than usual. But that's one of the many great virtues of the country, it makes you love the gaieties of the city."

"Oh, Uncle Fielding! Who do you think was there?"

"Well, Barbara, who *was* there?"

"Mrs. Marie Balfour."

He hesitated only a moment—"But wasn't she in France?"

"Yes, till a fortnight ago, and she tells such fascinating stories about her life over there."

"As I remember," and Fielding seemed not so easily to remember, "she was always telling stories about her life in Europe; she had lived there off and on, I think, since she was five. But I haven't seen her for two or three years."

"She's perfectly charming! Isn't she, mother?"

"She always was," Flora Dana said, without enthusiasm. "I never saw much of her; though she and Alice were very friendly at one time, weren't they, Fielding?"

"I think so; but you know Alice had so many charming friends.—Is there anything in the newspaper this morning, Barbara?" He meant war news.

"Yes, such a funny thing! A man in Michigan killed his wife—"

Sinclair chuckled. "Is that your idea of a funny thing? Oh, these modern young ladies!"

"But wait. He killed his wife because she was always scratching on the door of his room when he wanted to be alone."

Fielding was conscious of a sinking in the pit of his stomach. Carefully he laid back on his plate a morsel of egg that had been on the tip of his fork, and he heard Barbara going on:

"Nobody had accused or suspected the man; he just suddenly confessed and gave himself up. People thought his wife had died naturally of heart failure, but it seems he ran out at her one night when she scratched at the door—"

At that moment the waitress came to Mr. Sargent's side: "There's a policeman in the hall, sir, who wants to see you."

"A policeman. . . . Oh, yes! Just ask him to step into the library."

"But the door is locked, sir."

"Go through my bedroom and open it. I remember locking it on the inside last night."

The maid went out.

"Have you gone into politics?" Sinclair suggested.

"Or have we a spy in the house?" gasped Flora Dana. "I've always suspected that Swedish girl—"

"She's too good-looking not to be suspected," Sinclair grinned. "It's funny about the Swedes. Even the ugly ones have a way with 'em."

"If it's her," said Barbara, who had recently graduated from a two-thousand-dollars-a-year school for the daughters and nieces of rich men, "if it's her, you'll have to bail her out, Uncle Fielding; for she's making me a pink satin dress that's going to be a dream of beauty and economy."

"Spies are never *bailed* out, little one," Sinclair reminded her. "They're *taken* out in the gray dawn—"

"Don't!" breathed Flora Dana.

Fielding Sargent cleared his throat.

"While you three weave romances," he said, rising, "I'll go up and see what the fellow wants. Probably a subscription for something or other."

At the door he turned: "Excuse me, won't you? And don't wait for me to come back. I've finished my breakfast. Sorry you can't ride with me, Howard."

His legs were very heavy as he climbed the stairs, they seemed to drag him downward. His tongue was dry, and he wished he had taken a glass of water before leaving the dining-room; but it would never do to turn round and go back for it. What could a policeman want of him?

But when he went into the library—the door had been left wide open—there were two policemen sitting there, with their backs to the light. He closed the door behind him, bade them a pleasant but dignified good-morning, and sat down in his usual place by the desk, turning in the swivel-chair so that he faced them.

"Yes," he said, looking from one to the other.

They asked his name, age and parentage, his race, how long his ancestors had been in the country. He gave the answers mechanically.

"Own this house?" asked the one on the right.

"Yes."

"Lived here long?"

"About seven years."

"Pretty well-known in the neighborhood?"

"Probably. I never thought about it."

"Where did you live before you bought this house?"

"For ten years in a large apartment in Fortieth Street."

They asked his occupation.

"Retired manufacturer of engines." And he gave them the name of the Iron Works in New Jersey.

"When did you retire?"

"Early in the year."

"Any special reason?"

"Must one have a special reason for retiring?"

"One generally has."

He smiled at them. "Is the wish to study an adequate reason for retiring?"

"It might be," the older one admitted. "Done anything for the War?"

"Done anything?" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Got any Liberty bonds?"

"Yes, quite a few."

"How many?"

"Do you mean in value?"

"Yes."

"About a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

The policemen exchanged glances.

"Perhaps you'll tell me," Fielding said, "what this is all about."

"Why," said the man on the left, a pleasant-looking Irishman about thirty years old, "we received a letter at the station-house saying that you were a very dangerous man, that a light was generally burning all night in one of your up-stairs rooms, that you went in and out of the house at all hours of the night—"

"And who wrote this letter?"

"It was signed Loyal Citizen."

A brief silence followed, while he looked at the policemen and the policemen looked at him.

"I suppose," he said, "that you receive quite a number of such letters these days."

"A hundred or two every week."

"And are they all signed Loyal Citizen?"

"The most illiterate ones, generally, though the handwriting varies. Some are signed Mother of a Soldier, they complain about loafers. Some sign A Hero's Wife, they make charges against women. But most of the foreign-looking letters are signed Loyal Citizen."

"And do you look up all these people anonymously accused?"

"Oh, we try to! Sometimes we get in arrears."

"And do you generally find," Fielding asked, "that there is anything in these charges?"

"Occasionally—not often; one time in a hundred or two, maybe."

"It must be interesting work," said Fielding.

"Not very."

The men rose to go, and Fielding rose also.

"By the way," the older one added, "what sort of help have you, Mr. Sargent?"

"All sorts. I really don't know, because my sister attends to the house. You don't need to see her, do you?"

"No, I guess not. We've a lot to do this morning."

"I suppose," said Fielding, "you get many letters accusing women, working women especially, domestic servants—"

"Yes, we get 'em, as I say, by the hundreds."

"How do the women take it, the old ones, the young ones, the sick ones, the foreign ones?"

"Oh, variously!"

"Of course," Fielding assured them, "no sensible American would take it personally. New York is a city packed with foreigners, and we are at war."

He heard the front door close behind the men, then his sister's step on the polished stairs. He went out to meet her.

"It's nothing," he said, almost crossly for him. "If you have any foreign women here who may be frightened at the sight of a policeman, tell them the men were selling tickets for a dance."

"Then it wasn't the Swedish girl?"

"Don't be silly, Flora!"

This was an old formula for getting rid of his sister, and he used it only on special occasions. That this was for him a very special occasion he knew quite well before he had re-closed the library door.

He sat at his desk for an hour, the prey of stranger emotions than he had ever known, even stranger emotions than he had known the night before and during many

scattered hours through days and nights for weeks, when morbid terrors had him by the vitals.

"It's all infernal nonsense," his reason muttered from time to time. "I'm sick, and that's all there is of it." But reason helped him not at all.

At last he reached for the telephone, and called his old friend and family physician, Millard Freeman.

"Will you," he said, "do me a great favor? Will you call my sister on the 'phone, make yourself agreeable to her, and then just casually ask if I am at home? Say you want to show me some cameos or other things from your collection, and come over here as soon as ever you can?"

"Can't you come to the office?"

"Sorry, but I can't go out just now."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. But in heaven's name don't let Flora or anybody else suspect that I need help! It's nerves, perhaps. I'll never sneer at nerves again."

"Don't sneer at them," the doctor advised. "They're worthy of immense respect—at times."

Fielding hung up the receiver, and the horror settled over him again. He remembered grimly that he had recently advised Flora not to be silly.

CHAPTER III

DR. FREEMAN had been a general practitioner too long to be easily surprised, but Fielding's first question confused him.

"Will you tell me what my wife really died of?"

For a moment the doctor could not remember. He had a very large practice.

"Why," he was tentative, "why do you ask?"

"Was her heart trouble something that would have killed her anyhow?"

"Oh, yes! Of course. Just so."

"I wish you had made a post-mortem examination."

"But, my dear man, it was utterly unnecessary. I remember the case perfectly." (He did now.) "You said something about nerves."

The conversation between Fielding Sargent and his doctor lasted nearly an hour; but at the end of that time the doctor knew only a little more of the real facts than he had inferred from the spontaneous call for help over the telephone. The answers he was able to elicit now were not spontaneous. He suggested a physical examination, but the immediate result was negative, and he had no reason to suppose that the laboratory findings would reveal anything sinister. There was nothing the matter, apparently, with that strong body; even the sleeplessness was of recent date. Questioned about the obvious preoccupation with his wife's last illness, Fielding thought he had begun to worry soon after her death, or perhaps about the time he gave up business. He admitted a fear that the house was haunted; but until he heard that scratching the night before there had been no unusual sounds about the place, he

had seen nothing that suggested the supernatural, nor had he ever been interested in such things.

"Have you rats in the attic?" the doctor asked.

Fielding jumped from his chair—then sat down again, flushed and uneasy.

"I don't know," he muttered. "I never saw any rats here."

"What makes you think your dead wife would want to come back?"

"But I don't know."

"She never said she would?"

"No—that is, I don't remember that she did."

The doctor rubbed the yellow beard upon his left cheek. He had been doing that at intervals for thirty years, but if any one had asked him why he did it, his answer might have been no more enlightening than Fielding's answers to his questions. Working twelve or fourteen hours a day at easing pain and saving lives and in persuading human bodies to function as they should, he had no time to find the more obscure and stubborn psychological causes which determine the actions of mankind. But his interest in those causes was immense, and no one knew better than he where the province of drugs ended and something else began.

"I could give you," he said, "a powder to make you sleep. We might break the habit of lying awake; but as you can't tell me what you think of when you lie awake—"

"That's it," Fielding assented, "I can't tell you, because it's all so vague."

"I know a man," the doctor smiled, "who could find out what you think of, a man who could find out what's really the matter. You believe this trouble began about the time you gave up your business?"

"I began to notice it then."

"Which only means, perhaps, that you had time to notice it. There remains the possibility that the cause of all this—or the determining factor—lies a long way back. Now I have a colleague who understands these things. He

knows the mind as I know the body—rather better, I should say.”

“You don’t think I’m going crazy?”

“No. And I don’t even think your horrors, as you call them, have any physical basis. I might have thought so once, before I knew Dr. Sigurd Aubrey. You’d better go and see him.”

“Who is he?” Fielding shrank back into himself at the thought of facing a stranger.

“He’s a neurologist, an analytical psychologist, a psychoanalyst.” The doctor thus gradually led up to the word that might prove startling.

But Fielding was leaning forward eagerly. “Is he one of those men who analyze dreams?”

“Yes, dreams and other things. He’s very busy always, and I don’t know, of course, whether he’ll have time for you. Shall I call him now, and try to make an appointment?” He reached for the telephone which stood on the desk.

“Wait a minute.” Fielding grasped his arm. “I don’t know—” The self-defensive uncertainty showed itself, as the doctor expected it would. “Will he ask me all sorts of questions?”

“I couldn’t say just what he will do.”

“But don’t you understand his method?”

“I wish I did.”

“Are you sure he’s absolutely trustworthy?”

“Oh, absolutely!” The doctor half smiled and his cheek grew pink, but the other man did not notice it. “Someone I know very well is a patient of his.”

He wrote the name, address and telephone number of Dr. Sigurd Aubrey on a slip of paper, which he laid on the desk.

“It’s my prescription,” he said, rising and holding out his hand. “You needn’t decide this morning. But if you telephone Dr. Aubrey, tell him I suggested it, and he’ll probably find time for you somehow.”

"But just what is psychoanalysis?" the man insisted.

"Dr. Sigurd Aubrey says that it is simply a method, a technique, an art."

When Dr. Freeman had gone, Fielding wondered why he had not given him at least a card of introduction to this stranger, why he had thrown him entirely on his own initiative.

He glanced at the clock. It was half-past twelve. There was luncheon to face presently and the chatter of luncheon. Howard would be there, doubtless, boasting of the last poem he had sold to *Harpers* or the *Century*. Barbara, with her childish curiosity, would ask him about the policemen. . . . He sighed explosively, and his legs grew weak. Why hadn't the doctor given him a sleeping draught? Of course he had not mentioned policemen to the doctor—that was really too absurd! A man did not want to be taken for a fool.

The problem of luncheon was serious, for he had held himself so tightly heretofore that even the little talk with Freeman had relaxed him dangerously. He must not give himself away. It would be such a relief to say that he was ill and to go to bed; but that would bring Flora up with the scared look on her face which he had dreaded since he could remember anything.

He went softly down-stairs and out of the house, intending to go to the Park Avenue Hotel and eat a peaceful luncheon; but when he reached the door of the hotel his legs began to tremble. For a moment he stood stock still, then turned and walked quickly away, as if something were pursuing him.

He went into the Hotel Vanderbilt, where he found a vacant table and ordered his solitary meal.

Another solitary man at a neighboring table stole furtive glances at him from time to time. Couldn't he go anywhere without being stared at, as if he were some sort of curiosity? If he could only get away from the human race for a while! Some member of the human race had

denounced him to the police as a suspicious character. Perhaps it was that very man sitting opposite. How could he ever find out for sure who had done it? Like most rich men, he had received anonymous letters in the past; but they had not troubled him—so far as he could remember. Why was he troubled now? It was all his infernal nerves, of course. He must go through his desk this afternoon and destroy anything that might look suspicious, if his papers should be searched. What would they look for? Evidences of disloyalty. . . .

He breathed so heavily that the waiter came to his elbow and asked if he wanted anything more. No, he wanted only the bill, which he paid with a five-dollar note and forgot to wait for change.

Re-entering his house, he passed the tall Swedish girl in the hall. The encounter annoyed him; it was as if she were lying in wait.

"Do you know where my sister is?" he asked gently.

"She's lunching out, sir, with Miss Barbara and Mr. Sinclair."

The coast was clear then. Though he was never disturbed in his library, except on important business, he only felt really free now when they were all out of the house. Locking both doors, he set to work to examine the contents of his desk.

The first thing he saw was that slip of paper with Dr. Sigurd Aubrey's address and telephone number. What carelessness, to have gone out and left it lying there! Had anyone been in the room while he was out? Uneasily he glanced around. What was that white thing on the floor? He went over and picked up with two fingers a woman's lace-edged handkerchief, smelling faintly of pond-lily. . . . He threw it from him with a fury out of proportion to the offending object.

He rang the bell and waited. A gray-haired domestic came to the door.

"Whose handkerchief is that?" he demanded sternly.

The woman picked it up and looked at it.

"It's that Hilda!" she said, with tight lips.

Alone again, Fielding closed and re-locked the door, restraining an impulse to set his back against it as he had done the night before.

But at that moment an unseen pedestrian passed the house, merrily whistling *Dixie*.

A sudden change came over Fielding, and he smiled. What coquetry in that girl, dropping her dainty lace handkerchief in his room! Perhaps she had bought it on purpose.

Looking up, he again saw himself reflected in the long mirror opposite, a distinguished figure of a man with ruddy cheeks and dark hair only slightly gray at the temples. His fury was melted now, while he gazed at himself as if under a spell, for the brilliant blue eyes gazing back at him seemed the eyes of another being. Leaving the door he drew nearer, fascinated by that sudden vision of his real soul. He recognized himself, for the first time in many weeks, or was it many months? And he smiled again.

"I must get out of this!" he said to the reflection in the glass.

The words, reminding him of his morning nightmare, somehow broke the spell which those *other* eyes had cast upon him. But he was for the moment not altogether unlike what his friends supposed him to be.

Almost jauntily now he went to the task before him, beginning to open and read that pile of neglected letters. The first envelope contained one of his labored sonnets and an editor's printed rejection slip. He had received so many rejections that the fine edge of disappointment had been somewhat dulled; or perhaps he had pushed it down with the other disturbing things below his mental threshold. He was near to accepting the fact that he could not be a popular poet after the formula of Howard Sinclair. Rejections were not pleasant, but they did not touch those sorest spots in him which winced so abnormally at the pres-

sure of other things which unaided reason would have pronounced trivial. (He who goes fishing in the deeps of man with no other hook than reason may catch something now and then, but from his hook will never dangle the real cause of any human action.)

Fielding's great solace was in writing poems, in that communion with the inner self whence all art springs. Had he been successful he might have cured himself by that means—temporarily. But with every rejection from the outer world he went a little deeper into his inner world, at first in self-defence, and then for the pleasure of phantasy. He never got so far that signals from the outside failed to reach him, never lost himself in the *one life* that waits with open jaws to swallow those who lose all interest in the task of adaptation to the many lives. For he was by nature outgoing, and he yearned for the many. So he suffered. And his friends would have deemed his suffering an escape—had they known anything about it, or anything really about the pull of psychic gravitation.

It was in turning over Mrs. Balfour's letter about the sphinx—and the letter also smelled of pond-lily—that Fielding found himself in trouble again. Sheer stupid terror seized and bore him down.

In the mental occupation of going through his correspondence for evidences of disloyalty, he had half forgotten that some unknown person had accused him of political disloyalty; but that whiff of pond-lily now made him think of Hilda and her lace handkerchief. She had always reminded him of something or somebody; his intuition had told him she was dangerous, and she had been in this library during his absence, she had been round his desk where lay that telltale name and address of the man who could read thoughts, that Doctor Sigurd something. The paper was now safe in his pocket.

Flora had been right in her suspicions. The girl should be sent from the house, with a letter of recommendation, of course, and a sum of money; but she could not stay

under his roof any longer. Was she a spy of the enemy of America? Or was she a police spy, placed there to watch him?

How was he to get rid of that girl? Oh, Flora would attend to that—trust her! Alice would have done it. . . .

At the thought of his dead wife in this crisis he could hardly restrain himself. Something must be destroyed—but what? He pulled out drawers and searched wildly, not knowing just what sort of thing would seem incriminating. Oh, his poems! What had he written in his poems? He had seen accounts in the newspapers of such things being read in open court. But how could he destroy all his sonnets, that he had labored over so lovingly, or how determine which ones must be sacrificed?

He seized the large envelope which contained the lot, and began to read them. The first one affected him like a blow in the solar plexus. It was called *Longing*, and began:

“I would destroy the powers that menace me.”

Surely, he thought, the powers that menaced him were the powers whose representatives had called that morning—the *restraining* powers. Yes, that was a dangerous sentiment, and might be misunderstood.

He read the rest of the sonnet, which seemed harmless; so he took his long shears and cut off the opening line and the title. Several other poems suffered a like fate, losing a word, or a line, too fiercely testifying to his soul's rebellion. He felt that he was destroying the proofs of something.

“If I should be questioned,” he told himself, “I would say that that was my method of revision, cutting out lines which did not satisfy me. It's plausible enough.”

And he destroyed quantities of innocent old letters, on the suspicion that there might be something in them which could be “misinterpreted.”

In one of the drawers of his desk he found a small vial red-labelled with the chemist's skull and cross-bones and

marked "poison." Moistening the label he rubbed it to a pulp, then poured the contents of the vial down the waste-pipe. He did not know what it was, perhaps something left over from his wife's last illness. Where could he hide the empty vial? Yes, in his breast-pocket, and at midnight he would go down to the cellar and throw it under something.

As he rested a moment from his labors, his wandering eye observed the morning newspaper. Idly he picked it up—why, someone had marked an article with a blue pencil and left it on his desk! It was the story of the man who had killed his wife because she scratched on the door. He did not connect Barbara with the newspaper; it suggested a hidden enemy, a veiled attack from ambush.

The empty and now markless vial in his pocket caused him uneasiness. How could he explain it, if at any moment the police should return and search him? Every step in the hall outside made him start and hold his breath.

The afternoon passed all too quickly, before he reached the bottom drawer; and when the dinner-bell rang he went down-stairs mechanically, without even putting on a black coat.

There was no one in the dining-room but his sister, who began to tell him the domestic news. Sinclair had returned to Staten Island, Barbara had gone to visit a friend in New Rochelle for a few days, and the girl Hilda had left suddenly without notice, after a mysterious and hysterical fit of weeping.

"It was all so strange," Flora said, with her scared look. "I believe the girl *was* a spy, and we are well rid of her."

"Yes," her brother assented, "we are well rid of her."

That night he carefully extinguished the lights at eleven o'clock, in both his library and bedroom.

CHAPTER IV

BEFORE three o'clock the next day Fielding was on his way to the office of Dr. Sigurd Aubrey.

While he was clearing out the bottom drawer of the desk, where the ivory sphinx was hidden, the discovery of a bundle of his wife's old letters had been the last straw on the load he was carrying. He had had a horrible feeling of suffocation. Could she have guided the hand of the unknown coward who had denounced him? He dared not burn the letters, for fear she might know it and punish him from the Invisible, and he dared not keep them—even in the safe. They were in his breast-pocket now, as he walked the few blocks between his house and the office of the analyst.

What sort of place was he going into? he wondered. Phantasies of walking into an insane asylum troubled him all the way. Dr. Freeman was a good fellow, but if one had to get a man under restraint. . . .

The address was that of an office building, prosaic and unfearsome. Fielding was used to office buildings, he even owned a small one further downtown. Entering the wide doorway, he smiled at his recent fears of walking into a trap.

But the doctor's waiting-room was hung and furnished in blended shades of brown. It had a peculiar effect upon him, making him uneasy.

His curiosity about the "dream doctor" was immense. Was he old or young, tall or short, dark or fair? What should he say to him? How explain his illness? In days gone by he had called upon men who were powers in the world, empire-builders, wizards of finance and science; but he had never been uneasy in their reception-rooms.

He had not long to wait. A business-like clerk, so Fielding classed him, came to the door and said cheerfully:

"The doctor will see you now."

He crossed the corridor and went into a small room so unobtrusively furnished that he saw nothing in it save a desk, two or three chairs, and a man.

The man was tall and slender, dark-haired and smooth shaven, quiet, and very well-dressed. He held out a friendly hand, murmured a conventional greeting, motioned his caller to an easy-chair, and sat down behind his desk.

Fielding looked at him, and he looked back, smiling a little. His lean face lighted sympathetically when he smiled.

Fielding knew that he ought to say something, but he could not think of anything to say. After a few seconds the doctor leaned forward kindly:

"You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. I wanted to see somebody—who would understand."

"I'll try to understand."

There was another silence, while a thousand things in the man's bosom struggled with each other as to which should come out first, struggled so hard that nothing came out. He gazed helplessly at Dr. Aubrey.

"Is it so long, then, since you've had anyone to talk to?"

"Oh, I've never had anyone that I could talk to, without evasions of some sort! Perhaps that's what's the matter with me."

"It is, sometimes."

"I'm afraid of going crazy, Doctor."

"Why?"

"Because I have such queer ideas. I'm afraid, and I don't know what I'm afraid of."

"Most people who are nervously afraid," said the doctor, "don't know what they are *really* afraid of. All such fears are at bottom the fear of life. The retrogressive tendency struggles with the forward-driving tendency. Fears may be called negative wishes."

"Oh, wishes!" He took up the word, as if weighing its possibilities, then laid it down again.

"I was even afraid to come here," he went on. "I thought it might be an asylum."

"And what is your idea of an asylum?"

"Why, it might be a place of rest. But—" he spoke with sudden passion—"I'm not ready for that."

The doctor made no reply. This display of feeling told him there was more to follow, that this man was not so quiet as he tried to appear.

"I thought I wanted to rest, to study," Fielding said, "so I retired from business, sold out my interest in the engine works; but I can't rest, my mind jumps from one thing to another, I go from one book to another. I have thousands of books, and buy more all the time; but books don't satisfy me. I thought I wanted to write poetry. I've written forty sonnets, and no editor will take one. They all come back to me. The other day I read a reference to myself in a newspaper; they called me a successful man, and printed my picture with those of a lot of other fellows who had made money—one of them in soap. A successful man! What's the good of success if you haven't got what you want? 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

The doctor's eyes brightened. "And what do you want?"

"I don't know."

"We'll have to find out, then. Did you feel any special aversion to engines?"

Fielding shifted uneasily in his chair, and the doctor, toying with a pencil, made a quick hieroglyphic note on the back of an envelope that was lying on his desk. Fielding saw it.

"Oh! you write shorthand?"

"Yes. It's very useful, isn't it? The system I use is practically obsolete, and I blend it with characters from one of the Oriental languages."

He looked at his patient; but the man did not even ask

which of the Oriental languages would help to conceal the records of his case.

"You don't mind my taking an occasional note?"

"Not if you're sure that no soul but yourself can read them."

"I'm quite sure. So," he smiled, "it comes down to the problem of you and me."

The locution was peculiar, and Fielding pondered it a moment before answering: "Of course, I understand that."

"By the way," said the doctor irrelevantly, "what a good fellow Dr. Freeman is!"

"Yes. He treated my wife in her last illness. My wife died of heart-disease."

The doctor now wrote slowly in longhand at the head of a sheet of paper, "heart-disease"; but his patient did not remind him that he was forgetting to use the secret system.

"You might," said the doctor casually, "tell me something about your marriage."

"Oh! My marriage!"

A dead silence followed. After a while the doctor took from his hip-pocket a gold cigarette case.

"Do you smoke?" he asked.

"I used to smoke."

"Gave it up?"

"Yes. I thought it was hurting me."

"You began to smoke rather early, I suppose?"

"Yes, but my mother made a fuss about it, so for years I only smoked occasionally on the sly. After my mother died I stopped smoking for a long time."

"Why?"

The middle-aged successful man was confused as a schoolboy. He seemed unable to answer.

"That feeling is not so very unusual, even in mature life," the doctor observed. "I once knew an atheist who thought his dead father knew everything he was doing. He didn't believe in the immortality of the soul, yet he was afraid to go into a dark room alone for fear of his father's ghost."

Fielding admitted a certain fear of the dark, not only in boyhood but even in the present. "But," he added, "I'm not an atheist."

"What are you, then?"

This question also confused him.

"Put it then in another way," the doctor suggested, watchfully. "What do you really believe in?"

"I believe in the power of thought. That is, I think I do."

"Whose thought?"

"I have sometimes," he ventured, "almost believed that my wife wanted me dead."

"What for?"

"Why. . . ."

"Do you think her thought could kill you?"

"It might have."

The doctor did not call his attention to this mixing of past and present.

Fielding felt obliged to explain. "Of course we were loyally attached to each other."

In the pause that followed, he noticed that the doctor was apparently doing finger-exercises on the large brown blotter which covered his desk.

"Oh!" said Fielding, "do you play?"

The doctor smiled. "Excuse me," he said, "but I also have an unconscious. Yes, my greatest pleasure is in playing the piano. Are you fond of music?"

"Very."

"Then I'll play for you some day, perhaps."

Dr. Aubrey leaned back in his chair and gazed dreamily into space. Fielding also gazed into space. . . .

After a time he said: "My mother used to play for me, on a little old piano, and she gave me music lessons. You'll think it ridiculous, Doctor, but I was imagining just now that *you* were giving me music lessons. Why does my mind behave like that?"

"Why, everybody's mind behaves more or less like that, only they don't notice it. Most people are very unobser-

vant of their own mental processes. Every instinctive action has significance. A great doctor I know, when analyzing, sometimes carves little figures of wood, and observes the forms. You noticed a moment ago that I was automatically playing something on my blotting-pad. Being observant of my own mental states, I knew immediately afterwards that I was not merely doing finger-exercises; I was half-unconsciously playing the British Tommy's war song, 'It's a long, long way to Tipperary.' Do you make anything of that?"

"No," said the man, but the muscles of his face sagged a little. "But any tapping or scratching attracts my attention," he explained, bravely squaring his shoulders to this new truth-treatment, "because my dead wife scratches on my door."

"Does she? We'll have to look into that. Now shall I tell you something about the requisites of psychoanalysis?"

"Yes. Please do."

"Before you come again, I should like you to write out for me, in as full detail as you please, the story of your life. Bring me the dream you have to-night, also some recent dream you have had before coming to me, if you can remember one. Don't edit the dreams, don't try to make them read well. The most absurd dreams on the surface have logical dream-thoughts behind them, and every fragment is important, especially those fragments you're not sure about. Dr. Freeman will not ask me any questions about you, for he leaves you entirely in my hands, for as long a time as we desire to work together."

"Then he telephoned you himself?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me, Doctor, exactly what's the matter with me?"

"Of course. But in analysis we are not dealing with the mere names of disorders; we are dealing with actual and very complex psychological conditions, and with their historical determinants in the mind we are studying, and

most of the work is done through the analysis of dreams. Dreams, being products of the unconscious, are the most perfectly summarized expression of what is really going on in the deeps of man, in that major and dynamic part of him where struggle the titanic forces. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who has done so much towards the education of America along psychological lines, compares man's consciousness to an iceberg, of which seven-eighths are below the surface and only one-eighth is above. What man knows as his consciousness is only a small part of him. The submerged thoughts and emotions sometimes force their way to the surface and cause all sorts of trouble, disturbing man's adaptation to his environment. At the height of success some men become discouraged, because the forces within them are engaged in a futile combat, wasting themselves in a struggle towards that equilibrium which can never be perfectly attained. But given too great an overplus on one side or the other, the outgoing or the ingoing, positive or negative, or too violent an oscillation from one pole to the other, and there results that beautiful phenomenon which we call a neurosis, or some other convenient word which serves merely to designate a group of mental occurrences. You complain of fears, Mr. Sargent. Now as Dr. Frink has so well said, fear is an overflow phenomenon, it is pent-up energy forcing a way of escape. In escaping it makes us tremble. You remember, Professor James reminded us that we do not tremble because we are afraid, but we are afraid because we tremble."

"Yes," said Fielding, "I read something recently about fear and trembling, in a book by Professor John Dewey. And can you really restore me to my former state of comfortable common sense?"

"If you will co-operate with me, perhaps we can together achieve something even better than that."

It was arranged that Fielding should come to the analyst for an hour's work, three times a week.

"Our little talk to-day," Dr. Aubrey reminded him, "is

not even the beginning of psychoanalysis. I made room for you, a few minutes only, between two other appointments, because you telephoned me that your need was tragically urgent. Do you still feel in that mood?"

"Why, it is strange, now I think of it; but somehow, Doctor, you seem to quiet me."

The analyst smiled again, indulgently. "Sometimes I shall quiet you, sometimes quite the reverse. Jung says, 'First we must stir up, then afterwards comes peace.' Our aim will be, gradually to make you aware of what is going on below your threshold of consciousness. You must know that any so-called nervous trouble is a compensation for something, an unsuccessful effort to become oblivious to certain things which most people ignore as a matter of course; it is a corrective, an attempt at self-cure which has failed."

"I've certainly failed," Fielding admitted it, "but, so far, I haven't done anything to disgrace myself."

"Why, are you afraid of disgrace?"

"Horribly. I've gone over every detail of my business life since I was twenty-six years old, but I haven't found anything. I've always fulfilled my obligations."

"Perhaps you haven't looked in the right place. Perhaps it isn't your business life that really worries you. You may have displaced the accent."

"I feel," the man went on, "like Jekyll and Hyde. I'm really not the kind of person people think I am."

"Then we'll have to get your Mr. Hyde up into the light. You may find that he's only a variation of the old original serpent."

He arose and held out his hand. It seemed to Fielding that that steady and kindly grasp was a promise of security.

An appointment was given him for three o'clock on Thursday, two days hence, and he left the office with a new interest in life.

But on the way home something happened. Something

is always happening to people with "nerves," which is only another way of saying that their reactions to ordinary happenings are exaggerated.

Fielding met a woman on Park Avenue, a woman whom he had not seen for more than two years. His knees shook as he caught sight of her, and he had a childish impulse to turn and run away. It was just his luck, his hopeless luck, as soon as he was feeling better for an hour, to meet someone who reminded him of black times in the past, yes, someone who filled him with fear.

Most people liked Mrs. Marie Balfour, but Fielding was on guard at once. He had recognized her a block away, in time to have turned down a side street if, as he ruminated afterwards, he had had his wits about him. There was no mistaking her characteristic walk; head up, chin in, she floated towards him as if she weighed two ounces instead of one hundred and thirty pounds. She was all in shaded browns to-day, with a little lure of yellow lace at her throat. Rosy and bright in the crisp October air, she was smiling to herself as she came along, her brown eyes full of light. She had always pleased the eye of this man, without convincing his mind.

They were almost near enough to shake hands before she saw him.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Sargent?" Her voice he remembered, it was so clear, so resonant. "Promenading your soul in the sunlight?" She always said odd things.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Balfour!" He rose to the occasion, as usual. "And thank you for remembering my undistinguished birthday. The mystery is, in addition to your kindness, how you happened to recall the date."

"Oh—" there was a catch in her breath—"because it was the birthday of my little boy."

He remembered now that, just at first, Alice had professed great sympathy for the young widow who had lost her husband and her son in one week. Though it had hap-

pened some time before, this double blow of destiny had made them both sorry for her.

"It was kind of you," he went back to it gently, "to think of me."

Was it fancy, or did he catch a little twist of irony in her quick smile?

"You were always a sphinx-like person, you know, a compound of lion, man, and bird."

"Oh!" he took her up. "There are also several other beasts in me."

"Are there? How thrilling! Come in on Friday afternoon, then, and I'll tell you inhuman stories about the front. I've been under fire, you know."

"Not really?" Her appearance to-day suggested quite other possibilities.

"Yes, I managed it very cleverly. I wanted to know how it felt. On Friday I shall give a *petite conférence* in my drawing-room, for the benefit of the Red Cross."

She smiled at him again, nodded a quick good-bye, and left him.

As he walked on, he remembered hearing his sister Flora say, some months before, that a friend of hers had taken Mrs. Balfour's apartment in Gramercy Park for the summer. In the old days when they saw much of her she was always talking about letting her apartment, when she could double the rent of it. Alice thought it was in rather questionable taste for a young widow to so advertise her financial shortcomings.

Should he go to that *conférence* on Friday? No, he would not! Why didn't she call it a lecture, and be done with it? He began to be irritated at her asking him. Sinclair would be there, of course. He had always made himself ridiculous about her, had written poems to her, and all that kind of bosh. One sonnet, *The Floating Lady*, had been printed in *Scribner's Magazine* and afterwards widely copied. Sinclair had called it "mystical." Fielding could

remember one line of it now, "Lies like a lily on the stream of life. . . ."

His mind was running away with him again. It was as if he heard himself saying, "Get thee to a nunnery!" and just then a policeman passed him.

When the bluecoat was safely in the rear, he sighed explosively. Now what had set him off this time? These attacks of panic, at the most trivial encounters, what did they mean? How could he master them?—Was that policeman watching him? He dared not look back, and he turned the corner of the next street, putting a row of buildings between him and the concrete object of his terror; but the soul of it went with him, rising from the deeps of him.

At the next corner, it was on Lexington Avenue, he swung round suddenly and went into a tobacco shop, asked for cigarettes, lighted one and walked along, smoking. The effect seemed like magic. But a little farther on he saw another policeman in the distance, and quickly threw the cigarette into the street.

"Now why did I do that?" he puzzled. "Why did I throw away that cigarette?"

He remembered what the analyst had said of nervous trouble, "an attempt at self-cure which has failed."

When he reached home he looked into the drawing-room, and as there was no one there, he went in for a few minutes. Leaning his elbows on the top of the grand-piano, he gazed through the window at the sky, thinking. . . . He was imagining Dr. Aubrey with him there, playing to him. Then he was conscious of a boyish inclination to climb up on the top of the piano. "Absurd!" he said to himself. "Why do I think of such things?"

Suddenly pulling himself together, he went up-stairs and locked himself in the library, lit another cigarette, took pen and paper, and began bravely to write out for the analyst "the story of his life."

CHAPTER V

FIELDING began bravely to write that story of his life. It had seemed an easy thing to do. He had often fancied himself writing his biography, when he should be an old man, gray with years and honors; but in this business he had not reckoned with the host (of complexes) he carried within him. At first he had been afraid of being too prolix; but as he slowly added paragraph to paragraph it seemed as if he struggled with some vast and nameless force which *would not* let him proceed, struggled with warning presences that sought desperately to save him from threatening catastrophe.

The beginning was easy enough—a few details about birth and parentage. It was in picturing to himself the setting of his early life that he began to feel the psychic undertow. Many times during the next two days was he dragged down by it, many times he had to stop his work, to walk, or read, or otherwise distract himself. More than once he succumbed entirely, clasping his temples with his hands, while waves of morbid torment rolled through and over him.

But after every such collapse he doggedly went on again with the task he had undertaken. He must go on now, must obey Dr. Aubrey, for in this new fantastic cure was his only hope.

Though he had been on intimate terms with many distinguished scholars, he felt flattered by the doctor's compliment to his intelligence in talking to him about the "beautiful phenomenon" of a neurosis. "Why," he thought, "I am like a poor schoolboy, blushing with fatuous pride because the head-master has spoken to him as an equal."

That encounter with Marie Balfour on Park Avenue kept running through his mind. "Promenading your soul in the sunlight." "A compound of lion, man, and bird." "I've been under fire." "I wanted to know how it felt." And her half-ironical, half-tender smile.

But why should he waste time thinking of her, when he had this work to do? He was writing something now which would be accepted!

Other things which Dr. Aubrey had said were constantly recurring to him: "All fears are at bottom the fear of life." "Perhaps you haven't looked in the right place." "A variation of the old original serpent." "Seven-eighths below the surface and only one-eighth above." "Fear is an overflow phenomenon."

The morning after his interview with the analyst he had wakened with a curious dream about being on a raft, shaped like a grand-piano top, with an old schoolmaster of his, and they were fishing in a pond where there were lilies, and a snake. He had written down the dream immediately, so as not to forget any of the details. And it was through such material, grotesque and idiotic, that he was to arrive at self-understanding!

But meantime that "life story" had to be finished. And here is what he wrote:

I was born on a farm in New Hampshire, in October, 1873.

My paternal ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. My mother's people were English and Scotch, but there was a drop of foreign blood in her.

My father was a man of dignified character. He died when I was seven years old.

My mother never married again. She worshipped my father's memory. We both worshipped my father's memory.

My mother was an angel. She was a peculiar woman, very affectionate but very peculiar. I was her favorite child, and I cared more for her than for anyone else in the world.

She had three children: my sister, four years older than I, myself, and a younger brother who died when I was six. My

little brother was a beautiful and brilliant child, and I had difficulty in keeping far enough ahead of him.

My mother died when I was fourteen. Her death was a great shock to me, and I was ill for a time afterwards.

Flora and I then went to live with a widowed aunt, my mother's elder sister, who had a small property in the neighborhood. She was a very unsympathetic woman, and she only took us in from a sense of duty, as we had no money after the home place was sold and the mortgage paid off. Aunt Harriet made my sister do most of the housework until she married the following year, when she was nineteen, and went to live with her husband in New York. I did not see her again for several years.

I was not happy with my aunt, for I owed her too much. Once, when I had forgotten some duty or other, she accused me of being ungrateful. I had desperate dreams of running away and earning my living; but I wanted an education beyond anything else in the world, and my aunt let me go to school, where I took many prizes. After she accused me of being ungrateful, I worked during all the school holidays and insisted on paying my board. Half the night I read and studied, though, for I was determined to be an educated man, a successful man, and sometime to pay my aunt *five times over* for everything I might have cost her. I kept a little account-book with that end in view.

The trouble was that she did not really love me, and I did not love her. *It is a bitter thing to be indebted to one you do not love.* She never tried to be a mother to me, and I always felt that in her secret heart she disliked me—why, I could not imagine.

I missed my mother terribly.

I had one friend, a boy about my own age. He is still my friend—a literary man with no faculty for money-making, and I have half-supported him for many years. We met first at school, when I was six years old, and soon after my little brother's death. My friend had always a quick mind, and it was chiefly to keep ahead of him that I used to study at night when I was working so hard in vacations.

Later, we went to college together. I *could* not let him go without me, to receive a good education while I was working ignorantly in an office somewhere; so, though I won a scholarship through a hard competitive examination, I got deeper in

debt to my Aunt Harriet. She made no objection, and it was always understood that the money was a loan; but it gave her a very real hold over me.

(It hurts me to write like this about my aunt; but if I understand the purpose of analysis, it is these very things that hurt like boils that have to be probed and healed.)

Aunt Harriet liked my friend Howard much better than she liked me, and she was always predicting a brilliant future for him. He could make himself charming to her, for he did not owe her anything.

As I was very shy, though yearning for companionship, I deliberately learned the art of being charming. Chesterfield helped me much. His Letters to his Son I read and studied thoroughly.

Howard began writing when we were in college. At first he wrote short stories, and one or two of them were paid for by magazines during the first year. I also tried my hand at stories; but the form did not interest me, and so I was not successful.

Then Howard wrote verses, some of which were printed. His verses were rather stilted in those days, but mine were even more so. Two or three times I succeeded in giving them away to local newspapers; but when Howard had a sonnet accepted and paid for by one of the biggest magazines, I realized that I could not compete with him in that field, so I gave more and more attention to the science classes, in addition to my other work. In *that* field he was nowhere.

But I have always felt that I could write, if I knew precisely what I wanted to say. Great thoughts and feelings struggle in me; but when I try to put them in metrical lines, the form seems too small for them. It's like measuring the sea with a pint cup.

I took my bachelor's degree, and three days later my aunt died. Her death was a great shock to me. Her small property was left to her only son, who lived in Kansas; but she bequeathed to me whatever sum of money I might be owing her at the time of her death. So I stood free of debt; but I could never pay back to her the money I owed *her*. Years later I paid it to her son, with interest compounded at six per cent. That was not quite the same thing; but I made him take it, for I was a rich man then, and he needed money. Another time, when he had to meet a note, I gave him a thousand dollars, "In remem-

brance of all his mother's kindness to my sister and me." I still have his letter of thanks. It made me cry.

I have given away much money. I have put sixty-three poor boys through college, I about half support an orphan asylum, and I have endowed a little home for women teachers who break down in health. My mother was a teacher. After my father died she went back into the schools to help support me and my sister. *I owe my mother a debt which can never be paid.* I was absolutely loyal to her.

After graduating from college I started my business career with twenty dollars, the last money my aunt had sent me. At first I sold life insurance. My readings of Chesterfield were a great help to me in that business. The peddling part of life insurance would have galled me if I had not made a game of it, pretending to myself that I was a diplomatist engaged in a delicate mission at some foreign court. The play would have delighted my mother, who on her good days had a sense of humor. One of her favorite fancies was that I should some day be a diplomatist, and she began to teach me French when I was three or four years old. Of course I was going to be rich and famous, and she and I would go voyaging together around the world. She used to picture the wonderful places we should see, Egypt, The Holy Land, India, China, and all the countries of Europe. We were to buy an historic castle by an enchanted sea, and there, when weary of wandering, we would rest—alone together, and in perfect happiness.

She was not always like that, but I prefer to remember so.

Where was I in my story? I was just starting out to make my fortune; but it did not come so rapidly as I had hoped. After a time I went to New York, where my sister lived. My friend Howard was there, working on a newspaper.

He persuaded me to join him on the paper, but I held the position only three days. Reporting fires and street accidents was evidently not my forte.

For a while I lived with Howard, who had a room on Eighth Street, and I tried to write short stories again, without success.

Finally, I got a position in the office of the Seeger Iron Works in New Jersey. To my surprise, I became deeply interested in the work, which somehow appealed to my imagination, and I was constantly being promoted. I liked the *idea* of sending out great caravans of iron monsters to every quarter of the earth,

also innumerable tons of rails to lay the iron roads which they would traverse. You see, my early day-dreams with my mother had been of world-wide traveling. Something of *myself* seemed to go out with those engines. My days in the dingy office of the Iron Works would have been dull indeed if I had not projected my imagination into everything connected with locomotive engines. It was the *power* of the things we made which most appealed to me.

The house where I was born was not more than twenty rods from the railway, and I can remember the first time I was ever conscious of an engine—conscious of it as a being, I mean. My mother and I had been down to the pond for lilies, and on the way home we had to cross the railroad track. A train was coming at full speed. My mother took my hand and stood with me so near the track that I could feel the shiver of the earth as the great thundering thing came on, spitting fire and smoke—the old wood-burning engine, the roaring wonder! I clutched my mother's hand, tight, tight—whiff! rrrrrr!—and the thing had passed us, engine, cars and all.

Thrilled by the wind they made, I shouted and laughed with joy.

"Mamma!" I said, "Mamma! *I want it!*"

"You want the engine?" she gasped.

"Yes, yes." And I tried to break away from her and run after the train along the track. I must have thought it was some kind of marvelous living animal.

My mother was terrified. I was nearly three, and could have run alone down the road to the crossing. She warned me solemnly, threatening me with dreadful punishment, if I ever, ever went near an engine again, if I ever went alone near the railroad track.

"The engine would kill you," she warned, "run over you and kill you."

She began to cry hysterically, and I began to cry, and we lost the lilies in our excitement.

I was afraid of my mother's threats, but I still wanted the engine. I watched for it, thrilling with awful wonder, and several times a day it went thundering by.

As I grew older, and learned about the great outside world where the trains went, the engine came to be a link between me and all the far, mysterious things I longed for.

But to return to my story. I mastered all the details of the business at the Iron Works. I was not living with Howard any longer, but had a room near the Public Library. Many people do business in New York and live in New Jersey, but I reversed that.

Howard used to laugh at my engine-madness, but the time came when I could laugh back.

Meantime he had married an English girl, they had a little boy, and then his wife died. Years afterwards I paid for the education of their son at Oxford, and he is down in my will for a good deal of money.

I was married in 1898, when I was twenty-five.

Six months later I bought a hundred-thousand-dollar interest in the Iron Works. The business prospered, for I made it prosper, and as the years went on I got the control of it more and more into my own hands. At thirty-five I was a millionaire. When I sold out my interest some months ago I was several times a millionaire.

For ten years I gave my whole life and thought to the works. Then I began to travel occasionally, visiting Europe many times, and Asia and Africa. I have even been in Little Thibet. In those days I was unconscious of nerves.

My wife had nerves enough for two. We had no children, and *she* always said that drew us closer together. On the fifteenth anniversary of our marriage I gave her outright five hundred thousand dollars.

It was not until after her death, about a year ago, that I learned she had willed everything back to me. *I did not want to profit by her death.* My wife's death was a great shock to me.

Can the dead come back to watch the living?

My wife had strange fancies, and at one time—about six years ago—I was afraid I might have to put her in an asylum, but she slowly got better.

I was devoted to my wife, and always believed that she would outlive me. Her grandmother was ninety-five when she died.

My wife was five years older than I.

It was after her death that I began to be nervous. I lost interest in my work; but I thought that leisure and rest would cure me. Instead, I have gone from bad to worse. I have wanted

to die, and yet have been afraid of dying. The last six months have been difficult, the last month intolerable.

So Fielding ended his life story. Brief, rambling and non-committal as it was, he had spent on it most of his time for two days. On reading it over at last, he was seized by a strong impulse to destroy it; but he dared not do that, lest the analyst should punish him in some way.

He looked forward to their next meeting with alternate feelings of desire and vague alarm.

CHAPTER VI

DR. SIGURD AUBREY glanced at the two dreams which Fielding had brought, the sand-wading nightmare of Monday morning and the piano-raft dream of the previous day; then he laid them aside for future reference, and took up the life story.

"I want you," he said, "to give some vent to your conscious problems before opening up the unconscious through dream-analysis."

Fielding had come, primed with a question: "Do you believe in prophetic dreams?"

"Why, have you ever had one which seemed to you prophetic?"

"Yes, I often dreamed that my wife was dead, while she was still living. What do you think of such things?"

"A dream," the doctor explained, "may be prophetic in showing the unconscious life-trend of the individual; it will reveal causes mostly unconscious, significant for future actions; it may draw conclusions from some critical situation known to the unconscious self but which the conscious self refuses to face; it may even perhaps show tendencies in the unconscious of the race, the collective unconscious. Every analysis, if carried far enough, has to reckon with the racial unconscious—not only the psychic deposits of some ten thousand years of what we know as culture, but the great mass of buried race experience of maybe a million years. Man has a long heredity."

Fielding leaned forward eagerly: "And have you explored such levels in yourself?"

"Of course, one must be analyzed oneself before one can

analyze others." Then he turned his eyes to the life story, reading slowly. Suddenly he looked up:

"You say your mother had a drop of foreign blood?"

"Yes, but it was a long way back. Her great-grandmother was Swedish."

"And the name of that great-grandmother?"

"Hilda Stuck."

"Stuck?" the doctor repeated. "But that is German."

Fielding nearly jumped out of his chair.

"I have no German blood," he protested.

"I merely remarked," said the doctor quietly, "on the derivation of the name. Now you refer to your father as a man of dignified character. Just what do you mean?"

"Why, you see, he died when I was so very young."

"Seven years old is not so very young, psychologically. When you think of a man as dignified, we want to know what you really think of. Most of our thinking is associative thinking, you know; and the word 'dignified,' apart from its associations, is only a group of letters from the alphabet. Of what do you think as dignified?"

"Why, I think of myself first—but perhaps I shouldn't say that."

"You should say whatever comes into your mind, without judgment or criticism, for only in that way can we arrive at your real associations. So you identified yourself with your father?"

"He was my first ideal of what a man should be."

"Did you build your ego-ideal round a dignified character?"

"Yes, always."

"Then you never discovered any levity in your father?"

Fielding was visibly distressed, the blood rose in his face, he turned and twisted, and the doctor made a note in his shorthand.

"All these things *come out* in dream analysis," he said.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"It's strange," Fielding muttered, "that I should feel afraid while sitting here in your office, but—"

The impressive, square-jawed multimillionaire was having one of his attacks of morbid fear. His self-control was almost perfect, but his eyes had a strained look.

"By the way," said the doctor casually, "you say that your mother never married again. Why did she never marry again?"

Fielding's eyes widened. He stared blankly. Only after some delay he said, "You want me to answer that?"

"Why, yes, if you can—if you know why."

"Oh, I ought to know why! She might have married again, might have saved herself from poverty and toil and illness, only—" he checked himself.

"Only, as you say, you worshipped your father's memory."

Fielding was breathing heavily: "Do you mean—" he began.

But the doctor, who was only testing the strength of the defensive mechanisms at that point, passed it over. It was too early in the work to risk a "negative transference," through which this man might live out the dark side of his complexes and so win freedom.

"You loved your mother," he said softly. "I understand."

"I did love her," Fielding insisted. "I *promised* her that I would be a rich man, that I would take care of her, if only she would not— Why, Doctor, the idea of my mother's putting a stranger in my father's place was horrible. My father," he added, "would not have married again if he had outlived my mother. She told me he had promised her he wouldn't, one time when she was ill."

"And what sort of illness was she subject to?"

"My father used to call them hysterical attacks."

The doctor waited. . . .

"My wife was the very duplicate of my mother, and she had the same weeping spells."

"So you duplicated your father's promise?"

"Oh! I often had to—in order to be allowed to sleep."

Again the doctor waited, but the man before him seemed still unable to let himself go. He would answer a question, and then shut up like the careful clam.

"Tell me what you remember of your little brother."

"Why, I remember that I wasn't really sorry when he died; though I must have been fond of him—of course I was. And that reminds me—though I had forgotten all about it till this minute—that I was terribly afraid the angels would bring me another brother."

"Angels?"

"Yes, that's what my mother told me, but—"

The man's face had grown quite dark, and the doctor made another shorthand note, with an interrogation mark. It might be a long time before that interrogation would be fully answered, for it lay with those psychological profundities that are never brought to light by ordinary means. At present he was after the more superficial things, merely noting any subterranean rumblings that might give him hints for future study, because he never jumped at conclusions. He had once written, "Whenever you think you understand a case in the first hour, go out that night and look at Jupiter; whenever you think you have got *all* there is in a dream, go study through a telescope the associations of the Milky Way." One of his unsuccessful colleagues had called the simile far-fetched.

"You have noted here," the doctor said to Fielding, "that you were ill after your mother's death."

The man drew his shoulders forward as if in physical pain.

"*Must* I go into that?" he asked, helplessly.

"Of course, you can take your own time; but you have referred to your mother's death as a shock. Now all severe shocks are significant, especially early ones, for they sometimes give their own peculiar color to what we call a dissociation."

"Just what is a dissociation?"

"The splitting off of a group of emotionally weighted memories, which continues its life apart, sometimes completely unconscious and repressed, sometimes breaking through occasionally and causing all sorts of trouble. There is always a partial failure of repression at the beginning of any nervous malady."

"Do tell me more about it." Fielding would have grasped at anything to avoid the question at issue.

"Another time," the doctor promised. "We were speaking of the shock of your mother's death. What did she die of?"

"Heart disease, I think, the same as my wife; but my wife, like my mother, was always imagining things. She thought I was unfaithful to her if she caught me even looking at another woman. Sometimes she made dreadful scenes. When she was in one of her tantrums, she often told me I would be the death of her. She nearly drove me crazy. It's strange, Doctor, but when she was cold and unloving, she reminded me of my Aunt Harriet."

"In what way?"

"Just by repelling me, I suppose."

"And in the beginning, when you were first married?"

"Oh! All I wanted then was just to love her in peace. I did not marry her for her money. You know one must love something."

"Must one? Are you loving anybody now?"

Fielding drew back violently. "No!" he growled, "I hate most people."

"Which only means, in your case," the doctor smiled, "that you still love most people, perhaps too much. You seem to me to be naturally of the outgoing, expansive type. Your present introversion is, I think, only a morbid form of compensation, an unsuccessful attempt to become indifferent to life, which has wounded you. You have turned against your type, without having first perfected it. Your ego and your instincts are struggling for suprem-

acy. In all neuroses there are ethical complications, and symptoms are compromises between the repressed and the repressing forces. So also are dreams."

"Don't think," Fielding broke in, "that I wasn't devoted to my wife. Of course I was devoted to her. She had made so many sacrifices for me, and I owed her so much."

The doctor nodded, but said nothing. There was silence in the room. Then the doctor carefully sharpened a pencil.

Suddenly Fielding's eyes flamed.

"Oh, I've got to speak the truth! That's what I'm here for, isn't it?" he demanded fiercely. "For years and years and years I have carried the burden, and it has grown too much for me. If I understand the psychoanalytic cure, it's a truth cure. I never dared to tell my wife the truth about myself. I never dared to tell anybody the truth about myself. I seem to have been pretending all my life. First it was my mother, and then it was my aunt, and then it was my wife. Why must one always *lie* to women? For every kiss they give you, you have to tell them something that isn't so. I used to have fancies, phantasies, whatever you call them, of dying and getting away from my wife, and being loved by an angel. An angel would love you without asking questions all the time. It must be wonderful to be loved by an angel."

"Do you still have these fancies?"

"Yes, but now that my wife is dead, I plan how I could evade her up there, and find an angel."

"It isn't necessary to die," the doctor reminded him, "in order to find the angel that you long for."

"You won't laugh at me, Doctor, about the angel, I mean?"

"No. I have a great respect for the rôle which angels have played in the psychological life of humanity."

Fielding said warningly: "But there's another side to me. Sometimes I've thought there was a devil in me. I've walked the streets at night with that devil, walked at my usual dignified pace, with all the flame and fury

inside; for I never could get quite away from my ideal. Doctor, why are we burdened with ideals?"

