have died.” This “if” game is definitely indicative of the presence of guilt resulting from repressed hostility. Consequently, the therapist urged, “I thought you said you weren't angry or hostile, but look at your feelings of guilt!”

At that point the anger emerged in full force. “You're damned right I'm angry!” he fumed. “I see what you mean now! I'm so angry at myself that I could kill myself for being so shortsighted!” He spent the rest of the hour beating and blaming himself for the death of both his wife and son. As he began to unwind and logically see that in no way was he really responsible for either death, he came out with the statement, “Gee, I don't feel so depressed or guilty any more. Why?”

The obvious answer is that the recognition of his hostility, both in verbal expression and in emotional experience, had resolved the guilt and lifted the depression. He too had made a fingerprinting earlier in therapy. He had painted a huge towering tree with expansive branches. Trees are often symbolic of female figures, for they hover like a mother hen. Later, after he saw the tree as symbolic of his longing for the protective arms of his dead wife, he suddenly said, “I am going to have to get another tree!” This indicated that he was nearing completion of his grief work and was ready to go on to reconstruction.

ANGER PHASE

Some alcoholic persons become “hung up” on the anger phase of their grief, and grow furious with uncontrolled hostility, finding themselves totally unable to complete the job without professional help. A good example is a male patient who was committed on a court order for treatment. According to the case history the man’s son was killed in a road collision while riding in a car driven by the boy’s mother. The other car was being driven by a neighbor. The patient blamed both drivers for his son's death. Consequently, he would get drunk, beat up his wife, and do acts of violence to the neighbor. Because of the nature of his problem, the patient was scheduled for psychodrama to accomplish the task of grief work. He was allowed to reconstruct the scene of the accident in every detail. In the spontaneity of the stage without script, he was permitted once again to express his hostility toward his wife and neighbor. Then he was asked to reverse roles, first playing the part of the wife, and then of the neighbor, so that he experienced how it felt to be in their shoes, as targets of his invective. Large beads of sweat rolled down his brow as he took each part. Suddenly, he fell prostrate at the feet of his fellow patients who were playing the roles of wife and neighbor. He began weeping vehemently, “My God! My God! What have I done? That was a freak accident and no one’s fault! I could have been in either of your shoes!” and he begged them to forgive him.

Needless to say, his hostility towards them was resolved, but