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The Man From Zurich

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Original
Dramatic Person

Which (The Man from)

THE MAN FROM ZURICH

The only 38
 "Washington with its April veil of green is worth looking at, Sterling."

"It is Markus,, and a breakfast table in the window of ^{is} this ~~warden~~ apartment of yours an ideal place to do the looking. Have some sugar for your grape fruit." It's odd how I ~~call him~~ Markus, so easily. In the beginning he was 'the man from Zurich rich' -- then Dr. Markus -- now simply Markus. He doesn't know how easily I could spell it G-o-d -- or does he? Thanks to ~~him~~, and his gospel according to the Zurich school of modern psychology, I've been 'born again'. Why shouldn't I think of him as -- my creator at least? For a man who less than a year ago made an earnest attempt at suicide I'm certainly finding postwar Washington remarkably livable.

What a wierd and dreamlike struggle -- beginning over there across the park in the walter Reed, ^{hospital} and carried from there to St. Elizabeth's hospital for the insane. How little ^{normal} ~~some~~ people who have always been ~~same~~ ^{normal} know about themselves! Except Markus. Markus knew! He knew ^{how} how to take the essence of psychoanalytical science, and distill it by the synthetic method until it reappeared ^S as the essence of religion. That's what he's doing every day over there at St. Elizabeth's -- crowded little community of devil fighters, ~~still~~ looking down ^{upon the city} on the capitol city from the Anacostia hills. Washington goes ~~on~~ about its business -- ^{blissfully} quite unaware of all that devil fighting -- much worse than any fighting I saw in France --

It was a great day for me when Markus brought me here last fall. Said, 'A hospital for the insane is no place for you. I'm going to take you home with me if you'll come.' We were walking while we talked -- in the St. Elizabeth grounds, and he looked at the hospital walls with distaste. 'It's for those who need it, which you do not. Will you come home with me?' And when I said it would be an imposition on his wife he said she had left that morning for New York. 'Sails tomorrow for Switzerland to investigate the children we left over there a year ago. *you don't know it - but* Imagines they need a bit of maternal overhauling. You're good company, Sterling, come along and help me fill up the emptiest place in the universe!'

And so I moved from an asylum for the insane to one of Washington's most popular asylums for the sane, where you can buy a toothbrush, order a suit of clothes, go swimming, attend the theater, or dine and dance to the Wardman Park Hotel orchestra without leaving the premises. An agreeable change. Marked my passing from illness to health. The final skirmishes won and peace between myself and my alienated soul declared in the apartment of Dr. John Markus -- fall of 1920.

And I am well. A mild winter has played into my hands -- with all the golf and horseback riding in Rock Creek Park I believe I'm back to prewar vigor. And mentally -- spiritually -- I haven't known such happiness since -- that awful thing when I was a boy. Will I ever be able to remember that without this sensation of illness? It was the beginning of all my

trouble. I should have had more philosophy. These mornings spent in the congressional Library exploring philosophies, amazing worlds of thought more fascinating than primitive civilizations or polar continents -- To have reached the thirties without ever having heard of them! -- *Philosophy gives one* One gets such an interesting and detached impression of naive humanity so feverishly creating itself. And the theaters -- I've never been a theater goer before. As ^a psychological phenomenon, quite aside from its artistic value the drama is amusing at its worst; and at its best it's an emotional outlet comparable to the old-fashioned religious revival, or the older fashioned Dionysian orgy.

Undoubtedly the satisfactions of the park and the library and the theater have done a lot for me, but they sink into insignificance compared with the priceless companionship of the man from Zurich -- who sits there finishing his grape fruit as busy with his thoughts as I am with mine. How good these grape fruit ~~are~~. One reason I enjoy Markus so much is that he doesn't chatter. He never says it unless it's worth saying. I believe I'll ask him -- I wonder why I never have. The question's been lying there unasked for months. *feels queer* "Markus -- after what I've been through --" odd how dry my throat is -- "Have I a right to marry and have children?"

"Good Lord! Yes! Why not?" Surprise, kindling into reassurance. The clean-cut Markus features are always so expressive. "Nothing hereditary about your trouble. That shocking experience at the end of your childhood -- a tragedy so

dreadful you'd never been able to talk about it to anyone till you told me about it -- And even after twenty years you could hardly get it out. It was that cruel death of the child you loved, leaving you ^{utterly} ~~utterly~~ alone in the world, that made you so reticent. You were excessively aloof from young companionship. Serious. Studious. Good for your engineering studies, but bad for you. Business success as you know often means psychological ^{imbalance} ~~failure~~. At the outbreak of the war you were one-sided, but not -- Not I believe more neurotic than the average American businessman.. And after the war -- analyze your situation. Engineering interests gone. In their place a serious injury, with nothing ahead but a dreary, tedious and intensely painful convalescence with the outcome decidedly doubtful, and your habitual reticence redoubled. Why, you didn't have a handhold on life -- not a handhold. If the little sister had lived, or if you'd had a father or mother or wife or child of your own, or if you'd been less reticent -- able to make friends -- or lacking relatives and friends, if you'd had the religious essentials as you have them now, life would have been worth the effort and pain of recovery. You'd not have wanted to snuff it out. And that little episode over at St. Elizabeth's -- It was faulty treatment that took you there. Should never have happened. Means no more than anybody's nightmare. I should have told you this before -- not left you wondering. Certainly -- By all means, marry. Who is she Sterling?"

"Haven't found her yet. Only asked -- in case --" The relief of knowing -- getting the question out of the way -- Odd. I hadn't any any idea I cared so much. "Ready for your cereal, Markus?" One could always cover emotion by changing the subject to something stupid like oatmeal.

But why all this emotion? well -- I can't always stay with Markus, and I suppose -- He's so much more than a physician -- more even than ^{my} friend. Just how much more than friend I probably haven't admitted even to myself. Of course -- I understand as well as any specialist the problem of 'transference to the physician', the 'resolution' of which is the final task of the psychoanalyst in the case of every patient. 'Psychic energy' -- interest, love, libido -- released from the tormenting complexes that have been ferreted out of the unconscious, consciously dealt with and disposed of, is transferred to the analyst who consequently becomes the more or less embarrassed recipient of the passionateness ^{which} since primeval time has been lavished upon parent, lover, and god. The processes by which analysts are accustomed to free themselves from ^{this} unwelcome idolatry -- Why has Markus not used them? Why has he made no effort to be rid of me? The only possible explanation is that in this case the physician desires the friendship of the patient, and is leaving to me the responsibility between us ~~at~~ whatever time and in whatever manner I see fit.

And not wishing to sever the bond I've compromised by tempering my devotion. I haven't worshipped -- because for

the most part I'm finding God in another direction -- and I've steered pretty clear of the rocks of homosexuality. But the parent and son relationship exists between us -- undoubtedly. In spite of the mere decade between our birthdays. Well -- With ~~my~~ ^{all the} memories of my own parents fading -- But it can't go on indefinitely. Very soon I'll have to make what Markus calls 'the sacrifice', youth's renunciation of infantile indolence and freedom at the call of biological destiny -- to sweat and toil under the inescapable lash of maturing ambition and desire. Just now I'm remarkably content. Snatched so to speak from the scrap-heap, I'm still young if I count time from the date of my rebirth. Young. Untroubled by ambition or desire -- for the time being.

This coffee's strong. The cream -- Perhaps Markus -- No, he's had the cream. What's he studying his coffee so for -- as if something were wrong with it, dipping the spoon in and out, observing it critically. Odd. Wardman Hotel coffee is usually beyond criticism. And mine -- Mine is excellent. "What do you see in that cup, Markus?"

"Vortices, Sterling." How like a pleased urchin Markus could look! "I'm making coffee storms, cyclones in miniature, clockwise and counterclockwise. See! You put your spoon down in -- like that. A little more slanting! That's it! Creates a vacuum. Isn't that pretty?"

"Very." Easy to be as much of an urchin -- create twin whirlpools of coffee as industriously as Markus.

~~xxxxxxsterling laughed and began creating twin whirl
poisxxxxxxasxxxxxxindistinctlyxxxxxx~~

"You know, Sterling, if there were two of me the other one would be a physicist. These physicists out here in the Bureau of Standards -- Honestly, I believe they're the happiest men in the world -- earning their living by exploring the mysteries of creation."

"Not much of a living, is it? The way the government pays its research men!"

"That's just the point. Niggardly pay they get, but -- You know Oliver. Gets about five thousand at the Bureau, when he could get three times that outside, but he loves his work about as he loves his children. And by the way -- I nearly forgot. He's coming to dinner tonight."

"Paying some more of your social debts?"

"Yes, and bringing together another interesting clash of types." The Markus eyes, deepset and blue, twinkled humorously. "Science and religion are to dine together at our table. Oliver, the abstract thinker, who has been courteously inquiring how a man of my scientific attitude can believe in prayer, is to meet the Reverend Dr. Clements who has been probing to discover how so devout a man as I can believe that all religion is mythology."

"And do you intend to satisfy their curiosity?"

"Thought I might as well -- but not at dinner. A dozen or so other curious ones are going to join us afterward. I've

agreed to answer anything they want to ask."

"Stagg affair?"

"No, The wives are included. Ever meet Mrs. Oliver?"

"Once. She seemed very intellectual."

"She is, and less orthodox if possible than her husband.

At least she's more completely emancipated from the early training in fundamentalism -- her emancipation no longer shocks her. And Mrs. Clements is her precise opposite, a feeling type who questions nothing she was taught in childhood to believe."

Home early from the golf links -- only five o'clock. No telling when Markus will get in. Hope he arrives before his guests! What'll I do with 'em if he doesn't! Get these daffodils and sweet peas in water first thing. No, that vase looks too valuable -- like a wedding present or something -- better put them in this. No, that's a milk bottle. This will do. And this. Kind of brighten the place up to have some flowers. Lord, look at the dust! And this dust cloth -- it's so full now -- Wonder if there's law against shaking it out the window. If there is I -- That's a little better. I don't suppose Markus would see this dust in a hundred years, but the ladies would. Can't have them turning up their noses and telling their friends --

Knee deep in newspapers! At the rate of two a day, it's amazing -- Where'll I put 'em? Under the kitchen table I guess, since we don't use the kitchen. We could. I could cook

camper fashion, but -- It would hardly go after the stuff they bring us from down stairs. And there'd have to ^{be} one grand clearing out before you could even boil a potato! How things do accumulate in a room you don't use!

All these magazines and journals -- no, they can't go on the table -- nor on that other table. With six people at dinner we'll ~~have to~~ ^{Tables} have to put the two together. They can go on the piano. Can't help it if they do look a little ~~sk~~ cluttered -- these technical journals of Markus' are the sheep, and they can't go out in the kitchen with the goats. Lord, here's a lot more! Well -- I'll put 'em under my bed -- get 'em out again when the party's over.

There, that looks -- Good heavens the cigar ashes! I'll have to sweep. 'Fraid I've got things in the wrong order -- one should sweep before one dusts, but -- Can't help it now. I wonder if Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Elements can tell whether the sweeping came in the proper place on the program. There, with the two tables put together -- the room almost has the feminine touch. Better get the ^{other} ~~extra~~ chairs out of the bed rooms -- need 'em all when the extras come in after the eating is attended to.

Wonder if I'd better dress -- not ^{dinner} ~~evening~~ clothes, ~~not~~ even a tux. Markus won't -- nor the others, probably. A clean collar -- I believe I'm getting stout -- a little. I'd stand another ten pounds though, with my height. Always was pretty lean. This suit -- The other trousers are sharper. However,

Markus will be a bit baggy, and Oliver, too, probably. Don't know about Clements.

Queer mixtures Markus gets together. Instead of inviting the people who have common interests, he enjoys getting together a clash of types as he calls it, like a chemist putting various substances in a test tube and studying the reactions. I wonder why he doesn't come. ~~Wow!~~ I hope he gets here before they ~~come!~~ What would I say to them? And what on earth would such a mixture of types find to say to each other?

Here they come now -- and Markus with them. Must have ~~brought~~ them in his car. And I needn't have worried about what they'd find to talk about. They're talking about their children so fast -- I'm sure that's it. What a clatter of tongues in this quiet place! Well, I suppose I must go out and meet them. "How do you do, Mrs. Oliver -- and Mr. Oliver."

"How are you, Mr. Sterling." Oliver's voice ~~was~~ such a big bass rumble -- it completely drowned the greetings of his wife.

"Mrs. Clements, I want you meet my friend Mr. Sterling -- and Mr. Clements, Sterling."

Made one think of the old nursery rhyme -- 'How do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do, again?' Introductions ~~are~~ always so stiff and formal. I wonder if they make other people as uncomfortable as they do me. Probably not. ~~Other~~ ^{people} ~~people~~ -- most of them -- have the gift of making friends. What I've always lacked. How does one get over being reticent?

Still talking about their children -- but not to me. Names, ages, contagious diseases, vaccination, schools -- Before ever their wraps are laid aside -- and the men, including Markus, are listening as if it were interesting. Well -- I suppose it is. Domesticity for the domestic. I don't believe I ever heard a bunch of parents talk like that before -- real domestic parents. No, I know I haven't.

Here comes the dinner -- two waiters with loaded trays. Here's where I escape the mothers' meeting, and boss the waiters. "I'll put this bowl of sweet peas in the middle when you get the cloth laid, Henry. That's it. No, not so much on the table, You can -- let's see -- Set your tray on the victrola, Henry. Charles can serve while you bring up the rest of the stuff." Markus is so fond of oyster cocktails -- Well, they certainly do look good. If everybody is as hungry as I am --

Guess they are, the way they're drifting around the table -- informal as possible -- still talking about their offspring. "My husband tells me, Dr. Markus that you're educating your children in Switzerland." Mrs. Oliver -- perhaps forty-five. Looked younger. The education of children was no doubt the subject uppermost in her very active and able mind. "Is it because you think the schools over there are better than ours?"

"Partly. Our youngsters are doing especially well with languages -- speak English, French and German like natives. But it wasn't altogether on that account that we left them over there." They're rallying round the oyster cocktails

with their minds intent upon the young Markuses -- and never a break in the discussion.

"Now old are your children?" Mrs. Clements might be any age -- with her white hair and youthful complexion, ^{but} you'd know by her voice that she ^{was} ~~was~~ a feeling type -- and some people are so dense that they scout the type theory! Her question suggests that she ~~has~~ a feeling against children of any age being separated from their parents.

"The girl is fourteen." Markus knew ~~she~~ ^{he} was shocking the minister's lady. "The boys are twelve and ten."

"And so far away! But of course their mother is with them -- looking after them."

"She's been spending the winter over there. Trying to renew her acquaintance with them without being in the way. But when she went over last fall she hadn't seen them for a year."

"But why, Dr. Markus?" Mrs. Oliver is taking advantage of the other woman's speechless disapproval. "You haven't given us your real reason. What ~~is~~ ^{is} your aim^{ing} at?"

"To apply the new psychology as we see it to the education of our children. The infantile personality --"

"Dr. Markus!" Mrs. Clements has recovered her voice. "Do you mean to tell me that you left those little children away off there alone! For a whole year!"

"Hardly alone, Mrs. Clements. There were many other children, and plenty of high grade teachers, and friends who could be counted upon in any emergency. But we did give our children a full year in which they were absolutely unhampered

by the subtle leading strings of the family relationship."

"Mrs. Oliver, with such a resolute, not-to-be-thwarted expression -- "What were you saying about the infantile personality, Dr. Markus?" She's determined to get her psychology lesson in spite of this conversation scatterer.

"It's very prevalent. Every child has some sixteen different ways of remaining permanently infantile. None of us escape all of them, but we want our children to escape as many as possible. As we see it, the problem of education is neither more nor less than the problem of growing up as completely as may be." But Dr. Markus! Ah -- Mrs. Clements again. "To break family ties! They're so precious, don't you think? Isn't the breaking up of the home the greatest danger of these modern times? The greatest evil?"

"No, I think the greatest danger of this or any time is the human mania for going to extremes. One generation is whipped -- whipped at school, whipped again at home for being whipped at school, whipped indiscriminately for any and every real or imagined offense. And another generation is utterly unspanked -- no inhibitions, no discipline, no self-control, no respect for anything under the sun. I don't know which is worse. And it's the same with this question of home influence. The children who aren't morally anaemic for the want of it are suffocated by an excess of it. Our children -- Well, of course it's too soon to predict how they'll turn out. It's our experiment, that's all."