"Perhaps, that we may progress. Unless," he smiled, "as some of the psychologists declare, our so-called moral ideals are collective symptoms of race neurosis, a conscious compensating process of society, analogous to hysterical symptoms in the individual."

"Do you believe that all these hypocrisies make for progress?" His tone was fiercely resentful.

"That's the great problem," the doctor answered gravely. "Jung says somewhere that a neurosis is an individual attempt, however unsuccessful, at a solution of the general problem. Yes, the individual is sometimes sacrificed to the race."

"But the race progresses through individuals who lead it forward," Fielding insisted.

The doctor said nothing—only waited. The ice was broken now, apparently.

"Doctor, did you ever want to kill anybody?"

"Most people have."

"Then you'll understand. I've wanted to kill several people. But I've been courteous to them, instead, and considerate, and put hassocks under their feet, and listened to their veiled boastings of their literary and social successes. When I was a child, I used to kill things—until I was whipped for it. My mother said that Jesus never killed anything, yet he went fishing. And I used to see her kill flies and spiders. Why, my mother just *hated* spiders! My aunt told me that I tried to kill my little brother the first time I saw him in my mother's arms, the day after he was born. She said that was why she never loved me. I was only a year and a half old, and I don't remember anything about it. Doctor, was I responsible for wanting to kill my little brother when I was a year and a half old?"

"Of course not. Most children are jealous of other children, and there must have been some other unconscious

reason why your aunt did not love you. Did you love her?"

"No, because I never felt at ease with her, I never could succeed in winning her approval."

"And after your aunt died, whom did you hate?"

Fielding turned quite pale.

The doctor looked at him kindly. "Hate," he said, "like love, seeks always an object, and when it does not find one it turns inward. All qualities, all passions, are ambivalent. Hate can masquerade as love, and love can masquerade as hate. We see that constantly between brothers and sisters, between married people, between friends. An unreasoning hatred for a person is sometimes an unconscious effort to free ourselves from our longing for that person. Your aunt refused to satisfy your longing for a mother-surrogate. She would not mother you."

"And is there no way out of this torment of love and hate?" Fielding demanded tragically.

"The way out," said the doctor, "is through understanding. That is the great value of psychoanalysis. A quarter, a half, three-quarters of man's energy are wasted in inner conflicts. Every great problem that cannot be solved in the outer world is taken into the inner world, and it marks a standstill in life."

"I've certainly come to a standstill. I've thought of running away from the whole hopeless problem, and going off to China."

"You would only have been trying to run away from yourself, and the problem would have gone with you to China. But why did you think of China?"

"I don't know. I like to collect mandarin coats."

The doctor repressed a desire to smile, but he made a mental note of the answer.

"And what can analysis do for me?" the man wanted to be assured.

"It can release the locked-up and wasted energy and make it valuable for life. But to do that, we have to *find*

the lost energy, and we trace it through the phantasies to its lair in the unconscious."

"Is every analysis the same?"

"Of course not. No two analyses are *ever* alike in detail; no two ever progressed along precisely the same line. Every analysis is unique, as every life is unique; and yet, fundamentally, behind their superficial differences, all men resemble one another. The qualities are the same; the differences are quantitative, and also in the different selections and combinations of universal qualities, some of which are active, some passive."

"Kinetic and static," replied the engine builder, his eyes brightening. "But do you explain these things to all your patients?"

"That depends on their intelligence, and on their willingness to learn. I can explain a great deal to you, as you are accustomed to thinking in terms of force. The great problem of psychoanalysis is the problem of energy distribution. Now at any time of life, not merely at middle-age, the retrogressive tendency in man may begin to overcome the forward-driving tendency. Man finds himself longing for the return to his source, 'the return to the mother,' to the pleasure principle of infancy; and this is opposed to the reality principle, opposed to the adaptation to stern reality. Sometimes this resistance to life takes the form of mysticism, of art, or some other symbolical exercise or ritual, and so the individual saves himself through the very means of his regression. But that is not always possible.

"The life force," he went on, "is not only capable of manifold transformations and sublimations; but the stream of it may be blocked, forked, or driven back upon itself. Somewhere in the history of the race, ages ago, a great mass of primitive energy must have been forcibly deflected from its original channel of sexuality and nutrition. A resistance was set up. Sublimation of energy began, that shifting to an analogy for the original satisfactions, which has been going on ever since, and which has produced

everything that we know as culture and progress. But in our modern life—that is, in the historic period—this resistance to the life force sometimes takes pathological forms. What should be sublimation becomes disease. But even this resistance to sublimation has always an intention and a symbolical meaning. It is set up by a complex, a tangle of thoughts with a strong emotional coloring. For instance, Freud says that when a once healthy person falls sick after an unhappy love affair, the mechanism of the disease can distinctly be explained as a return of his libido to the persons preferred in his infancy. The libido is blocked. It follows neither the path of outgoing instinct nor the path of sublimation. It flows backward into old discarded channels. It finds its analogical compensations in infantile phantasies, in a living over of the historic relics in the unconscious. In certain brain disorders, the greater part of the libido seems to be broken off and altogether lost to reality.”

“And do you think I have a brain disorder?” Fielding’s tone was anxious.

The doctor smiled reassuringly. “Emphatically, no.”

“Then what is the matter with me? I’ve certainly been behaving like a madman.”

“No. You have been feeling as you imagine a madman might feel. In other words, your libido is blocked.”

“Libido? Just what is libido?”

“Jung says it is psychic energy. Freud calls it sex energy. Bergson calls it *élan vital*. A moment ago I called it the life force. But they all come to the same thing—energy.”

“And when you’ve explained all these things to me, will I be all right again?”

But the doctor shook his head. “It’s not quite so simple as that. Mere explanations have only a very limited emotional effect. The psychological complexes have to be *lived out* in the analysis, by means of what we call the ‘transference’ to the analyst. The personality of the analyst forms a bridge between that portion of the subject’s libido

which is attached to the illogical phantasies, infantile and other, the libido in regression, and that other portion of the libido which has remained in contact with reality, the logical common sense—if you like to call it that.”

“I don’t quite understand about the bridge,” Fielding admitted.

“No, but you will, as the work goes on. The first time you were here you made a very significant quotation: ‘For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?’ What is a man’s soul? Obviously, his *élan vital*, his energy, his life force, his libido. Now you have lost track of a portion of your soul, or libido, and I propose to help you find it again.”

“But I’ve heard that some people go crazy under psychoanalysis.”

“Put it the other way round, Mr. Sargent. Say that some people who are going crazy appeal to psychoanalysts. But what makes you so afraid of going crazy?”

“Why—I don’t know—”

“Did you ever know anybody who was crazy?”

“Yes. There was a man in our town, a *very immoral man*, who had to be locked up.”

“A very immoral man. I see.—But was there ever insanity in your family?”

“No. But—well, my mother was sometimes very strange. She seemed to have two personalities. Sometimes she was adorable, a very haven of rest; and sometimes she was very trying.”

“That’s not unusual in women, or in men either. Perhaps her libido was blocked, also.”

“Why, what do you mean?”

“You said you would not let her marry again. And as you also observed a little while ago, we must love something.”

“But she had *me!*” cried the man, aghast.

The doctor made no comment. In about an hour he had learned more vital things about Fielding Sargent than were

known to his most intimate and lifelong friends, though he would have declared that as yet he knew almost nothing.

"Before you come again," he said, "I shall read over the rest of this life story of yours. You complain of nervous fears. Just what are you afraid of?"

"Well, of my dead wife, for one thing. Doctor, do you believe in ghosts?"

"I never saw one, but I think that most ghosts are psychological. We all carry ghosts within us. What else are you afraid of?"

"It's perfectly absurd, but I'm afraid of policemen," and he told briefly the story of the accusing anonymous letter.

"We all carry policemen within us," the doctor nodded. "Is there anything else?"

"Oh, innumerable nameless things!"

"Yes, we also carry within us innumerable nameless things, which we project upon the people in our environment. You see, it's all psychological. Come and see me on Saturday, at three, and we'll talk about ghosts, if you like, or policemen, or even nameless things."

CHAPTER VII

SOME twenty times on Friday morning Fielding reminded himself that he was not going to Marie Balfour's *petite conférence* for the benefit of the Red Cross; but at ten minutes to four he was walking along the north side of Gramercy Park, for the first time in more than two years. It had suddenly occurred to him that he was not doing enough for the war. The tickets would be five dollars, probably, and everything counted for the cause. But why did she not give her talk in somebody else's house? He did not like the idea of paying to enter Mrs. Balfour's drawing-room, though he knew that the feeling was absurd—only another of his odd notions.

At the door of the apartment-house he was half inclined to turn back, oppressed by that shrinking from human contact which had gradually driven him deeper and deeper into himself. But Howard Sinclair ran up the steps behind him, saying:

"Hello, old man! Didn't know you were coming. I'm just in town for the afternoon. Is Flora here?"

"I don't know. She's been out with the car since luncheon. Have you a ticket?"

"Not yet. I came straight from the ferry."

Fielding paid for both, as a matter of course. When he had had no money, twenty-two years before, Howard had shared his five-dollar room with him.

They entered the large drawing-room, which was all in soft shaded browns, relieved by touches of old blue. It was full of fashionably-dressed women, with only here and there a man. The tables had been pushed to the walls to make room for rows of folding chairs, and several pretty girls were acting as ushers.

The two men found seats in the last row of chairs.

A tall black-bearded man with spectacles stood up by the piano and began to talk about the wonderful work which American women were doing in France, the devoted work, the efficient work. Fielding was not paying very close attention, but he was suddenly aware that the man was speaking of Mrs. Balfour: "She is going to tell us about her experiences. She has been within range of the guns, she has proved the calibre of American women," and so on and so forth.

The heroine he was extolling parted the brown curtains at the right of the piano and stood half-shyly waiting for her cue to begin her talk. She wore a soft little dress of dark blue with a white sailor collar which made her look like a schoolgirl.

"Clever touch, that simple dress," Sinclair whispered to his friend.

There was a sound of hand-clapping as Marie took her place beside the piano, and Fielding's hands automatically joined in the welcoming applause.

She smiled softly, and hesitated a moment.

"I'm really not a heroine," she began, her resonant voice trembling a little. "I haven't done anything remarkable. But I've seen other people do things that made me glad to be a human being, and it's about those things I'm going to talk."

For an hour and a half she went on, without referring to a note. Her shyness was forgotten, as she spoke simply and directly of horrors and sublimities, of the little details of life behind the lines, of the work the Red Cross was doing, of the suffering and the homesickness and the fatigue and the courage, and all the rest of it. There was no structure in her talk, it was not in the least like a lecture. She simply talked, as if thinking aloud.

Fielding watched her, her characteristic way of lifting her head and drawing in her chin, of rubbing together the thumb and second finger of her raised hand as she strove to clarify some point she was explaining: "Is she aware of

those little tricks of manner?" he wondered, "or are they expressions of what Dr. Aubrey calls the Unconscious? If so, what do they mean? What buried 'complex' comes to the surface when she lifts herself by her head like that? To lift oneself by the head! That's an idea. We have all lifted ourselves by our heads from the abysses of the animal. . . ."

He was aware that he was missing the thread of her talk, and he listened to a story she was telling about a New Hampshire boy whom she had visited in the hospital where he lay dying. New Hampshire—his own native State. While Marie told what really happened, Fielding's imagination pictured the dying New Hampshire boy in France, lying on his comfortable pillow and gazing up into the soft face of the ministering angel above him, and as he died she kissed him on the forehead, and then on the lips, while the moonlight. . . .

He started and sat forward in his chair. That was not in the least the story she was telling. His mind was running away with him again. A sudden horror of New Hampshire boys and of deathbeds and of Marie swept over him. But no! He was *not* going to have an attack of his horrors while listening to a lecture, with Sinclair beside him. His wandering eye returned to a picture on the wall over the speaker's head—a moonlight scene. Why, he and Alice had sent that picture to Marie Balfour two years ago last Easter! So *that* was what had set him off unconsciously, stirring up something in those mysterious regions "below the threshold of consciousness." How many weeks—months—would it take him and Dr. Aubrey to track down and restore that lost energy of his, bound to unconscious phantasies? The very idea made him dizzy.

And anyhow, this room was getting on his nerves, and he wished that he had not come.

At the end of her talk Mrs. Balfour said:

"I'm not going back. I don't want to go back. I wish I did. But others will go, and keep on going, as long as

there is need, and we don't know how many months, or even years, that may be. I'm afraid I've talked too long, but I forget myself when thinking about these things."

She made a little bow, and sat down. The applause was long and enthusiastic.

"By Jove!" Sinclair was radiant. "If that's art, it's high art; but I think it's just nature."

Fielding made no reply.

The black-bearded man was on his feet again, trying to say something. Gradually the applause subsided, after Marie had got up and bowed three or four times. Fielding caught only the last of what the chairman was saying: "Voluntary contributions to the Red Cross work, in a basket at the door."

About half the audience was crowding forward to speak with Marie Balfour.

"I just want to shake her hand," Sinclair said, "and then I must run for the ferry."

Fielding did not wait to greet the lecturer. He said good-bye to Sinclair and moved towards the door, where the basket was. Yes, that was where he came in, that was his privilege. Fortunately he had a roll of bills in his pocket.

But as he was standing by the elevator shaft, his friend joined him: "I couldn't wait to speak to her," he explained, "there were too many ahead of me. But wasn't she splendid? What utter simplicity, sincerity and charm!"

Sinclair babbled on until they reached the corner, where he was to turn east to the elevated railroad which would take him to the ferry.

"If I weren't an old fogey," he said at last, "I'd ask that woman to marry me! Good-bye, Sargent. See you soon."

Fielding stood utterly still on the corner, staring after the poet. His Red Cross enthusiasm had cracked and vanished. Marie had re-become the scheming woman that Alice had declared her to be, two years before. If Sinclair married that little bag of tricks, he could support her and himself, for he'd never get another damned cent from him,

He noticed that he was whispering the word "spider!" It was all entangled with torturing memories.

He felt suddenly very tired. Where was his car? Oh, Flora had it, as usual! And there was not a free taxicab in sight. These war economies were sometimes— He would buy Flora another car to-morrow—but—Oh, Lord!—that would mean engaging another chauffeur. The bewildering details of life were too much for him. He would go up to his camp in the Maine woods—no, there were too many memories up there, memories, memories everywhere. He would find a strange cabin somewhere in the wilderness and get away from all this—this—

An empty cab came along and he hailed it. "Take me home," he said.

"Yes, sir, if you'll tell me where you live."

Fielding gave the street and number.

"You'd think you owned the earth!" ran through his mind. Now who had said that to him, who, and when, and where? Had he expected a strange driver to know where he lived? "You'd think you owned the earth!" Yes, who *had* said that to him? Before his mind's eye there arose a bleak pasture, with cows and sheep in the distance, and in the foreground a group of bare-legged boys. . . .

The cab stopped at his door. Mechanically he paid the driver and entered the house, then he went up to the library and locked the door behind him. At the click of the key he started:

"Why the devil do I lock myself in, as if something were pursuing me?"

He unlocked the door, and lay down on the divan. He was feeling very tired.

Howard's words were hammering on his brain: "If I weren't an old foggy, I'd ask that woman to marry me. If I weren't an old foggy. . . ."

He awoke at the sound of the dinner-bell. Strange, he thought, that he should have fallen asleep like that! It was not his habit to sleep in the daytime. He got up and

washed his face and hands in cold water, but still he felt dazed.

Immediately after dinner he undressed and went to bed. He was not ill—only still so tired. Turning on his back, he stretched himself out between the cool sheets. No one would bother him, for the household was well trained to let him alone.

Half dozing, he seemed to be running along a sandy road, running till he was exhausted, then walking to catch breath, and running again. He stumbled and fell, picked himself up, and brushed the dirt from his short corduroy breeches. Something was pricking his leg, and he bent and picked a burr from his long ribbed brown stocking. There was a torn place in the stocking, and a stitch had run down almost to the ankle. Mother would mend it—no she would not, for he would not be there.

With a start he sat up in bed and gazed around him. The room was dark. Turning on the drop-light, he looked at his watch. Only half-past nine! He would not have to get up for hours yet, ten or eleven hours.

His glance fell on the old picture of his mother, in its jewelled oval frame, on the table beside the bed.

Again he stretched himself out. . . . A woman's shrill voice was saying: "You low, disloyal boy! How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child! She's a bad woman! She's a spider! And you're a bad, low boy!" And then he was running again, on and on down the sandy road, running till he was exhausted, then walking to catch breath, then running again. . . .

Fielding stumbled out of bed. What was that noise?—The telephone was ringing on the desk in the library, and he reached for his slippers and dressing-gown and went to answer it.

"Hello! Yes, it's I.—That patent was taken out in 1911." Then followed a long and technical discussion with the man who had bought his interest in the engine works. Without hesitation he made an estimate involving hun-

dreds of thousands, recalling in detail a set of complicated figures made ten months before, and finally fixing the day and hour for an interview with the head of the appraisal department.

He hung up the receiver, and made a note in his engagement book. He was not even annoyed by the interruption of his rest, for the habits of twenty-two years still held him. It was natural that his advice should be asked from time to time, and he could respond to any call of life that did not touch his rankling complexes, or meet the inhibition of the two wills struggling within him.

The telephone message had shaken him into another layer of consciousness, and his strange fatigue was gone for the moment. He sat at the desk in dressing-gown and slippers and lit a cigarette. The room was warm.

How good that cigarette tasted, and what a fool he had been to imagine that a few grams of tobacco could affect his heart! It was only one of those fool notions he had harbored during the last year; but Dr. Sigurd Aubrey would free him from all that nonsense.

What a personality that doctor had! There was a man of dignified character. . . . Fielding began to wonder about the doctor's personal life. Was he married or single? Had he children? If he had a wife, what was she like? Where did the doctor live? Surely not in that office building, unless he were a bachelor. He had spoken about playing the piano. How restful it would be to hear him play! Fielding felt that he and the doctor were going to be real friends, and he so needed a friend, one whom he could respect, as well as trust. Think of being able to talk to any human being as he was going to be able to talk to that doctor! Most men were grown-up children, but Dr. Aubrey was no child. He knew the secrets of the human heart.

But he must have many patients, both men and women. Did he visit them socially? Would the doctor dine with him some evening, here in his own house? He did not want a tiresome family dinner; but it would not be difficult to get rid of Flora and Barbara for a few hours. He

wanted the doctor all to himself for a whole evening. After dinner there would be lovely music at the piano in the drawing-room, and then a long talk up here among the books. He wondered if the doctor cared for rare editions? If so, he would give him one of those books he had found in London in 1914. Or, if he cared more for pictures, he could give him something really worth while. What was the use of being a rich man if he could not give pleasure to his friends? Nothing that Fielding owned seemed too good for Dr. Aubrey at this stage of their progress together.

He thought he was getting well already, after two interviews, and before the beginning of real dream analysis. Should he put it to the test? Should he do something he had been afraid of only a few days ago? What had he been afraid of? Policemen? Pouf! The doctor had said that we all carry policemen within us. He had been running from dangers that had no existence.

Turning in his chair, he hit his sockless ankle against the carved knob of the bottom drawer of his desk. Humph! There was something in that bottom drawer. . . . Out with it!

He went into the bedroom and brought the keys from his trousers pocket. Yes, it was only eleven o'clock, and the light could be left burning a little longer. He would open that bottom drawer.

Done. With the drawer between his feet, he leaned over. There lay a morning newspaper, with the marked account of a man's killing his wife because— The soles of his feet began to tingle, and he moved them inside his loose slippers. Then he took the newspaper in his left hand, and with his right hand turned over the other things in the drawer.

Oh! The carved sphinx in old yellow ivory.

Something was scratching on the panel of the door.

"Damn!" said Fielding, dropping the sphinx.

With the newspaper still in his hand, he strode to the

door and flung it open. There was nothing there, of course, not even a rat.

He shut the door, went back to his desk and sat down. He felt queer, all up his spine. Vaguely, irrelevantly, he remembered sitting up in bed after his mother's death, listening, listening. . . . Now why in the world was he thinking of those bygone days? The present was troubling enough.

Better lock the drawer again, and then destroy that newspaper, burn it in the empty grate. How had he ever been such a fool as to hide it there, marked? Why, that alone was enough to arouse suspicion.

Yes, he was off again, the illogical other half of him, going over and over the evidences of his guilt.

"And why do you treasure that sphinx?"

"It was given me by a friend of my wife's."

"And why are those ashes in the grate?"

"I was cold and wanted to warm my hands."

"And why do you burn a light all night?"

Fielding rose suddenly and pressed the black button on the wall beside the door, leaving the room in darkness. And as he entered his bedroom a new idea assailed him:

Suppose Dr. Aubrey were a spy! His name, Sigurd, somehow recalled the thought of Hilda. The girl could have seen the doctor's name and address lying there on the desk. She might have gone to him with accusations—accusations of disloyalty. Who could tell how she, with her evil mind, might have interpreted all sorts of innocent things? Why had he ever permitted a girl like that to remain in the house so long?

Suddenly he sniffed. That perfume—was it a whiff of pond-lily? Who had been in his room? He would tell the housekeeper to-morrow to forbid the use of that scent to all the women in the house. He loathed it!

But could it be possible that he had imagined the smell? The question was bewildering.

He took from its hiding-place the little marble Madonna,

and placing it under his pillow, as usual, composed himself for the night.

"Ave Maria," he sighed, "guard and protect me from the snares of evil women and men, visible and invisible, and bring me at last to rest in thy bosom."

CHAPTER VIII

THE next day Fielding told Dr. Aubrey what he supposed to be the whole story of the ivory sphinx and the scratching on the door.

The analyst reminded him that in the first dream he had brought there had been something about a huge sphinx that reached down and touched him.

"Why, yes, so there was!"

"You'll be amazed," the doctor promised, "when you see what dreams reveal. A little dream is a synthesis of the whole psychic life of any given moment. But that's very interesting about the newspaper. Did you really murder your wife?"

"What?" He leaped from his chair.

The doctor looked at him, in his kind, peculiar way. "I want you to see the absurdity of it."

"But—how could I prove I didn't murder her?"

"Do you read the evening papers?"

"Sometimes. Why?"

"Are you sure that, the evening before you first heard that scratching on the door, your eye did not catch a striking headline in a newspaper, perhaps when you were thinking of something else?"

"I don't remember anything about it."

"You wouldn't, probably; but as chance will have it, I myself remember. You know I'm interested in psychological states, and I keep clippings of illustrative cases. Last Sunday evening, the night you first heard that scratching, I discussed with a colleague over the dinner table the story, printed in the *Evening Telegram*, of the man who killed his wife, as he supposed, because she scratched on the door. I can show you the clipping."

He went to a filing-case and drew out a large envelope inscribed, "Motives for Murder, conscious and unconscious." The story was there, as Fielding had read it in the *Herald* Monday morning.

"Now," said the doctor, "try to remember where you could have seen the front page of the *Telegram*, without really being aware of it, that Sunday evening. Where were you?"

"Why, about six o'clock I went for a walk, down past the Park Avenue Hotel, where I saw Jim Blackwood standing on the steps. I remember it because he asked me to come in and wait for him in the lobby, while he went up to his room for something. I strolled about, exchanged a word or two with a girl I saw by the cigar counter. . . ."

The doctor nodded. "I know that lobby. The newspapers are sold at the cigar counter."

"Extraordinary!" Fielding exclaimed.

"Not at all. Our unconscious is always seeing things that our conscious minds are unaware of. Did you wait for your friend Jim Blackwood?"

"I didn't. I left word for him at the desk that I had suddenly remembered an important engagement. No, it wasn't so. (Of course I've faced the fact that I'm an habitual liar.) I went straight home, and had a horrible evening."

"What about that girl you met by the cigar counter? Had you known her before?"

"Yes. She was working in my house as a waitress at the time my wife died; she brought up my wife's meals when she was confined to her bed. The girl had also worked for us some six years before."

"The meeting with her might have upset you, even if you had not seen the heading in the *Telegram*. She's a link with some event."

"I remember now that she was talking with the girl behind the counter about something in the evening paper, when she looked up and saw me. She laid the paper back on the counter."

"And your unconscious took in the headline, while your conscious mind was occupied with the surprise of meeting her. But there's more behind that scratching. The newspaper incident only touched off the mine. It's always like that, some chance event awakens an old *associated* memory, and the repressed *force* breaks through into consciousness as fear."

With difficulty, for there was marked resistance, Fielding produced the following facts: That his wife had often babbled in delirium while this girl Helen was in the room, though he claimed that he could not remember anything she had said; that his knowledge that Helen was working in the Park Avenue Hotel had probably been the unconscious cause of his turning back from the door one day and lunching instead at the Hotel Vanderbilt; that the girl was plain and unattractive; that his wife used to scratch and rap on the side of her bed as she lay ill. In the few words exchanged at the cigar counter there had been nothing of any significance; but when it came to the question of Helen's former sojourn in the house several years before, he was so obviously distressed and unable to formulate his memories, that the doctor left the matter for future investigation.

"Tell me," he suggested, "about the lady who sent you the sphinx; though it isn't necessary to mention names, or betray anybody's confidence."

"Confidence? I was never in *her* confidence. But I saw her yesterday." And he gave a brief account of the "*petite conférence*," stressing Sinclair's preposterous statement on the corner.

"I'd rather see my friend dead," he declared, "than married to that woman."

"Why?"

"Because I distrust her."

"Why?"

"My wife didn't trust her."

"Why?"

"Woman's instinct, I suppose."

"Doubtless. Will you tell me all about her?"

"But she has nothing to do with my case. Why should I talk about her?"

"Because you're afraid of sphinxes."

"I don't understand," said Fielding.

"You have," the doctor explained, "associated this woman with something you're afraid of. In your unconscious she's a symbol. Everyone is to us a symbol of something, everyone we're intimately associated with."

"But I was *never* intimately associated with her. I dislike the very thought of her. Doctor, do you believe in hypnotism?" He leaned forward, his eyes suddenly brilliant with the passionate attempt to solve his problem intellectually.

"Why? Is someone trying to hypnotize you?"

"Well, I don't know; but I've wondered if her sending me that sphinx was an attempt to get some sort of influence over me. Why did she send me *that* thing? She said the other day on Park Avenue that I was a compound of lion, man and bird."

"Was it then the winged Greek sphinx she sent you?"

"No, it was the Egyptian sphinx."

"The winged Greek sphinx," said the doctor, "is generally a female. Does she want you to shed your wings and be more Egyptian?"

"I don't know what she wants."

"Don't you? Tell me more about her. Begin at the beginning."

"One day—it was two years ago last February—my wife came home from a reception and began gushing about a woman she had met. She was always gushing about women she had met, wanting me to know them, and after a while she would turn against them. Then she would pick up somebody else, and the whole thing would begin over again. You understand that I'm not criticizing my wife. She was an excellent woman, and the best friend I ever had; but she had her peculiarities, like my mother. Well, Alice had invited this woman to a little birthday dinner for my friend

Howard. She was placing her beside me, and she asked me to be specially nice to her."

Here Fielding stuck fast in his narrative, staring into space.

"Just describe your first impression of her."

"She was in half-mourning then, for her husband and child, and she wore a very low-cut black dress. The bodice was all right when she was standing up; but when she was leaning forward talking with me at the table, it was really almost— But I didn't mention it to my wife, as she might never have invited her again. Alice had very rigid notions."

He paused a moment, then went on: "My first impression of her, as she came into the room, was rather favorable. She's very good-looking, of that plump slender type, you know, graceful without being fragile, the kind that doesn't break easily. I enjoyed talking with her, for she's a woman of European culture; but I noticed that first evening that she was rather free in her speech, perhaps from having lived abroad so much. I thought little of that, however, until Alice called my attention to it later. Then I remembered certain things she had said, nothing really bad, but which suggested all sorts of other things she didn't say. . . ." He halted in his story, and his eyes had a strained look.

"Perhaps those other things were in your mind and not in hers," said the analyst. "Can you remember any remark of hers which shocked you, or your wife?"

"Yes. She said that in husbands as in hats, those rich American girls who bought in France got more for their money than if they had been satisfied with the American product."

"I don't see anything improper in that."

"Not improper, but it seemed to us an insult to American girls."

"Or possibly American men? Now, did your friend Howard's interest in this lady begin at the same dinner party?"

"Yes. After the other guests had gone, he raved about

the way she held her head, raved about her brown eyes, her figure, her neck. Alice referred to that later, she said the woman had *woven a web* to catch Howard and me both."

"Is he a moral man, your friend Howard?"

"He's been a widower for twenty years. He's a sentimentalist; but about his real life, his intimate life, I don't know a thing. He was a rotter as a little boy."

"And you, as a little boy?"

Fielding was obviously uncomfortable. "I don't like to think about those days," he said.

The analyst did not press the point. "The complex chooses the hour of its revelation," was one of his axioms.

"I've been a fairly moral man," Fielding announced.

"So I should judge."

"Why, don't immoral men get nervous?"

"They do. The moral principles, when they are long repressed, can raise worse havoc in the soul than anything else I know. Thousands of years of 'Thou shalt not' have built a stupendous barrier between instinct and action. That's how the human race has become partially civilized. It's a mighty battle, that between the ruthless, desirous individual and the collective restraints of society."

"And how can the problem ever be solved, Doctor?" The man's face was like a tragic mask.

"The individual can solve the problem by finding the balance between himself and the collective consciousness. But before he can do that he has to find out precisely what he is and what he is not; just what in him is individual, and what belongs to the collective, for we carry the race within us. Man is, indeed, the microcosm of the Macrocosm, and psychoanalysis is proving it. Biology and analytical psychology, between them, are going to prove, during the next twenty years, many things which religions have asserted in the past; but they will also disprove many things which man has stubbornly believed."

"For instance?" Fielding queried.

"Ask me twenty years hence," the doctor said, with a strange light in his eyes. "But among the proven things

is this, that men differ widely only on the surface; in the deeps of us we are all very much alike. The individual seems to be a unique combination of typical qualities. And psychoanalysis has possibilities beyond the therapeutic. It will develop into a great system of moral re-education. Beyond analysis lies synthesis. When a man has discovered what he is, and is not, as an individual, he may begin to determine what he will be; and, to some degree, that should prove true of the race also. The libido is mobile. Freud, working there with Breuer in Vienna in the early eighteen-nineties, planted a little seed which is growing into a great tree. Jung, in Zürich, sees the immense educative possibilities of analysis. Freud, Jung and Adler, the three giants, may differ regarding certain points—that doesn't matter. Inevitably, each works in line with his own temperament, with what is individual to himself. And each serious worker among their pupils will also bring something to the great fund of knowledge which is slowly accumulating. Even books of popular exposition serve their purpose, for they call attention to the subject. Of course, there will be abuses, charlatans will trade in public curiosity regarding the 'new thing,' for the charlatans are always with us. But I fancy that the harm they do will lie mainly in what they fail to do."

Fielding was listening intently, and the doctor was incidentally proving his ability to listen.

"Will you try, Doctor, to make me understand *every single point*, as I go along?"

"Yes, for a general understanding of the subject will help you in solving your personal problems. By the way, I should like to see some of your poems. Do you ever write free verse?"

"No, I've tried to write sonnets and formal lyrics."

"Because your friend writes sonnets and formal lyrics, I suppose. Break right away from the metrical forms which he has used, and let us see what your unconscious will produce in the way of untrammelled verse; for it's mainly the unconscious that produces real poetry, and the

same is true of every other art. Art is a high form of compensation, of sublimation. Even a technique has to become more or less unconscious and instinctive before it is a perfect instrument. Did you read the Bible when you were young?"

"Oh, yes! My mother made me memorize whole Psalms."

"Good! Then read the Psalms of David, and write poems in *vers libre*. But don't write like David the Psalmist, write like Fielding Sargent. You've been unsuccessfully imitating your friend. When you struck out in engine building, you did something he never had done and never could do. You made a great success. Then you dropped it all—at a certain time. Now I want to help you to find out for yourself why you dropped engines. Engines! They do appeal to the imagination. How do you suppose the old Egyptians raised the great stones of the pyramids? They must have had engines."

"We don't yet know," said Fielding, "how the transport and management of the large stones was effected." Then he touched upon various hypotheses, quoting Piazzi Smyth and Flinders Petrie, all his personal troubles forgotten in the intellectual joy of a problem in engineering. The doctor watched and listened.

"And the sphinx?" he asked, finally.

"Oh! I don't know," was the brief answer, while the light faded from the man's face.

"When you built engines," the doctor ignored the sudden change, "you were working with reality, you were chaining the pleasure principle in the service of reality."

"The pleasure principle?" Fielding inquired.

"Yes, the term explains itself. As we develop, we gradually work out of our dependence on the pleasure-pain principle and into the principle of reality. The infant has almost no reality sense; he sucks and drools and enjoys himself, or howls when he cannot enjoy. Later he has a hard fight to learn the rudiments of adaptation to the outside world of reality. His curiosity helps him, and he begins by being curious about his parents. He learns what

particular form of protest is most effective in getting what he wants to feed his pleasure principle, for the desire of the infant is colossal. I am not sure that desire grows as the body grows, that is an open question. Perhaps the amount of desire, while varying in different individuals, is always the same in each individual, and the determining factors are its ways of functioning, and whether the greater part of it goes in or out.

"You evidently have a tremendous fund of desire-energy, and your energy, not having a satisfactory object in the outside world of reality, has turned in upon itself. You are no longer sublimating most of it, as in the past; but you have reverted to infantile forms of feeling. Dr. Jelliffe expresses perfectly this condition: '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.'

"Now regression to this degree is not normal in a man of forty-five. In extreme old age the libido naturally turns inward again; reverie takes the place of action, the life-wave gradually returns to its source. But your life-wave is not ready to return. It has met some obstruction, and the waters, rolling back, have, as Jung says somewhere, refilled old dried-up channels. The first workers in analysis thought that shocks in infancy *caused* neurosis in later life. In extreme cases, where the reality principle is never fully established, perhaps they do. But Jung thinks that some shock or disappointment or failure in *later* life, some refusal to face and conquer a present problem, causes the waters of the libido to flow back, and that they simply rest in those old channels. He says: 'Whenever the libido, in the process of adaptation, meets an obstacle, an accumulation takes place which normally gives rise to an *increased effort* to overcome the obstacle. But if the obstacle seems to be insurmountable, and the individual renounces the overcom-

ing of it, the stored-up libido makes a regression . . . returns to a former and more primitive way of adaptation.'

"As I said the other day," the doctor continued, "your recent introversion is merely a morbid compensation. Life demands of you some new psychological adaptation, and you must learn just *what* you are refusing to face. Then the 'infantile fixations,' so-called, will show us where the libido is, the energy that is lost to your consciousness and wasted. Introversion always produces phantasies, and we must detach the libido from those infantile phantasies and turn it to the solving of your life problem. The archaic infantile has replaced the mature function which has failed, and the infantile is used as a *defense* against the strenuous demands of the mature life. But as every malady carries within itself the remedy for its own cure, this very anachronistic activity of an infantile state of libido development acts as a bridge for the ego, tiding it over the period of weakness until it can re-establish its normal and mature functioning. But for that, it would break."

"But why," Fielding asked, "do I keep thinking about death?"

"Death phantasies nearly always accompany the renunciation of the love wish; they are a substitute for suicide, for the renunciation of the love wish, which is life, may be called a form of suicide."

"Do you mean," asked the man, a dull flush suffusing his face, "that—leading a more physical life would solve my problem?"

"That is doubtful, unless your emotional nature were awakened. The emotional nature has to be freed, gratified, and reconciled with the ego demands. The libido is very exigent, it insists on having its own conditions fulfilled. That, you understand, is the greatest of all the life problems. The libido must either have what it wants, or a form of sublimation *which it will accept* as a substitute."

"And how can you find out what it will accept?"

"Through analysis of the dreams. Your engine building was a sublimation of energy, and sublimation is a kind of

displacement. When we know just why you dropped engines, we shall have made a beginning."

"But I've had a series of shocks."

"Shocks," said the doctor, "are only starting points for the external manifestation of an abnormal—which is only to say, an uneven—condition of libido development. So-called shocking events happen to everybody; life is a series of minor shocks which we endure and may even come to enjoy.—But let us return to your life story, which, by the way, is too innocent to seem quite human. Did you never, then, as a child, go down to the railroad track where the great engines thundered by?"

"Oh, yes! I did go once, just as the train was coming round the curve. But my mother ran after me and caught me—she whipped me terribly—it's one of my most awful memories."

The doctor was watching him closely.

"Do you remember just *how* it affected you?"

"Oh! Indescribably."

"Yet you did not even mention it in your life story. Were there any other punishments which you vividly remember?"

"Yes, one especially, and that was worse— Oh, much worse! That made me ashamed. I was quite a big boy then. It was about a beautiful lady in the neighborhood—my mother accused me of disloyalty. But—Doctor, I'm terribly tired. I simply can't go on to-day."

The analyst cheerily suggested, as a rest, that they should do something that did not require any hard thinking, an "association experiment," explaining that he would repeat a list of one hundred words, and that Fielding should answer each one with the first word that came into his mind.

"What sort of words? Is it an intelligence test?"

"No, the intelligence has very little to do with it. I use an English variation of an old list made out by the Zürich workers."

The man's responses were true to the so-called "complex type," some words being answered quickly, others after a

long interval or not at all within the time limit. Here are a few words culled at random, as they appeared with Fielding's answers:

Head.....mine.
 Green.....leaves.
 Water.....snake. Ugh!
 Dead.....both.
 Ship.....Celtic.
 To pay.....*impossible!*
 Pride.....fall.
 Ink.....black.
 To swim.....father.
 To sin
 Bread.....Graham bread.
 Rich.....horrible!
 Mountain.....watch.
 To die.....I don't know.
 New.....shoes.
 Custom.....strait-jacket.
 To pray.....Madonna.
 Money.....one hundred thousand dollars.
 Bird.....lion, man.....Oh, absurd!
 To fall.....easy.
 To part.....
 Child
 Hunger.....and thirst after righteousness.
 To marry.....
 Glass.....houses.
 Flower.....lily.
 Cow.....Oh, Jersey!
 Box
 Friend.....Howard.
 Lie.....necessary.
 Narrow.....way.
 To fear.....shame.
 Door

"You see," said the doctor, "that the intellect has very little to do with the association test."

Then they went through the whole list of one hundred

words again, to see where the responses varied. This time the word "flower" was answered by "geranium," and "bird" by "robin," and "water" by "pond," all without much delay. But the words which he failed to answer the first time he failed to answer the second.

"And what do you make of all that?" he asked. He could hear the thumping of his heart.

"So much that we'll postpone reference to it for the present."

"I'm glad, Doctor, for I really can't do any more to-day. I don't know what makes me so tired."

"Probably the memory in the unconscious of some past muscular fatigue, associated with a fierce emotional conflict. That's what is popularly known as 'nervous exhaustion.'"

"I'll try to write something in free verse," he promised.

"Yes, and next time we'll analyze a dream."

The lean dark face of Sigurd Aubrey was gentle as a mother's, as he touched his patient's hand at parting. "He's really sorry for me," Fielding thought.

His car was waiting outside, and he told the chauffeur to take him round the park. He felt suffocated, and his nose was stopped, as if he had been crying; though he had not shed a tear for a long time.

And through his mind the words of that old song kept running fitfully, "I'm the child of a King, the child of a King."

CHAPTER IX

ON Sunday Fielding had a surprise—two surprises.

Going down to luncheon, he heard Barbara's high-pitched voice in the drawing-room. She had come back from New Rochelle.

"Welcome home, little one," he said, lifting the *portière*.

There, within three feet of him, stood Marie Balfour, dressed in blue silk.

He was vaguely conscious of Barbara hanging on his arm, then vividly conscious of the cool soft fingers of *that woman*.

"Mrs. Dana brought me home with her from church," she was saying, as if explanations were necessary.

"I'm grateful to my sister," he replied, bowing over the cool hand. "I had the great pleasure of hearing your talk on Friday."

"Yes, I saw you at the back of the room. Was it you who left that wad of money in the basket?"

"Did I leave a 'wad'?"

They both laughed.

"The Red Cross worker at the door was all excitement. She didn't know who you were. She reported—now don't be vain if I repeat her exact words—that a dark, regal-looking man had dived into his pocket, etc."

"That's the revival of an old habit of mine," he said carelessly, "carrying money loose in my trousers pocket. Just lately I've been doing it again."

"Jane Spong would say you were 'regressing,'" she smiled.

Fielding started at her use of one of Dr. Aubrey's words.

"And who is Jane Spong?" he asked quickly.

"Jane Spong and I were at the same school in Auteuil,

when we were ten years old, and we've been friends ever since. Just now she's studying psychoanalysis. She has a teacher, a wonderful man who takes your soul all apart and puts it together again. He has taken Jane's soul apart and put her together again. She's been with him about two years, and I think he's going to make her his assistant."

"A woman!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Jane isn't just an ordinary woman. She's Jane."

"And who is her teacher?"

"Dr. Sigurd Aubrey."

"Oh!" He stood staring at her. . . .

"Why, do you know him?" Marie asked, with a little twisted smile.

"I've heard of him, through a friend of mine."

"Jane wants me to go to him and be psychoanalyzed," Marie went on, "but of course I can't. He's fearfully expensive."

"You don't need psychoanalysis, I hope."

"But neither did Jane—not as a cure, I mean. She's being re-educated, she declares, and she's certainly very much changed since the last time I saw her. She's grown as mellow as a summer apple, and she used to be all sharp angles—I don't mean her figure, but her mind. Of course I take with a grain of salt her deification of this Dr. Aubrey. No man *could* be what she thinks he is. I told Jane that he must have unusual opportunities for love affairs, but she said no; that psychoanalysis was difficult enough without that, and she quoted some foreign doctor as saying that the analyst had to keep his hands as clean as the surgeon's."

Just then Flora Dana came into the drawing-room.

"Isn't it charming," she said, "to have Mrs. Balfour with us again? Let's go to luncheon. I met her at church and insisted—"

"It was I who insisted," Barbara corrected her mother, gleefully. "She wanted to refuse us, Uncle Fielding!" Barbara was evidently smitten.

Marie murmured something about duty to a country cousin, and being over-persuaded by this charming child,

and they went into the Jacobean dining-room. When they were seated round the table the irrepressible Barbara demanded:

"What's that about being re-educated? As soon as I've finished, do I have to begin all over again?"

"You do *not*," said her uncle, so emphatically that everybody laughed. Then he turned to their guest:

"Your friend Miss Spong interests me. Are you acquainted with her soul-dissector?"

"Not yet, but she's going to arrange a little dinner."

"Does he dine with his patients then—I mean, his pupils?"

"He often dines with Jane, but they are friends. She tells me that nearly everybody who is being analyzed either loves or hates the analyst, and sometimes both at once, or by turns. Jane's rather proud of the fact that she never hated her analyst. He says it's because she was always on good wholesome terms with her father. Fantastic, isn't it?"

"And is she good-looking, your friend?"

"Yes, I think so. She's about six feet tall, and wears her yellow hair in a bun. If she tried to, she could look like a Norse goddess."

"And they never wear their hair in a bun, I suppose. What else has she told you about this doctor?"

"Not very much, really. She's rather reticent about him. She says that most people who are being analyzed misrepresent the analyst, especially by trying to repeat the things he says and getting them all wrong. She says that most people project—or was it transfer?—all their past emotional experiences upon the analyst; that if they have had sad or bitter or tragic lives, they make the analyst into a scapegoat, 'bind all their sins and sorrows on his back.' But she warned me against quoting her, as I'd be certain to misquote her. That was two years ago. Now she doesn't seem to take herself so seriously, and she's going to let me meet the man of mystery, if she can catch him with an evening free. It seems that he works at night a great deal, that he's writing a book. Jane says it's going to be an

epoch-making book; but the doctor says it covers only a little corner of the subject."

"And the title of this book?" Fielding asked.

"It's going to be called, '*Motives—Conscious and Unconscious*.' Jane says we generally don't know why we do things, or why we think things, or even why we feel things. It seems that Dr. Sigurd Aubrey knows why. But I wonder. . . ."

"So you're not going to be psychoanalyzed by this doctor?"

"No, I don't think so—unless—"

He could have finished the sentence for her; but he was growing more and more bewildered by the knowledge that the analyst to whom he was giving his confidence was known to his circle of acquaintances. Would they find out that he was being treated by this doctor of souls, that he had been in need of treatment?—But the Norse goddess who wore her hair in a bun was not nervous, evidently. Or was she? Perhaps she had concealed it, as he had.

Flora and Barbara were now talking with Marie, and Fielding could look at her without being observed. She was really handsomer than she had been two years and a half ago. Oh, the devil! "Unless—!" Was she planning to get free lessons from the busy analyst? Was she going to be a rival of the blonde goddess? Execrable woman! She ought to be locked up! And the doctor! He would be a formidable rival for Howard Sinclair. A man who could take your soul to pieces and put it together again. Suppose he didn't put you together again? Suppose he left you all apart, because for some reason he was jealous of you—

"Yes, Mrs. Balfour?"

She was asking him about a man they both knew, John Farnham. Had he seen anything of poor Farnham since his wife's death?

"Why," he said grimly, "don't you know? Farnham has married again. I received the announcement about a week ago. So you need not waste sympathy on poor Farnham."

Barbara giggled. "What's that about funeral baked meats served cold for the marriage feast?"

"Barbara!" her mother gasped, reprovingly.

"But it's in *Hamlet*, isn't it, Uncle Fielding?"

"Yes," he replied, sternly.

A queer little smile curled round the corners of Marie Balfour's mouth. She did not look at Fielding.

At that moment Howard Sinclair appeared in the doorway. He never had himself announced, being too much one of the family.

"No, Flora," he said, as he saw her reach for the bell. "I've already lunched, over-lunched, with the editor of the *Meteor*."

Sinclair walked round the table, shaking hands with everybody, then he sat down on the carved oak chest by the window. He joined gaily in the conversation, looking much at Mrs. Balfour, who was talking rapidly and brilliantly about one thing after another. Her cheeks were slightly flushed. Occasionally she addressed her host, but still avoided his eye.

Fielding wanted to strangle Marie. He looked at her long white neck rising out of the cobwebby lace. . . .

They went back to the drawing-room, and the men lighted cigarettes.

"What!" exclaimed Sinclair, "are you smoking again, Sargent?"

"Yes, as you see. Oh, pardon me, Mrs. Balfour! I had forgotten that you smoked."

He struck and held a match for her, taking care that his fingers should not touch hers. He had done that before, two years and a half ago, only he had not been so careful then.

Would the woman never go? Was she going to spend the afternoon with them?

But Marie did not stay. He heard her tell Flora that she had promised to look in on her cousin at the Plaza around two o'clock. "Do you think I'll find a taxi on the corner?" she asked.

"Let me send you in my car," Fielding offered politely. "It's at the door now."

Sinclair cried, with boyish eagerness, "May I go with you, Mrs. Balfour? I want to walk in the park, in the sunshine."

Fielding waited with Barbara in the doorway of his house, while his friend helped Marie into his limousine and started off with her.

"Aren't they a stunning looking couple?" the girl asked, gaily. The question did not seem to demand an answer.

He went up to the library and stood still in the middle of the room. Yes, it was *this house* that was getting on his nerves. People, always people, when all he wanted was to be left alone.

"Damn!" he said aloud, at the tormenting thought of Dr. Aubrey mixed up with his acquaintances. Then, "I won't begin worrying about that, I won't, *I won't!*"

So he beat down his anxiety. He would have a quiet and profitable afternoon of reading.

Had Marie really gone to the Plaza? Or were they driving together through the park—those two? "If I weren't an old fogy—"

He began to tremble with anxiety for Sinclair. . . . Then his eye caught a cobweb hanging from the chandelier. It made him think of Hilda, who had kept his library so clean. Well, he would let the cobweb hang there. It was doubtless a "symbol" of something, as Dr. Aubrey would say. But where was the spider?

Pulling himself together, he glanced along the bookshelves, and saw the black morocco-bound Bible. Yes, he would read the Psalms of David and write free verse. Sinclair detested free verse, which he could no more write than he could build an engine.

So Fielding sat down in an easy-chair by the window and began to read the Psalms. He soon forgot all the troubles of his life, for David's immortal emotions had taken the place of them. His whole being throbbed with the rhythms of the King James version of the Scriptures,

those fundamental rhythms that rocked us to sleep when we were babes and our mothers sat beside us reading David's lyric prayers, the rhythms that are in our bones and blood, our muscles and—our Unconscious.

Thousands of years ago an Israelite communed with his Unconscious in solitude, communed with the Lord in his heart, his heart that tiny point where the drop is at one with the Ocean. And the individual drop called to the Ocean his God to exalt him above his friends and enemies, the other drops reflected in himself:

Save me, O God, by thy name, and judge me by thy strength.

Hear my prayer, O God; give ear to the words of my mouth.

For strangers have risen up against me, and oppressors seek after my soul. * * *

The Lord is with them that uphold my soul. * * *

For he hath delivered me out of all trouble: and mine eye hath seen his desire upon mine enemies. * * *

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. * * *

For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked into the house of God in company. * * *

As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord will save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me: for there were many with me.

Which is to say: The God that is in myself shall save me from the enemies that are in myself, for my love and my hate are struggling together. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me because of the internal struggle, and horror of the outside and the inside hath overwhelmed me. As for me, I will call upon God in the highest height of myself, to save me from myself in the deepest depth, where dwell the enemies that are myself. Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, and He shall hear my voice. He will give me peace with myself.

That night Fielding dreamed of a blue lotus.

CHAPTER X

AS he went up in the elevator of the doctor's building on Tuesday afternoon he heard the strains of the *Waldstein Sonata*, played as some few men can play Beethoven.

There was no sign of the secretary in the waiting-room, but the door of the office was wide open. Fielding stood on the threshold and looked in. Yes, someone was playing in an inner room behind the office, and that door was also open. He saw the rich colors of a Persian rug on the floor. Why, he thought, Dr. Aubrey must live there, in that building, and it was he—

The music stopped, there was a quick step, and the tall, slight form of the analyst appeared in the doorway.

"Yes, come in, Mr. Sargent," he said, closing the door of the inner room behind him. "I gave my secretary a holiday, but I thought you'd find your way in."

"If I could only play like that!" And Fielding sat down in his usual place near the desk.

"I can't myself very often," Doctor Aubrey laughed, "because I haven't time." Then he added, "I used to play rather well, perhaps."

Fielding said what he thought about the doctor's present way of playing, and his words seemed to give pleasure, for the musician's eyes lighted, glowed, as they rested on him.

"If you really care like that, I'll play for you sometimes. But now—what have you been doing since you were here last?"

He told the story of Sunday's luncheon, leaving out the most important psychological points, but stressing Jane Spong's promise to Marie about that little dinner.

"You can see," he said, "how embarrassing it would be

for me if you should meet this woman at the house of your pupil."

"But why? Are you afraid of compromising her?"

"Good heavens, no! How could I?"

After a pause, the doctor said quietly: "No one will learn from me of your visits here."

Fielding cleared his throat. The color rose in his face. "You understand—" he began.

"Of course, and it's perfectly natural. Have you been writing *vers libre*?"

Fielding drew from his pocket a poem and laid it on the desk.

*There is a cavern where dark things are hidden;
The cavern itself is hidden by dark trees with branches near
the ground,
Dark cedar trees that whisper in the wind,
That moan and whisper vague mysteries in the moonlight.
Why do they moan, why do they crowd together,
Fearful of all outside their own torn shadows?
For the danger is in the cavern, the cavern they hide with their
branches.*

*There deep down, where the light may never find her,
Sits the Eternal One, alone since the world's beginning.
Many-armed is she, and her body is round as a spider's,
Her eyes that see in the dark are terrible with desire.
There she sits and spins, or runs around with her spinning,
Fixing her filmy web to the jagged rocks in the cavern,
Rocks that are old as she, and hard as she is tender.
Where would she fix her web if the rock were not beside her?
For the darkness has no jagged points and naught may be fast-
ened to silence.*

*She who can see in the dark regards her web and smiles,
(Oh, terrible are those smiles that never an eye shall see!)
For the web is alive with moving forms that once were men
in the sunlight,
But now they are only shades caught fast in the web of dark-
ness.*

*Never the stars shall see them again,
Never the sun shall warm them again,
Never the little birds shall sing to them in the dawnlight,
For they who return to the cave return to the world no more.*

*Flee, my brothers, flee! Take horse and flee to the mountains!
The morning comes, the bugle blows,
The sun shall arise and warm your veins,
And over the shoulder of the morning lie the warm-breasted hills,
Where you shall rest at noonday,
Far from the region of danger where the great Spider sits,
Spinning her web, spinning her web,
There in the cavern where dark things are hidden,
And the dark cedar trees with branches near the ground
Moan and whisper vague mysteries in the moonlight.*

The analyst was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said, "That's a very curious production. Your preparatory reading of the Psalms carried you very far back, far down into yourself. That poem of yours could be analyzed, almost like a dream; it is full of infantile phantasies, it points to a 'fixation,' and it throws light on many things in your psychology. In every work of imaginative art, as in every dream and every delusion, we find a compromise between two psychic streams, in which the demands of both are satisfied symbolically. There is an innate tendency towards co-operative relation between mind and emotion, between ego and instinct; and whenever this satisfaction is not found in life it will be found in phantasy. Your spider phantasy is doubtless a very early one, and the whole cavern phantasy is typical. We find it all down the ages, in myth and legend, poetry and art. What cavern do you think of now?"

"Why, I think of the cavern of Erda, the Earth Mother, in the Nibelungen stories. She made Wotan sacrifice the Ring. I've always wondered why Wotan also had to give up one of his eyes, half his vision, that is, in order to marry Fricka and get her dowry of the powers of the Law. It seems too high a price to pay for legal sanction. I don't

wonder that Wotan told Erda finally that he rejoiced in his doom, in his own passing away."

"Let me see," mused the analyst, feeling his way through this maze of thoughts, for he knew that the operatic cave of Erda, at the symbolic level of the unconscious, must be linked with some other cavern idea at a deeper level. "Brunhilda was the daughter of Wotan *and* Erda, the Great Mother, wasn't she?"

But the man withdrew himself again behind the shelter of forgetfulness. "I haven't seen the Wagner operas for several years," he said. "I heard them last with my wife, who talked a lot about their immorality, but I don't remember precisely what she said."

The doctor made a mental note of the connection in this man's unconscious between personal sacrifice and the Nibelungen stories; but as every dream, or vision, or imaginative poem, is bottomless in its associations, and as everything really vital to the soul's development comes up over and over again in the dreams, in other forms and with other analogous associations, he turned back to the manuscript of the cavern poem.

