Chapter IV

ABNORMAL BEHAVIOUR OF EMPEROR JONE AND YANK IN
THE EMPEROR JONES ANDY AND THE
HAIRY APE

Racial conflicts become serious in times of revolt and crisis. In *The Emperor Jones* the artist describes the mental agony of the tyrant Jones who adopted all foul means to make money. Inspite of being a Black he has no sympathy with the common people. Due to revolt of his subjects he behaves in an abnormal manner. Due to exploitation the people fail to tolerate the wicked and inhuman tendencies of the king. In this tragedy the artist describes the psychology of the victims and the victimizer. Even the people are victims of anxiety, stress, frustration and obsessions. All the Black families feel tortured due to selfish conduct of Brutus Jones. How could the king forget his past? Who made him the king of the country? What is the source of his sovereignty? In U.S.A. Whites hated the Blacks and hence never granted equal rights to them willingly. In 19th century Abraham Lincoln paid a heavy price for his humanitarian zeal and fought Civil War for nearly four years for this. Many social reformers highlighted the need of equal right for the Blacks. Same is the case with Eugene O’Neill as he had love for all sections of society irrespective of their caste
and colour. He observed that the Blacks became the victims of racial prejudices even in the 20th century. In *The Emperor Jones* he satirizes the ugly side of human civilization. Here the Negroes do not want to be exploited anymore. Negro Brutus Jones stands for hatred, pride, ego and exploitation. Inspite of being a Negro, he exploits his fellow-beings. The artist has exposed the rulers who exploit the Asians and Africans for a long time. No schools are opened for the education of the Blacks as he is uneducated. Even the Negroes do not know the importance of education, culture, civilization, wisdom, history, planning and reconstruction. Due to their ignorance they do not know the importance of plans for the growth of the country. Means of transport are not developed by Jones there. The records of history confirm that the Negroes have been ignorant and backward due to cunning rulers. Aristotle says that every tragic hero is responsible for his catastrophe. Here Brutus Jones pretends to be emperor on the Island. For the last two years he has established his kingdom on the Island. But Henry Smithers knows the past history of Brutus Jones. Two years back Brutus Jones was an ordinary porter in U.S.A. He murdered Jeff and then was put behind the bars for two years. In the prison he killed the Guard in an angry mood and escaped from the prison. Due to his sense of pride he pretends to be a monarch and rules the people for making money. Smithers reminds him
of his past and yet the latter ignores it. Who else knows his past here? Why should he bother for the ignorant masses? As he is proud of his intelligence he says:

... No use’n you rakin’ up ole times. What I was den in one thin. What I is now’s another. You didn’t let me in on yo’ crooked work out o’ no kind feelin’s dat time. I done do dirty work fo’ you — and most o’ de brain work, too, for’ dat matter and I was wu' th money to you, dat’s de reason. (7)

He earns money with foul means and deposits the same in a foreign bank and feels secure. This method was commonly adopted by most of the rulers in colonies. Jones tells Smithers that he does not want to stay in this kingdom for ever. With a sense of pride he tells him path of the forest and he will find his way even in darkness:

And it’s in a foreign bank where no pusson don’t ever git it out but me no matter what come. You didn’t s’pose I was holdin’ down dis Emperor job for de glory in it, did you? Sho’! De fuss
and glory part of, dat’s only to turn de heads o’ de low-flupg, bush nigger dat’s here. Dey want de big circus show for deir money. I gives it to ’em an’ I gits de money. (7)

All his vanity fades in the forest as he does not find money and food hidden by him under the bricks. For some time Smithers admires the works of Jones and supports him. No laws are enforced to control the situation. For two years Jones and Smithers continue earning money and it is really theft, not business. Due to pride he feels that he is above laws of the kingdom. He is superior to people because he talks big:

Ain’t I de Emperor? De laws don’t go for him. (Judicially) You heah what I tells you. Smithers. Dere’s little stealin’ like you does, not dere’s big stealin’ like I does. For de little stealin’ dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin’ dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o’ Fame when you croaks. (Reminiscently) If day’s one thing I learns in ten years on de Pullman ca’s listen to de white quality talk, it’s dat
same fact. And when I gits a change to use it I winds up Emperor in two years. (8)

But alas! He meets his doom inspite of boasting of his powers. Smithers mildly reminds him about his past as he also brought him luck. Yet Jones is proud of his intelligence as he has befooled the Negroes. He feels safe as he has spread the rumour that he can be killed only with the silver bullet. He does not know that people have prepared the silver to kill him. All his plans have failed to give him safety. He boasts:

Oh, dat silver bullet! Sho’ was luck. But I makes dat luck, you heah? I loads de dice! Yessuh! When dat murderin’ nigger ole Lem hired to kill me takes aim ten feet away and his gun misses fire and I shoots him dead, what you heah me say. (8)

At times Jones tells the people that he is the representative of God and a miracle in himself. His trick succeeds for two years and the people refuse to dance according to his will:
... And dere all dem fool bush niggers was kneelin' down and bumpin' deir heads on de ground like I was a miracle our o' de Bibl. Oh, Lawd, from dat time on I has dem all eatin' out of my hand. I crecks de whip and dey jumps through.

... Sho', I talks large when I ain't got nothin' to back it up, but I ain't talkin' wild just de same. I knows I kin fool 'em — I knows it — and dat's backin' enough to' my game. And ain't I got to learn deir lingo and teach some of dem English befo' I kin talk to 'em? Ain't dat wuk? You ain't never learned ary word er it, Smithers, in de ten years you been heah, dough you knows it's money in yo' pocket tradin' wid 'em if you does. But you'se too shiftless to take de trouble. (9)

The artist satirizes the ego and frivolities of the tyrant. But then the Negroes prepare silver bullet in two years time. Like Macbeth, he can not be killed in the traditional manner. He bluffs them:
It’s playin’ out my bluff. I has de silver bullet moulded and I tells ’em when de time comes I kills myself wid it. I tells ’em dat’s ‘causei’m de on’ly man in de world big enuff to git me. No use’n deir tryin’. And dey falls down and bumps deir heads. (He laughs) I does dat so’s I kin take a walk in peace widout no jealous nigger gunnin’ at me from behind de trees. (9)

