楊青矗小說中的原型

The Archetypes in Yang Ch’ing-ch’u’s Short Stories

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摘要

本論文係根據容格 (1875-1961) 的人格理論，分析研究楊青矗小說中的原型。楊青矗的短篇小說：＜在室男＞、＜在室女＞、＜冤家＞、＜那時與這時＞等，都是楊青矗用不同的素材及不同的處理方式，去表現相同的深層結構和母題。這幾篇作品中都具足智慧老人、母親、父親、影子、探索、啓蒙、與再生等原型。這些作品中的人物，都經過出發、變形、與回歸這三個階段的探索與啓蒙過程，由無知變成具足智慧，而達到人格發展的成熟。小說中的人物，經歷夢想與現實、生與死的兩種世界，而達到生命中比較新的、比較高的層次——再生。

本論文的結論，認爲楊青矗小說中的原型，即是台灣族群的集體潛意識。
ABSTRACT

This is a study on the archetypes that are revealed in Yang Ch'ing-ch'u's short stories.

According to the theory of personality presented by Carl Gustav Jung (1875–1961) there are various archetypes: the shadow, persona, anima, animus, self, wise old man, great mother, and many others. All these archetypes can be found in Yang Ch'ing-ch'u's short stories, such as "Virgin Boy", "Virgin Girl", "The Beloved", and "The Other Day and Today". By utilizing various literary materials and techniques, Yang Ch'ing-ch'u demonstrated the same depth structure and motif in these short stories. All the characters of these stories struggled through the initiation stage, the transformation stage, and the regression stage before they achieved the full-development of personality. Embarking through the path of various forms, such as the call of adventure, the supernatural aid, or the crossing of the threshold, they experienced the fantasy and the reality, and the two worlds of death—in—life and life—in—death. And thus they became wise, and no longer ignorant, and achieved the renewal and higher level of life—rebirth.

In conclusion, I believe that the archetypes found in Yang Ch'ing-ch'u's short stories are also the collective unconscious of the peoples in Taiwan.
I. Jungian Theory of Personality

Carl Gustav Jung (1875–1961) was an esteemed psychotherapist. He was born on July 26, 1875 in Kesswil, a small village in Switzerland. He was named after an illustrious grandfather, a physician and professor of medicine rumored to be an illegitimate son of Goethe. His father was a Protestant country pastor tormented by a lack of faith, unable to answer Jung's penetrating questions about religion and life. Jung's skepticism about the Oedipus complex may have been due in part to a mother who was a "kindly, fat old woman" troubled by marital difficulties (Jung, 1961/1965, p.48), an influence quite different from that of Freud's beautiful young doting mother. Like Freud, Jung rose from austere middle-class origins to the heights of world fame.

Jung had read The Interpretation of Dreams upon its publication in 1900, and began what proved to be a lengthy correspondence with Freud in 1906. The two men met a year later, and were so captivated with each other that they talked continuously for thirteen hours. Unfortunately, the union of the two giants was based on a fundamental misconception that was ultimately to destroy the relationship. Freud was seeking disciples who would carry forth the psychoanalytic banner, and saw Jung as his crown prince and successor. Jung, on the other hand, regarded his association with Freud as a collaboration that left both sides free to pursue their own inclinations. Thus it was inevitable that Jung would come to view Freud's insistence on the universality of the Oedipus complex and the sexual nature of libido as evidence of dogmatism, whereas Freud would see Jung's attempts to develop his own theory as a betrayal. But Jung had to be his own man. His analysis of the delusions and hallucinations of psychotic patients had persuaded him of the frequent occurrence of universal archetypes, leading him to view the human personality quite differently from
Freud.

Jung's quest for information about the human psyche led him to sources that many would regard as farfetched—the occult, studies of extrasensory perception, alchemy, the myth of flying saucers. The result is a theory of personality more controversial than Freud's, one easy to dismiss as absurd and unscientific. Yet Jung regarded himself first and foremost as an empirical researcher, possessed a fine mind, read voraciously and acquired an immense store of knowledge, traveled widely in order to study various races and classes. Jung, known as the "wise old man of Küsnacht," died in his Küsnacht home on June 6, 1961.1

Analytical psychology

Analytical psychology is the name given by Jung to his theory of personality. Despite the similarity of names (and of some of the constructs), analytical psychology is substantially different from Freudian psychoanalysis.2

Jung agrees with Freud that humans are motivated by innate physiological urges (instincts), which he defines as inborn, uniform, and regularly recurring modes of action and reaction. He also concurs that mental activity is powered by psychic energy (libido). But Jung emphatically rejects the heavy emphasis on sexuality: "I do not mean to deny the importance of sexuality in psychic life, though Freud stubbornly maintains that I do deny it. What I seek is to set bounds to the rampant terminology of sex which vitiates all discussion of the human psyche, and to put sexuality itself in its proper place......"

The psychic energy or libido is the "fuel" that powers mental activity; an unobservable, abstract construct. Jungian libido refers to the total psychic energy invested in a mental event or activity, regardless of the instincts involved. The greater the amount of libido (value), the more the event is desired. Jungian libido includes energy from many forces, including the sexual and power instincts, so its expression solely in the quest for
power is neither more nor less pathological than its expression solely in the form of sexuality.

According to Jung (1919/1971c. p.53), instinctual behavior is easily confused with conscious motives. This makes it difficult to identify all of the human instincts or to ascertain the exact nature of libido. A partial list of instincts would include nutrition (hunger and thirst), sexuality, power, activity (including the love of change, the urge to travel, and play), becoming whole or one's true self (individuation), and creativity.

Complexes

A complex is a constellation of related and emotionally charged thoughts, feelings, or ideas. A complex varies in strength according to the amount of psychic energy (libido) at its disposal (its value), and may be conscious or unconscious (or both). The complexes are the characteristic way in which the psyche expresses itself. For example, the group of thoughts and feelings that concern "mother" cluster together to form the mother-complex, while the complex relating to "I" or "myself" constitutes the component of personality known as the ego. Highly valued complexes often become autonomous and exert considerable control over the personality, as when a man ruled by his mother-complex is unable to form satisfying heterosexual relationships because he is far more concerned about her wishes and opinions, and constantly dreams of mother-symbols. Similarly, a person in the grip of an intense power-complex will be preoccupied with the idea of attaining a position of authority.③

The principle of opposites

To Jung, life consists of "a complex of inexorable opposites": day and night, birth and death, happiness and misery, good and evil, introversion (inner-directedness) and extraversion (outer-directedness), consciousness and unconsciousness, thinking and feeling, love and hate, enthusiasm and
depression, rage and calm, cynicism and belief, haughtiness and inferiority, and so forth. Such contradictory ideas, emotions, processes, and instincts exist simultaneously within the psyche, producing a tension that creates psychic energy and enables life to exist. "There is no energy unless there is a tension of opposites …… Life is born only of the spark of opposites" (Jung, 1917/1972d, pp. 53–54).