"Just why," he asked, indicating the line, "do you seem to flee from *behind* the shoulder of the mountain to the warm-breasted hills and safety? Perhaps you were fond of climbing over your mother's shoulder as an infant."

"I don't know why I wrote that."

"Most poets don't know why they write one thing instead of another. But I think you ought to go out more. Go to parties, be frivolous, interest yourself in the outside. I don't always give that advice, it depends on the person. I suppose you're doing all sorts of things for the war?"

"I'm giving a lot of money, here and there."

"You might also give more personal service. You'll feel better for it, more at one with society, more a member of the herd. There's tremendous strength in the consciousness of having the herd behind you, the 'legal sanction.' In our association test the other day, the word 'fear' reminded you of 'shame,' which is the disapproval of the herd, or the

apprehension of it. The word 'sin' so puzzled you that you found no associated word within the time-limit."

"There is," said Fielding, in an awe-struck voice, "the sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Which," replied the doctor, "every child of religious parents wonders if it may not have committed inadvertently. What do you think the Holy Ghost is?"

"Why, I don't know. . . . It came to the Virgin Mary. 'Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.' Perhaps the Holy Ghost is the heavenly Father's love. It—it frightens me."

The doctor was listening intently, but Fielding said no more.

"How did you feel towards Marie on Sunday?"

"I remember looking at her neck rising out of the cobwebby lace and wanting to strangle her. That was after Sinclair came in."

Cobwebby lace—spiders—the doctor thought. But he said:

"And what does her neck remind you of?"

Fielding started—then smiled. "I think of a beautiful lady I knew when I was a boy. She was awfully sweet. Sometimes I put my fingers around her neck and played I was going to strangle her, and she would laugh and hug me softly. She loved pond-lilies, and I used to bring them to her house. It was all perfectly innocent, you know, and oh, so delicious! I think I've never loved anyone since in the way I loved that woman. I felt so strong, so *free*, when I was with her. She never called me a 'nice boy,' or a 'naughty boy'; but we used to talk together as if we were the same age. She even asked my advice about things. Then I wanted to kiss her feet."

As he talked of this beautiful woman, his first great love, the years seemed to drop from him, a youthful red was on his cheek, and his blue eyes were soft and luminous.

Then suddenly his appearance changed again, and the dark mood settled over him.

"It was too good to last," he said bitterly. "My mother—"

noticed that I was happy, with a happiness she hadn't any share in, and she watched me. One day I was sitting with the pond-lily woman, with my arm around her neck and my head on her shoulder. It was summer and everything was open. I heard a little sound at the door, and there stood my mother. Oh, she made an awful scene! She called my friend a bad woman, accused her of seducing me. I didn't know what the word meant, though I looked it up in the dictionary before I ran away! 'Seduce, to draw aside from duty, obligation or truth; specifically, to induce to surrender chastity.' I *had* told my mother an untruth—that I was going to play ball with the boys that afternoon. She wouldn't speak to me all the way home, but as soon as we were in the house she began. When I said, yes, I did love my friend, she caught hold of me, laid me over her lap and beat me savagely. *I thought I should go crazy, with shame and horror and fear.* I hated my mother then, and yet I loved her more than ever. She kept saying she had bought me, *bought* me with her suffering and sacrifices; that I was a low, disloyal boy. . . . I must have been quite mad for a minute or two. She threw me away from her, or I broke away, I don't know which. I remember being in my own room, with the dictionary, and then I was out on the road. I ran for miles, on and on, down the road, over the fields, through the woods, and I fell down and mud-died my clothes, and tore my stocking on the brambles in the woods. I could hear the sound of my own heart as I ran on. I wanted never to see my mother again, to get away, anywhere away from her. I felt that I had wronged my mother, in some way I had injured her horribly. . . ."

Fielding was on his feet, walking up and down the office, gesticulating, *living over* that scene in memory.

Finally he threw himself down again in the easy-chair, struck a match and lighted a cigarette. It seemed to soothe him.

"Well?" said the doctor, after a long pause.

"The thing that has always puzzled me, was how I could

love and hate my mother at the same time, as I did that afternoon."

"Ambivalency."

"And what is that?"

"Two opposed emotional expressions of one impulse. It has probably been like that all your life."

Fielding thought for a moment. . . . "Yes, it has been so. But what can I do about it?"

"Understand it, and through understanding get control of it, to some degree."

The doctor was tempted to give him a thorough exposition of his ambivalency of love and hate; but he did not want to startle him before beginning to analyze his dreams. So he asked:

"What was she like, this woman who loved pond-lilies?"

"She had a long white neck, and a peculiar way of walking, floating along over the ground. She had a strangely sweet voice, resonant like a bell."

"And was she also a widow?"

"Yes, a very young widow. But she married again and went away, over the mountain."

"You forgot to tell me how you returned home, that time you ran away."

"Oh! when I couldn't go any further, I lay down under a tree and must have sobbed myself to sleep, for I dreamed that I saw my mother holding out her arms to me."

"Yes, the dreams of children are often undisguised wish-fulfilments. In the dreams of adults, where repression is more habitual, and the symbolic level richer in images and analogies, there is generally more disguise. And when you awoke under the tree with that dream of your mother?"

"I went home. It was long after dark. I remember now being awfully afraid of the wind, as it made noises among the branches of the trees. I was so tired that my legs seemed bound and I could hardly lift my feet. To shorten the road I crossed a ploughed field, and that was hardest of all. At last I came in sight of the home lights, two bright lights in the gable-end of the house. Could I ever reach

it! I stumbled up the steps and lifted the latch. My mother came to meet me, her eyes wildly bright. She just lifted her arm and drew me to her. She said we would forget the whole thing, force ourselves to forget. I haven't thought of it for—God knows how long!"

Without a word of comment the doctor drew a sheet of paper from a large envelope that was lying on his desk, and handed it to Fielding Sargent. It was his sand-wading nightmare of eight days before.

I dreamed that I was stumbling heavily along through a sandy desert. My feet sank deeper and deeper in the clinging sand. It bound my ankles and the calves of my legs. My knees hurt me, but I labored on, muttering, "I must get out of this."

I seemed to be pursued by a strong wind. There were voices in the wind, and I was afraid. At last I saw a shape in the distance; it had two bright eyes and a sort of sloping bonnet. I was afraid of it, or half-afraid, but there was nowhere else to go.

I seemed to be fumbling with the latch of a door. Then there was something about a huge sphinx, that lifted its paw and touched me. It was like a nightmare.

"That's strange," Fielding muttered.

"Yes. We may force ourselves to forget, but the unconscious never forgets.—Now you were in the desert, wading through the sand towards the sphinx?"

Fielding shrank together in his chair. He stared at the doctor. . . .

"You *have* been in the desert, then?"

"Yes, I've been in the desert. But—that's something I'd rather not think about—just yet. Give me time." He showed strain.

"Very well. If you can't talk about the desert to-day, we'll take that piano-raft dream which you had the morning after you were first here. The first dream after meeting the analyst is always very important."

Fielding again complained of being tired. Notwithstanding his curiosity as to the process of dream analysis, he shrank from it. Then a perfect means of delay, at least for a few minutes, suggested itself to him:

"You promised to play for me sometime. Would you?"

"Of course I will." The doctor rose, and opened the inner door.

Bookcases shoulder high were all round the room, and on the buff-colored walls above them were photographs of paintings of the early Italian schools. A bowl of pink roses stood on a carved Florentine table.

Fielding's eye caught these few details before the doctor began to play, and then he forgot the room altogether. He was listening to Scandinavian folk songs, full of the mystery of the Northland and poignant with love and longing. The music seemed to carry him back, far back, to things that had been real and present a hundred years, five hundred years before he was born.

From his seat near the door he looked down the room at Dr. Aubrey, who seemed to have forgotten him, to be playing to himself. His face was in shadow, and the light from the window behind him showed copper gleams in his abundant hair which Fielding had supposed was black. The man and the folk songs seemed somehow to belong together. And how mysterious he was! Where had he come from? And what a strange double existence, out there in that bare office with his patients and pupils, and then in here with the music, and the flowers, and the books, and the beautiful things of old Europe, sometimes alone, sometimes with those personal friends who had the privilege of passing the guarded door. And Fielding's heart swelled with pride that he was among the favored ones.

"Where did you ever learn to play like that?" he asked, when they were again seated in the office.

"I studied mostly in Europe."

"Are you a foreigner?"

"No. I'm an American, of English parentage, born in Boston. What made you think I was a foreigner?"

"I don't know. Perhaps your name, Sigurd."

The doctor did not explain his name, but took up the dream they were going to analyze and read it aloud:

I was trying to swim in a sort of lake or pond. There were lilies on the surface, and under the water were long roots and grasses, that my legs were tangled in. They were trying to drag me down. And there was something about a snake; he was down there somewhere, and I was trying to get away from him.

An old schoolmaster of mine came floating along on a sort of raft. It was queer-shaped, like the top of a grand-piano. He seemed to be fishing, and he took me aboard, helped me aboard.

I asked him what time it was, and he took out his watch and said it was getting late, that it was three o'clock in the afternoon. I noticed his gold watch-fob; it was round, and had some sort of openwork filigree inside the circle.

He had a beard in the dream, but in real life he hadn't any beard, as I remember.

We fished together. I thought I had to kill the snake, but he said it wasn't necessary to kill things.

I argued with him.

I awoke, feeling afraid.

The doctor asked Fielding to repeat the dream to him, as he remembered it. In the revised version there was no reference to the gold filigree watch-fob, nor to the argument with the schoolmaster.

"In a dream like this," the analyst explained, "there will be found, if one goes deep enough, an epitome of the whole inner life of the dreamer; but for our present purpose we need not exhaust its meaning. A volume might be written about a single dream. Now what I want are your free associations of ideas or memories grouped round the various fragments of this dream, as I present them to you. As

you know, there are two kinds of thinking: First, directed thinking, designed to attain some definite result, as in study or work or making plans; and second, thinking by free associations, as in reverie or phantasy. Our affective life, our life of feeling, is governed almost entirely by associated ideas and analogies. In analyzing a dream we begin by taking it apart, working backward from the dream as it presents itself to consciousness, working backward to the unconscious wishes or trends that sought satisfaction and escape in the action of the dream. Behind every dream is a web of associated thoughts, grouped round a central conflict. Now let yourself be perfectly passive, don't reason, or criticize anything that comes to your mind, no matter how absurd it seems or how wide of the mark. In the dream you were *trying to swim*."

"I remember," said Fielding, "that I wasn't wearing any bathing-suit. It was like swimming when I was a small boy."

"In a sort of lake, or pond."

"There was a pond near the place where I was born, and I learned to swim there. My father taught me. My mother was always afraid I'd be drowned, and after his death she tried to keep me away from the pond. My father was a strong swimmer, and he was about your height and build. He wasn't an ailing man, either. He died rather suddenly of pneumonia, just caught cold, I don't know how, and in a few days he was dead.—I've been out on that pond with him, on a raft."

"Any special time?"

"No, I don't think of any special time now. Maybe I will."

The doctor only interposed a question, or a new fragment of the dream, when Fielding seemed to have nothing more to say spontaneously. Sometimes the interval of waiting was short, sometimes much longer. When there seemed to be great resistance, the doctor would note the point, and indirectly work round to it later.

(It is not easy to record a dream analysis, in which

pantomime, hesitation, silence, change of color or attitude, gesture, rate of breathing, and many other subtle indicators play such vital parts. When the subject is taciturn, there is scarcity of material; when the subject is fluent, there is sometimes a conscious attempt to wander away from the theme, but in the psychological material given in this evasive wandering will be found unconscious analogies to the other dream material that are of great value. One can say in explanation of this obscure phenomenon that the mind works that way; there is always method in the seeming madness of its flight from point to point. Given a profound knowledge of the unconscious and its ways, and a mastery of analytical technique, the success of practical dream interpretation depends upon a subtle perception of analogies, a *flair* for the psychologically relevant. Without this *flair*, which is a gift like any other artistic gift, an analyst would often find himself nonplussed, for the unconscious plays some very deceptive rôles. As the trained genius in painting or music perceives *nuances* of color or tone which make no impression on the senses of the ordinary student, so the analyst responds to the vague signals from the unconscious of his subject. But the stages of the process are difficult to record by written words alone, the deep unconscious being wordless as were the early biological stirrings of feeling-life, and the word-associations lying nearer the surface of the mind having each a unique *personal* shade of emotionally-colored meaning. The modern mind, conscious and unconscious, is like a palimpsest, with the original writing in archaic characters showing through in spots and blurring the contemporary script.)

"Lilies on the surface," the doctor read.

"I think," said Fielding, but here he hesitated—"I think of a line from a sonnet of my friend Howard, 'Lies like a lily on the stream of life.' That was written to Marie. Y-yes. . . . And I think of that lady my mother was jealous of, she who was fond of water-lilies. And I think of her neck, like a lily stem, that I kissed when I was a boy. And I think. . . ."

"Yes?"

"No, that's all. I don't think of anything else."

It was obvious to the analyst that here *was* a repressed group of memories. Fielding seemed a little afraid to yield himself to the analytic process, as if he dreaded being trapped into some confession he was not ready to make.

"Under the water, long roots and grasses."

"I feel as if I were entangled in something. The roots go very deep in the mud beneath. . . . Oh! Now I remember something I haven't thought of for ages. One time when I was swimming with my father I got tangled up in lily stems in the mud. I was frightened, and I struggled with my father when he came to get me. I was horribly afraid of *him*, somehow, just as I was afraid of the snake in the dream. But he took me up on the raft."

Fielding came to a full stop, he gasped painfully. After a time the analyst repeated: *"Under the water, long roots and grasses."*

"'Oh, tall white lily with thy dark roots held

And hidden by the ministering mire!'

Those are the opening lines of a poem I read somewhere. I can't remember the rest of it, but it was called '*The Body*.'"

"Did anyone call your attention to it?"

"No, I found it in a magazine and pasted it in my poetry scrap-book."

The doctor could have gone into the history of the scrap-book, for the concrete associations of every fragment of a dream lead down and down. But he wanted first to get a group of surface associations, going deeper at the points of most resistance.

"Trying to drag you down," he read.

"The body would drag us down if we let it."

"There was something in the dream about a snake."

"Ugh! I'm afraid of snakes. Doctor, that brings me right out of the passive mood I've been in. Must I try to imagine the snake hidden in the water?"

Dr. Aubrey smiled indulgently. "You were *trying to get away from him*, in the dream."

"I'm always trying to get away from something. I've wanted to run away, so many times in my life—not just that time I told you about. I wanted to be free of my mother, and I wanted to be free of my wife. They entangled me, their love entangled me."

"And the *lilies on the surface* of the water?" the analyst came back to them.

"They also have entangling roots. If one could simply pick them and enjoy their fragrance, they're lovely for a while; but they soon fade. Everything fades. My sister is fading now. . . . I think of 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' I heard that when my mother was buried. And God made man of the dust of the earth. Why doesn't it say mud, and have done with it? All those entangling roots are in the mud at the bottom of the lake, and in the mud are worms—ugh!"

And he brushed his sleeve with his hand.

The doctor made a note of "worms," but he would not interrupt the flow of thoughts.

"All my life," the man went on, "I've longed to be free of the mud; but there's no getting free. I'd want to die, only they might bury me in the mud. It rained when my mother was buried; I remember the yellow mud in the grave which they couldn't cover with flowers."

He sat in silence, gazing at the tip of his nose. . . .

After waiting a while, the doctor mentioned another detail of the dream: "*That old schoolmaster of yours—*"

"Yes, he was a man of dignified character. I respected him. But in the dream he had a beard like my father."

"The schoolmaster was *floating along on a sort of raft*. Think of the raft."

"Yes, the raft was like a grand-piano top. He used to play to me sometimes, but he didn't have a grand-piano."

"Remember something *concrete* about a grand-piano top."

"Why, after I went home from here that first day, the day before I had this dream, I remember leaning on the

top of my grand-piano in the drawing-room, and imagining you there, playing to me." He hesitated—then began hurriedly, as if skipping over something. "Oh! I think of sitting beside that schoolmaster's desk, just as I sit here beside yours. I was always climbing up on top of things when I was a boy. One morning the teacher came into the schoolhouse early and found me sitting on the top of his desk. I was afraid he wouldn't like it, but he just patted my shoulder.—He had an odd way, when he was thinking, of tapping on the desk noiselessly, as if he were practising scales; but I think all pianists do that. You did, the first day I was here."

"The teacher *was fishing*, in the dream. Fishing for what?"

"You never know, when you go fishing, what you'll catch. 'And he made them fishers of men.' I think of that, from the Gospels. Christ sent out his disciples as fishers of men."

"Why?"

"I suppose that they might make men better, raise them up out of the mud."

"And that schoolmaster of yours?"

"He was a good man, and he often spoke of Christ and the disciples, John especially. I was his favorite pupil, and he wouldn't let me sink down in the mud. He took me aboard."

"Yes, he did in the dream. Tell me more about him."

"Why, he said to my mother one day that a boy thirteen years old ought not to be tied to his mother's apron-string. She wanted to take me out of school and teach me herself, but I stuck to the teacher. When my mother died a few months afterwards, my conscience troubled me, for she had told me I would kill her with my heartless behavior. My wife, too, was always weeping and telling me that I would kill her."

The analyst went on with the dream text. *Being late* reminded Fielding that he was now forty-five years old, and that teacher had told him there was no time to lose

if he wanted to be a real man. Three o'clock reminded him of the hour of his analysis.

"And the *watch-fob*?"

"Why, Doctor," said Fielding in surprise, "it was like your fob! I didn't know you had a fob like that."

"Not consciously, but you must have seen it, unconsciously, that first day. Now do you think of any other watch-fob?"

Yes, his father had carried his watch on a fob, and at the end of the short chain there had been a round gold locket with the mother's picture inside. After his father's death the watch and the locket had been given to Fielding. "I got them!" he said, in a tone of boyish triumph. "I have them in my safe."

The doctor's eyes narrowed, for there was a link missing in this chain of thoughts, and the fragment was important because it had been forgotten—repressed again—in the second version of the dream.

"Can you remember," he asked dreamily, "anything peculiar about that locket?"

"Let me see—it had a chased surface, a scroll-like design; but I haven't carried it for nineteen years. The old watch didn't keep good time, and about six months after I was married, my wife persuaded me to discard it, locket and all, and she bought me another—as a present. The new one had *her* picture inside the case, but I lost it a few years ago."

"Was that also on a fob?"

"No, it had a chain that went across the waistcoat. After I lost it I bought myself another right away, before I told her." He drew the watch from his pocket. It was on a short fob, with a French charm, *art nouveau*, a woman's head in profile. "I bought two of them just alike," he said, smiling, "one for myself and one for Theo, my friend Howard's son, whom I educated and made a man of."

The doctor nodded. Why had this symbol been forgotten? Oh, yes, of course! And he had given Theo a woman's head for a watch-charm.

"In the dream you were fishing together, you and the schoolmaster. Did you ever go fishing with him in reality?"

"No, but I've fished with my father." Though the doctor gave him time, no special reminiscence came up.

"And in the dream, what were you fishing for, after the teacher took you aboard?"

"I don't know. . . . I think the pond was full of living things, and there were dead things there, too, and the snake."

When the analyst repeated, "dead things," Fielding was reminded of dead people, of his father and mother, his little brother, his aunt, his wife.

"And the living things?"

He thought that must be the snake.

"Was the snake alive?"

"Oh, yes! Otherwise I shouldn't have been afraid of it."

"But why did you think you had to kill it—in the dream?"

"Because it was dangerous. It seems to me my father—no, I can't remember."

"Your teacher told you *it wasn't necessary to kill things?*"

"Yes, I suppose everything has a right to its life. He often said that, and he wouldn't tolerate any cruelty among the boys. One time he caught Howard and me stoning a snake, and he told us if he ever saw it again he'd birch us. It was the only time he ever threatened me. I remember he asked me how I'd like to have some monstrous creature throwing stones at me. It seemed absurd at the time; but I suppose our soldiers who are being shelled over there could tell us how it feels to be stoned. I never thought of that before, not consciously."

He writhed in his chair, as if the idea were unendurable.

"Oh, the cruelty of the war!" he cried. "I think about it until I can hardly breathe."

He got up and walked the floor, talking explosively. He wanted to know if human beings could not find some other way of settling their differences than by maiming and torturing each other. Fight, fight, fight! Life was a fight, from the time you were born into the world until you got

out of it. And if you didn't fight you were a weakling and went down in the struggle. He raved against the Germans, who had been guilty of the monstrous cruelty of starting the war. In one breath he wanted them wiped off the face of the earth, and in the next breath he wanted the war stopped. He was fed-up on horrors. He couldn't sleep nights. The enemy was a snake. . . .

Fielding went back to his chair and sat down. His explosion had done him good. He had expressed himself, anyhow, said all he had to say about the "enemy," for the moment.

"You've written here," said the analyst quietly, "that you *argued with the teacher* in the dream."

"Yes, pro and con, I suppose, should one, or should one not—kill things." It was spoken with great energy.

"And did you confide much in that teacher of yours?"

"Oh, yes! He was very clever at fishing for secrets; he had his own peculiar way of finding out things. My father had, too, when I was little; but the teacher could go him one better. Of course I was older then, and knew what was being done."

"And did you ever argue with the teacher in reality, as you did in the dream?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't have dared to. I had too much respect for him."

"Then why should you wish to have less respect for him?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"A dream is a wish-fulfilment, among other things," the analyst said, "and when you awake from a dream afraid, there is always an inner struggle. As Dr. Jelliffe says, 'Fear is the corrective of desire.' Now is there anything you would like to argue about with anybody?"

Fielding turned red in the face, but he kept his mouth shut. He was beginning to fear that he had talked too much about the War.

"An argument in a dream," the doctor told him, "is, subjectively considered, an argument with yourself. In this

case, shall one, or shall one not, *kill*—all sorts of things, really. In the dream you put the argument against killing in the mouth of the representative of *authority*, he said it wasn't necessary to kill things, and direct speech in a dream always goes back to some remembered speech in reality: when he threatened you for stoning snakes, he said everything had a right to its life. Do you see the struggle and confusion, the pro and con, in your own unconscious?"

Fielding broke in with the vigorous assertion of his hearty sympathy with the war. Of course, he hated war in general; but *this* war was different. This was a war for democracy against autocracy, it was a war for freedom.

"We'll come back to that," the doctor promised. "Now you have asked me to teach you, as we go along, and the only way a man can ever get to understand the unconscious and its workings is through the analysis of his own dreams, and the study of his own reactions to it. There is objective interpretation of dreams, and subjective interpretation. In the former everything stands for something in the objective world, in the latter everything stands for something in the dreamer's self. The most valuable associations are the concrete associations. Your first dream of me is very interesting."

"My first dream of *you*?" Fielding repeated, in surprise.

"Yes, this dream is incidentally about me, and your work with me, though everything is subordinated to your major conflict, of course. The teacher in the dream is myself, at the present reality level. The concrete watch-fob, which is my watch-fob that you noticed that first day, and your old teacher's 'fishing for secrets' are among the obvious proofs of that. You also give him your father's beard, which links him with earlier analogous memories. Often a dream disguise is far more subtle. In composite characters we look for what they all have in common. The father and teacher, and in a sense the analyst, are in a position of authority. They represent, among other things, the restraining powers. Their word is Law—though we may argue

with it, or want to. Perhaps you did argue with your father on some early analogous occasion."

Fielding could not remember, but there was on his face the indescribable expression of vague recollection struggling with strong resistance.

"Yes," the doctor said, "a dream of this kind has various levels, there is an analogy at each level, and the various factors are all equal to one another, or at least the same emotion at each level finds vent in the dream."

"I don't quite understand—"

"Of course not, but you will, as time goes on. Now the details of every dream are grouped around some happening of the preceding day; the dream takes up the day's problem and carries it on subjectively. And there is generally a concrete nucleus, like that piano-top, which is also the top of my desk here, and the top of your old teacher's desk which you climbed upon, without reproof from him, for he patted you on the back when he found you there. A strange object, like the piano-raft, always shows what we call 'condensation.' If we should go deep enough, we would probably find another and long-forgotten analogy at the early infantile level.

"Among other things, this dream reveals a life-long horror of anything that could soil you, or degrade you. I have noticed a little habit of yours, probably unconscious, of brushing dust, real or imaginary, from your coat-sleeve."

"Do I do that?"

"Yes. And we shall learn, as we go on, the basis of your degradation phantasies, which are so well compensated by your external dignity. That was your early ego-ideal, modelled on your father's dignified personality; the teacher in your dream was of course an early father-surrogate. Your father taught you to swim in that pond, and *something really happened there* which shocked your young imagination; the memory has probably been active in your unconscious for more than forty years.

"The dream shows that your first impression of me was favorable; you make me a 'fisher of men,' a disciple sent

out to make men better, to raise them out of the mud, to make them really men. Symbolically I take you aboard my raft (my desk-piano-top), and we fish together in the waters of the unconscious, where there are living things and dead things, also the terrible snake. Your fishing *with* the teacher is the acceptance of the analysis and the analyst—for the time being, anyhow.

"You remembered with a curious glow of satisfaction that your teacher threatened to birch you, as a punishment for cruelty on your part; then you got terribly wrought-up about the War and 'the enemy.' Your grand whippings by your mother influence this tendency, no doubt; and you must take a certain satisfaction in suffering, or you wouldn't suffer so much, wouldn't so introject the horrors of the world. I have several women patients whose bodies have been battle grounds all through the War. Your war *fury* a little while ago is the other end of the same thing, for the War has let loose many repressed trends in the unconscious of the human race. But great generals who win battles do not rave against the enemy—they save their energy for conquest. Psychologically speaking, the best way, the economical way, to conquer an enemy is to depersonalize him, and deal with his evil as a blind force. That attitude to life will double any man's efficiency, save half his energy. He who can sublimate his hate and use it as mere dynamics has a powerful ally in the struggle for life.

"Freud tells us that the transformation of love into hatred, of tenderness into hostility, takes place by means of the union of cruelty with the libido. We see that in the ambivalency of love and hate. The war atrocities we have reason to deplore are examples of individual and collective sadism. Your raving against the enemy as a snake comes from the same impulse that prompts atrocities among the soldiery. The work of analysis is the harmonizing of all these primitive trends, conscious and unconscious.

"Though you remember that you were your teacher's favorite pupil, you argue with him in the dream. When you asked me one day if I believed in prophetic dreams, I told

you that dreams showed tendencies in the unconscious significant for future actions."

Fielding puzzled over this, and only understood it days later.

"Now this teacher may come up in your dreams again. What shall we call him for identification?"

"Oh! we can call him by his name, Johnson, because he's dead."

It was the tone which made the doctor say, "So? You did confide in him to a great extent, didn't you?"

"Altogether too much, I thought afterwards," he admitted.

"But it's all right now," said the analyst, "because dead men tell no tales."

Fielding smiled guiltily. "I had an immense regard for him, but I remember saying those very words to myself when I learned that he was dead. 'What monsters we are!'"

"No," said Dr. Aubrey, "I never think of men as monsters. We are merely grown-up children, with relics in us of the infantile. To the child, dead and absent mean about the same thing; and they do with us unconsciously, to a great degree. We may dream that a person is dead, when we only want to be free of him or her; for we carry in our unconscious the relics of primitive man with his cruder ways of adaptation. The primitive man killed his enemy-friend when he wanted to get rid of him; we kill ours symbolically in a dream, carefully veiled from our ethically-trained waking consciousness.

"Every dream involves both a present wish and a long-repressed wish, and satisfies both. This dream of yours is a perfect illustration. The substance of an earlier scene is changed into a recent scene, through a transfer of the emotion to someone in the present environment—myself. An emotion does not die, it merely changes its object. Jung says, 'The apparently repressed desires, contained in the dream, are volitional tendencies, which serve as language material for subconscious expression.' And we need not always take literally the cruder symbolism.

"But anxiety in a dream, as in this one, always means strong erotic desire in the unconscious. That is not theory, but demonstrated fact. The desire is so strongly resisted by conflicting desires, that in the unconscious it takes the form of fear: an immense desire and an exaggerated rejection. It is through the inner conflict of these opposing forces that the compulsive neurotic is reduced to that helpless inactivity which we so often see in people who complain of nerves. This dream shows your major conflict, the struggle between the ego and the love nature. The dream all hangs together; what seem to be discrepancies are only re-symbolizations.

"The normal ego trends that are denied and repressed, either through hypocrisy or a misinterpreted religious ideal, descend into the unconscious, where they are twisted out of shape but strengthened enormously by the blind urge to individuation which characterizes our present era. The Christian religion was well designed for a check on this blind urge. But in our ruthless modern age there is more love-repression than ego-repression. There are few well *balanced* characters. Puritanical oppression—through the projection of one's own repressed and maimed desires upon the neighbor—has taken the place of Christian charity, which is love.

"The conflict with you is of old date. Your latency period, before puberty, seems to have been broken into, and that always paves the way for future emotional instability. Dr. Frink says, 'The neurotic is a person who has learned to love and hate too soon.' That lady of the pond-lilies, your first object-love outside the family, has been of great significance in your life. Our first loves are always of great significance. Most of us go on, living over and over the old relationship psychologically, with surrogate after surrogate. You loved, your jealous mother balked your love, you ran away in fear. That has doubtless been your love-history, often repeated."

"It has," said Fielding, "with my wife in the maternal rôle."

"A love desire which we refuse to acknowledge will express itself in a dream, disguised in the form of an earlier and discarded affection, even through childish sentimentalities for one of our own sex, if there is some analogy, some symbol, which serves as a common denominator for the mature and the discarded function. Your mother also wanted to separate you from the teacher, and some fragment of the life force of almost every one of us has been left behind at the stage of adolescent friendship.

"But this pond of the dream, in which both the real and the symbolical lilies, fragrant and lovely but soon fading, grow with their entangling roots in the mud where the snake is hidden—this pond with its conflicting emotional valuations lies in your own soul-consciousness, and you will have to settle the problem *there* before you can settle it in the outer relations of your life. The woman who 'lies like a lily on the stream of life' will appear in future dreams. The tendencies that group themselves round the symbolical figure of the schoolmaster are also tendencies in yourself which will have to be faced and reconciled with the maturer elements of your psyche. You climb aboard the raft to escape the lilies and the snake; but lilies, *raft* and snake are in yourself. The means of escape are also in yourself, to be reached through analysis, as you recognize subconsciously by saving yourself by the schoolmaster-analyst.

"This dream is a dramatization of that life-long struggle between your ego and your love nature, and of our work together in resolving that complex by 'fishing' in the waters of your unconscious where there are living and dead things. You were certainly struggling alone in the water before the analyst-teacher came along on his raft. Your argument with the analyst-teacher is another form of the old struggle and wish-fulfilment. The unconscious is tremendous with untamed wish-energy; while our conscious selves, I sometimes think, are almost over-tamed.

"There may have been further details at the end of the dream, which you ran away from by awaking yourself in

fear. That is characteristic of the impulse to run away from something distressing in real life, which also shows a damming-up of the libido threatening to break through the repression. You have made the libido a serpent, something external and hostile against which you fight."

He did not go into the question of Theo and the two watches, as that identification would doubtless come up again in a form simpler and more within the comprehension of this beginner. The sudden unveiling to any soul of all its own mysteries would blind it by excess of light. As Jung says, "The venom of understanding has to be instilled very carefully, and in the smallest of doses."

"It seems to me," Fielding felt his way, "that this dream is full of small boy's jargon."

"Of course," said the analyst, "and you have chosen the very word which Adler himself uses—jargon. When, for any reason, a mature man or woman refuses to face some present problem, the libido, or vital force—call it whatever you will—turns back upon the self, regresses as we say. Conscious vital force has to busy itself with something. When it regresses it busies itself with the infantile or adolescent phantasies which have been preserved in the unconscious, as in what you call the 'jargon' of this dream.

"Perhaps you instinctively tried to break away from your mother so early because you loved her so intensely and dependently that the love threatened the free development of your ego. Of course the pond-lily woman was a mother-surrogate, a *compromise* for the two conflicting trends, for and against, a symbol by means of which the youthful ego trends and love trends could both be satisfied. But you have never broken away psychically. Even your wife was a sort of mother-surrogate, and several times in our talks you have identified the two women through analogies. You even chose a wife older than yourself. Now what first interested you in the woman you married?"

"Why," Fielding knit his brows, "she was a friend of Howard's wife, and I first met her at dinner in their flat.

She told me she had a weak heart, and that aroused my sympathetic interest, because my mother had a weak heart."

"You see? But this dream also shows a wish to break away from the old dependence, for your mother didn't wish you to swim in that pond, yet you are trying to swim. A dream is a representation of a whole web of thoughts, no dream is ever simple. 'If you know the main phantasy you know the main lack,' is an axiom of psychoanalysis. You are at war with your environment because you are at war with yourself. You must always have resented the chains that bound you. Though hating war, you consciously accept this war as being fought for freedom, which you have always longed for *personally*. You made yourself so powerful in the world as a compensation for an inner feeling of dependent inferiority. Jung wisely tells us that the object of analysis is the patient's moral autonomy, and the dream is the means of re-establishing the moral equipoise. It is not unusual to see a person who has been ruled for a whole lifetime by a dead parent. Though you are trying to swim, your feet are still entangled with the roots of things in the unconscious.

"Now a pond, or any body of water, is a well-known symbol of the unconscious. We find it in the poetry of all races; 'the sea of mind,' 'the deep well of my heart,' 'my soul is a lake,' etc. Though each mind has its own dictionary of symbols, there are certain symbols of universal validity. These are in the race-unconscious, which we all carry in ourselves behind our personal unconscious with its memories and desires; for the whole history of the human race, with its sub-human ancestry, lies potential in the human brain. The mind of man is a marvelous depository.

"Though you shuddered and refused to think about the snake of your dream, you inadvertently gave me several associations; and the snake is an old symbol of the libido, the creative force in man. It is also a symbol of rebellion; it tempted Eve to disobey the commands of divine authority, 'Thou shalt not,' etc. You want to obey, and you want to disobey—hence the conflict and the argument. In your

later associations you link it with cruelty and the War, for your teacher threatened to birch you if you stoned snakes, and you think soldiers know how the *snake* feels when he is stoned. Then you call the enemy a snake, and you are still arguing with the teacher (authority) about killing the snake (enemy-libido) when you awake in fear. This war has certainly let loose all the sadistic trends in the unconscious of the human race; and the protest against cruelty, the protest against war, is the counter-argument against those very passions in ourselves. Our Christianity is under fire, and the inner struggle, like the outer, is unprecedented.

"I think you have unconsciously confused the issues of your love-life with the issues of the War. Sooner or later we shall find *their* common-denominator."

Fielding was staring at the doctor. Something in his heart seemed to open and shut. He could hardly breathe.

"And is that all the dream indicates?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "there is always more to every dream; there is no such thing as a complete analysis.

"'Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.'"

A dream is always bottomless, as the unconscious of every man is bottomless. And now," he smiled at parting, "remember my advice to go out more among people, and try to enjoy yourself. Next time we'll analyze another dream."

On the way home it seemed to Fielding that his head was being lifted from his shoulders. The release of energy was vaguely distressing, yet not altogether unpleasant. He felt "queer," and slightly confused.

CHAPTER XI

FIELDING took up the morning paper, turning—as usual these days—to the death notices. He glanced at the S's, and caught his breath on reading the name *Sinclair*.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed aloud. Then he read on:

"Sinclair—Martin P., beloved husband of Susan Jones Sinclair, on Tuesday, October 29, at Middletown, N. Y., age 32. Middletown and Newburgh papers please copy."

"What an idiot I am! Do I *want* that man to die? Of course not. Then why do I look for his name in that column? What could I gain by his death? He's the best friend I have in the world. Why, *why* do I do this irrational, horrible thing?"

He was pondering the question when he heard a little rap on the door, and Barbara came in, looking very rosy and alive.

"Oh, Uncle Fielding! Who do you think is here? Pardon my coming up, but who do you think—"

He turned to her his usual calm face, the face that made his family and friends call him so "well-poised," though his heart beat faster these days at every unexpected happening.

"Well, who is here, little one?"

"Theo! Theodore Sinclair, up from Washington for the day."

"Bless the dear boy! Yes, Barbara, send him up here."

"I'm here already," came a fresh voice from the hall outside, and then they were shaking hands.

The boy was nearly as tall as his father, and in his officer's uniform he made glad the eye of this childless man who had paid for his education. Barbara slipped away

and left the two together. Fielding made Theo sit in the chair at the right of his desk, and gazed at him.

"How glad I am to see you! How long can you stay with us?"

"I can stay here only an hour, then I'll go down and spend the afternoon with father, and catch the midnight train for Washington. Busy times just now, sir."

"Oh, Theo! If I were only your age and could do what you are doing!"

Of course the boy protested that he wasn't doing anything at all, that he wanted to be at the front, that his eyes were jolly well right enough for anything they could put him to, only—

"Only," said Fielding, "you're too valuable where you are. I wish you were my boy."

"But I am about half your boy, and I've always felt that I was. Do you remember teaching me to sit a horse, when I was five years old?"

"I do."

"And the time we went camping in the Adirondacks—just you and me, and Tom, the guide?"

"We'll go camping again, Theo, when the War is over."

"I think," said Theo, "that the War is nearly over."

Fielding leaned forward quickly. "You really believe that?"

"Yes. I may be mistaken, of course."

He looked shyly at the man before him, the "great man" for whom he felt so deep a respect and gratitude.

"But I didn't come up to say that," he flushed, "there's something special—"

"Say it, then."

"I don't know just how to say it."

"Is it so serious?"

"Oh, very serious!"

Fielding just looked at him encouragingly. He supposed the boy had been spending more money than he earned. The rich man usually thinks of loans when a moneyless friend wants to talk to him about something serious.

Though he did not know it, Fielding enjoyed being asked to give money. It raised him in his own estimation, gave him a feeling of kindly power. He waited. . . .

"It's—Oh, I love Barbara so much! Can she marry me?"

"Theodore!" He turned gray-white before the boy's eyes.

"But— Oh, I hope I haven't shocked you! It's so natural, you know. She's the loveliest, the sweetest—"

"Yes, yes.—So she is.—Our little Barbara! You—and our Barbara!"

"But surely you're not offended with me," the boy pleaded. "Of course, I'm not rich, but I don't believe Barbara would care for that. I wrote her mother all about it, and she's perfectly willing. Of course, I should have asked you, anyhow; but Mrs. Dana's kindness gave me courage. Maybe I'm a presumptuous young fool. It seemed so simple, because I love her so much, and—I think she loves me."

"Theodore!"

Fielding's mouth felt dry; he wished he had a glass of water. He noticed the brightness of the boy's eyes behind his glasses, though their expression was troubled now.

"I'll surely get some good position when the War is over," Theo was saying. "My chief will tell you I'm a tiger for work. When I left Oxford I dallied for a while, wanted to go in for scholarship and all that sort of thing; but my work in Washington has shown me what I can do in the real world. I won't be a burden on you, sir."

Fielding drew a long breath. "It isn't that, Theodore."

"But in what do I fall short, except in the matter of money?"

"It isn't that, I tell you; that has nothing to do with it."

The boy had a sudden idea, and his jaw fell. "Is there something I don't know about, something disgraceful in my antecedents?"

The older man shook his head.

"Then if it isn't money, and if it isn't anything in my antecedents, I really don't understand."

"I don't understand myself," Fielding murmured.

"But you're not offended with me?"

"No, Theo, I'm not offended with you. How could I be? It's as you say, so natural. That's just what's the matter with it."

Theo stared at him.

"Do you want me to go away?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, no! I never wanted you to go away, except for this work in Washington, which I would have done myself—only I couldn't."

"But you could have done a thousand times more down there than I've done. I've sometimes wondered why you didn't."

Fielding groaned. At last the thing had been spoken by another's lips, by frank boyish lips. He wanted to be in Washington, wanted to be at work like a man, and instead he sat here in this library and gave mere money. He turned his face away.

"I'm so sorry!" Theo breathed. "I didn't mean it in that way. You know I didn't."

Fielding rubbed his hands together to warm himself, for he felt cold all over. At length he said:

"I'm going to tell you something, something that nobody knows—that is, not any of our people. I'm a sick man, Theo."

"A sick man!" The boy leaned forward anxiously. "But you look so well—or you did, when I came in here a few minutes ago. What's the trouble, Mr. Sargent?"

"It's my soul that's sick. I'm not fit to be in Washington, working with sound men."

Theo was too much shocked to make any response.

"That's just it," Fielding went on, "I don't trust myself. I might go along all right, and then I might make some horribly compromising mistake. It's breaking my heart, Theodore."

"And how long have you known this?"

"For months, for nearly a year I haven't been myself; but just lately—I have a new doctor, though, and he's

treating me. Nobody knows. I couldn't have anybody know. I'm ashamed, Theo."

He looked up—to see the boy's eyes swimming in tears.

"Oh, don't! Don't pity me. I can't stand it. I've always believed myself so strong. Oh, all the conceit has been taken out of me during these last months!"

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No, thank you, nothing at all. I've got to pull myself together and go on; though what I'm going on for, or what I'm going on to, Heaven alone knows. 'For what shall it profit a man—' But why have I chosen you for such a confidence?"

"You didn't choose," said Theo solemnly. "It just happened."

"Yes, it just happened. How wise you are, Theo! You were always a wise boy. What makes you like that?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I feel things more than some other people do. I think you also feel things more than other people do, Mr. Sargent, and maybe that's what's the matter with you."

"Maybe. And I'm afraid I've hurt your feelings, dear boy."

"Oh, don't mind me!" Theo threw up his head. "I do wish there was something I could do for you."

"The doctor says I've got to do it for myself. And I will, for I won't be downed by my own nerves—if it is nerves."

"Perhaps," Theo suggested, "it began with Mrs. Sargent's death."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh! I don't know.—But I have to go now, as I telegraphed my father I was coming by the twelve o'clock boat."

He rose, tall and straight, and Fielding rose also, holding out his hand.

"Not a word to anyone," he said, "of what I just told you. I wouldn't have your father know it for a million dollars!"

"I promise," said the boy.

"And, Theo, don't be discouraged by my behavior to-day; don't be discouraged about Barbara, I mean. It was rather startling, you know, but I'll try to get used to the idea."

"But why *was* it so startling?"

"I've got to think that out, for I've got to understand myself; but our talk has opened my eyes to a number of things."

"Mine too," said Theodore.

CHAPTER XII

THE next day Fielding brought the following dream to Dr. Aubrey.

I was trying to climb a mountain. It was rather cold, though the trees were still green.

I was dressed in khaki.

The way was rough and steep, and I was constantly slipping back. There was no path, or anything to guide me. There were rocks and boulders, and clinging vines that I had to tear up by the roots, or break.

I had to get to the other side of the mountain. There was something there that I had to find, and I was late in getting started. I seemed to be all alone, but I felt that somebody was following me, watching me.

I kept looking for the person who was watching me, and once or twice I called to her, but there was no response. I was terribly disturbed about that person watching me. I felt that it was a woman, to whom I owed some debt; but just what it was I do not know.

I heard guns, a long way off, ahead of me.

I had just climbed over a boulder when I heard a rustling among the trees.

I awoke in fear.

When asked about *climbing a mountain*, Fielding replied: "Something which has to be done."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but *what* mountain are you climbing? Think of something concrete."

"Why, I was thinking of climbing in the Adirondacks with Theo when he was ten years old. It was like being a boy again myself, to have him with me. Once when he fell off a high rock, he just picked himself up and laughed.

But yesterday he asked if he could marry my niece, and I don't know just how I feel about that."

His bronzed face clouded, and a line came between his straight black brows.

"Marriage is a pretty serious business, as I've found out to my sorrow. There's nothing really the matter with the boy, and the girl is a lovely girl; but whether it's to be permitted or not, I don't know. With the best of intentions, a woman can destroy a man. . . ." He fell into a deep study, while the doctor waited.

Finally he sighed: "I told the boy I wasn't well, for I *felt* that he thought I ought to be in Washington, working for the War, and his respect means so much to me."

"In the dream," said the doctor, "*it was rather cold.*"

"I was cold yesterday when I was talking with Theo—nerves, I suppose."

"*Cold, though the trees were still green.*"

"Yes, so it couldn't have been the time that made me cold. The trees were like late summer, early September. But it wasn't in September when I went mountain climbing with Theo; it was in July."

"You were *dressed in khaki.*"

"The boy was dressed in khaki when he came yesterday, to tell me he wanted to get married."

"*The way was rough and steep.*"

"Life is like that," said Fielding.

"More concrete, please. *What way is rough and steep?*"

"Why, it's strange, but I think of a day in the Adirondacks also, when I had gone up there alone, and that *was* in early September."

The doctor nodded. "And what did you go for *that* time?"

"To get away from my wife, I think; but I never could get away from the thought of her. She pursued me everywhere in thought. She was one of those women who can never leave a man alone; she always wanted to know what I was doing. Oh, she was very suspicious!"

"With, or without cause?"

"Mostly without."

The doctor made a note of "mostly." It was the first admission of that sort.

"It was two years ago," Fielding continued, "that I went alone to the Adirondacks. My wife had got jealous of a woman, as she often did; but that time it was utterly ridiculous, because I didn't even like the woman. I almost hated her. She was the one who sent me that piece of carved ivory for my birthday."

"And what did you think of in the Adirondacks that time?"

"Why, I remember thinking that I wanted to be free, so I could do what I pleased without always being watched and suspected."

"And what did you want to do?"

"I really don't know, but I was terribly distressed. Now I think of it, I haven't been quite my old self since that time. It's always the last straw that breaks the camel's back. That was the last woman Alice got jealous of, but she never let up on her. Even when she stopped talking about it, I knew she was thinking."

"And how could you tell that *she* was thinking of it?"

"Oh, I *felt* her thought."

"And did anything happen, that time in the Adirondacks?"

"Yes, I fell. I wouldn't remember it, maybe, except that I lost my watch; the chain must have caught on something when I fell. It was the watch and chain my wife gave me, the year after we were married, when I bought my interest in the iron works. Her picture was on the inside of the watch-case, a small photograph, and she had written on it, 'Yours till death—and after.'"

"So you left it on the mountain?"

"Oh, I had to! I never could have retraced the path I had come by."

"Of course not. Now in the dream you were *constantly slipping back*."

"Well, I'm constantly slipping back now. I go ahead all right for a few hours, then I get queer again."

"*There was no path or anything to guide you.*"

"I think of that time in the Adirondacks."

"And the rocks and boulders?"

"I fell from a rock or boulder."

"*Clinging vines?*"

Fielding smiled. "It's absurd, but I think of a picture that used to hang in my wife's sitting-room, a picture of a woman hanging round a man's neck. It was called 'The Clinging Vine,' and she always said the man looked like me. After she died I sent it to the attic."

"*Tearing up vines by the roots*" reminded him of a scene in his boyhood. To enlarge the lawn he had removed an old fence, which was an "obstruction," and as the fence was covered with ivy, or "creepers," he had torn up the vines by the roots, so they would not grow again the next year. Dr. Walch, a neighbor, had told him that the best way to get rid of creepers was to tear them up by the roots. This very innocent recital seemed to distress Fielding. Yes, it had been his own idea to enlarge the lawn. He was thirteen at the time, and he had read in some English book that it took three hundred years to make a perfect lawn, and three generations to make a gentleman. The word "generations" reminded him that for the generations to go on, one must have children.

"You know," he said, "that my wife never had any children. Of course it was her fault, she was much older than I; but one time she hinted that it might be my fault. Though I *knew* it wasn't so, it made a deep impression on me."

He could not remember the exact words of this hint, and the doctor did not press him, as something far more important had been revealed.

"*Breaking vines*" reminded Fielding that he had often wanted to break that picture "The Clinging Vine."

"I suppose," he said apologetically, "there's a touch of the brute in every man."

"More than a touch," the doctor smiled, "even in the

best of men. Now you *had to get to the other side of the mountain.*"

"I think of wanting to go over the mountain when I was a boy. That woman my mother was jealous of had gone over there to live. She was really very lovely. She had a throat like— Now that's a curious coincidence, Doctor! My mother said the pond-lily woman was bad, and my wife said Marie was bad. My mother really made me believe the pond-lily woman was a bad woman. I was fearfully curious—imagined all sorts of things—nearly worried myself into a fever. One day, after she left the town, I got away from my mother and went up on the mountain alone, to think. I was so absent-minded that I fell off the edge of a rock."

The doctor said nothing—simply waited.

"I heard afterwards that she was married again, and that she had a son by her second husband. I used to imagine that I was that husband, and the father of her son. You know how boys will dream day-dreams. . . . Yes. What was the next thing I wrote?"

"There was something there which you had to find."

"There's been something all my life that I had to find, only there were too many obstructions in the way."

Suddenly he rose and took a few steps across the room, striking out as if against some obstruction.

"That's curious," he said, turning and looking down at the doctor, "but I suddenly remember striking at my mother when I was a tiny child, because she was smothering me."

He went on talking about the necessity of achieving independence, mental, emotional, moral independence. He wondered if *that* could be the thing he was looking for—it was and it wasn't. There must be something else. With that he sat down again.

"You were *late in getting started*," the doctor read.

Again Fielding was reminded that he was forty-five, so there must be some *new* thing he had to find.

"You *seemed to be all alone* in the dream, but you *felt that somebody was following you.*"

The idea of being followed was terribly distressing. He could not bring himself to the state of quiet, which, as he informed the doctor, was necessary for remembering specific instances. "She followed me more than once, around the streets, and around the house, and around the—yes, it wasn't a new thing, her following me. I should have known that she might do it anywhere."

"You felt also that somebody was *watching* you, though you seemed to be all alone."

"Yes, I'm really alone now, yet I feel all the time as if my dead wife were watching me. I don't seem able to loosen the invisible chain, though I know I've really lost her. But I was always anxious about her, and if I was away on a business trip and didn't hear from her for a few days, I imagined she was ill. In a hotel in Chicago I dreamed she was dead. It was a great shock to me, and I telegraphed her to ask if she was all right. She was quite happy about it, and wrote me that I must love her, after all. You see, Doctor, she took such good care of me. No mother could have been more solicitous for a child's welfare, and after my mother's death, until I was married to Alice, there was no one who really mothered me. During the long years of our marriage, whenever I allowed myself to think of the joys of freedom, I reproached myself bitterly."

Then, as a counterpoise, he gave a very mental eulogy of his dead wife, reminding himself and the doctor of her many noble qualities. And he was not aware that he had glanced uneasily over his shoulder just before.

"In the dream, you *kept looking for the person who was watching you.*"

"Yes, I keep looking for my wife now. I'm always expecting her to appear, but I should be terribly frightened if she did appear. The dead should rest. Why should they meddle with our lives? And yet—I've even thought of going to a medium."

"What for?"

"To see if I could get some response."

"But in the dream you *called to her*, and there was no response."

"Oh, if I could only believe it! Then I might shake off the sense of obligation."

"What does calling to her, and meeting no response remind you of?"

"Why, right after she died I called her by name, but she was gone."

"And the sense of obligation?"

He squared his shoulders, but on his face was a shamed look.

"I haven't told you, Doctor, that it was *her* money with which I bought my interest in the iron works."

"I had assumed as much," said the doctor gravely. "And in this dream debt still seems to trouble you, though *just what it was you do not know*."

"That's the point. If I had lost her money, it would have been different; but I multiplied it many times."

"And therefore—"

"Why, there must have been something else!"

That was a startling discovery for Fielding—yet he shied away from it, reminding the doctor that he had owed his mother everything, that he had owed his aunt for his education, and had never been able to repay either debt. He was beginning to take refuge in early memories, when he did not want to follow to the end a more recent memory.

"In the dream, you *heard guns, a long way off*."

"That reminds me of the Front."

"The guns *were ahead of you*."

"Yes, and I'll go over there—when you've cured my nerves."

"You had just climbed over a boulder when you heard a rustling among the trees. What boulder do you think of?"

"The boulder I fell from when I was a boy, and went up on the mountain to think of the woman who went over there."

"What woman has been over there?"

"Over there—why, let me see—I heard a woman lecture the other day, a woman who had been over there."

"And the *rustling* you heard?"

"Rustling? I think of a silk petticoat, a woman's skirts."

"When? What woman's skirts?"

"A woman came to our house to luncheon, and her petticoat rustled—like a taffeta skirt rubbing against a taffeta petticoat."

"Who was she?"

"That woman I heard lecture about things over there. It's strange how that woman keeps coming up in my dreams!"

"You *awoke in fear*. Were you afraid of the rustling of the petticoat?"

"Why, in the dream it seemed to be something dangerous, and I didn't know it was a petticoat."

"What did you think it might be?"

"I don't know. Snakes rustle."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I've heard them."

Fielding felt there might be a joke concealed somewhere in that last remark, but at the moment he could not see it.

"You wrote," the doctor said, "that the rustling was among the trees, but I think we can put those trees down to secondary elaboration."

"Secondary elaboration? What is that?"

"The fourth and final mechanism of dream formation."

Fielding caught at the word "mechanism," in which he had an expert's interest. He wanted to understand the mechanism of dreams, and he wanted to understand it right away, for that rustling had really startled him. It had to be accounted for.

"I'll try," said the doctor, leaning back in his chair, "to give you at least a vague idea of how dreams are built. You'll better appreciate the great practical value of knowing the meaning of your dreams—and especially this one—if you know something about why and how you build dreams, and if you know a little more about the unconscious in general. Dreams are the most perfect expression of the

unconscious, and theirs is the language in which the self talks to itself.

"The conscious mind is different from the unconscious, for the two are complementary, compensatory, and that fact should never be forgotten. Whenever we find any *extreme* attitude in the conscious, we find the other extreme, the compensation as we say, in the unconscious. The fanatical philanthropist is generally an unconscious egotist; those who rant against any special form of vice reveal an unconscious tendency towards that vice, and if their dreams should be analyzed that tendency would show itself in unmistakable forms. The law of compensation, or the regulating function of antithesis, was known to the Greeks and the old Chinese, and we find its evidences everywhere. For instance, if the dream of one night goes to an extreme, it will be compensated by the dream of the following night which will go to the other extreme. As I told you the other day, the dream is a means of re-establishing the moral equipoise. In people more or less normal this regulating function of antithesis works almost automatically for the preservation of the individual; in the neurotic and psychotic it works—but sometimes to the detriment of the individual, through *over*-compensation, when the repression is very strong. Your unreasoning fear of an innocent object like that ivory sphinx shows over-compensation for something.

"It shows another thing also—displacement of accent. Now that comes from the unconscious, and it has a motive, for the unconscious reasons and weighs as well as the conscious, only it is more apt to reason from false premises. It will pick up a suggestion dropped into it, if the suggestion reinforces *by analogy* some existing complex, and weave round it a perfect web of phantasies. You know how the unconscious reasons by association of ideas and analogies.