"But how can you bear to experiment?" Mrs. Clement is a soft rubber ball, bouncing harmlessly about without ever penetrating anything. "I wouldn't dare experiment with a child of mine!"

"How do you help it?" Mrs. Oliver, sweetly trying not to be sarcastic. "Isn't every child an experiment, whether you like it or not, from the day it's born? And isn't every experiment different from every other experiment? Are there any rules that can be trusted, Dr. Markus?"

"Rules, no. But there are fundamental principles --"

"That's what I think," Mrs. Clements, bouncing again. "But what can you expect with everybody getting divorced. What are we to do about the divorce evil, Dr. Markus?"

"Bring our children up so that their minds can meet the demands of physical maturity. Human bodies mature as early as they did in the stone age -- but we ^{keep} ~~put~~ our children's minds in swaddling clothes and softly padded bassinets tenderly screened from the invigorating drafts of necessity and hardship. At precisely the time when the urge to maturity is strongest we ~~we~~ send them ~~for one of these~~ ^{to one of these} disguised country clubs for a four year holiday -- allowing them to believe themselves mature while still dependent upon the paternal purse! Our ideals of education make the fixation of infancy almost inescapable. And these adult infants who have been so lovingly protected from the sweat and labor of human destiny marry with the unconscious expectation of acquiring a mate who will also be a parent -- "

"And they marry too early, don't they!" Again the ball comes bouncing. "Really -- They shouldn't marry till they're thirty. That's what I always say. They should live a little first."

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~~XX~~ Dr. Clements a trifle pained by his wife's contribution. He -- "Will sending them away to school in childhood insure their escape from infantile fixation? Will it wean them from the parents?" He's helping Mrs. Oliver --

"To some extent. The main thing is it weans the parents from the children -- gets them over that all too parental attitude. So many parents are incapable with their children of being anything but parents."

"How true that is!" Our bouncing ball babbles. "I always say, 'Once a mother, always a mother.' After the first baby you never really sleep the night through, but -- It's worth it. I always say. It's the sweetest thing in life!"

The conversation is again scattered. Who'll gather it together this time? Oliver, perhaps --

"The modern child doesn't give you a chance to begin to drop the parental attitude." With what a booming bass he joins forces against the minister's lady. Three to one. That's hardly -- "At ten and twelve and fourteen the youngster of this enlightened age has no sense of responsibility, no regard for the rights of other people, no judgment whatever."

"Naturally he hasn't -- if he's been brought up by modern sentimentality with 'no inhibitions'. Without inhibition there is no such thing as sublimation -- or civilization. There's

only one road to civilization either for the individual or for the race. No detour. You've got to go straight through the age of the taboo."

"Then you believe in early obedience?" From Mrs. Oliver.

"So do I." Mrs. Clements. And -- "Just as soon as you can reason with them. One should reason, shouldn't one?"

"Yes." Markus is laughing just below the surface. "But not to get obedience. One gets obedience in order that one may reason -- in order that the child will listen to reason and make obedience unnecessary. The quicker you get the child into the age of taboo the quicker you can get him through and beyond it. Childhood should be short, a swift and rapid current, with no sluggish pools -- no lingering in the delights of infancy. What we are able to do for our children we should do without procrastination."

"They do grow so fast, don't they! My baby's nineteen, but -- I hold her close." I believe in holding them close, don't you, Dr. Markus?"

"In some ways -- yes, Mrs. Clements. I'm hoping for a close friendship with my children. We'll be together again soon -- hope to make a real home in Chevy Chase."

A real home -- Markus, with a real home, a real wife, real children -- What a queer feeling that gives me! He's hardly more than mentioned his wife and children to me -- probably has a principle against talking domesticity except with the domestic, but his silence has created an illusion. These delightful bachelor months with a man who only appeared

to be a bachelor, but is really very much married, soon to bring his family together -- make a home for them in Chevy chase --

Jealous -- that what I am -- of Mrs. Markus and the Markus children -- and it doesn't help much to understand -- What if I am merely suffering from the libido transference to the physician!

Have to clear out! It's like waking up in a warm bed, and -- But it's got to be done. I should have cleared out before this. Would have -- except for something very like an infantile fixation. Not financially dependent, like a child, but morally and spiritually becalmed in a quiet pool, reluctant to push out into the current. Markus, with his family about him!

Markus -- falling in so graciously with any human situation, playing idiot's delight with the children from the next apartment as zestfully as he discussed Kant, Spinoza and Bergson after the children ⁹⁶went home -- equally engaging in evening dress or lounging about in his old clothes -- is there anywhere in the world another human being with such charm, who can give such charm to life and make the world so warm and friendly? And I'm hating his wife and children!

Can't listen to all this symposium regarding the education of the young -- Mrs. Clements still bouncing about and scattering the gems of thought which Mrs. Oliver continues to gather up aided by Oliver and Clements. Can't stay with it. Can hardly eat. Because I shouldn't be here -- should have

left long before this. It's a wonder Markus hasn't told me to get out!

Thank heaven the dinner is over -- and cleared away. I must get over this numbness. The other guests are beginning to drop in. Informal as ever, Markus himself opening the door for -- several Bureau of Standards men, evidently friends of Dr. Oliver; and Maury the poet; and Kern the painter; a couple of ministers -- must be friends of Dr. Clements; a good many I don't know, most of them with a lady or two room. Will Markus stand to address them? No. ~~The~~ piano stool for him, graciously informal and like himself.

"You've nearly all asked me at one time or another about my religious convictions -- how a man who believes in prayer can also believe that religion -- all religion -- is mythology; how a man who believes all religion to be mythology ~~can~~ ^{can} pray at all. Tonight, while I have you where you can't escape and must hear me out, I'll answer anything you care to ask. In order that you may be frank, unembarrassed by each other's opinions and preconceptions, suppose you write your questions. Anonymously."

I don't want to ask any questions, but I can pass the pencils and paper. How serious they ~~all~~ look about it. "Two more pencils over this way, Markus." I guess that's ~~all~~ ^{all} interesting. ~~Not~~ conversation whatever. No sound but the restle of paper as all those pencils state the religious problem from the widely different viewpoints of this most

unusual gathering. Intellectually the group is more or less distinguished even for Washington. Most of the men are members of the Cosmos Club, which requires for admission a more than ordinary distinction in science, literature, the fine arts, the learned professions, or the public service. Main Street is not represented. ^{Except for Mrs. Clements} There's probably no one here who questions the theory of evolution or the necessity of abandoning any religion that cannot adapt itself to the trend of modern thought. What would they ask?

Markus is wondering as he gathers up the questions and take them to the light beside the piano. He's sorting them -- arranging them with absorbed attention. "Interesting. Two thirds of you folks have asked the same question -- stated differently, but amounting to the same thing. 'What shall we teach our children?' We can neglect the religious problem for ourselves -- or compromise, for ourselves, between intellectual and emotional riches; but we would like our children to be rich both emotionally and intellectually. How is it possible to give them both intellectual enlightenment and the comforts of the deep spiritual satisfactions of religion?

"That's what most of you want to know, but we'll take up the other questions first: 'Do you believe in God?' 'Do you believe in immortality?' 'Do you believe in the divinity of Christ?' 'Do you believe in the unique inspiration of the Bible?' 'Do you believe in the church?'

"Now to me these are intellectual, not religious questions. Religion, to me, is not belief at all; it is experience, or it

is nothing. Intellectually, I have to believe what my reason dictates, but that is all to the good. Religion has given too much attention to belief, and too little -- far too little to its own field of understanding, of longings and aspirations transcending reason. A man's religion is his longing. It can be no better than his aspiration. He can believe till the cows come home without having any more conception of the religious life than the cows."

Markus will interest them -- but will he get it across? Aren't they too normal? Can a person understand hell as a state of mind unless he has been there? Can he understand salvation as a psychological process unless he feels the need of salvation? Can they understand religion as a psychological function -- unless they are miserable from its failure to function? Better than any one present -- better even than Markus himself -- I know the meaning of religious experience, what it is to lose one's soul -- the disintegration of the personality whose religion is out of order, the descent into hell, the painful process of being 'born again'. I done everything -- except sacrifice. I must break away from Markus.

It's when one has something difficult to do -- when one finds life impossible that one appreciates the ability to pray. Markus calls it prayer -- that voluntary introversion. It gets to be second nature, as necessary as breakfast, dinner and supper, when you learn how, and understanding the energetic theory of it doesn't make it ^{less} irreligious. By deliberately withdrawing all conscious interest in everything within and

without, the psychic energy that is ordinarily expended upon conscious attention flows into the unconscious and activates the inner soul processes. That sounds rather like physics, but the practice of it is the essence of religion. One dives at will into the unconscious ~~at~~ where God is, if we think of God as potency beyond our human strength -- as one dives into a quiet pool; one remains there at will in what ever state, from simple peace~~ful~~ to religious ecstasy, that he has learned to achieve, and comes up again at will bringing something of inspiration in proportion to his power of prayer. Oliver would probably come up with a new physical concept of some sort, Maury with a poem, Kern with an art concept, Markus with the solution of some psychological problem, while I -- Well, the most ordinary mortal can bring up the peace of God quite literally past all understanding, or a dream with which to enrich his life if he knows how to interpret it. Anybody can learn to bring up something of inspiration so superior to his ordinary conscious thinking that there's no irreverence in accepting it as the gift of God.

The sound of Markus' voice can't hold me back. I can leave all the unrest -- the misery of realizing that I've I've got to break away. It's like dropping into infinite potency and strength -- and peacefulness -- and -- Like sleep, but it isn't sleep -- It's a little journey into the kingdom of heaven -- a waiting at the threshold for the voice of God.

Opening and shutting of the door, the company breaking up -- everybody gone but Markus who is looking at his watch. "I must be going, Sterling. I'm taking the night train to New York -- consultation." What's that he's whistling as he goes into his bed room and makes sounds of gathering toilet necessities into a briefcase? Oh yes -- The Sidewalks of New York. How quickly a man can go from religion to jazz! And now he's ready -- leaving.

"I'll be back Thursday morning, Sterling."

"I'll be gone when you come back, Markus."

"Gone!?" That look of dismay is reassuring to a guest who fears he's stayed too long. "But of course -- I suppose you must."

"Yes. I've got to push out into the stream."

"Where'll you go?"

"About a thousand miles away from the temptation of this little heaven of yours. If I'm not ready to make a clean break I ought to be."

"Oh, you're ready enough. There's nothing more that I can teach you, but -- Lord how I'll miss you! What you going to do?"

"I haven't the remotest idea where I'm going or what I'm going to do when I get there, except -- I shall explore my dream trails."

"Do they point back toward engineering?"

"No. That's a bigger role that I want just now -- the

same old stuff, with the soul in the service of the persona."

"You must have a role -- develop the persona."

"Surely, but a minor role to begin with -- one that can be kept in the service of the soul. Only a very few people can have major roles. Unless life can be made full and rich and worthwhile in the service of the soul, than the great masses of mankind might better never have been born. But I have faith, and shan't be troubled so long as I can see one step ahead. 'Lead Kindly Light' is the one song in my hymnbook.

"You believe it will still lead you on?"

"How can I doubt it? It's led me out of hell."

"And you're depending exclusively upon religious and inspirational guidance? Is conscious reason to have no voice in your affairs?"

"Oh -- I don't go so far as that. I'll leave a certain veto power to reason -- but it's no longer to imagine itself supreme, after the colossal mess it got me into. All new legislation of importance is to come out of the unconscious. It's a religious experiment if you want to call it that."

"You'll keep a journal, of course -- a detailed record."

"Not I. Don't get me wrong, Markus. I'm not out to found a religion; I'm out to understand, if I can, the laws of my own being -- to find the optimum of life -- for myself.

"W-well -- I'd be the last to advise you to go about 'doing good', but no man can find the optimum of life without making his contribution to civilization. That's one of the laws of your being

xxxx laws of your being, inherited from a countless multitude of civilization builders."

"All right -- If I can't help doing good -- But you're going to miss your train, Markus."

"My train is nothing to what I'll miss if you don't take a scientific attitude in this matter. A man of your mental calibre -- with your personal experience and training -- undertaking a piece of religious research, and not --"

"Run along, Markus! You will certainly miss --"

"Will you write --"

"I'll keep a notebook for my friend Markus. Call it Adventures in Religion or anything you like. Now you've just barely time --" I can't say another word -- I can only push him out, and shut the door between us before he sees that I'm ready to weep on his neck. Heaven help me, what an infant I am, with every vestige of adult courage and resolution oozing. The elevator door -- He's gone, and ^{only} ~~nothing~~ but the fact that ~~I know~~ it's nothing but the transference to the physician keeps me from running after him in a panic, like a spoiled child begging its mother not to go away. Can't do that. He's gone. And taken with him everything in me that any account! I was an idiot to suppose I could break away! What am I worth without Markus!

I'd better sit down. Needn't grip the arms of the chair so, either, as if this storm of loneliness were an actual tornado likely to hurl me to my death. It's devastating, tearing

away every shred of confidence, and beating pitilessly upon a nude and shivering soul, but what did I expect? I'd no reason to suppose it would be easy -- and I'm not afraid of these occasional reminiscences of madness. I know what to do. There's always the escape into the unconscious. When the world is impossible one simply leaves it and seeks peace at its source. One is simply not present -- one drops away from all disturbing thoughts, and worries and is baptised in peacefulness -- The Kindly Light --

The telephone. Who can that be? "Helloo -- Sterling speaking."

"It's Markus -- from the station. Thought it would relieve your mind to know that I have five minutes to spare. And Sterling -- In the top drawer of my desk you'll find my notes on religion. It's yours. Take it along. With you writing this book I won't have to, and you might as well have my stuff. I have a copy, any way."

"Thanks, Markus."

"And Sterling -- If you should miss me too much -- You may, you know. Remind yourself that you aren't ~~losing~~ anything. The part of me that helps you is merely the projection of your own unconscious strength. You see in me only your own virtue."

"Thanks, Markus."

"You'll let me hear from you?"

"Thanks. Yes."

"Fine. Good by."

"Good by Markus."

~~II~~

THE MAN FROM MICHIGAN

It's an amusing adventure to walk into the union station of the national capitol with ~~neither~~ ^{ego is to} objective nor program -- nothing but a suitcase and the purely ~~selfish~~ ^{Education} motive of self-creation. ~~I'm determined to be selfish -- that is, if selfish-~~ ^{ness} ~~ness consists in making the most of oneself.~~ To educate is to bring forth, to draw out what is within --

But I'll have to go somewhere -- buy a ticket -- No ^{let sit at the station} hurry, however. These seats are comfortable, and I can read the train announcements that are flashing their invitations from above those concourse doors. The choice is quite too unlimited. There's Florida and the South; New Orleans, Texas and the Southwest; California and the far west; Chicago, St. Louis, Colorado, the whole vast middle west; New York, New Haven and Hartford -- ~~but~~ the only place that tempts me is New York, where Markus has taken himself and where consequently I shall not go.

Might decide by the toss of a coin, but -- first I'll record the latest advices of my soul for Markus. I didn't forget that notebook of his, did I? No it's here on top. I'll write: ^{suitable} Have to think up a better title for this literary masterpiece, don't quite like to call it Adventures in Religion. That's too flipant. And The Life of Prayer is too pious and pretentious. Light of Dreams might do, or -- I have

it:

Kindly Light

The First Dream: In what seemed to be a prehistoric and primitive community I was learning from brown skinned ~~sa~~ntily clothed but friendly people to build a shelter for myself as they had been accustomed to build shelters since the beginning of time, for refuge ~~afromst~~ the merciless tropical storms against which no man could stand unsheltered because of the huge hail stones and violent winds. Industriously I built as they were building, and when my shelter was ready for its roof the natives became shingles which smiled up at me with engaging friendliness as I put them in place, storm proof with much overlapping, strong and workmanlike.

Interpretation: Since the beginning of time mankind has built shelters against the bitter storms of loneliness, and ~~that had them with~~ overlapping friendships -- like the shingles on a roof. I must have friendships. Overlapping friendships. One friend -- like Markus -- is an umbrella. May belong to ^{be} some other person, or lost, or borrowed. In all my life I've never had anything better than an umbrella, and I've never been able to keep one very long.

