

me to this day is the real symbolic content of this dream and is confirmed by the fact that Jung told me the only reason which stopped him from going on to work on the theme of the Holy Grail with the same psychological detail as he was to do on other historical parallels—as, for instance, that of alchemy, and as would have appeared the logical issue of such a dream and his associations with it—was that his wife Emma was making it her own special study. Somewhere in Emma Jung's remote ancestral background there was a family legend of a knight of her own kin who had failed the Quest, and she felt called upon to set the failure to right. The moment her special duties as mother to five children were discharged she began a vast, imaginative research into the origin and meaning of the legend. Consequently Jung felt that he had to respect her sense of responsibility and not intrude upon her theme of unique meaning.

It is one of the most striking as well as deeply moving testimonies of the formidable innocence of responsibility, more effective by far than any self-conscious sophistication of it, by which he, his friends and fellow workers brought to understanding and transforming, in contemporary terms, the unfamiliar historical. New material now began to rise like a great flood, yet they all committed themselves whole-heartedly to whatever seemed special in it to themselves. Jung began his own special inquiries in a humble and even humiliating way. He started with a painful reassessment of all that had led up to the parting of the way with Freud.

Jung had been impressed by the fact that invariably among the many people who swarmed to him as patients, he found at the core of their neurosis a sense of insecurity. This unease coincided with a loss of faith; a loss of the quintessential requisites of personal religious experience. He found that he seldom succeeded in what for want of a better word is called "a cure", without enabling the patient to recover his lost capacity for religious experience. Subsequently a purely psychiatric approach to the problems of life could no longer satisfy him. In any case he had always been aware of the vitally interdependent roles of science and religion. The interest of psychiatry itself compelled him to know that it was not enough to reassemble the fragments of the shattered spirit among the men and women of his day and put them together into some sort of working order. He had at the same time to restore to them a sense of overall direction, a feeling of meaning. The process of reassembly, the re-integration itself indeed, was impossible without bringing back to his patients a feeling that they were instruments of meaning, however remote.

Healing the sick without a re-quickening of religion, as he put it to me, was "just not on". He used the word "heal" in the sense of "making whole". This indivisible concept of life was symbolised by the finding of the Holy Grail, the transcendental vessel (*graille* was an old Provençal word for a vessel) wherein the spirit, with all its apparent self-contradictions, could be poured and contained.

This approach made Jung an inspired healer in the ancient, classical sense, and inevitably compelled him to reach out in his work more and more towards grasping what greater end healing itself served. Even more urgent than the work of trying to heal became the search for what constituted the "wholeness" that was the condition of "holiness". As if from the moment of his first glimpse of this vast unconscious objective within, he saw the mentally deranged, and even the least disturbed of his patients, afflicted with the sickness of an entire age and culture. He saw us all, as it were, as guinea-pigs in a vast laboratory of Time. And he knew that the only valid answers could be answers extracted under the knife of the great vivisectionist of "meaning".

Jung no longer looked for the answer vicariously through the neuroses and mental sufferings of others. More and more he looked into his own deeply wounded self and into the impact of all history upon his own life, mind, and imagination. We are all compelled to be "mirrors" to one another of unknown, unacknowledged aspects in ourselves. The mote in our neighbour's eye is invariably a reflection of the beam in our own. From our own normality we look out upon the abnormalities in asylums and clinics. But they are a magnification of something similar in ourselves. The suffering there is something experienced on behalf of us all, pleading for recognition as a reflection both of inadequacies and possibilities of new being in us and the life of our time. It was Jung's greatness that he did not hesitate to use his experience as a psychologist as a mirror for himself. He set himself the task of knowing the averted face of his own nature reflected in this mirror. Accordingly no physician has taken the task of healing more seriously than he did. He was, in all this, quite alone. He lost Freud, the one man that could have been his peer. He was denounced and abandoned by most of his former colleagues. He had to face, alone, the unknown in this unconscious universe to which he had been brought. He was bombarded by symbols and images demanding that he should return with them from whatever fathomless depths they had come. Not only were his nights troubled with the strangest dreams but his days were made terrible with visions that shattered his calm at the most unlikely moments. He could not tell when and where and how a

normal hour would not suddenly be deprived of light because of what he came to call "an invasion", or "intrusion" from this other unconscious where Freud's examples, and even his own past work, were of no help. He found himself turning to the child in himself as if instinct, too, was exhorting him to become like the child which the New Testament exhortation makes imperative. In this way he hoped to emerge from darkness into the light of which the Kingdom of Heaven is the supreme image. He went back to his early years when he had had a passion for playing with blocks and stones. It seemed absurd at his age, and for a man already so distinguished in worldly terms. But he accepted the instinct implicitly and began to gather stones on the lake shore by his house at Küsnacht and build miniature villages with them. He became a most impressive example of how the human capacity for achieving new meaning depends on our readiness to let life (in a sense) make fools of us.

I remember how impressed he was when I told him of a Stone-Age mythology in the deserts of Africa. There, the god-hero was always being made to look foolish in terms of his future self. Foolishness, simplicity, naivety almost to the point of Dostoevsky's concept of "idiocy", these Africans stressed, was a divinely inspired state and had to be served as such. So, through some such sort of god-given foolishness he was led too to a rediscovery and a visual continuation in stone of the dialogue started with stone long before in a vicarage garden on the banks of the Rhine. Despite the eyebrows that must have been raised at so mature and big a man playing childish games with such concentration and zeal, in the process he regained an inner certainty that he was on his own way again. This way he had always wanted to go in order to discover his own story or myth and, through that discovery, the relevant myth of his own time. From the moment of the completion of his first model village in lakeside stone (the houses huddled, as Anatole France once had observed of a French hamlet, "like chickens around a hen"), and the church itself, after great inner resistances, dedicated around an altar of a special lakeside reddish stone carved into the required shape by wind and water and time, Jung found himself at last in the right dimension for errant and adventure.

Even so, in order not to lose all identity, he had to remind himself over and over again of such everyday realities as that his name was Carl Gustav Jung; that he was a doctor of medicine; a psychiatrist of growing reputation; a man of standing in the everyday world; and that he lived at 228 Seestrasse, Küsnacht, Zürich, in a house on which was carved in the stone above the entrance, a saying that the Romans

had borrowed from the Greeks, "Called or not called, God shall be there". Above all, Jung would reiterate constantly to himself that he was married to a woman he loved called Emma Rauschenbach, and had five children by her, and so on and on, turning these repetitive patterns of everyday recollections into exercises of discipline so that he should not be swept away from his present reality and down into the cataclysmic depths of his mind. Even these numbered footholds on everyday reality were soon significantly reduced by resignation of his professorship in 1913. His mind, so under attack, had no space or energy left for academic teaching. Indeed, for some years it had not the space even for scientific literature, and once his *Psychology of the Unconscious* was safely published, he had no heart or mind for writing. All was needed for this earthquake and eruption of spirit within himself.

He told me that suddenly he would see visions of a great tide of blood coming up over Europe from the north. It rose higher and higher until it lapped at the rim of the Alps like flood waters at the top of a dam. And in this vast swollen tide of blood was a porridge of mangled corpses and torn-off limbs until he could almost cry aloud at the horror of it. This particular vision with even more enigmatic variations in dreams was inflicted on him many times. It made no sense to him at all.