"We can also watch the working of the compensatory law through the collective unconscious of the race, for

every great world movement is accompanied or followed by an opposing, an antithetical one.

"Now the threshold between the conscious and the unconscious is not, as some people seem to think, like an oak plank; it is more like a thin veil. I often meet men and women who seem afraid to know what goes on behind that veil; but the danger is not in knowing the unconscious, the danger is in mistaking its phantasies for objective realities.

"I believe that the human race cannot go much further in the development of its conscious intellectual processes, its ideas and ideals, unless it turns and examines those great unconscious processes which are the real impelling motives of racial and individual life. What you call your nervous breakdown is typical of the racial breakdown. In former days religion kept a sort of balance between the conscious and the unconscious, between the mental and the instinctive and emotional; but man has grown too mental, too superior in his own conceit, too 'ideal' for religion. So the repressed unconscious explodes in a World War.

"Within man are titanic cosmic forces, which he has neatly harnessed with pink ribbons, printed here and there with the pretty maxim, 'Be good and you will be happy.' That is what we call civilization. It is at least an attempt, a social attempt, at an adaptation to reality; its failure lies in ignoring the fact that conscious intention alone cannot rule instinct—the two must be synthetized in a common purpose.

"Now, the conscious mind of an educated and normal man is more or less civilized, more or less adapted to reality; but the unconscious is generally uncivilized and not well adapted to reality; for in the unconscious have remained all the powerful primitive trends that have been repressed in the attempt at education, and also those personal impulses and memories which have been rejected by the conscious self—rejected, repressed, pushed down. Yes, they have been pushed down out of the way, but they are not inactive; they are constantly active in dreams, and they

color our reveries, often disguising themselves in harmless forms, even 'ideal' forms, which we will not reject.

"In sleep, when the conscious rests, the unconscious is very active; and at the moment of waking man brings through into consciousness fragments of that unconscious activity in the shape of dreams. The conscious, of course, does not understand their meaning, for they are written in an archaic language which he and the race have forgotten. But as Champollion worked out a method for reading the language of the Egyptians through their hieroglyphics, so Sigmund Freud worked out a method, a technique, for reading the language of the unconscious through its dreams. That his claims were so hotly disputed by certain scientific men who had no knowledge of the unconscious and so long refused to acquire any, is of small significance; the claims of Champollion were hotly disputed for many years after his death. But as Champollion made himself immortal as the founder of real Egyptology, so Freud made himself immortal as the founder of psychoanalysis. Later workers may dispute some of his theories regarding causality; they may extend the application of his method, as Jung has done, along constructive, synthetic and re-educative lines; but the Freudian technique is supreme, and those who want to *try* to prove his conclusions wrong, have to use his technique to get the data with which to attempt to do it.

"Freud opened the door by which mankind can pass to a knowledge of mankind. For the first time it is possible to follow the old injunction, 'Know thyself.' As men will go on sleeping some seven or eight hours out of the twenty-four, and as most of them will bring through daily at least a few fragments of dreams, we shall not lack material for a science of the unconscious life."

"Why," said Fielding, "do you think man dreams all night long?"

"Probably. I have myself brought through twenty dreams in one night, twenty different dramatizations on one theme, one problem. But as we see in a long continued analysis that behind the personal memories lie the race memories,

perhaps also behind the personal dreams lie the great race dreams, the dreams of the deeper sleep in the middle of the night. That's only a supposition on my part; but I have an idea of how it might be verified.

"And probably the unconscious is nearly as busy all day long, though the man whose mind is occupied is unaware of this unconscious activity. You know the old saying, 'An idle brain is the devil's workshop.' Folk-sayings are worthy of study, like myths. An idle brain might really be a devil's workshop, if the man had pushed down all his devilish propensities, denied them, pretended to himself not to have them. There is a devil in every man, and there is also a god; if we go deep enough in the unconscious of anybody, we find both. They are also complementary, compensatory. Love and hate, assent and denial, creation and destruction—they are the eternal twins that generate each other. Without knowing this you cannot fully understand dreams.

"Man not only has two modes of mind, the conscious and the unconscious, but he has two ways of thinking, directed thinking and associative thinking. In dreams he thinks by free associations. Dreams are dramatized associative thinking, emotionally colored; and in order to understand the aim of a dream, for every dream is directed to an end, we must disentangle the lines of associations to get at the dream thoughts in the centre of the design, the dynamic desire-thoughts, which are found to be quite logical. Logic is a psychological function, and it is not confined to waking consciousness. Dreams seem illogical when they are taken literally, when we try to interpret them without reference to the associative-thinking process by which they were constructed.

"Jung's conception of the genesis of dreams is a little different from Freud's. 'According to Freud,' he says, 'the dream is in its essence a symbolic veil for repressed desires which are in conflict with the ideals of the personality. . . . The dream for me is, in the first instance, the subliminal picture of the psychological condition of the individual in his waking state. It presents a *résumé* of the subliminal

association material which is brought together by the momentary psychological situation.'

"And that brings us to the mechanisms by which the logical dream thoughts are presented to the waking consciousness in forms that often seem illogical and absurd. This shaping is called by Freud the dream work, and four principles direct it: Condensation, Displacement, Dramatization, and Secondary Elaboration.

"By Condensation many dream thoughts are reduced to few, many elements are fused together in one symbol, every object or person in the dream is usually 'determined' by several dream thoughts, and at several levels. For example, there is what we call 'multiple determination' behind the mountain-climbing of the dream we are going to analyze to-day, also behind the khaki uniform you wear in the dream. When you've had a little more experience in disentangling dream thoughts, you will be able to find from one dream fragment a practical objective interpretation, a sound subjective interpretation, an infantile desire-fulfilment, a present desire-fulfilment, an ego-trend, a sex wish and a hint for its sublimation in a non-sexual aim, the transference to the analyst also—all fused together in one dramatic action. And the marvel of it is that they all hang together, for the unconscious is the supreme artist. Furthermore, the dream is so built that the two mutually contending impulses both find expression and satisfaction, through what Stekel calls the bipolarity of all psychic phenomena. It is by the help of this innate tendency that we are finally able to synthesize the warring elements of the human being into a harmonic and powerful unity.

"The second of the dream mechanisms is called Displacement. Silberer says, 'Displacement shows itself in the fact that the dream (evidently in the service of distortion) pushes forward the unreal and pushes aside the real; in short, rearranges the psychic values, the interest, in such a way that the dream in comparison with its latent thoughts appears as it were displaced or "elsewhere centered."' It produces disfigurement in the dream, it misplaces the accent, as if to

draw the attention away from the important and place it on the less important. Now I notice that in writing this dream you have interlined, as if it were an afterthought, the vital fact that you wore khaki. Did you write this down in the early morning?"

"Yes, while I was running the water for my bath."

"If you had written it later in the day, you might have forgotten that part of it, for associated with the khaki are certain ideas that will not be quite welcome to your conscious mind. The mechanism of condensation has also linked with the khaki other ideas less unwelcome, so you interlined the words and accepted them. Also that very important 'rustling' was slurred over at the end of the dream, just mentioned, in fact, while you give line after line to the invisible woman who was watching you. To just that degree you have made her a part of the defense. I don't think it was *her* petticoat that rustled, and that probably rustled all through the dream.

"The third factor in dream building, Dramatization, or Representability as it is sometimes called, dramatizes the desire-thoughts of the unconscious, making a perceptual representation of past, present and future wishes. By it the hidden—and perhaps originally formless—thoughts are presented to consciousness in a striking form which can be remembered; it makes a bridge between the unconscious and the conscious, over which the masked desires can pass, disguised by condensation and displacement. Freud speaks of the Censor which stands guard between the unconscious and the conscious, but Jung simply calls it the Resistance. It only lets the secret thoughts come through when they have been so disguised that the conscious mind cannot recognize them for what they really are.

"The fourth mechanism, called Secondary Elaboration, works to make sense and sequence out of the dream, and it belongs partly to the waking consciousness. It pulls the fragments of the dream together, stops the gaps, translates the archaic and perhaps timeless picture-consciousness into a sequential representation. There is a stage in advanced

analysis, when the resistances are somewhat broken down, when the dreams become less sequential. I know a woman who often dreams, or thinks she dreams, several scenes at once, and she has to disentangle them afterwards—in fact, the secondary elaboration of such dreams is partly done when she is half awake. But she has an unusually clear perception of psychological states, and an old tendency to multiple states of consciousness. She insists that she often dreams backwards, and the material and the interpretation seem to bear her out.

“But secondary elaboration is generally more unconscious than conscious, and the stop-gap material is also psychologically determined; it is never lugged in by the ears to satisfy the merely intellectual sense of fitness. For instance, the rustling in your dream which you placed among the trees, you probably heard in the woods somewhere, a long time ago; though the real rustling was in your drawing-room the other day.

“Now a dream is always a wish-fulfilment of the unconscious, though it may seem on the surface to be quite opposed to the conscious desires. There are several allied wishes fulfilled in this dream of yours; but when we look for their common denominator we find one wish.”

“What can it be?”

“We’ll come to it by degrees,” the doctor smiled. “I have gone into this preliminary talk on the mechanisms of dream-building so that you may be prepared for what this dream wants to tell you.

“The rough and steep mountain you are trying to climb is psychological, but you do face the fact that climbing it is ‘something which has to be done.’ You place boulders (obstructions) in your own way, and they are also psychological. An obstruction in a dream—anything you have difficulty in getting through or over—usually signifies a resistance, an inner struggle, for and against the attempted action. In the end you climb over a boulder, and you *are* beginning already to overcome obstacles. In subjective analysis, all the chief actors in a dream may be called men-

tal currents in the dreamer, so important objects like boulders may stand for such currents. Both people and things are symbols to the unconscious, and also to the conscious mind. Silberer puts it, 'The innermost lies in ourselves, and is only fashioned and exercised upon persons of the external world.' The struggle in a dream is a compromise between two mutually contending, repressing, instinctive impulses. Where there is great resistance, there is fear of making conscious the suppressed material, so you wake yourself in fear; but the struggle of repression, according to Jung, can only be solved by a new high tide of the same passion. There's always love, you know."

"Love!" Fielding echoed. "I'm done with love."

"Oh! Are you? Then why do you awake in fear when a petticoat rustles?"

Fielding opened his lips, then closed them without a sound.

The doctor went on: "Though the awakening of the emotions is the principal element in the cure, the emotion may be sublimated, and this dream points out a way of partial sublimation, another way of 'giving yourself' which would have social value. But the fact that in the dream itself, not merely in two of the remembered associations, you were slipping and falling back, shows that only a part of your psychic energy desires to reach the other side of the mountain. Of course climbing is yearning towards the top."

"Going over the top," Fielding smiled.

"You think of three times when you climbed a mountain, once with a boy who now wants to get married and whose soldier uniform you wear, thus identifying yourself with him in several ways, as ardent youth desiring love, perhaps as a boy on a holiday with a father-surrogate (see your analyst-schoolmaster dream of the other day), and as an active worker for the war. You have wanted a son, it is said that a father lives again in his children, and you can enjoy youth vicariously in the dream by wearing the boy's clothes; you *could* also, when you fall down, pick yourself up and laugh, as Theo did in the Adirondacks.

Yesterday you justified your inactivity by telling the boy you were not well. Psychologically translated, that means *you* felt you ought to be doing what the boy is doing; so for another reason also you put on his uniform. There is an example of that multiple determination we were talking about a little while ago. And the need you express for the boy's respect is your need of self-respect.

"Now, as you're already doubly identified with the boy, you can apply to yourself and your problem of future marriage the words you spoke regarding his: You don't know yet just how you feel about it; marriage is a pretty serious business, as you've found out to your sorrow; there's nothing really the matter with either of the lovers; but whether it's to be permitted or not you do not know, for with the best of intentions a woman can destroy a man. 'A woman can destroy a man.' That's a peculiar statement, and doubtless has what we call historical determinants. Can you tell what they are?"

Fielding's repudiation of such knowledge was vigorous. No free associations could get through the wall of his resistance at that point, so the doctor made a mental note of it and passed on.

"It was cold on the mountain in your dream; but when you climbed with Theo it was in July, not September—a slight distortion, as if you told yourself, 'It wasn't that time.' Also you were alone in the dream, except for the unseen presence of the woman who was watching and following, and you thought it wasn't the time that made you cold, though you were later reminded that you were forty-five, so your coldness is not due to time, evidently.

"You remember that two years ago last September you did go alone to the Adirondacks because your wife was jealous of a woman whom you almost hated, that very woman who sent you the terrible ivory sphinx. Hate and love are ambivalent. For 'almost hated' you might read 'almost loved,' perhaps; repressed attraction often masquerades as hate. You say that you haven't been yourself since that time.

"Now on that day in September you 'fell' (often a symbolical wish-fulfilment) and lost the watch and chain associated with the hundred thousand dollars your wife gave you (a rankling thought), and with it the 'Yours till death and after' photograph. You may be surprised to learn that we very seldom lose a thing which our *unconscious* wants to keep.

"Your constantly slipping back in the dream is an illustration of that bi-polarity of all psychic phenomena which Stekel talks about. He says that a dream is so built that it fulfills both wishes, for and against; though we nearly always find a balance on one side or the other. When the 'yea' side of the scales suddenly goes down, we may awake in fear—of even so slight a thing as a rustling sound."

To escape the implication Fielding talked about slipping and falling back—then he had a suddenly emerging idea: He remembered, as a little child, trying to climb the steep embankment of the railroad-track, and slipping and falling back. He had then been in fear of his mother.

"Yes, neurotic uncertainty harks back to the infantile."

Then the doctor hesitated. . . . Should he next call this man's attention to the double and twisted implications in his wish to smash that picture "The Clinging Vine"? There was more here than the rather banal wish to change "old wives for new." Here were also historical determinants for certain symptoms in Fielding Sargent's neurosis. He glanced at his patient, whose troubled eyes were fixed upon him. Better not press too hard now on that very sore spot, for the problem would present itself again, less entangled with other things, and there was subject material enough for a small book in this long dream alone. He could only pick up the main thread here and there.

"Your boyish phantasies about the pond-lily woman have doubtless been paralleled by recent phantasies about Marie, disguised phantasies—on account of your resistances; but those very resistances have a purpose and a meaning, for the psyche, conscious and unconscious, is always struggling towards unity. Dr. Frink says, 'A neurosis has its origin

in trends unknown to the patient. It is a composite expression of a *totality* of the personality, an abstract which contains something of all its vital constituents.'

"As I've said before, a neurosis is an attempt at self-cure which has failed, and the symptoms are also a compromise between the repressed and the repressing. It is just because the psyche is ever busy with this attempt at equilibrium that Jung tells us to follow the dreams, and everything will come to the surface, sooner or later. We mustn't try to hurry the process, and we mustn't try to 'fit things in' to ready-made pigeon-holes conveniently labelled 'fixation,' narcissistic or otherwise. These pigeon-holes are useful, and the psychological material inevitably groups itself as time goes on, showing us the stage of growth of certain fragments of the psyche which are 'fixed,' or showing us the stage to which the psyche has regressed by reason of its refusal to face some present problem. Freud stresses the fixation, Jung stresses the regression. In dealing with a thing so fluid as the consciousness of man, the feeling-thoughts, the rationalized desires, the surface conscious and the bottomless unconscious with their mutual interactions, the analyst himself must be a mirror to reflect the picture consciousness of the unconscious, and an interpreter of its archaic language in the terminology of the conscious. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so," said Fielding. "You want me not to be afraid of my phantasies, however queer they may seem; you want me to realize that all these mental phenomena, including the fears, are only perfectly natural though clumsy attempts of the various parts of my consciousness to work together in harmony; and you want me to know that you're not trying to influence me in any way, but are merely interpreting myself to myself."

The doctor nodded. "Now why do *you* think this woman appears so often in your dream associations?"

"Why, I suppose my *unconscious* is interested in her."

"Yes, and when we repress too violently an attraction that begins by being conscious, it descends into the uncon-

scious and attaches to itself by association and transference all sorts of analogous material out of the past, the repressed memories of other repressed loves, back even to the infantile. If we are very active, if we are using much libido, much energy, in our daily work, if we are sublimating the greater part of our desire-energy, we may go on for a long time almost unaware of the inner struggle. But if we stop working, if some *present* shock or discouragement causes a regression of libido, we may become aware of 'the tearing in two of the inner self,' and we may become much distressed and believe that our nerves are affected, even though we have the strong nerves of a race-horse, as you have. Now has it ever occurred to you that your wife's long jealousy may have had its root originally in her dissatisfaction with you?"

"But she was utterly absorbed in me!"

"She must have wanted something which you did not give her. You loved her somewhat as a child loves its mother, not as a man loves his mate. *Why* do you suppose she always mothered you?"

"Oh!—Perhaps she saw I liked it. Perhaps she knew that her hold on me depended on her making herself necessary to me in that rôle. Doctor, how true it is that with the best of intentions a woman can destroy a man!"

"Yes, you made that remark a little while ago, *à propos* of Theo and his little love. Have you become afraid of all women?"

"Have I?" Fielding's jaw fell, and he stared at Dr. Aubrey.

"A man's jealousy," the analyst went on, "generally springs from some unconscious doubt of himself, which may be compensated in the conscious by great vanity and personal dignity. Why were you jealous the other day when this woman, after lunching at your house, went out with your friend Howard?"

"Was I jealous?" Fielding asked, humbly.

"In what way is your friend more masculine than you?"

"He isn't! He can't even support himself decently."

"I wasn't speaking of economic inferiority or superiority. What proof is there of your friend's greater masculinity?"

"Proof? Do you mean that he has a son, and I haven't?"

"I am asking *you*."

Fielding shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," he said, "I might have had forty children, so far as masculinity is concerned!"

"Then it isn't that?" the doctor inquired, innocently.

"I know it isn't that," the man said proudly. "I have means of knowing."

"Do you want to tell me about it—to get the conflict up into the light?"

Fielding flushed, then paled as the old fears began to crawl over him. Suddenly he cleared his throat and leaned forward:

"Aren't we getting away from the dream?"

"No, that is all hidden in your dream. There is a connection in your unconscious between future generations and those creepers which you dug up by the roots, which you got rid of when you enlarged the lawn."

"That's strange," Fielding observed, but he made no further observation.

"If your sense of inferiority has nothing to do with your virility, on what do you suppose it is dependent?"

"Dependent?" the man repeated. "Humph! . . . Maybe I imagined some dependence on my wife, as on my mother."

"You have associated two incidents of mountain climbing with maternal and wifely jealousy of other women. Perhaps there was also a woman in the case that other time, when you went to the Adirondacks with Theo."

"Y-y-es, there was, though I had almost forgotten it. *She* was not of any great importance in my life. I devoted myself to the boy and forgot her. My wife knew nothing about that."

"Now on Sunday afternoon," the doctor said, "after your friend Howard and Marie had gone away together in your car, you wrote that poem of the cavern and the spider. What do you suppose suggested the spider?"

"Why, I saw a spider-web on the chandelier—"

"Yes, a dream is always built around some happening, some problem, or some concrete object observed the day before, and so this phantasy of the poem formed itself; but if there had been no emotionally-charged spider-symbol in your unconscious, a spider-web on the ceiling would not have inspired a poem."

The doctor reminded him that the night after he wrote the spider poem he had a vague dream about a blue lotus.

"Why, Marie wore a blue dress on Sunday, and the lace round her neck was cobwebby!" Fielding's eyes brightened with the joy of discovery. "A blue lotus! I keep on associating her with water-lilies."

Then he began to talk rapidly about his mother. Was she or was she not to blame for giving him that rankling sense of indebtedness, such as he had felt in this dream about the unseen woman who was watching him?

"But why," said the doctor, "should you blame either your mother or your wife? They also were moved by unconscious motives. Blame is a word which will tend to disappear from our vocabulary, as the race becomes psychologically educated. When men understand the psychological determination of their own actions and those of their fellows, malicious, foolish, or unethical behavior will rightly be regarded as a symptom instead of a sin. A little while ago you remembered striking at your mother, when you were a tiny child, because she smothered you. Was that a sign of wickedness, do you think? Or was it what one might call a psychological and physical reflex action?"

The doctor's regard was so reassuring that Fielding sighed with relief.

"Your consciousness of guilt is exaggerated, Mr. Sargent."

"Oh, if I could only think so! But all my life I've been really seeking the ideal, even in what Alice called my woman-chasing."

"Was there no other element, then, in your woman-chasing except the quest of the ideal?"

"Why—er—do you mean there was a good deal of crude lust?"

"How do I know? I'm asking you. Now in this dream there was something on the other side of the mountain which you had to find. Still the old quest, isn't it?"

"Yes, there was the same restless seeking in the dream."

"And at that point in your associations you talked about the necessity of achieving independence, mental, emotional and moral independence. You wondered if *that* was what you were trying to reach, on the other side of the mountain. Undoubtedly, that's one-half the quest, the ego-side of it. The other half is the love-quest. When as a baby you struck at your mother because she smothered you, you were striving automatically to establish equilibrium between those two poles of your infantile being. It was the natural revolt, the struggle for independence, and if you had not established that independence in some degree you would have remained a weakling. Perhaps your love nature was over-developed; and the complementary function, breaking through from the unconscious in the struggle for equilibrium, always shows itself first—as Jung assures us—in a form incompatible with the ideals of consciousness. But don't take your inevitable moments of revolt too tragically, nor even too personally; just take them as mental phenomena. Now what do you think of your efforts so far towards independence and moral autonomy?"

"I think they've been more or less of a failure," said Fielding. "I was never independent of my mother, *or* of my wife."

"But, on the other hand, on the other side of your nature, did you perfectly love either of them?"

The question was a poser. The man threw himself back in his chair and gazed at the doctor.

"I wonder!" he said, after a pause. "I wonder if I ever perfectly loved either of them. What a horrible thought!"

"Why horrible? What we are coming towards is only the realization that you have not yet perfected your own type, not yet achieved a perfect love. Not until you have

done that, I think, can you fully develop the complementary function of independent thought."

"Good Lord!" Fielding exclaimed. "Have I got to descend again into that morass of sentiment?"

"We'll follow the dreams, and their synthesis will tell you what to do. If you've left something of yourself still undeveloped in that morass of sentiment, we'll have to go after it and integrate it with your mature personality. Now in this dream," he continued, "though you seemed to be all alone, you feel that somebody is following you. What do you suppose that really is?"

"Why, if it wasn't my wife. . . . Do you mean, Doctor, that it was my own diseased conscience?"

"Maybe, and I'm glad you thought of it. Has your conscience troubled you, when you thought she was watching or following you?"

"Oh, yes, always!"

"The 'invisible chain' which bound you, to use your own expression,—you didn't get rid of that when you lost that chain and watch on the mountain. Your anxiety about her when you were absent from home seems a little exaggerated. How would you have felt if she had really died, that time when you were in Chicago?"

"Oh!" The exclamation seemed torn from him, and the doctor let him think about it for a while.

Then he said: "As you bitterly reproached yourself during all those years when you allowed yourself to think of the joys of freedom, so you have reproached yourself since her death, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And so you reproached yourself after your mother's death?"

"Yes. I felt for a long time that my mother was watching me."

"Parallel incidents, as those two mountain climbing incidents are parallel. When a boy you went alone on the mountain to think of the pond-lily woman who had gone 'over there.' Two years ago you went alone to the Adiron-

dacks to think of the recent woman who had gone 'over there.' Doubtless your going to climb a mountain to brood over your loss two years ago was psychologically determined by the old memory in the unconscious."

"I begin to see," said Fielding, "and I am amazed."

"Everybody is amazed when through psychoanalysis they begin to see how their unconscious has led them, when they begin to disentangle the process of their associative thinking. As in this dream you were constantly slipping back, so at intervals all your life you have probably slipped back to infantile ways of adaptation, because there is something in you that wants to revert to childish dependence on old things which should have been outgrown and left behind. In this dream you are struggling towards a solution of the problem, which you want—and do not want—to find, because of the natural resistance of a complex-ridden soul against the labor which shall set it free.

"You dream of hearing guns ahead of you, a long way off, and declare that you want to be at the front, but add, 'when you have cured my nerves.' The War may be over by that time, so you are safe for the present. You understand that I'm not saying this satirically, but as a part of the analysis. And there's the same resistance with regard to the woman who went 'over there.' When you hear the rustling in the dream, you awake in fear. The desire for her almost broke through the resistance. Again, you do and you don't. It was so in reality on the mountain, both times."

"And were those beatings my mother gave me the *cause* of all this trouble?"

"No, of course not. But that assumption is a mistake which many beginners make. Your trouble began with your refusal to face some present problem, and the accumulation of psychic energy which might have enabled you to conquer the problem turned back upon itself, regressed as we say. Then some chance impression reawakened, by association of ideas, these forgotten childish experiences in the unconscious, and these childish experiences *gave the*

direction to the phantasies which always result from a regression of psychic energy. These phantasies, with their root experiences, have to be dug up, *in order to free the energy* that is attached to them, to free the energy and make it available for the solving of the present life problems which are being neglected. In practical analysis, as Jung says, we must find the libido that is lost to consciousness, and this we find through the analysis of phantasies and dreams. Phantasies are a form of compensation for unfulfilled adaptation to reality, and this dream is an illustration of that. You tell yourself that you are really trying to climb the mountain, to get 'over there' where the woman is, or was, and where the fighting is; but you place obstacles in your own way. This dream shows again that love and war are associated in your unconscious. If there had been no war, you might have conquered the love trouble; if there had been no love trouble, you might have reconciled yourself to war; but the struggle of love and hate together have been too much for you. *And there's a cause for that*, beyond the ambivalency of emotion, a cause which has not yet revealed itself in our analysis. But it will reveal itself, your unconscious has already hinted at it."

"What can it be?" Fielding wondered.

"By the way," said the doctor, "do you remember what you thought about as you dug up those creepers where the old fence had been?"

"Oh, that old fence was full of memories. I really don't remember. There were so many associations with all those things about the old house and the neighborhood."

"Very well. You may remember more another time. Now let us consider some of the other high-lights in this dream:

"You were late in getting started equals—you are forty-five years old. Well, my own father was sixty when I was born.

"The unseen presence equals—your wife and your mother, and your conscience regarding unfulfilled obligations to them, and, we may say, unfulfilled obligations in general.

There is more there than yet meets our eye, because of your refusal to face some of your associated memories. You had longed to be free of your wife, so you could marry a younger woman and have children, so you imagined that you were going to be accused of killing her. She said, as did your mother, that you would kill her with your behavior. You worry about something unreal, so as not to think about some real cause of anxiety. There is displacement of accent here, and a substitute idea; but this taking refuge in a substitute idea does not lessen the anxiety, which comes from the tension within. Your exaggerated fear of the anonymous disloyalty charge has also its roots elsewhere, in some other kind of disloyalty.

"Now there was *no response*, when you called to the unseen presence in the dream, so you do not really want your wife to come back, and you know that she is gone. Why should she come back? I am not casting doubts on your belief in the immortality of the soul; that belief has been of great psychological value down the ages. It seems to be one of the innate ideas, common to all races, and Freud assures us that in the unconscious every man is convinced of his own immortality. But the problem of return would worry you less if you had not that gnawing sense of indebtedness to the dead, which hurts your ego—always the sensitive spot, the complementary function, in a person of your type.

"Has it never occurred to you that the people who give us things get deep satisfaction themselves out of the giving? It enlarges their sense of power, when it does not reveal their desire for our love. It gives them a hold on us, anyhow, which they sometimes use for all it is worth. You can better honor the memory of your dead wife if you realize that she owed you at least as much as you owed her. That rankling sense of indebtedness and disloyalty you unconsciously tried to wipe out by buying the same amount—one hundred thousand dollars—of Liberty bonds, 'proving your loyalty' and 'buying liberty.' But the sense of

indebtedness remains, so it isn't merely money that you need to give, it's personal service."

"Shall I buy back an interest in the iron works, and make more engines?"

"Just leave it to your dreams, and sooner or later they will show you what to do."

"But," said Fielding, "there seem to be several wishes in this dream."

"Yes, and the negative sign to each of them—the watching, the obstructions, the slipping back, the fear—is the sign of the neurotic conflict. Now when you find a lot of seemingly different wishes in one dream, just find their common denominator, which in this dream I should formulate thus: You want to be a complete man, as Adler would say."

CHAPTER XIII

TEN minutes later Fielding found himself walking in the red and gold autumn brilliancy of Central Park, bewildered by the maimed desires which had been dragged from his dark Unconscious into the light of knowledge. Yes, he wanted to be a complete man, and he felt himself a pygmy.

He could not deny the logic of Dr. Aubrey's statements, but he struggled with their truth—that is, certain fragments of him struggled with other fragments, as in the dream. He remembered that the Greeks in their wisdom spoke of "the kind Eumenides." Mythology had suddenly become alive and modern. He was face to face with those furies known to Orestes. Would *he* some day wreath their altar with flowers, on his own psychological Ares Hill?

His dogged courage would not lessen his torment, but it would keep him from betraying himself to the uncomprehending pity of his family and friends. He could imagine people saying, "Poor Fielding Sargent! Haven't you heard? Nervous breakdown. Something mental. Poor Sargent!"

No! They should never say those things of him. He would fight the furies until he conquered them. But they were formidable antagonists; the Greeks—who knew most things—knew that.

And he must break away from the crippling tyranny of the mother-image, for in the thirty-one years since her death he had not broken away. His mother had really been for him "*the living dead*." He had gone on seeking her everywhere, in the visible and the invisible; and he had not known it—that was the strangest part of the whole tragedy. He had supposed himself to be yearning for the

ideal love, and he had built idealistic romances around many women, until his jealous wife eliminated them. Then he had suffered. Had he submitted because what he had sought in those idealistic romances was something he would never have found there? So when Alice had said, as she always said, that these women were "bad women," he also had turned against them, for was he not seeking the ideal? Yes, he was still a little boy! Time had stood still for him. He felt humiliated, helpless, and still horribly afraid of something. His ego was groping in the fog, surrounded by its fears.

Mere formal thinking did not trouble him, and he had followed without difficulty the doctor's technical statements about the unconscious and the mechanisms of dream-building. But thinking clearly about his own emotions—oh, that was another matter!

Was he "in love" with Marie Balfour? Was that why he had thought he hated her? The doctor had said something about repressed attraction masquerading as hate. . . . As he had unconsciously identified Marie with the pond-lily woman of his childhood, the cause of his first attempt—and his first failure—to break away from dependence on the mother, perhaps Marie also stood for something *new*, for freedom and autonomy.

At this thought he breathed so heavily that a passing schoolboy snickered at him.

Instantly Fielding became his dignified self again, and walked on. There were too many people in the park that afternoon. He must restrain his thoughts, his emotions, whatever it was that disturbed his breathing. His categories were sadly mixed.

So the analyst thought that even Alice had not been satisfied with him! That rankled still, because he knew it was true, and it touched his pride. But if she had found him lacking, why had she hung onto him so? Women were a puzzle.

And the analyst's saying that he only *half* wanted to break loose did not sound very promising. So there was

something in him which *wanted* to slip back into childish dependence. A great sadness seized him. What would have become of him, if he had not found Dr. Aubrey? He clung to the image of the doctor as the only assurance of safety.

But he had held something back in the analysis this afternoon, something about that fence; and he blushed now, after nearly thirty-five years. When he had been too self-conscious and too mother-conscious to stand out in the open and look towards the white house forty rods away where the pond-lily woman lived, he had stood behind the fence and peeped between the boards at the white house. His mother could not see him there.

So that had been his attitude to life, at all ages! Shame gripped him and bore him down.

The doctor had said that his future dreams would show him the way he wanted to go. There was hope in that, but had he the strength of character to follow the way his dreams would indicate? Strange modesty in a man who had carved out his own fortunes, who had begun with nothing, had fought the world with its own fearless weapons, and retired at forty-four a multi-millionaire! But the ways of mind are strange.

On the hall-table in his house Fielding found a letter which had come by special delivery. At the sight of Marie Balfour's handwriting he recoiled—then called himself a fool, and broke the seal.

DEAR MR. SARGENT:

Jane Spong is bringing her mysterious teacher, the psycho-analytic doctor, to dine with me to-morrow night at eight o'clock. Will you come and make the party four-cornered?

I am "fearfully" interested in meeting him, and I judge from what you said the other day that you will have a like interest, minus the fear, of course, as you are such a brave man. Jane seems to think she is conferring a great boon upon me, and no doubt she is.

Yes, I feel almost afraid to dine alone with these two, they

know so much about one's hidden self; but the presence of another man will give me courage.

Please pardon the short notice, for Jane telephoned only five minutes ago. It is all very informal, as I never have met the doctor; but you will understand, I am sure.

"Humph!" said Fielding. "Yes, I'll go. So I'm a brave man, am I? . . . But I must see what she's about, and what he's about, and what Jane Spong is about. Queer complication!"

That night the "kind Eumenides" paid him a brief visit, arising from their dwelling place in the depths of himself, and stimulated to action by old associations with Marie's brown drawing-room, which he had promised to enter again as a dinner-guest.

Whether that analyst was right who said, "Avoid complex social relations with the people you are analyzing," depends on whether the goal sought be knowledge or an easy time. Dr. Aubrey never seemed to care whether an analysis was easy or difficult. The really difficult ones—and he had had a few—had taught him more than all the easy ones. He could manage a "negative transference" because he never took it personally, save to check off his own reactions to hostile criticism. He could manage a "positive transference" because he never took that personally, either. As Jung says, "The analyst is successful with his treatment just in so far as he has succeeded in his own moral development."

When Fielding came into Marie's drawing-room the two women were sitting on the large gold-brown sofa which was placed across the middle of the room, while the doctor stood leaning over the high back of a carved chair, smiling down at them.

As Jane caught sight of Fielding in the doorway, she thought, "What a stunningly handsome man! What's Marie up to now?"

For Marie, who was not generally taciturn, had never

mentioned Fielding Sargent to her friend. "I'll invite another man," was all she had said over the telephone.

"Is that how a Norse goddess looks?" Fielding thought, as Jane shook hands with him.

Dr. Aubrey acknowledged the introduction to his new patient as if he had been a stranger. He also had not known who the other dinner-guest was to be; but he often met here and there the people he was analyzing, including a certain famous Judge of the Supreme Court who was making a special study of human motives through the analysis of his own.

The doctor sat down now in the carved chair which was near Jane's end of the long sofa, while Fielding sat near Marie and beside a little book-table on which he rested his arm.

They discussed the latest news from the seat of war, for it was the thirty-eighth day of fighting by the American boys in the Argonne forest, and all America was proud but anxious.

Marie told her guests about meeting Mildred Aldrich in Paris in September, Mildred Aldrich from Boston, who in the summer of 1914 had taken a cottage near Meaux, on the Marne, "to spend her declining years in peace."

"Of course," said Marie to the two men, "you've read her book, *A Hilltop on the Marne*."

Fielding had, but the doctor had not.

"That book," Marie declared, "will live for ever. Mildred, at sixty-one, had retired from the noise of the world, as she supposed, though she did not go too far from her beloved Paris, when suddenly her 'retreat' became the precise centre of the greatest battle in history. We might almost say that the World War was turned in her doorway. And she did not run away! The towns were evacuated all round her, but she stayed right there."

"And why did she stay?" the doctor asked, quickly

"She would not abandon her books, which she had been collecting for a lifetime. She had then lived in France about eighteen years."

"That's my own day-dream," said the doctor, "to spend my declining years in France, surrounded by my books. I know the very house I want to live in, an apartment on the Boulevard St. Germain, within walking distance of the Sorbonne, the *Ecole de Médecine*, the Luxembourg and the Louvre."

"But you never told me that!" Jane cried.

"Haven't I? I do keep it rather secret, maybe. You know one's favorite day-dream is a shy and sensitive thing."

Fielding, glancing at Marie, saw her eyes fixed intently on the doctor's sensitive brown face. Strange that he had not noticed before the tremendous attractive force of that quiet man of science! "He's younger than I am, too!" thought Fielding, with a pang.

He turned away, and his eyes fell on the yellow paper cover of a book that was lying on the table beside him, *La Sorcière de Paris*. It was open, face down, as if she had hastily flung it there on the arrival of her guests. So that was the reading she favored! He could almost hear the voice of his dead wife saying, "She's a wicked sorceress—a human spider." Alice had said that in the motor-car on the way home, the day she had called here unexpectedly and found him sitting in this very chair, innocently talking to Marie about the opera. The thought made him cold now, all over. He could not understand then, and he could not understand now, why the incident had so shocked and frightened him. It had reminded him of something horrible, but just what he could not remember.

"Dinner is served," said a voice from the doorway.

Marie took Dr. Aubrey's arm, and Fielding followed with Jane.

When they were seated at the table, he looked at Marie's shining chestnut hair. Lovely and young in her pink evening gown, she was smiling at the doctor.

"Jane has told me wonderful things about your work. You won't think me indiscreet if I ask all sorts of questions about its mysteries?"

"Ask me anything you like, Mrs. Balfour; but there's

nothing mysterious about psychoanalysis. Its laws and technique are not generally known; but there's every reason why they should be known, so far as the lay mind can take them in."

"I wonder," she said, "if my mind could take them in."

"Perhaps, but it might require some time."

"Longer in my case than in Jane's?"

"I couldn't say off-hand, of course; but Miss Spong has an unusual aptitude, she has what I call the metaphorical mind. As Professor James pointed out, a native talent for perceiving analogies is the leading fact in genius of every order. In psychoanalysis we are dealing with the unconscious, and the unconscious reasons almost entirely by analogy."

"I should think then," said Fielding, "that poets, who work in metaphor and analogy, would make excellent analysts." He was thinking of himself.

"So they do, if they happen also to have the scientific mind, and the habit of tireless application. There's no royal road to a mastery of the psychoanalytic technique, and the theory also requires exhaustive study."

"Aren't you afraid, Doctor," Marie laughed, "of spoiling Jane?"

"Spoiling her? How?"

"By so praising her abilities."

Jane chuckled. Only she and the doctor knew her life-long handicap—a lack of confidence in herself.

"Does it always spoil our friends," the doctor asked, "to praise their abilities?"

Marie felt herself blushing. The doctor smiled at her, and there was a kindly twinkle in his eyes. He was so accustomed to this sort of thing. Jane also could have told Marie why she was blushing, but magnanimity had been born in her as a by-product of the analytic probing. Though she knew that Marie would like to take her place as the favorite pupil of Dr. Aubrey, the knowledge did not make her like Marie one little bit the less. Jane was going far. Sometimes the doctor wondered if he was letting her go

too far; but it was so interesting to watch the assertion of her true individuality, after she had left in "the ocean of collective consciousness," as she picturesquely called it, the petty qualities she had formerly shared with other women.

By many little signs Dr. Aubrey had seen that his hostess was "the sphinx woman." The appellation delighted him, for to his practised eye Mrs. Balfour was not precisely sphinx-like, though of course every soul alive is a well of mystery.

Observing Fielding's reaction to Mrs. Balfour's interest in himself, the doctor thought, "It might be good for him to be jealous of somebody, though it will complicate the analysis if he gets jealous of me. But if he does, what curious dreams he will bring me."

Fielding, still playing the rôle of interested stranger, asked the doctor: "Will merely being analyzed cure a serious neurosis?"

"It won't, if the patient does not want to get well. Some people love their neuroses, and would not give them up for anything. A neurosis may be a form of self-indulgence, for it is always a symbol of something one cannot have. The moral factor enters here, as everywhere else in life. I once had a patient with a whining, martyred, secondary personality. She was very intelligent, and she came to understand her situation perfectly. She had in her hands the means of escape from a terrible affliction, and she had not character enough to free herself. She loved the martyred, whining, cowardly secondary self."

"And what became of her?" asked Fielding.

"I don't know. She was a charity patient in a clinic in Europe. The secondary personality was an unconscious impersonation of her dead mother, whom she had wanted to supplant in childhood. When she found herself in a situation analogous to her mother's, it broke through and took possession of her. She believed herself obsessed by her mother's spirit. Though her dreams and waking phantasies showed unmistakably the origin of the fission—"

"Fission!" cried Jane Spong. "What a perfect simile!"

"Why, certainly," the doctor said, "the soul seems to reproduce itself by fission, in cases of multiple personality. Of course the simile is not perfect, for the lower organism cannot reabsorb the energy of its split-off part, and the human soul can—if it has the knowledge and the will to do so. And I suddenly remember something Ray Lankester wrote, of the protozoa: 'A number of these individuals may, as a result of the process of *fission*, remain in contact with one another, but the compound individual has not a strong character.'"

He and Jane shook hands across the corner of the table, as two children who had discovered a new kind of insect might clasp hands and jump up and down.

"The compound individual has not a strong character," Jane repeated. "You'd think he was writing of a case of dissociation!"

"What perfect illustrative material we find in biology, electricity, mechanics!" the doctor said to Jane. "Let's write an article on material analogies for psychological facts."

"Or," she said, "psychological analogies for material facts."

The doctor turned to Mrs. Balfour, with his charming smile: "Please excuse the digression; but when one has a sudden idea—"

"It's all so fascinating," she murmured. "Isn't it, Mr. Sargent?"

"It is to me," he replied, gravely.

Jane suddenly turned to Fielding: "You must really have studied the subject, you ask such advanced questions."

"Oh—er—" he stammered, "I'm interested, of course. The new psychology explains so many mysterious things."

"I wonder," said Marie, "how it would explain a dream I had last night."

The doctor's professional conscience forced him to say: "A dream may be very revealing, even without deep analysis. While there are no fixed symbolic meanings, certain symbols occur so frequently—"

"Oh, yes, of course; but my dream was so beautiful it couldn't mean anything embarrassing. I was standing on a hill, dressed all in white, and I had a bunch of water-lilies in my hand."

Fielding stared at her, dumfounded.

Jane was looking intently at Fielding.

The doctor kept his eyes discreetly on his plate while the clock on the mantel ticked off ten seconds.

"We never analyze dreams," he said, "except in private, for it isn't fair to the dreamer. But I also think there's something beautiful behind your dream."

"And am I going to have my greatest wish of all?"

"Marie!" Jane reproved her. "Dr. Aubrey isn't a fortune-teller."

"I often wish I were," he laughed, "I wish so at this moment, Mrs. Balfour, and if I were a perfectly good fortune-teller, born with a triple veil, I should promise you your greatest wish of all."

"But you don't know what it is," she twinkled.

Jane nodded, "Don't be too sure of that, Marie. But tell me, what comes to your mind when you think of water-lilies?"

The doctor shook his head at her, but she said to him:

"You know I wouldn't let her go too far, even before you. —But tell me, my dear."

"Why," said Marie, who had suddenly grown quite pale, "the morning after I was married my husband brought me a great mass of water-lilies."

"You really shouldn't!" said Fielding Sargent to Jane Spong. "Mrs. Balfour doesn't understand."

"Do you, then?"

"A little, only a little."

Jane smiled—then checked herself. She had told the doctor only that morning that she must begin to restore some of her inhibitions. But that smile made Fielding sure that Jane had discovered the secret of his work with the analyst, so he faced the revelation. A few days before he might not have been able to do it.

"Shall I tell them?" he asked, looking fixedly at the doctor.

"If you want to."

"Then," said Fielding triumphantly to Jane, "I also am a *pupil* of Dr. Aubrey."

"And you haven't told us before!" Marie reproached him, playfully. "Now if I were a pupil of Dr. Aubrey's, I'd be so proud I'd tell everybody. But what made you want to be analyzed, Mr. Sargent?"

"Why," he answered, "I had a lot of time on my hands, and it seemed the most interesting and valuable thing I could do."

Then Jane, as she told the doctor afterwards, "leaped lightly into the arena to guard the brave matador."

"You know," she said to Marie, "that psychoanalysis as a means of re-education will be equally important with psychoanalysis as a means of cure. In the future there will be psychoanalytic teachers of character-building, mature men and women, who will educate individuals psychologically as the great teachers of singing or the piano educate individuals in those arts."

"And is that what you're going to do, dear Jane?"

"Perhaps, some day; but I should take very few pupils and choose them carefully, choose them for their special ability, and help them to develop themselves along the line of their own psychological destiny."

Fielding's eyes opened wide. "Psychological destiny?" he repeated.

"Why, certainly. In advanced analysis the psychological destiny of each individual reveals itself, first through the co-ordination of the conscious and the personal unconscious, then through the co-ordination of the individual and the racial or collective elements in the psyche."

"Oh!" Marie gasped. "That's much too deep for me."

"Maybe," said Jane teasingly, "you are not psychologically destined to what Jung calls 'the higher differentiation.'"

"And when, Dr. Aubrey, are you going to let my Jane analyze people?"

"Perhaps," he laughed, "when she gets over her present phase of playful naughtiness. She'll get over it. It's only a compensation for the serious goodness in the deeps of her, as if she were still afraid to be as great as she is."

Marie now turned to Fielding: "And have you also attained the higher differentiation, like my Jane?"

"Oh, no! I'm only in the cradle, so to speak."

"That's not precisely what you mean, Mr. Sargent," Jane said. "I'd been working some time before I got back to the real cradle stage; but I can remember now, and I have reconstructed my remotest infancy, even as a sucking baby. There was a time when I awoke every morning conscious of my mother's breast, of my hunger towards it and love for it. I think the memory of that experience in the unconscious of the race must have been the origin of the paradise-myth: paradise, equilibrium, loving and care-free union with our Source, before the entrance of intellect and evil."

"Whatever does she mean, Doctor?" Marie asked.

"Why," he said, reassuringly, "if you push analysis far enough, long forgotten memories come up, as they do in hypnosis; only, unlike hypnosis, analysis brings them up consciously. The stage Miss Spong is talking about has been passed through by others; she was able to carry the experience a little farther than most people, that's all."

Jane seemed very childlike at that moment. Her pale-blue evening gown, embroidered with irises over the breast and shoulders, made her look much younger than her thirty-five years, and her fairness was in charming contrast with Marie's darker beauty. Fielding felt sympathetically drawn to Jane, and he wondered what the doctor had meant by her innate goodness.

"What other curious stages of analysis have you been through?" he asked her.

"Perhaps the most curious stage of all was one of temporary detachment, not only from my own personality but from the human race in general—detachment from the

passions of the race. It didn't last long; but at that time all organic life, including the human, seemed mere slime on the surface of a mud-ball flying through space on a trackless journey to Nowhere."

Fielding gazed blankly at the doctor. "Does everybody go through that?" he asked.

"No. Certainly not."

"At another time," Jane went on blithely, "human beings, including myself, seemed to belong to a higher race of wild animals, and our laws seemed complicated rules for catching one another."

Fielding's eyes sparkled. There was something in *that* which appealed to something in him.

But the doctor shook his head at Jane.

Fielding thought: "He would like to tell her that she's talking trigonometry to babes."

"The course of analysis," the doctor explained, "is different with each person. Though there are certain general principles that apply to everyone, there's no such thing as a typical analysis of an educated and mature man or woman. There are, however, typical dreams, and certain—rather broad—lines of demarcation; but every highly evolved human being is unique, in many ways. When we have analyzed the 'persona,' so called, into its typical components, the peculiar *combination* of typical qualities differentiates the individual from every other individual. After all these years, I still find new combinations in myself. A great naturalist declared that one could spend a lifetime in studying as much earth as could be covered by the hand; and we can say no less of each complex human soul. But of course there comes a time in every analysis when it is not absolutely necessary to go any further, when the special goal desired has been attained, or can be attained by the subject himself without further aid from the analyst. Jung somewhere quotes Kant's definition of understanding, 'the realization of a thing to an extent that is sufficient for our purposes.' Now Miss Spong's purpose being knowledge for its own sake, the true scientific attitude, she can work with

me as long as she chooses, or—" he looked at Jane and laughed—"as long as I can teach her anything."

"Happy Jane!" said Marie—then she turned to Fielding with a smile that seemed to him angelic. She said nothing—just looked at him and smiled.

Yes, he thought, Marie was more womanly than Jane.

After dinner the doctor played for them, and as Marie listened with closed eyes Fielding was able to look at her without her knowing it—as he supposed. How innocent she seemed, with her soft eyelids covering her experienced eyes! This was no sorceress. She was like one who had known all things and had forgotten them on the journey back to paradise.

He glanced at his other companions. Jane was looking at the doctor, who seemed quite unconscious of his surroundings. How had a man so absorbed in music ever found time to study medicine, and then this strange new analytical science of the soul? How old was he? Fielding, who had always loved Chopin, could not listen this evening, so vagrant were his thoughts.

Yes, Marie must really care for music when she forgot to open her eyes. He did not know that Warringer had said, "Æsthetic enjoyment is the enjoyment of one's own self projected into the object"; but he was thinking that Marie found herself in the music.

He wondered what she was thinking of—she who had known love, and motherhood, and the death of her only child. She was like a Madonna, sitting there, and he remembered the little marble image he kept under his pillow at night. . . .

His thoughts were interrupted by a final crash of chords from the piano. Then the doctor said:

"There are certain compositions of Chopin which remind me of something Walter Pater ascribes to the pen of *Marius the Epicurean*: 'And, methinks, that were all the rest of man's life framed entirely to his liking, he would straightway begin to sadden himself, over the fate—say, of the

flowers! For there is, there has come to be since Numa lived perhaps, a capacity for sorrow in his heart, which grows with all the growth, alike of the individual and of the race, in intellectual delicacy and power, and which *will* find its aliment.' ”

“Masochism,” said Jane Spong, who called things by their names.

The talk drifted from one thing to another, until Marie's little clock chimed eleven.

Notwithstanding Fielding's premonition that he might have what he called “a hard time” at that dinner, he was enjoying himself. It was only when the doctor casually mentioned a jolly party the week before in the Raphael Studio Building that he suddenly felt the dragging of the psychic undertow. He also had been to jolly parties in that building, years ago. . . . The pink-robed Marie had now become a terrifying object, and he longed to flee.

Jane, who had eyes all over her, as the doctor sometimes said, observed that Fielding was no longer at his ease, and she suggested that it was time to go home.

Fielding took them both in his car. As he left Jane at her door, she asked him to call some afternoon, adding: “We shall have many things to talk about.”

When the two men were alone in the car, the doctor said:

“I'm glad you've begun to go out again in the evening. Even if you do suffer at times, all that will pass. I've seen it so often, you know. And I hope you'll go soon to see Miss Spong. She's really very wise and very kind.”

“And what do you think of Mrs. Balfour?”

“Oh, she's a charming girl!”

The doctor seemed to Fielding almost diabolically good-looking as he stood under an arc-light at the door of the office building where he lived. Suppose Marie should fall in love with him!

CHAPTER XIV

"I CAN'T remember what I dreamed," Fielding said, as he came into the office the next afternoon; "but I wrote some queer verses last night before going to bed, and they may mean something."

Dr. Aubrey reached out his hand for the verses. Everything is grist which comes to the mill of the analyst.

Mary, Mother of souls, when the night is dark I dream of thee.

Thou art the mother of mothers, and the white image little children play with.

*Thy mantle covers me, thy smile consoles me,
Thy words are those I give thee when my need is beyond words.*

*Thou art older than the cliffs in whose shadow we tremble;
But thou art younger than the Father,
Younger and more pitiful.*

*Never hast thou censured me for sin!
Oh! thou who art wiser than the Pharisees,
And purer than the snows upon Mount Hermon,
Why shouldst thou busy thyself with sins or with learning?
Thou art—and so the buds peep forth in April,
The little birds sing, and the brooks whisper.*

*Thou knowest pain, and so we can weep in thy presence.
When thy son fell, under the weight of the cross,
Thou sawest the mire of the road on his garments;
And so, though our robes are soiled,
We are unashamed before thee.*

*Yea, thou hadst one son, one only son,
And he died!
That we may never forget,*

*Thou sendest us gifts on the day of his birth,
And we on the day of his resurrection bring white lilies to
the altar,
And sing with joy.*

"I'm glad you left this just as it came, without revision," the doctor said. "Now, as you brought no dream, I should like to analyze this poem—only you understand that a spontaneous poem, though it is more or less a product of the unconscious, comes usually from a more unified level than that of dreams. I know a woman poet whose verses come from a deep stratum of the unconscious, they express the opposite extreme from her everyday conscious personality; but she belongs to that intuitive type which the Zürich workers discovered, and the product of her unconscious is rich in primitive archaic symbols. Now, first, we'll go all over your poem superficially, and perhaps we shall find some points that call for deeper analysis. What does the name *Mary* suggest to you?"

"Mary—Ave Maria—and I know a woman named Marie."

"Mother of souls."

"I think of a scene in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, where the souls of the unborn were waiting to be called. There were two lover-souls, and when one was brought down to earth all alone, before the other, their parting was terrible."

Fielding had been all alone the night he saw the *Blue Bird*.

The line, "*When the night is dark I dream of thee*," reminded him that, as a little boy, he didn't believe that God could see him in the dark, if he covered his head with the bedclothes.

"*Thou art the mother of mothers*," brought forth the reasoned observation that of course every woman who gave birth to daughters was likely to be the mother of mothers. No, he had never known his grandmother.

"*The white image little children play with*," called up the memory of something he had utterly forgotten. When a

small child, he had found on the road near the Catholic cemetery a little marble image of the Virgin Mary. His mother had seen him playing with it, and had taken it away from him. He loved it dearly, and used to gaze up at it on the shelf where his mother had placed it out of his reach. One day it disappeared.

"Thy mantle covers me."

"Why," Fielding said, "I think first of a mantel-shelf, but that's just a play on words."

"The unconscious is always playing on words," the doctor reminded him, "it seldom shows a sense of the absurd. Now on what sort of shelf was that little marble image of the Virgin Mary?"

"On the mantel-shelf. I used to stand right up tight against the chimneypiece, with my head under the mantel where the Virgin Mary was. I coaxed my mother to let me keep her under my pillow, but she refused, saying it was 'idolatry.'"

"Thy smile consoles me," called to his mind the Sistine Madonna which hung in his drawing-room. He had often gazed at it during these last few difficult months, and had longed to be the child in the Madonna's arms.

"'Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!'"

He could recall the greater part of the old song, which he had not consciously thought of for years; and he had a vague impression of lying with his eyes closed and listening to that song—his mother was singing him to sleep when he was a baby. And he had bought the copy of the Sistine Madonna two years before. The vision in the Child's eyes haunted him—what *was* it?

When the doctor read this line addressed to Mary, *"Thy words are those I give thee when my need is beyond words,"* Fielding grew red in the face, and he admitted that all his life he had held imaginary conversations with some lovely woman, some kind and sweet and utterly womanly woman. He supposed every man had.

"*Thou art older than the cliffs in whose shadow we tremble.*"

"I'm afraid that's an unconscious plagiarism," he said. "I think of that lovely thing of Pater's, 'She is older than the rocks among which she sits.' Somebody stole the Mona Lisa, but she was returned to the *Salon Carré*."