Psychologically
Religiously speaking: Hell is a state of mind -- tempestuous and terrible, against which man cannot stand. The only sure protection from psychological storms, the only safe shelter, ~~if the~~ only sure salvation from hell has always been of a religious nature. Therefore, having returned to Mrs.

Markus the umbrella I borrowed, ~~and which served me so well,~~
 I must build for myself a church. No brick and stone, no
 stained glass, no altar, choir or pulpit. Nothing but the
 staunch and workmanlike shelter of overlapping friendships.
 Florida, California, Colorado -- it's of no consequence where
 my place of worship is to be set up, but it must be built of
 overlapping friendships, like the shingles on a roof.

There you are, Markus. I dreamed that dream last night.
 And now I'll put your notebook back in my suitcase and figure
 out how a man with no natural gift for making friends is to
 build such a tabernacle as my soul requires of me. People.
 I've been in this station, with people all about me, for half
 an hour without noticing a human being. And every one of these
 swarming, hurrying or lingering mortals is a potential shingle.
 This colored woman opposite me, with about a dozen little *black*
 shingles -- I won't begin with her, though who knows how much
 such a woman might mean in the capacity of cook or laundress.
 She looks a little like the dusky gentleman who taught me how
 to build my dream shelter. However --

The haughty lady with the subdued husband at the other
 end of the seat -- Hello, who is this young stranger that's
 sitting down between Her Haughtiness and the laundress lady.
 Very handsome, with his black eyes and his auburn hair, very
 restless, sitting for a moment, starting to get up, changing
 his mind, moving his suitcase, changing his mind twice in

rapid succession, sinking back against the station mahogany, desperate -- as if wondering whether ~~whether~~ to end it all with firearms or rat poison. Seems to me I've met the devil who paints that expression on the human face!

Ah -- he's come to a decision, and so have I. He's on his way to the ticket window -- not knowing he's my shingle. Hope he doesn't mind my following. He said 'Detroit', and has gone across to the Pullman ticket window. "Detroit, please."

Well! That came quickly and happened swiftly, and I'm headed toward the GreatLakes with nothing by the aisle of a Pullman sleeper between me and my first shingle. What a dramatically good looking shingle it is! But of course there's drama in every life -- the dramas overlap. One cannot shingle ones tabernacle with friendship~~x~~ without also shingling it with drama -- He's looking at me -- has noticed my interest --

"Well, brother, what's on your mind? Anything you'd like to know about me?"

"Yes." No need to be embarrassed since he is obviously not offended. "I'd like to know what you dreamed last night."

"Sorry not to oblige you, but I don't tell my dreams -- not since I read a lot of that psychoanalytical bunk of Freud. You might be one of these wise guys that know all about those darn symbols -- or think they do. Are you?"

A pretty personal question, but one doesn't acquire shingles by being reticent. Better open up, and -- "I've been pretty

well psychoanalyzed."

"You have? For a fact?" He's interested -- coming across to my seat to talk. I've made a good beginning if -- "My name's Klein -- Simpson Klein." He's getting out a card, and -- Yes, here's one of mine, now we're properly -- "Mr. Robert Sterling. Pleased to meet you. And now tell me -- Is there anything in this psychoanalysis business?"

"Yes, but it's a rough road to travel, and it leads through the very center of hell -- bad place to get lost, and one shouldn't start out unless the chauffeur is very familiar with the route. It's much safer to go to Detroit."

"You going to Detroit?"

"I don't know. That's where I'm ticketed."

"Then what you mean -- you don't know?"

"I may change my mind. The fact is that it doesn't make the slightest difference to myself or anyone else."

"Mean you haven't any folks?"

about Rose and my "Not a relative that I know of." Shall I tell him -- It's my chance to practice -- to be less reticent -- "My father and mother were both the only children of their parents, and their death left me with a little sister, who -- lost her life in an orphanage fire when I was about fourteen. So I'm the last of my family."

"But you have a home town, haven't you? And friends?"

"I'm probably pretty well forgotten. You see -- I went to England for my education -- to get away from -- Well, to

get away. After that I did construction work in the Argentine. During the war I was with the engineers, and since the war I've been with the surgeons and the psychoanalysts."

"Shellshock?"

"No." Odd how easy it is to talk, once you get started. But it's good practice. "No, it wasn't shellshock. But I got what I thought was going to finish me, and was disappointed when the army surgeons insisted upon keeping me going. So I undertook to go west in spite of them. It was deliberate enough -- a perfectly sane conclusion that I'd had all I wanted -- but it only got me as far as the psychopathic ward. There are some people, you know, who think a man who doesn't want to live must be insane. I simply took the opposite view -- that those who could love life were rather shallow-minded."

"That's about what I've come to." Ah, confidence begets confidence -- and we've brought forth -- "What's the use! Hasn't a man a right to quit if he wants to?"

"He ought to have some pride about it. Shouldn't resign from your club, with a lot of unpaid dues, you know. As for me -- I won't go out like a licked puppy. And after all life is interesting if you understand yourself and it -- so it can't jump on you and ride you."

"How do you get that way? Analysis?"

"Synthesis. They tried analysis on me first and got me sure enough unbalanced."

"Really insane?"

"It took three of them to handle me."

"Do you remember? What's it like?"

"You get a taste of insanity every time you have a dream.

If when you waked up you mept right on with the dream and believed it to be true you'd be insane. That's what psychoanalysis did for me. ~~That's the danger of psychoanalysis~~ Reality became a dream while my dreams became real. A man who had studied in Zurich and understood the synthetic method finally got hold of me and brought me out of it. That's my autobiography to date."

"What'll you do now? Construction work?"

"I'm interested in construction work -- of a sort."

Church building. But I'm only studying the subject at present. And writing about it a little."

"Any money in that kind kind of writing?"

"No. But I don't need money."

"Don't need -- What do you know about that! Don't need money!" His tragedy -- a financial one, I judge - is rushing back upon him, and he's forgetting everything else including myself. The news agent with an armful of best sellers gets scant attention -- cheerful salesmanship, met with gloomy indifference -- But no -- a lightening flash in interest! "Alone in the Dark, by Ethel Melvin! By heck, I know that girl! She was my sweetie in high school!"

Cheerful salesmanship beams hopefully. "Well, your sweetie's made a killing all right. This book's a winner.

*Redream about
renewal*

80%
 selling by the thousands right off the press. And she's ~~made~~ *for enough*
 enough off the picture rights to put the average human being
 on easy street."

Simpson Klein's tragedy can't be so desperate or he wouldn't be in and out of it so easily. And judging from the size of the roll from which he is peeling those two one dollar bills the financial situation isn't as serious as it might be. The book is his, and he's going back to his own section to read it. Alone in the Dark. It's been favorably reviewed in all the newspapers and magazines -- described as a book of unusual delicacy and charm. Ethel Melvin's been compared to Zona Gale, but most of the reviewers think her the stronger writer of the two. If I'd been more of a ~~novel~~ ^{fiction} reader I'd have bought it, but ~~novels~~ never seemed quite worth while to me.

Simpson Klein seems to be enjoying this one. A very mercurial person! Where are his troubles now? I never saw any one read so rapidly. Page after page. Hard to believe he's really reading it. Mentally quick. Obviously an intuitive type, and therefore impulsive, enthusiastic, and easily discouraged. A rather delightful shingle, nevertheless.

In the mean time I'm going to the diner. ~~and~~ Have something to eat, and something to smoke.

I've been gone about an hour and a half, and --

"It's a great book, Sterling -- simply great!"

"Finished it already?"

"You bet!" He's coming across to tell me about it.

And I declare if he isn't transfigured with enthusiasm. It's given him renewed life. "I don't mind telling you, Sterling -- I've got to have that girl! I'm going back home -- and marry her."

"Does she know it?"

"She will before the week's out. Haven't seen her for for a coons age, but -- We used to play around together -- I -- Here, wouldn't you like to read it?"

"And study the personality of your wife to be? I certainly would."

"Can you psychoanalyze her by her book?"

"W-well -- Psychoanalysis is the study of dreams, you know -- and this book is her dream."

"By George -- I 'spose it is. Her dream! Hadn't thought of that. I don't know. I don't like the idea. All that symbolism -- Don't know's I want you to read it."

"I'm not Freudian, you know. My psychoanalysis comes from Zurich, not Vienna."

"What's the difference?"

"Altitude. What's the difference between the dismal swamp and the mountain peak? In Vienna your dream is sexuality; in Zurich it becomes religion -- your own individual effort at spirituality. And I should say from the reviews that the author of this book has had an unusually beautiful dream."

"You bet she has, Sterling! Here take it and read it while I go and eat. You've had yours, haven't you?"

"Yes. Thanks for the book. I'll read it while you're gone."

An engaging youngster! Looks to be in his early twenties though I'm not good at guessing ages. Has the physical grace of a movie star -- and the good looks. Something dramatic about everything he does. Is his drama tragedy, or comedy or farce? A mixture, probably. Tragedy in the station, comedy in this suddenly developing love affair -- impecunious youth resolves to marry author of a novel that is also a gold mine! Likely to become farcical shortly. Interesting at least.

And so -- Enter Robert Sterling, friend to Simpson upon the stage of life. be introduced in the order of their Klein. The dramatis personae will ~~appear~~ ^{appear} ~~entirely~~. Can I make a place among them for my persona? Ought to be able to -- and I must have a persona -- a role of some kind -- at once. Can't drift. The role of friend to Simpson Klein would no doubt be a minor one, but -- If I can land the engagement it promises to be more or less interesting. And unless I'm mistaken the boy needs a friend, and is rather inclined to take me on. I must study the role. What should such a friend be and do? First of all he'll have to find some excuse for going where ~~where~~ Simpson goes. After that -- Well, one could be on the alert for any sort of cue. One mistake I've made already. I shouldn't have been so confidential. Leaned over backward trying not to be reticent. Foolish to tell all about my mental illness. Ought to treat every stranger as if he were to become a next door neighbor. However -- If Simpson sees

no alarming symptoms of queerness his knowledge may not hinder the progress of friendship. Better begin the new role by reading his book -- whose author he intends to wed.

It's a neatly made up book, once you take the jacket off. I hate jackets on books. They're like kitchen aprons on a woman. The first chapter -- 'Mary Rose' --

My God! It's little Rosemary!

This description -- how could anyone else have written it! All these details --

She's still alive, and she wrote this book! And that horrible thing -- it never happened, except over and over in my imagination! Her soft little body -- Oh my God! She was not burned in that fire! She herself set the fire -- and escaped -- a frightened little three-year-old -- before ever her mischief was discovered!

She's alive -- and Simpson Alein knows her -- went to school with her! Where is he? I must ask him --

But no -- I might just as well tell him I'm Napoleon Bonaparte as to tell him I'm Ethel Melvin's brother. He'd be perfectly sure I was off my --

Perhaps I am -- still believing ~~in~~ my dreams! But it's all here -- in these opening paragraphs. They describe the orphanage. It's unmistakably the place we put her to be cared for until

for until a more suitable place could be found for her. It's all here in plain print -- the building, the porches, the stone wall, the birdnest, the hollow log in the corner of the playground where she loved to hide, the tree she climbed -- against the rules -- and the punishment of being sent to bed without her supper. Her last day of life as I remember it -- as they told me about it. How could Ethel Melvin know these things unless. --

But how could Rosemary remember -- One doesn't remember so far back into childhood -- Except through psychoanalysis -- Through dreams -- But the story is her dream. And the experience was so exciting. It would have impressed itself. Perhaps such a thrilling event might ^{be} remembered at the age of three and a half. But what's the use -- It has been remembered! It's here -- unless I'm living in a dream again -- losing my grip --

No. My throat is dry, and my hands are shaking, but -- I'm sane -- I'm sane enough to know that I must keep this discovery absolutely to myself. if I want Simpson Klein to believe me sane. Naturally if you know a person has been mentally unbalanced you're more or less on the lookout for a return of the trouble. The one thing an ex-maniac must not do is to exhibit any eccentricity that could possibly be mistaken for ~~for~~ a symptom. And there's no use in cursing myself for confiding in Simpson. Having confided, I must ^{appear} ~~be~~ conspicuously sane in every word and act -- or my little drama may develop into

melodrama.

The thing to do now -- the only thing -- is to pull myself together and go on with the story. Alone in the Dark, by Ethel Melvin.

How strange -- how very strange -- this makes me feel! The characterization is true in all its shadings -- Little Mary Rose could have been created only by Rosemary, grown older and dreaming her childhood over again. She was sent to bed without her supper because she simply could not keep herself from climbing her dear little tree. That urge to climb was characteristic -- typical. And her vengeance ^{was} ~~is~~ typical. From the time she could talk didn't she reward her friends and punish her enemies by making up stories about them? Happy endings for her friends and the most shockingly terrible endings for the victims of her displeasure? It would have happened exactly as she tells it here. She would have lifted herself entirely out of ~~the present situation~~ ^{her grief} by devising a soul satisfying fate for the matron who had sent her hungry to her bed.

And ~~being hungry~~ the rest would follow. When all the other children were in bed and everything was quiet for the night, and she was so hungry she couldn't sleep, she found her way down stairs, 'alone in the dark', to search for food. Little Rosemary, under such circumstances, would have undertaken just such a foraging expedition. And finding nothing ^{in the garbage can} that smelled edible, ~~ishe~~ would have wrinkled her nose in disgust and pro-

ceeded hopefully to the kitchen. And what if the matches were kept supposedly out of reach of little folks! You couldn't keep Rosemary from climbing! And she needed light. By mounting a chair she got the matches and had so much fun learning to scratch them that she nearly forgot her hunger. And then one burned her fingers and she dropped it blazing into a basket of clean clothes that projected from under the kitchen table upon which she had been scratching it. Slowly a roughdried tea towel was kindled from the match, and fascinated then frightened her blazing high. Terrified by the fierce heat of the fire she had started she ran out of doors and with those strong little arms so fond of climbing and so adept, had pulled herself from running board and mud guard up and over the closed door of an automobile parked in the street. Hidden in the back of the car she watched, awe-struck, while the building went up in smoke and flame. Nobody saw her, but she heard someone say "There's one little girl they haven't found! Poor little thing!"

While she was wondering who it was they hadn't found, a terrible looking colored man, who was a friend of the orphanage cook, and pointed out as a bogy to unruly children by one of the nurses, got into the front of the car and drove rapidly away. She huddled on the floor of the car, covering herself with a coat which had been thrown on the rear seat, fearing he would be very angry with her for making such a big fire. After driving a ^{considerable} long way he stopped in front of a large house, got

out , and went around to the back door. Peeping over the door of the car she watched him out of sight. The big house was brilliantly lighted, and the sound of beautiful music came from its open windows. There were many people inside, but no one outside. She seized the opportunity to scramble out of his car, and take refuge in another which was not quite so grand or so big or so hard to climb into, but was very comfortable and contained a warm blanket into which she snuggled and went to sleep, lulled by the beautiful music from the big house.

This car belonged to a professional musician who was assisting at an entertainment some forty miles from his home. He didn't discover the sleeping child in the back of his car until morning, when he assumed that somebody who wished to be rid of her had taken this way of disposing it, since he owned no garage and kept his car under a tree in the yard. It never occurred to him that so small a child could have climbed in by herself. She wore nothing but a coarse cotton nightgown with no mark by which it could be identified or traced. And while she wakened and talked volubly he couldn't understand her language. Might be baby-talk or Greek for all of him.

Meditatively he began to whistle softly to himself, considering what to do with her, not realizing what he was whistling until the child chimed in and sang -- The Holy City. She sang her own impression of the words, but the tune was true and sweetly sung, and after such an exhibition of musical genius nothing could induce him to give her up.

The Holy city! That clinches the matter. I taught Rosemary to sing the Holy City and a lot of other songs. She knew a dozen. It's Rosemary -- unless I'm ~~lost~~ utterly lost in my dreams! Alone in the Dark. What was it the reviewers ~~said~~ said? The story of a girl who realized poignantly the utter loneliness of every human being -- the impassible gulf which separates each of us from those who know us best -- the essential solitude of man who is always alone in a darkness made all the more dense by the ^{knowledge} ghostly flicker of ~~understanding~~ that science lights for us.

Rosemary -- alive. Well. Successful. Can I ever rid my mind of the horror that has haunted me for twenty years? How natural that she should become a writer -- a story teller. She began the fiction business as soon as she could talk. And Simpson means to marry her. Do I want my friend Simpson Klein to marry my sister? Needn't worry about that. Rosemary will not consult me in such matters.