When any one extreme is primarily conscious, the unconscious compensates by emphasizing the other extreme. The psyche is for the most part a closed system, so libido withdrawn from one aspect of personality normally reappears somewhere else (the principle of equivalence); and the psyche is also a self-regulating system wherein libido flows from a more intense to a less intense component, just as heat flows from a warmer to a colder body (the principle of entropy). Sooner or later, therefore, any overvalued component will yield psychic energy to its undervalued counterpart. Thus the (unconscious) opposite is likely to emerge in the course of time, a tendency Jung refers to as enantiodromia.

The principle of opposites and the phenomenon of enantiodromia imply that no personality is ever truly one-sided. In a mature and well-adjusted personality, the various opposites are united through some middle path. Jung proposes the term transcendent function for the process that joins various opposing forces into a coherent middle ground and furthers the course of individuation by providing personal lines of development that could not be reached by adhering to collective norms.

The unconscious (personal and collective)

To Jung, the structure of personality consists of the personal unconscious and the collective unconscious, in addition to the personal consciousness and the collective consciousness.

Jung rejects Freud's contention that psychic events can be reduced to physiological causes. Instincts do have an organic aspect, but mental life
follows "a specific law of its own which cannot be deduced from the known physical laws of nature" (Jung, 1947/1969b, p.91; p.60). Jung's teleological approach, rather than attributing all psychic events to prior causes, views the unconscious as relatively autonomous. "There can evolve spontaneously out of the unconscious, contents which the conscious cannot assimilate.... Not only can the unconscious 'wish,' it can also cancel its own wishes."

Some people hear their unconscious as a voice within themselves and converse with it "as if a dialogue were taking place between two human beings with equal rights, each of whom gives the other credit for a valid argument"; but most of us do not allow this invisible partner of ours to make itself heard. We deprive ourselves of the opportunity to learn from our unconscious by ignoring its unique and autonomous messages.

The personal unconscious begins to form at birth, and contains material derived from personal experience that is no longer (or is not yet) at the level of awareness. Some memories are simply forgotten because they are no longer important. Other material in the personal unconscious is repressed because of its painful nature. Still other aspects of mental life remain in the personal unconscious because they lack sufficient psychic energy to enter awareness.

Although the personal unconscious and the ego originate only after birth, the newborn infant is far from a *tabula rasa*. Its psyche is a tremendously complicated, sharply defined entity consisting of the collective (or transpersonal) unconscious, a storehouse of archaic remnants ("primordial images" or archetypes) inherited from our ancestral past. (See Yung, 1938/1970a, p.11; 1919/1971c, p.52; 1917/1972d, pp.65–66).

**Characteristics of archetypes**

Archetypes are universal thought forms and emotions which result from the deposits of the constantly repeated experiences of past generations and which predispose an individual to apprehend the world in particular ways.
They differ from instincts in that they are modes of perception, rather than of action and reaction, and "might suitably be described as ... the self-portrait of the instinct." (Jung, 1919/1971c, p. 56; 1917/1972d, p. 69). They are only potentialities, not specific memories or facts, and will remain dormant unless strengthened by appropriate experiences. They are autonomous events that come upon us like fate, and must be experienced first-hand in order to be understood. Included among the many archetypes are the shadow, persona, anima, animus, self, great mother, wise old man, father, child, parents, wife, husband, and many others. One never becomes aware of the archetypes themselves, but experiences them through the images or symbols that they produce and transmit to consciousness.

The persona and shadow archetypes

The persona and shadow have existed in the human psyche throughout countless generations. This is reflected by corresponding archetypes in the collective unconscious, so that we all inherit tendencies to form these components of personality.

The shadow is the primitive and unwelcome side of personality that derives from our animal forebears. It consists of material repressed into the personal unconscious because it is shameful and unpleasant, and plays a compensatory role to the more favorably oriented persona and ego. The shadow's power is evident when one is overcome by a period of violent and uncontrollable rage. The shadow, like all that is unconscious, is projected onto other people. We normally experience it in this indirect fashion, with the characteristics that we find most objectionable in others very likely to be just those aspects of ourselves that we most dislike.

The persona is a compromise between individual and society as to what a man should appear to be. It is the outward face of personality; a protective façade designed to meet the demands of society while concealing one's true inner nature. It facilitates contacts with people by indicating
what may be expected from them. People with underdeveloped personas appear to be incompetent, boring, tactless, gauche, eternally misunderstood, and blind to the realities of the world. In addition to the demands of society, the persona also reflects one’s aspirations and fantasies.

The anima and animus

Man’s unconscious feminine disposition is due to the archetype known as the anima, while the male archetype in women is called the animus.

The anima, the female archetype in man, predisposes man to understand the nature of woman, serves as the compensatory sentimental inner face of the rational male persona, and is experienced as a feminine voice within the psyche. The animus, the male archetype in woman, predisposes woman to understand the nature of man, serves as the compensatory rational inner face of the sentimental female persona, and is experienced as a masculine voice within the psyche.

The anima and animus develop from generations of exposure to the opposite sex, and imbue each sex with an innate understanding of the other. The well-adjusted personality integrates the male and female attributes by means of the transcendent function, allowing both to find satisfactory expression.

Individuation and the self

Individuation is the life-long unfolding of one’s inherent and unique personality, aided by the transcendent function for the reconciliation of the various opposing forces of personality and leading to the differentiation of the self. Individuation is a difficult and complex journey of self-discovery, and many harzards along the way are likely to prevent a successful outcome. It is a lifelong task that is rarely if ever completed.

The self is the new center of personality that results from individuation, unifies the various opposites, and lies between consciousness and
unconsciousness. There is also a self archetype within the collective unconscious.

