Modern psychology, and especially that phase of it known as psychoanalysis, is so vast and complicated a field of study, that it requires great courage, if not downright foolhardiness, for an unprofessional to venture into its indistinctly delimited confines. Moreover, influences of any science upon literature can never be traced with any measure of exactitude; one deals mostly with indications, hints, and plausibilities and one arrives at inductions and deductions which cannot always be tested objectively. Yet, in the case of recent American drama, the indications of the influence of psychoanalysis, and of modern psychological theory in general, are so numerous and of so unmistakable a nature that one feels justified in making an attempt to describe and understand them and to use them as a basis for some conclusions—which of necessity must as yet be tentative—on the changes that the American drama and the American stage have undergone in the past three or four decades.

It is necessary to call attention to the quotation marks which enclose the first word of the title of this paper. The word stands for the name of the Austrian physician who was the founder of psychoanalysis; but as used here it also stands for the whole school of psychoanalytic theory which, stemming from Freud's researches and writings, has sprouted in various directions. Playwrights, being but laymen, have not always differentiated between the theories of Freud and those of his many disciples, some of whom have added to, modified, and even radically diverged from the findings and teachings of the master. Yet the blame cannot be placed entirely upon our playwrights; it is their function to record the mind and temper of the people of their day, and it is the people of our day, whose drama the playwrights create, for whom “Freud”—again in the loose sense of the term—is the prophet. The language of modern psychology has become the idiom of the people, and the playwright has accepted it as readily as he accepts regional or racial dialects and the various jargons of the classes and the masses. As a recorder of usage he has not always felt it necessary to differentiate between Freud's concept of the libido as one urge and Jung's concept of the libido as several urges, or between Freud's personal unconscious and Jung's collective unconscious; nor has he felt it necessary to credit Adler rather than Freud with the terms “inferiority” and “superiority” in connection with certain psychological complexes, or, again, to credit Jung rather than Freud with the terms “introvert” and “extrovert” as applied to two major psychological types of personality. Furthermore, in most cases, it is impossible to know whether a playwright has received the impact of modern psychology directly from Sigmund Freud or indirectly from his expounders. In any case, in the popular mind, and in the minds of most of our playwrights, the writings of Freud, Brill, Zilboorg, Jung, Adler, Jones, Rank, Fromm, Horney, Sullivan, and a hundred others have coalesced and have created a kind of murky background against which to judge and depict human personality. In any case, also, no less an expounder of Freud than Pat-
rick Mullahy believes that “all post-Freudians . . . are standing on his [Freud's] shoulders.”

A dramatist is, of course, not a scientist. He can be a good dramatist and be content with merely unfolding an action in which characters are involved; nevertheless in his perception of the motivations that propel the action he inevitably betrays his understanding of personality and his awareness of psychological theory. The scholar who undertakes to assay the nature and extent of this awareness is in danger of crediting the dramatist or the influence upon him—which in this case is “Freud”—with what properly belongs to life itself. After all Sophocles had read neither The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud nor the Collected Papers on Analytical Psychology by Carl Jung but he knew of the existence of incest and created both Oedipus and Electra; nor did Shakespeare ever read Ernest Jones but he knew Hamlet and his mother; similarly John Webster and Shelley seemingly knew of the existence of incestuous feelings, although they did not have the benefit of knowing either the “id” or the “libido.” In this respect, many great writers can be said to have been “precursors” of Freud. The playwright creates out of his experience and observation; his keenness of insight and his sensitivity to all sorts of tensions are part of his equipment for his vocation.

And yet the student of modern drama, as of modern literature in general, cannot fail to note the effect of psychoanalysis and of the vast amount of clinical research in “deep” psychology on the plays produced in recent years. There is a new preoccupation with basic drives, with mental processes, with the eruption of the irrational, with psychological mechanisms and maladjustments. Our drama has changed, and our playwrights who come to it today are men and women of the Age of Freud.