But the shingles are already beginning to overlap. I've the best of reasons for attaching myself -- if I can -- to Simpson. I'll work ~~seriously~~ with the role of friend until I can develop the role of brother with convincing certainty. Meanwhile -- I'll go on with the story.

"Well!" Ah, it's Simpson, strolling back from the smoking compartment. "How do you like it? Can you interpret Ethel's dream?"

"It would be an impertinence to try without her help.

I haven't the data."

"You mean -- If I told you a dream of mine you wouldn't know what it meant?"

"I wouldn't have the least idea what it meant. I might be able to help you decipher it but there's nothing in this idea that you can tack mythological symbols on to any dream. Because serpents and dragons undoubtedly have mythological meanings doesn't prove that a snake appearing in your dream can have nothing but the mythological significance. It's quite as likely to have a purely individual significance."

"Or no significance at all."

"I can't agree with you there. Every dream is freighted with significance. ^{*Dreams*} ~~They~~ tell you the unvarnished truth about yourself. Truth you can't get from any other source. Unless you understand your dreams you simply aren't acquainted with ~~with the~~ greater part of your own personality."

"You really believe that?"

"I know it. Your dream is an allegory or a parable or a fable trying to teach you something about your most immediate and difficult and painful problem. Every dream is the effort of the soul to get a message through to consciousness."

"Well, it would be a darn sight more sensible of my soul if it would ~~cut out the allegory stuff~~ and say what it has to say in plain English!"

"Perhaps. But considering that primitive thinking was done by means of analogy -- in fable myth and allegory -- for

a good many million years, and that each of us begins with an infancy of dreamlike and mythical thinking -- When you were little wasn't the knife the man, and the fork the woman, and the spoon the child? Wasn't the stopper of the bottle its hat?"

I'm getting him. He's grinning, and -- "Right you are, Sterling! And the dog was the husband, and the cat was his wife, and all the chairs were the children of the piano and the davenport."

"Exactly. That sort of thing is the beginning of intellect -- primitive and infantile thinking -- and it isn't so strange that in dreams, our unconscious thinking, we should keep it up. It's tremendously ingenious, as a matter of fact, to have your soul constantly at work inventing that sort of instruction for your persona."

"Persona?"

"Your outer character -- what you appear to be to the world and in the world -- your role in life. What is your role, by the way?"

"Doggonne it! Don't talk to me about roles! Good lord! Roles!" His tragic gloom is welling up again. As if -- "I've been the darndest fool that ever got hipped by the lure of the footlights, Sterling. Honestly! You know I thought I wanted to go on the stage. I got up a vaudeville act and put it ^{across} ~~xxxx~~ -- on Broadway. It went over good, but lord, what a grind! Doing the same thing over and over and over -- Lord! So I jumped at the chance to get in with a stock com-

company. Playing in Washington. Thought that would be great. Lots of variety and everything."

"And you didn't like it?"

"Like it! Jumping Grasshoppers! It was the fire after the frying pay! Every evening, and two matinees, and rehearsals for the next week, and everlastingly learning a new play to rehearse the next week to play the week after! I couldn't stand it any longer. I've quit."

"And what will you do next?"

"Wish I knew. Maybe my soul knows. Had a dream. If dreams mean anything -- But pshaw! No sense to it!"

"A dream always means something, and it's always about your worst worry."

"Tell me one of yours."

"All right. I dreamed a short one night before last. I simply caught myself dumping a cup of the most luscious blackberries into a bowl of oatmeal with the words, 'That will make it good.' The meaning is clear enough: My life which had become drab ^{and} ~~in~~ uninteresting to me, so much so that I didn't care to go on with it, is the dish of oatmeal. I never did like oatmeal. The blackberries represent the fruit of my study with Dr. Markus, whose psychology gives one an entirely new outlook on life. So my soul suggested that I pour what I have learned into a drab existence and make make life worth living."

"Well what do you know about that! Not sexy at all!"

xxxx But mine isn't as sort of poetical as yours. Mine's about a cat. Crazy thing, but -- Think you could explain it?"

"I might be able to help you explain it if you care to tell it."

"Well --" How embarrassed he is! "I dreamed I was sitting by a comfortable fire getting warm and drinking a glass of milk. And a cat that had been purring contentedly as could be got up suddenly and began to claw at me and kept mewling for my milk. I wanted the milk myself, so I caught a mouse for the cat, and the mouse turned into the milkman and left a bottle of milk on my mother's kitchen porch."

"Sounds interesting. We have to know what you associate with each item of the dream. ~~What would a nice warm fire~~ symbolize for you in your present situation?"

"Rest and comfort. That's easy -- my mother's home. I want to go home."

"And the milk -- what is your association with milk?"

"Lime. I have to drink it because of a calcium deficiency in my system. I have to drink a quart a day."

"Then the milk probably represents something you need, something you haven't enough of, and the cat stands for something that wants what little you have of it."

"Well I'll be doggoned! Money! It's money I want, and haven't enough of, and I hate to admit it, but -- The comfortable cat which wants what little I have is my dear mother!"

"Natural enough. You needn't be embarrassed about it."

If the dog was the husband and the cat the wife in your childish imagination there's no discourtesy to your mother when the cat represents her in your dream."

"Maybe not, but -- Any way -- I knew all that before. Didn't need my soul to tell me I wanted to quit and go home and get a little good out of the few dollars I've managed to save, or that Mother'd be disgusted -- want me to get a job and pay my board. She thought she had me off her hands -- thought I'd settled down and was making good, and --"

"And you haven't -- and aren't. And so you decided to go home to Mother, and if she wasn't good to her little boy you'd expire on her doorstep or something like that?"

"How in hell did you know that?"

"Merely a guess. But something of the sort was written all over you in the station -- interested me in you. But let's get back to your soul. If I'm not mistaken it's the best part of you. We shouldn't judge a man by his conscious motives entirely -- regardless of his dreams. The dream represents the whole of you. It doesn't blink at your weaknesses, but on the other hand it insists upon your ideals -- and points out the adjustment. To go home and live on your mother without making payment in some way is as unacceptable to your soul as settling down to a job is to your persona -- hence the mouse. If you catch a mouse for your mother, a mouse that will turn into the milk man and leave milk -- money -- on your mother's kitchen porch so she won't need yours, you escape both horns of your

dilemma. Your mother will be in a sense compensated without your going to work and paying her yourself."

"Gosh! There's something -- Something downright uneasy about that, ~~Sterling~~ It's a real idea. I -- Sterling, will you be my mouse?"

"I?"

"You. I dropped asleep for a minute in the smoking compartment just now, and dreamed that dream, and -- You're the mouse all right -- If I can catch you. You see, My mother keeps boarders, paying guests she calls 'em, because she doesn't like the idea of a boarding house. And I will say it isn't much like a boarding house either. You'd think they were all her dear friends living on her hospitality because she couldn't bear to be separated from them. And if I come home bringing a dear friend, who will leave the milk on the kitchen porch regularly and unobtrusively she'll have a warm welcome for me -- perhaps. Any way it will be much warmer than it would be if I didn't bring any mouse. My soul isn't as poetical as yours, but, by golly, it's practical!"

"You do it an injustice. It isn't merely practical, it's self-respecting. It doesn't want you to go home and live on your ~~your~~ ^{To}go home and live on my mother? Gee! I 'spose you think I'm a pretty weak sister --"

"Not at all. It's what the whole world wants whenever life gets too difficult. That going home to mother dream, in one form or another is probably dreamed more than -- And

Freud of course calls it sexual, the incest wish. To the Zurich school it's just the longing to get out from under -- to be a child again and have a child's freedom from responsibility. The Fatherhood of God is the Christian's dream of going home to mother -- back to childhood. It's nothing to be ashamed of. The Bible's full of it. 'Cast thy burden on the Lord!' And it makes the most wonderful poetry in the world. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'

"I used to believe all that bunk!"

"It isn't bunk. Your religion --"

"I haven't any religion."

"Oh yes you have. Everybody has a religion. ~~xxxxxxx~~
~~xxxxxxx~~ You may be unconscious of it just as a child is unconscious of its digestion or an ultra-virtuous woman ~~xxxxxxx~~ of her sexuality. The world is going crazy over the idea of suppressed sexuality, but it's suppressed religion that's at the bottom of neurosis."

"I don't agree with you. Some of the most neurotic people I know are darned religious."

"And some of the most neurotic people I know are darned sexual -- have never suppressed anything but their sense of decency. The problem isn't simple. Take your own conflict. it isn't between sexuality and decency, it's between your love of freedom, which you consciously worship, and your need of money which you cannot get without sacrificing freedom. You can easily make yourself neurotic by suppressing your love of

*as well as in your
athletics*

freedom, or on the other hand by suppressing your desire to make good financially. The two things are antagonistic. There is some such conflict in the life of every human being. In your religious neurotic it's probably between an antiquated faith and a suppressed intelligence. Religion is a necessary psychological function which normally adjusts these conflicts by finding a middle ground -- a procedure which enables the soul and the persona to live together in peace. If they're not living in peace -- if you're moody, or irritable, or cowardly, or if you have insomnia, or any other form of nervousness -- your religion is out of order."

"It's a queer idea of religion."

"It's a new idea. Look at the problem. Here you are, a human being with ~~millions of~~ ^{animal &} years of human customs and habits behind you -- conflicting habits. You cannot altogether suppress sexuality or decency, freedom or responsibility, religious feeling or scientific reason without making you self neurotic. What are you going to do about it?"

"Ask my soul. Sterling will you be my mouse? will you let me carry you home to mother? Honestly -- I believe you'd like Elkton. If you haven't any other place in mind -- You'll have to go somewhere, you know -- to put the berries in the oatmeal."

"Where is Elkton?"

"Michigan. Couple of hours beyond Detroit. Nice little town -- about the right size for a mouse."

"How big is it?"

"Lord, I don't know. Three four thousand I guess."

"Has your mother a suit of rooms? I'd like to have two with a private bath."

"If you wouldn't mind the third floor --"

"I'd prefer it."

"It's rather -- Mother'd want ³⁰sixty a month for."

"That's reasonable. I won't forget to leave the milk -- regularly and unobtrusively as possible. Perhaps you'd better wire your mother that you're coming home for a vacation -- bringing a friend who will want her third floor apartment with board for an indefinite length of time."

"Attaboy! Sterling you've saved my life. That third floor apartment is always vacant because she wants so much for it. She's ¹¹fall on my neck and kill the fatted calf, and -- But I'll go and send that telegram!"

Ethel
HOME TOWN FOLKS

"Gee, Sterling, Michigan sure does look good to me! Cast your eye out the window and watch it go by! Look at those rolling fields! See those woods! Maple! I'll bet there's a sugar bush in there somewhere. And see the big red barns and the little white houses -- and the woods. ~~More~~'woods all of Michigan's full of these little patches of woods and the woods are full of flowers -- spring flowers. Buttercups, and hepaticas, and spring beauties, -- And look at that little lake!"

"It's beautiful. Like a jewel in a green setting."

"You bet. Lots of jewels like that in this little old state! It's God's own country! And the prettiest time of year. In another month the trees will be green. Just watch spring come in Michigan!"

Simpson is sentimental. And freed from despair by the fatness of the mouse he's taking home to his mother he's also light-hearted and full of enthusiasm for his new role. Suitor to my sister Rosemary! I must think of her as Ethel Melvin -- learn to speak of her as Ethel Melvin. I wonder how Simpson will succeed --

He doesn't understand himself fully, or he wouldn't be so transparent. This program of living on his mother until he can marry another woman who is amply able to support him isn't so admirable that he would be likely to advertise it if his motives

were clear to him. There's a lot of good in him, but -- No man can be better than his dreams.

At any rate I like him. He's interesting, and for a man who's had so little schooling he's remarkably intelligent -- Good company, as Markus would say. Really surprised me that he isn't a college man -- but neither was Franklin nor Washington nor Lincoln for that matter. He's mentally quick -- must have read a good deal to be so well informed, though his information is rather superficial. May have acquired most of it from the newspapers -- and from book reviews.

I feel pretty well acquainted with him already, after a one night railway journey. He's the kind that tells all he knows by effervescence. But good lord, I can't say anything. I've effervesced nearly as much as he has. I wouldn't have thought it possible -- I've told him nearly everything except about Rosemary -- Ethel Melvin.

Haven't even asked questions about her. I'll let my acquaintance with her take its course naturally and without any forcing. When I've verified my relationship I'll talk about it -- to her. To no one else. However --

"What sort of a girl is Ethel Melvin, Simpson? What's she like?"

"Oh she -- You might call her beautiful, but sweet describes her better. She is sweet! Dark hair, and --"

"Dark! I -- I'd pictured her quite -- quite blonde."

"No, her hair is dark and eyes ^{are} -- sort of hazel."

That's odd. But childrens' hair often grows darker, and

their eyes -- I suppose the eyes can change from that baby blue. But I hardly would have thought -- "How long have you known her, Simpson?"

"Oh -- We were in kindergarten together, and I've known her all the way up, but -- Well, it was in our first year high that I got my motorcycle and used to take her riding in the side car -- till her mother put a stop to it. Her mother's the dragon in my path."

"There may be more than one dragon. Perhaps you'll find her already married."

"I don't think so. Her mother has a man picked out for her -- Kent McDougal, who lives next door. His mother and Ethel's mother are so thick -- just like cold glue. And they've been throwing Kent and Ethel at each other since kindergarten. Makes them just like brother and sister, and they'll never marry. But they're so near engaged that it'll keep the other guys off her."

"I judge it isn't going to keep you off her."

"Not by a darn sight it isn't. But -- It may make me a lot of trouble. The dragon doesn't want her to have anything to do with anybody but Kent, and she -- Well, she's one of the gentle, obedient little things -- But I'll find some way of disposing of the dragon, and Kent McDougal, too."

"Of course." This is a strange picture I'm getting -- of Rosemary. Sweet -- gentle -- obedient -- The 'sweet' I can believe; the 'gentle' -- well, perhaps; but the 'obedient' -- However it's foolish to ask questions. Regardless of

the color of her eyes and hair, or the nature of the character she's developed, the girl who wrote Alone in the Dark is my sister Rosemary. I can bank on that. I'm already getting used to the idea -- throwing off the horror of what never happened.

It's a long way from an orphan asylum in central Pennsylvania to Elkton, Michigan, but that very fact ought to help in the identification. I'll probably have no trouble. And there isn't any hurry about it. It isn't as though Ethel Melvin needed me. She's sitting on the top of the world right now, and may find a brother quite unnecessary if not an actual nuisance. I'll go slow, and --

Here's ^{an other} A new agent. I'd like -- "Any copies of Alone in the Dark?"

"Sorry. Just now sold the last one. Can't keep 'em."

"You don't need to buy one, Sterling!" Simpson's fishing his out of his suitcase. "Here, you can read mine all you want to."

"Thought I'd like to own a copy."

"You can own mine. I'm through with it."

"Don't you care to keep it?"

"Oh -- Not particularly. You can have the book; I'm after the author."

"You aren't so sentimental as I though you were."

"W-well -- I'm no hand to accumulate baggage. I'd rather travel light. You're perfectly welcome to it."

"Thanks. Then the book is mine. I shall get Miss

Melvin to autograph it for me."

"Look here, you aren't planning to compete, are you?"

"Not at all. But I'm very much interested in the author of this book. I suppose you'll let your friends meet the young lady, won't you?"

"You bet! In fact -- I'd like you to go along with me and keep the dragon ^{know} amused. She's my worry."

"Good. I don't ^{know} how well I'll be able to amuse her, but I'd certainly like to make her acquaintance."

"Look, Sterling! There's the lake where I used to go swimming and fishing, and -- Over there on the other side -- you can just bearly see it -- is the camp we built when I was scoutmaster. There's smoke coming out the chimney! Their using it yet!"

"Did you lead a troupe of scouts?"

"You bet. That was the first thing I did when I got back from France. Surprise you?"

"I can't quite imagine you bothering with a lot of kids."

"I didn't for very long. Got 'em organized, and built the little shack --" He's closing his suitcase and getting his hat and coat from the rack above the seat. We must be -- "Get your stuff, Sterling! We're here!"

