

pile of, shall I say, illusions. Alice took the plunge into the imagination and played the game of life. Although she was beset by convention at every corner she turned, she handled each event with an innate resourcefulness.

I often wondered about that world where I could let my imagination run away and take me along, but the constraints that had become so ingrained in me from my past prevented any such exploration. Any time that I even contemplated the idea of looking inside of myself to see who was really there, and where she could go, I became fearful of who I might find there. Given my background, "she" couldn't be much good anyway, and I would probably be worse off if I unleashed her. This attitude reminds me of the image of Medusa according to some writers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. She, a creature with great wings and a body covered with scales and hair a mass of twisting snakes, was what happened to women when they looked into the mirror and discovered what is called self-knowledge. Painters of the same period also had a field day depicting the woman-before-the-mirror theme as they conveyed the message that she should not look into the mirror without the guidance of a man. The mirror takes us to the other side of things and then returns us, with an expanded consciousness, to this world, transfiguring it in the process. The looking glass reflects the potential of human imagination.

Realizing that we only have self-imposed limitations, after the talking, wondering, and worrying, Alice and I finally together stepped through the looking glass and found the thrill of freedom. We did not become the snakes of forbidden knowledge, but were still cautious to hang onto bits of our learned reality, "imprisoned in the echo world of the glass."² Fortunately, a lovely spirit still existed