I

The first official recognition of Freud in the American theatre came in the summer of 1915 when the Provincetown Players began what was to prove a short but famous career with a program of four one-act plays. One of these plays bore the title Suppressed Desires and the subtitle “A Freudian Comedy.” Its authors, Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook, were quite clearly cognizant of a new culture-movement which had begun to affect a certain segment or stratum of society with results which, it seemed to the authors, were ludicrous rather than beneficent.

The little comedy revolved around the marital problems with which a young Greenwich Village architect named Stephen Brewster is confronted when his wife, Henrietta, discovers psychoanalysis. She becomes obsessively aware of the mysteries of the unconscious, of complexes, repressions, and the symbolism of dreams; she talks incessantly of the new “science” and sometimes wakes poor Stephen in the middle of the night to question him on what he happens to be dreaming. In self-defense Stephen invites his wife’s sister Mabel for a visit and the two decide upon a course of action. Mabel confides to her sister that she has not been sleeping well. She is tormented by a recurrent dream that she is a hen and that she is being pursued by an indistinct creature which keeps on shouting “Step hen! Step hen!” Henrietta believes that the dream is significant; as far as she is able to interpret its meaning, Mabel is obviously unhappy with her husband—unconsciously, of course—and in love with a friend nam-

2 See the final chapter in Frederick J. Hoffman, Freudianism and the Literary Mind. Baton Rouge, La., 1945.
Lyman Eggleston. It must be Eggleston because the first syllable of his name is somewhat connected with Mabel's dream of being a hen. Henrietta urges her sister to consult Dr. Russell, the oracle who has been the instrument of her own enlightenment on the vagaries of the unconscious. Whether Mabel actually goes to see Dr. Russell is neither known nor important. She reports to Henrietta that she has seen him and that his analysis of her trouble is convincing. It is true, alas, that she has been harboring suppressed desires, but not for Lyman Eggleston. According to the learned doctor the "step" and "hen" in her dream add up to but one thing: "Stephen," the name of Henrietta's husband, and it is he who is the object of Mabel's libido. Henrietta is shocked, so much so that she abjures Dr. Russell, burns her copies of the Journal of Morbid Psychology, and promises to stop pesterling her husband with psychoanalytic inferences.

This, then, was the first clear acknowledgment of Freud on the American stage, and it came as early as 1915. However, for the first dramatization of an actual and complete psychoanalysis we had to wait another twenty-six years, until, to be precise, 1941, when Moss Hart's Lady in the Dark began its long run on Broadway, thence to invade the road, and finally, transformed into a motion picture, to dazzle and fascinate the denizens of every town and hamlet. Moss Hart had himself undergone the long and expensive discipline of a psychoanalysis and felt that the subject deserved serious treatment in drama, with Katherine Cornell, perhaps, playing the title role. But in the course of writing his play he realized that the "free association" sequences might best be treated in the form of musical comedy, and it was Gertrude Lawrence who headed the cast when the play opened.

Lady in the Dark is unquestionably a comedy but its Freudian underpinnings are presented seriously, almost solemnly. Moss Hart is not a sceptic, and his Dr. Brooks, unlike Dr. Russell of Suppressed Desires, is a healer rather than confuser. The play is too familiar to need detailed retelling, but it may be helpful to recall the principal incidents in the life of Liza Elliott, its heroine. Liza is in her early thirties and plain "to the point of austerity," Mr. Hart emphasizes. She has been the successful editor of Allure, a smart fashion magazine, and the mistress of its owner, Kendall Nesbitt. Just as Kendall is about to divorce his wife and marry Liza, an event which Liza had looked forward to with elation, she finds herself harassed by fear and anxiety, by spells of depression, and by inability to concentrate and make decisions. She consults Dr. Brooks, who places her on a couch, picks up a writing pad and pencil, pulls up a chair, and tells her to let her thoughts take her where they list.