It is well known that pride goes before a fall. The cunning schemes of Jones fail to defend him. He feels safe as he can wind up his administration any time. He is sure to find his way in the forest any time any day. But alas! The sound of tom-tom makes him nervous and he loses his sense of reason. There is no limit to his fear now. His past haunts him regularly. So far he has successfully controlled the Negroes. He never expected that they would revolt against his authority so soon. It is true that he didn’t want to stay here throughout his life. This African country is fully undeveloped and no decent place to settle forever. Due to his ego he does not analyze the unity of Negroes and tells Smithers:
I ain't no fool. I knows di Emperor's time is sho't. Dat why I make hay when de sun shine. Was you thinkin' I'se aimin' to hold down his job for life? No, suh! What good is gittin' money if you stays back in dis raggedy country? I wants action when i spends. And when I sees dese niggers gittin' up deir nerve to tu'n me out, and I'se got all de money in sight. I reigns on de sport and beats it quick. (10)

All his plans to settle in a decent country prove futile as he fails to escape from the people he controlled so far. When Smithers wants to know his future plans, the latter replies bitterly — this is none of his business in every country. Ironically Brutus Jones humiliates the people of his own race and suppresses their voice in the name of administration. His game is successful so far and he tells Smithers:

... May be I gits twenty years when dat coloured man die. May be I gits in 'nother argument wid be prison guard was overseer ovah us when we're wukin' de road. May be hits me wid a whip and I splits his head wid a shovel
and runs away and files de chain off
my leg and gits away safe. May be I
does all dat an’ may be I don’t. (11)

So far Jones has not fully made his future plans
as there is much to be extorted from the people. As
Smithers conveys bad news to Jones the latter feels
worried of his safety. Where are all the guards of the
palace? Have they left him to join the rebels? Now
Jones rings the bell but nobody turns up. Soon his
tension knows no limits and his blood begins to boil
in his veins. How can he stay here for six months
more? What is his future here? He feels forced to
give up his greed and think of security. Yet he has
the consolation — How can these Negroes kill him
without a silver bullet? May be their revolution ends
in smoke! Smithers informs him that old Lem is at
the root of this tense situation and yet Jones does
not feel worried. Perhaps he has the power to teach
a bitter lesson to these Negroes. Can the Blacks
follow him like the hunting dogs? In the beginning
Jones does not lose his courage:

... Look-a-heah, White man! Does you
think I’se a natural bo’n fool? Give me
credit fo’ havin’ some sense, fo’
Lawd’s sake! Don’t you s’pose I’se
looked ahead and made sho’ of all de
chances? I'se gone out in dat big forest, pretendin' to hunt, so many times dat I knows it high an' low like a book. I could go through on dem trails wid my eyes shut. (13)

He feels sure that Lord Christ will protect him. His wisdom is going to help him in moments of crisis. So far they felt afraid of him. Let the people follow their course and he is sure to turn their cart:

... Think dese ign'rent bush niggers dat ain't got brains enuff to know deir own names even can catch Brutus Jones? Huh, I s'pects not! Not on you' life! Why, man, de white men want after me wide bloodhounds where come from an' I jes laughts at 'em. It's a shame to fool dese black trash around heah, dey'res easy. You watch me, man. I'll make dem look sick. I will. I'll be 'cross de plan to do edge of de forest by time dark comes, once in de wods in de night dey got a swell chaince o' findin' dis baby! Dawn tomorrow I'll be out at de oder side and on de cost. (13)
He is sure to cross the forest at night as he knows the way. There seems to be no hurdle in his way so far. Moreover, all his security depends upon the silver bullet. The question of defeat does not arise now. His pride remain intact as he boasts:

... I ain't no chicken-liver like you is. Trees an' me, we'se friends, and dar's a full moon comin bring me light. And let dem po' niggers make all de fool spells dey'se a min' to. Does yo' s'pect I'se silly enuff to b'lieve in ghosts an' ha'nt an' all dat ole woman's talk? G'long, white man! You ain't talkin' to me. (With a chuckle) Doesn't you know dey's got to do wid a man was member in good standin' o' de Baptist Church? (15)

At this time he hopes to be protected by the Baptist Church though he has performed no noble deeds in life. The artist asserts that mere faith is not enough for future bliss. Jones makes use of religion as a means and ignores its practical side. How can such selfish people get divine bliss? How can the priests protect him from hell? How can the father of Baptist Church protect his satanic ways? How can he escape from the punishment of his foul deeds? Has
he not murdered his friend for a little money? Has he not murdered the guard of the prison? Does he confess his guilt in the Church? Why does he think of Christ at the time of final catastrophe? Is he not miserable like Dr. Faustus that thinks of God at the time of departure to hell? He pretends to be virtuous though he is not:

I pretends to! Sho' I pretends! Dat's part o' my game from de fust. If I finds out dem niggers believes dat black is white, den I yells it out loluder'n deir loudest. It don't git me nothin' to do missionary work for de Baptist Church. I'se after de time bein'. (Stops abruptly to look at his watch — alertly) But I ain't got de time to waste on no more fool talk wid you. I'se gwine away from heah dis secon. (15-16)

He had been playing a cruel game for almost two years and there is a sudden end to this. As he gets the information from Smithers, he plans to depart from the Island and moves fast. Due to his short intelligence he hopes to give a slip even to the ghosts on his way. However, he asks Smithers to grab as much money from the Negroes as possible.
Smithers asks him to be safe and exit with the back door. But Jones does not give up his pride and ignores the advise. So far he has been a king and has to depart with all glory. Why should he be afraid of these ignorant Negroes who can’t spell their name? —

... Does you think I’d slink out de back door like a common nigger? I’ve Emperor yit, ain’t I? And de Emperor Jones leaves de way he come, and dat black trash don’t dare stop him — not yit, leastways (He stops for a moment in the doorway. Listening to the far-off but insistent beat of the tom-tom) Listen to dat roll-call, will you? Must be mighty big drum carry dat far. (Then with a laugh) Well, If dey ain’t whole brass band to see me off. I show got de drum part of it. (16-17)

Here he misunderstands the sound of drum-beats as the people are not willingly bidding farewell to him. He is no more the Emperor of the Island and the new situation is unfavourable to him. There is atmosphere of fear and terror in the second scene. Now he is restless and fails to move smoothly due to stones and sand. The winds are no more pleasing to
him. Darkness seems to increase regularly and he fails to find the way. He is far away from the world that he has ignored so far. There is no light to provide him relief:

In the rear the forest is a wall of darkness dividing the world. Only when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom can the outlines of separate trunks of the nearest trees be made out, enormous pillars of deeper blackness. A somber monotone of wind lost in the leaves moans in the air. Yet this sound serves but to intensify the impression of the forest’s relentless immobility, to form a background throwing into relief its brooding, implacable silence. (17)