The great mother and the wise old man

The archetypal images that emerge from the depths of the collective unconscious are those of the great mother and the wise old man. ⑦

The mother archetype forms the foundation of the so-called mother-complex. The qualities associated with the mother archetype are maternal solicitude and sympathy; the magic authority of the female; the wisdom and spiritual exaltation that transcend reason; any helpful instinct or impulse; all that is benign, all that cherishes and sustains, that fosters growth and fertility. The place of magic transformation and rebirth, together with the underworld and its inhabitants, are presided over by the mother. On the negative side the mother archetype may connote anything secret, hidden, dark; the abyss, the world of the dead, anything that devours, seduces, and poisons, that is terrifying and inescapable like fate.

The wise old man appears in dreams in the guise of a magician, doctor, priest, teacher, professor, grandfather, or any other person possessing authority. The wise old man represents knowledge, reflection, insight, wisdom, cleverness, and intuition on the one hand, and on the other, moral qualities such as goodwill and readiness to help.

Transformation and rebirth

Rebirth is not a process that we can in any way observe. We can neither measure nor weigh nor photograph it. It is entirely beyond sense perception. Rebirth is an affirmation that must be counted among the primordial affirmations of mankind. These primordial affirmations are based on what Jung calls archetypes. In order to obtain a general view of their phenomenology, it is necessary to know the whole field of transformation experiences. Two main groups of experience may be distinguished: that of
the transcendence of life, and that of one's own transformation. ⑧

There are five forms of rebirth: metempsychosis, reincarnation, resurrection, rebirth (renovatio), indirect rebirth (participation in the process of transformation).

Metempsychosis is the transmigration of souls. According to this view, one's life is prolonged in time by passing through different bodily existences; or, from another point of view, it is a life-sequence interrupted by different reincarnations.

As a rule, reincarnation means rebirth in a human body. This concept of rebirth necessarily implies the continuity of personality. Here the human personality is regarded as continuous and accessible to memory, so that, when one is incarnated or born, one is able, at least potentially, to remember that one has lived through previous existences and that these existences were one's own, i.e. that they had the same ego-form as the present life.

Resurrection means a re-establishment of human existence after death. A new element enters here: that of the change, transmutation, or transformation of one's being. The change may be either essential, in the sense that the resurrected being is a different one; or nonessential, in the sense that only the general conditions of existence have changed, as when one finds oneself in a different place or in a body which is differently constituted.

Renovatio means renewal. It is the rebirth within the span of individual life. Rebirth may be a renewal without any change of being, inasmuch as the personality which is renewed is not changed in its essential nature, but only its functions, or parts of the personality, are subjected to healing, strengthening, or improvement. Another aspect of this form is essential transformation, i.e., total rebirth of the individual. Here the renewal implies a change of his essential nature, and may be called a transmutation.

Participation in the process of transformation is indirect rebirth. Here the transformation is brought about not directly, by passing through death
and rebirth oneself, but indirectly, by participating in a process of transformation which is conceived of as taking place outside the individual.

II. The Quest for Virginity

Both "Virgin Boy" and "Virgin Girl" are the talking examples of the quest for virginity. To the characters of these short stories, virginity is the final goal of their journey of self-discovery. It is ironically true that they did not really perceive their virginity before they lost it, and that they found the existence of virginity on their quest just when they lost it.

The male protagonist of the short story "Virgin Boy" is Dimples, an apprentice in the Chi-mei Tailoring Shop; while the female protagonist of the story is Big Eyes, a bar girl. ⑨

One day Big Eyes came into the work area of the Chi-mei Tailoring Shop, waiting for some clothes. Standing next to the work table, her luscious eyes happened to fix on him, making his heart leap and his face burn, so that he could not lift his head.

Watching him closely, she meditated, "He's as beautiful as a girl. What charming dimples when he laughs!" After that, she came whether there were clothes to wait for or not. She didn't know his name, so she called him "Dimples" by his external feature. Consequently, one of the headmen with a flat broad nose was called "Lion Nose", the other one with a big mouth was called "Canyon Mouth". Since her eyes were round and unusually large, the shop people called her "Big Eyes".

Big Eyes did not work at the bar in the daytime, and she got depressed being by herself. She was not like the other bar girls who gambled all day long. She liked to go to the Tailoring Shop to see Dimples and that way she felt better. She came to the shop all the time to chatter,
and let Canyon Mouth and the others talk dirty about her and tease her. And she teased Dimples in front of the shop people, just for having a good time. Dimples detested her endless flow of vulgar chatter and the rough talk of the two head tailors. But if she didn’t come around for a few days, he missed her.

Once Lion Nose teased her too much, Big Eyes lashed out at the tip of Lion Nose’s nose with a ruler and ran off. Before she ran off, Big Eyes yelled, “Hey Lion Nose. No fooling—tomorrow you’re off, so tomorrow night, bring Dimples around to my place. I’ll take care of the food……”

They were off all day. After dinner, Canyon Mouth and Lion Nose pressed Dimples into going over to where Big Eyes lived. Dimples hesitated.

“You prickless ballless faggot! If you don’t go, I’ll pound you!” Canyon Mouth got him in a hammer lock, the way craftsmen push apprentices around. With all this grabbing and pulling, Dimples was hauled along stumbling and nervous.

Big Eyes rented a place on the second floor of a building in a street on the west side of the Love River. As soon as she heard footsteps on the stairs Big Eyes bounded out of her room, and she stood laughing on the staircase to welcome them.

Her apartment was a small room decorated in a unique fashion. Canyon Mouth and Lion Nose sat on the chairs. Big Eyes pulled Dimples over and sat with him on the edge of the bed. Ashamed, he hung his head and listened to their chatter, and peeked at Big Eyes from time to time.

After a little chatter, Big Eyes said, “Let’s go. Time for me to play hostess.” As the four of them went downstairs and out to the street, she took two 100 New Taiwan dollar bills from her purse and gave them to Canyon Mouth. “You go by yourselves. I’ll take him to the movies.”

Big Eyes pulled Dimples away and took a walk along the river. She led him along the winding path among the trees. She drew him close and held him tightly. A cool breeze blew through the trees with a whisper. Dimples’
whole body trembled.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Is this the first time you've ever walked with a girl?" she asked again.

"Ha ha, I knew it. You're not much of a man. You shake when you walk with a girl."

She hugged him, and tried to ease him. She led him over to a rock beneath the trees and they sat down. After a little more chattering, they agreed that he would come to wait for her at night when she got off work and they would enjoy a midnight snack together, and that she wouldn't hang around his shop anymore. Then Big Eyes took Dimples to catch the last movie show.