The *Salon Carré* reminded him of last night's *partie carrée*.

When asked if he could remember any *parties carrées* in the past, he said yes. With whom? Howard Sinclair and charming women. But the reminiscence made him uncomfortable, and he shied away from it, which the analyst noted.

"*But thou art younger than the Father,*" brought forth his opinion that the mother should always be younger than the father, the wife younger than the husband.

"*Younger and more pitiful,*" moved him to say that if a woman was really pitiful of sinners, it was generally because of some secret grief of her own.

"*Never hast thou censured me for sin.*"

"Ugh!" the man shuddered. "I don't like to think of that."

"But you wrote it. Try to see what is hidden behind it."

"Well—my mother often censured me for sin. I remember looking up at that image of Mary on the mantel, so pure and kind. . . ."

"Truly, 'the mother *imago*,' " said the doctor. "We'll retain that, for its cultural possibilities are immense. And how wise the old Church is, with its Mariolatry! The more I see of the depths of the human mind the more I see the psychological profundity of many a Church tenet. They seem to have been inspired by the unconscious spirit of the Race, for no group of individuals would have been wise enough to evolve them by conscious intention. They serve the heart's need."

Then the doctor read, "*Thou art wiser than the Pharisees.*"

"I think of Christ saying to the scribes and Pharisees,

'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' That was after he stooped down and wrote on the ground—what we call automatic writing, maybe."

Fielding denied that he had ever done automatic writing, or seen anyone else do it; but there was in his manner a certain hesitancy that implied an inner qualification. The doctor waited patiently for the secret to express itself in words; but the secret, whatever it was, declined the silent invitation.

"Purer than the snows upon Mount Hermon."

"Mount Hermon?" Fielding repeated. "Wasn't that the mountain of Transfiguration? 'His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.' . . . The transfiguration was a shining out of what was within. It wasn't shown to everybody; only to those who loved Him, He revealed Himself as He really was. But He couldn't have been the Son of Man without a human mother, and though she bore a son she was purer than the snows upon Mount Hermon. She too must have been transfigured when the Holy Spirit came to her."

The doctor quietly waited:

"Speaking of mountains," Fielding said, dreamily, "when I was a child I used to look at the snow on the rocky summit of a mountain a few miles east of our home. I always associated the word 'inaccessible' with that snowy mountain top. I had an Uncle Hermann, my mother's brother, who lived on the side of that mountain; he died when I was quite young, and I used to wonder what he was doing in heaven with Christ and the angels. It was on that mountain I went the time I told you about, after the lady of the pond-lilies had gone over there. Uncle Hermann and my mother had come from the same place. It was a rocky place, and there was a cave up there, a cavern among the cedar trees. They were so dark and mysterious, and their lower branches were near the ground. I remember the whispering of the wind in the cedar trees. I went out there once with my little cousin Mary, and we stood at the opening of the cavern and had delicious fears. My big sister

Flora found us there together, she seemed angry, and she made us come back to the house, and I remember we had griddle-cakes and honey for supper—honey in the honey-comb. I couldn't have been more than five or six, and Mary was still younger. 'Sweeter than honey in the honey-comb' always made me think of little cousin Mary. My sister must have been jealous of Mary, she slapped me once when she saw me give her some lilies and kiss her, and then she cried. I remember being afraid, as if I had done something very naughty; but I hadn't. She made me shy of Mary. Next year my mother told me that little Mary had gone back to the angels."

"Why shouldst thou busy thyself with sins or with learning?" reminded Fielding of psychoanalytic learning, and he declared that the less women knew about sins the better for them.

"Thou art—and so the buds peep forth in April," made him think of Nature the Great Mother, Isis, Mary. "It's because of the Great Mother and her love for us that the little birds sing and the brooks whisper," he said, and there was on his face the rapt look of the poet.

"Thou knowest pain, and so we can weep in thy presence."

"When I was having the worst of my nervous fears I used to long terribly to put my head on a woman's breast and weep."

"When thy son fell under the weight of the cross."

"Doctor, that's one of the sublimest things! Even He fell down when He was overburdened, and a passer-by, a mere ordinary man, had to help Him. There's a great lesson in that. Christ also fell under the weight of the cross of matter, even as other men do, even as I have lately."

"Thou sawest the dust of the road on His garments," recalled to Fielding's mind that time, so long ago, when he had run on and on and on until he fell down in the road exhausted, then picked himself up and stumbled on again. He had been covered with dust.

"And so, though our robes are soiled, we are unashamed before thee."

"Dirty and dusty as I was," he said, "I wanted terribly to go to my lovely friend and tell her everything; but my mother's words had built up a wall between us. Oh, I wish I had gone to her! All my life would have been different, perhaps, if I hadn't been made ashamed of my love."

"Yea, thou hadst one son, one only son, and he died."

"Why," Fielding exclaimed, "Marie had an only son who died!"

"That we may never forget, thou sendest us gifts on the day of his birth."

"She sent me a gift on my birthday, which was the same as that of her little boy who died."

"And we on the day of his resurrection bring white lilies to the altar, and sing with joy," made him think of Marie's dream of standing on a mountain with white lilies in her hand. "She said her bridegroom brought her lilies."

"And you make them Easter altar-lilies in your poem, and say 'we' bring them, and sing with joy."

The doctor sat looking at Fielding a few seconds, formulating his thoughts.

"Do you know," he began, "that the repression of the love for the parents is the nuclear complex in every neurosis? As you told those women last night that you were my pupil, you may as well begin to learn some of the appalling facts of psychoanalysis. I say appalling, because the complex-ridden *opponents* of analysis have raised such a hue and cry about their own misinterpretation of those facts. They are appalled because the facts hit them where they are most sensitive, in their so-called 'incest phantasies,' made monstrous by the horrors of primitive *taboo*. Now those phantasies are only *relics* in the unconscious of modern man, relics of *that stage* in the psychological-biological history of the race. To deny their existence with fury and abusive words is about as sensible as to deny the presence of the vermiform appendix. When they are sufficiently inflamed, they each have an unanswerable argument, in the one case a neurosis, in the other an attack of appendicitis. Instead of denying the existence of any psychological phe-

nomenon, we should, as Jung says somewhere, 'view with philosophic admiration the strange paths of the libido and should investigate the purposes of its circuitous ways.' And Dr. Jelliffe quotes Adolf Meyer as saying, 'Now that man has found the North Pole and the South Pole he may fit out an expedition to find out something about the human mind's possibilities.'

"As we know that the child, during the nine months before birth, goes through the whole biological development of the race, a bio-chemical development covering probably a hundred million years, so, after birth, the child also goes through the stages of the psychological development of the race—that is, from the archaic level onwards. From birth to about five years of age he covers hundreds of thousands of years, say from the anthropoidal ape to the highest savage. It is of this stage in the child's growth that Freud used the expression 'polymorphous perverse' which has so agitated the critics. It is not the fault of Freud that the human race passed through that period of growth; though I have heard him censured even by physicians as a man who wanted to drag us down to the level of the brutes, utterly regardless of the fact that Freud's work has been directed towards the lifting up, the development of those fragments of our human psyche which have remained fixed in prehistoric levels of consciousness. It is not the existence in us of those levels of consciousness that causes trouble in later life; it is the *fixation of energy* in those early psychological strata. Psychoanalysis and psychosynthesis go hand in hand. All human conduct, from criminality to saintly self-sacrifice, may be summed up under the head of energy distribution. What we do with our energy determines our social value. The criminal is a criminal because much of his energy is fixed at the pre-social or anti-social stage of development. Every child, during its first five years, goes through a hard training for social adaptability to the herd. This is the period of the gradual relinquishing of the pleasure-pain principle in favor of the principle of reality. It is also the period of the functional fixations, if

they exist in any individual, and of the uneven libido distribution to the sensory areas, though this may in some degree be determined before birth. Almost no one has a perfect all-round development. The repression necessary for the training of the infant subordinates libido satisfaction at lower levels in the interest of the higher levels; this is the beginning of the process called *sublimation*, which goes on through life.

"As the chief sensori-motor corrective is pain, so the chief psychical corrective is fear. Morbid fears indicate a lack of balance in the outflow of the life impulse. In the slow training for civilization, of the race and of the individual child, pain and fear have played leading rôles. In order that the child may discover the world, he must free himself from the pleasurable resting in the mother's love. That which drives him forward is, psychologically, the 'incest barrier' of Freud. The incest prohibition forces the child, as it forced the race, into the path of the biological aim. Here we see the dawn of mind. As Jung says, 'All that is retrogressive in man rebels against this step, and energetic attempts are made against this adaptation in the first place. Therefore, this period of life is also that in which the first clearly developed neuroses arise.' *It must be emphasized* that what is called the 'incest inclination' is not a gross inclination towards the parents, but a *psychological* inclination against the labor of adapting to the outside world. The incest phantasies are symbolical, they are *mythical ideas* lying dormant in the brain, they are relics, activated in the adult by any strong regression of libido, that is, any turning away from reality and back to the indolence of infantile phantasy. It is proven, by analysis of dreams, that there exists in many cases an anxiety which regressively attacks the mother. Jung tells us that he merely ventures to suggest that this may come from a primitive separation of the pairs of opposites which are hidden in the will of life: the will for life and for death. He says, 'It remains obscure *what adaptation the primitive man tried to evade* through introversion and regression to the parents;

but, according to the analogy of the soul life in general, it may be assumed that the libido, which disturbed the initial equilibrium of becoming and of ceasing to be, had been stored up in the attempt to make an especially difficult adaptation, *and from which it recedes even to-day.*'

"Jung doesn't say so, but I have sometimes wondered if the *great split*, as you might call it, which separated man from his pre-human ancestor who seems to have disappeared and left no trace, may not have been coincident with the shifting of the earth's axis. Those pre-humans who survived may have been subject to a new magnetic influence which awakened the ego or personal mind in such bodies as were ready for it. There is strange material in the psychoanalytic archives, material that goes back to myths and legends. Man is not even yet in full possession of his individuality; his ego is not free.

"I think," the doctor went on, "that I have quoted to you once before Jung's statement that the object of psychoanalysis is the sublimation of the infantile personality, which, expressed mythologically, is the sacrifice and rebirth of the infantile hero, as we find it in myths all down the ages; that in psychoanalysis the infantile personality is deprived of its libido fixations in a rational manner, and that the libido which is thus set free serves for the building up of a personality matured and adapted to reality, a personality which does willingly and without complaint everything required by necessity. As Dr. Jelliffe says, '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.'

"Referring again to the popular attacks on psychoanalysis, you know it has been said that 'Nature abhors consciousness.' Dr. Trigant Burrow points out the natural disinclination of man to acquire real knowledge of his sacred source, and he thinks that this is the origin of repression, the meaning of sin. He reminds us that all knowledge has had to struggle for advance against the universal prejudice of 'sin'; how from Pliny and Galileo to Darwin and Freud,

the progress of knowledge has been forced to contend against a superstitious implication of evil. Knowledge is sin. Man must not eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He says that the parable of the first man as an outcast is an allegory of the world's neurosis. *To think* is to violate the original subjective unity of all life, it is the assertion of the ego, the breaking away from the homogeneous subjective 'paradise.' When Adam and Eve ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge they were cast out of the Garden of Eden. The 'serpent' tempted to knowledge, therefore knowledge is sin.

"That fear of knowledge seems to be an unconscious compulsion, and it belongs probably to the self-regulating function of antithesis, which acts automatically in the race and in the individual. Most children are spanked for their early assertions of individuality; the ego is Lucifer, apparently, and it must be repressed. Spanking in moderation may not hurt the normal child; but excessive punishment may cripple the will to life, may discourage the evolving ego, and so cause a regression to the original homogeneous unity, the psychological paradise of infantile phantasy."

Fielding had been listening intently. Having assumed the rôle of pupil, fellow-pupil with Jane Spong who had the "flair," the "unusual aptitude," the "metaphorical mind," he was now eager to learn everything, and this attitude lessened the force of his resistances. If knowledge was sin, if Nature abhorred consciousness, then he would triumph over Nature; he would not sink back into the homogeneous, the infantile. He would be a man, "matured and adapted to reality," he would do "willingly and without complaint everything required by necessity." No, of course he had not been excessively spanked in infancy; he had been only moderately spanked, and it had not hurt him. His Luciferian ego was not crippled. He would show them! He would go out again and conquer the world afresh.

Dr. Aubrey had been watching the changing expression

of his face, while this courageous mood was growing in him.

"You realize already," he said, "that the psychological cord that bound you to your mother in infantile dependence has not been squarely cut. When you have cut it by rational analysis your love for your mother's memory will be freed from all dross, and your love for your dead wife's memory will also be freed from phantasies and fears.

"Your love for all women in the past has been qualified by those immature fancies. Even now, when through the analysis of your dreams you are becoming aware of the influence which Marie has long had upon your unconscious, you begin to build upon her image also the same old superstructure. The mature man in you would regard her as a woman to be loved maturely and wholesomely; but the immature part of you longs to go the old way, with a changed object. Your struggle is now the struggle between the two tendencies.

"You have yourself identified our hostess of last night by writing this poem about her. You associate her and yourself with the twin-souls in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*—the quest of happiness. The twin-soul idea is in the unconscious of all men, the yearning for the complementary self, fullness, completion. Its mystical lure has been of great psychological value, for by means of it ego-libido becomes object-libido, and available for biological ends. I think we have already discussed the difference between psychological truths and scientific facts.

"In the next line of the poem you make her 'the mother of mothers,' this twin-soul from whom your parting was terrible. Doubtless every other woman who has powerfully attracted you was a possible twin-soul, for the idea seems to be innate. Even little children have it, in their fancies about the fairy prince or princess.

"Another tendency of yours, to love in secret because of fear, comes out in the first line, 'when the night is dark I dream of thee,' Maria-mother-twin-soul, because God the *father* of jealous memory perhaps cannot see us in the

dark, if we cover our head with the mantle of our couch and the soul sinks down into its own deeps. Adam and Eve, newly ashamed of their nakedness, hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God among the trees of the Garden."

Fielding then confessed to the doctor how he had hidden behind the old fence and peered through the ivy at the house of the pond-lily woman.

"Now that little marble image of the Madonna which you found near the Catholic cemetery; you had quite forgotten the incident, which had been repressed for maybe forty years. 'Thy mantle covers me,' may have been the memory which carried the marble image into oblivion with it, for to hide among the folds of the mother's skirt or mantle is almost universal with children who are timid."

Dr. Aubrey observed that Fielding was blushing furiously. "What is it?" he asked. "What memory has come to you suddenly?"

"Why—er—it isn't an old memory. It's something in the present that I'm almost ashamed to tell you."

"Well?"

Fielding cleared his throat, he leaned back in his chair and clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. Then, gathering courage, he told the doctor about that other little marble image of the Madonna which he had bought—because it vaguely reminded him of something. He told how he kept it in a secret drawer, how he took it out every night before going to bed, holding it in his hand and repeating, "Ave Maria, blessed art thou among women," then putting it under his pillow as a protection against demonic powers.

"Do you then believe in demonic powers?" the doctor asked.

"Not really—I do and I don't."

"Which proves that you have mistaken the nature of the demons against which your protective formula is supposed to guard you. We usually find, in the analysis of repressions, that the thing chosen as a means of protection becomes the carrier of the thing repressed and guarded against.

Read *Gradiva*, by William Jensen, which Freud discusses in one of his books. It is impossible to separate a strong desire from the *idea* of its object; for the repressed desire will choose a surrogate, a substitute which represents the loved object, and through which the repressed emotion will partially find an outlet, thus saving the soul from consuming itself alive. When you prayed every night to Maria to save you from the demonic powers of Marie, you were unconsciously indulging the very love you were afraid of, so afraid that the love itself had been banished to the sphere of the unconscious, and in its place, in your waking thoughts, was an unreasoning dread and dislike.

"Now your prayers, the religious sublimation of the emotion, might have saved you from your present breakdown, had there not been a *third and still unknown element*, an alien element, between you and emotional freedom."

"An alien element?" Fielding repeated, with paling lips. "Do you know what that element is?"

"No—not yet; but it will reveal itself. You dropped a hint of its existence the second time you were here." He did not add that he knew its surrogate, *its substitute idea*, in the conscious mind of this love-tortured man who was afraid of his love.

Instead, he turned back to the poem, reminding Fielding that he had bought the copy of the Sistine Madonna, whose smile consoled him, about the time he parted from Marie two years before. The song association, "Make me a child again, just for to-night," was a further confusing of the mother idea with the other—the mother love outlet being less blocked, notwithstanding the dread of the mother-wife. "Loyalty to the mother and to the wife," the doctor said, "must be set off in your consciousness against some rather dreadful experience."

And still Fielding's mind went back to "the pond-lily woman," and the early shock of his mother's discovery of that innocent *amour*. It was plain that the memory of the pond-lily woman was a convenient covering-memory, something the man's mind could face without too great resis-

tance. It was not the real thing, but an analogous substitute.

The doctor came down to the paraphrase from Walter Pater that suggested the Mona Lisa (also called Madonna Lisa) stolen from the *Salon Carré* and returned (by Fielding's unconscious) to the *partie carrée* the night before. His having shied away from talking about other four-cornered parties in the company of Howard Sinclair had strengthened the doctor's belief that the veiled hostility to Sinclair was based on some well-grounded fear.

"In the line, 'Thou art younger and more pitiful,'" Dr. Aubrey said, "you give her a secret grief that she may not censure *you* for sin, an emotionally charged idea. You do not want stones cast at *her* by the Pharisees, as your mother and wife both censured your loves as 'bad women,' and you had phantasies about them; so you think of the Christ who stooped down and wrote on the ground, and his message, 'He that is without sin among you,' got through your resistances because you needed its justification yourself. But I wonder why the *idea* of automatic writing seemed to disturb you—"

"But it doesn't disturb me," Fielding protested, "for I'm perfectly indifferent to it. People make fools of themselves about it, that's all." His manner was quite heated.

The doctor was thinking, "So here's another struggle, for and against. As the children say, we're growing warmer."

Then he began to speak of the purity of the snows upon Mount Hermon, the next image in the poem, with its safe and rather pleasing childish reminiscences. Mount Hermon—the mountain where Uncle Hermann lived! As an example of unconscious infantile association it was perfect. With the top of that mountain (of transfiguration) Fielding had always associated the word "inaccessible." The cave up there was pictorially the cavern of his other poem, even to the cedar trees with branches near the ground, and the cave was near the village his mother and Uncle Hermann

came from. A man of the Stone Age might have evolved the phantasy.

So little Cousin Mary, who went back to the angels, had been the first of his loves, the first object of others' jealousy. He had always lost his loves; and perhaps, in choosing them, he had been unconsciously drawn by their "inaccessibility." To little Mary, also, Fielding had given lilies. It had been the doctor's experience that almost every mind has a favorite love-symbol, and that it could be traced back to an early impression. Fielding, afraid of his love, was afraid of the fragrance of pond-lilies.

"In this poem," the doctor said, "you assure yourself of the purity of Marie, after casting veiled doubts upon it yourself. She also is transfigured, the divine shines out of her in the presence of the Holy Spirit. That is a beautiful and a universal symbol; it is in the unconscious of people who never have been Christians. Go deep enough into any mind, get into the great race levels, behind the personal reminiscences, and you find the symbols of the Christ story, the Cross, the burial and the resurrection. That seems to be the story of the soul of Man; it is psychologically true *because* it is universal. Yes, we find it in every mind, as we find the belief in magical powers, the conservation of energy, and personal immortality. They are innate ideas.

"Now in regard to the next line of your poem, 'Why shouldst thou busy thyself with sins or with learning?' you thought immediately of psychoanalytic learning. Shall I tell you why?"

Fielding nodded.

"Because you don't want me to analyze Marie."

"Don't think," said Fielding, "that I could be jealous of *you*, to whom I owe so much."

"You could be jealous of any man. You were doubtless often jealous of your father, when you were shut out, before you were seven years old. The unconscious yields up its secrets little by little, and every boy with a strong mother-fixation is jealous of the father, and the form taken

by that complex very largely determines his adaptation in later life."

The doctor pointed out the further identification of Marie, the present love-object, with Isis, Nature, another form of the great *Mother* of all, through whom the buds peep forth in April. "You see, don't you, how you have found at last a compromise, a love-object in whom the two warring tendencies can unite? And you can weep in her presence because she also has known pain, she lost a son whose birthday was the same as yours. Now that may not be altogether a coincidence; your knowledge of that common birthday may have been the first thing which excited your imagination and roused your interest in her. Romantic love, especially love at first sight, nearly always springs from some unconscious identification, some unconscious analogy to a deep-lying and usually a repressed emotional reminiscence, which may or may not go back to the earliest years. In a new love relation the dreams show reversion to earlier analogous situations, and your *fear* of Marie is associated in your unconscious with the fear of some other woman in the past. So far you have balked the issue; but some night you will have a dream from which there will be no escape. You have already unconsciously revealed the common denominator of the two fear situations."

"Now that *is* strange!" Fielding slipped back to the former question. "I have just remembered that my wife gave that little dinner-party, at which I first met Marie, to celebrate Sinclair's birthday two years ago last February. Yes, we all told our days of birth, and Mrs. Balfour mentioned her little boy's, in connection with mine. Why did I forget that?"

"When any emotionally tinged memory is violently repressed, pushed down into the unconscious, it usually carries with it a mass of collateral material. And we must not underestimate the rôle which Sinclair played in this little drama *also*."

The doctor again waited—but nothing happened.

"Shall we go back to the poem?" Fielding suggested suddenly.

"Yes. If you had not already begun to realize what the unconscious really is, and how it works, how free its thinking is from the restraints and taboos of *consciously* directed thought, you might be shocked at your next identification in this poem—that of yourself with the Christ, the son of Marie-Mary. You say He fell under the weight of the cross of matter, as you have lately."

"Did I say that?"

"Yes, but that needn't disturb you. Were it not for man's identification of himself with his gods and demigods, religions would lose much of their hold. The imitation of Christ is a cultural attempt at such identification. It has been of colossal significance, and it will hold the imagination just so long as man needs that reminder of his perfectibility along the lines of humility, loving-kindness and the patient endurance of wrongs. Now the mire of the road on the garments of the Lord made you think of that time in your boyhood when you ran on and on till you fell down in the dirt. Doubtless, after all these years, the same terrible fatigue comes over you when anything occurs to touch that complex of emotions."

"Why, Doctor! I had an attack of fatigue one evening recently, of unexplainable fatigue, as I supposed. It was the day Sinclair told me on the corner that if he weren't an old foggy he'd ask Marie to marry him."

"Yes, I remember now, and we have two threads of association here. You must have had some love-jealousy of Sinclair in the past, as well as jealousy of him as a poet."

"Yes, he used to go to the house of the pond-lily woman after the trouble, when I was afraid to go."

The doctor made a shorthand note of Fielding's exact words, and underlined them. Here was one of the links he had been looking for, but the fear of Sinclair was not based on that boyish reminiscence, which only served as an escape valve, an analogy for something.

The doctor now wondered when he would begin to ap-

pear disguised as Sinclair in Mr. Sargent's dreams. Perhaps when the repressed memory should be on the point of breaking through the resistance; then the schoolmaster who was safely dead because dead men tell no tales might die all over again. Several times he could have forced the repressed material to the surface; but the slow way was the safe and kind way, as experience had taught him. He could at any time go back to those old dreams, and bear down a little on the spots he had marked in red pencil—that is, if the unconscious trick of forgetting the new dreams should be continued as a defense against unwelcome knowledge.

"And now," he said, "we'll follow the other thread, your identification of yourself in fatigue—can you remember just what your thoughts were as you ran on and on, that time so long ago?"

"Yes, I cried all the way, cried and prayed to Jesus to help me. *He* once had run away from his parents, and they found Him afterwards in the Temple among the doctors."

Dr. Aubrey gazed out of the window. Many times in his years of practice he had come upon that psychological marvel, the identification-imitation of the Messiah; but its beauty was still fresh. His voice was very gentle as he turned back to the poem.

"'Yes,'" he read, "'thou hadst one son, one only son, and he died.'"

"I've often wanted to die," Fielding admitted.

"Love and life are indissolubly linked. Only a triumphant sublimation of libido in art or other work can serve as a substitute. But you're not ready for that. You might have broken down in the attempt, as you have, and yet gone on with it, if your dream material had shown a still greater overplus of the egocentric elements, even though they were undifferentiated as they always are when they break through forcibly and unpleasantly. I would not disturb a compensatory introversion which was capable of a triumphant sublimation. But I think you'll have first to

perfect your object-love type, as I said once before, and then you can develop marvelous powers of sublimation. The life energy that we call libido is so mobile that when it has been freed from unconscious compulsions it will follow conscious direction to a great degree."

Fielding leaned forward, tense with an important question: "Does psychoanalysis always lead people into love relations?"

"No. That's a popular misconception that continues, though the sublimation of libido has been explained over and over again, by writer after writer. The popular mind ignores the possibilities of sublimation, *because it unconsciously wants to find in psychoanalysis a scientific excuse for license*. Psychoanalysis makes some people independent of the erotic in every form; it frees them from mental slavery to the *symbols* of eroticism, what Adler calls the sex-jargon of the unconscious. Adler believes that the desire-energy is always reaching towards power, that the desire of power is the natural expression of the libido. He disagrees with Freud, to whom libido is love-energy that is nevertheless capable of transformation. In Freud and Adler we have the love-theory and the power-theory. Jung seems to think that the libido is simply energy, something similar to the *élan vital* of Bergson."

"And what do *you* think, Dr. Aubrey?"

"To me libido is energy, and its predominating mode of action determines the type and temperament. But it is impossible to say beforehand just what psychoanalysis will do for any individual, because the guidance comes from within the person analyzed. The ego chooses its own way, the analyst does not choose the way for it. He merely translates the subject's own unconscious guidance. Any analyst who undertakes arbitrarily to choose the way in which his subjects shall walk, is forgetting the first rule of his science, which is: Follow the dreams and other psychological material and co-ordinate the conscious and the unconscious of each individual. Anything outside of that is neither psychoanalysis nor psychosynthesis. Through

continued analysis of the dreams it is possible to determine the degree of the individual's co-ordination in himself and with that larger organism we call society; but whether the co-ordinated individual finally chooses to love or not to love, to occupy himself with business, or philosophy, or art, or whatsoever, depends on the urge of the libido itself. Suggestion on the part of the analyst should be rigorously avoided. Suggestive therapeutics may be successful in many cases, but suggestive therapeutics is not psychoanalysis.

"Now in your dreams so far, Mr. Sargent, there is a striving, a struggling forward; you want to rise again, and you want the personal love. Now you say that Christ's writing on the ground was like automatic writing. What does that make you think of?"

Fielding did not even try to answer the question.

"I've observed," he announced, "that when you want to bring out some special thing, you first draw my attention right away from the dream, then come back and take me unawares. You did it just now."

"Do I do that? It's mostly by chance, however; for, as Jung points out, 'Chance is the law and order of psychoanalysis.' You want to learn; so when some problem of yours opens the way for a bit of theory, I give you the theory. The best analyses are never set and formal. One of the great analysts in Europe takes his pupils out for a walk and analyzes their dreams along the way. He gets very satisfactory results. The great object is to get the unconscious conflict to the surface; *how* one goes about it doesn't matter so very much. Every real analyst works out by experience the method that suits him best, and he constantly varies that, to fit the individual case. Sometimes I begin at once with dream analysis, sometimes with an association test, sometimes as in your case with the life-story. Only beginners, I think, feel bound to follow a set routine. The best way is and must be quite spontaneous, because the unconscious works spontaneously, and we're dealing with the unconscious."

"Now the end of this poem proves that your unconscious is playing round the idea of marriage with Marie Balfour. You picked up the idea of her dream and the lilies her husband gave her, and say that on the day of resurrection you bring white lilies to the altar and sing with joy. Of course," the doctor added, "in dealing with such a mass of details as there are in this poem, we can only stress the more important."

"And how would you sum it up?"

"Why, you write your poem to the mother-*imago*, the ideal image of woman as love-object, now identified with Marie, and you weave into it the Christian symbols, principally because of your image of the Madonna as ideal-representative of Marie, and also of the force you are repressing. You do all this half-unconsciously, and now that we have made the process fully conscious, we have enriched your mind with the knowledge of how certain strata of your unconscious are working. If the material of this poem had been given in a dream, a completely unconscious product, the symbols brought up from the hidden depths would have startled you."

Fielding weighed that a moment.

Then he said, "Notwithstanding what I feel to be the shattered state of my character, why is my mind so clear about all *impersonal things*?"

"In cases like yours there is often an intellectualizing of the libido."

Dr. Aubrey rose and held out his hand in parting.

"It's a pity that you couldn't remember your dream of this morning; but there was probably something in it which you don't want to face, and so you forgot it."

Fielding looked at him as he stood there behind the desk, tall, slender, and apparently still young. "What a personality and what a mind!" he thought. "I feel like a child beside him."

He knew quite well that in the dream he had forgotten there was something about the analyst.

CHAPTER XV

ON his way home Fielding met Mr. and Mrs. John Farnham, the six-months widower and his rosy bride. He bowed with an elusive smile, as if he shared with them some half-guilty secret.

"It's really none of my business," he told himself.

Before going up-stairs he stopped for a moment in the drawing-room to look at the Sistine Madonna; but when he saw Barbara, who was sitting in a big red chair, he became suddenly self-conscious and kept his eyes away from the picture.

"Is your mother out?" He had to say something.

"Yes, Uncle Fielding. I'm all alone." Her voice was unsteady and a big childish tear was rolling down her cheek.

"Why, little girl! What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Don't you want to tell me?"

"But it's really nothing, Uncle dear."

Fielding sat down rather heavily. He could see her throat contract and swell, as she swallowed her grief.

"Poor little thing!" he thought. "I'm standing between her and happiness. With my morbid nonsense I'm standing between that innocent child and happiness."

He felt a weakening in the region of the solar plexus, a familiar prelude to one of his fear attacks; but he clasped his palms rigidly together and tightened the muscles of his waist. Then he cleared his throat.

"Barbara," he began, with an air of mystery, "I'm sending a telegram to Washington this afternoon, and I want you to help me in the wording of it. Do you think it would be very unconventional—you women have more finesse than

a clumsy old fellow like me—do you think there would be any shade of impropriety in my wiring Theo, ‘Your offer gladly accepted. All send love’?”

Barbara opened her eyes wide, she gasped, smiled rosily—then her yellow head went down on her knee and she was crying.

“There, there!” He reached over and patted her shoulder. “It’s all right now. You might have known it would be all right. You two children can be married as soon as the War is over.”

He walked down to the telegraph office, for he did not want to send that very personal message by any other hand, and telephoning it to the Western Union would have seemed the limit of absurdity. He walked briskly, to escape the dragging undertow of the inevitable negative to his sudden “yes.”

Since Theodore’s flying visit three days before, Fielding had seen Barbara only at meal-times, in the presence of her mother, and the boy’s name had not been mentioned. His mind had been so full of other things that he had repressed the thought of the lovers; but now—at the sight of a big tear and of a young throat swallowing its grief—he had committed himself. His chest was heavy from the conflict within; but he could not retract his consent and prove himself a vacillating neurotic. He had to stand by his given word.

After leaving the telegraph office he walked aimlessly through the streets, in a southeasterly direction. He had not known that he was going anywhere in particular; but he found himself at the door of the apartment-house where he had left Jane Spong the night before, after taking her home in his car. He looked at his watch: it was only five o’clock. As she had invited him to call, he would call now—anything to get his mind away from that telegram to Washington.

Jane had a small apartment like fifty thousand others in New York; the only distinctive thing in it was herself. At home she always wore long drapey silken garments with

flowing sleeves, and to-day they happened to be amber like her smoothly-folded hair. The effect was peculiar, as she had no color; and as she rose to greet Fielding her large intelligent eyes made him think of two blue-green scarabs hung in the golden glow of the Libyan desert just before sunset.

"But you're not Norse, after all," he said, "you're Egyptian."

The little negro maid who had opened the door for him stared—then withdrew noiselessly.

"I knew you'd come to see me soon," Jane said, without a touch of coquetry.

She offered him a chair and a cigarette, and sank back on the couch among a mass of cushions.

"It didn't occur to me until after I had rung your bell that perhaps I had called too soon. Things move so rapidly with me these days."

"I understand," she smiled, "for it was like that with me during the early days of my analysis; but now, after more than two years, things go at their usual sixty minutes to the hour pace."

"You seem to be so calm, so wholesome, Miss Spong! Were you always like that?"

"I can't say as to the wholesomeness, but I was certainly less calm two years ago."

"Were you ever really nervous?"

"No."

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had no right to ask a stranger such a question, and he apologized.

"But I don't mind," she said, with an outward wave of her draped arms. "And Dr. Aubrey is willing you should talk with me about anything under the sun."

"Did he say anything special about me?" he could not refrain from asking.

"He never does, you know."

"There's one thing that puzzles me, Miss Spong. Is it the doctor's idea that we should love our parents less?"

"Oh, no!—not less, but differently. We should love

them maturely, and not with the half-fearful dependence of children. We should give them very great honor and affection, but we must not exaggerate the formidable quality of their unique position. We must be self-reliant."

Fielding gave one of his long sighs. "I never realized my lack of real *self*-reliance, as distinct from reliance on constant occupation, until I had unlimited time to think about myself."

"So that's it," Jane nodded. "Self-directed thought can be a terror, when it's undifferentiated, and of course that presupposes a certain degree of regression. The regressed libido reanimates infantile images which survive in the unconscious; old memories, things long forgotten, come to the surface with their associated emotions—fears and the sense of guilt. Almost every child, in the process of becoming civilized through the repression of those primitive trends which it inherited from the past of the race, is burdened with the consciousness of guilt. If all goes fairly well in its future life, this sense of guilt may remain latent or be taken up in the exercise of religion, confession of sin to a merciful God, etc., according to ritual. But if anything happens which causes a violent regression of libido, the infantile sense of guilt may be reanimated, the 'infantile criminal' which sleeps in each of us may stand helplessly before the imaginary tribunal of the outer world, in which he has lost both interest and confidence. And the guilty sense of those early days may become attached to recent indifferent happenings, which are associated by analogy in the unconscious with the child's early struggles against the civilizing forces."

"But why," Fielding asked, "does psychoanalysis lay so *much* stress on the parents?"

"Because the early images of the parents are retained forever in the unconscious; they are the dominating images, the patterns, for the ideas both of love and of conflict with authority. A motherless child, or a neglected child, will remain love-hungry all its life, consciously or unconsciously; while a boy who weakly depended upon his mother will, as

a man, weakly depend upon his wife, if the marriage is fairly harmonious, so that he can transfer the mother-image to the wife. The mother and father images are projected upon other people also."

"I seem to have done that," Fielding admitted.

"We have all done it," Jane said, "and Freud declares that Moebius was quite justified in saying that we are all somewhat hysterical. But let me tell you the story of a friend of mine. She had a very stern father whom she feared and loved in fear, without knowing how much she loved him. After his death she fell madly in love with a man much older than she, and they were married. She was shy in her affection, as children are who have had to repress their love for the parents. Her husband was of the same severe type as her father (no doubt she chose him for the resemblance), and she soon began to be afraid of him in the same old way. As time went on, her very timorousness made her husband also stern with her, and so she nursed for years the self-pitying, martyred-love complex which she had brought over from her childhood. Her husband couldn't understand it, of course, and he was always hurting her feelings and driving her deeper into herself. She had moments of revolt, the inevitable compensatory moments of every extreme attitude; so she vacillated between mouse-like timidity and lion-like revolt. She and her husband were on the verge of a separation when I persuaded her to go to Dr. Aubrey and be psychoanalyzed. After a few weeks he was able to make my friend understand the situation perfectly, and she asked him to explain it to her husband. Now they are as happy as two kittens."

"I wonder," said Fielding, "that she didn't fall in love with Dr. Aubrey. He's a very attractive man."

Jane smiled sympathetically. "The parent *imago* projected on the analyst, with all its elements positive and negative, is what we call 'the transference' in psychoanalysis. But transference is not confined to psychoanalysis; it's an everyday mental phenomenon, and the technique of analysis has merely uncovered it and made its mechanisms under-

standable. There is transference of the parent *imago* to physicians, teachers, guardians, and even intimate friends. We constantly see its influence in the relation between husbands and wives, as in the case of my friend whom I told you about."

"I wonder," Fielding looked puzzled, "if I've projected the *imago*—as you call it—of my parents on Dr. Aubrey."

"Usually the very first dream after meeting the analyst shows the nature of the struggle that is going to be projected, or transferred."

He thought of his piano-raft dream. "That might be rather trying to the analyst," he said.

"It might be," Jane assented, "if he took it personally. But when I say that Dr. Aubrey does not take the transference personally, I mean that he eliminates his own personality—not yours. The libido of the subject, the person being analyzed, *entrenches itself* round the personality of the analyst; and through the study of the transference, with its phantasies and emotional reactions, the subject gradually becomes conscious of the defectiveness of his adaptation to life, for in the transference is to be found an epitome of that adaptation. It isn't always revealed in the conscious attitude, but it is always in the dreams. Without transference," Jane went on, "the work would be only half done; for the mere intellectual formulation of one's trouble would not cure it, the trouble has to be lived out through the transference and the locked-up energy released. Jung reminds us that mental disorder is an unusual reaction to emotional problems that are in no wise foreign to ourselves. He says, 'The normal function of the unconscious process breaks through into consciousness in an abnormal manner and disturbs the adaptation of the individual to his environment.'"

"Oh!" said Fielding, "then it's by projecting the phantasies of the unconscious on the analyst that the locked-up energy begins to find release, and it's by the conscious realization of the *nature* of the conflict that the synthesis between the unconscious and the conscious begins to be possible."

He was sorry now that he had let himself forget that dream which he suspected was about Dr. Aubrey.

"Yes," Jane answered, "and the personality of the analyst should be only a bridge, by means of which the subject passes on to the freedom of his ultimate moral autonomy. Of course the analyst must himself have been analyzed, for otherwise he has 'blind spots' which interfere with his judgment. Jung says somewhere that nobody can boast of being absolutely free from his own complexes; but the analyst should be so familiar with what is left of his that he can discount them. And somebody—I forget who—said that a difficult patient usually means an opposing force from the physician's own resistances. It's impossible to understand the transference or the natural resistances in other people unless one has watched their workings *in oneself*. If the analyst should resent the critical and negative attitude of the subject, or be carried away by the affection of the positive attitude, it would be difficult for him to detach the entrenched libido of the subject. When the relation between analyst and subject is at last freed from the infantile phantasies of the latter, the relation may grow into a real and mutual friendship. But of course no busy analyst would have time for intimate friendship with all the people whom he analyzes. He can be paid for his work, but his time is his own, outside of office hours, and he can give it where he chooses."

"Do you think," Fielding asked abruptly, "that Dr. Aubrey has any intention of analyzing your friend Mrs. Balfour?"

Jane reached across for a cigarette, but said nothing.

"I suppose," he added, "that he does sometimes analyze people just because he is interested in them."

"I dare say, sometimes."

Fielding knit his brows. "Dr. Aubrey has great powers," he said.

Jane's face lighted. "Great powers of understanding and kindness, yes. He's one of those analysts who gently draw out the soul's criticism of itself, not one of those

who seem to undervalue and sneer at the poor soul. Anyone who really *needs* analysis is sensitive under it; and the analyst cannot be too careful. A cataract is not best removed with a butcher's knife. Dr. Aubrey takes people whose lives are not worth living—not merely more or less well-balanced people like us, Mr. Sargent, but people whose every moment is a torment; and gradually, by infinite patience and infinite kindness, he restores them to perfect normality, to happiness and social usefulness. Those whose hearts are full of hate sometimes hate him for a time, as he has to get their evil passions to the surface in order to dissipate them; but he is so patient in explaining things, even to stupid people, that in the end they see him as he is—the friend of all mankind.”

“It's plain that you revere him.”

“Yes, I do. He knows all the worst in me, yet I don't mind a bit. We never know the worst in us until we're analyzed—no, or the best, either. In some the worst lies deep, and the best is on the surface; in others the worst displays itself, and the good is all unconscious.”

Fielding thought of his “dignified personality” and winced.

“Any extreme conscious attitude or prejudice,” Jane went on, “is compensated by its opposite in the unconscious. People who know nothing of psychology feel this instinctively and are furious with the instinct, which they treat as something hostile *outside* themselves. They fight in other people the thing which drags at them from their own unconscious, projecting their unconscious desires into their environment, and doing battle with them there. The unconscious of the immoral man may be very moral, and if he has rationalized his immorality he may really detest good people, those who have realized in their lives his own repressed decency. The most intolerant fighters of vice are always those who have buried in themselves the tendency to vice.”

Fielding asked Jane what books he should read first on the subject, and she suggested Pfister's *Psychoanalytic Method* and Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*,

as good beginners' books. "Of course," she said, "you will read Jung's *Analytical Psychology*, his *Psychology of the Unconscious*, and Freud's great book on *Dreams*. Dr. A. A. Brill is one of the most important American writers on the subject. The literature is becoming very extensive."

"Does Dr. Aubrey really want you to be an analyst?" he asked.

"Oh! Dr. Aubrey wants me to do whatever my co-ordinated conscious and unconscious agree upon as being my life work. You'll come to that yourself some day, if you remain long enough with the doctor. Your present efforts at adaptation may be of only temporary value, wavering struggles towards a synthesis you may be long in finding."

"Wavering struggles!" he repeated. . . .

"And I wouldn't try to go too fast, if I were you," she advised, "because if you go to one extreme in a dream to-day, in to-morrow's dream you may go to the other extreme. You understand, don't you, that the forces within us are always struggling towards an equilibrium which they never quite attain? Even a neurosis is an unconscious attempt at equilibrium. The wise analyst always finds an ally in this innate tendency of the natural forces."

"Perhaps, after all," he suggested, "Nature is our friend and not our enemy."

Jane thought a moment before answering: "Silberer made an observation which, if it means anything to you at all, is likely to mean a great deal more as time goes on. He had been writing of *prakriti*, the root-nature of the Samkhya system of philosophy, and of the three modes of *prakriti*, activity, inertia and enlightenment. He says, 'Whoever *unmasks* these as the play of qualities, raises himself above the world impulses.'"

Fielding gasped—then stared at her.

"You do get a glimmer?" she asked.

"I think so. He means that a man may raise himself, through understanding, above the fluctuations of the qualities of Nature?"

"Of Nature in himself—yes. Universal Nature is in-

different to the individual who yields himself weakly to the clash and struggle of the world forces; if the conflict destroys him, what does Nature care? His body goes into her compost; his soul—perhaps she works that over, too, if the man has not individualized it. Ferenczi says, '*Psychoanalysis must individualize what Nature spurns.*'"

Fielding leaped from his chair. Then, with flushed face and brilliant eyes, he stood looking down at Jane.

"By the Lord," he said, "Nature shall not get me yet for her compost, neither my body nor my soul!"

The strange amber-colored woman with eyes like blue-green scarabs nodded at him, half-smiling, half-grave:

"I thought you'd rise to that."

He began walking up and down the room, the released energy in him needing an outlet in motion.

"Did you imagine, Mr. Sargent, that psychoanalysis was only the reduction of infantile fixations and phantasies? That must be done, of course, to free the energy wasted in them; but when the energy is free it can be used for the building of brain, body, character and—individuality. Some day, when you have time, read what Professor Dwelshauvers of Brussels says about *L'inconscient dynamique*. I'll lend you the book."

Fielding came back to his chair and sat down opposite Jane's sofa.

"I feel," he said, "that I have begun a long and important work, a system of re-education of which I now know only the a-b-c."

"Yes, the analysis of what Jung calls 'the persona' may well be called the a-b-c. The 'persona,' as he explains, was originally the mask which an actor wore, and it indicated to the audience the character which the actor had assumed. Our personality is such an actor's mask, and our conscious self may be called a part of the audience. We are often carried away by the part we play, we mistake our habitual *pose* for our real individuality; but as we go deeper in analysis we find that our mask is only a mask that characterizes what Jung again calls 'an excerpt from the collec-

tive psyche.' Our persona is 'a mask which *simulates individuality*, making others and oneself believe that one is individual, whilst one is only acting a part through which the collective psyche speaks.' He says that 'we can only concede individuality *to the bounds of the persona*, that is, to the particular choice of personal elements, and that only to a very limited extent.' Again, 'If we analyze the persona we remove the mask and discover that what appeared to be individual is at bottom collective.' That is, we resolve the merely personal into the collective. But the work does not stop there. He says, 'The persona must be strictly separated from the concept of the individual, in so far as the persona can be absolutely merged with the collective. But what is individual is just that which can never be absorbed in the collective, that is, too, never identical with the collective.' The components are collective, the peculiar combination—or the nexus that binds the components—is individual. He goes on to say, 'By analyzing the persona, we transfer a greater value to the individuality, increasing thereby its conflict with collectivity. This conflict is obviously a psychological conflict in the individual.' He does not mean that you have to conquer the collectivity outside of you, but in yourself, psychologically. You have to find out what you really are, individually, *and be it*. From that point real growth begins, the realization of the individuality, that *thing in itself* (if you dare use the expression) which need not, as I myself believe, go back into the compost of Nature.

"Of course," she hastened to add, "I don't make Dr. Jung nor Dr. Aubrey responsible for that last statement."

"They talked to us in college," Fielding smiled, "about the ego and the non-ego."

"Yes, but when Jung says that we must learn to differentiate in our thoughts between what is the ego and what is the non-ego *in ourselves*, the terms take on a new meaning. He says the psychological non-ego is the collective psyche or the absolute unconscious. There then arises the question of how to come to terms with this psychological

non-ego. These two phases of the self must be co-ordinated, that is, balanced and harmonized *in* the self. There's a special technique for bringing that about, but you haven't come to that yet; and I've only touched on the subject of synthetic psychology, because really to understand it will require a long preparation on your part, and above all, the observation of the process in yourself. The unconscious comes more and more to the surface with the undifferentiated complementary function, either the ego-power or object-love, depending on the type. You know that with most persons one side of the nature is developed at the expense of the other. Jung says that neurotic conflict always takes place between the adapted function and the co-function which is undifferentiated, and which lies to a great extent in the unconscious. Therefore the extrovert type will have to come to terms with the unconscious in its power aspect which in him is undifferentiated; while the introvert type will have to reckon with the unconscious in its love-aspect which in him is undifferentiated and imperfect."

"Just what do you mean," Fielding asked, "by an undifferentiated function?"

"Why, the best definition I know of differentiation is Walter Pater's: 'The resolution of an obscure and complex object into its component aspects.' That has to be done with the less developed half of the psyche, the co-function as Jung calls it. Now there are two other types which he has discovered, those of intuition and sensation, and they complement each other somewhat as the extrovert and introvert do. But of course you understand that each type of person has in a lesser degree the qualities of the other types, some *one* function, the adapted function, predominating.

"Jung calls the process which begins with the complementation of the types 'the transcendental function,' and it includes the balancing of the individual with the collective components of the psyche. The assimilation of the contrary function enriches the individual consciousness im-

measurably; it leads to a new adaptation to life, for with the establishment of the transcendental function all disharmony ceases."

Fielding gazed at Jane. "You make my head swim. You sit there before me, a young and beautiful woman, and tell me things which I *feel* to be the intellectual formulation of stupendous facts in Nature. Of course I don't fully take them in, but I understand enough to realize that I have, indeed, only glimpsed the a-b-c of synthetic psychology. And I'm not going to be satisfied with merely getting rid of a silly nervous trouble. I'm going to go on, until I get a grasp of the real thing."

"Getting a grasp of the real thing," she said, "is getting a grasp on yourself, *all the sleeping potentialities of yourself*. It may take you some time."

"Time!" he echoed. "What is time to me? I spent twenty years in accumulating a fortune; now I'm willing to spend twenty years in accumulating knowledge."

"Why such extreme measures? You can learn and *live*, simultaneously."

"Oh, that's just it!" he groaned. "I tried to do that—" he caught himself just in time.—"I feel, Miss Spong, if you honor me with your friendship, that you can help me very much."

"But you mustn't lean on me," she warned him, "you mustn't make a mother-surrogate of me. What you really need, Mr. Sargent, is some very feminine woman who will lean on you, and so constantly remind you of your strength. Woman loves to make a god of her husband, as man loves to make a goddess of his wife; and you know the greatest goddesses are the mother-goddesses; the race dreams we call myths have attended to that. The new psychology does not aim to eliminate our instincts—only to educate and elevate them. If, as some scientists would have us believe, we are all made up of blind and brutal force, let us try to understand the action of that blind force in ourselves; then maybe we can direct it—to some degree, at least."

CHAPTER XVI

THE next morning being Sunday, Fielding felt "justified" in ordering breakfast served at his bedside. He had dined out and gone to the theatre with an old college friend the night before, to avoid talking with his sister about Barbara's engagement. But this morning he had to face it, and about half-past ten he knocked at the door of Flora's sitting-room, which was just above his own suite. He always felt uncomfortable at the door of that room, which his wife had occupied during the last five years of her life.

"Good morning, Sister," he said cheerily. "I suppose Barbara has told you."

Flora turned from the mirror, where she had been studying the little lines at the outer corner of her eyes.

"Oh, Fielding!" she breathed. "Do you think they're too young?"

"No. I think they're too old. If I had my life to live over again, I'd marry at sixteen."

"How can you joke on such a serious subject?" she sighed, with rising color.

"But why do you think I'm joking?" her brother demanded, removing a gray woolen sock full of knitting-needles from the pink satin easy-chair by the window, and seating himself. "Youth was made for love, the poets say."

"You're in a strange mood this morning."

"So are you," he retorted, smiling bravely. "This hits us both pretty hard, and I think we may as well whistle to keep our spirits up."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Please don't, dear girl. You know it would have to come sooner or later with her and somebody or other, and this is just another link between us and dear old Howard. He'll be more than ever one of the family now, and doubtless his grandchildren will sometime inherit a few dollars

from my swollen estate. Barbara's children Howard's grandchildren! It's a farce-comedy, Flora. I wonder what I ought to give the girl for a wedding present."

"How good you are, Fielding!" And she sat down near him.

"I'm glad you think so, for I don't feel remarkably good. Suppose I give it to the boy outright, instead of to Barbara?"

"Or divide it between them," she suggested.

"That's a good idea, modern and sensible. But I won't give them very much, in the beginning. I don't want Theo to become an idle scholar. But I'm jabbering nonsense, Flora. Nobody works so hard as the scholar works. I'd have been a scholar myself if I'd had any money when I was young. Why can't I admit sincerely that I don't want the boy to surpass me?"

"You're strangely frank this morning, Brother."

"Yes, I've been looking myself in the face lately.—Flora, what do you truly think of the idle life I'm leading now?"

"But I thought you were studying! The whole household lets you alone because you retired from business to devote your life to study."

"So I did. I'd forgotten that, for the moment."

"Do you mean that you haven't really been engaged in research during these last months?"

"I'm engaged in research at present all right."

When he went back to his own quarters he found a telegram from Theodore:

"This is the proudest day I have known since you let me ride Thunderbolt. Man to man, I honor you more than anybody else in the whole world. I shall make good. We shall all make good. Profound thanks."

Fielding drew a long breath.

"Now who but Theo would ever have sent a message like that? *'We shall all make good.'* That's his way of telling me that I also shall be worthy of myself. I will be worthy, little Theo! And you honor me more than

anybody else in the whole world. Oh, if I only had a boy like you!"

There was a lump in his throat, which made him swallow hard.

Presently he ordered his horse and went for a ride in the park. Pedestrians turned to look after him, for he had the air of a conqueror that morning. "We shall all make good."

On Monday afternoon he went down to Gramercy Park to make his dinner-call on Marie Balfour. He felt shy, but would not humor his shyness.

The black-bearded man who had acted as chairman for Marie on the afternoon of her talk for the Red Cross was just leaving the apartment as Fielding entered it. "An admirer of hers," he thought.

Marie was alone in the brown drawing-room, and she was wearing that little navy-blue dress with the white collar which made her look like a schoolgirl. She also blushed like a schoolgirl when she saw Fielding. He noticed the blush and was flattered by it.

"It's like old times to be calling here," he smiled, as they shook hands; then he realized that that was about the stupidest remark he could have made, in the circumstances.

She sat down on the davenport sofa beside the tea-table, and he sat in a large chair facing her.

Her silver kettle was boiling, and as she busied herself making a fresh pot of tea, she said:

"Barbara ran in to see me yesterday. She seemed to have need of a *confidante*."

"Why," he asked, "are there elements in this affair which I don't know?"

"No man knows the heart of a young girl, Mr. Sargent."

The brown eyes she raised to his were luminous. He felt the emotion shining through them, it vaguely troubled him, and he was seized by an overwhelming impulse to take her in his arms. But suddenly recoiling, he moved his chair backward an inch or two, picked up from the table beside

him a small, beautifully bound copy of *The Imitation of Christ* and regarded the tooling attentively. It helped him to steady himself, while his mind went back to that other book which he had seen on the same table a few nights before, *La Sorcière de Paris*. Surely, she had a long range. He did not want to look at Marie, and he wished that he had stayed at home.

Thinking about it afterwards, he wondered if she had seen his uneasiness, for she abruptly turned the subject.

"Would you be willing to serve on one of our committees?"

"What sort of committee, Mrs. Balfour?"

"Our hospital committee. We need another member."

The disinclination to bind himself to anything made this a troubling question for Fielding, but the doctor had advised him to mingle more with his kind and to make himself personally useful along patriotic lines. Here was perhaps the very opportunity.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'll serve on a hospital committee."

Suddenly he felt a weight lifted from him. The effect of that "yes" seemed miraculous, for he was giving himself now to uncertainties, accepting the hazards of life.

She asked him to come on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock and meet the other members of the committee. It seemed to him that she was restraining an excited gladness at his acceptance. She went to a little desk in the corner of the room and brought him a few pamphlets.

"Read them when you have a little time to spare, and they'll tell you all about our work. Professor Wright is chairman of the committee; he left a few minutes ago."

Fielding was glad to know the exact status of the bearded man.

"I've made excuses heretofore," he said, "when asked to serve on committees, and have sent them all money instead."

"Oh, but that's not the same thing!" she assured him. "We have to give ourselves."

"I'm beginning to see that," he admitted, "though I've

felt that money would do more good than my personal service."

"But personal service will do *you* more good."

That was rather a daring speech, and she blushed again.

"I don't mean that you need to have good done to you—"

"But I do need it. Since I retired from business I've got into a very dull groove."

"Yes," she said simply, "my father felt like that after he retired, and he was sixty-nine. He had to busy himself with something, so he took up botany."

Fielding shuddered, but made no other response.