His tension starts growing. Through him the artist confirms that absolute powers corrupt absolutely. He feels himself to be alone and dormant. All the glory of monarchy has vanished. Like Macbeth, he feels gloomy. His best efforts fail to cheer him up. Actually he is hungry and furious. He asks himself — Why does he not move forward? Why are his legs blistering? These woods appear to be unknown to him now. It is possible that the
Blacks have played some tricks here. He wants to relax before he moves. He has been in this forest earlier and yet fails to find his way. Perhaps he can move after taking food. But the food is also missing. Who can steal the food. He loses his confidence and ability. What is wrong with his legs:

Feet, you is holdin’ up yo’ end fine an’ I sutinly hope you ain’t blisterin’ none. It’s time you git a rest. (He takes off his shoes, his eye studiously avoiding the forest. He feels of the sols of his feet gingerly) You is still in de pink — on’y a little mite feverish. Cool yo’ selfs. Remember you done got a long journey vir befo’ you. (He sits in a weary muttering reassuringly). You know what? Yo’ belly is empty, dat’s what’s de matter wid you. Come time to cat! Wid nothin’ but wind on yo’ stomach, o’ course you feels jiggedy. Well, we eats right heah an’ now soon’s I gits dese pesky shoes laced up. (He finishes lacking up his hands and knees and searches the ground around him with his eyes) White stone, white stone, where is you? (18)
Earlier he hid food and money under particular white bricks. But alas! The same bricks are missing. Naturally he feels depressed in the woods. His nervousness increases as he fails to find his way and the hidden food:

... Is I lost de place? Must have! But how dat happen when I was followin' de trail across de plain in broad daylight? (Almost plaintively) I'se hungry, I is! I gotta git my feed. What's my strength gonna come from it doesn't? Gorry, I gotta find dat grub high an' law somehow! (19)

He loses his physical and mental strength as he is hungry. All the servants have joined the rebels now. Due to fear he calls himself a 'nigger' and feels himself to be crazy and mad. Now he forgets the difference between the people and the monarch. All his royal powers fail to provide him food:

... Nigger, is you gone crazy mad? Is you lightin's matches to show dem whar you is? Fo' Lawd's sake, use yo' haid. Gorry, I'se got to be careful! (He stares at the plain behind him
apprehensively, his hand on his revolver) But how come all dese whit stones? And what’s dat tin box o’ grub
I hid all wrapped up in oilcloth? (19)

The question before Brutus Jones is — How to face the present? All his earlier plans have failed as he does not find the way through black and thick forest. He is sure that the Blacks are chasing him for murder. It is a question of life and death for him and hence his agony is limitless.

As an experimentalist Eugene O’Neill introduces formless fears to create the natural atmosphere of fear. These shapeless fears enhance the despair of Jones. He fires at them to protect himself. Yet he does not want to wait for the light of sun-rise as the people are chasing him. The sound of tom-tom is heard regularly. Earlier he thought that these animals can’t kill him. Now the woods have joined hands with the people. When the beating of the tom-tom becomes louder, Jones loses his vigour. By this time he has been putting on the uniform of the emperor. As Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo, Jones sees the shapeless ghost of Jeff. All his royal powers prove futile and he fails to decide the next step for safety. He fires to kill Jeff as his past haunts him. How can he escape from reality? —
... How long I been makin' tracks in dese woods? Must be hours an' hours. Seems like fo'evah! Yit can't be, when de moon's jes' riz. Dis am a long night fo' yo' Majesty! (With a mournful chuckle) Majesty! Der ain't much majesty'bout disbaby now. (With attempted cheerfulness) Never min'. It's all part o' de game. Dis night come to an end like everything else. And when you gits dar safe and has dat bankroll in yo' hands you laughs. (21)

Even the moon is not favourable to him this night. He feels disgusted with the word Majesty as he has lost all royal powers in no time. Had he been an emperor, they would have obeyed him. May be his life ends with the end of this night.

He never expected that he would find himself isolated in the woods. This struggle for existence was never planned by him. Due to his wicked nature he fails to have friends in the whole world. Due to his pride he does not trust God and Nature. As an autocrat he does not grant fundamental rights to the people and controls all political powers himself. Regarding his disillusionment Richard Dana Skinner remarks:
The Emperor Jones is a play of profound disillusionment, but not of total blindness. The poet knows that pride must die before there can be a true release. There is something of the purge of true tragedy to the play. But in killing of Jones with a silver bullet, there is a rumour of pride still unconquered. As the malicious Smithers leans over the Negro’s corpse, he exclaims: “Silver bullet! ... yet died in the’ eight o’ style, any’ ow!” In the poetic, rather than the literal and dramatic sense, there is a concession here to pride itself which for-shadows further onslaughts. There is not even true dramatic irony in this trifling incident of the kind to be found in ‘The Rope’. Brutus Jones would have been proud to know that he had been killed with silver bullets — a final triumph for his quick wit and superiority. (68)

His lust for materialistic gains proves dangerous for him. He fails to analyze the real purpose of life due to lack of education. He does not know that he has been sowing the seeds of rebellion
since the beginning. He does not know that the sovereign rules with the consent of general will and not force. Ultimately his rule based on force collapses with his murder.

Like V.S. Naipaul's Willie, he does not find the centre of his identity. His understanding of human nature is defective. Does he not prepare his own net with his greed? How could he rule the empire with a negative approach towards the masses? Kierkegaard satirizes his 'worldliness' and remarks:

What is called worldliness is made up of just such men who (if one may use this expression) pawn themselves to the world. They use their talents, accumulate money. Carry on worldly affairs, calculate shrewdly, etc., etc. are perhaps mentioned in history, but themselves they are not, spiritually understood, they have no self, no self for whose sake they could venture everything ... (168)

Perhaps Eugene O'Neill had the picture of Macbeth in his mind while portraying the psychology of Brutus Jones. Macbeth killed King Duncan and
friend Banquo to remain a strong king of England. But all his calculated plans and shrewdness failed to control the plans of time and nature. Lady Macbeth lost the balance of mind like him and they had to pay a heavy price for their cruel deeds. Same happens in *The Emperor Jones*.