They take her to Park Avenue where twelve male admirers serenade her loveliness; a sable coat is delivered to Miss Elliott; a long-stemmed rose arrives with a card from his Royal Highness, the French Pretender; her chauffeur steps forth to sing "When in silks our Liza goes..."; and her maid steps forth to sing of Liza's popularity with writers, musicians, artists, and Yale and Harvard boys. The scenes of her popularity increase in speed and gaiety, until we suddenly return to the Doctor's office. We do not need to wait for the Doctor's interpretation of these fancies; it is clear that in the realm of phantasy Liza is both glamorous and popular.

And now, back in the realm of reality, Randy Curtis, a Hollywood Apollo, has fallen in love with Liza and wants to marry her. Again in the Doctor's office, her thoughts take her to her high school
days: playing tennis, acting as cheer leader, reading Dickens, drawing cartoons of her teachers. And then she, this high-school girl, is going to be married to Kendall Nesbitt. They are buying a ring and the salesman is Charley Johnson, who in real life is the advertising manager of *Allure* and given to wisecracking at the expense of his "Boss Lady." Now Charley offers her a small golden dagger in place of the ring he is supposed to sell her. Suddenly she finds herself dancing with Randy Curtis and, then, with Charley Johnson.

These alternating scenes of reality and fantasy increase in complexity, until we learn that Liza was a homely child, that she hated her mother, that she resented being plain and intellectual and self-supporting, that she wanted dates and compliments and glamorous clothes and a man upon whom she could lean. Randy, labeled by Liza's receptionist "a beautiful hunk of man," turns out to be a weak boy with a mother complex; Kendall, it now appears, has always been henpecked and ineffectual; only Charley Johnson is strong, self-reliant and self-assertive. He presents himself as the solution of Liza's problem and she is happy to accept him, and to abdicate her power over the magazine to him. Her neurosis is cured.

II

Certain practicing psychiatrists objected that Dr. Brooks did not behave like an authentic analyst and that his technique was more theatrical than professional. The public, however, found the play enlightening. Here was a new experience in the theatre. Here was a dramatic lesson in abnormal psychology, easy to understand and easy to take. And other playwrights, as well as stage directors, designers, and technicians, found the play stimulating, opening up a new field for the employment of modern techniques in the theatre arts.

*Lady in the Dark* was not only Freudian but also, in a sense, a dream play, and dream plays were not entirely new in 1941. In Europe August Strindberg, the father of expressionism, had written *A Dream Play* as far back as 1902. And even in America, George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, taking a hint from a German playwright, Paul Apel, had placed on the stage in 1923 *The Beggar on Horseback*, a dream play with Freudian overtones. *Lady in the Dark* differed from these expressionistic innovations in that is exploited a definitely psychoanalytic rationale. For Strindberg and his disciples it was sufficient to present the phantasmagoria which haunts a central character's mind; they were content to translate it in theatrical terms and leave it disjointed. Moss Hart, however, undertook to read his heroine's dreams and reveries as symptoms of a neurosis, as manifestations of layers of the unconscious, which when pieced together by the psychoanalyst have a logic in a symbolic scheme supplied by the teachings of Freud.

But perhaps plays like *The Beggar on Horseback* were more flattering to an audience, since the interpretation of the "visions" was left to the audience rather than to Dr. Brooks. *The Beggar* was a real dream play, in that the hero, the talented poor young man who is tempted to marry a banker's daughter, actually falls asleep. In his dream we are given an expressionistic nightmare; his fears are translated in terms of twelve butlers, of cash registers, ticker tapes, lorgnettes, and his playing of his music for the banker's family and their guests and his being tried solemnly before a jury on the charge of his having killed all the members of his new family because they interfered with his music. The action sequences are dim and fast; the stage is full of floating scenes, distorted faces and figures, ringing phrases and half-
phrases, disorder and illogic. And yet, in the end it all makes sense, the kind of sense one finds in Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Neil Macrae's dream is his confrontation of his half-formed fears, a fantastic externalization of his subjective conflict.