"Botany does lack something," Marie went on bravely, "and unless one has the flair for it—"

"Were you suggesting it to me?"

"No. Professor Wright will give you plenty to do for the present."

"But I shall probably live forty years!"

Her eyes were mysterious wells of feeling, but her words gave him no clue to anything but a kindly interest: "When a man still youngish feels certain of having forty years more," she encouraged him, "if he takes a wrong turn or two just at first, it's not irreparable."

"I've taken too many wrong turns, Mrs. Balfour."

He could see from her look that he puzzled her, and he puzzled himself no less. He had meant to pay a formal call, and here he was confiding his failures to the woman from whom he wanted most to conceal them. He, whose ideals were dignity and self-restraint! But *she* seemed so different to-day—different from the woman he had known two years ago; different from the smiling creature he had met walking on Park Avenue and who had said that he was a compound of lion, man and bird; different from the provocative woman who had lunched at his table one Sunday recently and then gone off with Sinclair; different from the dinner hostess of the other evening who had seemed trying to attract the interest of Dr. Sigurd Aubrey. It was not that she wore a mask, but that she wore so many masks, no two alike.

As she poured him another cup of tea he watched her hands. They were such steady and efficient hands, for all their daintiness. He would have liked to touch them. It seemed absurd that he should ever have fancied that he detested her, and yet. . . .

"Do you still write poems?" she asked. "You told me once that you wrote sonnets, but didn't want to publish them."

"If I had been more honest in those days, I should have said it was the editors who didn't want to publish them."

"Why? Were they too good?"

"No. They weren't good enough. I couldn't have admitted that two years ago."

She looked down at the carpet for a moment—then lifted her eyes to his, sweet and grave.

"You make me want to confess my own failures."

"You, too? What have you failed in?"

"Everything! First, I lost most of the money my father left me. Then I lost my husband and my child. Then—Oh, one thing after another! Even in my work for the Red Cross I don't amount to much, though I do seem to have the faculty for making other people do things."

"Such as joining your hospital committee?"

"Yes. I hope that doesn't make you less willing to serve."

"On the contrary, it makes me more willing, for I feel that I'm helping you out."

"But I'm really not going to ask you to do much of anything," she promised. "You're probably committed to large war expenditures already."

"Y-yes. I've spent or given for the War, in one way and another, about half a million dollars during the last eighteen months, but my Bethlehem Steel stock alone has earned me more than that," he confided to her, "so there's no sacrifice involved. I've *benefited* by all this death and horror, Mrs. Balfour!"

She did not seem to grasp the significance of that, for it was too remote from her experience, and she passed it over to say:

"Yet you reproach yourself for not working with your hands!"

"How did you know that?"

"Because I feel the same—only I haven't given a lot of money. I did try working with my hands, when I was in France; but they found that I was more useful doing the other thing."

"Forming committees, you mean? Making people do all kinds of things, to please you?"

She nodded.

"Good Lord!" he breathed. "But you have a very real kind of power."

"So long as I don't use it for my own advantage—" Her tone was almost defiant, and the color rose in her cheeks.

He was thinking that she must have been tempted to use it for her own advantage, or she would not so emphatically deny a charge he had not made. Poor girl! And Alice his wife had called her a "society adventuress." He had never heard a breath against her from anyone else; yet he had been moved by those fantastic suspicions.

"I wonder what you're going to do with *your* life," he said earnestly. "The War won't last much longer, and you may also have forty years before you."

"Oh, don't!"

"But why?"

"Because I don't like to think myself into the future. I'm afraid of it."

He could not say a word—could only stare at her. And this was the woman who had smilingly told him that she managed to get herself "under fire" because she wanted to know how it felt! Incomprehensible creature!

"I don't understand," Marie said, "why I should be so afraid of the future."

"Perhaps it's money," he ventured.

"But I have enough to live on," she said, proudly.

He remembered having heard from Alice that she hadn't enough to live on—not in this apartment, anyhow.

"Oh!" he cried suddenly, "don't let the fear break through

abnormally and disrupt your life. You must have repressed something, if you're afraid of the future."

Marie caught her breath sharply.

"We all repressed a good deal—*over there*, we who had had our beautiful illusions about the progress of the human race. There isn't a race of people engaged in this war that hasn't gone backward from two to fifteen hundred years. America has gone back—oh, to about the time of Salem witchcraft! Do you think, if I didn't repress and repress, that I could go about with rosy cheeks and a smile on my face, *and do my job?*"

"Nevertheless," Fielding went on bravely, "any feeling that we're not willing to face, any feeling we repress into the darkness of the unconscious, is far more dangerous *there* than it could ever be up in the light. Things grow unevenly in the unconscious, sometimes monstrously. We feel them dragging at us, and as we don't know what's really the matter, we imagine things. I'm only just beginning to understand a little of what's been going on for years in the deeps of *me*, and I've come to realize that in misinterpreting myself I've been misinterpreting other people. You, for instance, Mrs. Balfour."

She started. "Me?"

"Yes." He smiled, nervously. "I—I imagined that I didn't trust you."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"You needn't be sorry, for it wasn't your fault. It was mine."

"But—I don't understand," she faltered.

"Why, it's so simple. I thought I disliked you, because I was afraid of you."

"But how—afraid of me?"

"Because I liked you too much. I've been wounded so many times that my love has been driven back into my own heart; I've come to be afraid to love anything."

"But I always supposed you were happy, Mr. Sargent."

"How could you have thought that? If you knew that I liked you, and you must have known it, for there's a kind

of clairvoyance between men and women who are attracted to each other—but I'm presuming! Perhaps you didn't like me. Perhaps I imagined it—I've imagined so many things!"

"No," she said, in a low voice, "you didn't imagine it. I did like you."

"Very much?"

"I don't know."

"You mean that you were afraid to like me?"

"Yes, I was. I repressed that also, two years ago."

"Oh, Marie! Marie Balfour!"

The next moment he was sitting beside her, caressing her palm, her wrist, her fingers. His face was softened and beautiful. It had been years since anyone had seen him look like that.

"I've been so unhappy!" he whispered.

She touched his hair, just above the temples where the gray threads were, and he closed his eyes, the better to feel her caress. They were both very still, enveloped in warm waves that seemed to rise from the centre of the earth. . . .

Suddenly he started, clutching her hand.

"What was that?" he gasped. "Didn't you hear it?"

She drew back a little, surprised. "I didn't hear anything."

"Didn't *you* hear that—"

"What?"

His eyes were fixed on the door. "That sound. . . ."

"Why, no. There's no one there."

Fielding staggered to his feet with a sharp groan. His shoulders were drawn forward, as he took a step or two across the room. Then he turned slowly, and stood looking down at her.

"You see?" he said, gravely and humbly.

She shook her head. Her face was almost as pallid as his.

"Why, it's very simple," he told her, "I'm haunted."

She did not move—just gazed at him with wide brown eyes.

"Yes, I'm haunted. I know—I mean, I ought to know—that it's all imagination; but still—"

She rose quickly and came to where he stood, holding out her hands. He took them in his own, but the soft mood was gone from him. She saw that he was suffering in some way beyond her comprehension.

"You poor dear!" she whispered.

"Don't pity me!" he pleaded. "I've got to fight this through myself. It isn't real, I know it isn't real, and yet—"

"And yet you half-believe!"

"Yes, that's just it, I still half-believe. But I don't know yet *why* I hear this awful thing."

"Have you told Dr. Aubrey?"

"Of course."

"Then it will be all right," she promised. "You know—such things are not unusual *over there*. I've seen big men like you whose lives were a nightmare. Will you let me help you, if I can?"

"You dear blessed woman, you are helping me! You've given me back my courage, my belief in myself. You touched me with your hands. No human being knows what I've been through, for years and years."

"Then it didn't begin with me?"

"No. Oh, I wish to God it had!"

He began to pace the room, up and down, while she stood helplessly, watching him with bewildered eyes.

"I think," he said, "that I had better go. Something titanic has broken loose in me. I feel as if I had been struck by lightning. My self-control isn't equal to the discipline of talking sensibly—" his teeth chattered—"or behaving sensibly. But may I come again—soon?"

"Oh, yes!"

At the door he turned, half-smiling, half-frowning.

"Oh! I shall come to that committee meeting on Wednesday. Don't lose faith in me—that's all."

CHAPTER XVII

THE next afternoon Fielding brought the following dream to Dr. Aubrey:

I sat holding the hand of a blonde woman, in a blue dress, when I heard a scratching on the door. The blonde woman opened the door, and a gray woman came in carrying a ouija board which she gave to me. I took the pointer and spelled out the words, "Look out for the engine."

The gray woman looked at me threateningly, then she took a roll of printer's galley-proofs from her bosom and threw them on the fire in the grate. They were burnt to ashes.

The blonde woman had gone away.

A third woman had come in. "You poor dear!" she whispered.

I still looked towards the fire, where the gray woman had been, but there was no one there.

The third woman and I were alone together. I showed her the ouija board.

"We all carry ouija boards within us," she said.

"Now," Fielding declared solemnly, "I *feel* there's a lot behind that dream, though it seems so absurd on the surface. Of course I place some of the figures—"

"There's a lot behind every dream," the doctor murmured. "You *sat holding the hand of a blonde woman*. What does that remind you of?"

There was a dead silence.

Glancing up, the doctor beheld a face which was the color of an old red brick wall before a thunderstorm.

"Well?" he said, after a long pause.

"I've known a good many blonde women," Fielding confessed.

"Yes. What about her?"

The man got up, very slowly, as if his legs were heavy. He glanced at the door. . . . A gleam of strange excitement lighted his eyes. He ran his fingers through his hair. He swallowed.

"Where did she live?"

"She lived in a studio, here in New York."

He went back to his chair and sat down heavily. There was acceptance of the inevitable in the very gesture.

"In a studio building?" the doctor asked.

"Yes. It was a studio building I owned at the time I sold it."

"Why?"

"Oh, I wanted to get rid of it—to forget it ever existed!"

The doctor nodded. "Did you succeed in forgetting it?"

"Sometimes, for long periods."

"Thoroughly repressed, then, forgotten, pushed down, so the memory could grow by accretion in the unconscious?" He was purposely letting the man reason a bit, this time, on Nature's principle of letting a woman rest between labor pains. He could see the cords stand out on the back of Fielding's hands.

"In the dream," he repeated, "you sat holding the hand of this blonde woman."

"Yes, I have held her hand."

"When was that?"

"Several years ago."

Fielding fell silent again, and though the doctor waited, he remained silent.

"Would it be easier for you to write it?"

The very suggestion caused so violent a recoil that the truth sprang out in spite of resistance.

"Write it? Good God, no! It's been the horror of my life for six years. Yes, I once sat holding the hand of a blonde woman. She was called Freda Ganghofer—a Ger-

man actress at the Irving Place Theatre. Her real name wasn't Ganghofer, of course, and she wasn't a leading actress; but she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She'd had some trouble with her family, who objected to her going on the stage. She was trying to live on her salary, and I made it possible for her to occupy the big studio in the Raphael Building. She'd been used to very different things. I gave her what aid and comfort I could—she was so horribly homesick. Doctor, she appealed to all that was romantic in me! She was a woman of the highest European culture, she'd known everybody in Europe who was worth knowing, she'd had all the early opportunities I hadn't had, she represented everything I had longed for all my life. To know her as I did was a liberal education. She was a fine musician, she could paint better than most professional artists, she spoke French, Italian, German, English, equally well. She knew all the literatures of Europe, apparently, and had entertained at her father's house about half the famous men of her time. Oh, the things I learned from her! But she would never take anything from me *except* the studio. 'I can be your guest in this building, because you own it,' she used to say laughingly, 'but you mustn't give me jewels or money or anything else. My father would be furious.' I don't really know whether her father would have been furious or not, but I pretended to think so because it helped her out—with herself, I mean. Her father was angry with her for other things besides being on the stage. There had been a duel about her, though her connection with it was hushed up."

Fielding also hushed up at that point in his narrative, and sat looking into space. . . .

"And that special time," said the doctor, "when you sat holding the hand of this blonde woman—"

"We heard something scratching on the door of the studio, and Freda got up quickly and opened the door. My wife! She made a terrible scene. Though it was only nine o'clock in the evening, though our appearance—

Freda's and mine—was innocent enough, Alice made accusations. She accused me of disloyalty."

"And had you been disloyal?"

"Yes. It was the only time in all the years of my marriage. I was infatuated with Freda. She had *lived* all the things that my mother and I used to daydream about, when I was a boy. She had lived in the haunted castles, she had known the fairy princes. You know what I mean, she made it *seem* like that. I was thirty-nine, and it was my first breath of real romance."

"And where did you first meet her?"

"At a dinner party in Sinclair's studio. That was before he went to Staten Island. Yes, it was through Sinclair that I met Freda."

The doctor nodded again. "And what else did your wife say, that evening in Freda's studio?"

"She said she could have me arrested; that under the adultery law, which she had been reading about in the newspapers, she could have me arrested."

"Did you confess, then?"

"No."

"What proofs had she?"

"I don't know, but she *claimed* to have proofs."

The doctor glanced along in the dream before him, to where the galley-proofs were burnt, and his eyes shone with interest.

Fielding was fearfully intense. He breathed heavily, and his fingers were locked and twisted.

"And what else did your wife say?"

"I remember she said, '*Beware of that woman! That woman will destroy you.*' It has echoed in my ears ever since. She demanded that I leave the studio at once, and go straight home with her."

"And did you go?"

"Yes. Freda was very quiet, but I knew she wanted me to go. Alice wouldn't speak to me in the taxicab. When we got home, I went straight up to the library and locked

myself in. A moment later I heard her scratching on the door again, in the same awful way."

"Yes, go on."

"Of course I had to let her in, and she sat down beside my desk. 'I've got you now!' she said, over and over. I'll never forget the look on her face, it was gray, like her hair; there seemed to be nothing alive in it but the eyes. I see them still, in the dark. She made me feel so guilty, like a murderer! I hadn't meant to hurt her. I hadn't even meant to love Freda. It just happened. You know such things can happen, when one doesn't mean any wrong, or any cruelty to anybody else. I think I suffered as much, in seeing Alice *look* like that, as she could have suffered herself. I was so attached to her—after all the years we had spent together! And she kept repeating, 'That woman will destroy you.' I said, 'You're crazy, Alice. There's nothing between that woman and me.' But she said, 'I have the proofs.' 'What proofs?' I insisted, for I would have given anything in the world to know what she really knew. 'Never you mind what proofs,' she said, clutching her breast. 'If you ever see that woman again I'll have you both arrested.'"

Fielding stopped with a shuddering gasp.

"And did you ever see Freda again?"

"No. All that night I didn't sleep a wink. *My light was burning all night.* I kept saying to myself, '*I must get out of this!*' I was alone, for Alice had gone to sleep in the room above mine. She never came back to *our* bedroom, the one I occupy still, nor would she ever let me come to her new room—until her last illness, just before she died."

"You mean—"

"Yes. For five years we lived like that. She never 'condoned' my offense; so at any time, I suppose, if she really had proofs she could have proceeded against me. At night, during the first few months, I must have walked a thousand miles about the streets—on and on and on,

until I nearly fell with fatigue. But, very gradually, she became friendly with me again, in a reserved *sisterly* way; she would go out with me, and invite people to the house; but if she saw me look at a woman, she would turn against her and say most erratic things. I hardly dared to make a civil afternoon call at any woman's house, unless Alice was with me. For a few months, after the Freda matter, I had thought she was going crazy. Even the servants noticed that something was wrong; I could see it in their eyes. There was one girl, especially, the one I met in the Park Avenue Hotel a few weeks ago,—I always believed she suspected the truth. When Alice took her back into the house, just before her last illness, I was very much upset, though I didn't dare to say anything. Alice was delirious off and on, for days before she died, and she was always murmuring about '*aid and comfort to the enemy.*' She must have been reading about that in the newspapers, all through the War, and associating it with my relation to Freda. You can imagine what those words came to mean to me, Dr. Aubrey."

"Yes," the doctor breathed, "you've had a pretty hard time." His face expressed the sympathy of his wise and experienced heart.

"I don't know what became of Freda," Fielding continued. "The next day I received a note from her, asking me not to come to see her any more, and saying that she was leaving New York. So that was the end of *that*, and you can be sure I never tried to live in any other romances."

"Except in the unconscious," the doctor added. "The repression must have strengthened enormously the hold of the unconscious. Now in the dream she wore a *blue dress.*"

"Freda wore that last evening a blue silk teagown, and holding the lace together on her breast was a large Egyptian-looking brooch in the form of a sphinx head. I couldn't look Freda in the face, while my wife was talking,

and I remember staring at that sphinx head. It fascinated me, I don't know why."

"What was it made of, that sphinx head?"

"Ivory, old yellow ivory."

"Do you remember any other ivory sphinx?"

"Why, yes, the ivory sphinx Marie sent me on my birthday."

The doctor drew a long breath, but he went right on with the dream: "Now the woman who came in, the gray woman, was *carrying a ouija board which she gave to you*. When you think of a ouija board—"

"One day last winter, two or three months after my wife's death, I was down at Sinclair's place on Staten Island with a Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, and they were playing with the ouija board. Sinclair and Mrs. Fairchild had their hands on it, and it spelled out a lot of messages purporting to be from Sinclair's wife and mother, who both died nearly twenty years ago. Sinclair took it seriously. He is very imaginative, you know. After a while he and Fairchild went down to the post-office, and Mrs. Fairchild and I were left alone together in the living-room. Now I had thought a great deal of Sinclair's wife and mother, and one of the messages that morning had been about Theodore and all I had done for him. So—half-skeptical, half-believing—I put my hand on the ouija with Mrs. Fairchild's. After a few circles and flourishes, it began to touch letters here and there, and it spelled, '*Look out for the engine.*' Mrs. Fairchild told me that there was much more force in the thing with my hand on it than with Sinclair's. 'You know the influence changes from time to time,' she said. 'Keep perfectly quiet now, and see who else will come.' Suddenly the thing seemed to jump under my hand. It moved quickly backward and forward across the board, *with a scratching sound*; then it steadied itself, and began to spell slowly and with great force, '*That woman will destroy you.*' As Mrs. Fairchild read out the last of the words, I pushed the board away from me so

violently that it fell on the floor. Mrs. Fairchild looked surprised. Heaven knows what she thought, and I didn't even try to explain. 'My husband tells me to let it alone,' she said, 'but the thing bewitches me. I wouldn't worry about it if I were you, Mr. Sargent.' Mrs. Fairchild was a very well-meaning but foolish woman. Just then we heard Sinclair and Fairchild at the outer door. 'Don't tell them,' I whispered, and she shook her head. Then she picked up a book of drawings from the table, and we both pretended to be looking at it as the two men came in."

"Have you touched the ouija board since that day?"

"No. I have a horror of it. I couldn't get those two messages out of my mind: 'Look out for the engine.' 'That woman will destroy you.' They seemed to have some obscure connection. At that time we were getting the locomotive plant in better shape for war orders, which were coming in faster than we could fill them; but I took a sudden dislike for my work. I felt as if I couldn't go on with it."

"Where had you seen before, 'Look out for the engine'?"

"Why . . . it was on a signboard beside the railroad crossing, up in New Hampshire where I was born. My mother must have pointed it out to me a hundred times, even before I could read it. She was always warning me away from engines."

"When in this dream," the doctor continued, "*you took the pointer and spelled out the words, 'Look out for the engine,'* was there any other hand on the board?"

"No, I did it myself."

"And the woman who *looked at you threateningly?*"

"She looked as Alice looked at me that night in Freda's studio."

"And the *galley-proofs?*"

"In the dream the proofs were burnt," Fielding reminded him.

"And where had they been?"

"In her breast."

"You never told me where your wife was buried."

"She wasn't buried. She was cremated."

"And what do galley-proofs remind you of?"

"Why, they remind me of Sinclair. He carries proofs."

"By the way, what does Sinclair think about cremation?"

"Oh, he firmly believes in it! He's left instructions in his will that he's to be cremated."

"And you met Freda first in his studio?"

"Yes. I always thought he knew about Freda and me."

"Do you remember just when you gave him the little place on Staten Island?"

"Right after the trouble. He had been saying for some time that he wanted to live in the country."

"*Burnt to ashes*," the doctor read, and Fielding repeated dreamily:

"Burnt to ashes. In a crematory one is burnt to ashes."

"And *the blonde woman had gone away*."

"Yes, Sinclair casually mentioned to me one day that he had seen her off on the ship. He was sitting in the library with me, correcting the proofs of his new book of poetry."

"Do you remember where he carried the proofs?" the doctor ventured.

"Oh! he often carried proofs in his inside breast pocket. I used to laugh at him for wearing them next his heart."

"Do you think of the burning of any special papers *in a grate*?"

"Oh! I burnt all Freda's letters—the proofs of our relationship, in the fireplace in my library. And I must unconsciously have remembered my fears of that time while I was burning old letters and manuscripts, after the policemen came to question me about that anonymous letter."

"*Now a third woman came in. 'You poor dear!' she whispered.*"

Fielding smiled. "A woman said to me yesterday, 'You poor dear!' And he told, rather shyly, the circumstances in which Marie had whispered those three words to him.

"You still looked towards the fire, where the gray woman had been, but there was no one there."

"She had vanished."

"Yes, but why did you look towards the fire?"

"I suppose—perhaps I had imagined that she would still be there. We don't always know why we do things in dreams."

"It's easy to find out why. You have just said it: that you imagined she would still be there, and she wasn't. There was no one there. *The third woman and you were alone together.*"

"We were alone together yesterday," Fielding mused.

"And in the dream, you *showed her the ouija board.*"

"Well, the only one I remember seeing was that one at Sinclair's, so it must be that one I showed her."

The doctor thought a second . . . then he read on: "*The woman said, 'We all carry ouija boards within us.'*"

"That reminds me," and Fielding looked puzzled, "that reminds me of the day, about two weeks ago, when I had been telling you of my fears about ghosts and policemen, and you said, 'We all carry ghosts within us. We all carry policemen within us. It's all psychological.'"

Here was a curious identification.

"I think," the doctor said, "when you put a variant of my words in the mouth of Marie, and when you show her the ouija board which wrote the disturbing messages, 'Look out for the engine,' and 'That woman will destroy you,' that you want to take her deeper into your confidence. There is more, however, in this identification; for the unconscious has 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.'"

Fielding was still pondering that quotation when Dr. Aubrey asked:

"Do you remember a time, long ago, when you heard a scratching on your door?"

"Why . . . I seem to be lying in bed, half asleep . . .

yes, it's my mother. She wants to know if I'm awake." He made an impatient movement.

"Why does it trouble you?"

"When a boy is half asleep, he wants to be let alone. When I was a big boy, she would tap or scratch on my door, and come in to talk."

"To talk about what?"

"Often about guardian angels, reminding me that my guardian angel was always standing at the foot of my bed."

The doctor leaned towards him, over the desk: "Didn't you tell me that you had a carved angel on the foot of the bed you sleep in now?"

"Yes. I found that bed in an antique shop on Fourth Avenue, a few weeks after that terrible experience with my wife and Freda. I imagined the carved angel was like my mother. You see, I wasn't afraid of the angel part of my mother—but of the other one."

Dr. Aubrey said: "I've explained to you already the fine distinction between the real mother and the mother-*imago*."

"I was terribly afraid of my mother after her death," Fielding admitted. "The shock of her death, from heart-disease, made me ill for a time. I was afraid that my heartless behavior, as she called it—I imagined her standing at the foot of my bed, watching me. I used to leave the lamp burning all night. I prayed to my guardian angel to protect me from her ghost."

"That is, you prayed to the mother-*imago*, the mother-angel, to protect you from the real mother who had accused you of disloyalty, and other things. So, when you became afraid of your wife, you set up the carved guardian-angel-mother, to protect you from Alice, and other things."

"You mean that I did all that unconsciously?"

"Of course. To-day, for the first time, you have admitted your marital disloyalty. Now your fear of being accused of political disloyalty is a disfigurement-substitute for the

repressed real element; the fear has been displaced from the true element to the erroneous one and remains fixed there. You were afraid of that former housemaid, Helen, and of the Park Avenue Hotel where you met her by chance near the news-stand, because *she* had heard your wife's delirious words about 'aid and comfort to the enemy'—Freda Ganghofer. It all hangs together in your unconscious, which is unoriented as to time, place and reality, and which reasons entirely by analogy. You were also afraid of being accused of having killed your wife, because—"

"Oh, yes!" Fielding broke in hurriedly, "but what unfortunate *chances* have pursued me! Suppose I hadn't seen that account in the newspaper of the man who had killed his wife?"

"Why, if you hadn't seen that by chance, you would have seen something else by chance which would have lent itself by analogy to the same complex of ideas. A man or woman with the conviction of sin cannot walk along the streets in a city like New York without seeing or hearing something which will associate itself with the disturbing idea. It's the blocking of the vital energy, the regression of libido, which so stimulates phantasy in the unconscious; and the phantasies of the unconscious break through the repression and appear to consciousness in a disguised form, somewhat as they do in dreams. I have known from the beginning of your analysis that your fears of accusation were associated with your love-life. If you had really been guilty of political disloyalty, or of murdering your wife, your fears of accusation would perhaps have found some other convenient substitute idea through which the repressed emotion could have discharged itself. The force, and the affect, have to go somewhere. The 'aid and comfort' you had given the German actress became 'aid and comfort to the enemy,' because, *knowing* you were a loyal American, you could endure the idea in that form. And you must always remember that the indulgence of distressing ideas is often a sub-

stitute for other forms of indulgence; it is a release of energy.

"Of course," he continued, "the 'chance' that made this woman a German actress contributed much to the intensity of the misplaced affect. The complete repression of your love-life for six years has broken you down, because you aren't ready for that sort of thing. Some people can sublimate all of their free libido—evidently you cannot. You lost your wife, *as wife*, six years ago, and only retained her as a sort of mother-surrogate in whose changed affection the threatening and accusing elements of the mother-memories predominated.

"Even your friendship with your oldest man friend has been distorted by the same repression. He carried also *in his breast* the knowledge of your marital disloyalty, the proofs; that's why the dream-builder disguises them as galley-proofs. You're even afraid of the blood in your veins, supposedly because your grandmother had a name of German derivation, Hilda Stuck; but that's not the real reason. When some chance happening awakens that fear, by an analogy, you will have a dream which will bring that also to the surface, so we need not anticipate it now. There was a Swedish servant in your house named Hilda, and you felt that she was dangerous. She must have been a very attractive woman."

"She was," said Fielding, "now I come to think of it."

"You were agitated by that lace handkerchief of hers which you thought smelled of pond-lily, because pond-lilies are associated in your mind with forbidden love. In the deep unconscious there are no word-memories—only feelings, pictures, and ideas of things. Word-associations lie nearer the surface of the mind, in what is called the fore-conscious; and the wordless impulses there translate themselves into word-associations for the waking consciousness. These different strata of the mind seem to correspond in a way to different stages of race development. There are terrible repressed emotions in your unconscious which have

got themselves translated into the word 'disloyalty.' Unconscious compulsions are formed in that way.

"Infatuation is also an unconscious compulsion. You were infatuated with Freda because she had something which you lacked, she appealed to the romantic in you, she was foreign and strange and different. All your life you have been trying to break away from the commonplace. Native Americans of the old stock are fascinated by the foreign, the strange, the European, as in childhood they were fascinated by stories of the redmen, their wigwams, war-paint and strange customs. Americans are often accused of snobbishness because they like foreign titles, but Americans are not snobbish; they are romantic, and charmingly infantile. The spice of danger which thrills the child when he dreams of the redman on the hills of New England is transmuted into the spice of danger which thrills the American girl when she meets her first foreign Count.

"So an object, a fetish, a totem, may become a focus for tremendous wordless emotions in the deep unconscious; that is the secret of the power of symbols. And a word, in addition to its general connotations, may carry fearful associated meanings in the foreconscious of an individual, as the word 'disloyalty' to you connotes adultery, arrest, shame, terror and—murder of a kind."

Fielding grew white, but he said nothing.

"The fear of dishonor, of exclusion from the tribe, is one of the most awful fears the human mind can face. Race memories are behind it. In ancient days exclusion from the tribe was worse than ordinary death; surrounding tribes were hostile, there was no safety save in numbers, no security when banished from the herd. The present stressing of that fear, on the part of the powers that be, has produced a state of semi-hysteria in the unconscious of the various tribes of men which may not cure itself for years. In time of war especially, the collective unconscious struggles with the personal unconscious, and the road to victory or defeat is strewn with nervous wrecks—those

who cannot find the co-ordination between their personal lives and the race."

"That reminds me of something!" Fielding exclaimed. "My mother threatened to *lock me up*, before I ran away that time. She said she'd lock me up if I ever saw my friend again. And once before, when I was very small, she did lock me in a dark closet alone, and I nearly died of fright."

The doctor shook his head. "Children should not be threatened with dishonor, above all things, nor shut up in dark closets. The collective consciousness predominates in them, and they are too easily affected by inherited fears. If your mother had not accused you of 'disloyalty,' it is probable that your wife's accusations would not have had the same effect.

"You have told me about waking phantasies of being questioned in a court of law. I have asked you more questions than I generally ask in analysis, just to help you to break down that dread and that resistance. Though you never confessed your fault to your wife, she may have questioned you."

"She did, incessantly, for weeks."

"Perhaps your mother also questioned you, on some occasion when she scratched on your door and then came in—to talk about guardian angels."

Fielding sighed, "Oh, yes!"

"A sense of dishonor, of guilt, in a child is something overwhelming. Parents don't understand it, for they have repressed the youthful memories in themselves. It has followed you all your life. You have made yourself so powerful in the business world as a compensation for it. But at a certain crisis in your life it overwhelmed you, you gave up, turned your back on life and retreated into yourself. You bravely kept up the fight as long as you could.

"Now go back for a moment to the scene in Freda's studio. Your wife ordered you home, as your mother

ordered you home from the house of your pond-lily woman."

"Yes," said Fielding in a whisper, "I was covered with shame at being so belittled."

"What did you think when Freda wrote you not to come to see her any more?"

"I thought she had lost all respect for me."

"Of course you thought so. You would, with your sense of being degraded. But it seems to me more likely that Freda was terrified at the thought of a scandal for herself, she who had had serious trouble with her own father. But you must have resented Sinclair's seeing her off on the ship. He was a free man, and could do as he pleased. Nobody could say to him, 'If you see that woman again, I'll have you arrested.' About that time, you gave him the house on Staten Island."

"Do you think I unconsciously gave him the house as a bribe, to stop his mouth?"

"What do *you* think?"

Fielding groaned.

"Now," the doctor went on, "Freda wore an ivory sphinx, and an ivory sphinx was given to you by another woman of whom your wife had been jealous."

"Good heavens! I never thought of a connection between the two."

"Of course not, for you had repressed the memories of that scene in the studio. But the unconscious never forgets. Though you are now a 'free man,' your wife being dead, you are still afraid that women with ivory sphinxes will destroy you. You are still 'warned' by hallucinations of a scratching on the door.

"It is probably not a 'coincidence' that you fell in love with another woman, Marie, at a dinner party on Sinclair's birthday—a woman who, like Freda, was always talking about her life in Europe; for only to a woman of that type could you transfer your life-long yearning for European romance.

"Now in this dream you say it was *you alone* who wrote on the ouija board, 'Look out for the engine'; and it was you alone—that is, the automatic unconscious—that wrote on the ouija board at Staten Island the same message, and, 'That woman will destroy you.' Your unconscious is giving you this vital information in the dream."

"I see it," he admitted.

"The dream was built by your unconscious to the end that you should see it."

"Then," he demanded, "why did my unconscious deceive me before?"

"It may have acted on a suggestion which you had *accepted without criticism* from that ouija board group in Sinclair's house. Your guard was down. You left yourself wide open. The unconscious is suggestible, and it is also *auto-suggestible*, to a certain degree. But when it wrote those two messages it was only repeating old word-formations which had become fixed in your unconscious memory, one of them five years before, the other more than forty years before. Time is nothing in the unconscious. On the strength of 'Look out for the engine,' you gave up the engine business. But you must have wanted to give it up, for otherwise you would have struggled against it. There is something else there . . .

"Now the proofs in the breast of your wife being burnt, cremated, there are no proofs of your disloyalty save in the breast of Sinclair, who has left orders in his will that he is to be cremated; so you cremate galley-proofs in the dream."

The doctor sat back in his chair and looked at Fielding, who looked back at him with tragic eyes.

"What a monster I am!" he said.

"Not at all," the doctor's tone was reassuring. "You must remember that the primary impulse for a dream of this sort is an impulse from the instinctive or egoistic levels of the unconscious. Every dream is egoistic or *passional au fond*, for the semi-conscious forces are always struggling towards individuation. The dreams of the noblest man on

earth would reveal the buried trends, even as yours do; and those unconscious egoistic trends might be even more powerful in the dreams of the most unselfish man, because of the very force of the repressions which had made him consciously better than his fellows. Every man alive carries his demons in himself, and usually he projects those demons into his environment—or into his religious mythology—and fights them *there*. If the 'dominants' of the super-personal unconscious are projected, he may see other men as demons, in which case he is likely to behave rather foolishly, as Jung tells us. When men understand this, they will have more charity one for another. Socrates wisely admitted the existence in himself of the possibilities of all evil.

"It is the long repressed primitive trends in you which make you look for your friend's name among the death notices in the newspapers. Forty thousand years ago, perhaps two thousand years ago, you might really have destroyed his proofs of your disloyalty, as you do in this dream. So the centuries of Christian culture and moral education have done something for the human race—while making it, on the other hand, rather neurotic. I think the greatest work of psychoanalysis will be the mutual understanding and tolerance it will bring to men. They will seek to educate their unconscious savage trends, instead of denying savagery in themselves while projecting their own repressed viciousness upon their fellow men. In the past man projected both his gods and demons into mythology; but the modern man has become too 'rational' for real religion, so he talks rationally and behaves rather irrationally. Yes, he carries his God within him as well as his devil, so the balance hangs true.

"These innate ideas of gods and devils go very, very far back, and we find traces of their spontaneous expression all down the ages. The riddle of the sphinx has been called the riddle of the mother. The great sphinx riddle of the child is, 'Where did I come from?' The great sphinx riddle of the learned metaphysician is a variant of the same ques-

tion, that is, 'Where did the soul come from?' The child is terrified by the repressions surrounding the question; the learned man feels the pressure of the vast unformulated idea that knowledge of his origin is sin. You remember why Adam and Eve were cast out of Paradise. Yes, the child's first wonder at his origin is the dawn of metaphysical speculation. And have you never seen a coarse man laugh at religion with his tongue in his cheek? That is his attitude before the mystery."

"I hope that hasn't been my attitude," said Fielding.

"Not quite. You have instead the humorless Puritanical sense of guilt in the presence of the mystery. Yes, you are a distinct American type. Your Puritanical ancestors pull at you from the unconscious; for we carry in us not only the general characteristics of the human race, but the special characteristics of our tribe. Take the Jew, whose aggressiveness is often an unpleasant compensation for a tragical inferiority sense in the unconscious; when he regresses, his persecuted ancestors drag him down from below.

"In the great reaction which will follow the War, the American consciousness *en masse* may regress from one to three hundred years. We may have Puritanism rampant, together with its inevitable opposite—shameless license; we may have modern variants of witch persecutions, religious intolerance, mutual accusations of all sorts."

Dr. Aubrey then asked Fielding how he would himself interpret the message of this dream about the ouija board.

"Why," he said, "as I myself spelled out that message on the ouija board in the dream, by analogy I'm telling myself that the similar messages on Staten Island weren't real either, that they were only psychological. But I *did* believe those messages were from the invisible world."

"Of course you did. And you wouldn't have given up the engine business if you hadn't wanted to believe the messages were real. We always judge actions by their results, not by their *conscious* motives."

Then Fielding had a sudden idea. "Do you think," he

asked, "that my insistence that my mother and my wife hung on to me so persistently, was because there was something in me that wanted them to hang on to me?"

"Yes, and your struggle and impatience with that 'hanging on' was your internal struggle between the two tendencies."

"And dear old Sinclair!" Fielding said. "Of course I really wouldn't hurt a hair of his head. In a way, he took the place of my little brother that I was jealous of, though I must have loved him too. Perhaps he also knew damaging things about me. Now," he added, "I think I've told you all my associations with this dream."

He looked at Dr. Aubrey with eyes which assumed the candor of a child.

"That's all right," the analyst smiled, "if you're *sure* there isn't anything more."

He waited, but Fielding volunteered no further confidences.

"Of course," Dr. Aubrey said, "there's a wealth of psychological lore behind every fragment of every dream. I've spent a fortnight on one dream, with forty pages of associative material, when I was studying my own unconscious. But generally we limit ourselves to those points which are most significant for the present problem, as the subject goes right on dreaming, and there is always fresh material, new formulations of the major problems. You will understand, though, that the meanings which lie behind never lessen the value of the meanings which lie before; they merely support and augment them, for the unconscious is tireless in piling analogy on analogy, as it piles dream on dream."

"There's one thing that puzzles me," Fielding said, "and that is, why I should have married a woman who had the same habit of scratching on doors that my mother had."

"But many men," the doctor reminded him, "have a tendency, in some cases amounting to a compulsion, to marry women who remind them of their mothers. The habit of scratching on doors is not so very unusual, however. Thousands of women do it, and a few rather timid men. It be-

came significant for you because of its early emotional associations. In our little association experiment, some time ago, you found no response at all to the word 'door.' And several other stimulus words disturbed you, 'child,' for instance, and 'to sin.' Now why should the word 'child' have met with no response?"

"Oh!" he said quickly, "I must have a complex on the subject of my childlessness. I think every rich man wants a child of his own to leave his money to."

The doctor rose, as the clock-hand pointed to four.

"By the way," he said, "I must pay my dinner-call on the beautiful Mrs. Balfour some evening soon. I hope I shall find her alone."

"So!" Fielding mused, as he went down the steps of the building. "He wants to find her alone! . . ."

His hands were still tremulous from his recent efforts at concealment. To tell so much, without telling everything—it had been difficult in the presence of a psychologist. He felt elated. Perhaps he would never have to tell *that*. What had the doctor meant by saying, "If you're sure there isn't anything more"? Did he know?

As he walked along the street these words kept running through his mind, "For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar."

CHAPTER XVIII

IT seemed another house to which he returned, another library, another bedroom. The supernatural visitor was gone, and he told himself that he was free. He had brought home a bunch of red roses, which he placed in a vase on his writing-table; they should inspire him this evening, for the embryo of a poem was stirring in his brain.

At dinner he was so agreeable, so gay, that Flora and Barbara exchanged glances across the corner of the table.

His sister asked if he would not go with them to the theatre, as she had engaged a box, and there was a vacant seat for him.

"Oh, do come, Uncle Fielding!" Barbara pleaded.

He looked from one to the other—smiling, tempted. What dear creatures they were! But he excused himself from going to the theatre, saying that he had some work to do.

Then he asked his sister if he might make a very bold suggestion. Why not offer Mrs. Balfour the vacant seat, apologizing of course for the lateness of the invitation?

Flora flushed, and murmured, "Oh, yes! That will be so nice!" and Barbara clapped her hands in girlish delight.

After a few minutes' absence Flora came back from the telephone, saying that Mrs. Balfour was free that evening and would be happy to come with them.

"Isn't she a darling?" Barbara beamed at her uncle.

Perhaps Fielding knew in the depths of him just why he wanted Marie to be absent from home that evening; but his conscious purpose was that she and his sister should become more intimate.

After dinner he waited in the drawing-room while Flora and Barbara went up-stairs for their wraps, and he spent the idle moments in gazing at his treasured copy of the Sis-

tine Madonna. Yes, he would give anything to know what vision that was in the eyes of the child. . . .

Barbara came down in a rose-colored opera cloak, followed by her mother all in blue.

"Why," said Fielding, gallantly, "you are like two flowers!"

He handed them into his car, which was waiting at the door, then went up-stairs and devoted himself to the roses on his writing-table.

He was in one of those delicious moods known to writers of love poetry. He breathed the fragrance of the roses with closed eyes, while his mind and heart, his thought and emotion, fused and became one. And in that mood words came to him in rhythmic sequences:

*Rose of the world, Rose of my sou's desire!
You are more fragrant than remembered Springs
In youth's wild wonder. The imaginings
Of dewy dawns in June, the tremulous fire
Of hope, are in the visions you inspire
With your unsullied beauty. The sweet stings
Of your little thorns so burn me, my heart sings
Its rapturous pain in Love's full-throated choir.*

*Blossom of dreams, dream-led I found the gate
Of the walled garden where mysteriously
You grew beside the temple door of Fate.
Deep in your hidden softness waits for me
The promise long forgotten; now I know
Why all your leaves were curled and folded so.*

He read the sonnet over and over, changing a word here and there, tightening a rhythm, smoothing a vowel group. About eleven o'clock he copied it carefully, and addressed it to the editor of one of the big magazines which had formerly printed many sonnets signed Howard Sinclair. Then he went out to a pillar-box on the corner of the Avenue and sent this youngest and most hopeful of his brain children along the stony road (return prepaid) to the bar of capri-

cious judgment, whence so many of his other hopefuls had been carried home to him with kindly printed assurances of the judges' impersonal regret.

But in the flush of renewed hope old failures were half-forgotten.

At home again in his study, he stood before the large mirror opposite the door and looked at himself. (Yes, men look in the glass no less than women do, when secure from observation.) His mind went back to that other evening when he had stood on that same rug, with the same door behind him. But the difference—both in his heart and in the mirror! He looked almost young to-night. Life was still before him, rich with possibilities. He did not even wish away the gray threads over his temples; gray threads in black hair give a touch of distinction. He looked the man of power, and he would be the man of power who for fifteen years at least had worked his will upon the world of American business men, and that world was no boarding-school for nervous incompetents. He told himself that his holiday of nonsense was at an end.

Love! That was the fountain of eternal youth.

At the breakfast table the next morning Barbara was lyrical on the subject of the box party. Their other guests had been fascinated by Mrs. Balfour, and didn't Uncle Fielding think her the loveliest thing alive?

"Do you know she's going to Washington this afternoon?"

Fielding looked up quickly. "Going to Washington?"

"Yes, on some business for her hospital committee, and she tells me you're now a member of it. I think that's splendid. Can't I help, too, in some way?"

"Perhaps. How long is Mrs. Balfour to be in Washington?"

"She didn't say."

Flora complained of a headache that morning; she ate little, and was "all in a fluster." Finally—her eyes filling

with tears—she excused herself and left the dining-room.

“What’s the matter with your mother, Barbara?”

“Why, Uncle! Have you only just noticed it this morning?”

“Noticed what?”

“That mother isn’t—what do they say—growing old gracefully? I suppose that means willingly.”

“Let me see—how long has your father been dead?”

“Three years.”

“And you think she misses him?”

“What a strange question!” Barbara gasped. “Don’t widows always miss their husbands?”

“Why, yes, I suppose they do.”

After a brief silence Barbara said, “I believe Mother *thinks* too much—alone, over her knitting.”

He gathered up his letters and went up-stairs to read them. He had recently engaged a young man as part-time secretary, but this was not one of his mornings in attendance.

So Flora was not growing old gracefully! How old was she, anyhow? Why, Flora, whom he remembered at the time of his mother’s death as a sweetly pretty girl with fitful blushes and a startled manner—Flora was forty-nine! And he had lived in the house with her now for more than a year, and had never even wondered what was going on in her mind. “How stupid men are!” he exclaimed aloud. Perhaps Alice hadn’t wanted to grow old, either. It was the first time he had thought of it. Alice had been a little older than Flora—why, of course! And two years ago, when she had seen his repressed interest in Marie Balfour—two years ago Alice must have been about forty-nine!

Fielding got up and walked the floor, in the dazzling light of his new idea:

“What *stupid beasts* men are!”

He sat down again and began to open his letters, anything to get his mind off that subject. He found a short note from a former business associate, saying that a certain

legal case had been set down for trial on the 27th of November, and they would want him as a witness.

Fielding sighed, and the mechanical tormentor in his brain began again the old cross-examination: "Where were you on the 18th of October, 1912?—I don't remember.—Did you ever know one H. P. Gregory?—I did.—What was your relation with him?—We were joint owners of a building.—And why did you sell your interest?—I wanted to get rid of it.—And why did you want to get rid of it?—Objected to as irrelevant and immaterial.—Objection sustained.—And why—"

He leaned back in his chair. "Good Lord! And I thought that morbid nonsense was ended! What possible connection can there be between this case on the 27th and my sale of the Raphael Building in 1912? There must be something in my trouble that hasn't yet revealed itself."

He struck a match on the sole of his shoe and lighted a strong cigar. He remembered the doctor's saying that phantasy was a normal phenomenon; that almost everyone held imaginary conversations with themselves in the guise of other people; that there was nearly always a small amount of libido in regression and busied with phantasy, and that the habit only became morbid when the *amount* of libido in regression— Oh, dear!

Should he take a trip to California and avoid the trial of that case on the 27th? He could make a deposition, perhaps; his testimony was not vital, anyhow.

"No, I'll be damned if I do!" he cried. "I'll see the thing through *right here*. The doctor said that if I went to China, I'd only be vainly trying to run away from myself. I'll testify in that case if it kills me."

This was Wednesday morning, and at eleven o'clock he was to meet with the committee at Mrs. Balfour's. Remembering the leaflets she had given him, he tried to read them now, but his mind wandered. "What was the extent of your interest in that building?—What was your motive?—Objected to, etc."

The clock struck half-past ten. The car had been ordered for ten-forty-five, and at this late moment he decided to change to his new dark-blue sack-suit which, as the tailor had assured him yesterday, made him look like a man of thirty. Of course he did not believe that, but the suggestion was agreeable none the less.

In the confusion of his mind at the thought of being cross-examined, Fielding had forgotten his sonnet *Rose of the World*. And he now half-dreaded this committee meeting, as if Marie were going to get him into some sort of trouble. Alice had said she was a dangerous woman. . . . But he caught himself this time with a quotation from one of the books he had bought: "Always, in a new love relation, there is reversion in the dreams to earlier analogous situations." He must bear that in mind, must "keep it conscious."

The members of the committee were seated round the circular mahogany table in Mrs. Balfour's dining-room. She flushed as she rose to greet Fielding Sargent, whom she introduced to the other members. They were seven in all, three men and four women, and he was surprised to see Jane Spong among them. He slipped into the vacant chair beside her. Marie was on the other side of the table, at the left of the chairman, that black-bearded and spectacled Professor Wright whom Fielding had seen twice before in this apartment.

"I really don't know what it's all about," he murmured to Jane Spong.

"We're only a sub-committee, you know, volunteers to raise money; but we've raised a lot," and she named a figure which seemed large even to him.

"I wish I'd known about it before," he said.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the chairman began—then he entered upon a lengthy explanation of the many things immediately needed by the well-known hospital in France to which their efforts were devoted. "But above all," he said, "are the two new ambulances. Now has any member

of the committee an idea of where the money for them can be found?"

A thin man with a cough, a Mr. Rowbottom, asked the chairman how much the two ambulances would cost.

Professor Wright named an approximate figure, and gave the reasons why it was only approximate.

"I shall be glad to pay for them," said Fielding Sargent.

His six associates opened wide their eyes at him, and for some seconds there was utter silence in the room.

"How very fortunate!" exclaimed the chairman.

"And how generous!" said Marie Balfour, with a slight tremor in her vibrant voice. "We are very grateful, Mr. Sargent."

He made a formal little bow, for he was embarrassed. Why should they make a fuss about it? He had planned to order a new car for Flora, but the hospital's need was greater, as two of their ambulances had been destroyed by shell-fire. He owned some stock in an automobile factory, and the profits were considerable just now.

He wanted to ask Marie how long she would be in Washington; but the professor was talking again, saying something about antiseptics. Mr. Rowbottom produced certain figures bearing on the subject, and another member of the committee, a little old lady in a crêpe veil, Mrs. Fleming, asked a lot of questions which were answered by Professor Wright and Mr. Rowbottom.

Fielding followed the proceedings, for he was accustomed to committee meetings. Marie smiled at him just once across the table, a shyly veiled little smile that made his heart swell. He had forgotten she was dangerous, and was on the point of offering to pay for antiseptics—but caught himself in time. He must not appear ostentatious. It is true that he owned stock in a drug company that was paying an immense per cent. on the investment, but—

The minute-hand of the clock on the mantel made one revolution and a half while they sat there, discussing ways and means to raise money. The little old lady in the crêpe

veil was getting up a concert; and another member, a big handsome girl in the uniform of the motor corps, talked about sheets and pillow-cases. "The sheets must be long," she said. "I remember when I had typhoid fever, my upper sheet was always coming loose at the bottom and letting the warm woolen blanket worry my legs. It became a part of my delirium."

That interested Fielding, who was studying the vagaries of the mind. So far as he knew, he was not drawing profits anywhere from the manufacture of sheets and pillow-cases.

At half-past twelve the committee adjourned. Jane and Fielding lingered behind the others, and as Marie turned back from the door after saying good-bye to Mr. Rowbottom, she held out both hands to the new member:

"God bless your good heart!"

"Why, it's nothing, dear little woman!" he stammered. "Isn't there something I can do to help, while you're away?"

"There's something you can do for *me*. Will you take me to the station now? My bag is all packed."

"But you haven't had your luncheon," said the practical Jane.

"I'll get my luncheon on the train."

The housemaid came to the door of the room, carrying a black suitcase and a travelling cloak. Fielding took them from her, and followed Marie and Jane down to his car. On the curb Jane said:

"I'm going with you, Mr. Sargent, as far as Thirty-fourth Street. I have an errand, and I'm in a hurry."

In the car the two women counselled together about a certain *prima donna* who had promised to sing at old Mrs. Fleming's concert, but was making difficulties about another soprano on the programme.

"Do go and see her yourself, Jane, that's a dear!" Marie coaxed. "The old lady can manage our kind of people, but we need a psychologist like you to smoothe the ruffled feathers of the song-birds."

"Oh, if I must, I must!" Jane assented, as she left them at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue.

During the few moments they were alone together, Fielding and Marie just looked at each other; but as the car stopped before the station, she said:

"We'll have time to think of ourselves a little—when the War is over."

In the hurry and confusion of the station any intimate talk was impossible, and only as he bade her good-bye beside her chair in the Pullman car did he ask the question that was nagging him:

"When are you coming back?"

"Friday morning."

All the afternoon Marie's words kept running through his mind: "We'll have time to think of ourselves a little when the War is over." They were the words of a tired worker, and they hurt him; for what had he been doing all these months *but* thinking of himself? He did not stress the money he had given, because it came too easily; and he wondered, for the first time, if he had really got out of the engine business because he had a horror of being a war-profitier. Love and engines were somehow mixed up in the infantile levels of his unconscious.

While he had been brooding, Marie had been working, at first in those shambles in France and now here with her money-raising which must have saved many lives. And this was the "dangerous woman" whose friendship he had tried to avoid! He felt humble and ashamed.

After a late luncheon in a restaurant he walked up to the park and strolled about. The two ambulances were after all, not a bad substitute for a day's manual labor. His ex-butler was doing the labor, somewhere over there; but Fielding was chiefly supporting the wife and the five small children. His ex-valet was on the firing line. *A chacun son métier*, he thought in self-defense, but his mind kept drifting back to Marie Balfour. This woman, so Alice had told him, had hardly enough money to live on decently, yet

she seemed to be giving practically all her time. Were they paying her anything? It was a harrowing question, and he would have given another ambulance at that moment to have it answered.

About five o'clock he found himself opposite the Plaza Hotel, and strolled in for a cup of tea. Passing the telephone booths, he suddenly wondered if Jane Spong had a telephone number. It was easy to look in the directory—yes, there was her name, with Gramercy 7384. He went into one of the booths.

"It's Fielding Sargent, Miss Spong," he said, in answer to her cheerful *hallo*. "May I ask you something, something that's none of my business?"

"Yes, and I'll go it blind in promising to answer truthfully, no matter what it is."

"Do they pay Mrs. Balfour anything for all that work of hers?"

There was a silence of five seconds, and then her answer came, true to promise:

"No, nothing but travelling expenses if she has to go out of town. She's a volunteer, you know."

"Thank you," he said.

"There's no secret about it," she justified herself. "All the members of that committee give their services."

"I hope you don't think, Miss Spong, that I've taken a liberty."

"Not at all. You've got committee-itis. I had it myself for a few days, right after I joined. Do come in soon again and talk about analysis."

"Thank you, I will."

Fielding forgot that he had entered the Plaza for a cup of tea, and walked down Fifth Avenue towards home. "We'll have time to think of ourselves a little—"

Oh! Why had she said it? Not to hurt him—good Lord, no! She was just tired, poor child!

CHAPTER XIX

THE next morning he again breakfasted in his own room. He had not seen his sister since she left the table suddenly the day before, perhaps to have what women call a good cry.

He would speak to Dr. Aubrey about Flora; that would be better, he thought, than any clumsy efforts at expressing sympathy, which might only hurt her. Between Fielding and his sister there had always been a barrier of mutual repression of emotion.

At the bottom of his pile of letters was one from the magazine to which he had sent his sonnet two nights before.

"Back by return of post!" he thought bitterly.

But when he opened the envelope, there was only a letter:

"MY DEAR SIR:

"We like your sonnet, Rose of the World.

"If an honorarium of fifteen dollars will be satisfactory, we shall be glad to use the poem in our magazine.

"Yours very sincerely," etc.

He pushed back his chair and got up, walking about the room with the editor's letter in his hand. He was too excited to sit still, or even to finish his breakfast. They had accepted his poem. If an honorarium of fifteen dollars would be satisfactory! Yes, it would. He laughed aloud.

"Why, I'm really earning money!"

He had a wild desire to call Sinclair on the telephone and announce his triumph; but that would seem too eager. He must accept this windfall with becoming *nonchalance*. Deducting the price of the roses which had focussed his imagi-

nation, he was ten dollars to the good. He must not spend the money recklessly.

So he played with the financial side of this achievement, afraid to abandon his long shamed and disappointed heart to the fierce joy that filled it.

The house was too small to hold him. He was almost terrified by what he felt, for something long chained within him had found sudden release. His failure to write good poetry had become the symbol of all his other failures, and now he had done one thing, one little thing, which a first-class editor thought good enough to buy and pay for. He wanted to walk in the air, to breathe long and deep, and he almost ran down-stairs.

Going towards Park Avenue he came face to face with Sinclair.

"Hallo, old man!" cried the poet gaily. "I was just on my way to the house. You should have seen the sky and the bay this morning, a billion-carat fire-opal, in a case of blue-green velvet."

"Come with me for a walk," Fielding suggested, smiling shyly.