"So unaware was I at that moment", he told me, "that I did not seem to have noticed that this vision invariably came to me when I was travelling by train in the direction of my wife's home near Schaffhausen, which is on the German frontier. Therefore I overlooked one key to its significance as an image of a warning not only of private and universal peril but also a foreshadowing of its macrocosmic manifestation in the first World War . . ."

By the end of 1913 these pressures summoning him from a great new objective within were so many, and so great, that he could no longer ignore them. Although he recognised in the dreams and fantasies psychological material and patterns that he had encountered only in the most schizoid and psychotic of his patients, he felt he had to accept them also as part of himself. How could he pretend to cure others when he failed to recognise similar aspects in himself and so deal with them? He felt he owed it even more to his patients than himself not to shirk such fantastic issues. No-one could possibly know better than he the dangers of succumbing to such dark forces. He had seen defeat of this kind too often. Yet the feeling that he would be doing it for others as much as himself sustained him in his choice.

So, on the afternoon of December 12 of that year, 1913, sitting in

his chair at his desk, he made one of the bravest decisions, I believe, ever recorded in the history of the human spirit. He committed himself absolutely to this equinoxial urge from within and in doing so apparently subordinating reason to unreason, and risking the sacrifice even of sanity to insanity. But he had always wanted to know how the human spirit would behave if deprived of all preconditioning and left entirely to itself. He had an intuition that no real beginning would be possible unless he had some experience of what mind and imagination did if allowed to act naturally and freely on their own. And he was about to find out in a way which a world which does not recognise the reality of "these mountains of the mind and their cliffs of fall, frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed" of which Manley Hopkins had spoken, cannot measure. His whole spirit must have reeled with an inverted vertigo and horror of what he was about to do.

He put it to me once, without hint of laughter. "I said to myself, 'Well Jung, here you go.' And it was as if the ground literally gave way under me and I let myself drop."

That was the greatest of his many moments of truth, and so far did he fall and so unfamiliar and frightening was the material that he found as a result, that there were many moments when indeed it looked as if insanity might have overcome sanity. He told me how, for instance, just before the outbreak of the 1914-18 war he was summoned to address a meeting of British scientists in Scotland. He debated long and anxiously with himself whether he should go.

"I had to face seriously the chance of being called mad", he told me. "I argued with myself day after day whether it would be right to go. Whether, by going, I might not spread among a world audience what could be a mental contagion in myself. But I went, despite my doubts, delivered my paper and on the way back, in Holland, heard that the war had broken out . . . Tragic as it was, I felt immensely relieved in the sense that it came as some sort of cosmic explanation of the terrible visions of tides of blood that had been inflicted on me. It confirmed a feeling that nothing that had happened to me was not, in a sense, also happening to the life of my time. More than ever, therefore, I felt urged to investigate the link between the two levels of experience."

New as this confrontation was in the terms of the life of his and our day, there were parallels in world history, art and literature that help our own understanding of what happened. One thinks of course of Dante who, "mid-way through life found himself in a dark wood". Jung himself at that moment was approaching the half-way mark of

his own life. He was in a season of himself to which Dante's metaphor was precisely applicable. Dante too had to go down into a netherworld to its uttermost depths. Only Dante's task was easier because he was, in a sense, supported by one of the most highly organised systems of religion the world has ever seen. The vast establishment of the Holy Church maintained a belief that the terrible world of the Divine Comedy did exist, and such events as Dante described were the facts of life. Without detracting for a moment from the quality of a poet of genius, Dante's imagination was following a way comprehensible not only to his peers, but in keeping with the religious tradition of his day. Yet this journey of Jung's, too, was essentially a Dante-esque journey, although the vehicle was not poetry and the object scientific, however religious in intent. Dante moreover had as an overall guide and protector his love of a woman whose face, once seen when a boy in the streets of Florence, changed the course of his whole life. All that this woman and this face evoked in him grew into a love that was total, universal, and outside space and time. It became a power in his spirit that made Dante always feel firmly directed and safe. As a result, even at moments when Virgil, who was Dante's immediate guide on the descent into hell, was full of fear, yet Dante could declare without a tremor of doubt, "I have no fear because there is a noble lady in Heaven who takes care of me."

All these, of course, are quintessential elements in the classical pattern of confrontation in so cosmic an order. Men in other idioms and contexts of civilisation and culture have been compelled to confront unknown aspects of themselves and their societies. They have been compelled to go down into their own deeps in order to rescue life from arrested aspects of itself which would lead only to disaster and death. And always, by dispensation of life, some feminine spirit from within their nature has been presented. Some messenger of love beyond the boundaries of appearances and knowledge has been summoned to act as guide. There was the example of Ariadne who provided Theseus with the golden thread which brought him out of the labyrinth in Crete after he had killed the beast which devoured the youth and beauty of Athens—the gleaming city—which had so nearly been deprived of the renewal and greater future self of which its youth and beauty were the image. And up to the present, with rare exceptions like that of Dante, the male spirit tended to abandon the feminine soul which had guided him so well and had served its purpose. It was left, forgotten and isolated on a rock-like aspect of itself in a sea of unknowing—even as Ariadne was left in an Aegean of her own tears

over her betrayal. The same basic theme is reiterated when all the rediscovered feminine values of Greece, at its noblest, had joined the masculine of the Roman that was in the European spirit in order to bring about the immense flowering of being in the Renaissance. But these were rejected in the Reformation that followed. Leonardo da Vinci, so obsessed himself by the importance of the feminine in man that even his sexual instincts were transformed accordingly, gave this Ariadne pattern of redemption and abandonment by the masculine spirit its most authoritative visual expression yet in that heart-rending painting *The Virgin on the Rocks*, so prophetic of what was to come.

"You see", Jung was to say to me many years later, of this painting, "there is the eternally feminine soul of man where it belongs in the dark feminine earth. See how tenderly and confidently the Virgin holds in her arms the child—our greater future self. But make no mistake, da Vinci saw her there not only in her Christian role but also joined to her pagan aboriginal version. That is why the painting is so meaningful. She is not just Mary, the Mother of Jesus. She is also the feminine soul of man, the everlasting Ariadne. Her immediate uses fulfilled, she is forgotten and abandoned on the rocks . . . Rediscovered, as she was briefly in the Renaissance, da Vinci's prophetic self already foresaw that she was about to be abandoned again. The wonder is that unlike Ariadne, the Virgin is not in tears. She is content, confident and unresentful because she is also the love that endureth and beareth all things even beyond faith and hope. She knows that, in the end, the child will grow and all shall be well."

Jung, because the law of life in these matters is as timeless as it is impartial, also was guided in this going down by a spirit that was essentially feminine. But it was shattering proof of his originality and measure of his greatness that he came to this feminine spirit, in a way unknown to man before him. It is easy enough, after all, for the imagination of a man to follow a beautiful feminine face and form. But the feminine spirits that led Jung on his first essays were not beautiful at all. We have seen one representative already described by Freud as a "disagreeable and unpleasant old woman". And she was by no means the only one. There was long before that his own mother, whose influence, as we have seen, outweighed that of his father. She was formidable and by no means cosy. As Blake said of Milton and his *Paradise Lost*, she too was "of the devil's party without knowing it". It was Jung's mother whose unconscious interest and sympathy for the aspects of reality as symbolised by the devil prompted her to give the

boy Jung *Faust* to read. This turned out to be of much benefit to Jung, for it enabled him to enlarge its meaning in this deeper journey into himself.