The new psychology brought to the American playwright a new way of looking at his material, of accounting for human behavior, of understanding character, and of motivating plot action. When the ancients, for instance, wrote their stories of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, of Orestes and Electra, fate or the gods were the instruments of motivation. When Eugene O'Neill came to write his *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in 1931, it was Freud's unconscious that rose to destroy the House of Mannon. Orin-Orestes had a mother fixation; Lavinia-Electra had a father complex; and the chorus of villagers was right in predicting dire disaster for a house in which Christine-Clytemnestra carried on with Adam-Aegisthus. It is clear that the newness in O'Neill's play was not in the story but in the subterranean motives that are ascribed to the characters.

O'Neill's interest in Freudian motivations deserves more than passing mention. Beginning with *Diff'rent*, written in 1920, and including *The Iceman Cometh*, produced in 1946, his preoccupation with morbid psychology has amounted to an obsession. *Diff'rent* was a study of a puritan maiden who rejects the man she loves because of a trauma she sustains when she learns of his "impurity." She pays for her repression when, thirty-three years later, her libido breaks through the guards so carefully maintained by the "censor" and she succumbs to the vulgar blandishments of a young parasite. The better-known *Emperor Jones* was a study of fear; under the lash of this blind, primitive emotion the unconscious becomes active and recapitulates the highlights of racial experience; as Otto Rank might express it, Brutus Jones sheds his "individual ego" and becomes a victim of his "racial ego." *Welded*, a tragedy in the manner of Strindberg's *Dance of Death*, was a powerful projection of the dark vagaries of ambivalence, of the destructiveness of love-hate; both Michael and Eleanor Cape are tortured by sadism and masochism, but it is this very ambivalence which welds them together. "And we'll torture and tear," says Michael at the end of the play, "and clutch for each other's souls,—fight—fail and hate again—(He raises his voice in aggressive triumph.)—but—fail with pride—with joy!" *Desire Under the Elms* was the first of O'Neill's plays to exploit the Oedipus complex as a dominant motif.

In 1925 O'Neill became preoccupied with one form or another of schizophrenia. In that year he wrote *The Great God Brown*, using masks to indicate duality of personality, and a complicated scheme of symbols to indicate various basic drives. The hero, whose very name is compounded of Dionysus and St. Anthony, or sensuousness and asceticism, is an artist driven to drunkenness and neuroticism by a materialistic world. An added factor in Dion Anthony's torment is his mother-fixation. *The Great God Brown* is one of O'Neill's most ambitious dramatic experiments and deserves detailed study on the part of the psychologically-minded literary investigator, but in a paper of limited scope, such as this, it is impossible to do more than indicate the general nature of its major motivation, which is that of the split personality.

The use of masks in *The Great God Brown* having proved too cumbersome on the stage, O'Neill decided to use a
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simpler device in *Strange Interlude* (1928). The various facets of the heroine's personality are projected by means of stylized soliloquy-aside which reveal the innermost thoughts of the character. Nina Leeds, frustrated by the death of her lover, is oppressed by a sense of guilt at not having become his before he went off to war. She finds only fragments of gratification in other men, because she herself has only the fragments of a woman to offer to the several men who love her. Only when she has grown old enough to have passed the strange interlude of sexual compulsions is she content to settle down with Charlie Marsden—who is reminiscent of her father—and to “rot in peace.”

Still another device was used in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, that of a mask-like make-up to hide the inner turmoil beneath a façade of outer repose. In a later play, *Days Without End*, (1934), O'Neill adopted the device of employing two actors to convey two parts of the same personality, the hero, John Loving, being split into “John,” the seeker after faith, and “Loving,” the sceptic, the scoffer, who prevents John from finding faith. The conflict between the two is resolved only by the conquest and death of “Loving.”