Actually Jones does not become conscious of his tyranny and exploitation. He never plans to remove the poverty of the people. Yet he is bent upon robbing the masses and the artist satirizes him for this inhuman approach. He has been made responsible for his own tensions and restlessness. Ultimately the hostile forces united against him and he is to be blamed for his disaster. Jung asserts that man creates loneliness for himself and his book *Modern Man In Search Of A Soul* cites many examples to it. In *Desire Under The Elms* Eben feels lonely and illusioned when he doubts the pure love of Abbie. Similarly Abbie feels disillusioned after killing her son. In *Beyond The Horizon* Robert and Andrew create a line of demarcation between themselves as they fail to love Ruth. The woods remain totally dark and his royal powers fail to illumine the path. He laments:

> I wonder? I dassent light no match to find out. Phoo.’ It’s wa’m an’ dat’s a
fac’! (Wearily) How long I been makin’ tracks in dese woods? Must be hours an’ hours. Seems like fo’ evah! Yit can’t be, when de moon’s jes’ riz. Disarm a long night fo’ yo’ Majesty! (With a mournful chuckle) Majesty! Ber ain’t much majesty’bout disbaby now. (With attempted cheerfulness) never min.’ It’s all part o’ de game. Dis night come to an end like everything else. And when you gits dar safe and has dat bank roll in yo’ hands you laugh. (21)

He expects that the night will end like other nights. As the sun rises, he will find his way for another country. He hopes to enjoy his future life with the money he has earned in these two years. But alas! His ambition remains unfulfilled. He killed Jeff many years ago and kills him again due to tension. Yet he has no tears of regret and remorse to his eyes. He does not plan to control himself and continues to plan to take revenge from the rebels. But each sound enhances his tension:

... Heah dat ole drume! Sho’ gits nearer from de sound. Dey’s packin’ it along wid ‘em. Time for’ me to move.
(He takes a step forward, then stops — worriedly) What's dat odder queer clickety sound I heah? Dere it I! Sound close! Sound like — sound like — Fo' God sake, sound like some nigger was shootin' crap! (Frightenedly) I better beat it quick when I gits dem notions. (He walks quickly into the clear space — then stands transfixed as he sees Jeff — in a terrified gasp) Who dar? Who dat? Is dat you, Jeff? (22)

He wants Jeff to suffer again. Unfortunately his uniform is ragged and torn now and he is bare-chested. In a disgusted mood he throws away his uniform as sovereignty has gone. It is said — Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown. He plans to travel lightly as luggage proves a burden in the journey. So far the job of an Emperor has been a bed of roses and now it proves to be a bed of thorns. He wishes to be at an arm’s length from the Negroes. But the sound of tom-tom removes the gap between Brutus and his people. It is too hard to get rid of the job he enjoyed so far:

... Lawd! I’se tired! (After a pause, listening to the insistent beat of the tom-tom in the distance) I must ‘a’ put
some distance between myself an’ dem — runnin’ like dat — damn drum sounds jes’ de same nearer, even anyhow. Dey won’t never catch up. (with a sigh) If on’y my fool legs stands up. Oh, I’se sorry I evah went in for dis. Dat Emperor job is sho’ hard to shake. (He looks around him suspiciously) How’d dis road evah git heah? Good level road, too. I never remember seeing’ it befo’. (Shaking his head apprehensively) Dese woods is sho’ full o’ de queerest things as might. (23)

He never thinks that wood is pathless. The roads prove really rough and tough for him. All his hopes prove to be false as the forest appears to be queer and unknown.

How can he be called a civilized emperor? He fails to perform noble deeds for general welfare. Had he been a true Christian and a follower of Baptist Church, he would have been forgiven by God. The visions torture his nerves and he fails to get any solace from Lord Christ. He does not get rest due to his sense of guilt. He ultimately loses whatever he gains with the policy of extortion? Ultimately he
finds no difference between himself and the Negroes:

You fool nigger, dey ain't no such things! Don't de Baptist person tell you dat many time? Is you civilized, or is you like dese ign'rent black niggers heah? Sho'! Dat was all in yo' own head. Wasn't nothin' dere. Wasn't no Jeff! Know what? You jus' get seein' den thing's cause yo' belley's empty and you's sick wid hunger inside. Hunger' feets yo' head and yo' eyes. Any fool know dat. (24)

His hunger adds fuel to fire as he loses self-confidence in the woods. He feels bewildered and exasperated due to the fear of enemies. He asks Smithers — How can the Negroes plan against him easily? How can they prepare the silver bullet? But his questions are answered lightly by the trader as he can't ignore the present reality.

His past is like a dead clock that gives the same time again and again. Night has stopped for him and the wings of time don't become active. Again his past haunts him and he sees the vision of prison-
guard that he killed in U.S.A. He fires at this figure of prison boldly. Here his past haunts him. The more he tries to escape from his evil deeds, the more he sinks. The appearance of the guard makes him nervous. There is no limit to his agony now. All is lost by now and sound of tom-tom crushes him every moment. Like Dr. Faustus, he offers prayer to Jesus for mercy. Let his sins be pardoned by God. But his confession goes waste:

Laud Jesus, heah my prayer! I’se a po’ sinner, a po’ sinner! I knows I done wrong. I knows it! When I cotches Jeff cheater,’ wid loaded dice my anger over come me and I kills him dead! Laud, I done wrong! When dat guard hits me wid de whip, my anger over comes me, and I kills him dead. Laud, I done wrong! And down heah whar dese fool bush niggers raises me up to the seat o’ de mighty, I steals all I could grab. Laud, I done wrong! I knows it! I’se sorry! Forgive me. Laud! Forgive dis po’ sinner! (Then beseeching terrifiedly) And keep dem away, Laud! Keep dem from me! And stop dat drum soundin’ in my ears! (26)
He seeks the mercy of God as the last resort. He has usurped the people as much as he could. In this tragedy the artist answers the question — How can a single person create anarchy in society? Brutus Jones allows every kind of concession to the White trader Smithers and not the Blacks. Towards the end of his life he confesses — He has done wrong towards his fellow-beings.

Like Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare, Eugene O’Neill asserts that pride and anger are sins not to be forgiven easily by God. Here the artist answers the question — How to live? John Henry Releigh illustrates the causes of illusion of Brutus Jones and remarks:

... Fearing death, shunning the light, men also suffer from a cosmic loneliness and corresponding doubt as to who and what they are. In such a world-death, darkness and doubt illusion is the only protection and hence O’Neill plays, at their deepest level, are concerned, tormentedly and complexly, with the endless ambiguities of the relationship between illusion and reality. Moreover, there is no final ‘message’
about this problem: man must, and must not, live upon illusions. (60)

There is no denying the fact that Eugene O’Neill observed the conditions of poor and ignorant Blacks in African countries. He felt sympathy for these innocent victims of exploitation. He had every desire to stop this trade of human life. Like Abraham Lincoln, he wanted to grant equal rights to them. In *The Emperor Jones* he presents the fall of a wicked person as critics find no virtue in this tyrant.

