



Studies in Jungian Psychology by Jungian Analysts

JUNG at HEART



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INNER CITY BOOKS was founded in 1980 to promote the understanding and practical application of the work of C.G. Jung

JUNG UNCORKED—Book Three ***Rare Vintages from the Cellar of Analytical Psychology*** **—decanted with commentaries by Daryl Sharp— \$25**

Excerpt from chap. 3, “On the Doctrine of Complexes”

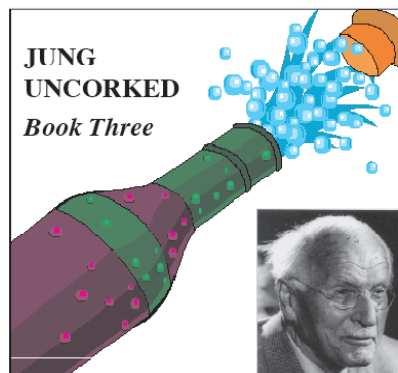
[Jung:] *My theoretical views on the neuroses and certain psychoses—especially dementia praecox [schizophrenia]—are founded upon the psychological outcome of the association experiment. These experiments are used for the demonstration of certain intellectual types, but I must here mention that an important point was formerly disregarded, namely, the disturbing influence of the experiment on the subject. Thus, in my practice of using a series of stimulus-words, and allowing the subject to react to them, that is to give answers to each word, the reactions often do not come with equal smoothness, but*

very irregularly, or with lengthened intervals; or there appear other disturbances such as repetitions of the stimulus-word, slips of the tongue, several reaction-words instead of one, etc. . .

*However, I have now given special attention to these disturbances. Noting at which stimulus-words they occur, we find that it is principally where a stimulus-word refers to a personal matter, which, as a rule, is of a distressing nature. Often the relation between the two is not clear at first glance, but is rather of a “symbolic” character; it is in fact an “allusion.” Usually there are only a few personal matters to which the disturbances of the experiment refer. [I] have introduced for this “personal matter” the term **complex**, because such a “personal matter” is always a collection of various ideas, held together by an emotional tone common to all.*

[Sharp:] After close attention to Jung’s work on the Association Experiment and much painful or joyful experience of my own, I have become convinced that autonomous complexes are the answer to not only what drives us and dictates our personal behavior patterns, but also to what shapes our collective history. Nor are complexes—other than

Rare Vintages from the Cellar
of Analytical Psychology



Decanted with Commentaries by DARYL SHARP

when they manifest in extreme form as schizophrenia or other psychoses—the proper concern of medical psychiatry with its basket of pills and surgical procedures. Rather, in neuroses, complexes are psychological in nature and therefore amenable to exploration by a depth analytical approach, which came into being precisely to assess and deal with the psyche of the whole person, not only his or her patently disturbing symptoms.

This will come as no surprise to anyone who has delved more than superficially into Jung’s work and become aware of the power of a complex in his or her own life. Many have learned, to their loss or gain, that Jung’s concise admonition, “Everyone knows nowadays that people have complexes. What is not so well known . . . is that *complexes can have us*,” is more than empty rhetoric.

Consider the common occurrence
cont. on page 2 >>>

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Analyst-author Daryl Sharp

JUNG UNCORKED, Book Three

“On the Doctrine of Complexes” (excerpt, cont.)

“Complexes are normal and present in everyone. They are the building blocks of the personality. We cannot get rid of them.”

of meeting someone at a party with a “bee in his bonnet.” You can be sure that behind the buzzing is a complex. A person in the grip of a complex can talk your head off about fishing, music, stamp-collecting, fitness, yoga, psychology, politics, anything, and never wonder if you are at all interested.

Of course, those are relatively benign manifestations of complexes. More seriously, on a personal level, they are at the root of any and all conflicts, marriages, separations, relationship difficulties of all kinds, not to mention murder, suicide and much more; collectively they spawn wars and every manner of political and religious internecine strife. I would not claim them as the cause of drought, floods, SARS, AIDS, bird flu, earthquakes, or other natural disasters, but I believe they are behind pretty much everything else, from acne to zephyritis (wind in the head; i.e., windbag), from the Spanish Inquisition to the Holocaust, and especially man-made calamities such as global warming, which is arguably due to, or worsened by, a collective energy complex.