In the darkness of the theater, she held his hand firmly on her leg and rested her head on his shoulder. In a bit, she was fast asleep. The movie went on, but nothing that took place on the screen penetrated into his mind. His entire spirit was drawn to her, sleeping so soundly on his shoulder. She didn't wake up until the bell rang after the show.

"It was so comfortable resting on your shoulder. I don't feel at all sleepy." She rewarded him with a satisfied smile.

As they agreed, every night at midnight, Dimples went to the street where she left work to wait for her. Slightly tipsy, she led him off to eat mutton, duck or fruit. She sat opposite him, enjoying his bashful and nervous expression as he ate.

After ten or so days had passed, Dimples didn't turn up to wait for Big Eyes. One day, late at night after she got off work, Big Eyes drunkenly stumbled towards the Chi-mei Tailoring Shop. Inside, Yuan-yuan was in the work area teaching Dimples how to make an overcoat. When Dimples heard Big Eyes calling at the door, he made a sign to Yuan-yuan and slipped out. Yuan-yuan opened the door and told Big Eyes that Dimples wasn't in.

Two nights later, when Dimples had finished eating dinner and gone
out, he turned into the back alley and suddenly saw Big Eyes before him. He spun around to bolt but she called him back. She caught up to him and grabbed him.

"Come out with me. I haven't seen you for a long time and I'm all wound up. I dumped a customer just to come get you."

Not caring whether or not he agreed, she dragged him along. They entered the mutton shop they frequented.

"What did I do wrong? Why are you avoiding me?" she asked.

"That day at lunchtime, the proprietress gave me a theater pass and I went to the movies and saw you with some guy, talking and laughing. You saw me when you left but you turned your head and pretended not to see me. And that guy pulled you into a cab."

"I wasn't ignoring you. I didn't want you to see me with a customer at the movies." Two tears glistened at the ends of Big Eyes' eyelashes.

"Forgive me. That's my job. I swear I'll never go out with a customer again."

Dimples relented, and gazed at her with compassion and forgiveness. Big Eyes stuck a piece of mutton into his mouth. After eating a few pieces of mutton, a slight rank taste lingered in his throat. The words of Canyon Mouth and Lion Nose reverberated in his ears......

"Dimples, you've got it made! A young fellow like you and you've already got a chick to take care of you. She goes out sleeping around and you can take it easy." Canyon Mouth had jeeringly said.

"Dimples, let me tell you something." Lion Nose had wrinkled his nose and chortled. "When a whore loves you, she'll dig out her heart and liver for you. If you get the chance, take her for a lot of money. They're used to cheating zillions of guys just to support a pure one. If you don't get her, someone else will. A whore can't get away from cheating others or being cheated. A pro who is expert at getting it for nothing has a knack of getting girls to take care of him. You learn how to do it and you won't
have to be a tailor."

Dimples squinted at Big Eyes. He had noticed her voluptuous shape a few times as she worked in the bar but now it repulsed him. Was this her capital that Canyon Mouth had talked about letting people feel her here, feel her there⋯⋯? Canyon Mouth's words left him dumbfounded; but she had flowed into his life. The way Canyon Mouth talked was so dirty and repulsive. The rank taste of mutton lodged in his throat; his heart was in turmoil⋯⋯oh! He threw up everything he'd eaten.

After Big Eyes helped the shopgirls clean up the vomit, she paid and led Dimples out to stroll in the gymnasion grounds.

"Big Eyes, let me call you Big Sister."
"Okay, stupid Little Brother."
"Sister, you're too good to me. I don't want you to be a bar girl."
Big Eyes leaned on him. "Why not call me wife? Darling Wife?"

He thought of encouraging her to change jobs, but didn't know how to begin. Shoulder to shoulder they strolled around the gymnasion and passed through the woods on the river bank.

"Tomorrow night bring me the clothes I ordered and wait for me to come home." As they separated, Big Eyes gave him a key.

That night when Dimples went to Big Eyes' home with the clothes she had ordered, he waited for some time and still she didn't return. He waited and waited until it was half past one. When he was to go away he saw Big Eyes come stumbling in. She was so drunk that her head was bursting. He opened the door and helped her into the room. As they neared the bed, she collapsed onto it, panting. Her purse fell on the floor. The smell of liquor filled the room. He picked up her purse and placed it on the bed and covered her with a sheet.

"Rest a bit. I'm going. I put your coat in the closet," he said, rocking her gently.

"Spend the night with me."
"No! People will talk!"

He slipped out the door but she jumped from the bed and held him tightly. He broke free and intended to leave.

"I watched over you for a week when you were in the hospital for your operation. I'm dead drunk and you can't stay with me for one night?" She gnashed her teeth and fiercely pulled him back in. She closed the door, bolted the latch, and flung herself on the bed and sobbed.

"I know you hate me for being a bar girl. You despise me," she cried.

"Don't cry. I'll stay with you."

"I hate my father. He's a gambler and an alcoholic," she complained.

"At 16 I was sold to a bar as a bar girl. At first I was shyer than you. Now they say I'm a bloodsucker or fox fairy. It's true! I can bewitch a customer to open his wallet for me. But I can't bewitch you."

She flung herself on the bed, her whole body racked with sobs.

"It's all my fault. I've made you cry!" Dimples burst into tears, sick at heart.

The sound of his weeping made her stop sobbing. She lifted herself up and leaned on his shoulder. "You're crying too? What kind of man are you?"

When she said this he cried more violently. Even his shoulders shook.

"How can a man cry? Ha ha!" She laughed through her tears.

Now he couldn't suppress a laugh, and bending down, buried his head in her breast, both hands tightly gripping her around the waist. She lifted his face and wiped his tears with the corner of her skirt. Then she dabbed at her own face a bit. She lowered her head and snuggled against him.

"Now let's sleep." She took a fur blanket from the closet, looked at him and laughed. "I'll sleep under the sheet, you under the blanket. Swear you won't steal my sheet in the middle of the night."

Soon she was dead asleep. He just couldn't lie still. Sitting upright, he squinted at her. How pure her sleeping figure was; you couldn't find any trace of a bar girl in it. Once he had seen Yuan-yuan asleep on a chair.
She was sleeping just like Yuan-yuan! This girl sleeping peacefully before him had turned into Yuan-yuan! The memories of Yuan-yuan emerged. Since his first day as an apprentice, the proprietress had entrusted him to Yuan-yuan for instruction. Once she even helped him wash his clothes.

