

The
WORLD
IS MADE OF
GLASS
A NOVEL
MORRIS
WEST



The World
Is Made of
Glass

Also by Morris West

The Clowns of God

A West Quartet:
The Naked Country
Gallows on the Sand
The Concubine
Kundu

Proteus

The Navigator

Harlequin

The Salamander

Summer of the Red Wolf

Scandal in the Assembly

The Heretic

The Tower of Babel

The Ambassador

The Shoes of the Fisherman

Daughter of Silence

The Devil's Advocate

Backlash

Children of the Shadows

The World Is Made of Glass

_____ A NOVEL BY _____

Morris West

William Morrow and Company, Inc.
New York 1983

Copyright © 1983 by Compania Financiera Perlina, S.A.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Inquiries should be addressed to William Morrow and Company, Inc., 105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

West, Morris L., 1916-
The world is made of glass.

I. Title.

PR9619.3.W4W67 1983 823 83-942

ISBN 0-688-02031-3

Printed in the United States of America

BOOK DESIGN BY LINEY LI

For
Joy,
with love,
to celebrate a homecoming

Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. . . . Some damning circumstance always transpires.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Jung was always very well aware of the danger of mental contagion; of the adverse effect that one personality might have upon another. . . . Anyone who has practised psychotherapy with psychotics will confirm that delusional systems, and other features of the psychotic's world, are indeed contagious and may have a very disturbing effect upon the mind of the therapist.

—ANTHONY STORR,
Jung, Chapter 2

The World
Is Made of
Glass

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction based upon a case recorded, very briefly, by Carl Gustav Jung in his autobiographical work *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. The case history is undated and curiously incomplete. I have always felt that Jung, writing in his later years, was still troubled by the episode and disposed to edit rather than to record it in detail.

I have chosen to set this story in the year 1913, the period of Jung's historic quarrel with Freud, the beginning of his lifetime love affair with Antonia Wolff and the onset of his own protracted breakdown.

The character of the unnamed woman is a novelist's creation; but it conforms with the limited information provided in Jung's version of the encounter.

The character of Jung, his personal relationships, his professional attitudes and practices are all based on the voluminous records available. The interpretation of this material and its verbal expression are, of course, my own.

For the rest, every novelist is a myth-maker, explained and justified by Jung himself in his Prologue to *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*: "I can only make direct statements, only 'tell stories,' whether or not the stories are 'true' is not the problem. The only question is whether what I tell is *my* fable, *my* truth."

MAGDA

Berlin 1913

At midnight yesterday, my whole life became a fiction: a dark Teutonic fairy tale of trolls and hobgoblins and star-crossed lovers in ruined castles full of creaks and cobwebs.

Now I must travel, veiled like a mourning wife, because my face is known to too many people in too many places. I must register in hotels under an assumed name. At frontiers I must use a set of forged documents for which I have paid a royal ransom to Gräfin Bette—who, of course, is not a Gräfin at all, but has been bawd and pandar to the Hohenzollerns and their court for twenty-five years.

For emergency disguise—and for certain sexual encounters which still interest me—I shall carry a small wardrobe of male attire, tailored for me in a more cheerful time by Poiret in Paris. Even this record, written for myself alone, must contain inventions and pseudonyms to protect my secrets from the prying eyes of chambermaids and male escorts.

But the truth is here—as much of it as I can distinguish or bear to tell—and the tale begins with a sour joke. Yesterday was my birthday and I celebrated it in Gräfin Bette's house of appointment, with a man near to death in my bed.

The event was distressing for me, but not unusual for Gräfin Bette. Middle-aged gentlemen who indulge in violent sexual exercise are prone to heart attacks. Every brothel of quality has the means to deal promptly with such matters. The house doctor provides emergency treatment. Dead or alive, the victim is dressed and transported with all decent speed to his house, his club or a hospital. If he has no coachman or chauffeur of his own, Gräfin Bette supplies one: a close-mouthed fellow with a catalogue of convincing lies to explain his passenger's condition. Police enquiries are rare—and police discretion is a highly negotiable commodity.

This case, however, was not so simple. My companion and I were paying guests in the Gräfin's establishment. He

was a man of title, a colonel in the Kaiser's Military Household. I am a known personage in society. I am also a physician and it was clear to me that the Colonel had suffered a coronary occlusion and that a second incident during the night—always a possibility in such cases—would certainly kill him.

He was married—none too happily—to a niece of the Kaiserin, and he had told his wife that he was attending a conference of staff officers. That story—thank God and the Junker code!—would hold good. But finally, my Colonel, living or dead, would be delivered to his spouse, and there was no way of concealing either his cardiac condition or his other injuries: lacerations of the lumbar region, two cracked vertebrae and probable kidney damage.

Gräfin Bette summed up the situation, click-clack, in the accents of a Berlin gutter-girl:

"I'll clean up the mess. You'll pay for it. But understand me! You're not welcome here anymore. You used to be amusing. Now you're dangerous. There'll be a wife and a son and the Kaiser himself and a whole regiment of cavalry baying for blood over this affair. If you take my advice, you'll be a clever vixen and go to earth for a while. Now I need money—lots of it."

When I asked how much, she named exactly the sum I had been paid for the six hunters I had sold that morning to Prince Eulenberg. I didn't ask how she knew the amount or how she had calculated the bill. I had the cash in my reticule and I paid it over without a murmur. She left me then to pack my clothes and to watch over the patient, who was fibrillating badly. Forty-five minutes later she was back with a set of personal documents in the name of Magda Hirschfeld and a first-class ticket on the midnight express to Paris. She also brought me an outer coat of shabby black serge and a black felt hat with a veil. I made a joke of it and said I looked like an English nanny. Gräfin Bette was not amused.

". . . I'm doing you a favour you don't deserve. Every time I've heard about you lately, it's been a little crazier, a little nastier. . . . Now I understand why. . . ."