I'll put my new book in my own suitcase. Queer. I'm glad it's mine, but rather indignant with Simpson -- The train is slowing, where's my coat? And my hat? A neat well-kept station of the small town variety. I get a real kick out

of this. The train stopping, letting me out on a station platform I've never before stepped upon -- in the midst of people, just plain people -- Main Streeters!

I must buy a copy of Main Street -- and study up on the subject. Book's been out for six months and I'm the only person that hasn't read it. I must --

"Hello, mother!" Ah! They seem fond enough of each other. Not in the least alike. Simpson must take after the other side of the family. She's -- in the middle forties, a bit inclined to stoutness, neither light nor dark, motherly, friendly -- "Mighty sweet of you to meet us, Mother! Here's my friend Sterling -- can you give him the third floor rooms?"

"Yes, indeed! How do you do, Mr. Sterling! It's a very great pleasure to have Simpson's friend come home with him. I hope you'll like us and our town and everything. Come right along. The car is parked around behind the station -- right where we always used to tie the horse so he wouldn't be afraid of the train. Isn't it funny how we keep right on doing things when there isn't any reason for it -- just force of habit. I was saying to Miss Harrison only yesterday --"

One of the communitive kind. How she can chatter. Doesn't give you a chance to say 'how do you do?' but we did get in a handshake, and --

"Now Simpson, you just get right in front and drive. I'm going to sit behind and get acquainted with Mr. Sterling. Simpson's never so happy as when he's making something go,

are you, Simpson! I was just telling --"

"Give me your suitcase, Sterling." Simpson interrupts. But I guess that's the only way -- "Plenty of room here in frnt, and it'll give your feet a chance. Straight home, Mother?"

"Yes, dear. I think I've attended to everything. Let's see -- Black sewing silk, ~~and~~ and ~~graham~~flour, and electric light bulbs, and postage stamps -- I guess that's all, unless -- You might drive around by Dr. Sigourney's. Grace has been real sick, and it would be nice -- I was in yesterday, but -- just to see how she is -- Careful, Simpson! There's a car behind -- There, everything's clear -- As I was saying, Grace has been real sick. They thought it might be appendicitis or something so she she'd have to have an operation, but she's better -- a little -- You never can tell -- I'm afraid of these operations! But she's a little better, and -- Look out, Simpson! There's a car on your right! I can't help feeling --"

I suppose she can keep this up indefinitely, but one needn't listen to all of it, and -- So this is Elkton. Quiet after Washington. Only a few people besides ourselves at the station. Somebody getting the mail bags, and one or two shook hands with Simpson while I was listening to his mother -- at least I think they did. And now this is Main Street, with its Drug store or two, it's grocery stores, and -- yes, there's at least one department store -- with quite a metropolitan window display behind plate glass. And a milliners -- 'Miss Annie'

More of a town than the first impression indicated. Trees along the street, an automobile service and filling station -- two of them! And there's the postoffice. The mail is being taken in. The very center of town -- a large bank building opposite the postoffice, and --

"-- don't you, Mr. Sterling?"

"Yes, Mrs. Klein -- I do, indeed." Lord! You can't listen all the time -- or can you? "I see you have a very up-to-date picture theater here."

"Yes, and there are pictures every night now, and -- Look out for that stop sign, Simpson! Really since that automobile factory was started up across the creek --"

"Automobile factory, Mother!"

"Yes, dear, or radio or battery factory or something like that -- Any way, since it started there's been quite a boom in Elkton. Ever so many people have moved here, and -- That's the Bugle office, Mr. Sterling -- our daily paper. It's owned by Mrs. Melvin, the mother of the girl who wrote Alone in the Dark. That book you know that --"

"We've both read it, Mother."

"She's sold the picture rights for --"

"We know all about that, Mother. It tells about it on the jacket."

"Well, Elkton is very proud of her. And this is our new high school. We're quite proud of ~~you~~ new high school."

"I should think you'd be proud of your church too."

That's as pretty a little stone church as I've seen in a long time."

"Isn't it! And not so little either. There's room for everybody. I wouldn't wonder if we were the only town of our size in the United States that can get along with only one church -- for everybody."

"How do you manage it?"

"Well it happened by accident at first. Before the war we had three churches -- Baptist, and Methodist, and Congregationalist. Soon after the war the Baptist church burned, and we -- I was a Baptist -- were invited to to use the ^{Congregational} evening hour of worship on Sunday. But our minister was an old man and the loss of his church was such a shock his health failed, and Dr. Sigourney -- He's the Congregational minister -- He looked after both congregations. Everybody loves him, and the people are all friends and neighbors and pretty poor with the high prices and all. It just didn't seem sensible to build another church -- Especially when this one is so large. Even the two congregations didn't fill it."

"But how did you happen to have so large a church?"

"Mrs. Melvin -- She's one that's the mother of Ethel Melvin and owns the Elkton Bugle, you know -- She built it just like a city church in memory of her husband who died when Ethel was little. That's why it's stone and so lovely in every way. She and Mrs. McDougal who is another widow and lives near her on Melvin hill in the edge of town, are the

millionaires of Elkton -- our only very rich people."

"How did the Methodists happen to join you?"

"Their church burned too, Mr. Sterling -- about six months after ours did. It turned out that both fires were started by an ex-service man who lost his religion in the war and hated all churches. He tried to burn the Congregational church too, but was caught at it and the fire put out. Both the other churches were wood, and went like so much paper. Being stone was all that saved this one. The Methodists didn't like their minister, and it was a small church any way, and they didn't want to build, and Dr. Sigourney is so wonderful, any way --

"Here you are, mother! How long you want to stay? I'll drive around -- Show Sterling the suburbs."

He doesn't make any move to open the door for her, I'll -- "Let me help you, Mrs. Klein?" Her Dr. Sigourney has a pleasant home, if this is where he lives. Old fashioned white house in a big yard --

"How long'd you say, mother?"

"Not a second over ten minutes, dear."

"Come on in front, Sterling. I'll pitch these suitcases in behind."

"Not a second over ten minutes, Simpson! she warns.

"Not a second under half an hour, " he laughs as the car rolls out of her hearing. He evidently knows his mother.

"I'm going to show you the home of Miss Ethel Melvin, Sterling -- the dwelling place of the author of Alone in the Dark. And if

luck is with us

luck is with us we may get a word with the lady herself."

"You don't mean to lose any time, apparently."

"You bet I don't."

He wouldn't, of course. Personally -- I'd as soon wait a bit. Get my bearings. Rosemary -- Ethel Melvin. I must think of her as Ethel Melvin, or I'll be mis-speaking myself. This is where she's has grown up. Well, it's a pleasant little town -- must be beautifully shady when the leaves come out -- and the grass is already showing green. Well-kept lawns, well-kept streets -- I wonder how she got here -- and how Mrs. Melvin, the Millionaire got her. I wish my heart didn't pound so, and --

"That's the house, Sterling -- up on that hill. Melvin Hill. And that's the McDougal house just beyond it -- the home of Kent McDougal, my rival. They're the two finest houses in elkton. And McDougal Park is over beyond Melvin Hill. When Mrs. Melvin built the church, Mrs. McDougal didn't want to be outdone, so she give the park to the city in memory of her husband. It's our most popular picnic ground. Has a nice little stream running through it, but it's mostly just woods. This winding drive is a Melvin-McDougal private entrance to the grounds that belong with the two houses. Nobody knows where the Melvin property ends and the McDougal property begins."

Lucky little [^]Ethel Melvin! What a lovely place -- My God, if only I could have known! There's an aristocratic aloofness about these two homes -- of the twon, but not quite

in it. I --

"There's the dragon, now! Working in her flower-beds. She's nutty about flowers." He's driving by the house, around the drive that circles the Melvin garden. And she's looking up, watching us as we stop opposite her. Small, slender, aristocratic, and cold -- as cold as a winter morning!

Simpson is out of the car, approaching her. "How do you do, Mrs. Melvin?" She doesn't appear to see the cordial hand he extends to her -- and he waves it with a flourish of friendliness in lieu of a handshake. He's not easy to rebuff."

"How do you do, Simpson." No rising inflection. And her tone implies, "what possible business can you have with me or with mine?"

"I have a friend here, Mrs. Melvin -- a psychologist, who is very much impressed with Ethel's novel." Ah, he's going to use me in the emergency -- I'll get out -- "He's interested in the psychology of it, and I've brought him around. He's from Washington. May I introduce Mr. Sterling, Mrs. Melvin?"

"How do you do, Mr. Sterling?" Distant, but not quite so cold. Evidently a psychologist interested in Ethel's work is far more tolerable than Simpson Klein. "You are a psychologist?"

"Of a sort, Mrs. Melvin. I'm tremendously interested in Miss Melvin's story. In fact I've never read anything that has made quite so profound an impression on me. I'd like to know something about her methods of work if it isn't asking too much --"

"My daughter is very busy, Mr. Sterling."

"She must be, of course. Perhaps -- If she is too busy to be interrupted -- Would you be willing to give me an interview? You could no doubt tell me a great deal about her book, and her writing. Simpson and I have just reached town and we've driven around to inquire -- hoping that we might make an appointment --" Simpson's worried, but -- With a woman of this type the less you ask the more you're likely to get. "Could you give me a little time -- some day soon?"

"Ethel has her office, her workshop, down town -- where she is never disturbed. Even I myself have never been inside it." Mrs. Melvin is thrilled -- "She's very temperamental, Mr. Sterling, and simply cannot work where interruptions are possible. But she's usually at home to her friends in the late afternoons. If you'd care to come tomorrow at -- say four-thirty or five -- There are likely to be a good many others. People motor from Detroit and -- all over the country for that matter, but -- If you care to come --"

"That's very good of you."

"Yes, indeed, thanks!" Simpson's including himself. "We'll be around tomorrow -- at four-thirty."

She eyes him coldly. How gladly she would leave him out! Her welcome is for the psychologist friend from Washington who is interested in her daughter's work. It's a relief to be back in the car. To be coasting down Melvin hill and out into the main road that winds back to town.

"You can see what I'm up against, Sterling!" Poor Simpson!

"I think we can manage her, Simpson. Unless I'm very much mistaken one must cultivate the daughter by first cultivating the mother."

"I don't give a darn for the mother. Isn't she a frost?"

"She's interesting. I wonder -- It's just an impression, but I wonder if she hasn't projected her persona into the girl."

"Meaning what?"

"That she has no role of her own, no personality that she's aware of, no outer life at all except through her daughter. It's a fairly pathological condition. Often happens where there's an only child, and -- It means that to take the daughter away from her would all but destroy her."

"Then she'd better prepare to be destroyed."

we're late, Simpson

"You'd better step on it. It's been considerably over ten minutes."

"Oh you needn't worry about mother -- here we are, any way, and if she's ready in ten minutes from now it'll be a wonder."

"Her sick friend is the daughter of your pastor?"

"Wife. They have no daughters, only sons. Two of 'em. One a little older than I am -- works in the bank. The younger one's in college. Here's mother -- at last!"

"I stayed longer than I meant." She apologizes. "Grace

is much better -- simply wouldn't let me come away. Had to tell me all about Henry's new car. It's a -- no -- I'm not sure what she said the make was, but any way it's red -- bright red! Imagine it! For a minister's son! She's so tried with him for getting it -- while she was sick and couldn't help him pick it out. And she thinks it's extravagant any way. And I should rather think it is. He's had two -- no -- I'm not sure whether it's two or three new cars since the war, and --"

"Those suitcases in your way, mother?"

"No, dear. Not at all. I'll just put my feet this side of them. It's all right. And you can drive home now, Simpson. I declare if it isn't half past twelve already -- and I told Nora dinner at one. We'd better hurry a little dear -- Not too fast! Simpson! Careful!"

He's anything but careful! What's he trying to do? Cutting corners -- barely missing lamp posts -- scattering pedestrians like chickens! If he wants to frighten her into silence he's succeeding all right. He ought to be -- But this must be the place -- much like the other homes of Elkton. Large yard with trees -- hammocks and benches promising Spring and summer. Large white house with green blinds. An ample porch across the entire front with hammock swings at either end and numerous arm chairs between -- looks used and homelike.

"You take Mr. Sterling to his rooms, Simpson. See that he's comfortable. Dinner'll be in about twenty minutes."

Inside -- The house is old fashioned -- colonial. Hall down the center from front to back with stairway white banister and mahogany

and mahogany finish rail. Living rooms ~~on~~ both right and left -- dining room and kitchen must be behind. Four large rooms on the first floor, furnished in mahogany -- or mahogany finish. Twentieth century antiques, but the effect is good. Gets more genuinely oldfashioned as you ascend the stairs into a region of haircloth upholstery and rag rugs. And here's my third floor!

"We'll have it all our own way up here, Sterling. My room's across the hall. Here's your diggin's."

"All this for thirty a month!" Two beautiful sunny rooms, furnished -- Well it looks as though the refurnishing of the the first floor had pushed much that is worn and comfortable and friendly looking toward the top of the house. Pictures -- The Challenge -- The Sanctuary -- Washington Crossing the Delaware -- The bath room was undoubtedly once a bedroom -- in the good old pioneer days when you took a bath on Saturday night in a bucket or a laundry tub -- otherwise it would hardly be so roomy or so modern. And -- if here isn't a balcony off my sitting room. Large enough for a sleeping porch!

"Make yourself at home, won't you, Sterling."

"Thank you, Simpson, I will, and --" "No -- I won't caution him about keeping my confidence. It would seem rather -- insulting. "I'll see you at dinner." He's gone -- across the hall to his room I could still caution him -- I certainly don't care to have all these people know that I've been an inmate of an insane asylum, but -- Surely he'll have the delicacy to keep such a confidence! And if he hasn't -- Well,

if he hasn't he'll tell any way. The dignified course is to say nothing about it, but --

There he goes now -- whistling down the stairs. Simpson, the gumption have you ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to hold your tongue?

I've just time to wash up -- make myself presentable.

I have a pleasant sense of adventure, with just a touch of nervousness. I must read Main Street. I want to make friends with the Main Streeters -- all the different kinds of them.. If they're stupid, and complacent -- I wonder if they are? I wonder too if anybody is really banal. Aren't the banal people merely the people you fail to get at? Any circuit is bound to be dead unless you make the correct contacts. There ought to be material for friendship in any human being -- some way of hooking up --

There are three ways of cultivating friendship -- only three. You and your friend must think together, or feel together, or act together. In the perfect friendship you'd do all three -- or at least two. But no friendship is hopeless if you can do one successfully. The thinking types will want you to think with them -- as I did with Markus. The feeling types, who don't think -- Mrs Klein, unless I'm much mistaken -- With her you'd either have to share in some common emotion or some common occupation. No wonder I'm nervous! This tabernacle of overlapping friendships which my soul craves -- If I could build it with reinforced concrete, now --

Ah, I hear a sound of dinner chimes -- where's my coat?

The odor of broiled beefsteak, and -- I believe it's gingerbread!

And some people object to the odor of kitchen operations! The dining room appears to be here on the left, beyond this living room. Something rather wonderful about being in a real home! Mrs. Klein is waiting at the head of the table -- to introduce me --

"This is Mrs. Sterling, folks. Mr. Sterling this is Mr. Weaver -- Mr. Harold Weaver of the Bugle, and Mrs. Weaver; Miss Edson, and Miss Olive Edson who has just finished high school; Mr. Ed Harris, a rising young banker just out of Columbia University; And Miss Harrison who has taught in our Elkton schools for nearly forty years; They're all delighted to welcome a new member of the family.

Horribly awkward to meet so many people at once, but -- "I'm more than delighted to be a member of the family, Mrs. Klein. It's going to be a great pleasure." Wonder if that was the right thing to say. It's the truth, and -- A sort of murmur of greeting and we all sit down. Silence. Possibly I imagine it, but -- is there a subtle curiosity, a certain unnatural restraint? Simpson's been talking! I feel it. He's been dramatizing me -- giving his friend what is known in the newspaper world as 'news value'! Naturally -- he would. One confides in Simpson Klein at his own risk, and has only himself to blame -- But I wonder what he's told them! I seem to smell their curiosity as distinctly as I smell the ginger bread, and -- Is there a bit of fear mixed with it?

They're eating their soup without conversation. Do they imagine they are sitting at table with a maniac, who may at any moment become violent? Maybe Simpson's mouse won't be so welcome after all!

"Where's Simpson, Mrs. Klein?" It's Miss Harrison, the motherly school teacher who has tact to break the silence. "I've been hearing about him, but haven't seen him."