In the last of his dramaturgic leviathans to be produced, *The Iceman Cometh*, O'Neill's prooccupation with Freudian complexes is still discernible. His creatures that once were men have all come to the last stop, Harry Hope's allegorical tavern and doss-house; reality has proved too strong for them and it is easier to escape in drink and “pipe-dreams”; they resort to all the four ways of escaping anxiety described by Karen Horney: rationalization, denial, narcotization, and avoidance of reality. Illusion has become their defense against the inner knowledge of their degradations. Their resentment against the hardware salesman who comes to stir up their memories of the battles lost is akin to the resentment a patient feels against the psychoanalyst who forces him to face his past and the problems which have defeated him. The assortment of frustrations and complexes thus revealed is large enough to include most of what is known to the modern psychologist.

III

O'Neill was not, of course, the first portrayer of the uncensored thoughts and urges hiding in the mind of man. Stirred by the teachings of “Freud” the 1920's became a period of psychological muck-raking. Sidney Howard deserves special mention as a playwright who undertook to expose the abysmal selfishness which sometimes masquerades as mother love. His *The Silver Cord*, produced by the Theatre Guild in 1926, was a searching analysis of a type of mother whom we had often observed but failed to understand. The popularity of the play testified to the fact that the public was ready for just such an exposé.

The story deals with Mrs. Phelps and her two sons. David had gone to Europe to study architecture and while there had married Christina, a young biologist. Mrs. Phelps immediately embarks upon a campaign to destroy her son's marriage, using every weapon at her disposal: guile, friendliness, open hostility, a weak heart, bribery. But Christina is a scientist armed with all of Mr. Howard's knowledge of the new psychology. She speaks out, clearly and plainly. “Oh, there are normal mothers around,” she admits. “Mothers who want their children to be men and women . . . . But you're not one of the normal ones, Mrs. Phelps! Look at your sons, . . . You've destroyed Robert. . . . And Dave! Poor

Dave! . . . Talk about cannibals! You and your kind beat any cannibals I ever heard of! And what makes you double deadly and dangerous is that people admire you and your kind . . . You professional mothers!"

The trouble with Mrs. Phelps is that she had married at twenty a man fifteen years older, an invalid who died five years later, leaving her a disillusioned widow with two little boys. She was obliged to sublimate her libido by pouring her frustrated love upon her sons. "The fact remains," says Christina to David, "that she did separate you and me last night . . . because she couldn't bear the thought of our sleeping together . . . down in the depths of her she still wants to suckle you at her breast." Mrs. Phelps and her sons are shocked; yet Christina, the cruel scientist, is telling the truth, and thus saves David.

The Silver Cord was, in form, a naturalistic play. And this is the form that Lillian Hellman has chosen for her plays. Like Moss Hart, Miss Hellman has herself experienced the rigors of a professional psychoanalysis. The effects are evident in almost all of her plays, since The Children's Hour was unveiled on Broadway in 1934. The story of this play concerns two lady teachers, directors of a girls' school, and a pupil who by circulating vicious lies about the ladies ruins their lives. Until the very end an unwary spectator might suppose that he is seeing a drama about a nasty-minded brat who spreads vile rumors out of sheer malice. In the last act, however, one of the teachers, Martha, confesses that she has really "loved" Karen. The tragedy ends as a case history of unconscious Lesbianism.

In The Little Foxes and, especially, in Another Part of the Forest, Miss Hellman goes all out in uncovering abnormal urges. The Hubbards are shown to have been actuated in their greed and predatory dealings by incestuous feelings, by fear and impotence, by masochism and sadism; in fact, by all the conscious and unconscious aberrations found not only in the clinical studies of "Freud" but in the Psychopathia Sexualis of Krafft-Ebing as well. In her desire to build up a case against the Southern Bourbons, shady manipulators and exploiters of labor, she found in "Freud" a useful ally.