Already as a student his eyes had been turned in the direction of what wandered beyond the boundaries of the intellectual interests of his day by that young woman who in ordinary life was of modest station but capable in trance-like moments of grand pronouncement in the manner of exalted ladies of the world of fashion. In his work at the Burghölzli and in his private practice, women held his interest in a way that no man ever did. It is no accident that in looking back just before his death, almost all the cases he discusses in his autobiography as being of special interest and importance for his development, were women. Nothing could make it clearer that the rejected feminine concerned him even more than the rejected masculine and evoked his powers of mind and imagination most powerfully.

It is not surprising therefore that his gigantic Dante-esque journey began by a pursuit of the fantasies of an American lady with the totally unmythical name of Miss Miller; and yet in its lack of singularity so appropriate, as she represented also "Miss Every-woman". Her personal conscious self was ultimately lost in the flood waters of an invasion from her unconscious. Yet, following the apparently dubious trail of this Miss Miller into an underworld of her own, Jung entered a labyrinth of mythology and history and came to write *The Psychology of the Unconscious*—the book which had finally caused Freud and his followers to break with Jung. This book already presupposed the existence of the as yet unexplored world of the collective unconscious, and the need for recognising its reality and activity. It might appear to be no more than a force in actuality and being, but in this work Jung already assumes its existence is an a-priori fact—together with the vital necessity of rediscovering it as a force in the life of man since his beginning. The urgent need to restore its living continuity up to our own time was increasingly laid bare. In particular this freed the myth of the heroic in the imagination of man from its archaic chains, and left it free and proportionate for a new lease of meaning and life in the modern world. No wonder that, as a personification of the symbolic given a life to live symbolically and not according the symbol, Freud and his followers were profoundly affronted.

That a frail, fanciful, feminine spirit could combine to lead rational man to any meaningful intent, of course, made no sense to anyone at the time. It also made Jung more suspect than ever. In a sense that was as understandable as it was inevitable. There was no exact parallel to

confirm the validity of this approach in history nor even in the mythologies, legends and modern literature of the world. There were only hints and intimations of the worth of what Jung was attempting to do in the long neglected dream world and fairy-tales, dismissed by the grown-up world as food fit only to still the increasing hunger of children.

Fairy-tale ground is parable earth. Fairy tales, like the parables of the New Testament, are charged with the seeds of new being. The parable which spoke of the stone that the builders rejected becoming the stone of the building to come is rooted in the same earth as this story of Cinderella. Jung's imagination was obsessed with the Cinderella aspects of both mind and spirit. His nature predetermined that his truest seeking would follow the greatest of all our rejections, which is that of the feminine and which is made visible as a magic mirror in the metanoic story of Cinderella. There the beauty that serves as a symbol of the highest feminine values is disfigured by the ashes of burnt-out fires of the world of her suppressors. She wears the rags and tatters that are the uniform of rejection of the lowly, working figure unrecognised and despised in some sordid kitchen of life.

Already, in the course of his work in his asylum and even more in his vast private practice, Jung had rescued many a Cinderella spirit from some ignominious and dishonoured state and transformed it into a personality once more capable of walking, enlarged and reintegrated, in its own path. But even in this recognition there is a foreshadowing of a gift of perception, amounting almost to a power of divination not present in any of the prescriptions we have inherited in this regard. Jung clearly had both the capacity to see and also to act as a catalyst of transubstantiation and transformation which are the magic the godmother possessed in the parable of Cinderella. Like the godmother, he could recognise beauty in its ragged and tattered state long before it became obvious at the ball. This was his own special genius. It sets him apart and ahead of any others who have ventured into this enigmatic region.

It is easy enough to recognise the beauty of Cinderella transformed at the ball. It is easy enough, with the benefit of hindsight, to denounce the iniquity of her rejection. But only Jung, in our day, possessed this extraordinary capacity to see in advance beyond the dirt, the triviality and even the banality of appearances, and make it his most immediate and urgent task to reveal the vast potential of beauty suppressed and hidden underneath.

The achievement was all the more remarkable because **this pattern**

of rejection has so much history to it. It seems to have been part of the mechanism of the spirit of man since the beginning of time. One searches in vain for a venture in which both the masculine and feminine values, both the man and the woman, have been honoured in their full proportions and each allowed their unimpeded role in life. The history of civilisation appears to be a sorry, **one-sided history** of domination by man. One can, of course, point to brief moments of matriarchy where an archaic, suffocating femininity produced another disastrous imbalance of spirit which has presided over our destinies. But almost invariably the basic cultural pattern has been the work of man. Whole areas of history are darkened by the ignorance of men of the truth that they can only create through the feminine in their own natures. Similarly they procreate in the world without through woman. **As the spirit of Dante glowed in all that was evoked in him by the face of Beatrice, so, significantly, the most creative moments in history have come about when the imagination of man was alive to the reality of the warm, loving, caring values of his feminine self.** The height of Heaven to which Dante's spirit ascended corresponded exactly to the depths of Hell and Purgatory through which the thread of his own feminine nature safely led him.

This truth in the dimension of the civilisation wherein the European spirit has its roots, however displaced its appearance today, is illustrated in its most striking manner by the difference between Greek and Roman cultures. Both have their origin in one and the same story or myth which, joined to the Hebraic theme as set out in the Bible, was to provide the greatest formative values of the complex of the western spirit. Both Greek and Roman cultures had a common point of departure in the Trojan War. This represents the struggle to establish what role the feminine is to play in the life of man. The Helen about whom the war was fought is, possibly, the first non-biological stage beyond Eve, and introduces the evolution of a fundamental image reflecting man's profound inner dependence on the feminine and his need to give it a value uniquely its own in the law and order of his being. But it is essentially a war fought in the external world about the feminine in her external role. Helen is fundamentally only a masculine reflection of the feminine, and the war is waged between men about the role that she is to be allowed to play in their lives. Helen herself, the woman as woman, is never consulted. She is taken for granted with such unawareness that tragedy, not surprisingly, overtakes almost everyone involved in the war, victors as well as vanquished.

What adds even more to the significance is that the battle takes place

between two groups of men who appear to have been born of two opposite psychological types. This is a division in the human spirit which seems to run like a great rift in mother earth herself, from the beginning of time to this day. It compelled some men to be born what Jung came to call "extraverted" whereas others were "introverted".

Some belonged to the Classical approach to reality; others to the Romantic. One had an Apollonian attitude inevitably dedicated to the light of reason and an urge for shape, form and the fashioning of all things with regard to law, order and precision, so as, ultimately, to contain and preserve all with the greatest possible symmetry. The other had a Dionysian urge, committed more to movement, change and the abiding rhythm of things: the dance of the stars and their constellations, and the swell in the swinging sea. It was concerned not so much with the how and why of reality but with a total involvement in the feeling and tide of emotions, impatient with any barriers of mind and spirit that would impede their onward movement. So one is profoundly committed to the world without and, naturally, is represented by an expeditionary force that crosses the sea in black ships to do battle on the great plain of Troy under the foredoomed Agamemnon. The other is the natural, romantic, Dionysian way which has already done violence to the world of law and order by snatching away its highest feminine value, Helen of Menelaus, from her lawful husband, and manifesting its introverted spirit by taking refuge within the great walls of Troy, an image of spirit seeking protection from within. The Trojans lose the war. They lose it not because their approach is less real or lacks courage but because it is less aware than that of their opponents. The difference in awareness being symbolised by the Greek ingenuity in inventing their Trojan Horse and the inferior awareness of the Trojans by their failure to see through the device. There again is another emphasis on how dearly man pays for his lack of awareness and how it is always, as in the Oedipus story, through his lack of awareness that Fate is compelled to punish him with tragedy.