"Oh he's late as usual. We never wait for Simpson in this house."

"I should say not, Mother! Hello, folks! Gee, but its great to be home!"

How they all chatter at him as he breezes in and sits down at the table and begins on his soup! "How's the theatrical world?" "How'd you leave the president?" "How long you going to be home?" ^{Banter.} They don't take him seriously. He's nothing but a joke -- amusing to them.

Except his mother. She takes him seriously enough. "Simpson, how long a vacation do you have, dear?"

"Oh -- I don't know. Couple o' months anyway -- maybe all summer."

That makes her suspicious. "Simpson, you haven't been fired or anything, have you?" Queer question to ask before all these --

"Fired! Me? Well, I should say not!"

"Simpson!" The younger Miss Edson -- Miss Olive, just out of high school -- Pretty and flapperish -- "It must be

perfectly gorgeous to be on the stage! Isn't it?"

"Oh it is! You've no idea! It's a marvelous life!"

His mother grows increasingly suspicious -- and puzzled.

"Simpson says you know all about psychoanalysis, Mr. Sterling. He says you've been psychoanalyzing him."

"Simpson exaggerates, Mrs. Klein."

"It's perfectly wonderful!" Miss Olive Edson giggles -- but she's cute. "Just marvelous! We've all heard a lot about psychoanalysis, but we've never had any of it in this town before -- never! We want to know all about it! Will you tell us?"

That Simpson! If I could get my hands on him! Has he told the town in fifteen minutes? But I must hang on to my sense of humor! "What do you want to know about psychoanalysis, Miss Olive?"

"Oh all about it! Is it as perfectly awful as they say it is?"

"I don't know. What do they say about it?"

"Oh all sorts of things! They say --"

"Now sister --" The elder Miss Edson, sweetly prim.

"I think you're getting beyond your depth -- quite beyond your depth!"

That gets a laugh. Evidently psychoanalysis connotes nothing but sex here. I must -- "A great many people have gone hopelessly beyond their depth on the subject of psychoanalysis, Miss Edson. There's hardly a subject about which

There are
 so many unfortunate impressions -- so much half-knowledge, with unjustifiable and violent prejudice. Analysis is a sort of psychological surgery. At worst, in the hands of an unskilled operator, it's exceedingly dangerous; at best it teaches you to understand yourself."

"It's perfectly wonderful, but -- What I'd like to know is -- Is understanding yourself so perfectly terrible as they say it is?"

Miss Olive
 "That depends, if you've been in the habit of admiring yourself, believing yourself to be very superior to the ordinary run of human beings, the truth is certain to be painful -- even shocking. But if you've always undervalued yourself, felt inferior to other people, the truth may be a revelation -- an inspiring experience."

"That seems to imply that below the surface we're all much alike."

"We are, Miss Harrison." The school teacher is very much of a real person. "We are potentially alike. -- both kind and cruel, honest and dishonest, wise and foolish, spiritual and carnal, industrious and indolent. Every one of us is born with a complete set of human possibilities, and whatever we don't exhibit outwardly is buried inwardly. ~~There~~ persona, the outer mask we wear is created by the little collection of common human traits that we choose individually, and bring up into consciousness, develop and wear for the world to see."

~~I'm talking too much --~~

I'm talking too much -- but I've come out fairly well -- considering. By speaking up with no apparent embarrassment perhaps I've placed myself in as favorable a light as possible. They can see there's nothing queer or sinister about the mouse Simpson's brought home -- the mouse that's presently to appear as Ethel Melvin's brother. I must be careful though. Not be a disgrace to her, or an embarrassment.

"What do you think of behaviorism, Mr. Sterling?" The Columbia University man -- Ed Harris -- "We hear nothing but behaviorism at Columbia."

"There appear to be two kinds of behaviorists, those who are making a science of it, and those who are making a religion of it."

"A religion?"

"Exactly. A real scientist is out to discover the truth, no matter what it is -- never to prove something whether it's so or not." A fanatic is never scientific -- he's simply a man whose religion is out of order. And some of the behaviorists are rabidly fanatic."

"But please tell me, Mr. Sterling --" Miss Harrison, the teacher once more -- "How is a layman to know whether these new ideas are science or fanaticism? How can we tell what to be interested in and what to ignore?"

"W-well -- Personally, I've a distrust of the 'scientist' who talks so loud it's hard to hear anyone else, who is sure that he alone is right, and he who differs is a fool. Our

real scientists are a quiet, ^{cautious} ~~conservative~~, and rather taciturn hard-working bunch, and the one thing they know best is how little they know."

"That puts some of the behaviorists in their place all right," says Ed Harris. "You'd think that nobody ever knew anything about human psychology until they started it!" But ^{Mr.} they're doing some interesting things, Sterling."

"Certainly they are. The only quarrel I have with them ^{it} is that they call ~~their work~~ psychology; just as the only quarrel I have with the Christian Scientists is that they call it 'science' -- which it is not, and never can be. By their very name, the Christianists antagonize something they don't understand, but depend upon quite as much as the rest of us do. It not only makes them appear ignorant, but it puts them in the position of biting the hand that feeds them. I hope I'm not -- Are any of you Christian Scientists?"

"My sixter is."

"Yes." The elder Miss Edson is speaking sweetly to show there's no hard feeling. Too bad. I shouldn't -- "Some day -- I'd like to explain, Mr. Sterling. I don't like to have you think we bite the hand that feeds us."

"That was a figure of speech, Miss Edson --" But good lord, I cant retract -- "I wanted to suggest that science and religion are incommensurable, and should be kept apart. By using the word science your religion is depreciating -- actually slighting real science. And the behaviorists are depreciating real psychology in precisely the same way -- practical

intuitive psychology, which they can't live without any more than the Christian Scientists can live without real science. You can't be a good husband, or wife, or parent, or teacher, or ~~parent~~, or human being, without precisely the psychology that the behaviorists are fighting and fanatically depreciating. Psychology is as big as life itself, and science and religion and marriage and business and education and industry are its various departments."

How dreadfully instructive I should! I'm not going to say another word. Instructing others before I've learned to put the berries in my own oatmeal! I wonder if Simpson told them that dream of mine! Anyway -- Whatever he told them I have to admit they're respectful -- to the point of deference! Nobody ever listened to me so deferentially before.

Ah, we're through to the last crumb of that delicious gingerbread. Leaving the table --

"Mother, may I have the car this afternoon?"

"If Jim gets back with it, Simpson. I let him have it for the afternoon, though. He's going by John Moore's for butter and eggs, and --"

"Good night! He won't be back -- Guess I'll fix up the little old motorcycle. Is ^{she} ~~it~~ in the basement yet?"

"Yes, ~~dear~~, but -- You know it ~~was~~ out of order. I don't believe you can make it go."

The family is melting away -- everybody to his own interests. I might go out with Simpson and help him with his motorcycle, but -- After this hearty mid-day meal how overpower-

ingly sleepy I am! If dinner in the middle of the day is the custom here I wonder how these people keep awake in the afternoon -- say nothing of working! It's up the stairs for me. Glad these rooms are so homelike. Wonder if the bed -- Pretty good as beds go. And after a night on the sleeper -- Better take off my shoes --

Comfortable. How like a dream reality can be! Here I am -- Elkton, Michigan -- Rosemary, my little rosemary -- Ethel Melvin to all these people -- I'll see her tomorrow. Tomorrow. But I must go slowly. My tabernacle -- The berries -- in the oatmeal --

Merciful heavens, what a racket! The sound of battle -- But no. It's Simpson's motorcycle. Deafening -- but explosive, sputtering and unsteady. Engine trouble! No more sleep for anybody within half a mile.

Better unpack, any way -- get settled. Not much to settle till I send for my trunk, however -- Clothes in the closet, writing material, check book etc. in this table drawer, Alone in the Dark, by Ethel Melvin, on the table, toilet articles in the bathroom, B.V.D.s etc. in the dresser drawers -- There --

Is someone knocking? Hardly audible above the roar of Simpson's motor, but -- "Oh, come in, Mrs. Klein." Odd to have a woman coming in -- but pleasant. The feminine atmosphere --

"Are you comfortable, Mr. Sterling? Have you everything you need?"

"I'm more than comfortable, Mrs. Klein. Really -- this is the first woman-made home that I've known since I was a boy of fourteen -- since my mother died."

"Oh -- I hope --" moisture in her eyes. She's touched -- "I hope you'll feel really at home."

"I'm sure I shall. Won't you sit down, Mrs. Klein?" She's a pretty woman, dressed attractively in an outfit that's neither too impractical to wear in the kitchen not too practical to wear anywhere else. And she's going to sit down -- want to talk. I wonder what --

"I want to talk with you -- about Simpson, Mr. Sterling." Heaven help me, I don't want to discuss Simpson with Simpson's mother! I -- "He said you had psychoanalyzed him. Said you read him like print, and I -- I want to know what you make of him!"

"As I said before, Mrs. Klein, Simpson exaggerates. I haven't psychoanalyzed him, and while I think I understand him to some extent --"

"I don't -- not at all. He's like his father, and I've never understood either of them."

"How old was Simpson when his father died?" If I can get her to talking about her husband perhaps --

"His father isn't dead, Mr. Sterling. He's just a rolling stone. He's never been any good to us, and -- well, I've tried

Engine trouble! No more sleep for anybody within half a mile.

to make something of Simpson, but -- I don't know -- I'd like to know what you see in him. Why are you his friend?"

"He interests me. I like him."

"Then you must see something in him. What do you see?"

"A type. A very extreme type." I can discuss Simpson's type without discussing Simpson himself. "In our psychology we call people of his type intuitive extraverts, but it might mean more to you if we said he was the enterprising type."

"Indeed I don't think he's enterprising! He doesn't stick to anything long enough to -- Enterprising people make something of themselves! He never makes anything but a noise! Just listen to him! That motorcycle -- Don't enterprising people finish what they start?"

"Only when their enterprise is combined with a well developed judgment. Enterprise alone, unbalanced by judgment, makes the intensely restless personality to whom the present is a prison that must be escaped. Every new enthusiasm or project, every 'hunch' is the ladder by which he thinks he can escape, but the minute he has climbed it and sees the first threat of monotony or routine -- There he is in the same old prison, with a new hunch -- a new way out. He lives on hunches. To be without a new enthusiasm is torment, and so the new enthusiasm is compelling. He has to follow it at any sacrifice. Such a man's life is bound to be a series of uncompleted undertakings."

"Uncompleted undertaking! Mr. Sterling, they make me

desperate! What is going to become of him? He could do so much -- but he won't do anything! He didn't even graduate from high school -- dropped out the second year -- just quit! I hate a quitter!"

"Perhaps he isn't so much of a quitter as you think. A man of his type may be regarded as a machine for the invention of new enterprises, and for him to settle down to a routine might be the real quitting -- the quitting of the thing he does best. A machine for the invention of new enterprises is not built to stick to them, but to organize them. There's much of that sort of work to be done."

"But what does it get him? He quit high school wanting a motorcycle, and went into business for himself to get the money for it. Started a magazine agency and did wonders with it, but sold out to another boy just as soon as he had enough to buy the motorcycle. And whils Simpson was terrorizing the neighborhood with his motorcycle the other boy stuck to business and now that magazine agency is a nice little book store. *But*

But it doesn't belong to him. "When the motorcycle got to be an old story Simpson organized our dramatic club. Child as he was, he made a success of it. Got all the talent in the neighborhood interested, and discovered talent where nobody dreamed it existed. Why, he made a tragedian out of our leading grocer, and a character actor out of Miss Harrison, and a comedian out of Dr. Signorney, the minister! Imagine it! He just saw the talent in these people and made them see it! But as soon as the dramatic

club was a part of our community life he slid out from under and went tearing around on his motorcycle again, as if looking for something new. The dramatic club grew, and built our little theater which one of the best paying concerns in town -- always showing pictures when the club has nothing to put on. But Simpson's out of it! Why Mr. Sterling, if he'd stayed with either the magazine stand or the dramatic club -- But he won't stay with anything! He -- He's good for nothing!"

"I'd hardly say that, Mrs. Klein -- if he's given the town two successful enterprises!"

"But what good does it do him -- or me? Am I to let him live on his mother? That's what he'd like to do. Oh, I know Simpson! He's quit again! He can talk about a vacation all he likes, but he can't fool me! Have I got to turn him out as I did his father?"

"Oh -- No, Mrs. Klein! He doesn't want to live on you. He's too much of a man for that. He'll find himself -- after a bit. He'll find the right sort of work."

"What sort of work?"

"The advertising business, maybe. He'd make a wonderful press agent. And in the mean time -- He's all you have, isn't he? Don't you like to have him at home with you?"

"Yes." Her mood changes. With a dramatic little gesture she throws off anger and resentment and appears with another set of feelings. "Yes. I love to have him with me. He's all I have, all I've lived for. And -- Oh, he is sweet! And he was such a cute little boy -- and so bright! And when he went into

the war it nearly killed me! But -- Oh, I was proud of his war record, Mr. Sterling!"

"Tell me about it."

"If I can -- with that fiendish roar from Simpson's engine! That's the sort of thing he was doing in nineteen fourteen, just tinkering with that horrible machine! And then, while we were all reading the terrible stories of the invasion of Belgium he disappeared -- wrote home from Canada that he simply had to be in it. And after a while he was flying in France -- absolutely fearless about it. It was the only thing he ever tried that didn't bore him. He never tired of it, and luck was with him. He never got a scratch, and came home with all the decorations and things. Really -- He's a wonderful boy, Mr. Sterling?"

"Was it when he came home from France that he organized the boy scout troupe?"

"Yes, the boys were crazy about him, and begged him to do it, but it only lasted until he got the idea for his vaudeville stunt. But dear me, I must go down stairs and make the desert for supper."

A most excellent ^sdesert! And another meal is over, and I've talked too much again. But they're interested -- keep asking questions -- I like everybody except Mr. Harold Weaver of the Bugle. There's something about his face and manner --

"Have you seen the evening paper, Mr. Sterling?"

"No, Mr. Weaver." "What's he looking so important about?"

Handing me a paper, as if -- And going off down the street smiling --

"It has your picture in it."

"My picture, Miss Harrison!"

"Yes. Didn't you know you were a celebrity in Elkton? You were snapped as you stepped off the train. Simpson's telegram yesterday -- about bringing home a celebrated psychologist -- was read aloud at the supper table last night, and we have a prerrepresentative of the Bugle among us, you know. Come out on the porch -- Now all the rest of you people run along, I want to talk to Mr. Sterling. About education -- if he isn't psychologically exhausted. If he is I'll save my questions till another day. Let's go out on the porch, Mr. Sterling."

She's trying to rescue me from the family -- help me -- Good heavens, this is awful! I'm a man who has been to the rim of the world and back -- unbalanced by the war -- saved from the terrors of insanity by psychoanalysis. I have explored the human soul. I can read character almost at a glance, and interpret dreams so convincingly as to seem little short of a magician. Simpson has vastly more than told all he knew! He's improved on the facts several hundred percent! Having suffered a mental derangement from which I've been marvelously recreated I'm now vastly superior to the average normal human being! And there's nothing I can do to counteract the effects of Simpson's exaggeration. I'm presented with a new role, whether I like it or not -- I'm psychologist of Elkton, and -- Good heavens, what

next! I've come here to write a book on religion! If Rosemary wasn't here I'd take the next train for the far west!

"Come here, and sit with me on this porch swing, Mr. Sterling. It's comfortable. And we can talk -- quietly, if Simpson only will give us a rest from that infernal machine of his. Mercy! There he goes again!"

I may as well sit down with her. She -- "Miss Harrison, this is bunk about my being a psychologist. I guess you know Simpson. I guess nothing ever loses anything by passing through him, does it?"

"Simpson -- Simpson ought to be spanked, Mr. Sterling. But it wouldn't do a bit of good, and -- I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry he's talked too much. I hope his thoughtless betrayal of your confidence won't make you too uncomfortable."

"I don't suppose Simpson thought of it as confidence, Miss Harrison. To him it was a marvelous opportunity to dramatize a friend. He could hardly have resisted it."

"I'm glad you understand him so well. He needs to be understood. He needs your friendship. He's the most remarkable embodiment of possibilities that come to nothing -- possibilities that are thrown away just as they begin to resemble probabilities."