Edvin A. Engel feels that nothing is improbable in this tragedy. The cruelty of Brutus Jones crosses all limits and policy of exploitation is intolerable any longer. Here the artist raises his voice against racial prejudices. The records of history prove that many African and Asian countries got liberated between 1940 and 1970. Edvin A. Engel says that the Negro Brutus Jones behaves as the boss of Black people, the way Whites behaved with them:

Although O’Neill had provided Jones with all the attributes of a white man, his sudden and rapid transformation to savagery was not in the least improbable, because the Negro’s
African past is relatively recent and therefore easily accessible. The literary naturalists had popularized a similar concept, ... and applied it to the Whites, if the cave man, or the Viking ancestor, lurks in the consciousness of the white man ready to come charging out on the occasion of an emotional crises, during drunkenness, or in a nightmare, why should the Negro's ancestor not deport himself in a similar disconcerting manner.

These were to appear finally at the bottom of the shaft which had been sunk through the strata of his past and the past of his people, the individual Negro being a recapitulation of these pasts. (55)

As an observer the artist analyzes the feelings, passions, anxieties, motives, ambitions and tensions of the hero. The tension in his conscience is terrible as he fails to decide — What to do next? Darkness has been used as a tool to put pressure on the mind of Brutus Jones. virtually he collapses when he is
murdered. How could he escape from the sword of justice? Edvin says:

In a manner he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive. His rise to wealth and power, ‘from stowaway to Emperor in two years’ has been achieved by virtue of his possession of none of the characteristics commonly associated with the Negro, such as shiftless laziness or lack of initiative. During the ten years in which he had served as, Pullman car porter he had listed to the whit quality — to George Babbitt, perhaps as he travelled by Pullman to the Maine Wood from Zenith — and adopted their ways. What he learned in those years was the white man’s cynicism, shrewdness, efficiency, philosophy of self-interest. He had explained to him, for example, the distinction between ‘little dealin’ and ‘big stealin’. ‘For de little stealin’ he informs the Cockney Smitthers, ‘dey gits you in jail’ soon or late. For de big stealin dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de hall o’ fame when you croaks.’ Having absorbed the ethic of
the ‘white quality’ he is quite as ready
to exploit the natives as the white is
to’ exploit the Negro. (57)

Like Whites, he takes initiative in his works
and plans for worldly success. Blacks rarely succeed
like this. Edvin A. Angel aptly says that Brutus
Jones possesses shrewdness, efficiency and
philosophy of self interest. Had he controlled his
pride and anger, the situation would not worsened
like this.

As the people continue to chase him, he feels
paralyzed with fear. When he sees the imaginary
scene of his auction, there is no limit to his tension.
He is regarded physically fit for every menial tasks.
Words of the actioneer make him highly nervous as
he is going to be possessed and purchased forever.
Ultimately his heart sinks due to nervousness. Now
he fails to defend himself:

... What you all doin’, white folks?
What’s all dis? What you all lookin’ at
me fo’? What you doin’ wid me,
anyhow? (Suddenly) convulsed with
raging hatred and fear) Is this a
auction? Is you sellin’ me like dey
uester befo’ de war? (Jerking out his revolver just as the auctioneer knocks him down to on of the planters — glaring from him to the purchaser) And you buys me? I shows you I’se a free nigger, daman yo’ souls! (28)

How can be tolerate the gap between a servant and a monarch? Like Dr. Faustus, he wants to be forgiven by God for all his past actions. How can he prepare himself for a life in hell forever? Let the lord be merciful to him to save him. But alas! He is lost forever:

Oh, Lawd. What I gwin do now? Ain’t got no bullet left any de silver one. If mo’ o’ dem ha’nts came after me, now I gwine seeker dem away? Oh, Lawd, on’y de silver one left — on’ I gotta save dat fo’ luck. If I shoots dat one I’m a goner sho’! Lawd. It’s back heah! What’s de moon? Oh, Lawd, don’t dis night evah come to an end! (29)

The moon does not help him as he is a victim of darkness. How can a sinner get divine light so
easily? His tension continues to grow and he is extremely hungry. Nobody is there to help him in this hostile situation. He feels breathless due to exhaustion and despair. He falls down on the ground and yet the sound of tom-tom continues. Who can protect him from future tragedy? Naturally he loses courage to face the enemies. He is left only with a silver bullet and hence thinks of God. Like Lady Macbeth, he is restless and the dramatist describes the psychology of a sinner:

Jones' voice is heard from the left rising and falling in the long, despairing wait of the chained slaves, to the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom. As his voice sinks into silence, he enters the open space. The expression of his face is fixed and stony, his eyes have an obsessed glare, he moves with a strange deliberation like a sleep-walker or one in a trance. He looks around at the tree, the rough stone altar, the moonlit surface of the river beyond, and passes his hand over his head with a vague gesture of puzzled bewilderment. Then, as if in obedience to some obscure impulse, he sinks into
a kneeling, devotional posture before the altar. (30)

Ultimately his journey of life ends and he falls down as a hopeless fellow. Who can feel pity for such a tyrant? He has always killed the person who proved to be a hurdle in his way. There is no limit to his worldly ambitions. He could rise to the status of a monarch in two years. Now he feels compelled to depart from the world as a common man.

As an ordinary person he killed Jeff and the prison guard. He took law in his own hand. How can he be above state laws? He pretends to be an Emperor of the Island. He feels badly scared and fully hypnotized. He feels disgusted and rejected. Eugene O’Neill remarks:

... finally the theme of the pantomime halts on a howl of despair, and is taken up again in a note of savage hope. There is a salvation. The force of Evil demands sacrifice. They must be appeared. The Witch-Doctor points with his wand to the sacred tree, to the river beyond, to the altar, and finally to Jones with a ferocious command.
Jones seems to sense the meaning of this. It is he who must offer himself for sacrifice. He beats his forehead objectly to the ground, meaning hysterically. (32)

Following Aristotle's theory of poetic justice, the dramatist gives a solid proof here. Brutus Jones is killed with the silver bullet by the people and all his glory of a monarch proves futile. Naturally one has to reap as one sows. Lem feels triumphant though Brutus Jones dies as a monarch:

... Dey come bring him now. (The soldiers come out of the forest, carrying Jones's limp body. He is dead. They carry him to Lem, who examines his body with great satisfaction. Smithers leans over his shoulder — in a tone of frightened awe) well, they did for yer right enough Jonesey, me led! Dead as a' erring! (Mockingly) where's yer' igh an' mighty airs now, yer bloomin' Majesty? (Then with a grim) silver bullets! Gawd blimey, but yer died in the 'eighth o' style, anyhow! (34-35)
It has aptly been said that a ruler rules with the consent of general will and not force.