Out of this protracted war two journeys emerge, allegories, as it were, of the essential quest in the spirit of man. Indeed it is as if in the story of these journeys we have the original blueprint of the spirit that was to make Greece, and its opposite that was to build Rome. The Greek allegory is contained in the voyage of Odysseus and his followers. Why Odysseus, seeing that he was by no means the greatest of the heroes who fought on the great plains of Troy? He is instinctively chosen, perhaps, because he represented the hero in his legitimate, individual and most diversified proportions more accurately than any

other. Others had more courage and strength; were more compulsive and dedicated warriors, or wiser and more experienced as was Old Nestor. But Odysseus had all of these qualities and none in excess. All aspects were subject to his awareness of reality, and an intelligence acute enough for him to be referred to as the fox. His advice was constantly sought, and it was he who ultimately thought up the fatal Wooden Horse, and he is obviously chosen for being so many-sided and individual without hubris. Most important of all, perhaps, he was an island prince from Ithaca where a beautiful, loyal feminine self, Penelope, awaited him.

This island is an image of supreme symbolic importance. This Jung had already suspected from his own fantasies as a boy when he walked from home to school on the banks of the Rhine, imagining a narrow isthmus of rock rising out of the river and transforming it in his fantasy into an island by cutting a canal between it and the mainland so that he could safely build a fortified city of his own upon it. The imagined island was an image of a unique self in man, where a singular totality of the mighty activity he had called God as a child, could be experienced. This piece of land surrounded by water was a symbol of the ultimate in Jung's seeking, as it was the ultimate too of Odysseus. So the whole *Odyssey*, when read, is a supreme symbolic representation of the most meaningful adventure of the spirit of which individual man is capable. Every stage of Odysseus's journey back to fulfilment with Penelope in his island self represents faithfully the most ancient search of humanity, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the life of some Sanyassim taking to the road in Hindu India towards the resolution and transfiguration of life which, in Christianity, is called salvation. John Donne, the great Elizabethan poet, was only partially right when he wrote: "No man is an island to himself, we are all part of the main." Every man is, as Odysseus knew, an island to himself joined to others by a main, but a main that is not land but sea. It is not surprising that one of Dante's most significant encounters in the underworld of his *Divine Comedy* was with the spirit of Odysseus, an encounter which exposes in a great poetic statement how Odysseus felt he had failed not in the completion of his own journey, which was so truly fulfilled, but in failing to make the collective values of his age, as represented by his men, his own. Hence these lines resounding still like a call to cavalry on a trumpet at dawn:

"Brothers", I said, "who now have reached the West  
By conquering a hundred thousand dangers,

Deny not to that little span of life—  
 The brief allotment of your waking hours  
 That yet remains to you—experience  
 Of that unpeopled world behind the sunset.  
 Consider from what noble seed you spring:  
 You were created not to live like beasts,  
 But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge!"\*

As for Penelope, she is perhaps the greatest personification yet of the soul constant in man provided he endures to the true end in his search to rejoin her. It is precisely because this journey of Odysseus and his reunion with the eternal feminine that is Penelope, is the blueprint of the Greek story that made Greece, I believe, more creative than Rome.

That this is not a subjective reading of the *Odyssey* is proved, I believe, by the fact that Samuel Butler was so impressed by the feminine element in the *Odyssey* that he was convinced it was written by a woman in revenge for what seemed to him the caricature of femininity that men had made of woman in Helen. He travelled all over the Aegean in Odysseus's wake and spent a small fortune trying to prove that the *Odyssey* was a woman's answer to the Man's conception of "woman" deployed in the *Iliad*. Of course, literally, he was wrong in this. But he was right in the sense that the *Odyssey* was conceived of all that was best in the fundamentally feminine psyche of man.

How different the Roman blueprint which, too, is a prescribed voyage. It is the painful, warring, bloody journey of another individual, Aeneas. From the beginning the mark of an unmistakable inadequacy, it seems, is fatally placed upon him. With Troy in flames and himself in danger of capture by the Greeks, he has an opportunity of rescuing either the wife he loves, or his old father Anchises, from death. He rescues his old father, carrying him out on his back. He leaves his wife to the Greeks and is forever commended for his choice. But from that moment on the Roman spirit is hampered because it is made to carry an ancient father on its back to the end. Moreover Aeneas rejects the feminine not just once but twice. He leaves Dido of Carthage, who succoured, protected and re-equipped him, desolate behind him to commit suicide over so ungrateful an abandonment. Aeneas sails on, obsessed with one purpose, to re-establish a great city, far greater than the Ilium left behind in ashes. But he did this with such a violent swing over into the fatal opposite, namely reconstructing it

\* From *The Divine Comedy*, translated by Lawrence Grant White. New York, Pantheon Books, 1948.

in the totally extraverted form that was to become the model for the Roman empire. Of course, the achievements of this empire too were to be so considerable that to this day one can still detect all over Europe an almost unbearable nostalgia for Rome at its best. And yet it never measured up to Greece, so that one understands why Cicero felt compelled to warn the Romans when they set out to conquer Greece that they would only succeed in vanquishing that which would in turn vanquish them. Athens, not Rome, still seems to me to be the incomparable lighthouse of the spirit. It presupposes the vital honouring, in equal proportions, of the masculine and feminine in being that we have betrayed in our own Western history. It was this which Jung was setting out to rediscover and restore to the sterile, unprocreative spirit of my day.

Greece, and not Rome, was the natural earth of Jung's mind also. It is significant that, with all his immense interest in antiquity, he never went to it, although he went twice to Ravenna; and once on a visit to Pompeii. Once, out of an inner sense of uncompleted historical duty, he went to a travel agency to buy a ticket for Rome. But he was overcome by an attack of fainting at the ticket counter and never went. It was, I believe, too partial a place for him to endure, although he obviously had other reasons for not going as well which he has expressed at length in print. But he knew, even then, as we should know more clearly now, that we are caught up in another Roman moment of decline and fall in the spirit of man, wherein worship of the material and subservience to the value of power has driven the feminine and its accompanying love, out of life. The rebirth of the lost feminine principle and its reliance on love as the only true transformer of inadequacy and imprecision of spirit, is as urgent today as it was two thousand years ago on the first Christmas Day in the Roman colony of Palestine. Day by day the life of the individual is increasingly threatened by a proliferation of collective values and worldly power. The State, like the city of Rome, is taking the place of God in man.

I have elaborated on this illustration for it is one of the few to which I have access in some proved, historical detail. All other realisations of the feminine in man, however they continue to dazzle and amaze us, are brief and exceptional moments in the history of our societies and mind. They are the result of unusually questioning and inspirational phases of religion and art, that are as short as they are bright. But even when man was joined to all that is feminine in himself, another kind of rejection of the feminine was still at work in volcanic and unknown areas within him and in the life of his time. It was these areas

that Jung was to uncover. But he still had to earn the right of so fateful a discovery by the most harsh of journeys, and the most painful of apprenticeships in a new deep of himself.