"I suppose you know him very well."

"Yes. I've taught in Elkton more than forty years. Most of the inhabitants under fifty have been my pupils."

"Ethel Melvin?"

"I've known Ethel all her life."

"From babyhood?"

"From the time she was a week old."

"I -- That's odd. Miss Harrison, I was under the impression that Ethel Melvin was an adopted child."

"Mercy! No!"

"You're absolutely sure of that? That she's Mrs. Melvin's own child?"

"Oh -- absolutely."

Miss Harrison -- could this teacher be mistaken? If Ethel Melvin is Mrs. Melvin's own child, of the body begotten, then Ethel Melvin did not write her own book -- could not have written it. That much I know! Perhaps my role in Elkton is going to be that of amateur detective! "Miss Harrison, at what age did her very unusual gift for writing begin to show itself?"

If her school work has shown no unusual ability -- her school compositions --

"Ethel's been a very unusual little girl all the way up, Mr. Sterling. Even before she ever went to school she made up the cleverest little verses. Ever so many of them were published in the Bugle when she was only four or five."

"And did her gift for writing show all through her school life?"

"Not just at first. I think the school atmosphere distracted her to begin with. But after she became accustomed to the school room her talent took a new start. She wrote the most

exquisite little stories and compositions -- whimsical, and imaginative, and -- Well, in all my teaching I've never seen her equal. Her book is no surprise to anybody in Elkton. We've all known that she'd do great things."

Is that the telephone ringing incessantly, or -- Or is something wrong with my mental processes -- just my head whirling! My sister Rosemary -- Nobody else could have written that book. Is she somewhere in this town, suppressed in the service of an imposter! But no! If Ethel Melvin, a gifted little author from infancy -- Something very queer --

"You're wanted at the phone, Miss Harrison," Simpson's voice. She is going in and he is coming out. Shall I -- It's a good chance for me to get my hands on Simpson Klein!

THE REVEREND DR. SIGOURNEY

No, I can't get my hands on him this time for his mother is with him. "Please, Simpson -- just this once! I want you to go ~~to prayermeeting~~ with me! I don't want to go alone!"

"Then don't, Mother! Stay home with me!"

"But I always go to prayermeeting -- you know I do!"

"And you know I don't! Anywhere else, mother -- but not prayermeeting! If I go and act natural they'll put me out; and if I go and bow my head and act prayerful I feel like like a pypocrite!"

"Oh Simpson!"

"Well I would! I don't believe in heaven or hell or any of the things you believe in. You may as well get used to it, mother. I don't believe in God!"

"Simpson!" Lord, how he's shocked her! He needn't be so brutal with his unbelief! I suppose she's given him a regular oldfashioned orthodox bringing up, and he's reacting from it in the regulation modern way.

"I'd like to go to prayermeeting with you, Mrs. Kleinon. Will you let me substitute for Simpson?"

"Will you go, Mr. Sterling?"

"Attaboy, Sterling! He's the one to go, Mother. He's religious, and says his prayers and everything."

"Simpson, you're simply incorrigible! I'd love to have you go with me, Mr. Sterling. I usually go with the weavers, but they don't seem to be here. I guess they went around to

*Only boy
ever*

*Miss
Harrison*

Bugle office for something, and -- I don't like to go alone. Shall we take the car or walk?"

"I'd like to walk if we have time."

"There's plenty of time. It isn't far." She's very unhappy. Probably worried sick to have Simpson -- "Mr. Sterling, I brought that boy up to believe the Bible, and go to church and Sunday school, and to say his prayers, and -- I think I could bear all his other faults, but -- Without religion --"

"He isn't without religion, Mrs. Klein. None of us are. We may think we are, but it's there just the same."

"I'd like to think so. He needs religion!"

"Of course. We all do. Our ancestors for millions of years have depended upon religion for certain universal human needs. Worship and prayer are a part of our mental machinery, and we can't be mentally normal without them, though many people think they can."

"It's a terrible thing! The young folks -- I don't believe it, myself, but there's some talk -- It's been said that Henry Sigourney, Dr. Sigourney's older son believes in evolution! And may be it's true. Dr. Sigourney hasn't seemed to happy the last year or two. But I hope -- It would simply break Dr. Sigourney's heart, Mr. Sterling! It's bad enough for me -- with Simpson. But for a minister -- with everybody looking up to him -- Why this town simply worships Dr. Sigourney. Lots and lots of people who aren't religious

to speak of go to church regularly -- just because they like him, and --"

Now she's off religion and on the life history of Dr. Sigourney. I must be careful -- avoid the controversy between science and religion. If she knew my opinion of religious dogma -- Is it hypocrisy to keep my views regarding evolution to myself? If I allow her to believe me orthodox -- I don't care what she believes! I've no desire to educate her, or to do her good! I want to be friends with her. I can't think with her because she doesn't think. Her ideas are all adopted, and they aren't at all related to my ideas. But I can feel with her to some extent, and I can go to prayermeeting with her. I don't have to air my religious concepts. I won't. Not to her or anyone else. I simply won't discuss religion here in Elkton. That's the only safe way for me to do what I want to do, and --

"-- that's why we love him so, Mr. Sterling. You'll see when you get acquainted with him, why Elkton goes to church, and why we all look up to our pastor."

"I'll certainly be glad to know such a wonderful man, Mrs. Klein."

"He'll like to know you. And here we are -- just the least bit late. They're singing the opening hymn. That's Dr. Sigourney's favorite -- 'Lead kindly light'."

"It's my favorite, too." I can say that honestly enough. What an attractive church entrance.

My dear
Mrs. Klein is whispering. "We used to have prayermeeting in the Sunday school rooms down stairs, but now we have it here in the main part of the church -- so we can have the big organ. Miss Harrison plays it beautifully."

I'm glad we're sitting inconspicuously back of the others. Just in time to sing the last verse with them. So that is Dr. Sigourney! Well I don't wonder -- White hair, a strong but sensitive face -- cleanshaven -- Tall, a little too thin. Looks as if his body might not be as vigorous as his mind and soul. But it's easy to see the attraction -- He's speaking.

"We are very fortunate tonight --" A mellow voice -- the voice of an old man. I wonder why an old man's voice -- "in having with us ^{tonight} a man who in this irreligious age is modern without being atheistic, educated without being an unbeliever -- A man who, though fully informed in the field of science, is making of religion a major interest. I'm going to take the liberty of asking him -- Mr. Sterling, we are more than glad to welcome you to Elkton, and to our church. Will you say a few words to us -- of your interest in religion?"

Sterling! He doesn't mean -- He can't mean me! I -- Mrs. Klein is urging me -- Good heavens! "Please, Mr. Sterling! You'll talk to us -- Won't you?" She's pushing me -- I'm standing up -- No! I won't talk! I can't! I --

"Thank you so much, Mr. Sterling." Dr. Sigourney thinks I'm going to talk -- thinks I'm orthodox -- thinks -- "Won't you come right down in front, Mr. Sterling. Everyone can

hear you better --" Good heavens, I'm doing it! I'm going right down in front -- What am I going to say? Or do -- when I get there! I don't want to talk to them! I only want to live in their midst and be friends with them! I can't talk to them! They believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible -- the verbal inspiration -- the immaculate conception -- the ~~atonement~~! They believe the Apostles' Creed -- literally -- And I'm standing before them -- I've got to say something --

"Friends --" That's all right so far, but -- "It is a pleasure to me to come here to your little town of Elkton. I hope to meet you individually -- and to make myself one of you." There's Mrs. Melvin! And with her -- a girl! -- It must be -- I mustn't make a fizzle of this! I must -- ~~I would like to begin --~~ "May I ask you to join me in a few moments of silent prayer?" I've got to get steady. ² Everything is all right for a minute or so -- ¹ (they've bowed their heads. I wonder if I can -- I never needed an inspiration more than I need one this minute! Shall I think -- or shall I depend upon prayer? If my religion's good for anything -- I wonder if I can escape from all these people -- there must be nearly a hundred of them -- seventy-five any way -- expecting me to say something. If I can introvert -- absolutely withdraw my interest -- let nothing hold me back -- drop into the very source of inspiration -- come up with --

B. C. -- B. C. -- B. C. -- Like a tune going through my

mind. And now their heads are no longer bowed, and I've got to say something. Right here and now I have my chance to make friendships possible or impossible -- in the presence of Ethel Melvin, sister or imposter -- I can't see her face because of the shadow of her hat, but -- B. C. -- B. C. -- Of course. If I go back before Christ I won't offend anyone. Before Christ -- safe ground!

"Dr. Sigourney has asked me to say a word about my interest in religion. Religion as I see it is the essential element of mental health and vigor. It is a significant fact that we have no record of any primitive people, either of modern times or of the ancient world, who were without religion. We may infer from this that to the primitive man religion is necessary. Why? Many people will say that fear is the origin of the primitive religion, and they are probably right. But fear of what? Physical danger? The world is indeed a rather terrible place for the primitive man, but he has as a rule an extraordinary capacity for facing physical danger. And on the whole, considering the difficulties he has to meet and the lack of knowledge with which he has to contend doesn't he meet life with a courage and a zest, a gladness and a goodness, a willingness to sacrifice himself for consecration to the welfare of his community, which should win for him the admiration of more civilized peoples?

"The more I study primitive man the more I am convinced that the things in him that force the civilized admiration are

merely the outer manifestations of his mental health -- which in my opinion he owes to his religion.. Now what is this mental health? The primitive has it, the normal child has it -- every human being ought to have it. It is simply an abundant and freely flowing psychic energy which is always accompanied by a joyous sense of wellbeing, and an enthusiasm for life.

"Suppose the primitive were to lose this overflowing zest for life? How dreadful would be his situation in the midst of difficulty, danger, and ignorance! The outer dangers and difficulties can be met so long as the mental vigor remains normal; but no primitive community could long exist should it lose its courage for existence -- its mental vigor. Therefore I think we may safely say that the function of religion for the primitive man is less to combat the outer danger than to combat the danger within himself. We may think of the primitive's religion then as a psychic function, just as digestion is a physical function; it is necessary to his mental health just as the processes of nutrition are necessary to his physical health. He may believe that his sacrifices are made to propitiate an angry spirit, or to invoke the kindly spirit, but in reality it is a mysterious spirit within himself that he propitiates and invokes. with his veneration of symbols, his elaborate rituals, his many sacrifices. Then what his religion does for him is constantly to renew his inner life, in order that he may quicken his zest for the outer life -- his ability to face necessity not only with earnestness and courage, but with gladness and joy.

The primitive man creates his own god, worships the god he has himself created, and is in turn created and recreated by the god he worships. We are too apt to assume that, as the hymn has it, 'The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.' He is not worshipping the wood and stone, however, he is worshipping what the wood and stone stand for -- what they symbolize to him, and what they symbolize is his own aspiration, his own longing, the reaching out of his soul for the mysteries and the potencies of life., mysteries he cannot grasp, though he knows they are all about him, potencies he vaguely feels stirring within himself.

Now there can be little doubt that the the aspiration and longing of the primitive is the best and most valuable part of him -- just as my aspiration and your aspiration are the most valuable part of us. And just as his aspiration and longing make his religion, our aspiration and longing make our religion. Whatever religion we may profess, whatever our creed or belief, we can be no better than our own individual aspirations, our longings -- our dreams. Just as he must depend upon his management of his longings and dreams for his mental health, so must we depend for our mental health upon our management of our longings and dreams. And we should not be satisfied with our own individual religious achievement unless it gives us abundant mental health -- unless our lives are full of zest, of joyous gladness, and an ~~amended~~ renewed sense of profound well-being.

"If I am right in these conclusions, we have a never-failing test of the individual religious health. A nervous breakdown is a religious failure, absolutely impossible where religion is functioning normally. All the lesser mental disturbances -- moodiness, irritability, timidity,, and that haunting unrest, that vague feeling that things are not as they should be, are symptoms of a religion out of order. If I am right there is no such thing as being without a religion. Every man, woman and child worships something, and what he worships is his god -- whether he calls it that or not.

"You are familiar with the saying that every man has his price, which merely means that there is something that is of absolute value in the life of each of us -- something for which we are willing when it comes to the pinch to sacrifice all else. If that happens in your life to be love, you will subscribe to the idea that God is love; if you worship justice, you will say that God is Justice, while to another God is Wisdom, or Truth. It is not possible for us, as finite human beings to conceive of God in any other way. Our minds are not big enough to picture the infinite, and so, however sure we may be that there is only one God, we have to admit that there there are as many conceptions of God as there are people, and no two conceptions can be altogether alike.

"Then in a sense we, like the primitive man, create our own God -- since we create our own conception of God. In my religion, God not so much what we believe in as what we worship.

If a man professes Christianity, 'believing' in the Christian God -- Father Son, and Holy Spirit -- but concentrates his entire life to the business of money getting, then his passion, his sacrifice, his worship, is for money, and he is deceiving himself. His professed religion is but a ~~theory~~ *silly sentimental*; his real religion is something quite different. We deceive ourselves in this way because we forget that religion, whatever else it may mean, invariably means sacrifice. Worship means both sacrifice and passion. There is no religion without both sacrifice and passion; and if I want to be honestly aware of my genuine religious condition, my religious health, I must study my own ruling ^{actual} passions, and discover the nature of my sacrifices.

Then let us ask ourselves; however painful such questioning may be, 'What, honestly, am I worshipping? What actually occupies the shrine in the foreground of my daily life? For what do I labor and sacrifice? In short, what more than all else do I want? This is a profoundly religious question, a probing for those underlying needs so often overlaid and concealed by lesser needs. For what I want most -- my greatest longing -- is my search for God. It may be noble, it may be most ignoble and unworthy, but it is the measure of my religious growth and health.

Take for example the case of John Doe. His religious beliefs were orthodox. He went to Sunday School throughout his childhood and joined the Christian Church early -- but what about his actual religious development? In boyhood his genuine

"In closing I want to thank you for the very cordial welcome you have given me."

Back to my seat. I wonder -- How quiet they are -- not a sound. Are they shocked by my conceptions of religion and God? Do they realize how far from orthodox I am? Are they wondering how Dr. Sigourney will react to my remarks? He's standing up there -- where I was a moment ago -- He --

"We are very grateful to Mr. Sterling for the point of view he has given us. He has brought home to us the fact which we are so prone to forget that religion and life are inseparable. To be superficially religious is impossible. The thought that all of us, even those we regard as unreligious, are alike in the possession of the religious function, the difference being ^{and the manner} only in the object of our worship is new to me, and furnishes much food for further thinking. Let us pray."

Is he really praying, or is he talking through God to his listeners. That's what public prayer always seems like to me. I couldn't talk to God -- my God -- aloud and to an audience. But then I can't judge others by myself.

I wish I could get a good look at Ethel Melvin. That big hat entirely shaded her face. Perhaps I can see her after the meeting. He's praying for the president and our rulers at Washington. I couldn't do that. I couldn't pray for anything. Prayer to me is a listening -- a clearing of the air, a doing away with every other interest in order that I may get rather than ^{send} receive a message. "World without end, amen."

worship was the Yale football team, and the Yale pennant which hung in his room filled precisely the same office in his life that was filled by the symbol of the cross in the lives of the early Christians. He worshipped with utmost devotion, balking at no sacrifice in its service

He's announcing a hymn -- number seventeen: Miss Harrison at the organ -- playing it -- How religious music well played does stir one's longing and make one worship!

He leadeth me, Oh blessed thought,
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Where'ere I go, where'ere I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

True enough. True for everybody,. That which we worship is bound to lead us. If my God is love it is love that leads me, if money, I'm led by the dollar mark. Nothing has changed. We still create our own gods, worship the gods we create for ourselves, and are in turn created by the gods we worship. 'Where'ere I go, where'ere I be,' I'm certain led for better or for worse by the hand of my god.

Ah, we're being dismissed -- May the peace of God which passeth all understanding be and abide with us all! I wonder how many of these people have it -- the peace of God! I wonder --

Must be they have a social time -- Mrs. Klein introducing me -- I can't remember all these names "How do you do, Mrs. Hudson -- Mrs. Jones -- Mr. Ellis -- I wonder -- No, Mrs. Melvin and the girl aren't waiting to be sociable -- they're leaving, and I didn't get a good view of her face. Well -- Tomorrow -- "How do you do, Miss McLeod -- Mrs. McLeod -- And Dr. Sigourney."