He heard the clock strike four and tick on. He just couldn’t fall asleep! He crawled off towards the kitchen and turned on the faucet. He took a few swallows of water and splashed some water on his face. It cooled him down. When he returned to the room Big Eyes was sitting wide awake on the bed.

“What’d you get up for?”

“I was thirsty. I went for a drink of water.”

“You didn’t steal my covers?” Big Eyes glanced down in front of her and asked with a laugh, as if to find some evidence of his stealing her covers.

He made a gesture of shame at her.

“A worm can’t survive in a duck pen; only a dumb duck would leave the worm alone.” Big Eyes pulled him over to sit down and said, “A virgin can sleep with you and still preserve her virginity!”

He got angry, threw off her hand and wriggled away from her. “Maybe you’re a guy without a prick.” Big Eyes cackled and leaned against his shoulders.

Suddenly he was violently thrown back on the bed. She pinned him down. She held his chin steady with her hand and kissed his mouth. Her tongue explored every part of his mouth. He was paralyzed. He shut his eyes and tried to make sense of it all.

After Big Eyes caught her breath and let him go, she laughed crazily.

“When I deflower you, I’ll give you a large, the world’s largest heng-bao.” Big Eyes said as if it had already happened.

He closed his eyes and thought back on the shivering when he’d been kissed. With the excitement of the first kiss of his, he fell asleep soundly.
Since that morning, after she let him experience his first kiss, Big Eyes never returned to the shop. She said she wouldn't be a bar girl and told him not to wait at the street at midnight for her. When he asked what line she'd switch to, she just giggled and didn't let him know. Although he was not supposed to wait for her, late one night he happened to go to the place where he had waited for her and paced around, hoping that he might catch sight of her. Roaming on the dark deserted street, he shed tears. He dared not burst in her residence and look for her. In the dark of night he made several passes around the block, hoping to bump into her coming or going. This time he finally screwed up his courage and went in. And he was told that she had left over a month ago.

"She left without saying a word!" he muttered to himself.

He turned out of the alley and stood before the Love River. The romantic air of the river bank stirred his emotions. Her voice reverberated in his ears: "You're a dumb duck that didn't sneak off with the worm. A guy without a prick……" He couldn't forget that night. That seductive laugh. The night he was unwilling to give up. He'd really been so unmanly that the final act had not been played out. Rage and hatred blazed within him. A desire to conclude that night's unfinished installment pounded and churned within him.

"Her love for me is phony," he told himself. "She's playing with me, seducing me to amuse herself. ……I will revenge! I will smash her precious virgin boy!"

He crossed the Love River Bridge and went towards a brothel behind the movie theaters.

"Ugh! This'll prove I'm not a guy without a prick? That I'm man enough? That I can sneak off with the worm!" he came out and laughed at himself.

"But I'm no longer a virgin boy! The virgin boy that Big Eyes longed to deflower in her honeymoon chamber," he bowed his head, crying sorrowfully.

He felt around in his pocket and brought out something wrapped up in
a red envelope. Suddenly he gave a start.

A heng-bao! (a present of money wrapped up in a red envelope)

"That girl knew I was a virgin? She’s that professional?” His heart was
wrenched. “I am no longer a virgin boy!”

Six months had already passed when Big Eyes came to see Dimples
again. It gave him quite a start when he found that she was pregnant.

"Why'd you get pregnant? I never did anything with you!” he shouted.

"I got pregnant for you, “she said. “In the future, when we’re together,
we’ll never have to worry about economic problems. I needed money and I
was tired of the bar girl trade. So I became the mistress of an executive
manager whose wife couldn’t even give birth to a cockroach. He wanted
me to have a child for him. The terms were for him to pay me three
hundred thousand dollars. I made it clear that after I had it, his wife would
take care of bringing it up and I’d leave him.”

A black sedan came for Big Eyes. Dimples returned to the Tailoring
Shop where Yuan-yuan met him at the door.

Jung’s analytical psychology incorporates the widely accepted viewpoint
that humans are inherently bisexual, but differs from other theories by
attributing this phenomenon to archetypes. Man’s unconscious feminine
disposition is due to the archetype known as the anima, while the male
archetype in women is called the animus. “The whole nature of man
presupposes woman, both physically and spiritually.” (Jung, 1928/1972e, p.190).

Dimples, the major male character of the short story “Virgin Boy”, is a
boy with over-manifested anima; while Big Eyes, the major female character
of the story, is a girl with over-manifested animus. Their love story is an
example of the process of transformation to achieve the well-adjusted
personality by integrating the male and female attributes through
transcendental function.

The story begins with the incident and setting which presents the fact
that Dimples is a boy with strong manifestation of the inner femininity of
the anima and weak manifestation of the outward masculine persona of
power and effectiveness, and that Big Eyes, on the contrary, is a girl with
strong manifestation of the inner masculinity of the animus and weak
manifestation of the outward feminine persona of tenderness and
thoughtfulness.

Big Eyes discovered unconsciously her own femininity from Dimples
whom she happened to meet at the work area of the Chi-mei Tailoring
Shop.

"Look how beautiful you are." Big Eyes pointed at his dimples
admiringly. "Beautiful boy, just like a girl; eyebrows thin and angled, with
an adorable nose; tiny mouth no bigger than my eye; how I'd love to kiss
your lips."

"He's never kissed a girl. Why should you snatch his first kiss?" Lion
Nose said.

"He's an innocent virgin who's never been laid," Canyon Mouth spoke
seriously. "The custom is that when you bar girls meet a virgin boy you've
got to hand over a heng-bao, a present of money in a red envelope, to him."

"He's a virgin and so am I. So why should I give him any heng-bao?"

Her inner masculinity of the animus was so strong that she continued
arguing and even fighting ferociously against the two tailors—Lion Nose
and Canyon Mouth.

One night Dimples developed acute appendicitis and went to the
hospital for surgery. Big Eyes watched over him for a week when he was
in the hospital for the operation. She fed him and washed his clothes. She
even paid for his medicine. During this operation, her warm affection and
her whole self flowed into his life. And, by and by, her femininity emerged.

She disagreed to his feminine behavior when she led him walking along
the bank of the Love River one night.

"Is this the first time you've ever walked with a girl?" she asked. "Ha
ha. I knew it. You’re not much of a man. You shake when you walk with a girl." That she began laughing at his femininity means that the unconscious repression of her own femininity becomes weaker and weaker.