"Right-o!" and Sinclair wheeled about. "I'm only in town for the day, so I can't walk too long."

"Oh, by the way," Fielding tried to speak carelessly, as he took the editor's letter from his pocket, "this may interest you."

Sinclair took it in at a glance. "Oh, I *am* glad!"

Their eyes met, and Fielding was startled at the feeling in Sinclair's face.

"I want to see the sonnet," he was saying. "Come straight home and show it to me."

"But our walk—"

"Oh, never mind the walk! I want to see *Rose of the World*."

The newly recognized poet required no urging, and they turned back towards the house.

"What an emotional fellow he is!" thought Fielding. "He

has known then how much I cared, and I never dreamed anybody knew."

He wanted to thank Howard, but could not trust his voice.

As he inserted his latch-key in the door, he smiled back at him over his shoulder.

Arm in arm, like two schoolboys, they climbed the stairs to the library.

Still standing, the experienced writer read the sonnet slowly, weighing each word; then he gave it generous praise.

"I'm so glad *you* like it," the color rose in Fielding's face, "because you've been my model, in a way, for twenty-five years." He could acknowledge it now.

They lighted cigarettes and sat down, Fielding at his desk and Sinclair in the chair beside it.

"Do you know, Howard, that you're sitting in the very place where Theo sat the other day, when he asked me for Barbara?"

"Dear boy!" said the father. "I had a letter from him last night, so I came in by the first train this morning to thank you."

"Oh, don't thank me! Thank Destiny, or Eros, or whatever power makes young things fall in love with each other."

"Theo writes me that you're going to give him a present of ten thousand dollars on his wedding-day."

"Eh? How did he know that? I didn't tell him."

"I think Flora wrote him about it."

Sinclair's face grew suddenly grave, and all the soul of the man shone in his eyes.

"Why are you so *good* to me and mine, Fielding Sargent?"

"Why—because I like you, I suppose."

"But how much do you think you have given us, altogether, during the last fifteen years?"

"I dunno. What difference does it make?"

"It has made *all* the difference between comfort and discomfort for me, and for Theo all the difference between—say Oxford University and an American business college."

"But," Fielding reminded him, "I'm thinking of Barbara now. I should have to give her a little money, anyhow, and I don't want her to have more than the boy has. I *couldn't* see Theo in the position of a man whose wife has more money than he."

"But— Oh!" Howard shifted his eyes from the full implication of his friend's involuntary confidence.

Fielding hastened to add: "What I'm giving them now is practically nothing; but they'll both inherit a good deal from me."

Howard asked, "Why do you love my boy so much?"

"Do I love him? I didn't know that I loved anybody."

Howard looked his amazement. "I don't think you understand yourself very well, Fielding."

"Does any man understand himself?"

"Perhaps not fully—but you less than most others. So you have really thought that you didn't love anybody?"

Fielding nodded.

"It seems to me," Sinclair said gravely, "that you have more love in your heart than any other man I ever knew. The young men you have educated! The orphans you support! The tired women your delicate bounty has saved from despair! And I've known for twenty years that you were not a happy man."

"I hope I haven't shown it."

"No, you haven't. I don't think anybody knows it but me."

"Are *you* happy, Howard?"

"Yes, in my own careless fashion. The great, deep happiness I lost, when Bella died; but I had Theo and my work. Yes, I've enjoyed my life, and I rather like now being middle-aged."

"As you know so much about me," Fielding said, "have you known that I've been in deep water, mentally, during the last few months?"

"Why, no. You've seemed about as usual. But as I said

to Flora and the girl one morning recently, you're always so well-poised."

"That's good."

Howard's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean by being in deep water mentally?"

"Oh, nothing much," he drew back from the confession. "Perhaps I haven't had enough to do this last year. But, Howard! We haven't had a real talk like this for ages. You seem so different to-day! What's come over you—or over me?"

"Or both of us? Perhaps Theo's letter affected me more than I realized at first. The boy is deeply in love."

"And you?" Fielding asked. "Are you also in love?"

Howard laughed. "No, not in the least."

"But you said to me, only the other day, that if you weren't an old foggy you'd ask a certain lady in Gramercy Park to marry you."

"Just so, *if* I weren't an old foggy. Of course she wouldn't have me for a husband, anyhow; so I can say without lack of gallantry that I prefer to sit around all the forenoon in slippers and a dressing-gown and write poems to her and to other ladies, which my vanity wouldn't permit me to do if I had one of the charming and keen-eyed creatures in the house with me. I really enjoy my solitary country life, with old Betsy to cook for me and dust the books and things; and I come up to the city often enough not to lose the habit of keeping my trousers pressed. Betsy attends to that, really, and the grocer's boy across the road curries and feeds and waters the old horse—Mallarmé's donkey, as you call him. My life is ideal, for me, and I wouldn't change it for the constant day and night society of Venus herself. I know I have the figure of a boy, and I can play at flirting like a boy; but you're much younger essentially than I am, and you're far more fascinating to women than I am."

"I—fascinating to women?"

"Yes, not only mentally but physically. Don't blush. I've watched women with you—more than one woman, I mean—

and not so very long ago, either; at luncheon in your own house one Sunday recently, if I must be explicit."

Fielding's eyes opened wide. "I realize now," he said, "that I haven't understood you any better than I have understood myself."

"I know," Howard smiled indulgently, "that you've thought me a masculine light-o'-love, and I've let you think so. But men of light minds don't work incessantly at the meticulous revision of poetry that doesn't bring them in a living. I couldn't have done it, though, if it hadn't been for your generosity."

Howard reached out his hand for another cigarette, and as he blew out the match he added: "I've often wondered just what your thoughts about me have been."

Fielding laughed sharply—then checked himself. "I suppose I've taken you for granted during some thirty-eight years, as if you had been my brother. Perhaps you took the place of my little brother who died just before we met, that first rainy day in the old brown schoolhouse. Lord, but it seems like yesterday!"

"Do you remember the patch I had on the seat of my breeches?" Howard asked.

"Well, well! I do remember now, though I had utterly forgotten it."

"A proud boy," said Howard, "never forgets a patch on the seat of his *own* breeches. That was before my grandfather died and left my mother five thousand dollars. After that world-stirring event I dressed as well as you did, Fieldie."

"Yes, How, you dressed better, I think. Say, do you remember the teacher's threatening to lick us, that day we stoned the snake?"

"Bet your life I do!"

And the two middle-aged men laughed like young conspirators.

"And that other schoolmaster whose table you turned bottom side up?"

Fielding nodded.

"You know," Howard said, "I also had lost a brother before I met you."

"Yes, I remember. And tell me, Howard, were you ever jealous of your brother who died?"

"Dreadfully. He was older than I, and taller and stronger."

"Have you ever been jealous of me?" Fielding asked.

"Sometimes I've been jealous of your financial success."

"And I also have been jealous of your literary success. Did you know that?"

"Well—in a way. I should have been, in your place."

"But *why* has my writing been only mediocre, all these years?"

"I think," said Howard honestly, "that you've imitated me, instead of taking your own line, writing what *you* felt. You're a violent, passionate man by nature, Fielding Sargent. You're no more like me than Michael Angelo was like Watteau. You've been trying to write as Watteau painted, when you felt inside like Michael Angelo. Your Moses, if you ever made one, would have *horns*."

Fielding suddenly remembered that it was Howard who had said to him, "You'd think you owned the earth," and he had replied, "I will some day." They had been playing, down in the old pasture.

"Have you ever wished me dead?" he asked abruptly.

"How absurd!" Howard laughed at first, then he stared, then a grave and almost feminine tenderness suffused his face.

"Why," he said softly, "have you ever wished me dead, Fielding?"

"No, not consciously; but from a certain association of ideas which I discovered the other day, I realize that I've been troubled for several years by the suspicion that you knew more than you ought to have known about my friendship with Freda Ganghofer, as they called her at the Irving Place Theatre."

"Then you still think of her?"

"I wasn't aware that I thought of her, until something happened which brought the old memory to the surface. Did you know how our affair ended?"

"Yes. She told me everything, before she sailed for Naples."

"She shouldn't have done that."

"But, Fielding, she was horribly cut up, and she was scared. She had to talk to somebody, and she had confidence in me."

"Did she represent me in a bad light?"

"No. She was sorry for you."

"Oh—that! Did she report the whole conversation, then, everything my wife said that last night in the studio?"

Howard nodded. "And she told me—the *other* thing."

Fielding's teeth chattered. "I must always have feared it."

"But surely," Howard demurred, "you weren't afraid that I would betray you, the best friend I have in the world!"

"Not consciously; but in some queer psychological way I associated you with that time, and my fear of tragedy through it. Alice never knew the worst, thank God!"

"Freda told me also that you sent her the next day, by Dr. Hudson, a very large amount of money, in currency. She said the interest on that sum would easily support the child and herself, in Italy."

"Then she really *had* the child? She threatened—"

"Yes, yes, women often threaten, poor things! Can you wonder, considering all they have to face? But the child was born dead."

"Dead! My only child!"

Fielding's face and voice were too intense for Howard to endure, and he looked away.

"What became of Freda?"

"Why, Freda married an Italian nobleman. She has a beautiful home, and two Italian children, and her husband

adores her. I visited her last year, when I went over to get those articles for *Blanchard's Weekly*."

"And does her husband know?"

"Everything," said Howard blandly. "She told him everything before she would consent to marry him. She's straight as the proverbial string, that Freda Ganghofer, though she did lose her head about you. She told me that after she saw Alice that night she learned the meaning of remorse. She felt worse about her, and about you, than she did about herself."

"Then she didn't think me a cowardly blackguard?"

"Of course not. She's one of the few women I ever knew who could look an awful fact in the face. She said your wife would either kill you or disgrace you if you ever saw her again, and she wasn't willing to take the hazard, either for you or herself. Oh, she was game! I've corresponded with her for six years."

"And you never told me!" Fielding groaned.

"How could I tell you, man, without letting you know that I knew? Also—well, she asked me not to tell you anything, unless you demanded to know. She hoped, for your sake, that you'd forget all about her. She really thought a great deal of you."

"But how could she respect me after seeing me led home like a spanked child?" His question was a cry of agony, long repressed.

Howard got up and reached for his hat and overcoat.

"As I told you before, Fielding, Freda could face a fact, and she had a generous heart. But I must go down-stairs now, and see Flora and Barbara. I want to kiss my future daughter, and then I have a lot of errands to rush through, for I like to catch the four-twenty boat and escape the commuting crowd. See you again soon. Congratulations—about the sonnet."

CHAPTER XX

FIELDING'S face was radiant as he showed Dr. Aubrey his poem.

"*Rose of the World*," said the analyst. "That's a new symbol for you, and a promising one. The acceptance of your sonnet has made a great difference in your outlook on life, hasn't it?"

"It seems to have given me back my lost confidence in myself."

"And confidence in yourself as a sonneteer, like Sinclair. You *had* to prove that you could write a good sonnet."

"There's more about Sinclair," Fielding said, and he recounted his morning talk with the poet—concealing nothing.

The doctor's kindly face lighted. "And your feeling for your friend is quite changed now, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes! All my old affection for him has come back."

"Because you're not afraid of him any longer. Men hate, or think they hate, that which they fear."

"But weren't you surprised, Doctor, to learn about the child?"

"Surprised? But no. You have revealed that guarded secret many times during your analysis. I suppose you tried your best to persuade Freda not to get—"

"There seems to be nothing you don't know!" Fielding cried, with rising color. Then he confessed another secret, a cowardly desire, as he called it, which he had furiously repressed into the unconscious six years before. He walked about the room, and talked it all out; it seemed to him quite horrible that he should ever have had such thoughts. They had returned to him in nightmare forms during all those six years, and he discovered now a connection between his terror at the innocent vial he had found in his desk and something which Freda had once shown him.

"Yes," the analyst said, "the sense of guilt was hammered into you pretty hard when your mind was young and tender. Your conscience was a well-prepared soil in which almost any seed of self-accusation could grow with monstrous roots."

"Yes . . . And I haven't a child off there with the enemy!"

He had brought two dreams this time, and the doctor took the first one, which seemed to be in three parts:

A Chinaman in a long figured robe sat at a table writing shorthand.

I came in, carrying a rose in my hand.

"It's time you were asleep," said the Chinaman, and he tried to take the rose from me.

I said the rose was mine, and I put the rose in a box with some other flowers, a red flower and a blue flower, so the Chinaman could not get it.

I was going along a dark passageway. I came to a door with a streak of light under it. I burst open the door.

I cannot remember all of this dream, but I was struggling with a giant in a long robe.

Finally I picked him up from the floor, as if he had been a child, and carried him off under my arm. I seemed to be the giant now. He kicked and yelled, and I beat him.

I was in a room where there were several tables turned upside down on the floor.

On one side of the room was a coffin, alone.

I went out into the garden, and sat down beside a bush that had two flowers on it, a red flower and a blue flower.

"I think," Fielding said, "that there was more to that last fragment, but I can't remember the rest of it."

"There is always more to a dream," the doctor explained. "From my experience in recovering fragments behind fragments of my own dreams, I am convinced that we bring through only a small part, perhaps an infinitesimal part, of a large and complicated pattern which the unconscious has been weaving—oh, we cannot even guess how long, or even if time has anything to do with it! The whole thing may be instantaneous, layer *within* layer, incident within incident. Or it may have been going on like that all night long. You see," he smiled, "that we're forced to say 'long,' to imply the time measurement, because when we are awake we think in sequences of ideas and words, and that sort of thinking implies time. We're really trying to measure the immeasurable and to fathom the fathomless when we talk about time in relation to the unconscious. The unconscious is unoriented as to time, and as to what we call reality. We are dealing with potential force, a more or less blind force, one might even say a nature force, that is struggling tremendously, and as it often seems with ruthless purpose, towards individuation. Anyone who cannot face that fact—that he has in him an almost ruthless nature force—will have a hard time in any psychoanalysis that is at all thorough."

Fielding wondered a little at this prelude, for he did not know how much his dream revealed upon its face.

"This looks like three dreams, but we shall find that the parts all hang together. The dreams of one night are generally about one subject, however they may differ apparently. We might call this a sonata in three movements. Now do you think you could repeat it from memory?"

He thought so, but in the recital he omitted two fragments: his putting the rose in a box with some other flowers, so the Chinaman could not get it, and the coffin standing alone on one side of the room.

"What does a *Chinaman* remind you of?"

"For ways that are dark, and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinese is peculiar.'"

"Well?"

"You quoted those words from Bret Harte the other day, Doctor, *à propos* of the unconscious and its working."

"Now the Chinaman was *in a long robe*."

"I think of a bath-robe, *my* bath-robe—and yes, that's odd, but I think of my father in his dressing-gown."

"Do you think of any special time when you saw your father in his dressing-gown?"

"I saw him so often," he said evasively.

"We'll come back to it, later in the dream. Now he *sat at a table writing shorthand*."

"You, Doctor, sit at a table writing shorthand."

"*You came in, carrying a rose in your hand*."

"Yes, as I come into this office."

"And *the rose*?"

"I think of my sonnet, *Rose of the World*."

"And who is the Rose of the World?"

"Why, I suppose *she* is," said Fielding self-consciously.

"*'It's time you were asleep,'*" the doctor quoted from the Chinaman in the dream.

"My father used to say that every night, when he wanted to get rid of me."

"*He tried to take the rose from you*."

"May I smoke, Doctor? I haven't smoked for hours?"

"Of course. Will you have one of mine?" Dr. Aubrey tendered his cigarette case.

"Oh, thanks! But I think I like mine better."

"The Chinaman *tried to take the rose from you*." It was necessary to repeat it.

"So far as I remember," Fielding said, rubbing his chin, "no Chinaman ever showed an exaggerated interest in any flower that I carried."

The doctor laughed appreciatively, as the remark was intended for a joke. "You have been in China, I suppose?" He spoke as usual, and as if he really expected to find something at the end of this false clue.

"Yes, I've been in China, but not at the season of roses."

"I suppose a Chinaman might write shorthand," and the doctor made a few of his stenographic notes. Even then, Fielding did not see light.

"You said the rose was yours."

Fielding was uncomfortable, though he really did not know why.

"What a stupid dream this is, Doctor! Hadn't we better let it go, and take the other one?"

"Oh, this isn't a stupid dream! It's a valuable dream. Now *you said that the rose was yours.*"

Fielding stuck fast, and only at the end of a long wait did he say that his father was always taking things away from him.

"Now the box. You *put the rose in a box, with a red flower and a blue flower, so the Chinaman could not get it.*"

"Box . . . I think of the box in which Marie sent me the sphinx."

The doctor waited.

"Yes, and I think of a theatre-box. That's odd. The other night, it was right after I was here last, I suggested to my sister and niece that they invite 'the Rose' to share their box at the theatre."

The *red flower and the blue flower* made him think of the evening wraps that Flora and Barbara had worn the night they took Marie to the theatre.

"And roses in general?"

"My mother had a bush of Burgundy roses."

"By the way," said the doctor, "I forget your sister's name."

"Her name is Flora. She was very fond of the Burgundy roses. She used to pick the flowers . . ."

There were long pauses this afternoon before and after Fielding's brief answers. The material did not come easily.

"Do you think of any special time when your sister picked the roses?"

"No. I saw her so often with the flowers . . . Oh!" he had found a seemingly harmless reminiscence, "she made

a wreath of them, to put on my father's coffin. He died in June."

"And what else do you think about June?"

"I'd like to go to Europe in June, if the War is over."

The doctor kept his eyes on the paper.

"Had you any conscious reason for asking your sister to invite the Rose, as we now begin to call her, to the theatre, the evening after you were last here?"

"Why, I thought she might be at home alone . . ."

"Or that Sinclair might call?"

"I don't remember thinking about Sinclair."

"Or perhaps some other man?"

"Not that I know of."

"Now," said the doctor, "there comes a change of scene in the dream, like another act in the drama. *You were going along a dark passageway.*"

"I think of the passageway in our house, when I was a child."

"You came to a door with a streak of light under it."

"I used to see a streak of light under the door of my parents' room. Why, I haven't thought of that for ages! The door was a little short at the bottom, and I could sometimes hear them talking in there." But he could not remember anything he had heard them say.

"You burst open the door," the doctor read.

"I did that once, when I was frightened in the night."

"What frightened you?"

"I don't know. My mother said there were rats in the attic."

"You were struggling with a giant in a long robe. Now, the long robe."

"Perhaps that has something to do with the Chinaman."

"A long robe," the doctor repeated.

"A dressing-gown is a long robe."

"What dressing-gown?"

"I think of the one my father used to wear. It had queer figures on it." His voice trembled slightly.

"What sort of figures?"

"I don't know—queer figures."

"Try to remember."

"But what difference does it make?" Fielding was inclined to be obstinate to-day.

"We shall see," the doctor said patiently. "Just think of the queer figures on the dressing-gown."

Fielding frowned. "I feel so queer when I try to visualize those figures. I feel afraid of them still. They were black and white, black and white stripes, I think, round a big yellow spot. I used to think the yellow spot was a face—something evil. I used to dream about it . . ."

He stuck there.

"And the black and white stripes?" the doctor helped him.

"Why, I thought they were a bonnet round the evil face."

"And the background, the material from which these spots stood out?"

"That was dark blue, I remember, like the sky at night."

"Do you think of any definite time when you saw those spots on the gown?"

"I seem to see my mother in the gown, when I cried in the night and she came in to me, carrying a lamp. That must have been when I was very young, while my little brother still slept in my father's and mother's room."

"Who wore it that night when you burst open the door?"

"Oh, my father! Why—I haven't thought of that experience either, not for ages. It makes me feel . . ."

"Struggling with a giant in a long robe."

"I remember now that my father . . ." He could not go on, though the doctor waited some time. He sat staring at the tip of his nose, lost in the unconscious deeps.

"Finally you picked him up from the floor, as if he had been a child, and carried him off under your arm."

"That was what my father did to me, really."

"You seem to be the giant now."

Fielding could smile again. "Yes, I turned the tables on him in the dream, didn't I? I changed places with him, put

myself in his place. Of course I always wanted to do that, and I think most children do."

"Yes," the doctor assented, "and some grown persons also. Now in the dream he *kicked and yelled*, as you were carrying him away."

"I did kick and yell dreadfully that time, and I struck at my father. But how did I come to dream of that? What's the connection?"

"We'll see presently. In the dream you *beat him*."

"Yes, in the dream I did everything to him that he did to me. It was when I was struggling with him that we changed places."

"What does beating a giant mean to you?"

"I think of David and Goliath. The sweet singer of Israel killed the giant with a sling. He wasn't afraid, David wasn't! The giant didn't know what he was up against. Saul didn't either, I think. From the day that Samuel anointed David, the spirit of the Lord came upon David, but the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. Even Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, with his sword and bow and girdle. That's one of the Bible stories my mother used to tell me, when I was quite little. I used to imagine I was David."

The doctor had been listening intently; he was delighted with this resurrection of the infantile ego, the infantile hero. This was the unconscious and complementary self of Fielding Sargent that had, by labor and luck, made him a multimillionaire. If they could keep hold of it now, educate it, differentiate its thoughts, its former triumphs of mere money-making would seem small beside its future possibilities when balanced and synthetized with that other and softer self which had broken down. Had his heart been satisfied all those years, the softer self might have remained almost unaware of the crude ambitious urge from the unconscious, and the man might have been content with small successes.

"And now," the doctor resumed, "there is another change of scene in your dream. *You were in a room where there were several tables turned upside down on the floor.*"

"Tables turned—let me see. Oh, yes! I had a teacher who was too high and mighty, and one day after school I turned his table bottom side up, went home, and wouldn't go to school any more."

"Did he know your mother?"

"Yes, he tried to make up to her; that was after my father's death; but she used to go out when we thought he was coming to the house."

"There was also a rich man, wasn't there, who wanted to marry your mother?"

"Yes, but that was later."

"*On one side of the room there was a coffin, alone.*"

"I think of my father's coffin. It stood all alone in the parlor. My father didn't die of old age; he wasn't any older than you are, Doctor."

The garden at the end of the dream reminded Fielding of the old garden at home, *the bush* recalled his mother's Burgundy rose-bush, and the *two flowers* again suggested the red and blue garments which Flora and Barbara had worn at the theatre; but these figures were vaguely confused with early memories of his mother and sister in the old garden and around the rose-bush. He still shied away from reminiscences of Flora in the garden, though he recalled his running away from her there—yes, when she wore a rose-colored dress—and taking refuge in the arms of his mother. Even after his mother's death, when he had needed comfort, there had been a sort of barrier between him and Flora, and he had gone comfortless.

"The psychic resistance is strong where your sister Flora is concerned," the doctor said, "as in the forgotten end of this dream, where she is confused with both Marie and Barbara. There is a snarl in the unconscious which we shall have to disentangle as time goes on."

"The whole thing is a puzzle to me," declared Fielding.

"It's more mixed-up than any other dream I've had. If you know what it all means, you must be a magician."

"Ah! The magician idea is more than a figure of speech. It has its roots in racial memories of primitive magic. Any proof of mysterious power may bring it to the surface of any mind. It is often projected on the analyst, and sometimes the analyst-magician is white, sometimes black, sometimes gray, depending for his color upon the fierceness of the soul's struggle with its own demonic powers. As I said the other day, mankind has made its gods and demons in its own image, and projected them into mythology."

"But don't you believe in gods and demons?" Fielding demanded.

"I believe in *psychological* gods and demons, and I am making notes for a book on the subject."

"Shall you put me and my demons in your book?"

"No. The book will be about my journeys in the wilderness of my own unconscious. But let me now show you a path through the wilderness of this dream of yours, which invites us to go a little deeper than the surface of things where we've played about heretofore."

"Good heavens! Do you call the probing of the soul which I've submitted to, 'a playing on the surface of things'?"

"Yes. You have no idea yet of what real psychological probing is. One simply *can't* do it in the beginning, for the resistances are too great, and the mind must gradually become accustomed to viewing the play of *forces* below the threshold of consciousness, without taking them too tragically. Our friend Miss Spong is always quoting Silberer, *à propos* of the semi-conscious constituents of nature and man: 'Whoever unmasks these as the play of qualities, raises himself above the world impulses.' So, little by little, we will hope to make it possible for you to understand your inner self."

"You're a strange being," said Fielding, with a sigh.

"We're all strange beings. That's why psychoanalysis

had to be, that we might understand just how strange we are. Of course you see that the Chinaman in your dream is a composite figure—your father and myself, with a reminiscent spice of another authoritative personality. The Chinaman writes my shorthand, and he wears your father's figured robe. It is by means of the transference that this infantile scene is changed into the recent scene, and the long repressed emotion, with the associated recent emotion, finds release and relief. In the second part of the dream you put yourself in your father's place, and beat the giant. In the third part you also 'turn the tables on him,' bringing in your too high and mighty teacher as a further identification with him and me; and you place us in our coffin alone, while you are in the garden with the flower-ladies, sole cock of the walk, we might say."

Fielding looked grave. "But why should I want to put you in a coffin?"

"*You don't*, but the infantile unconscious often uses that symbol when, even temporarily, it desires the absence of some one. Now why do *you* think you built this sort of dream?" The doctor's smile was so sympathetic that Fielding could say:

"I must have been afraid you would take my Rose away from me. You *did* say you wanted to be alone with her."

"Of course. And the 'ways that are dark and tricks that are vain' are my ways and tricks, as the Chinaman."

"I hope you're not offended," Fielding said, shamefacedly.

"On the contrary, I'm pleased, for this is precisely the material in you that we want to get to the surface. The infantile superiority motives are behind most resistances, both to the analysis and to life. You have been too tractable for years, also too repressed, and this touch of the old Adam is a good symptom, for *you*. It might not be for everybody."

"But if I was dreaming of you, Doctor, what made me dream of you as a giant?"

"Because of that infantile jealousy reminiscence. To chil-

dren, the parents are as giants, and be sure that Jack the Giant Killer was triumphing over parental authority, and so in a way was David. When an adult dreams of a giant, there is nearly always a throwback to the infantile. In the dream you change places with the giant and triumph over him in that way. Oh, there are abysmal things behind that fragment. It is reminiscent of those race-dreams we call myths. Sometime read Abraham on *Dreams and Myths*, and Otto Rank on *The Myth of the Birth of the Hero*. I want you to admire the beautiful *methods* of the unconscious. Every day I marvel afresh at its workings."

"You speak," said Fielding, "as if the unconscious were one. Isn't everybody's unconscious different?"

"Yes—and no. After all my years of work, to me the unconscious is the unconscious. Yours and mine and everybody else's—they only vary in detail, not in essence. I don't blame you because the untamed forces in you, using their reminiscent picture-language, turn the tables on me and leave me alone in my coffin. Every conceivable infantile phantasy is projected upon the analyst.

"When the ego is rebuffed, it either retreats or *strikes* out; but never forget the tremendous love, down there in the unconscious. The greatest conflict is between the ego and the love instinct. The ego is all barriers, the instinct has no limits. Centripetal and centrifugal—they balance each other. And the ego does not merely react to environment, that's only half the process. There is something *real* down there, something creative, behind the contending forces, something that uses the world forces, or tries to, and it loves—intensely. I'm accustomed to being adored, exalted, paid divine honors by the unconscious of those whom I analyze; and I'm also accustomed to being hung, drawn and quartered, ridiculed and debased, by that same unconscious. It all depends, not upon my real personality nor even upon the moral character of the subjects, but upon the complexes and resistances of the subjects *in themselves*. The love, hate, fear and anxiety associated with other persons are

transferred to the analyst, who represents, for the time being, *the object*, to the subject under analysis. I think I explained to you how ego-libido becomes object-libido, and how it may re-become ego-libido.

"The analyst is the means of realization, and also sometimes the scapegoat. That is one reason why no very young or inexperienced man or woman should analyze others. This phenomenon that we call the transference, this re-living of all past experience through the person of the analyst, puts a great strain upon the analyst, unless he has become almost depersonalized through having been deeply analyzed himself, after a very full life of experience, suffering and joy. I tell you this, because the analysis of the transference is at the same time the analysis of the personality of the subject—yours, I mean, in this case. It always shows the subject's relation to authority, or the subject's relation to love, and generally both. It shows the *growth of feeling*, and the *degree of adaptation*. Through the phantasies engendered by the transference, or re-animated by it, the subject gradually becomes conscious of the defects of his adaptation to life. It is always necessary to explain this more or less to every intelligent person under analysis. Otherwise they do not understand what is going on in themselves with regard to the personality of the analyst. So, having cleared that ground before us, we shall make better headway through your dream.

"Now the box in which you put the Rose, with some other flowers, so the Chinaman (myself and all other rival males) cannot get her, you associate with the box in which Marie sent you the sphinx, the dreaded object with all the associations that we know. Yes, you put your lovely rose in *that box*. Now I wonder . . . Did Marie ever send you a theatre-box in the past?"

"No."

"Or Freda?"

"No."

"The box, then, aside from being the place where you put

your women the other night, for the reasons we know, is, symbolically, that box where the sphinx-horror is. We might say that the sphinx has become a rose, so the sphinx fear must have become rosy and no longer so dreadful. Have you looked at the sphinx recently?"

"No, but I will to-night before I go to bed. I suppose I must prove to myself that it's quite innocent and harmless."

The doctor's eyes twinkled. He would not forget to ask the result of that coming experiment with the sphinx in the box.

"I'm glad," he said, "that your sister Flora has begun to come to the *surface* of your dreams. You've repressed her pretty hard; but you'll find, as time goes on, that she plays a leading rôle in your family romance. Our sisters always do."

He smiled benignly at his patient.

"In regard to the wreath of roses that was placed on the coffin of your father who died in June, you were reminded that you wish to go to Europe in June, if the War is over, in your consciousness and in the world, so in June you can dispense with the analyst-Chinaman-father."

"Oh!" cried Fielding.

"Don't apologize for the ruthless infantile criminal, because he lurks in every man. We get him up into the light, so he cannot paralyze the mature good citizen whom culture has developed. Those semi-conscious powers are like those of a wild horse, which a daring man can tame, and bridle, and ride."

"But," Fielding was aghast, "is the unconscious really such a monster?"

"The unconscious contains well-nigh everything, monstrous and sublime. It is potential, or static energy, among other things. If you have patience to go deep enough (perhaps even before June, though I can't promise that) you may find the god that hides in every man. Then you can draw on the immense power of the race-consciousness, the All, of which you are the individualized representative, the

individualized fragment, mirroring the whole, the microcosm of the Macrocosm."

Fielding squared his shoulders. He liked that.

"Now in the second fragment of your dream," the doctor resumed, "you are re-living the scene when you intruded on your parents in the night. Have you ever been curious about my private life?"

"I suppose—" his embarrassment was evident—"I suppose I must have been, though I haven't let myself think about it."

"It was probably your dawning jealousy, your momentary jealousy of me, which brought that relic to the surface. All children, attached to the mother, resent the father's greater claim, even when they are also attached to the father. The loving little egoists want to be first with everything they love. Sometimes there is a great struggle between the love for the two parents, and if the parents quarrel together, and the child takes the part of one against the other, it may have a lasting effect upon the love life.

"Your curiosity has also shown itself during our work together—not morbidly, however. Curiosity with you is dynamic; you have worked in science, that splendid flower that grows on the stem of curiosity which has its roots in the infantile wonder as to the mystery of life. All intellectual progress, which differentiates man from the brute creation, grows out of his insatiable curiosity. A certain infantile fixation of yours—"

But Dr. Aubrey checked himself, as that problem could be taken up when it forced attention through the dreams.

"I noticed," he went on, "that when speaking of your battle with the giant, your father, in which you became the giant yourself, taking his force by the way (an old magical tradition or superstition), you showed signs of repressed anger. As you remember that scene in the night, more than forty years ago, what *were* your feelings towards your father?"

"Humph!" Fielding tensed the muscles of his back. "My

mother had been reading me a fairy story, in which the young hero was the son of an absent king, who was coming some day to give him a kingdom. I had rather vague ideas then about the mystery of fatherhood, and I imagined that I also was the son of a king, that my father was a foster-father (the prince in the story had a foster-father), and I came to believe myself a very important young hero. I didn't keep my royal birth quite secret enough, it seems. One afternoon, throned on a haycock, I confided it to a young farmhand, who thereupon, laughing uproariously, related to me the realistic facts of my origin. But I got the facts somewhat twisted, I got a wrong idea—"

"Yes, I've known that," the doctor said.

"I must have hated my father," Fielding continued, "and that night I attacked the giant, as in the dream. *I wanted to know the truth.*"

"The poor little prince!" the doctor breathed, sympathetically. "He must have been very unhappy."

"He was. Perhaps he never really got over it. But he comforted himself with what his mother had told him about angels."

"Yes," the doctor assented, "at that early age one believes strongly in angels, as well as in fairy princes. The first day you were here you talked about wanting to be loved by an angel. You were then in revolt against the realistic facts of life."

"I remember."

"You may have a dream that will bring the angelic memories to the surface also. Some part of your energy flowed back to that early period, no doubt. It is often so with those who have the poetic faculty, and the strong mystic tendencies go even farther back. The price one pays for being a poet, or an artist of any sort, is sometimes very high. The flood of phantasy whence all art springs is let loose generally by accident; that's one of the strangest things in humanity's strange history. But I believe that the libido can be trained to flow back easily and without shock or

break; that the levels of phantasy, of artistic creation, can be drawn upon almost at will, by one who knows the psychological mechanisms and the sensitive spots in his own psyche. The Muse (man's inspiration personified) visits him now so capriciously, when some external stimulus excites him, or some train of thought and association of ideas puts him *in chance connection* with the levels of creative phantasy. As religious emotion can be evoked, so, I think, can the creative artistic emotion. Perhaps the reason why your poetry in the past has been so little inspired was because of your inhibitions, your fear of letting yourself go. You have longed to enter in and take possession of the temple of the imagination, but have stayed fearfully in the outer courts, and manufactured engines—a psychologically determined compensation."

"But in studying engines I must have been searching for the truth, or fact, of the power of things. I've always been searching for truth. That's what brought me to this office."

"Yes. Now your boyish identification of yourself with the young David must have been a satisfying phantasy. As you take the place of your father in this psychologically beautiful dream, so as David you usurp the place of Saul, who also, like the giant, 'didn't know what he was up against,' for the spirit of the Lord came upon David and departed from Saul. Even Jonathan, the beloved friend, yields up his robe, his sword and bow and girdle. You still want Sinclair's poetic fame. Do you see the perfection of the phantasy?"

"Yes," he admitted, "but isn't all that a bit ruthless?"

"Of course. Is there anything more ruthless than the infantile ego let loose? It's not middle-aged gentlemen who tie tin cans to dogs' tails; it's little boys. They'll do anything, almost, to dominate, or influence, or even worry their environment, if they cannot affect it in any other way. The young ego has always to be somewhat tamed and civilized. Your untamed ego in this dream is busying itself with me—as *object* for certain components of the libido: I am not

only the father and the high and mighty schoolmaster, but the giant and Saul—yes, and even a little of Jonathan, for your dream the other day which loosened your Freda-fear of Sinclair, left a certain amount of free libido, colored with that complex, which still has to go somewhere until it can be reabsorbed. No, don't worry about that! As I say, it's all in my day's work. But you could never have understood it without the assistance of this dream; for it isn't your responsible conscious self that has woven me into these phantasies.

"Now I want you to regard another infantile memory which this dream has brought to the surface—those queer figures on the dressing-gown your father wore that memorable night, and which your mother sometimes wore when she paid you one of her nocturnal visits. And, by the way, was your attention called to yellow spots on anything, the day before you had this dream?"

"Why, yes. That night I threw on, for the first time, a new blue dressing-gown with yellow figures. I had seen it in a shop and had taken it home—I don't know why."

"The unconscious knew why. So you began to assume the force of the giant, by assuming his robe, before you went to bed. A little while ago you resisted the very thought of those original figures, which sprang out while your conscious mind was looking the other way, so to speak. When I gently insisted, you frowned, and said you felt 'so queer' when you tried to visualize the figures, which were formed of black and white stripes round a yellow spot, which yellow spot your childish imagination made into an evil face surrounded by a black and white bonnet. You stared at the tip of your nose, fascinated by something subconscious. What do you think you were staring at?"

"I think—" the man hesitated—"perhaps I was staring at that yellow evil face in the black and white bonnet. The imagination haunted me for years, after my mother's death, especially. *I didn't know what it was.*"

"But you've told yourself now what it was. After the

farmhand's revelation, when you bravely went forth in search of truth—yes, somewhat as you came to this office—and were beaten and humbled and carried off under your father's arm, kicking and yelling, your conflict of love and hate must have been awful, and your fears no less awful."

Fielding was staring blankly at the doctor, who continued:

"Now the sphinx, which has been called a semi-theriomorphic representation of the 'terrible mother,' the mother of mystery and of generation and of the forbidden—the face of the sphinx is surrounded by a striped headdress, you know."

Still Fielding said nothing, but he looked the whole Book of the Dead.

"When did you first see a book with Egyptian pictures?"

"Why, I played from babyhood with an illustrated book of Egyptian travels. I have it still, on the shelf with my old schoolbooks, in one corner of the library. I never could bear to have those old books re-bound; the ragged covers were so full of memories. I've sat at my writing-table and stared at them many a time, during these troubled months and before, as if there were something there that I ought to know; as if, somehow, I hadn't got my lessons, and was going to be reprimanded."

"You see, there *was* something there which you needed to know."

His response was a long sigh. Then he asked suddenly, "But, Doctor, did you ever *hear* of such a thing?"

"A thousand times, maybe; though not, as I remember, associated with an Egyptian picture-book and a figured dressing-gown. *Anything whatever*, any object round which fearful emotions of infancy have knotted themselves, may trouble the unconscious for a lifetime, and the fear may break through into consciousness at any time of stress. I know an intelligent and brave woman traveler who nearly goes into hysterics at the touch of a cat. General Lord Roberts had the same phobia. I know an intrepid woman explorer who is more afraid of a worm than of a rattle-

snake. I know an able business man who would rather look into the eyes of a raging lion than into a cracked mirror. Now, you told me you had been in Egypt. What were your emotions when you first saw the great Sphinx itself?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you," Fielding said, and he looked it.

"Oh, you may as well get it all up, and get rid of it!"

"Well," and he cleared his throat, "I made an engagement to meet a woman—my wife had a headache and had gone to bed in the hotel—I made an engagement to meet a fascinating woman at the Sphinx by moonlight. I got there half an hour ahead of time, and something—I don't know what—something affected me so strangely that I couldn't stay there. 'I must get out of this,' I said, and I paid a dragoon to stay there in my place and tell her, when she came from her tent, that I had been suddenly taken ill. I simply *couldn't* face her. I was afraid of that stone monster, and I was afraid of her, and the two fears were strangely confused. Most of all, I was ashamed. And I wasn't nervous in those days, either. Later, I went out there to the Sphinx, in the daytime with a party of noisy *men*, and I had no sensations at all, except the usual sensations of awe in the presence of antiquity. How was that?"

"Why, the element of *fear of the woman*, as emotional mystery, was not there with the party of noisy men in the daytime. That fear, which is only excessive desire turned backward on itself, has come out pretty often in our analysis. The revelations of the brutal farmhand happened to fix themselves in the unconscious, associated with other things, in a peculiar way. The sphinx image became fearful to you *only at such moments* as the peculiar complex of love ideas, associated with it, was awakened in the unconscious by some chance happening."

"But, Doctor, are we then the sport of the gods of chance?"

"There are no gods of chance, so far as I know. But, psychologically speaking, we seem to be governed mostly by chance; and it is generally some chance happening, waking

forgotten childish experiences in the unconscious, which marks the beginning of a neurosis. We are in a world where almost anything may happen at any time, and the acceptance of that fact, and then the ignoring of it, makes for a healthy personality. *Man must accept the hazards of life.* That acceptance, above everything else, marks the difference between the powerful personality and the weak neurotic.

"Now, after you 'turned the tables' on the schoolmaster who was trying to make up to your mother, you left his school. Do you really want to leave my school?"

"But, Doctor, wild horses couldn't drag me away from your school now. That dream was dreamed night before last."

"Oh," the analyst laughed, "you may have others of a like tenor, when I press down hard on your complexes!"

"If I'm ever stubborn," Fielding laughed too, "just play the piano, and you'll have me at your knees, a little child again."

"But I want you to be a man, not a child, a man who, in the end, shall be independent of me. If I hadn't a deep interest in my pupils and patients, I should be playing the piano. I could probably make more money with the piano; but there are too many pianists, and too few analysts."

"Which were you first," Fielding asked, "a doctor or a musician?"

"Oh, one is always a musician first! I began at the age of four. My first public appearance was in Boston, when I was ten. Then my mother took me to Europe, to study. I have played all over Europe. At twenty I fell in love with a girl, a professor's daughter, who would not marry me because I was only half-educated—except in music. It was, as you so often say, a great shock to me. It made me feel inferior. I was too proud to enter a French school, with boys much younger than myself, so we came back to America, and in one year of incessant labor with tutors I prepared myself for Harvard. During my last year in Harvard, my

mother, whom I adored, developed a mysterious illness. Unsatisfied with what the doctors were doing for her, I determined to study medicine, and she went with me to Philadelphia. Yes, I know the mother-fixation, from the inside. It was in Philadelphia that I finally began my practice, but I could not cure my mother. I know now that *she died of an idea*; but I didn't know it then, of course. After her death (which seemed to me a personal failure) I became dissatisfied with medicine, and went back to music. I also went back to Europe. In my recovered enthusiasm for the piano, I regretted all those years in Philadelphia. I returned to my old piano teacher in Vienna, who brutally told me that my hands were stiff—"from dissecting dead women." (I had been for a time a surgical demonstrator in Gynecology.) I thereupon developed what seemed to be rheumatism of the hands. In my despair, I went to a doctor in Vienna who practised analysis; he was a Freud pupil, and of course he cured my hands. I became absorbed in the psychology of my cure, and naturally drifted to Zürich. Two years later I again went back to my old piano teacher, and gave him some medico-psychological advice on the effects of reckless suggestion. He just grunted, and told me to play. For two or three years then I had been playing four hours a day, and studying analysis the rest of the time, so I played for him. He was very amiable, and talked about concerts; but I wanted to practise analysis. After a year or two of practice in Europe, here and there, I came to New York, where I have been working since 1913."

"You've had a strange life, Dr. Aubrey."

"Yes, but I think all analysts have had strange lives; and it's primarily through trying to understand our own lives that we acquire a working knowledge of analytical psychology."

"And weren't you ever married?"

"Yes. My wife was a French woman whom I met in Zürich. She died in Paris six years ago, at the birth of my little daughter."

"Why," Fielding cried, "I didn't know you had a child!"

Sigurd Aubrey's face was now very soft and paternal. "My daughter's name is Cécile; she's at school in Greenwich, and I see her every Sunday."

Fielding's heart went out anew to the doctor, now that he had told him the story of *his* life.

"Your having a child makes you seem so much more human," he said. "But aren't you afraid to leave your little girl with strangers, at that susceptible age?"

"But she's not with strangers, for the head mistress of her school is a pupil of mine. I like to analyze teachers; it's handing on the torch to the next generation—Cécile's generation. I think Miss Spong is going to help me in that work, which is potentially the greatest of all."

"And do you never regret your musical career?"

"Of course I do. But I had to make a choice, and chose the career in which I could do the most good. My musical friends can't understand it," he smiled, "for they haven't access to my dreams. Dreams show us what we really want to do, and my unconscious has never forgotten what my first analyst did for those 'rheumatic' hands."

He reached for his engagement-book. "I should like to analyze this other dream you brought, as it looks important. Have you anything planned for this evening?"

"Oh!" Fielding beamed with delight. "I'd break any engagement, to see you again this evening."

"Even if the engagement were with *her*?"

"Er—yes, I would. But, you see, she's in Washington."

"Let me see if I'm free myself . . . *Thursday, November 7, evening*. No, I haven't any appointment. Come in at nine o'clock; we'll glance over that second dream, and then we'll have some music. I haven't touched the piano for two days."

CHAPTER XXI

"MR. SARGENT! *Mr. Sargent!*"

He was walking home down Madison Avenue when he heard his name called in a vaguely familiar, excited feminine voice. He stopped short and looked around.

A tall and well-dressed blonde girl was coming towards him from the doorway of a shop. Her face was flushed, and there was a wild look in her blue eyes.

"Why, Hilda!" he said in surprise. "How do you do?"

"Oh, I've got to speak to you a moment, sir!"

It was obvious to him that Madison Avenue between four and five o'clock was no suitable place for the confidences of a girl who might become hysterical at any moment; so, as they were near the corner of Thirty-fifth Street, he suggested that she come to his house.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I don't want to meet Mrs. Dana."

"My sister is in Brooklyn for the afternoon, but there's no reason why you should be afraid of her."

"And the housekeeper?"

"The housekeeper is a very harmless person," he smiled kindly. "On the whole, we're rather an amiable household, and we were all sorry when you went away so suddenly." He lied courageously, for he felt the situation to be rather bizarre.

As he let himself into the house there was no one visible, and he asked her to come up to the library, where he made her sit down in that psychologically-historic chair beside his desk.

"Now, Hilda, tell me what's the matter."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry, Mr. Sargent. I didn't know what I was doing—really, I didn't."

"But—what *did* you do? We never knew."

"It was me. I wrote the police you were a dangerous man. It was me—"

Fielding stared at her in amazement. Then as he grasped the full significance of her confession, he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud. He was so relieved that he wanted to hug her, but that would never do—oh, never in the world!

Hilda was watching him with her intense, tortured eyes.

"Oh, how could you laugh like that," she cried, "how could you?"

"Because, my poor child, I couldn't help it; you took me by surprise. And also because I understand *now* why you did it."

"You understand? But I think I must have been crazy."

"Oh, not at all! You *did* think me a dangerous man, and you're a dangerous woman, Hilda."

"Oh, don't say that!" She looked terrified.

"Yes, I must have known unconsciously all the time just how dangerous you were. There was something in your letter about a light burning in my room at all hours of the night. How did you know that?"

"Because I could see it shining out on the roof of the extension. I could see it from my window on the fourth floor."

"Then you must have been awake, too, at all hours of the night. Did you also keep a light burning, Hilda?"

"Oh, no! I used to get up in the dark, and look for the light of your window. I thought you must be doing something awful down there, something against the law."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know! I tell you I must have been crazy those last few weeks here."

Fielding was silent for a moment, trying to piece together his fragmentary memories of that period of his own psychological *débâcle*. And this innocent young soul—for his instinct told him she was innocent—this young soul on the top floor of his own house, born in that Northland of his

own grandmother, had at the same period been going through a torment perhaps similar to his own.

"Tell me," he said gravely, "something about your father. What *was* your father?"

Hilda leaped from her chair, and stood gazing at him in horror.

"How did you know?" she gasped.

"But I *don't* know, and that's why I'm asking you. Did you ever watch your father's window at night?"

In an awed whisper she said, "Yes."

"Sit down, little Hilda. Surely you're not afraid of me."

"I'm horribly afraid of you, Mr. Sargent." But she sat down.

"Tell me first, why in the world you signed your letter 'Loyal Citizen'? Are you really a citizen?"

"I've taken out my first papers."

"And so—" he could not help saying it, for he had suffered too much through her action—"and so you denounce an American whose paternal ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*! Do you think that was *right*, Hilda?"

"But I tell you I don't know why I did it."

"Perhaps I know," he said. "Is it possible that, by any chance, your father was *not* a loyal and law-abiding citizen?"

She shuddered, and put up her arm to hide her face.

"Don't be ashamed, my child. The human heart is a very deep well, and we are both human beings. Can't you see that I'm only trying to help you to understand?"

She uncovered her face. "You forgive me? I can't understand—"

"Of course I forgive you, for it didn't hurt me any." This time he lied more bravely than before, his pride helping his kindness.

Hilda threw up her hands with a strange gesture. "When *they* came to see you—that Monday morning—Oh, I thought I should die!"

"You know," he said reassuringly, "I'm a very well-known man, and I'm an active war-worker. Rest assured

that you did not hurt me in the least. I had quite forgotten the incident."

"You had? You *had*?"

He nodded.

"And I was afraid they'd put you in the lock-up!"

Now Fielding had as yet a very limited knowledge of analytical psychology, and the conclusion he jumped at was a pure inspiration.

"Did they put your father in the lock-up?" he asked.

"No. He ran away. He came to America."

"But during your childhood you were always afraid they would get him, weren't you?"

"He's dead. My telling can't hurt him now. But how *can* you know what happened in Sweden—near twenty years ago? How did you find out my father was a smuggler?"

"You must have loved your father very much, loved and hated him at the same time. Isn't that true, Hilda?"

"He made my mother cry so much! I've seen him strike her, when he was in drink. We lived on the seacoast, and my mother and I were always scared. When my father was drunk he—he talked against the government. He was out at all hours of the night."

"Yes," Fielding mused, "like me in September and October, when I couldn't sleep, he was out at all hours of the night. And you must have loved me too, Hilda, loved me and hated me. The marvel is—"

But she interrupted him. "How did you find out about my father? You had me watched, I know you did! I felt all the time I was being watched . . ."

"You were watching yourself, that you might not betray yourself. You must have been very unhappy."

"Then you didn't have nobody watching me?"

"Of course not. It was all imaginary."

"Then how did you know about my father?" She kept on repeating the question.

"I never thought of your father until a few minutes ago," he assured her. "And I had no idea, when you were in the

house, that such a tempest was blowing in your brain. How did you conceal it so well?"

"Why," she said, "I got to earn my living, and I couldn't earn my living as a servant unless I played a part."

"Do all servants play a part?" The idea had never occurred to him before.

"Of course we do," she answered bitterly.

"And do you always hate your employers, Hilda?"

"Not always—sometimes."

"And did you hate me always, or only sometimes?"

"Oh, I don't know!—Only sometimes, when I got to thinking too much. But there was one night—I saw your light shining late—I was worried for fear you was sick. It was the night before I went away. I tiptoed down the two flights in my bare feet, and I sat on the stairs out there, tight up against the wall. I didn't know you weren't in the library, and when I heard you coming down the hall I was scared nearly to death, for fear you'd see me. I must have moved, or caught my breath, or something, for I heard you jump into the library and bang the door and lock it. I don't know how I ever got back to my room—I was so frightened."

The man gazed at her in utter bewilderment. He also remembered that night, the night he had first heard—

"Hilda," he leaned forward, his face pale and his eyes like blue flames, "excuse me for asking you such a question, but did you ever scratch on the door of the library late at night?"

"Good heavens, no! I wouldn't have dared."

He knew she was speaking the truth. But he was convinced now that he must have *felt* Hilda's nearness on the stairs that night, that the primitive unconscious seven-eighths of him had recognized and desired that other primitive unconscious presence in the house, and that his conscious self had been terrified by the vast unformulated monster of the unconscious.

"Then it's confidence for confidence," he said. "It

wouldn't be fair to let you carry the whole burden. I think, without knowing it, that I must sometimes have been worried about you."

"*You*, worried about me? That's not easy to believe—not in any good way. Why, you thought me the dirt under your feet! Sometimes," she added, in a lower tone, "I wished I *was* the dirt under your feet."

Fielding caught his breath. "How old are you, Hilda?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"And I'm forty-five. Old enough to be your father."

She only looked at him, in deeper wonder.

"Where are you working now?" he asked.

"At a big house in Fortieth Street."

"You didn't go far away, then?"

"I took the first job I could get. I'm with an old lady, and she's awful good to me. I told her I left my last place without giving notice, and without any reference, because I was afraid of something—I didn't know what. She just looked at me with her sweet old eyes, and told me I had a good face, and references didn't amount to much anyway. But she keeps a sharp watch on me, and lots o' times, when I've been out, she asks me where I've been. If she hadn't kept me so close I might have seen you before, Mr. Sargent, for I knew you often walked on Madison Avenue. When I saw you to-day I just had to speak to you."

"I'm glad you spoke to me. You've taken a load off my mind."

The admission was a slip of the tongue, which he hastened to modify. "It was only that I thought I must have a secret enemy, and it's a relief to know it was only you."

"Only me!" she echoed, but in those two words were all the sadness and the bitterness of ages of enslaved serving women.

"Hilda," he said suddenly, "what do you want, more than anything else in the world?"

The blood rose in her face, and she turned and looked out of the window at the gray November sky.

"Oh, I've got many wishes. Sometimes I cry for the moon."

"But can't you think of something nearer than the moon?"

She turned now and looked at him, and her eyes narrowed. "Why?"

"Because," he said, slightly embarrassed, "I'd like to do something for you, you're such a good girl."

"Oh!" She thought a minute . . . "Suppose I said I wanted to go a long ways off?"

"But I could easily arrange that. I've given many a friend a birthday present of a trip to Europe."

"That's good of you, Mr. Sargent."

"Where would you like to go, Hilda?"

She was half-smiling now, with her lips; but her eyes were not smiling. "I've sometimes thought I'd like to go to California, and have a nice little bungalow, all mine."

He was surprised, but kept his composure. "We might manage it. I remember that I own some bungalows in California, and if it would make you happy to have one of them—why not?"

Hilda rose slowly, and stood buttoning her coat.

"You're not going, are you?"

"I may as well be going. I've said all I wanted to say."

Fielding stood up. "But California, and the bungalow—"

Suddenly she turned on him. "*How dare you?*"

"Why, Hilda!" He was honestly surprised this time.

"Yes," she said, "yes. You'd like me to go to California. You'd even give me a bungalow, so I wouldn't stay round New York."

He stood staring at her . . .

Then suddenly she laughed, a bit recklessly; but she didn't say anything.

"But I meant well," he assured her humbly.

"Yes, I don't doubt that—really I don't. But I'm not going to California. I'm going to stay with my old lady. It makes me feel almost like a young lady, being looked after like she looks after me. Good-bye, Mr. Sargent."

He held out his hand, but she did not place hers in it.

"It's not the fashion," she said, "to shake hands with servants."

They stood there, in that beautiful room, looking straight into each other's eyes.

"By God, Hilda! But I respect you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Sargent."

He went down-stairs with her and opened the front door.

On the steps she turned, and gave him a wistful little smile.

CHAPTER XXII

"IF that girl had not caused me so much mental torment by her anonymous letter," Fielding told the doctor that night, "I should really have chivalrous qualms about her."

"What a jewel she is, Sargent! If my hours were not all filled, I'd give her free analysis."

"And the 'secret enemy' I've tortured myself about was a girl with a father-complex!"

"Your secret enemy was in yourself; the girl was a symbol of the real trouble. Nine times out of ten, what we call 'Destiny' is a compulsion from the unconscious. The chance happening only sets off the effect. If you had not had an infantile sense of guilt and a memory of marital disloyalty, in the peculiar circumstances, that anonymous letter would have seemed a joke instead of a tragedy. Whenever we find a sense of guilt, or moral inferiority, there is always something in the unconscious that ought to be conscious. The struggle is not merely the struggle of the individual with the more or less arbitrary moral law, which changes from age to age, with the cultural needs of the race; it is primarily a struggle of the individual within himself."