Karl Marx studied the problems of British labourers and advised them to get rid of their miseries. In *The Hairy Ape* Eugene O’Neill describes the gap that exists between Haves and Have-Not s. Due to industrial growth a large number of people remain frustrated. At times they are conscious of their work and yet fail to lead a life of respect. For example Yank works hard on the ship and continues to struggle for a life of dignity. Regarding man’s struggle with his fate Eugene O’Neill remarks:

*The Hairy Ape* was propaganda in the sense that it was a symbol of man, who has lost his old harmony with nature, the harmony which he used to have as an animal and had not yet acquired in a spiritual way. Thus not being able to find it on earth nor in heaven, he’s in the middle, trying to make peace ... Yank can’t go forward, and so he tries to go back. This is what his shaking hands with the gorilla meant. But he can’t go back to ‘belonging’ either. The gorilla kills him. The subject here is same ancient one that always was
and always will be the one subject for drama, and that is man and his struggle with his own fate. The struggle used to be with the gods, but is now with himself, his own past, his attempt 'to belong'. (110-111)

Here the artist asks the people to think of a few questions such as — Could Yank identify himself with other labourers? Does he possess the dignity of a human being? How does he feel when he fails to move forward? Why does he move back in a helpless mood? How tense does he feel when his self is shattered by Mildred? Does he get peace in the primitive stage? Who is responsible for his mental agony? Is he not the representative of other labourers? Well, many labourers work hard in different spheres of life and feel tense due to lack of dignity. Nobody is prepared to speak sweet and consoling words to them and hence they find themselves lost and neglected.

Yank has worked very hard on the ship and hence identifies himself with it. He has full faith in the dignity of work. At times he is proud of his physical strength. As he works regularly he wants to be loved. He has identified himself with steel. But Paddy hopes to meet an imaginative girl in Canada to
settle a home for himself. For Yank this is nonsense as this ship is only home for people like him:

Shut up, yuh lousy Boop' where d' yuh git dat tripe? Home? Home. Hell! I'll make a home for yuh! I'll knock yuh dead. Home!! T' hell with home! Where d' yuh get dat trpe? What d' yuh want with home? (43)

Here the conflict is clear between settled life of home and adventurous life of ship. These people drink wine and never think of abstract ethics. They observe the same sky and water everyday and feel proud of their work. However, they are attached with the ship. As a follower of Karl Marx, Eugene O'Neill uses the term 'comrades'. A few labourers think that home is meant for peace and joy. But Yank regards home as hell and remains attracted to the ship. These days they do not think of God and fate. At heart they feel hatred for the capitalists. Through Yank Eugene O'Neill satirizes exploitation and tyranny. Like Galsworthy and Arthur Miller, the gap between labourers and capitalists has been depicted in this tragedy. The capitalists earn huge profits with business and ignore the interests of the labourers. Naturally the labourers are not satisfied with minimum wages. As a result they do minimum labour
for maximum wages. The labourers doubt the intentions of the capitalists — as they will get nothing in case of death? They continue to work hard for thirty days and then get little wages and no part of profit. In a selfish mood the capitalist tells the labourer — If there is no profit in the factory, he will remain hungry and unemployed. As there were no proper laws in the times of Eugene O’Neill, the labourers worked hard in the factories for survival. Many socialists described this problem in their speeches and works. G.B. Shaw supported democratic socialism and the theory — Means of production should be shared by all. Let financial assistance be given to all without consideration of caste and colour. Karl Marx hoped for the new economic conditions and wise planning of proletariats. However, the capitalists become stronger than before. The labourers of the world did not unite as Karl Marx expected. The forecast of Karl Marx did not materialize though the labourers became conscious of their conditions and force. O’Neill observed the miseries of labaourers and supported their cause in this tragedy.

There is no denying the fact that Eugene O’Neill has sympathy for the miserable labourers. They identify themselves with the ship. Quite often they feel tired with work. Due to lack of education
they lead a life of confusion and illusion. As Yank has worked hard on the ship, he does not think of any other sphere except that of the ship. They have no correct idea of the pleasures of home. Long supports the view of Yank:

Listen' ere. Comrades! Yank' ere is right. 'E says this' ere stinkin' ship is our' ome. And'e says as' ome is' ell and' e's right! This is e'll. We live in' ell, comrades — and right enough we'll die in it. (48)

Excessive work makes them feel that life is hell. They have no vision of life. Just they live like animals and slaves. Long clearly says:

They dragged us down' till we're on'y wages slaves in the bowels of bloody ship, sweatin', burin' up, eatin' coal dust! Hit's them's ter blame — the damned capitalist class. (44)

They feel that dust is their fate. How can they think of life beyond dust and coal? Unfortunately Yank feels himself to be superior to the capitalists. He feels free on the ship as he does not know the
details of business management and the results of industrialization. Naturally the capitalists are worried of their profits and lead tense life:

We’re better men dan dey are. Ain’t we? Sure! One of us guys could clean up de whole mob wit one mit. Put one of ‘em down here for one watch in de stokehole. What’d happen? Dey’d carry him off on a stretcher. Dem boids don’t amount’ to nothin’. Dey’re just baggages. Who makes dis old tub run? Ain’t it us guys? Well den, we belong don’t we? We belong and dey don’t, dat’s all. (A loud chorus of approval. Yank goes on) As for dis bein hell — aw, nuts! You lost your noive, dat’s what. Dis is a man’s job, get me? It belongs. It runs dis tub. No stiffs need apply. But yuh’re a stiff, see? (44)

Actually Yank does not know that he survives in fool’s paradise. The ship belongs to the capitalist as the latter controls the whole socio-economic and ethico-political structure. In The Apple Cart G.B. Shaw asserts that money controls administratin as well as the Parliamentary system. How can a labaourer control the political system? Perhaps Karl
Marx never thought of the International trade that gives profits to the capitalists. The economic conditions changed in the world. The roots of capitalism became strong now and people like Long and Yank had no voice in the economic system. When such people raised their voice, they were thrown out and hence proved worthless. What could they do as jobless human beings? Naturally their physical strength failed to help them in the prison.