One night, when she got off work, and was dead drunk, the repression of her femininity was entirely released. And she behaved herself as a real woman with perfect femininity. She insisted that he spent the night with her in her bed. When she was awake she laughed at him, "A virgin can sleep with you and still preserve her virginity!" Then she let him experience his first kiss.

In the process of Dimples’ personality development, we find examples for the principle of opposites, the principle of equivalence, the principle of entropy, and the tendency of enantiodromia. He even went to the brothel to prove that he was man enough! That he lost his virginity in the brothel explains the fact that the shadow is the dark side of our personality and that the shadow’s power is evident when one is overcome by a period of violent and uncontrollable rage. Lion Nose and Canyon Mouth are the wise old men to Dimples while Yuan–yuan, the great mother; the prostitute who gave him a heng–bao, the mother archetype on the negative side.

"Virgin Girl" tells the story of the pure and simple life of a virgin girl in a farm family.

"Get up, Yin–hsiu, the sun’s shining on your buttocks!"

"Let me sleep a little longer, Hui–fen, I’ve never been back for a long time."

Yin–hsiu, a daughter of the owner of a factory in the city, and Hui–fen, a daughter of a farmer in the country, were sisters of an extended family before Yin–hsiu’s father moved to the city and ran a factory. They lived a happy life in the farm when they were pupils in a primary school. Now and then Yin–hsiu would return to the country farm to spend a couple of days with Hui–fen.
They were chattering on virginity.

"Have you ever gone for a walk with a boy?"

"My feet're virgin."

"Have you ever been together with a boy hand in hand?"

"My hands're virgin."

"Have you ever kissed?"

"My lips're virgin."

"It's said that there're not many virgins among the city girls. Isn't it true to you?" as a perfect virgin, Hui-fen asked with curiosity.

"Don't you envy the city girls who're scarcely virgin and want to go to the city for something romantic?"

Although she denied it firmly, Hui-fen was lonely when Yin-hsiu left for the city. She even envied a couple of pigeons that were wooing each other on the roof of the farm house.

One of her obligations was to feed the hogs they raised in the farm.

Once she found the female hog, having recently arrived at puberty, was tired of eating anything because of wanting a match. And she could not help feeling that she was as pitiful as the female hog.

"Hui-fen, Hui-fen!" It was Kuang-yi calling, who was grown up together with her in the same village and worked in the city now.

"Let me take a picture of you," said Kuang-yi, holding a camera.

"No, I don't want to be a village girl feeding a herd of hogs," she cried standing by the pen.

"Well, let's go to the backyard."

"The hogs haven't been fed yet."

"Feed them later."

They went toward a grove of bamboos.

"Lean yourself against the bamboo over there and look at the sky as if you're meditating." Kuang-yi instructed her to pose herself.

"Okay, a nice picture of the beauty by the bamboo."
"Not at all, an old house of red roof among the grove of bamboos, and a lonely village girl by a green bamboo, nothing beautiful." Looking backward, Hui-fen complained.

Walking together around the country field, along the irrigation ditch, and up to a small hill, he took some more pictures of her. They had been joyful together for an hour or so when she suddenly remembered that she hadn't washed the piles of clothes, and that she didn't have finished feeding the hogs, either. And she was afraid that she might get blamed by Mother. So she left Kuang-yi and rushed home.

Feeding the hogs and standing by the pen, she fell into a pleasant reverie. Her feet, she thought, were no longer virgin as she had gone for a walk with Kuang-yi. In her reverie, she saw a newly grown-up female hog with sexual desire fully-aroused, who was wandering leisurely in the country field and alluring a male hog to follow her. To her start, she found that the male hog was transformed into Kuang-yi, and the female hog was transformed into her. She, who was the female hog, rushed forward hurriedly, while Kuang-yi, who was the male hog, ran after her. After a little while, the female hog was disappointed to find that the male hog, instead of running after her, was playing the teasing game of advance and retreat with another female hog.

Consciously, "Virgin Girl" tells us the opposites between the young people in the city and those in the country. There exists, however, collective unconscious in "Virgin Girl", that is to say, everything exists in the country is virgin, while nothing in the city is virgin any more. To Hui-fen, everything in the country is the mother archetype, everything concerning the city is the shadow archetype. Hui-fen's fear of virginity lost, a shadow unconsciosicous to her, is projected onto the hogs she fed. Kuang-yi became a hog in her reverie because he worked in the city and no longer a young man in the country. Hsu Ch'ing-ta, who worked in the city and was
introduced to her by a match-maker, became a hog when she was pondering whether she would go to the city to meet him or not. She decided to stay in the country to be a virgin girl. It is ironically true that people can not perceive the existence of their virginity until it is lost. Hui-fen should not forget that her feet were not virgin any more.

III. The Quest for the Self

Both “The Other Day and Today” and “The Beloved” are the talking examples of the quest for the self. These stories present us the most striking explanation of the fact that the self lies between consciousness and unconsciousness, and is beyond the realm of awareness, and that every personality possesses the innate tendency to individuate and develop selfhood and stability, but it is rarely if ever achieved to the fullest.

The story “The Other Day and Today” begins with a taxicab on the way to a rural villa through the hilly suburban area.

Deep in the night the other day, Lin Pao-hsiung, a cab driver of twenty-eight, was cruising his cab in the street when he found a pretty girl waving at him. He thought he was so lucky that he had met such a beautiful fare in the deep night.

With the pretty girl sitting on his right, he drove on the highway which winded around the hillside. All could be seen were the woods and fields of the wilderness; the spread of dark and deep woods by one side, the low valley of fields by the other side.

From time to time he peeked at her. She was gorgeously dressed. She had to be a well-bred lady from a rich family. What did she spend the whole night in the city for? For dancing, or enjoying some love affairs? His fellow cab drivers had told him the amours they enjoyed with their lady
fares. Now it was time for him to have a love affair, he thought.

It seemed to him that he was driving in a world far away from the society of human beings, free from any control of law or the value of morals. In this world where there were no other people except him and her, he ascertained that she had to be his.

"She's so pretty and so sublime. She's mine." He tried to arouse her sexual desire with verbalization and indirect gestures. He turned his car into the woods. There he engaged in the first sexual adventure in his life. He was so rapt in his sexual adventure against her that he was unaware of anything else. A cyclist who happened to pass by riding a motorcycle, came to her rescue. As a result, he was arrested on a charge of the crime of forcing sexual intercourse on his lady fare. And he was imprisoned for five years and six months.