As Jung "let go" and fell abysmally, he landed in an area of his spirit so dark and deep that it was as if he stood where the source of all life gushes out as a fountain of blood, red as the fire which later he was compelled to paint. Aspects of the Western spirit that he and the world had long assumed dead were rediscovered alive and in a personified form. This included his own primitive aboriginal self, magnetic and full of meaning in a re-assumption of a feeling of belonging to an endless process of birth, death and rebirth. Within days, he had again, and of most immediate personal relevance, one of his greatest dreams. He rediscovered in it the personification of his cultural heroic self in the great Siegfried, of German mythology, whom, to his horror, he had to kill. But once awake, and capable of analysing the dream, it was plain how symbolic was the call to kill in the dream. The death to be inflicted on Siegfried was to enable him to be reborn in another dimension. Siegfried had represented too archaic a concept of the heroic in man. He was not at all the illuminated modern one that Jung's imagination was pursuing. He represented the German hubris whose maxim was "where there's a will there's a way". Siegfried was the central figure in a drama of wilful, rationalistic man trying to impose himself, as were the Germans, on the entire worldly scene—the process so evident ever since the rise of Brandenburg into Prussia and the Prussian domination of the entire German scene. It was this precisely which had so disturbed Burckhardt that when the news of the crowning of the first Kaiser Wilhelm at Versailles after the Franco-Prussian War reached him, he remarked sadly, "That is the doom of Germany." He should have added that it could be the doom of Western man as well, unless he mended his spirit.

Somehow this process had to be stopped and changed, both on the collective and individual level—as the theme of the killing and rebirth in Jung's dreams. Above all, Jung had the clarity and honesty of spirit to recognise that Siegfried's hubris had also been his own. In a sense he had been wilful towards all this strange new material coming at him. His own attitude had to become more humble and accepting than he had allowed it to be. As a result, he came not in a dream of sleep but most significantly, as in that initial vision of God and the Cathedral of Basle, to a revelation, in his own daylight imagination, which is perhaps a first great portent of sanity and ultimate wholeness in the long Odyssean voyage of himself, and as such it deserves closer examination.

Jung had, of course, long ceased to rely purely on dream material for his advancement. He had taught himself to give an unimagined freedom to his imagination to go wherever it had to go on this late descent into his own netherworld. One day he went deeper than before, so deep that he might have been in the land of the dead, until he discovered on a steep slope of rock two figures, an old man with a white beard, and a beautiful young girl. He went nearer and saw that they also had a black serpent with them which immediately took a great liking to Jung. Jung said the old man called himself Elijah. He was, perhaps, another personification of the "wise old man" in the human spirit. The girl, who called herself Salome, was blind. This was a visualisation of the feminine element in man that Jung was to name the "anima" in his future delineations of the patterns in the objective world of the collective unconscious. The snake, since it appeared in many an heroic myth as counterpart of the hero, was a symbolic confirmation of the fact that the dream was concerned with a healing and mythological content. It is possible that Jung somewhere else may have gone into this encounter in greater detail and interpreted its meaning fully. If so I am unaware of it. Finding this encounter, as I do, of critical concern to his future development, as well as of great importance to the life of our time, I cannot leave it where Jung casually abandons it in his *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*.

Up to this moment Jung had not hesitated to relate the mythological to the personal in his own life. Indeed, we have seen that, only a few days before in the dream wherein Siegfried was killed, he felt compelled to rebuke himself by admitting his own personal responsibility in the dream. It was necessary to realise what Siegfried represented in the German spirit and the *weltanschauung* of the day. But Jung's duty was only half done if he did not identify also with the message so poignantly and fiercely directed at himself. This he had done all along. But Salome was no less a mythological character than Siegfried. In many ways she was more meaningful since she was not Germanic, but an emanation of the whole Greek, Hebraic, Roman and near-Eastern complex of culture that was Western. Above all she was a feminine figure of whom there had been a notable scarcity in Jung's dreams and fantasies up to the present. It is true that there was an early portent in the dream figure of a young girl and a dove, image of the Holy Spirit, in an Italian Renaissance setting. Here the girl was not only clear-sighted but had embraced Jung tenderly, as if to say "Whatever happens, I shall be there at the end, for I, child that I am, am mother of your future self." But that apart there was, so far as I know, no



visualisation of the feminine until this profound encounter with Salome.

I would have thought that his own personal associations with Salome, therefore, were as important as were those with Siegfried. Moreover Jung had repeatedly warned that to have such encounters and not to draw from them the necessary lesson for one's own life is as dangerous as it is unethical. But here for some undisclosed reason, he is uncharacteristically curt and reticent. **One cannot avoid asking oneself, therefore, what the encounter meant to him personally?** And as he does not provide the answer, one must try to do so as best one can. For I, too, believe that what happens to us on a mythological level must be considered also in its impact on our miserable selves.

As far as the Old Man and the Snake are concerned the answer is not over-difficult. In Jung the ancient called Elijah is the reappearance of his long suppressed Number Two personality in a much more mature and dynamic form than before. Indeed, I feel this to be proved by the fact that Jung's imagination seized instantly on Elijah and he evolved another and even greater ancient out of it. He took all the experience of this pattern in the Ka of the long mythological years of ancient Egypt—the Egyptian period lasted twice as long as our own Christian culture has done—and with Elijah made it join its Biblical and Classical evolution to become Philemon, the host of the gods, who accompanies Jung from then on to his end. This Egyptian experience, I believe, was necessary for the wholeness of this pattern in Jung of the "ancient of Days"—it was not called Elijah for nothing. Elijah appeared to stress that the ancient, in the Old Testament form, still had a tendency to fly off the earth—as Elijah had done in a fiery chariot. An aspect was attempting to go straight up to Heaven and so bypass the agonising renewal through death which is indispensable to our transformation. That this is not over-fanciful seems clear. There are references that Jung made later in his letters that are not without a certain dismissive irony of the "curious flight" of Elijah. But the Egyptian experience, the Ka, is a far earthier one possessing a *gravitas* that the Elijah aspect lacked. This *gravitas* was necessary for the concept to become the "greater personification" that Jung called Philemon. In fact, Philemon imposed himself on Jung with so charged a vision as being an old man, with kingfisher blue wings, the horns of a bull, and four keys in hand, that he was compelled to paint and repaint him.

Henceforth Philemon accompanied him as an archangelic guide throughout his journey, as Virgil had been for Dante. He **represented superior insight** to Jung and we shall find him in due course honoured,

calmly and authoritatively installed in the tower that Jung was to build in his house of stone at Bollingen on the upper shores of Lake Zürich. From him, Jung says, he was to learn real psychic objectivity. It was Philemon who taught Jung that what he had regarded as his own thoughts were not only his own. They were also objective events within him. He was not their creator but observer and, at most, guardian and pilot in the world without.

All this had the most creative consequences for Jung. So too had the serpent. The serpent not only proved that he had re-established contact with his deepest instinctual self, because that is the image the much persecuted and reviled snake has been compelled to bear. Yet, if considered with all the positive and compensatory associations attached to the snake, as, for instance, its closeness to, and in, the earth, Jung stood there in the presence of vital elements that would assist in healing the rift within himself and within his time. These latter associations explain why a snake to this day is curled, as a badge of healing, around the Hippocratic staff of medicine.