Here Paddy remembers the past, when the labourers enjoyed working on the ship. At times they identified themselves with the sea. They hardly felt bitter towards their masters:

‘I was them days a ship was part of the sea, and a man was part of a ship, and the sea joined all together and made it one. (Scornfully) It is one wid this you’d be, Yank black smoke from the funnels smudging the sea, smudging the decks — the blood engines pounding and throbbing and shaking wid devil a sight of sun or breath or clean air — choking out lungs wid coast dust — breaking our backs and hearts in the hell of the stokehole — feeding the bloody furnace — feeding
our lives along wid the coal, I'm thinking — caged in by steel from a sight of the sky like bloody apes in the zoo! (With a harsh laugh) Ho-ho, devil mend you! Is it to belong to that you're wishing? Is it a flesh and bloodwheel of the engines you'd be?

(46-47)

Eugene O’Neill observed that different machines run throughout the day and night. The labourers are compelled to work like animals. They hardly feel that they have human instincts. They become part of the ‘burning furnace’ or floating ship. They die when their lungs get choked with the dust of industries. They find themselves caged in the steel plants and death reaches them there. Who can change this system? When will this struggle between men and machines end?

The economic scenario has worsened today as capitalists have become cunning. They have no sympathy for the labourers even today. They have to work hard and survive in unhealthy conditions in the slums. Nobody thinks of their physical comforts. Yank aptly says:
... Aw hell, dat’s all a dope dream! Hittin de pipe of de past, dat’s what he’s doin’. He’s old and don’t belong no more. But me. I’m in de pink! I move wit it! It, get me! I mean de ting dat’s de guts of all dis ... He can’t breach and swallow coal dust, but I kin, see? Dat’s fresh air for me! Dat’s food for me! I’m now, get me? Hell in de stokehole? Sure! It takes a man to work in hell. Hell sure dat’s my fav’rite climate. I eat it up! I git fat on it! It makes me hot ...

I’m de end! I’m de start! I start somep’n and de woid moves! It — dat’s me! — de new dat’s moiderin’ de old! I am de ting in coal dat makes it boin; I’m steam and oil for de engines; I’m de ting in noise dat makes yuh hear it; I’m smoke and express train and streamers and factory whistles; I’m de ting in gold dat makes it money! And I’m what makes iron into steel! Steel, dat stands for de whole ting! And I’m steel — steel — steel! I’m de muscles in steel de punch behind it. (47-48)
He feels mentally shattered when he faces bitter realities of life. All his hopes are shattered by Paddy and Mildred. Since Mildred’s aunt hates deformity, she fails to do anything for the poor labourers. It is true that Mildred wants to do useful works for the Have-Nots. But she fails to accept the bitter realities of life. Dark side of life is intolerable to her. She does not know that the labourers work in dirty situations. They have to ignore the decencies of life as they identify themselves with engines and other machines. Basically she is not acquainted with complexities of industrial world. As a result she fails to be sincere towards them. But the dramatist describes positive as well as negative aspects of life. There is no denying the truth that he hopes for change. Mildred has every desire to help them as she expresses her sincerity:

Please do not mock at my attempts to discover how the other half lives. Give me credit for some sort of groping sincerity in that at least. I would like to help them. I would like to be some use in the world. Is it my fault I don’t know how? I would like to be sincere, to touch life somewhere. (With weary bitterness). But I’m afraid I have neither the vitality nor integrity. All
that was burn out in our stock before I was born. (51)

Due to lack of vitality and integrity she becomes the cause of agony of Yank. Unconsciously she passes the bitter remark. Yet she admits:

... then father keeping those home fires burning, making more millions — and little me at the tail-end of it all. I’m a waste product in the Bessmer process — like the millions or rather, I inherit the acquired trait of the by-product, wealth but none of the energy, none of the strength of the steel that made it. I am sired by gold and damned by it, as they say at the race track — damned in more ways than one. (52)

She does not possess the physical strength that the labourers possess. She frankly admits that she represents the by-product of energy i.e. wealth. As she has not been near the machines. She is shocked seeing Yank in the stokehole. Naturally she is ignorant of the ‘shameless’ working conditions of shipmen. All of a sudden she cries — Oh’, the filthy beast!’. It is intolerable for him and the bitter
remark shatters his nerves. She fails to tolerate his sight and the reaction is terrible:

As she looks at the gorilla face, as his eyes bore into hers, she utters a low, choking cry and shrinks away from him, putting both hands up before her eyes to shut out the sight of his face, to protect her own. This startles Yank to a reaction. His mouth falls open, his eyes grow bewildered. (58)

The artist is well acquainted with the results of Industrial Revolution in U.S.A. Many labourers survived in the world of dreams. The industries gave them only bread to live. Their life was merely mechanical and dull. Money was the basis of industrial growth and power was needed to run the industries. The American capitalists were conscious of the rights of the labourers and thought of selfish gains and progress. The labourers boasted their power of labour. Yet they were not accepted as noble citizens of the country. However, they were parts of American economy. Who could ignore the power of steel in the industrial world?
Margaret Loftus Ranald admits that Eugene O’Neill is interested in the problems of labour politics. He asks — Who is responsible for the burning of the inferno? Who is responsible for the brutal approach of capitalists? Will there be an end of this ugliness? She illustrates the aim of the artist:

He develops further his interest in labour politics, and even more importantly, his commitment to expressionistic total theatre. This time he documents the downward spiral of a white man. The fellowship of the forecastle in the S.S. ‘Glencairn’ series now becomes a dance of the damned, imprisoned in an inferno, sleeping in a crowded steel-barred space like a prison cage for Neander than man, dehumanized by the ship-owners and big business. Much the same precasttle cast from the Glencairn is to be found here — the white human race in microcosm — but the unifying force is engines, steel and coal. The filth of the stokehole has supplanted the sea’s cleansing, uplifting power while the Irishman’s romantic
remembrance of sailing ships is ridiculed by these slaves to machines the aptly named Yank is the leader of those who feed the engines in a respective, Trotesque, infernal parody of brutal intercourse. (62)

Margaret Loftus Ranald aptly says that the labourers didn’t know the effects of Industrial Revolution. They failed to plan for new future. They did not know the causes of economic anarchy and hence failed to take proper steps against tyrants. Like Paddy, Long and Yank they felt demoralized. Generally the behaviour of matters destroyed their vigour and zeal. Here Yank’s sense of belonging is deeply wounded with the remark of Mildred. Margaret Loftus Ranald remarks:

Yank represents the unthinking, voiceless working class, unquestioning of their lot, perceiving themselves as the first moving principle, while Long the typical labor agitator, spouts anarchistic clichés, but does nothing. It is Yank’s demoralizing confrontation with the bored, bread-out young society woman. Mildred, that — destroys him psychologically, leading
him to question both himself and society. (62-63)

Labourers like Paddy, Long etc. accept their fate and never analyze the working of capitalists. Just they obey the orders of the masters and never ask questions about their conditions. But Yank dares to ask questions about the system and consequently suffers.