"But you see," said Fielding, beaming like a schoolboy, "if a girl of twenty-five can like me for myself, then I must be young enough to please Marie. And Hilda wouldn't take my bungalow! That's what delights me most. A woman can be disinterested."

"Do you know why you doubted it?"

"Why—perhaps my own motive in marrying may not have been *quite* disinterested."

"Now you told Hilda that you respected her, though she

had been guilty of the most contemptible of actions, that of writing an accusing anonymous letter. *Why* did you respect her suddenly?"

"Because she wasn't responsible. In her mind I was confused with her father the smuggler; she irrationally projected all that repressed fear on me, and it was intensified by wounded pride because of her inferior position."

"But those are reasons for forgiveness rather than respect."

Though Fielding struggled, he finally got it out: "Yes, I respected her because she wanted *me* and not my money. I *did* marry primarily for money, and I must always have known it. That was *my* inferior position at first, in my own house; and I was subconsciously compelled to be a millionaire, to make up for it. My mother used to say she had *bought* me with her suffering. And—oh, you may as well know all of it!—that night in Freda's studio Alice told Freda *she* bought me when I was young, that I didn't stay bought, that I'd been disloyal to the bargain, the partnership agreement. That was probably why, when Freda dismissed me—for she did dismiss me, though I camouflaged the fact to myself—I was so horribly cut up. Perhaps in sending Freda so *much* money, of course for the child, as I put it, I was trying to compensate for the inferior position Alice had put me in by her statements to Freda in the studio."

It was amazing, the relief he felt, after getting that "off his mind."

"Speaking of the inferiority sense," the doctor said, "even faithful servants are sometimes dangerous, because of their unconscious. That's one of the hazards of life which the healthy personality faces, as a matter of course."

"But I always had a clairvoyant, a *psychic* dread of Hilda."

"What do you mean by psychic?"

"Why, by psychic I mean—just psychic, you know."

"That is, in close touch with the unconscious, personal and universal. Your psychic dread of Hilda was because

she appealed to your repressed love impulses, and the dread was augmented, as always, by the force of the repression itself. Of course we may psychically dread people for other unconscious reasons, or their conscious substitute ideas; but the case of Hilda is quite simple. You were laboring with a tremendous repression, and repression transforms energy into fear. All men hag-ridden by the Oedipus-complex are by nature Don Juans; they are always seeking, seeking, for someone to whom they can transfer the forbidden *imago*. When one transference fails of satisfaction, they unconsciously are driven to find another. Now, *a neurosis is always directed towards an aim*, as Jung says; it is an attempt at some new synthesis which has failed. He tells us that *in the neurosis are to be found those values most lacking in the individual*. In your struggles for independence from psychic Don Juanism, you abandoned many other things associated with it in the unconscious, including the engine business. The ouija board messages on Staten Island were a partly displaced and a one-sided attempt at a new synthesis. At that time, was it some woman of your own class?"

"No," Fielding groaned, "it wasn't. I was tempted to go to the devil generally. I seriously considered letting myself loose, now that my wife was dead, and I had no obligations to her. I used to think about it all the time, *all the time*."

"Of course. And the ouija message from the unconscious, 'That woman will destroy you,' pulled you up. There was going on in you the perfect struggle between the instinctive trends, outgoing, universal, uncritical, eager, hungry, ravenous, and the restrictive ego trends strengthened by culture and bitter experience. The *conscious* temptation of that time was compensated by the warning ouija messages from the unconscious. Often it's the other way about. There are men who give full rein to their desires through a compulsion from the unconscious; but, as Jung pointed out, such men have remained in, or regressed to, a primitive state in which there was no sublimation of libido. The

great *purpose* of your morbid fears was evidently to keep you from going to the devil, as you put it."

Fielding exclaimed, "Was ever a man tormented as I have been!"

"Of course, millions of men, all round you. Some have physical symptoms, some mental symptoms, some moral symptoms. They are caught in the great struggle between the outgoing and the restrictive trends. Of course the struggle must go on, for growth and culture depend upon it; but it should go on without maiming the individuals who are caught in it, and those include some of the finest, most sensitive and highly gifted. The ego seems to be individualizing itself more and more through the struggle of modern life, which strengthens the ego-consciousness; it seems to be growing not only in spite of the struggle, but also by means of the added power which comes from the struggle itself. Thus we go forward by the aid of those very forces that would drag us backward into the great mass of merely instinctive non-individualized being."

Fielding called attention to the materialism of this struggle of modern life. He deplored it, as a sign of moral deterioration.

"Oh, no!" said the doctor cheerfully. "Man's present preoccupation with material things only marks a stage of human progress, that of material science, following the scholastic stage, which principally occupied itself with the religious myths and phantasies of the past, but which, in those studies and fine-drawn speculations, trained the human mind in directed thinking. Without that training, all these later scientific researches would have been impossible. Our present preoccupation with material things has no great moral significance, one way or the other. In thinking of the race, we must think of it as a unit, and try to ascertain its main tendency, in any given period.

"But, of course, as Jung points out, the rationalistic tendency of modern times has been carried to excess; and the repressed function of religion—like any other repressed

function—breaks through from the unconscious now and then, in some substitute form of irrational behavior, a sort of race-neurosis. He seems to think that the present universal war is such an explosion of the racial or collective consciousness; and this race explosion illustrates the self-regulating function of antithesis, for everything pushed to an extreme meets with its opposite. Modern life had become so orderly, so rational, that it irrationally blew up from within, as disorder is the compensating effect of too much order. The spout of the boiling emotional kettle of humanity had been stopped, and the lid pressed down too tight."

Fielding's eyes glowed suddenly. "Fanatical reformers should take warning," he said, with vigor.

"Yes," the doctor assented, "the individual has been *too much* sacrificed to the collective ideal, and that has been pushed to a still further extreme in war; so, when the wave turns, we are likely to have a period of universal uncertainty as to the rights of the one and the many, and the individual may think only of himself—until he sees the folly of that extreme also, and sets out to find the just balance between himself and the collectivity, a working compromise *in himself* which shall satisfy both trends."

"Instead of that," said Fielding, "I've been trying to destroy both, in myself."

The doctor smiled at him. "Somebody, I forget who, said that moths were a wise provision of nature, to destroy old things which had served their term of usefulness and should be thrown away. Sometimes a neurosis serves the same purpose; but it, like the moth, must be kept out of fabrics (psychological) which are still valuable."

Moths reminded Fielding of his sister Flora, who had an exaggerated horror of them. He asked Dr. Aubrey if he would analyze Flora, if she would consent to it.

"I could," the doctor said, "after the first of January. What seems to be the matter with her?"

"Oh! Middle-age, I think."

"Why don't you try to be a real brother to her?"

The question was disconcerting. He admitted that he had always been rather afraid of Flora. And perhaps his satisfaction in giving her a large allowance was partly the feeling that he was recompensing his mother through her, lessening the indebtedness; and he remembered thinking, when he gave Flora the pearls which had belonged to Alice, that, as a little boy, he had often promised his mother pearls and diamonds—when he should be a man.

"So," the analyst said, "that much of the impulse got past the resistance, because it was a form of justification which you needed. As the weeks go on, you'll doubtless get wonderful early material about your elder sister, and we're going into many other things which would surprise you now. Your reticence about your intimate life cannot last forever—especially your life as a young man during that storm-tossed period which every son of Adam goes through."

"Is it true, Doctor, that the unconscious is full of revolting things?"

"Yes, if you choose to call them revolting. To me they are simply mental phenomena, mostly from the infantile period, and later experiences, actual and psychological, are largely determined by their symbolism. Analysis brings out these repressed and forbidden ideas, not from morbid curiosity, *but that the energy attached to them in the unconscious may be released*, and made useful for sublimation purposes. The popular mind at present is full of misconceptions of the subject; many people love to dwell on what they imagine to be the improper things in a Freudian analysis, just *because* so much of their own energy is lost to consciousness in the functional fixations. No blame, however, should attach to them for that, any more than for the Oedipus complex, which is almost universal. It is not the existence of the Oedipus complex, but the *fixation* in it, which marks the more neurotic types. Freud says, however, that we are all somewhat neurotic, and our vindictive attitude to 'sinners' proves it. We accuse other people of

those acts which our unconscious wants most to perform. It is never wise to rave against the special faults of others, for we give ourselves away."

Fielding thought again of his anger at the hurried second marriage of his friend John Farnham, and smiled. Yes, he was beginning to smile at his former fears and ravings, so the worst was over.

"Now," said the doctor, "we'll take that other dream, which you had after the meeting of the hospital committee."

I was sitting at a carved table.

Before me was a map of France, one of those maps which have the cities indicated by pictures of their most important buildings, Rheims by the cathedral, etc. Many of these buildings were in ruins.

Sitting on my right was a young woman in the khaki uniform of a soldier, but with a white sailor-collar; and on her breast was a red rose held by a gold brooch of twisted filigree work.

Her hair was cut round—bobbed, as they call it.

I was figuring on a sheet of paper, making a schedule:

Engines, so many . . .

Cars, so many . . .

Bricks, so many . . .

Barrels of cement, so many . . . etc.

The young woman made suggestions now and then. She seemed to be helping me.

Once she whispered something in my ear, and it gave me confidence in myself.

Sitting on my left was a tall and dignified man who looked at me in admiration, as if I were doing something wonderful.

There may have been one or two persons on the other side of the table, but I didn't notice them particularly.

Yes, Fielding had seen a map of that sort in a bookshop, the day before he had the dream.

The carved table was like one in a French *château* which

he and his wife had occupied one summer. The place belonged to some great people who had been unfortunate, and while living there he had been eager to make necessary repairs. On that carved table he had written schedules of what would be required to restore the tumble-down *château* and gardens; and he would have been glad to do the work for nothing, because he loved the French people. He had told himself that some day he would return and really do something.

When asked about *Rheims and the Cathedral* he said, "Why, it has been horribly mutilated—that marvel of beauty, the Cathedral where Jeanne d'Arc led her King to be crowned! That consecration was really the fulfilment of Jeanne's mission, as well as the fulfilment of the King's destiny. It was something that just had to be."

"Yes.—Now the *white sailor-collar* which the young woman wore in the dream?"

"Why," he smiled, "that reminds me of the little white collar which Marie wore on the day she lectured for the Red Cross."

"And the *gold brooch of twisted filigree work*?"

"Humph! . . . I can't remember."

"Don't try to remember, you know better than that. Just make your mind perfectly passive and see the brooch."

Yes, his mother had often worn a brooch like that, when he laid his head on her bosom.

The *rose* which the young woman wore reminded him of the Burgundy roses. "I think," he said, "we know what the rose means."

"Yes, more or less," the doctor agreed. "The symbol of the rose has rich connotations in every mind."

"Oh!" Fielding broke in, "it's also my *Rose of the World*, my sonnet, and all my future poetry. I used to imagine fairies round the rose-bush, and I have a picture in my mind of a fairy-face peeping out from the heart of a rose. Maybe I dreamed it."

"What sort of face?"

"Oh! like that of a happy child."

"And the *khaki uniform* which this young woman wore?"

That recalled Theo's uniform, and his idea of getting married.

The girl's hair cut round, or bobbed, made him think of the pictures of Jeanne d'Arc, and he had recently read that the *poilus* believed Jeanne was still working for the redemption of France.

"And of whom do you think as *sitting on your right*?"

"My mother used to sit on my right at the table—not only at meal-times, but when she was helping me with my lessons."

The sheet of paper he was figuring on, making a schedule, was like the yellow paper he used at the Iron Works. No, he hadn't seen any of it since he left the Works.

The schedule: engines, so many . . . cars, so many . . . bricks and cement . . . started him off on a reminiscence of building, which had always interested him, as a side issue; and he had been thinking only that morning that he would like to build something, somewhere.

"*The young woman made suggestions now and then.*"

"I wonder," he said, "why I think again of my mother, when I was a boy at my lessons. She was a fairly young woman herself then."

"*The young woman whispered something in your ear, and it gave you confidence in yourself.*"

"It's so strange, what I think of!" His face was lighted with a peculiar—a very young—joy.

"Well . . ."

"I think again of Jeanne d'Arc, when she whispered in the ear of the Dauphin of France. He believed her because she had known that he was the one, she had picked him out from among the other men, though he may not have been looking very kingly just then. She's supposed to have told him that he was really the Son of the King, which he had been led to doubt by reason of ribald jokes about his mother,

Isabeau de Bavière. Yes, I was reading about that yesterday." And he hummed softly, "I'm the child of a King."

"Now," the doctor continued, "what about *the tall and dignified man who sat on your left?*"

"My father used to sit on my left at the table. But I remember now that the man was smoking, and my father didn't smoke. Let me see . . . sitting on my left, smoking. Why, Doctor, you sit on my left here in the office, and you're often smoking."

"*He looked at you in admiration, as if you were doing something wonderful.*"

"My father did that, sometimes, when I called his attention to my arithmetic. I suppose I liked to show off, like most boys."

"And *those persons on the other side of the table, the ones you didn't notice particularly?*"

"Why, as I say, I didn't notice them."

But the doctor waited . . .

Again the man's mind went back to his childhood, to Flora and the little brother who died. They had sat together on the other side of the table. Yes, Flora sat opposite him at the table now.

"We've gone over the dream rather sketchily," the doctor said, "but we have the material for a general understanding of it. Do you see anything unusual in this dream, Mr. Sargent?"

"Why, no. I seem to have the idea of rebuilding France."

"Yes, and at the same time you are rebuilding yourself. You know that in subjective analysis every part of the dream, every person, every object, represents something in the dreamer's self. The chief actor is always the dreamer *in some definite aspect*, as the other actors are other aspects of the dreamer; even when they are recognizable personalities they are symbols of tendencies, experiences, identifications, etc., in the mind that built the psychic structure. What seems to be yourself, sitting at the table, represents

in a way your *conscious attitude* at the present time. In the figure of the young woman you have blended the chief desires of your libido, and through her you satisfy all your longings. She is not only *the* young woman (Marie, the Rose of the World), but her brooch recalls the yearning for the mother's breast; her 'suggestions now and then' recall the mother's help to the boy at his lessons (the lessons of life, we may call them now); her rose is also your poetry, and the happy face of the child peeping out from the heart of the rose is another dream of yours; her khaki uniform unites with her your son-symbol Theodore and various tendencies of youth in yourself; her white collar recalls work for the Red Cross and for France; the bobbed hair has not only the androgynous suggestion (Jeanne lived and fought as a soldier with the army she led), but the *poilus* believe she is still working (a wish fulfilment) for the redemption of France, so the figure becomes ideal, supernatural, prophetic; and when she whispers something in your ear which gives you confidence, she is the seeress (the feminine of yourself as seer) who assures you that you are indeed the Prince, the destined one, the chosen, the son of the King (yourself as infantile hero), notwithstanding the doubts cast upon *your* lineage by ribald jokes. Remember the farmhand who destroyed your faith in the royal birth romance. What the young woman whispers in your ear, you whisper in your own ear, for, psychologically, you *are* the child of a King, as you remind yourself every time you sing that old song."

Fielding was surprised to see how, in a momentary vision in sleep, he had condensed so many different things into one symbol.

"Your unconscious did it," Dr. Aubrey reminded him. "The unconscious is the great image-maker, the creator, and so swift are its processes that its work of an instant may take the clumsy conscious mind a long time to unravel. The great symbolic figures of art are mostly products of the unconscious; they are born of momentary glimpses, inspira-

tions of quiet workers in solitude, who often are unable to explain those inspirations of their genius, which may charm and influence mankind for century after century.

"Now those persons on the other side of the table, little brother and older sister, you did not notice particularly, because of the resistance; but there is never indifference in the unconscious for the idea of anyone who has played a part in the 'family romance' of childhood. Flora is indissolubly linked with those Burgundy roses, and there is also something of her in the composite figure of the young woman."

"Yes, I suppose so. She was the first pretty girl I knew."

"Subjectively considered, those figures on the other side of the table stand for corresponding memories in yourself which you have neglected to notice, because of the resistance. They are unsolved infantile problems, libido-consumers, we might say.

"This is the first dream you have had which points definitely, without some back-pull of negation, towards your constructive future work in the world. And as you frankly included in your schedule engines and draft paper from the Iron Works, perhaps your resistance against that whole group of memories is lessening. I believe that you can really begin to work now for the reconstruction of broken France, along with the reconstruction of your broken self. We can say that the map in your dream is a map of yourself, and the schedule represents what is needed to make you whole again, and the cost. Were there figures given in that schedule?"

"No, they were left blank, as I wrote them."

"Then we may say that the cost, symbolical and otherwise, is yet to be determined. Your face was all alight as you talked about the schedule and the tumble-down *château* and gardens. You feel the *need* of constructive work, both in yourself and in the outside. The exercise of faculty is the greatest of all joys."

"Good Lord!" Fielding cried. "How it all comes back to me!"

"Yes, you are really beginning. Now there is a difference in analysis between the causal and the constructive standpoints. From the causal standpoint we ask how the mind under analysis has become what it is. For that, the reminiscences of the life are necessary, especially the infantile, which gave direction to the plastic consciousness. From the constructive standpoint we ask how a bridge can be built from the present personality to its own future. For that, the subjective interpretation of the dreams is absolutely necessary, for the self talks to itself in symbols. The subjective interpretation is synthetic. Again to quote Jung, 'It detaches the fundamental underlying complex of reminiscences from their actual causes, regarding them as tendencies or parts of the subject, and reintegrating them with the subject.' For example, your reminiscence of schedule-making in France may stand for many things you have dreamed of doing and haven't done, but will now do. We'll reintegrate those unaccomplished things with yourself. All the threads of this dream unite in the idea of accomplishment, construction, reconstruction. The surface idea and the underlying idea, objective and subjective, unite in one symbol, as usual, and the two wishes are analogous.

"Your former discouragement about work was a substitute form for your love discouragement. You retired from business to devote your life to study, but this attempt *at intellectualizing the libido* also failed, for lack of an objective. In your study with me you have shown great intellectuality, because our work together furnishes you with an objective, something to live for, a possibility of sublimation; and because of the transference, it gives you an outlet for your repressed emotions, mature and infantile.

"In our work of synthetizing the conscious and unconscious, your waking phantasies will also be useful, for the phantasies come from a more unified level than the dreams; they are more balanced, less one-sided, more a product

of the whole personality. We shall use your day-dreams later, with spontaneous drawings, perhaps. We are now beginning to synthesize as we go along, to tear down a little, to build a little, using the objective and the subjective interpretations together, or by turns. Do you ever see pictures behind your closed eyelids, before you fall asleep?"

"Yes, often. What do you call them?"

"Hypnogogic visions, or hypnogogic hallucinations. They also are not quite the same as dreams. Of course, in the short time we have worked together, you have had only a few of the many varieties of dreams, and none apparently of somatic—or physical—origin.

"Now in this dream the dignified father-surrogate sits by and admires you, as if you were doing something wonderful. You are—in this constructive psychological work. But you forget that the man was smoking, so there is still a resistance which we might go into. The father figure *is also yourself*, in a special aspect; it is your ego-ideal, and you look to *it* for approval. The sense of inferiority is never inferiority to other people, but to our ideal of ourselves. Though we make excuses for our shortcomings, displacing the real self-accusation to some trivial fault, or to other people, yet the ego-ideal is a rigorous task-master.

"Some degree of self-approval, or self-admiration, seems to be a vital necessity. Freud says, 'The narcissistic or ego-libido appears to us as the great reservoir from which the energy for the investment of the object is sent out, and into which it is drawn back again, while the narcissistic libido investment of the ego appears to us as the realized primitive state in the first childhood, which only becomes hidden by the later emissions of the libido, *and is retained at the bottom behind them.*' The narcissistic ideal of self begins with the fear of the parents' disapproval, then it becomes fear of our own disapproval. In loving or admiring other people, we seek our own ego and find it in them, so ego-libido becomes object-libido. Pfister says that the ethical imperative is a defense process erected against the

feeling of inferiority. And, to quote Frink, 'If a disparity is perceived between the real self and the specifications of the ego-ideal, a portion of the selfward directed libido fails of satisfaction, remains a free tension of yearning, and is felt as shame, guilt, humiliation or a sense of inferiority.'

"As the contrasting pairs are always present where one is present, extreme narcissism or self-love is accompanied by a compensating self-criticism, either repressed and unconscious or projected into the environment and appearing as the imagined criticism of other people.

"Yes, the ego-ideal is a rigorous task-master, and Adler's psychology does better justice to this fact than Freud's, which might be called rather hedonistic, from the standpoint of causation only, of course. Freud shows us one side of the medal, the side that is turned towards the object. The other side, which is turned towards the subject, the ego, shows a more austere face. There the power value predominates. You, Mr. Sargent, are beginning to look more in that direction."

"But I've always liked power," he objected.

"Yes, you've liked to watch your power reflected in the object, almost for the sake of the object; and when you turned even part way round you became nervous, vacillating. When you have really perfected your type, you can get the full swing to the opposite. It is only when we can strike a balance between the two, and between the individual and the collective, that a higher function of the mind begins to come into play, a function which the human race has not developed yet, to any great degree.

"But all stages of psychological growth are marked by resistance, and old habits are difficult to break. The race, like the individual, goes forward with great resistance, and extreme social conservatism might be called a dynamic resistance, set up by a race-complex—as in the individual.

"Now we might call this dream of yours, with its interpretation, a synthesis of your psychological states, conscious

and unconscious, at the time you dreamed it. After the stimulating experience of that committee meeting yesterday, your seeing that map of France set going in the unconscious a process of associative thinking which culminated in the dream picture. If you were not being analyzed, you might, in odd moments to-day, have found your thoughts dreamily occupied with the idea of reconstructive work in France; but without the focussed attention of the analysis, which makes the dynamic desire fully conscious, the impression would probably have passed, and nothing really constructive would have come out of it."

"I've already noticed," Fielding said, "that the idle thoughts of the forenoon sometimes wander vaguely round the latent content of the morning's dream, as it reveals itself later by analysis."

"Yes, the unconscious may be working right along on the problem, turning it over and over below the threshold, until some other chance happening of the day, some image or emotion, strikes a complex of emotionally-colored ideas or reminiscences, making a *new* impression strong enough to give a twist to the unconscious activity, and then it begins to turn itself round the new idea, again piling image on image and analogy on analogy, with the result that when sleep comes, or the waking from sleep, another series of subliminal pictures may push through into the conscious mind; and the process goes on and on, year after year. Of course, when you bring through several dreams in one night, though they are all related, there was some objective impression of the day before as a starting point for each one; but the unconscious is so vast and its contents so varied that all these related trains of thought may go on in it simultaneously. They all move together, each struggling with their *common conflict*, and activity at the symbolic level awakens response at the instinctive level, or *vice versa*, and behind the activity of the personal unconscious is the activity of the collective unconscious *in each man*."

"Why, one would think you were describing infinity!"

"I am, in a way. The Unconscious *seems* to be infinite."

"Then why do we repress so much?"

"Apparently because of the effort—still imperfectly established in the race—to sublimate the libido, and because of the innate struggle between individuation and the cohesion of the collective unconscious. But when the conscious mind refuses to think of some special thing and represses it, the unconscious automatically, by means of the law of compensation, busies itself more intensely with that repressed thing, adding to its force the force of the repression. Hence the conflict.

"The symbol of that young woman in your dream is a compromise between conflicting trends, and partakes of all of them, in some degree. We might call her the image of the love-complex of ideas in your unconscious. We could spend hours on the analysis of that figure alone. You haven't noticed, perhaps, that her wearing the brooch, though a different brooch, invites—"

"Oh, yes!" Fielding leaped at it. "Of course Freda wore a brooch of a sphinx head, and I remember now, though I had utterly forgotten it, that she pinned a rose on her breast with that brooch, the day I gave it to her. The picture was all tied up in my mind with terrible things."

"Which get through here," the doctor reminded him, "by disguising themselves as the harmless brooch on the mother's breast. The symbol must satisfy the repressed impulses, by catering to them in some degree, and yet eluding the resistance. That is one of the subtle points in analysis, and a point where beginners are likely to go astray. They think that a wish-fulfilment must point definitely to one thing *or* the other, whereas in reality the wish-fulfilment is a compromise between conflicting elements. You seem to have found a compromise in loving this young woman, and if she loves you—"

"But don't you think she will?" His eyes were very bright, as he looked at the doctor.

"How should I know? You'll have to find out for your-

self. Psychoanalysis is simply a method, as Jung puts it, 'which makes possible the analytic reduction of the psychic content to its simplest expression, and the discovery of the line of least resistance in the development of a harmonious personality.' The line of least resistance is a compromise with *all* demands. If it seems to you that you have found such a line—"

"Then you advise me to propose marriage to Marie?"

The doctor laughed delightedly. "I advise you to do exactly as you please. That is to say, find out through dream analysis what you really want to do, and then do it, by all means. This dream indicates that you want to marry Marie, and being married does give one a sense of tribal security."

"Then why don't you advise me to propose?"

"Because I want you to assume your own responsibilities. Psychoanalysis is, above all things, a psychological re-education. Used thoroughly, as an educative system, with persons of a sufficient degree of intelligence, its cures are a by-product of the educative process. Yours will be, though you came to me as a physician.

"Now your original fear of Marie, because of your wife's jealousy, had some justification, yet it was the old Freda-fear, with love-repression as a basis, which was transferred to Marie. You had repressed your love so hard that, even when your wife was dead and the barrier removed, you still reacted in the old way. You were really afraid of your love, and there appeared in consciousness substitute but associated ideas: sphinxes, lilies, studios, legal examination phantasies, accusations of political disloyalty, etc. Marie sent you an ivory sphinx, at an unfortunate moment. From the point of view of your psychology it was a chance happening, but from the point of view of her own psychology it must have been causally determined. I should like to know just why she sent you a sphinx."

"I'll ask her," Fielding said cheerfully.

"When through fear you turned away from the object-

love," the doctor continued, "the complementary function of ego-centric thought got in its work; but your ego-function, relatively undeveloped, could only express itself irrationally. The idea of disloyalty being associated in your mind with the German actress, after your wife on her deathbed talked of your 'commerce with the enemy,' your conscience-stricken soul, predisposed by analogous infantile experiences, made a series of equations—but with an error in the final term of each:

"As my boyish desire to be free of my mother's domination is to her saying I would kill her with my behavior, so is my long desire to be free of my wife to the accusation of my having killed her.

"As immorality is to disloyalty to my wife, so is my immorality with Freda to disloyalty to my country.

"As my going down to the railroad at the age of three is to the horrible whipping I received, so is my present traffic in engines to some horrible danger to me now.

"As the imaginary yellow evil face on my father's dressing-gown is to my childish dishonor and punishment for daring to intrude on my parents in the night, so is Freda's sphinx brooch (or Marie's ivory sphinx) to punishment and dishonor if I dare to love a woman.

"As my being caught in Freda's studio is to my wife's threat to have me arrested for adultery, so is a studio building (or a woman's love) to my being caught and arrested."

Fielding drew a long breath.

"Your series of inaccurate equations," the doctor added, "could be continued for a page or two, including lilies, and cross-examinations, and many other things which have troubled you; but there will be found a similar slight error in each, and they all have a common denominator. An analogy is never absolutely perfect, there is always something that escapes, and outside of mathematics there are no perfect equations. We have to remember that fact in the analysis of dreams, for it is the *vital* association or analogy which the free uninfluenced mind chooses of itself which is

valuable, and the mind chooses that one because it has worked with it before, above or below the level of consciousness."

The reference to cross-examination phantasies had given Fielding a start; a suddenly emerging memory nearly brought him to his feet. He told how as a young boy he had been a witness at a sort of coroner's inquest over the body of a girl who had died in mysterious circumstances, and the same country doctor who had afterwards given him advice about the ivy roots, or creepers, when they were enlarging the lawn, had had difficulty in clearing himself from some suspicion which the boy had not understood at the time, but which had aroused his feverish curiosity.

The girl, who was sixteen or seventeen, had been cleaning house for his mother, and one afternoon, when she and the boy were alone in the house together, she had fallen down-stairs.

"And did you fear that you were responsible in some way?" asked Dr. Aubrey.

"Y-yes; but as I explained to them at the inquest, I was not near her when she fell, I was at the foot of the stairs. She got up and walked home, but she died a week later. I was frightened at the inquest, for I thought they were going to accuse me."

"How old were you?"

"Ten. But I had been talking with her just before she fell, and I was the only witness of her fall."

It appears that the girl had been "very free in her speech," and that the little boy was under maternal censure for an overheard conversation between them.

For weeks afterward the neighbors had whispered the question, who was responsible for her "fall"?

The little boy had hidden behind that old fence when one of the "selectmen" had come to take him to the inquest.

"Selectmen—policemen," said Dr. Aubrey. "And you see more and more how the happenings of childhood color the mind for a lifetime. Legal examination phantasies are

very common, and they can generally be traced back to childish memories of being questioned and cross-questioned before punishment. Those earlier memories of parental questioning increased your fear at the inquest, and your repressed memories of the inquest associated themselves later with other analogous things. All your justification phantasies have a common base—fear of the woman.”

“I remember having phantasies of guilty conscience about giving Freda that sphinx-brooch. We were in a shop together one day, and I saw the brooch on a counter and offered it to her. That was the day when I—well, forgot that I was married.”

“In understanding what the image of the sphinx has come to mean to you, you will understand the secret of the power of talismans, of totems, of all those symbolic objects round which the thoughts and desires of men have grouped themselves. The winged Greek sphinx which Oedipus faced is a female, and though the Egyptian sphinx has masculine or androgynous elements, our culture is so permeated with Greek ideas that the two have become identified in the average mind. And in the consciousness of the fatherless small boy who is ruled by his mother, as you were, the image of the sole remaining parent is often confused with that of the lost one, when fear of authority is active. That your mother also wore the sphinx dressing-gown further confused the image in your infantile unconscious.

“Those minds which have a tendency to archaic forms of thought (that is an immense subject, so we can only touch it now in passing)—such minds are much given to fetish worship, without realizing it. Almost any object may assume that character. When you turned against engines, you turned against a part of yourself. ‘Look out for the engine,’ that is, look out for the great rushing force that was the cause of your first intense excitement and your first severe punishment by your mother, making you love and hate her, love and fear her.”

“Did that split up my ego?” Fielding asked.

"Oh, no, not the ego! The ego-complex lies deeper than superficial dissociations. Even a dissociated personality, so-called, is imperfectly autonomous; so reintegration is generally possible. Find the complex of ideas to which a part of the libido has fastened itself, reintegrate those ideas with the conscious self, thus freeing the libido, restore the balance between the outgoing and ingoing forces of the life, and you restore the mental and physical balance of the individual."

"But, Doctor, all this special knowledge, this seeing the wheels go round, seeing life as the play of centrifugal and centripetal forces—doesn't that lessen the joy of life?"

The doctor laughed. "Why, man, it increases the joy of life a thousandfold! Finally, one comes to *trust* life."

"And the sublimations, as you call them, in work and art and religion—religion, for instance?" His mind still groped after something.

"*The religious sublimations must not be destroyed*, unless they are so irrational that they interfere with the normal balance of the life. A clumsy and too materialistic analyst, full of scientific pride (a not unusual compensation for repressed religious instincts), *might* leave a soul under analysis high and dry, with no conscious hope or faith in anything. That centre of consciousness we call the soul is sometimes more sensitive than the eye. The human heart must have had need of religion, or widely separated races of human beings would not have evolved it spontaneously. Since man was burdened with the consciousness of sin, the confession of sins to God has been a great safety-valve, and the love of God has literally 'saved' uncounted souls from the hell-fire of inner conflicts. What God is—aside from man's conception of Him—man naturally cannot know. In the unconscious, man believes in God and in his own immortality. Of course, the reasoning mind can explain the phenomenon of man's mystical belief in a loving God as a regression to the earliest infantile dependence on the parent;

but that does not affect the instinctive belief, which is universal and apparently eternal."

"We might then," said Fielding, "fall back on faith, as 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'"

"Yes," the doctor assented, "for there is a gigantic struggle now going on in the souls of all men. Long-slumbering, unconscious, primitive forces have been stirred up, and they will not suddenly go back to sleep again at the nod of a peace conference. If the human race wants to live rationally after this war, it will have to arrange its life so that all these human trends can be either satisfied or sublimated, for they cannot be eliminated. Fortunately, the libido is so mobile that sublimation is generally possible. Life could be made so much more interesting for everybody, and human energy, libido, could be invited into more attractive channels. Life is interesting to us just in proportion to the amount of libido we can put into it, but the libido cannot be driven too hard; it obeys the will to a limited degree only. It has to enjoy the game, or, like the child, it 'will not play.' Many men die because they have lost interest in the game, so they develop diseases which symbolize their dissatisfaction.

"All the sentimental talk about saving the world by means of this and that will amount to nothing but hysteria, unless an outlet is found for the creative imagination in man, an outlet for man's love of beauty and natural joy. We shall need a transvaluation of values when this nightmare of war is ended. As you said, the first day you were here, 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' That is to say, if he loses his libido-interest in life. There is no doubt in my mind that we are really at the beginning of a new era, an era of changed general values, and the rather terribly sincere mission of psychoanalysis may be 'the voice crying in the wilderness.' If so, perhaps the keyword of that new era will be truth. When every man knows the falsity of sham sentiments and motives, through analysis of his own, the old ideal lies will

have lost both their market value and their hypnotic effect upon the will."

"Oh!" cried Fielding, as a sudden idea took him, "suppose the new era should be one of spontaneous creative work, work for the joy of the worker, *pure* work, with all compulsion eliminated."

Dr. Aubrey's face brightened. "That sudden idea of yours proves to me again that *you* now want to work. Well, the field is large, for a man like you. As you go deeper and deeper into yourself, behind the life-remnants of reminiscence and infantile phantasy, you will find the great source of energy, the inexhaustible life of the race; and when you have cleared away the obstructions from the mouth of that spring in yourself, your possibilities of work, and joy, and love, will be limited only by the amount of static energy that you can convert into kinetic energy, the amount of universal life-force that you can individualize.

"But I promised you some music to-night."

He rose and opened the door of his beautiful inner room where the great piano stood, placing his guest in a blue easy-chair half-way up the room. The lights were softened by shades of yellow silk which lent a golden glow to everything, the buff-colored walls, the bookcases, the framed photographs of early Italian paintings, the divans with their luxury of cushions, the Florentine tables and chests, the ornate chairs, the bronzes and embroideries. How peaceful it was there—how intimate and peaceful!

The doctor was at the piano, running his strong light fingers over the keys.

"This is the way to *my* religious compensation," he said, "this is for me the way to the heights where the heavens open."

And he began to play Bach.

Fielding thought of *Jean-Christophe* in Paris, which he was then reading at odd hours, and of how Rolland says of his hero, alone in the great city of light:

"He heard the soul of Johann Sebastian Bach roaring

like the sea: hurricanes, winds howling, the clouds of life scudding,—men and women drunk with joy, sorrow, fury, and the Christ, all meekness, the Prince of Peace, hovering above them,—towns awakened by the cries of the watchmen, running with glad shouts, to meet the divine Bridegroom, whose footsteps shake the earth,—the vast store of thoughts, passions, musical forms, heroic life, Shakespearean hallucinations, Savonarolaesque prophecies, pastoral, epic, apocalyptic visions, all contained in the stunted body of the little Thuringian *cantor*, with his double chin, and little shining eyes under the wrinkled lids and the raised eyebrows . . . he could see him so clearly! Sombre, jovial, a little absurd, with his head stuffed full of allegories and symbols, Gothic and rococo, choleric, obstinate, serene, with a passion for life, and a great longing for death . . . he saw him in his school, a genial pedant, surrounded by his pupils, dirty, coarse, vagabond, ragged, with hoarse voices, the ragamuffins with whom he squabbled, and sometimes fought like a navvy . . . he saw him with his family, surrounded by his twenty-one children . . . Sickness, burial, bitter disputes, want, his genius misunderstood—and through and above it all, his music, his faith, deliverance and light, joy half seen, felt, desired, grasped—God, the breath of God kindling his bones, thrilling his flesh, thundering from his lips . . . O Force! Force! Thrice joyful thunder of force! . . . Christophe took great draughts of that force.”

And Fielding Sargent also, through the hands of his friend at the piano, took great draughts of the force of that long dead Thuringian *cantor* who found God in everything and above all in music.

CHAPTER XXIII

IT was after midnight when he reached home. The day had been full of surprises, from the acceptance of his sonnet in the morning, to Dr. Aubrey's parting words at the door of his rooms. For the analyst had told him that after diligent search and inquiry of many perfumers, he had not been able to find a bottle of pond-lily perfume. The inference was that the scent on Hilda's lace handkerchief and on Marie's letter about the sphinx had no existence save in his own mind.

And when the doctor had asked him why he never called the pond-lily woman by her real name, he had remembered with amazement that his mother had threatened to lock him up, *if he ever mentioned her name again.*

Yes, he could now see the whole thing objectively, and what an interesting experience it had been! Marco Polo on his travels had found no stranger things than he, Fielding Sargent, had found in his own unconscious wilderness within, and his explorations were only begun, the analyst said.

"What a marvel is the mind of man!" he exclaimed aloud. "In it are contained earth, heaven and hell, and the world of spirits."

He went to that shelf in the corner of the library where his ragged old schoolbooks were. He found the black volume on Egypt, took it to his desk and sat down with it. The colored frontispiece, torn loose from the binding—perhaps by his own fingers when they were no longer than wax matches—was a yellow-faced sphinx with a striped headdress. The artist had given rein to his imagination; the eyes of the monster were wide open, alive, and fixed upon the beholder with a challenging stare. Behind it was a blue background, like the night sky.

He had not opened that book for more than thirty years; but here was the bogey which had worried his infantile dreams, the bogey which had been preserved in the museum of his unconscious memory, sleeping, but ready to come to life again at the smell of blood. He smiled at the fancy, remembering mediæval stories of spectres revitalized and made substantial.

"Why," he thought, "mankind has made but a short journey since the most learned of men believed in such things, and it seems that we still believe in them when asleep and dreaming."

He swung round in his chair and looked at the door, on which the projection of his own morbid conscience had scratched at him.—Alice! She had helped to make him and helped to destroy him, and he had helped to make her and helped to destroy her.—The awesome experiment of marriage, the attempt to make two into one!—Perhaps they had suffered about equally, not only during the long years when they had pretended to each other to be satisfied and happy, but during those last terrible five years of suspicion and fear and repression of all the softer emotions. From the day she had slammed and bolted in his face the door of that room where Flora now slept . . .

His mind went back now to earlier and kinder days. They had even been happy, now and then. He remembered a time—it was in January, seventeen years ago—when they had hoped they were going to have a child. The dream of maternity had made her a being of wonder to him—for a week or two; but the dream had vanished.

He realized that never, in all their nineteen years together, had he and Alice confided their most secret thoughts to each other. They had never opened their hearts. He would no more have dared to question her than he would have dared to question his mother. Oh—that was it! If he could call her back from the dead for anything, it would be to offer her the comfort of mutual confidence, a real friendship, something beyond the man and woman illusion,

in which they had groped all their lives as in a fog. And they had called their gropings marriage.

Was it strange, he wondered, that he was still a little afraid of marriage? He felt that he had not even yet let himself go, emotionally; as if some tremendous happening were still needed to free the long-repressed love in him.

Suddenly he swung round in his chair again, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocked the bottom drawer of his desk.

Holding the ivory sphinx in his hand, he looked at it. Yes, it was a beautiful piece of carving, and a gift from the woman he loved; but it was no longer fearsome.

"It's too handsome to hide in a drawer," he said, "I'll use it for a paper-weight," and he stood it on the desk before him. Hereafter the "sphinx-complex" would be kept conscious, and literally in sight.

He was now going to study books on the new psychology; Dr. Aubrey had promised him a list of titles.

"If you had read these books in the beginning of our work," he had said, "you might have thought yourself the victim of every mental twist described in them, because most of these abnormal psychological states are only exaggerations of certain mental habits common to all of us." And he had repeated the old story of the medical student's susceptibility to cancer of the parotid—his last wisdom-tooth coming through.

Fielding loved the lighter moods of Dr. Aubrey, for he always laughed with his patients and not at them, depersonalizing their absurdities as mere mental phenomena, "the play of the qualities," as Jane Spong was so fond of saying.

Yes, hereafter he would tell Dr. Aubrey—oh, everything! It seemed to Fielding, as it seems to every man, that his early struggles at sublimating the life-force were something unique and wonderful. He still shrank from the thought of what he might be doing and feeling now, if he had not found Sigurd Aubrey.

To-morrow or the next day he would go to see Dr. Mil-

lard Freeman and thank him for his "prescription," the advice to be analyzed. And it occurred to him now that Dr. Freeman's queer habit of rubbing the yellow beard on his cheek must have some psychological cause.

The clock struck one. He rose and went into the bedroom, where he stood looking down at the carved angel which guarded the foot of his bed.

"Yes," he said, "for a long time now, and all unknown to my associates, I have not been Fielding Sargent the middle-aged millionaire, but Fielding the little boy, loving his mother in fear and trembling, and hiding from the 'select-men.'"

His mother! He took her old daguerreotype, in its jewelled oval frame, from the table beside the bed. The face looked up at him with wistful sweetness, the patient mother-eyes seemed to smile at him. He could almost hear her say, "My boy is going to be a great man, some day." And he had only become a rich man!

"Believe in me still, little Mother," he whispered, "and I'll yet fulfil all your prophecy."

Tenderly he replaced the picture. Then from long habit his feet turned of themselves towards the secretary where he kept the little marble image of the Madonna, which had taken the place of the lost one.

Could he still say the old prayer? Yes, but with a new intention:

"Ave Maria, protect and comfort *Alice*, wherever she may be, and give her rest in thy bosom."

His eyes were wet as he slipped the little image into its place under the pillow.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive . . ."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE next day Fielding was standing in the drawing-room, with his elbows on the piano. He thought of that other time when he had stood here, leaning on the piano, after his first visit to Dr. Aubrey. Only seventeen days ago! It seemed incredible.

Now he was waiting for Flora, Barbara and Sinclair to come home to luncheon, and after luncheon he would go down to see Marie; for this was Friday, the day she had promised to return from Washington. He would not wait until tea-time; she might have other callers then, and also—it was too many hours away. Of course he could have telephoned; but he had a boyish desire to run in and take her by surprise, as he had done in a dream that morning. She had been very lovely in the dream, and he smiled happily at the memory of it.

Suddenly he listened . . . The whistles of the city were making a great noise, the bells were ringing, and people were shouting in the streets.

"Behold the conquering hero comes!" floated through his mind, as he walked round the end of the long piano, to look out of the window.

The sidewalks were swarming with people, talking and gesticulating. At that moment a huge truck turned the corner into Thirty-fifth Street. A score of men and women, boys and girls, were standing on it, and as they passed the house they began to sing:

*"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we shall see it afar."*

The crowd on the sidewalks joined in the song; and then another truckload of people came along singing:

*"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,"*

and the crowd took up the newer song and yelled itself hoarse.

A ragged urchin, crossing the street, threw his cap high in the air, and running forward caught it on his head, leaping to one side to avoid a passing taxicab.

"Hi, there!" shrieked the driver of the cab, and the boy turned and waved his arms. Then a very tall man picked up the boy, and holding him high, waved him to and fro.

Bits of white paper were flying through the air in all directions, as the wind caught and swirled them.

And still the whistles shrieked and the bells rang.

Fielding, standing there in the window, was thrilled with the collective excitement.

His big black limousine drew up beside the curb. Sinclair, Flora, Barbara, got out. The girl's red turban was rakishly on one side, her fair hair was in disorder, and around her neck was a long garland of smilax.

"She looks like a bacchante," her uncle thought, as he went to meet them.

He had hardly swung open the door when the three were hugging him, and Barbara—respect forgotten—was pounding him in her enthusiasm.

"But what is it all about?" he managed to say. "What has happened? Have you all gone crazy?"

"He doesn't know!" Barbara cried. "Mother, Howard, he doesn't know!"

Then they were all talking at once: "The War is over! . . . Shake hands, old man! . . . Praise God, my brother! . . . Oh, Uncle, Theo will come home now! . . . It's only an armistice, but it's the end, for they'll never begin again."

In the drawing-room Flora dropped into the nearest chair, where she sat fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"And I won't have to knit any more socks!" she said.

They could give him no details beyond the one word *armistice*, which had blown across and up and down the city; but that one word was enough to let everybody loose.

So the bells rang, the whistles blew, and the people did whatever they pleased. But as joy and love and neighborly faith had been the impulses so long repressed, it was joy and love and neighborly faith that broke through now, and a bad old city of six million cynical egos became suddenly as free and innocent as a sylvan village of the Golden Age.

Fielding got away from his family by declaring his intention "to lunch out somewhere, and feel the pulse of the town." Barbara wanted to write to Theo, Sinclair was on the piano-stool jotting down the first lines of an Ode to Peace, and Flora said she wanted to get quiet a few minutes in her own room.

As her brother held the portière aside for her to pass, he smiled at her so tenderly that her eyes filled with sudden emotion, and she put her hand on his shoulder, searching his face as for something long lost and maybe found again. And he kissed her.

As he went down the steps to his car, which was still standing beside the curb, the people in the street smiled up at him. His chauffeur also beamed upon him as they rejoiced together in a man-to-man handclasp.

Alone in his car, on the way to Gramercy Park, he leaned back and closed his eyes. He had a strange new feeling of warmth, and of relaxation without fatigue, as if some external pressure had been removed from the whole surface of his body. He felt free and irresponsible, like those happy people all round him.

"Oh, the innate goodness that does come out," he thought, "when we forget for even a little while the admonition to *be good!*"

In the elevator of Marie's building a sudden idea made him catch his breath: "Why, *this* is the tremendous happening that was still needed to set my heart free, to loosen my

resistance to life! It must have been hate itself that I was hating so."

Marie, rosy and bright, in a yellow crêpe gown edged with brown fur, opened the door of her apartment in answer to his ring.

"Oh," she cried, "it's you!"

"Yes, every bit of me this time. Was it *you* that made peace, down there in Washington?"

"You didn't know how powerful I was," she laughed.

"Oh, didn't I!" and he took her in his arms.

But she only rested there a moment.

"You haven't had your luncheon, have you?"

"No," he smiled, "and I'm hungry as a wolf."

She stood looking at him.

"I just can't realize it yet—peace, I mean."

"I'm beginning to, since I came in here."

"Oh, let me see! What have I got for you to eat?"

There was a cold chicken on the table, a large bowl of salad, and bread and butter.

She went to the sideboard, opened the door and took out a plate of gingerbread.

He laughed delightedly. "Where's your maid?"

"Oh, I don't know! She went out. Everybody's out."

She put the gingerbread on the table, then she paused a moment, thinking. . . .

"Do you like strawberry preserves?"

"Yes."

"And pickles?"

"Yes."

She was again at the sideboard, pulling out things.

"Oh! here's some Swiss cheese."

He took the cheese from her, and the glass jars of preserves and pickles.

"I'll get the corkscrew," and she disappeared into the kitchen, reappearing in a moment.

"Let me open them."

And very efficiently he did it, while she arranged their

two plates and knives and forks, opposite each other, at the large round table.

"Are you going to make me sit away off there?"

"Why—"

"I want to sit *here*," and he indicated a place a few inches from her own plate, behind the chicken.

Slowly, like an obedient but reluctant child, and smiling at him, she rearranged his cover beside her own.

"Oh, Marie!"

His face was serious now, as he drew her to him and kissed her lips, for the first time, and it seemed to him that he was kissing all the dreams and hopes and wonder of the world.

"I realize it now," he breathed.

"What—"

"Peace."

"Oh, yes!"

Then she slipped away from him again.

"Eat," she said, gaily.

And they sat down together and ate ravenously.

"Did they know it in Washington last night?"

"No, I don't think so."

"What has really happened?"

"I don't know."

"It's good—anyhow."

"Do you mean the armistice or the chicken?"

They laughed.

"Let me give you some more salad."

"Marie, I want to take you home with me."

"What for?"

"To stay."

"Why, Fielding!"

"One has to have a license, I suppose. Couldn't we go down to the City Hall?"

"But there wouldn't be any clerks in the City Hall this afternoon. Everybody's out there," and she nodded towards the window. "But—oh, listen! Listen to the voice

of the human race! Did you ever *hear* it before? I never did, really. And it's going on like that everywhere, round and round the world."

"Well, to-morrow then?"

She thought a moment. "Next week—"

"Oh, next week is so far away!"

She took his head between her hands and kissed him gravely on the forehead. There was a rapt look on her face.

"You know," he said, "I've—I must have gone a little crazy this afternoon. Everybody has."

"No, we've all suddenly become sane again; that must be why we behave so madly."

"You mean it's too much for us?"

"It's too much for *me*, anyhow. I have to hold it off a little way, and look at it."

"Yes, and even joke about it. I understand."

She smiled—but said nothing.

"We'll do wonderful things together, Marie."

"Oh, yes!"

"There's so much to do."

"Wasn't that stupid of me? Strawberry preserves don't go with gingerbread."

"Yes, they do." And he helped himself to a large spoonful. "Everything goes to-day with everything else."

"What do you want to do, Fielding?"

"Help rebuild the world. Spend all the profits I've made since 1914."

"Yes." She thought a moment—"Yes. But what a job there is before the world, and what children we all are in the face of it!"

"Oh, we'll grow up!" His tone was confident.

"And we'll just have to trust life," she said.

"Beginning with each other? You don't question things, do you, Marie? Why, you've never even questioned me."

"They're not asking questions out there. Too many questions confuse faith."

He drew a long sigh. "There are things, though . . . I've a lot to confess to you, darling woman."

"The past has no great meaning for me, Fielding. Our real lives begin to-day."

His hand closed warmly over hers.

"Oh!" she cried. "Coffee! I'll make you some coffee."

He followed her into the little white-tiled kitchen.

"Won't you spoil that lovely yellow dress?"

"No, I often cook in my best clothes."

He watched her while she lighted a burner of the gas-stove, and measured the coffee.

"Let me fill the coffee-pot for you." He took it from her and went to the faucet.

"The cold water is on the right."

Then she laughed. "You'll make a perfect husband."

"Wouldn't it be heaven, Marie, to live sometimes like this?"

"You mean in a flat?"

"Yes, and light-housekeep, like young lovers."

"We could, sometimes," she mused, "maybe in Paris."

"And we're going to have forty years, do you remember?"

"Oh!"

"They forgot everything then but each other's lips . . .

And suddenly they heard the hissing of the coffee boiling over.

She rescued it, then held it over the flame and took it away three times, according to ritual.

"What can I do to help now?" he asked boyishly.

"If you'll put two of those blue cups on that little tray, I'll carry the coffee-pot. There's sugar in the drawing-room."

She picked up some spoons on the way, and they sat down side by side on the big brown davenport.

"If Dr. Aubrey could see me now, Marie!"

She had a fit of laughter.

"That man! We must ask him to—"

"Our wedding. Yes, him and Jane Spong."

"Oh, Jane by all means!" And she blushed.

"What's the secret?"

"Jane's been talking to me—"

"You said next week, Marie. Does that mean Monday?"

"Tuesday," she conceded. "You must give me time to buy a gown."

"How frivolous of you! Wear the one you have on."

"This?"

"Yes, that brown fur on the yellow is like your hair."

They were silent for a moment.

"What lovely hair you have!" and he passed his fingers over it.

"Do you know that you kept looking at it, the first time you saw me?"

"Did I? At that dinner party?"

She nodded.

"You wore it Greek fashion then. But I like still better these long braids wound round your head."

"I thought you would," she confessed.

He just sat looking at her . . .

"I can't realize yet that I shall be able to look at you every day."

She was gazing through the window into space.

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of how hard you tried not to love me."

He laughed happily, for the tragedy had gone out of life for him.

"I'm trying still harder now, you little witch!"

She jumped up and ran out of the room, coming back with her hat on—a little brown fur hat.

"Where are you going?"

"We're going down there."

"Into the crowd?"

"Yes. I want to sing, and laugh, and throw confetti about, like those boys and girls."

"Come back here a minute and sit down."

"Why?"

"I want to ask you something."

She sat down a little way from him, in the large chair beside the tea-table.

"Well?"

"How did you ever happen to buy a *sphinx* for my birthday?—a sphinx, of all things!"

"But I didn't buy it. I found it in my trunk, one day in Lyons."

"In your trunk?"

"Yes, it was my father's paper-weight, and I've always carried it about with me. Somehow—oh, I just wanted you to have it!"

He did not even ask her why, he knew so well.

"We do belong together," he said, solemnly.

"Yes, I've felt that—for a long time. That's why I went to France, two years ago."

He remembered what *he* had done, two years ago; but such reminiscences had ceased to matter now.

When he looked up at her, her eyes were full of tears. Her lips softened—trembled—

"You poor child!" He sprang to her.

She put her hand against his breast, and he laid his over it tenderly.

"I haven't spoken of it before," she said, "to anyone; but I got a little morbid myself over there, towards the end. I thought for a while that the whole human race was dying."

"But, Marie! The *human* race hasn't even been born yet. Sigurd Aubrey knows that, and Jane Spong knows it, because they've looked into this rudimentary being that we are at present, and seen the real man of the future sleeping there, just stirring in his sleep. I haven't had that vision yet, but it will come. And with you beside me, loving me, and I loving you, and with people like those two to work with. . . . Why, the more they see of man's weakness the greater their faith in his strength! *They believe in life, Marie.*"

She patted his hand.

"But come," he said, "let's go down now and play with the other children."

As he held her coat for her in the hall, he smiled. "What a relief, that we don't *have* to hate anybody any longer!"

And a few moments later, hand in hand, they were down in the friendly crowd.

Early the next morning Fielding Sargent stood in the library, in his hand the newspaper with its staggering denial.

"But yesterday's joy was true," he told himself, "even if the news was false."

Then he began to walk up and down the room, thinking. . . .

"Any armistice will be a false armistice until men's resistances to reality are broken down. . . . My little finite neurosis and the infinite neurosis of the nations have one and the same origin,—the regressive fear and denial of life as a flowing reality *behind* all individualistic phenomena. Yes, the human race is one vast being, as New York was yesterday. . . . These warring nations are like dissociated states of consciousness, that need reintegration. . . ."

He sat down at the desk and reached for his pen.

Steadily, with utter absorption, he wrote. Before him on the desk a pile of papers grew—letters—notes—memoranda of things to be done—dates—people to interview.

Fielding Sargent's work had begun.

THE END