But what of Salome? Jung confesses that he considered her in all her Biblical and other aspects. But he does not say what they were. He only hints at the fact that she is an image of *Eros*, the principle of the love and feeling values of life. Then he abandons her. The next time there is any reference to the feminine in himself it is to the dubious image of a sophisticated lady patient of his, highly endowed but pathological, who tries to persuade him that this encounter with the unconscious is an artistic engagement and that he is not a scientist so much as an artist. The gap between Salome and this other insidious feminine sophisticate is too wide even for a spirit as great as Jung's to have straddled unaided and alone. The need for there to have been a bridge between these two stages is only too self-evident.

One can believe that **it is no accident that Salome was young, beautiful and blind.** And no idle chance that she was called Salome. It is true, as Jung says, that such relationships appear frequently in the history of sages in their old age, such as the dancing girl in the life of Lao-Tzu. Salome as we know was a dancing girl too, and the story and the legends surrounding her are so familiar that Jung could not have failed to see the obvious personal associations involved. For him to say that Salome was blind because the anima is incapable of seeing, is really the unconscious way of confessing that he himself could not see the meaning of Salome.

For the anima, this feminine in man, as he himself has shown us so many times, is full of potential womanly vision uniquely her own since

she personifies all the experience of the feminine in the life of man. One has only to consider the life of Dante and the role of Beatrice (who was his anima), to see how far from blind this aspect can be. How could Dante safely have accomplished his journey down into hell and up again to Heaven without her, for all the expertise of his Number Two, his Philemon, the Virgil in those subliminal regions of the spirit.

One is compelled to remember that it was Jung's original gift of genius that up to now he had allowed the rejected, despised, deprived and persecuted feminine in life to be his guide. It had done its work accurately and so well that it had brought him as far as it could without fatally wounding him, as it itself had been hurt. It is indeed as if in the vision of Salome, all that had guided his past is saying to him, "Look at that girl. That is what life has done to her. It has denied us her own feminine vision and so deprived us of meaning. That is what is wrong with your so-called civilisation. That is the wrong so great that even you have been maimed likewise. We can do no more now. You know now what the trouble is and knowing it, you ignore it at your peril."

Jung, being the man he was, could not have overlooked the fact that it was Salome who demanded, and received on a platter, the head of John the Baptist, the foreteller of the coming of Christ. In doing that of course she was psychologically blind. She was failing her own feminine role in life by making it impossible for the renewal of life and realisation of a divine self in man—a selfhood which Jung stresses and re-stresses—Christ was the most dynamic and complete living example as well as the most transfigurative symbol accessible to the western spirit. But Salome failed history and her own positive feminine self because of a Roman man-dominated partiality of spirit. Even in history she was the spoilt daughter of a powerful Roman Pro-Consul, exercising her feminine pull on the father in the most negative and archaic way. What therefore in this encounter is Salome telling Jung and us? Perhaps that Jung's own feminine self, though possessing the beauty which is the image of her creative potential for man, is far too immature either for his or for her age? Too immature also for their mutual good? Indeed so immature is she as to be blind enough, in her position of natural power, to prevent him from realising in himself his own vision of individual totality and selfhood.

It is the moment of the greatest danger in Jung's encounter with his unconscious. This danger, which accompanies all opportunities of renewal to such an extent that the ancient Chinese symbolic ideogram for "crisis" and "opportunity" are the same. So there is this urgent warning implicit in the blindness of Salome. It suggests that unless she

is made to see, Jung's own venture is doomed, despite the healing presence of the snake, and the protective wisdom of Philemon. Jung, I believe, unaided and alone as he had been in his protracted self-analysis (something which he had stressed throughout his psychiatric years was far too dangerous to be permitted in the careers of others who followed the same vocation), clearly had come to a point where not only could he go no further without help from someone else, but also he was in danger of failing in the task he had set himself. The deranged feminine had done its work. Now a guide of a positive and integrated feminine self, with eyes wide open and alerted, was needed.

Yet it is significant that though there is a great deal more to be heard about Philemon and his role, there is no more mention of Salome, except for one casual mention some two years later, as someone still blind. Thereafter she vanishes forever. And when Jung resumes the theme of his feminine self again, it shows her to be in a state of increasing maturity and, finally, so fulfilled and resolved that he himself can declare that he has no need of any further personification or imaginary dialogues with her. That this was possible is probably due to the fact that a fine and illuminated feminine instrument was beside him to externalise Salome for him and take over the role of a conscious feminine guide. There was at hand a true feminine mirror without trace of error or falsehood beside him to reflect the feminine nature so blind and hidden in himself. Moreover she was a mirror, as it were, of his own making. For her Jung had been the Moses who had led her to a promised land which he had not yet been allowed to enter himself.

Jung had always stressed that, after Freud had disowned him, all his friends and colleagues had abandoned him, except Riklin and Maeder. He meant by this that all the men he valued, except those two, forsook him. He does not stress that, in fact, all the women around him stood fast. Not a single one of them, of any consequence, abandoned him on the march or even fell out of step. They were the nucleus of what was to become one of the most remarkable groups of gifted women ever assembled round a single man, however great. I was to meet and become friends with a number of them and was profoundly impressed by their quality as well as their unwavering support to Jung. But at this blind, Salome moment in himself, there were two who stood out above the rest.

First, of course, there was his own beautiful and extraordinarily gifted wife, Emma. Engaged as she was at this moment, however, not only with bringing up a family of five, but wife also to a great man

involved in the battle of a lifetime with himself, she hardly had the space either of time or mind to give Jung the kind of help that he needed at this point. Nor did she possess, as yet, the necessary qualifications. She had never been a patient of Jung's, nor indeed of any other man.

Happily, however, there was another woman who was a close friend and possessed all the necessary qualifications. She was Toni Wolff, with whom my wife studied and worked in Zürich. She is not mentioned in Jung's *Memories*, and one understands the omission in measure, because the book is a record only of quintessence. Jung's own personal relationships are deliberately not a part of it. Jung's gift inflicted a special form of loneliness in him that was a part of an overwhelming compulsion to serve a cause of universal meaning. The cause always had to come before men and women. Yet from what I know of such people both in my own life and history, I find it remarkable that, being so heavily burdened with historic occasion and responsibility before life and time, Jung yet gave so freely and generously of himself to family, friends and fellow sufferers. He himself was keenly aware of the sacrifice demanded of him in terms of human relationships. Talking to me he once compared himself to a man committed to fight on a desperate battlefield. Friends and companions were shot down all round him. Yet he was not allowed to pause to nurse their wounds as he longed to do, but had to move on deeper into the battle, if it were ever to be won.