The extent to which the new psychology has influenced the modern stage cannot be exaggerated. Literally every type of play has been affected. We have lately seen the rash of psychopathological stories which Hollywood has been inflicting upon the world. They are usually murder stories in which the crime is committed not by an ordinary criminal but by a mentally sick or maladjusted individual. By and large the legitimate theatre has done considerably better in the production of crime plays with psychological significance.

An excellent illustration is the melodrama Blind Alley by James Warwick, first produced in 1935 and revived for an extended run in 1940. A notorious killer, Hal Wilson, appears one evening at the home of Dr. Anthony Shelby, a professor of psychology, and announces that the place has been requisitioned. The home is in a suburb near the water and the killer and his mob need it for purposes of receiving a shipload of contraband goods from Canada. The professor is assured that he and his family will not be molested as long as they behave discreetly. During the hours of waiting the professor involves the killer in conversations which gently probe into his past, beginning with his childhood. He uncovers a sordid environment, a brutal father of whom the boy was jeal-
ous, an accumulation of resentment, and a blind fury to strike out against a menacing world. In the end, the killer is revealed as a frightened adolescent who kills because he is terror-stricken. This modified psychoanalysis results in the suicide of the killer, no doubt an easy way on the part of the playwright to achieve a dénouement. Nevertheless **Blind Alley** is a weightier and fresher murder thriller than the stage had seen before playwrights began to read about the unconscious impulsions to crime. It is even, to some extent, a corrective to the purely economic doctrine of the causes of crime underlying such a Pulitzer-Prize melodrama as Kingsley's **Dead End**.

Two more recent plays deserve consideration because they are dramatizations of the mechanism of escape into fantasy. Elmer Rice's popular **Dream Girl** portrays the mind of an ordinary, almost commonplace girl, whose father is absorbed in his work and whose mother is absorbed in the reading of such novels as **Forever Opal**. The girl escapes from her isolation and the humdrum of her life in day-dreams. She fancies herself in love with her brother-in-law; but she also imagines herself eloping with a roué to Mexico, where she is serenaded by torrid gentlemen; of becoming a great actress and scoring a triumph as Portia in **The Merchant of Venice**; of becoming a prostitute; and of shooting down her seducer and securing an acquittal from a jury of twelve good men and true who are impressed by her display of a shapely knee. In actual reality she finally marries a drama critic who turns sports writer in order to support her in the style in which she is accustomed to live. The play is neither exciting expressionistically, as Elmer Rice's **The Adding Machine** once was, nor impressive sociologically as was his **Street Scene**; it merely provides a good evening in the theatre. But its very ordinariness is its strength. Here we have a superficial but nonetheless truthful portrayal of the average middle-class American girl who never grows up and only turns into what Philip Wylie has called the American Mom. She lives in a world of fantasy in which her inhibitions drop off and she achieves self-expression and the gratification of her unconscious yearnings.

The other play which undertook to portray the phantasmal life was Moss Hart's **Christopher Blake**. It is the story of a frightened and unhappy boy of twelve whose parents are being divorced. The boy's thoughts and emotions are externalized theatrically in a series of scenes which are meant to project his dreams of heroism and fantasies of terror. Again realistic scenes alternate with scenes of Christopher's wild imaginings. The play opens in the dream-world. President Truman is awarding a medal to Christopher Blake, inventor of the Blake Plan for World Peace. His parents, summoned from the divorce court, refuse to come together and Christopher shoots himself. In his dying the parents are reunited. Other wish-fantasies follow: Chris is successively the greatest actor in the world and the adopted son of wealthy South Americans. Reality strikes him suddenly and he is the badgered witness about to be summoned to court. He matures quickly and makes an intelligent decision. The audience, disturbed by the revelation of the harrowing effects of divorce upon a typical offspring, is nevertheless appeased by the solution of this particular case.