Today, he was out of prison, and he was out of a job, too! A cab driver before, he had to be a cab driver again. No taxi company would hire him because he had committed a crime of raping a lady fare.

Without a job for three months, he was hired by Cheng Hsin-teng, one of his former fellow drivers. Five years and six months ago, both of them were unmarried guys and fellow drivers of a taxi company. And he always had more fares a day than Cheng Hsin-teng did. Today Cheng was the owner of a taxi company in addition to being a father of two children; while he, a driver hired by Cheng and still unmarried. He endured many obstacles on his way to marriage only because he had committed a crime of raping a lady fare.

"We've been friends for three or four years before you're in prison. I know you very well, you're really a nice and honest boy." Cheng Hsin-teng asked him. "I don't know why you'd rape a fare of yours. If you got married earlier it might not have happened."

"I myself didn't know, either," he replied. "Deep in the night in the extra-territorial paradise of hills and woods. I'm sure she's mine, and me,
hers too! She needs me, and I need her; and we must be together! And, sorry, I really didn’t know how it could have happened.”

In order to release his sexual impulse, one night Cheng treated him to a sexy coffee-house where the coffee girl would make herself a prostitute if required. They were surrounded by a throng of coffee girls as soon as they sat down. Immediately, Lin Pao-hsiung took a fancy to a pretty and sublime girl. And he let her attend him.

"My name is Wen-chuan, glad to see you," the pretty and sublime girl sat beside him. "What’s your name, sir? You look familiar to me but I simply can’t place you." He made believe that he was a frequent visitor.

She looked familiar to Lin Pao-hsiung, too, especially her sublime appearance. He could hardly remember where he had ever met her. He pulled her into his breast. And the mutual sexual seduction began, and went on until she invited him to her bedroom which was in the other building a distance from the coffee-house.

After he had sex with her, they were chatting.

"A cab driver?" she exclaimed when he told her he was a cab driver.

"I’m afraid of a cab driver."

"Deep in the night, the other day, several years ago," she continued. "I took a cab to a rural villa. Passing by the hilly suburban area, the driver parked the cab and raped me."

"I read the newspaper, I could remember it. Your real name is Huang Ying-li?"

"That’s true."

"That guy had really a stroke of bad luck. He raped me, a prostitute instead of a virgin, who was on the way to a rural villa to spend the night with a customer," she continued.

It was a terrible shock to him when he learned everything.

"Five years and six months in prison, for your sake!" he thought. "The other day I raped you for your pretty and sublime appearance; today I let
you attend me, for your pretty and sublime appearance, too? How unlucky
he was! He could not stand it. He was regretful so much that he paid her
and hurried away.

"The Other Day and Today" gives us a picture of a psychic
transformation or rebirth which we recognize as an individuation process, or
the development of the self. Lin Pao-hsiung, the major character of the
story, is an initiate himself, capable of transformation. To him, the critical
places: the woods on the way to the rural villa, and the sexy coffee-house,
are the symbols of the cave that he has in himself, or the darkness that
lies behind his consciousness. He gets into that cave and finds himself
involved in an—at first—unconscious process of transformation. He was,
unaware to himself, on his way to rebirth when he was regretting for his
bad luck.①

The lady, who looked so pretty and sublime to Lin Pao-hsiung, is the
mother archetype to him. His anima, to be pretty and sublime, is projected
to the lady who looked so pretty and sublime to him. He heard
unconsciously his own inner voice when he told himself, "She is mine."—and
she is the goal of his self-discovery.

According to Jung, the archetype of the wise old man appears in the
guise of any person possessing authority. We can say that the cyclist who
came to rescue the pretty and sublime lady and the policeman who came to
arrest him are the wise old men to Lin Pao-hsiung. Cheng Hsin-teng and
the other fellow cab drivers are the father archetype to him.

The setting of "The Beloved" is a village temple where a newly born
infant was found dead in a privy. The story is told by a little boy who is
innocent and is supposed to have seen everything happened ③.

A newly born infant was found dead in a public privy near a temple.
Villagers thronged to the temple. There, they were clamoring and cursing,
nosily and angrily. The innocent little boy jostled into the crowd to see and hear what happened.

They said that the infant was born and expelled secretly into the pit of the privy.

There came three policemen, two Japanese and one Taiwanese. They came to examine the event. The custodian of the temple was questioned and taken away to the police office. There he was questioned again and again and got whipped violently. He did not return until the next day.

"Did you fear when you looked at the dead infant, little brother?" Er-chie, the second elder sister of mine, asked me.

"No!" I lied to her. In reality, I was frightened to see it.

"What did they say?"

"They said it's King-hua who kept a lover and secretly bore it. They said a 'monkey' was always seen to slip into King-hua's room to sow seeds. How could a 'monkey' sow seeds in King-hua's room and make her bear a baby, Er-chie?"

"I don't know." Er-chie turned away. She looked so sad, and deep in meditation. Recently, she looked pale, but she refused to see a doctor.

King-hua was taken away to the police office. There, she was questioned and tortured, and was not released until the next day. Several other women who were notorious for their sensuality were taken to the police office one by one, and suffered the inquisition by torture.

"The policeman came to examine Feng-chun. I'd ever seen her stay secretly at the top of the back hill together with Er-lang of the Hsie's. Though we'd born ill will with the Hsie's, they still sent a matchmaker to us. Isn't it possible that Feng-chun has had illicit relations with Er-lang?" Mother said.

"No, it isn't possible," Father replied. "Feng-chun is a well-behaved daughter. She couldn't destroy the purity of our family."

"Er-lang would be a good match to Feng-chun, if his eldest brother Yi
- lang hadn't violated his marital agreement with our Feng-ying." Father added.

The other day when Yi-lang, the eldest son of the Hsie's, violated his marital agreement with Feng-ying, the eldest daughter of our family, Ta-po. Feng-ying’s father and the eldest uncle of our family, was very much enraged. As a result, we, the Huang’s, bore ill will with the Hsie’s.

The other day, a matchmaker, who was sent by the Hsie’s for the match of Er-chie and Er-lang, came to visit us. When it was getting dark I played hide-and-seek with the other boys. Dropping in Er-chie’s room. I saw she was well dressed.

"Where are you going, Er-chie?" I asked.