In his autobiography, concerned with the cause and the battle, there is no pretence that it is also a full account of his life. It is, as the title implies, memories, dreams and reflections—a session of a great old soldier remembering the battles he has fought. His own wife is barely mentioned and his feelings over her death, of which I have a moving record in a long letter he wrote me, are not admitted. There is not even the barest reference to the woman who went with him all the way on this stage of his journey. With so many other associations of great distinction that are not referred to, perhaps one should not be surprised by this omission. Yet I, for one, feel compelled to mention Toni Wolff in enough detail to explain the significance of her role to Jung at this critical moment. It is all the more necessary because, however much I understand and sympathise with it, there is still what I find to be reprehensible silence about her among the persons who are alive and knew her. They behave as if she did not render the particular service that she did to Jung, and therefore to psychology. One of the most notable among the exceptions has been Dr C. A. Meier who has

seen to it that Toni Wolff's written contributions to psychology are preserved, collected, properly edited and published, so that her distinguished record in this regard, at least, is secure.

But of the woman herself little that is authoritative and authentic is said, and less still is known, to those who have come to carry on the work of Jung. All that is left is gossip and speculation which as always tends to be negative in these regards and does less than justice to a noble story. The situation is made more obscure by the fact that Jung burnt all his letters to Toni Wolff and all her letters to him, so that history forever lacks their witness to how they, the immediate trinity of Emma, Jung himself, and Toni Wolff, conducted with such honesty, courage and dignity what, at any time, must be the most difficult of relationships, but at that Victorian-Edwardian hour almost unendurably so. One knows of course all the excuses for the silence because those who knew Jung at this period were only too painfully aware of how he was constantly under attack from the outside world up to his end. They would have seen in any open discussion of Toni Wolff's role a kind of delivery of just another weapon of attack into the hands of Jung's enemies. But Jung is dead and that time is long since over, and no full account of the man is possible without inclusion of Toni Wolff and a proper and decent assessment of her role. I would go further and say that I believe all that is true in Jung in so inspired a measure (and I deliberately use the historical present because I am certain the truth of the man is so great that it will stand) despite the withholding of his consent implied by burning of letters which must have been an agonising reminder of suffering, confusion and near defeat, would demand that it is done.

I think I have an inkling of why the letters were burnt, not for any unworthy motive but out of the most understandable of human reasons: he could not bear the thought of strange, impersonal eyes of future generations prying into what had been of such intimate, immediate, desperate and secret concern to him. I believe the key to understanding is in the word secret. All that happened took place in an area of the personality where the secret must be kept forever of the growth of the future self in the presence of the *numinous*, since no-one, except the *self* committed utterly to it, can know the reality of the experience without destroying it—a principle we have already seen so clearly orchestrated and obediently observed in Jung's own childhood and adolescence and initiation into manhood. He has kept it thus, I believe, so that we can understand it according to our several capacities not only with the kind of "not-understanding" he mentioned before.

but also understanding through our own need of a secret that is sacred and vital to the growth of our own self.

I believe this to be true all the more because of something he wrote on love to Mary Mellon who had been a patient of his and to whom he was especially devoted. The letter seems to me to gain in point because it was written during the dark night of the Western spirit we call World War II. "You should come up to the level of such understanding whose vehicle is love and not the mind. This love is not transference [a psychological state of projection frequent between patient and psychiatrist and which Jung always guarded against] and it is no ordinary friendship or sympathy. It is more primitive, more primeval and more spiritual than anything we can describe. . . . That upper floor is no longer you or I, it means many, including yourself and anybody whose heart you touch. There is no distance but immediate presence. It is an eternal secret—how shall I ever explain it?" And the key words are "eternal secret" and confession of his inability to explain. Yet though one cannot explain the "eternal secret" one can understand and explain the inability and indeed is forced to if one's evaluation of the man is not to be maimed.

And I assert the right of freedom to follow the meaning which the omission has for each of us with greater confidence because he told me he emerged from the long years of his encounter with the collective unconscious convinced that it had enriched him so that his life was no longer his own or his family's but belonged henceforth to the generality of man. All that battle and suffering and shaping of unknown forces ultimately had meaning for him because it was a specific of experience that was capable of transformation in a great universal.

As for Toni Wolff the woman, who was to be his companion, she was a great and rare spirit; one of the few most truly Patrician in Jung's immediate company of collaborators. She had a courage and vision of conduct perhaps alien to the *haute* Swiss and international bourgeoisie who surrounded Jung. She brought with her what was best in the spirit of a family with a proud aristocratic continuity that could be traced back into the early Middle Ages, so much so that she struck one more as a Bernese phenomenon than a native of Zürich. One uses this parallel because in this country of city states, as I have described Switzerland earlier on, Berne too was unique. Basle might have had more intellect and sense of history; Zürich more of the life of commerce and exchange with the material world; Lucerne more of the evolution of a Swissness from the foremost aboriginal Swiss stock; Geneva sees its role as the fortress of the conscience and

spirit of the uniquely French contribution to Switzerland; but in Berne, where the Latin and Germanic in the Swiss character met and were united as a double-edged one, there grew in time a truly classical, aristocratic approach to life. The Bernese too thought themselves a cut above the rest, but a cut not of the qualities of which the others boasted but of superior "breeding" which imposed responsibilities that made them almost the most serious of citizens in a naturally serious country.

Toni Wolff had in full measure all that is best among these attributes, oversimplified as they are here, perhaps all the more impressively because they had to be maintained in the paradoxical context of an increasingly naturalistic and *arriviste* city. She was an aristocrat of mind and spirit and capable for a role in Jung's life outside the realm of the eminently respectable. Anyone who has read her essay on the psychology of type in woman will instantly recognise how conceivable and natural it was to her. In this essay she added to Jung's future definition of the four functions a concept of woman born into four types: the woman as mother and wife; as Hetaira—companion and friend of man; as Amazon—the woman with a calling of her own, self-contained and independent of man; and finally woman as Medium—at home on the frontiers of the unconscious and conscious in the human spirit, as unegotistical in her seeking as the Amazon tends to be egotistic, if not egotistical.

She herself seems to me clearly to have been born an inspired Hetaira, and one cannot read what she has written on this type without experiencing it as reflection also of her inmost self. In this essay and others, she was to make her own contribution to Jung's concepts of the masculine in woman and the nature of feminine psychology which were hidden even to such a man, precisely because out of an inherited sense of a special right of breeding, she placed herself outside the restriction of the conventional.

Even her clothes proclaimed the manner of the person she was. In an unworldly society such as that which surrounded Jung, no-one paid undue regard to style and indulgence in dress. Toni Wolff was always a notable exception for she was always fastidiously dressed. She carried herself with natural elegance, had a formidable intelligence, and a general air of being something select and special. Even the bone beneath the skin of a fine, distinctively modelled face seemed to be of an unusual precision and delicacy. I myself remember above all her wide dark eyes. I thought when I first met her that they were eyes capable of seeing in the dark.

Great as Toni Wolff's services were in the conscious orchestration of Jung's psychological themes, I do not think they can compare with the service she rendered Jung in an inner way. I, for one, believe the world, on this account, owes her a gratitude which no-one yet has attempted to assess, let alone openly express. She was so singularly qualified for this purpose because she had come to Jung originally as a patient. Few know what was his diagnosis of her condition. All one is permitted to say is that it must have been affliction of stresses proportionate to the meaning that came out of it. That presupposes something considerable. As a result, at the moment when Jung decided to "let himself drop", she was the only person capable of understanding, out of her own experience and transfiguration, what Jung was taking upon himself. This world of the unconscious which he was entering as a man, she had already inhabited and endured as a woman. Thanks to Jung's guidance she had re-emerged, an enlarged and reintegrated personality.