The capitalists worship Christ and offer prayers in the church on Sunday. But they have no mercy for labourers. As a result they compelled them to lead a gloomy life. A rational question arises — Who is a real Hairy Ape — the labourers or the masters? —

You heard me. And din I seen youse lookin’ at somep’n and I thought he’d sneaked down to come up in back of me and I hoped round to knock him died wit de shovel. And dere she was wit de light on her! Christ yuh could a pushed me very with a finger! I was scared, get me? Sure! I thought she was a ghost, see? She was all in white like day wrap around stiffs. You seen
her. Kin yuh blame me? She didn’t belong, dat’s what. (63)

After listening the bitter remark of Mildred, Yank becomes tense. Only revenge exists in his mind now. His bitterness proves to be his own enemy as he does not understand the power of capitalists. He feels that Mildred does not belong to the ship. She does not like any dark spot on her dress. He feels that she is not a part of production. In an angry mood he plans to throw her in the furnace. As a thoughtless fellow he fails to understand the political power of the capitalist. Many socialists know that money controls the whole political and economic system.

Like Galsworthy, G.B. Shaw and Arthur Miller, Eugene O’Neill accepts the theory of class struggle. A lot of books have been written to abolish class consciousness from society. Is Yank a monkey for 2000 dollars? Does he succeed in his mission? Does the American economic structure change? Like many British labourers, he feels shocked with the brutal approach of masters:

... all dolled up to kill! Yuh look like stiffs laid out for de boneyard! Aw,
gwan, de lot of youse! Yuh give me de eye-ach. Yuh don’t belong, get me! Look at me, why don’t youse dare? I belong, dat’s me! (Pointing to a skyscraper across the street which is in process of construction — with bravado). See dat building goin’ up dere? See de steel work? Steel, dat’s me! Youse guys live on it and tink you’re somep’n. But I’m in it, see! I’m de hoisin’ engine dat makes it go up! I’m it — de inside and bottom of it! Sure! I’m steel and steam, and smoke and de rest of it! It moves — speed — Twenty-five stories up — and me at de top and bottom — movin’! Youse simps don’t move. Yuh’re on’y dolls I winds up to see’em spin, yuh’re de garbage, get me — de leavins — de ashes we dump over de side. (70-71)

Yank looks at the large buildings that the industrialists have built in cities. Steel has been used in them. But these rich traders don’t care for the labour of labourers. Yank has survived though he worked hard in ugly conditions. He has been moving the ship for years and yet feels lonely and neglected.
He becomes a part of darkness that the chimney smoke creates. However, Eugene O’Neill does not accept the ultimate victory of pessimism and negativity. Indirectly he makes efforts to illustrate the importance of positivity, harmony, bliss, joy, light etc. People have to make a choice between negativity and positivity.

The artist raises a question here — Should Yank return to his primitive stage? Here he refers the attitude of Rodin. May be ‘The Hairy Ape’ is the right word for Yank as he reaches the zoo. He finds no difference between ship and the zoo. The ape helps himself in this age of cut-throat competition. Eugene O’Neill mentions the dark side of industrial revolution and says:

‘If refer to that divil’s brew of rascals, Jailbirds, murderers and cut-throats who libel all honest working men by calling themselves the industrial workers of the world; but in the light of their nefarious plots. I call them in industrious wreckers of the world. (75)
Two questions arise here — Does Yank exist in society? Is his existence meaningless and passive?
Doris V. Folk remarks:

O’Neill’s view of human dilemma here — and in the later plays suggests Sartrian existentialism. Man’s very ‘lostness’, his need to belong, is the sky to his humanity. As soon as he has ‘belonged’, he has abdicated his manhood, he has ceased to be an ‘existent’ and becomes a passive, vegetative being at the mercy of forces outside himself and beyond his control. Yet all the forces which offer him ... a secure environment in exchange for obedience and conformity — society, the authority of religion, of the state of tradition — have been created by man himself. They have no existence of their own except by virtue of man’s existence. He is an actuality, therefore, free from all outside authority in the determination of his fate, but he is also the lonely bearer of a terrifying responsibility for himself and the race. He had nothing on which to lean for support but himself,
nothing to blame for his failures but himself. Human life has no intrinsic meaning that man projects upon it. He must create his own values and impose upon his universe whatever significance and whatever moral order he expects to adopt. (103)

Actually Yank creates his own world as his tension continues to grow. John Gassner says that Eugene O’Neill’s outlook on life has got to be accepted. As a follower of scientific socialism, European industrialists tried to solve the problems of the economic structure. As a realist he paints the despair of Long, Paddy, Yank etc. Sophus Keith Winther aptly says:

His pessimism is that of man in this world in which he must live and justify himself if life is to have a meaning. His pessimism is bar of man, not of God or the universe. It is a pessimism that has in it some gleam of hope for it holds that man’s greatest tragedies are of his making, and thus it is a fair presumption to hope that man may unmake them. Not that O’Neill says
that he will do so; he may recognize the persistence of man's hopeless hope but even granting all that, there is still a vast difference between the position of O'Neill and that of Schopenhauer.

(102)

In this tragedy Eugene O'Neill raises his voice against bonds and limitations as imposed upon the labourers. The fire of the furnace continues to burn at the cost of human life. A lot of economic progress has been made so far and the labourers pay a heavy price for it. Marx asserted that the labour gets converted into capital as power changes into money. The gap between capitalists and labourers continues to grow and the labourers tolerate the burden of debts. However, Yank feels delighted after seeing the bright rays of sun on the ship. Skyscrapers have got to be accepted as symbols of capitalism. The artist asks the question — Who is framing the economic structure? Unfortunately the labourers continue to work hard in the industries and various goods are produced in the name of new civilization.

Many socialists give the concept of equal distribution of wealth in society. It is true that
capitalists do not work with their hands. All manual works are done by the labourers. But the hard fact cannot be denied that the labourers work hard throughout the day and then get paid small wages. Harmony has got to be established between production and human welfare. Nobody can deny the potential of labour and capital.
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