"No, I’m not going anywhere."

When I ran away and returned, I couldn’t find Er-chie. Suddenly I heard the shutting of the back door. Wondering why she wouldn’t let me go with her, I decided to follow her. Secretly, I followed her through the thick woods and bamboos. Finally, at the top of the back hill, she was met by some guy.

"My father, insistingly, wouldn’t agree me to marry you," said Er-lang. "I declared that I would commit suicide if I were not agreed to marry you. He was so startled that he sent a matchmaker to your home. Did your father agree?"

"No! The matchmaker was cursed by him," said Er-chie. "My father said he would rather chop me to feed hogs than marry me to your home."

"You may beseech him to let you marry me."

"Dare I? Once I speak I’d be beaten to death. A virgin girl, what a shame!"

"If my eldest brother had not violated the marital agreement with your eldest sister, we might not have tortured so much trouble."

They were startled out of their wits when I suddenly yelled and stood in front of them.
"You must be Er-chie's paramour. A kept woman and a fancy man, shame on you!"

"How can you be here, my little brother?"
"I followed you secretly. Why didn't you bring me with you?"
"Here's some money for you. Don't say anything when you return home. If you say a word I'll be beaten to death by Uncle. Don't you like to see me beaten to death by Uncle?"
"Okay! Where's the money?"

One day the police gathered in the temple all the unmarried young girls of the village. They lined up along the wall, twenty or so altogether.
"Today we gather you here for the investigation of the dead infant," announced a policeman. "Your breasts will be squeezed. When you are called you must undress your breasts by yourself and come over here."

The young girls suffered the torture one by one.
"Huang Feng-chun!" Er-chie's face turned pale when her name was called.

"Undress yourself!" She stood still.

The policeman tore off her upper clothes and found that her breasts bulged out beyond the usual size. When the policeman squeezed one of her breasts, it was lactating; another one squeezed, lactating too.

"It's you?" yelled the policeman.
"No!" replied Er-chie.

"No? How can your breasts secrete milk?" The policeman slapped Er-chie twice.

Er-chie ran out of the temple, rushed into the sugar-cane field at the back of the temple, and disappeared. Two policemen ran after her into the sugar-cane field.

Er-chie, Er-chie, even if you were not caught and beaten to death by the Japanese cobs, you'd be beaten to death by Uncle when you'd return home. I worried for Er-chie and crying for her.
The policemen returned. They failed to catch Er-chie, so they asked Uncle for her.

"Confound you!" The policeman struck Uncle with his fist. "Your daughter kept a lover and bore a dead infant secretly. And you didn't know it at all!"

They pulled Uncle away to the police office.

The sugar-cane field at the back of the temple extended so boundlessly that scores of people failed in their searching for Er-chie. They also made a vain attempt to search for her in all the deep wells, or the dark waters.

Late in the night, Uncle returned from the police office, badly wounded from torture.

In spite of his being wounded badly, Uncle went to the Hsie's home.

"Come out here, you, Er-lang of the Hsie's!" cursed Uncle. "I must kill you today. You've destroyed the pure reputation of my family."

An old man came out. It was Granduncle Han-shan of the Wang's. Uncle knew him and esteemed him very much.

"They're all out now in searching for Er-lang," said Granduncle Han-shan. "Er-lang happened to work in the sugar-cane field at the back of the temple this afternoon, and never returned. Maybe, they ran away together, it's important to look for them now."

"Feng-chun ah—! Come back—!" People of the Huang's were calling in the deep night.

"Er-lang ah—! Come back—!" People of the Hsie's were calling in the deep night, too.

"Feng-chun ah—! Er-lang ah—! Come back!" They were calling together, the Huang's and the Hsie's.

According to Jung, one never becomes aware of the archetypes themselves, but experiences them through the images or symbols that they
produce and transmit to consciousness. And "The Beloved" is a good explanation to this concept of Jung's. The reader sees every incident of the story through the innocent little brother's eyes. Although he, the innocent little brother, saw and told everything he himself did not know anything at all. We, the readers, are not wise enough to know anything at all, either.

To the beloved couple, the depth of the boundless sugar-cane field is the archetype of the great mother. They ran away into it for their rebirth—for the freedom of the "self", the final goal of the process of individuation, and the ultimate goal of personality development.

The story ends when the villagers were calling together. What were they calling for? Were they calling for Feng–chen and Er–lang? They were not aware of the truth that they were unconsciously calling for the freedom of the "self" while they were calling for Feng–chun and Er–lang. This is a striking example of a group experience of transformation, the identification of an individual with a number of people who, as a group, have a collective experience of transformation. ⑩

Granduncle Han–shan is the archetype of the wise old man. When he said that the emergency was to search for Feng–chun and Er–lang, he spoke out unconsciously that the emergency is to look for the freedom of the "self".

The policemen, and Ta–po or Uncle, are the archetype of father to the beloved couple. They represent authority and morality. It is believed that the violation of a marital agreement is a great insult to the engaged daughter and her maiden family, a destruction to the pure reputation of their family. And this belief is the archetype of persona to Ta–po or Uncle. Because of this persona, the beloved couple remained their illicit sexual relations and could not get married. Because of this persona, all the villagers, from the unmarried maidens to the adult, suffered so much torture. If anyone must be cursed for the misery of the beloved couple, it is the persona of the pure reputation of the family, instead of the policemen or
anyone else. No, nothing and no one must be cursed. It is the process of transformation.

IV. Conclusion

The finding of this study of mine is that the various archetypes in Yang Ch'ing-ch'u's short stories can be found and identified among the archetypes of the people in Taiwan. On the pilgrimage of their rebirth or their process of transformation, people in Taiwan were and are accompanied by their shadows, in addition to the archetypes of the great mother, the wise old man, the father, and persona.

The symbol of heng-bao is a typical one of the collective unconscious of the people in Taiwan. To receive a heng-bao means to lose the purity or virginity. When one loses one's purity or virginity to the other one, the latter shall present a heng-bao to the former. Heng-bao means purity lost as well as virginity lost. Ironically, The Virgin cab-driver lost his virginity and won a heng-bao of the imprisonment of five years and six months.

A society must go into a decline when the giving and receiving of heng-bao prevails in it. Maybe heng-bao is a shadow archetype, or an ordeal, on the way to rebirth.

Notes

(2) Ibid. 72–73.
(3) Ibid. 74.
(4) Ibid. 75–76.
Bibliography