Neither **Dream Girl** nor **Christopher Blake** is among the greatest of American plays. I have included them in this discussion because they are representative of a pronounced trend in recent American drama. It is important for us to note that it is the generality of American
playwriting which speaks most eloquently of the effect "Freud" has produced on the American mind. O'Neill very likely might have been a Nobel Prize winner with or without the benefit of Freud. And Lillian Hellman and Tennessee Williams are dramatic voices of considerable power in any age. But plays like Dream Girl, Christopher Blake, and Blind Alley owe their very existence to our psychology-conscious age.

Both O'Neill and Hellman, being authentic dramatists, have been treated inadequately in so general a paper. Nor does space permit the inclusion of many other playwrights who clearly show the impact of "Freudian" psychology on their work. But Tennessee Williams belongs even in the briefest discussion of the subject. His three major plays, The Glass Menagerie, A Street Car Named Desire, and Summer and Smoke are full of typical situations in which psychopathological characters are involved. It is significant that one of his early full-length plays, You Touched Me, was a dramatization of a story by D. H. Lawrence, who, besides being a novelist and poet, had published such studies as Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious. Glass Menagerie is a memory play; the frustrated mother may or may not have had a lovely past, but it's the only compensation she has for her bleak present; the daughter, conscious of her physical deformity, crawls into her shyness, and the glass animals with which she plays serve as a substitute gratification. Street Car is almost a case history of a girl who, suffering the trauma of discovering that the boy she married is a homosexual, becomes a nymphomaniac, recedes into a semi-mythical past, and ends up in a strait-jacket. Summer and Smoke is a study of puritanic repression and the resulting reaction which demolishes the stern super-ego. The Chekhovian mood veils the raw Freudianism of William's plays, but their clinical odor remains pungent.

IV

I must repeat: this is a vast and complicated subject and this brief survey has been presented as a preliminary study. The Freudian impact has not stopped with Tennessee Williams; it is quite in evidence, for instance, in such a play as William Inge's Come Back, Little Sheba, which at this writing is receiving respectful critical attention in New York. One conclusion is, I believe, justified, even on the basis of this rapid review of plays and playwrights; it is that while American dramatists have not always read their "Freud" with thoroughness or discrimination, and have sometimes attributed to "him" theories and techniques which "he" would have disowned, they have nevertheless profited greatly from his influence and the influence of his followers, and of good orthodox psychiatry in general. The realism of the early decades of the century to which our stage was committed was becoming literal and photographic and dull. The mind of man, his secret dreams and reveries, his subtler aspirations and frustrations, remained but dimly reflected. Character revealed only obvious facets; the unconscious, unmeasured, and uncrystallized motivations for action remained undisclosed and undramatized. Freud and his followers have opened to our dramatists a new and hitherto unexplored country. They have taught them to look at people beneath the surface, to seek out the drama which is hidden in the innermost recesses of the human psyche. They have added a new dimension to character portrayal. And this, in turn, has helped to crystallize the new techniques in the arts of production which the expressionists had
ushered in. By means of revolving stages and platform stages, and by means of lighting, change of scene and mood can now be effected with ease and economy of means, to keep pace with the changes in a character's thoughts. Action can be telescoped. The walls of a room can be pushed in or out. The other arts—music, pantomime, the dance—can be utilized to underline, intensify, and shade a scene, a mood, or an action. The theatre has become more dynamic.

Perhaps our new psychological playwrights have achieved nothing more than pointing out, in the words of T. S. Eliot's Unidentified Guest Psychiatrist, in The Cocktail Party, that

There is certainly no purpose in remaining in the dark
Except long enough to clear from the mind The illusion of having ever been in the light.

But perhaps they have also achieved, besides the creation of interesting plays, a certain kind of therapy by merely saying, again in the words of Eliot's strange psychiatrist, words which he says to all his patients,

Go in peace, . . .
Work out your salvation with diligence.