Already for some years she had accompanied Jung and Emma as an honoured colleague to all sorts of psychological conferences, and was a co-delegate to the famous conference with Freud and his followers in 1911, the first of its kind ever to be held. In the official photograph taken of the occasion she is conspicuous among the other participants, staring wide-eyed with a wondering and totally un-preconceived glance at the camera.

As a person whose thinking and intuitive functions were her superior attributes, she appears the one person in the group to look almost overwhelmed by the importance of the breakthrough into a new level of human awareness to which the occasion testifies. Yet she was so innocent of the exacting role which was to be imposed on her later that one is strangely moved on her account. I say "exacting" but can hardly avoid adding adjectives like "harsh" and "cruel" because I believe that she suffered much. She was by nature too proud to complain. In any case she found reward enough in the meaning she had gained in being Jung's most intimate companion and guide during those long, protracted years of his critical, and at times, psychologically speaking, dangerous moments of his encounter with the "blind Salome forces" of his collective unconscious. But the dignity and willingness with which she accepted this role and the apparent ease with which she ignored the envy of a world jealous of her special relationship with Jung should not be allowed to disguise the staggering burdens it all imposed upon her.

I have known men and women who were hosts to Jung and Toni

Wolff when they travelled on psychological missions outside Switzerland. They spoke, sometimes, of their dismay when they surprised Toni Wolff, in the intimacy of their homes, repeatedly in the grip of great and demonstrable distress. I doubt whether any man is capable of a full comprehension of what she was called on to endure, let alone measure her achievement. I have a feeling that to do her justice in this regard it needs a woman aware of the burden of the projection of man's own blind and demanding feminine self which her sex has had to carry throughout the ages. Yet even a man can guess at the scale of both stress and achievement through the difficulties he himself encounters in being the subject of the projection of others. This ruthless mechanism of the projection of that which is rejected in a personality on to some other suitable and convenient human being demanded in the first instance (in a nature so profoundly introverted as that of Jung) an externalised form that would not give way under its weight. Indeed, it demanded a living personification in the world without sufficiently faithful and authoritative in its own right not to surrender to the forces that invested it; nor to disintegrate under doubt of the other being who could so use it.

Throughout these long years Toni Wolff stood fast, and in the process not only sustained the full weight of Jung's undiscovered feminine self, enabling him thereby to live it out through her into maturity. But inevitably she became, also, the vulnerable intermediary between himself and his embattled shadow. Both these burdens, of course, were proportionate to the man and the greatness of his seeking. When, years later, the time came when the projection could be withdrawn and received back with honour into Jung's awareness, and when the heavy problem of the shadow was firmly positioned between his own immeasurably broadened shoulders, it must have been a moment of almost miraculous resolution for them both.

Yet one wonders if at that moment of what appears to an outsider so great a victory for the human spirit, Toni Wolff did not find herself, as it were, to use one of the most sinister euphemisms of our day, suddenly redundant. She certainly would have been less than human had she not been tempted to feel so. But whatever problems she had, she accepted them as her own, and ready material with which she should look for work. Indeed, with the insight gained into her own nature and that of men through this close alliance in Jung's battle, she became self-employed with an effect greater than is already acknowledged, as will soon be evident when her last collected works and papers are published.

What she meant to Jung on that perilous journey can perhaps be summed up best by something he told me towards the end of his life. He was carving in stone, which had become his favourite visual medium, some sort of memorial of what Emma Jung and Toni Wolff had brought to his life. On the stone for his wife he was cutting a Chinese symbol meaning, "She was the foundation of my house". On the stone intended for Toni Wolff, who had died first, he wanted to inscribe another Chinese character to the effect that she "was the fragrance of the house". The imagery of meaning of this ancient Chinese ideogram is a direct visual expression and part of the symbolism of an element in the human spirit which informs it of what, though still far off and invisible, is inevitable and leads him towards it.

Finally and most conclusive of all, there is the testimony of Emma Jung herself. Just before she died she told a friend of mine close to both herself and her husband, "I shall always be grateful to Toni for doing for my husband what neither I nor anyone else could have done for him at a most critical time."

This gap, this silence then, is the guiding and the bridging that was Toni Wolff in Jung's hour of trial and peril. She was the significant outside aid that brought him to total emancipation from the negations personified by a "blind Salome". Now he was armed and prepared for his discovery in the most profound inner level of all of the rejections of the feminine of which even this man had been capable. This was specifically the rejection in the depth of woman's spirit of her own creative masculine element. This can be personified in the imagination as a "man". But it is as sexless in its intent as is this other feminine in man.

However honoured woman has been in history as mistress, wife and mother, Toni Wolff and Jung discovered together on this journey that there is no sustained period wherein woman had been acknowledged in this other, this "masculine" aspect of herself. This is a state beyond the recognition of her being and all the exacting biological and social duties to which she belongs. Beyond that, she exists at a deeper level, in order to create in her own right as man has always done. History remains unilluminated by any realisation that just as man has a feminine self through which he creates, woman has this masculine self (not to be confused with the man without), through whom she is equipped to make a contribution to life; not as wife or mother, but in her own unique right. What there is in history is ominous evidence of the failure of men to recognise and honour this aspect of woman's spirit. And a backlash of revenge over this ignorance produces woman's slanted and one-sided association with man.

There was the phenomenon of the Amazons in the myths and legends of Greece, and the fact that they were one of the forces with whom Jason had to come to terms before he could successfully accomplish his mission to retrieve the Golden Fleece; an image of life transformed and made whole. The Amazons were one of the earliest manifestations in the Western spirit of the phenomenon we know today as "Women's Liberation". And, of course, there was the Virgin Goddess, the huntress Diana, to provide a portentous image, serving notice on our imaginations of this urge in women to give birth also to a meaning peculiarly their own. But the hints were not taken up and the warning notices ignored.

All our yesterdays contrived to determine that when Jung set out on this journey, it was in a context of life where what woman personifies was twice rejected; first in the shape of the feminine in man; and then in her own masculine creative self. One of the most significant facts that Jung brought back from this journey was that man and woman are not merely a biological twosome joined through sex, to carry as best they can the burdens and mysteries of life. They are a foursome; the man and this feminine self personified by the Beatrices and Ariadnes of history and legend; the woman and a masculine self not yet accessible to understanding because, due to the heavy duties imposed on her by her own biological nature and her exploitation by man, she has not, up to now, been allowed, except vicariously, to articulate it for herself. Indeed, she became so much part of the machinery of her own rejection that she was largely unaware of it save in imageries that came unbidden to her spirit.

There is, for instance, such a hint in the pseudonym adopted by Olive Schreiner, in the writing of her first book about Africa. There the feminine in man has been most ruthlessly rejected, and this rejection is largely responsible for Africa's terrific miseries. Olive Schreiner called herself Ralph Iron, as if something in her knew that she was writing through a man in herself. It is a revelation of how only a spirit of iron could stand fast in this unproven masculine aspect of herself against the terrible and wholesale rejection of the feminine values in southern Africa, so movingly symbolised at the end of the book by the death of the boy who is its nearest approach to a hero. He died for no apparent reason in the light of a bright sun—that ultimate in human symbols for the masculine. Only the heart knows that what he represents had to die young in a world belonging so completely to all-powerful man as that of Olive Schreiner's. There is also the case of George Eliot, perhaps England's greatest woman novelist,