"I'd like to have a little talk with you, Mr. Sterling, Could you stop a bit -- in my study?"

"Oh, thank you, Dr. Sigourney, I'm with Mrs. Klein --"

"That's all right, Mr. Sterling. I'll go home with Miss Harrison. Come on Miss Harrison. Take me off Mr. Sterling's hands so he can stay and get acquainted with Dr. Sigourney."

They're gone -- everybody -- And now --

"Come into my study, Mr. Sterling, where we can be comfortable -- and uninterrupted."

His study -- back behind the pulpit -- Is he going to have me up on the carpet so to speak -- for heresy? He's no doubt shocked by my implications, though he was very kind about it -- thanking me and all that. His study -- worn a little as to furniture, just disorderly enough to be homelike -- simply lined with books! The man's a reader!

"I'd like very much to know more about your religious beliefs, Mr. Sterling."

"If you mean beliefs that I hold passionately -- if you mean dogma -- I have none. I don't believe in beliefs. Beliefs harden with the years, become rigid and choke the religious life. Beliefs belong to the rational side of life and should be left to science with an open mind, developing in the light of new discovery and research. It's the irrational side of life -- the emotional side -- that belongs to religion."

He walking up and down the study -- up and down! I've disturbed his mind -- terribly! I'm sorry. I'd like to be friends with him, but -- I can't do it except on the basis of frankness.

Come, left - "If religion is not belief, what is it? Experience?" *JD*
 I can't separate religious experience from religious belief!

Paul - Your theory interests me -- that man cannot be without religion.
 What of all the unbelievers -- the scoffers!"

"Some of the 'unbelievers' are much more religious than your machine-made Christians -- who merely 'profess Christianity', glibly repeat the Apostles Creed on Sunday, and then go about the business of their real religion, which is wholly secular and inexpressibly cheap. No man's religion can be better than his dreams, which come out of the unconscious and tell the truth about his worship, and his God."

"Sit down, Mr. Sterling -- sit down."

"Thank you, Dr. Sigourney. Won't you sit down, too?"

He's sitting, but he'd rather not. Underneath his self-control he's desperately excited. I'm sorry, but --

"You get this view of religion from psychoanalysis? From Freud?"

"From psychoanalysis, but not from Freud. Freud's psychoanalysis leads to suppressed sexuality; Jung's leads to suppressed religion. I prefer Jung, because sexuality must be suppressed and religion need not be -- it needs only to be understood and one has an inexhaustible spring of renewed life."

"And can you explain to me more fully your understanding of it?"

"I can tell you the little story that Dr. Markus, my physician tells his patients."

"If you please -- I'd be very grateful. Religion, you know is my life-work, and -- Modern ideas make it difficult -- very difficult. Tell me your physician's story."

"It's the story of John Doe, and the average religious life, Dr. Sigourney. John Doe went to Sunday school as a child, believed in God, and joined the church early, not because he had any conviction of sin, but because the church music and the beauty of the service made him sentimental. His real god was the Yale football team, and the Yale pennant which hung in his room filled precisely the same office in his life that was filled by the symbol of the cross in the lives of the early Christians. He worshipped with utmost devotions, balking at no sacrifice in its service.. And according to our psychology he might have done worse, for -- I fear this will shock you, but -- the quality ~~and vigor~~ of the worship, the fervor, is more important than the object worshipped. For the one indispensable feature without which any worship is worthless in the integration of one's life under a powerful major motive.

To illustrate what he means by integration Dr. Markus describes the lack of it in the average child dressing himself. Slow, dreaming, dawdling, he makes of each garment a separate task, of each task a burden, of the whole process a tedious series of mountainous molehills. But imagine him dressing to go to the circus! Only one task now, getting ready as quickly as possible, and every garment is a part of that task, falling into place almost of itself while the child, intent upon his

major purpose, is illumined by that joyous sense of well-being that is never absent when the quest for God is prospering."

"The quest for God?"

"God. That which is most potent in our lives. The Greatest Good -- the thing we worship. The most searching test of the value of any worship is the completeness and permanence of the integration it bestows; and the most searching test of integration is the depth and durability of the sense of well-being which accompanies it.

"John Doe's life was integrated under the major purpose of the Yale football team. Both work and play belonged to the business of preparing for college and making the team, and his duties were performed easily and quickly, with the joyousness inseparable from religious health. But after going to college and making the team he was slightly injured in a practice game. The injury^{which} would have been of small consequence had he not been making a god of football, deprived him of his Greatest Good, and he descended into hell -- as one always does when one loses one's god.

Hell, in our psychology, is a state of mind -- the disintegration which inevitably follows the passing of an outgrown or cast off god. It's a very real experience, I can assure you, Dr. Sigourney. Every duty and obligation becomes once more a separate task as the integrated life falls apart upon the removal of the major purpose which held it together. The fact that one's major purpose is one's god is a psychological truth

of the most vital importance, Dr. Sigourney. Whoever imagines that his god is something other than the major purpose in his life has a 'God' is either a purely intellectual concept or else a purely sentimental indulgence, and in either case there is no religious connotation. Man's religion is his longing, and when the object of his longing loses its value or disappears, his life disintegrates, and the boundless sense of well-being gives way to an equally boundless wretchedness and despair as the psychic energy, the interest which we call ~~the~~ ~~libido~~ stream is checked and dispersed.

And so John Doe lost his interest in everything, failed in his studies, and brooded over his general worthlessness and the futility of life. Even his wholesome ideals of honor and clean living, the children of his former god, began to desert him in the general disintegration of his life. Upon such an excursion into hell -- you know as well as I, Dr. Sigourney -- many a man resorts to drink or sexuality or commits suicide, or becomes neurotic or insane; and many another experiences the what you call salvation by means of orthodox religious conversion. John experienced salvation for the time being -- that is he escaped from from hell, renewed his god, released the checked libido stream and reintegrated his life, though not after the orthodox manner.

When Dr. Markus tells this story, he stops here to define salvation. Hell, disintegration, is our chastisement for worshipping unworthily, a god not great enough to prevent a one-

sided integration which neglects some of the many human essentials. The neglect of human essentials is always punished by the illness or death of the god permitting it, and god-renewal always comes out of the neglected portion of existence in the form of a dream or aspiration, ~~which~~ ~~longing~~ ~~hitherto~~ suppressed and and unrecognized, which is able now for the first time to get a conscious hearing only because of the unusually depressed tide of conscious interest. As we look at it, hell and salvation constitute the normal psychological mechanism of god-renewal, and the new god always comes 'out of Nazareth', the hitherto undervalued and neglected if not despised side of life.

"That explains why John Doe, lying on the ground in the far corner of the campus, his mind a ~~blank~~ as if he were asleep, was able to hear the voice of neglected longing and be 'born again', brought back to a renewed life, by the dream of a girl back home. Sentiment! He had always despised it! And so his new god came out of Nazareth, as new gods must, and the wedding ring took the place of the Yale pennant. Once more he worshipped, gave utmost devotion, balked at no sacrifice, and with that joyous sense of well-being fully restored, reintegrated his life under a new major purpose which revived and greatly enlarged his former ideals of honor and clean living. This was life! Love, marriage, a home -- children, perhaps! In order to make it possible he took the first job that offered, and became time-keeper in an ~~ash~~can factory.

But the new integration was only slightly less one-sided than the old, and his new god soon contracted a wasting disease and gradually lost potency. His wife was by no means the paragon he had imagined her, and the children she bore and spoiled for him were a cruel disappointment. And so, as the relentless process of disintegration set in, existence became drab and burdensome. Being very human he blamed his wife instead of his god for the wretchedness that was creeping upon him; but his ideals, the children of his former gods, kept him from desertion. He had to support his family, of course, but what a grind of work! Ash cans! He went about his business in a state of numb endurance as the shades of hell again closed in around him.

"And then one night as he was shaking down the furnace -- mechanically, for the ebbing libido had left his mind in a lethargic state of waking sleep -- a hitherto neglected longing to make something of himself managed to break through into consciousness and get a hearing. He had a dream -- an inventor's dream about ash cans -- that brought him wide awake with a jerk. True, he hated ash cans, but this -- A new and better and cheaper way of making the wretched things! And so in a dream, and out of the neglected Nazareth of his life, came the despised ash can following the Yale pennant and the wedding ring in the procession of his gods. Once more he worshipped, gave utmost devotion, balked at no sacrifice, and reintegrated his life under a renewed major purpose, with a renewed sense of boundless hope and well-being.

But this time, as often happens when the new god is wholly secular, the ideals born of the earlier gods were carelessly discarded along with the gods which begot them. In the worship of Success he grew hard and selfish, suppressing essential human kindness and sympathy, despising the 'unsuccessful' as before he had despised ash cans, and exploiting them -- always within the law -- whenever their exploitation could serve the god Success, which dominated him for many years, drove him hard, and finally wore him out. Rich powerful and weary, he began to ask himself what it was all about. And so, like the god of sport, and the god of love, the god of success also sickened and dies, not being big enough for the job of integration a human being. Interested in nothing, overwhelmed by the futility of all things, half mad with insomnia, the Ash Can King descended once more into that hell of lowered interest where the inner voices are audible to him will but heed.

"It's always in a dream that salvation come to us -- our own dream, or the dream of some other person whose needs are identical with ours. John Doe dreamed of the terrified screaming of a child he could not find, tried desperately to find but invariably awoke from his few snatches of sleep with its screams actually ringing in his ears. Unable to escape so persistent a message from his unconscious as this symbol of helpless terror which haunted his waking as well as his sleeping dreams, his conscious mind became obsessed with the certainty that it was a message struggling to break through -- that there was something

there which he must bring to birth as the mother must bring to birth her unborn child. But his conscious mind labored in vain. At last he began to pray -- not the sort of prayer which tells God what one wants, but the prayer which struggles to learn what God wants -- the type of prayer which, when it becomes habitual, gives one the right to spell God with a capital letter. And God spoke again out of Nazareth, the neglected quarter of his life from which good was least expected, and John Doe knew that he had been hearing the cry of the underprivileged children of the world, especially of the poor he had despised and exploited. And so the symbol of the child he could not find replaced the ash can, and the ring, and the pennant, and he found himself worshipping a God who lived within himself, of whom by means of prayer, he could catch glimpses as so be led on and on into a genuine and permanent religious life of experience instead of mere belief.

"You see, Dr. Sigourney, we find that the religious mechanism so exquisitely taught by Jesus in the symbolic language he loved is psychologically true. God is real, hell is real, salvation is real -- daily experiences in our practical living. We actually must be born again -- and again and again until finally we bear and are born by that God, that Greatest Good that is great enough."

Mr. Sterling,

"You don't believe at all in an absolute, eternal and omnipotent God, maker of heaven and earth?" His voice is restrained and a little hoarse. This sort of thing shocks him

beyond endurance, and he's an old man -- I wish -- "And yet
 Mr. Sterling.
 you talk of prayer! Can you pray to a God that is within you --
 merely a part of yourself?"

"I'm sorry, Dr. Sigourney. I shouldn't have forced my
 my religious opinions upon you. I --"

"You've forced nothing upon me. I've asked you --
 These modern ideas -- I want to understand them. It's my
 business to understand them. How can you pray to something
 within yourself?"

"Since the beginning of time, Dr. Sigourney, men have
 prayed to and been inspired by the god that lives within them-
 selves. Our psychology teaches us that what we worship is al-
 ways something from within ourselves. The projection of God
 is an illusion that science is making impossible for the ed-
 ucated and informed. Most of us must choose between finding
 God within ourselves or doing without him -- which is psycho-
 logically impossible. And the God within is a fact -- a source
 of inspiration by which man has climbed out of animalism, and
 is climbing out of barbarism. And prayer is a fact, an ex-
 perience, a technique by which we can deliberately lower the
 conscious interest instead of waiting for a hell of disinte-
 gration to do it for us. We keep our God within constantly
 growing and vigorous by prayer -- the practice of prayer.
 By prayer we can avoid disintegration, restlessness, uncertain-
 ty, boredom and despair, and keep our mental and moral sanity,
 our religious health."

"It's not Christianity, Mr. Sterling. I -- I'd like to tell you something that -- that I haven't been able to tell anyone else. When my older son went to college he was -- at least I thought he was a Christian. I felt sure that he was safe. But he came home bitter against all religion. He is considerate enough to discuss it only with me -- but to me has been bitterly anti-religious since his junior year at college. It quite broke my heart, but I felt the younger boy would be able to help me. He was more religious than his brother, more deeply religious, intending to go into the ministry to my very great happiness. And so -- I talked it over with him. He was to look into the subject of evolution, and find its weakspots, and help to bring his brother back to Christ.

"You can imagine my grief, then -- my desperation -- when he, too, came home practically an atheist.. Right here in this study he told me. His face was white, and his bitterness was a soul-searing anguish that went far beyond that of his brother. This happened at Christmas time. He denounced me and my religion as childish and worse. He called it superstition -- medieval, and ridiculous.

"I didn't know what to say. I'm a student of Greek and Latin -- the classics of the theological student. I couldn't answer his arguments because I was not a student of modern science. I told him he was not fair to turn against me -- that he must give me his books, let me study what he had studied and then I would answer him.

"And so, since Christmas, I've been reading -- studying under the direction of my college-boy son, and --"

The poor old man! He's out of his chair, walking up and down again -- up and down! This is awful! I never saw such an undisguised anguish short of --

"Mr. Sterling," his voice is hoarse and broken -- "My boys are right. The evidence is overwhelming. I believe in evolution -- I myself, who was going to bring them back to Christ. I'm losing my faith in the Bible; ~~the~~ ^{the} God I've worshipped, the God I've preached! I don't know what to do! I sometimes think I'm going mad! To give up the Christianity that has been my life -- and my work --"

"But why give up Christianity, Dr. Sigourney?"

"Because religion -- all religion -- is merely mythology!"

"But that doesn't mean that it must be given up. It only means that it must be understood differently -- interpreted differently. All religion is mythology, but mythology is the symbolic expression of the dreams, the longings, the aspirations of mankind, and man's dreams, longings and aspirations are the valuable part of him, the significant part, the key to his past progress and future possibilities. Accepting this, what have you lost? Haven't you merely substituted mystery for magic? Beyond the frontiers of knowledge ~~science~~ and religion meet in humility, and facts give way to symbols, and certainty to hypothesis and aspiration. and there's ample scope for those who ~~hope~~ ^{hope} for immortality to hope on.

"Nothing can take the God within away from anybody who has once found Him. And all the beauty of the Christian symbolism and worship is left to us, infinitely more beautiful than ~~was~~ desecrated by the crudities and vulgarities of the literal interpretation. The efficacy of prayer is left to us. Once ~~we~~ get the other point of view, Dr. Sigourney, we've lost nothing -- nothing at all.

"And see what we've gained! First, if orthodox Christianity consists of the dreams of Christians about the dreams of Christ, we've gained the right to charge the impossible dogma of the middle ages as well as the hideous crimes and persecutions and witch-burnings, and intolerances of "Christianity" against the individual 'Christians who have dreamed bad dreams. And we've gained the incalculable privilege of dreaming our own dreams about the dreams of Christ or any other source of spiritual inspiration, unintimidated by such ancient and modern bigots as have striven to force their dreams upon us. That's a revolutionary liberation of the individual intuition, and it brings with it the possibility of a complete integration. We no longer have a 'lower nature' that must be regarded as worse than useless, apologized for, repudiated and stamped out by a so-called higher nature; we have instead a persona and a soul, opposed but necessary, to be equally accepted, and respected, and valued -- a persona which is our outer personality, and a soul that labors and creates our dreams, with the constant help of the God within. The persona would be useless without the

soul, the soul would be useless without the persona. Through our religious technique we make them work together in and through a higher integration which overlooks no essential element of balanced and beautiful living. Our unrest is gone, there is no more boredom, and life under any and all circumstances becomes an inspired experience."

"Perhaps -- perhaps, Mr. Sterling. But to me it is empty -- except for the dust and ashes of my old faith."

"There's no human experience more painful, Dr. Sigourney, ~~either~~ ^{than} the individual or the collective life, than the laying aside of a worship that's been outgrown."

"No. I'll think over what you've said. I -- I'll see you again. It's done me good to talk with you, at any rate. I've had nobody to talk with -- about these things. Even my wife would not understand, and my sons are -- bitter. I'll hope to talk with you again."