This essay by Jung is merely a brief summary/reminder of his extensive research detailed in many other essays presented in this volume of his Collected Works. Although at this point in his psychiatric career he was still a close adherent of Freud’s general views of the unconscious, Jung’s work in developing his concept of the complex is refreshingly clear of

Freud’s dogmatic, reductive claim that neurosis and neurotic symptoms are a consequence of repressed childhood sexual wishes and fantasies. Jung did not deny the profound importance of sexuality in the overall dynamics of the psyche. What he questioned was the exclusively biological interpretation of sexuality that neglects its spiritual dimension.

Jung did not dispute Freudian theory that Oedipal fixations can manifest as neurosis in later life. He agreed that certain periods in life, and particularly infancy, often have a permanent and determining influence on the personality. He simply pointed out that this was an insufficient explanation for those cases in which there was no trace of neurosis until the time of the breakdown:

If the fixation were indeed real [i.e., the primary cause] we should expect to find its influence constant; in other words, a neurosis lasting throughout life. This is obviously not the case. The psychological determination of a neurosis is only partly due to an early infantile predisposition; it must be due to some cause in the present as well. And if we carefully examine the kind of infantile fantasies and occurrences to which the neurotic is attached, we shall be obliged to agree that there is nothing in them that is specifically neurotic. Normal individuals have pretty much the same inner and outer experiences, and may be attached to them to an astonishing degree without developing a neurosis.

I will have more to say about neurosis later, but now it seems prudent to remind you of the essence of complexes.

Complexes are normal and present in everyone. There is no life without them because complexes are the building blocks of the personality, just as atoms and molecules are the invisible components of physical objects. We cannot get rid of complexes. The most we can do is become aware of how we are influenced by them and how they interfere with our conscious intentions. When we understand them, their power to affect us is reduced. They do not disappear but over time, with sufficient attention, their grip may loosen.

Complexes comprise our history and individual identity. They are essentially feeling-toned ideas that over the years accumulate around certain images such as “mother,” “father,” “money,” “power,” and so on, including sports and hobbies. Jung showed that complexes have an archetypal core, which means that behind emotional associations with the personal mother, say, there is the archetype of the mother—an age-old collective image, or imago, spanning the opposites, from nourishment and security (so-called positive mother) to neglect and devouring possessiveness (negative mother).

Jung saw complexes as islands of consciousness split off from the ego-mainland. This is a useful metaphor. When you’re emotional, caught in a complex, it’s as if you’re cut off from rational ego resources; the complex rules the personality for as long as you stay on the island. When the storm dies down you swim ashore and lick your wounds. Writes Jung:

Especially in those states where the complex temporarily replaces the ego, we see that a strong complex possesses all the characteristics of a separate personality. We

cont. on page 3 >>>

JUNG UNCORKED, Book Three

“On the Doctrine of Complexes” (excerpt, cont.)

“Individuation requires insight, endurance and action.”

are, therefore, justified in regarding a complex as somewhat like a small secondary mind, which deliberately (though unknown to consciousness) drives at certain intentions which are contrary to the conscious intentions of the individual. . . . I may say here that the superstition held by all races that hysterical and insane persons are “possessed” by demons is right in conception. These patients have, in fact, autonomous complexes, which at times completely destroy the self-control. The superstition is therefore justified, inasmuch as it denotes “possession,” because the complexes behave quite independently of the ego, and force upon it a quasi-foreign will.

Complexes have generally had a bad press, but they are not all “bad.” They can be a joy and a comfort—like a hobby or an attachment to another person—but alas, too often they are just the opposite. For instance, a ubiquitous manifestation of complexes is opinions. Opinions are as common as potatoes. Everyone has his or her own collection of potatoes, and some



C.G. Jung, age 75

of them are very hot. We may even confuse our opinions, which is to say our complexes, with objective truth. I believe such and such, therefore it must be true and anyone who doesn't agree is either stupid or perverse. What is more, we tend to identify with our opinions and to feel threatened by those who don't share them.

Some seventy years ago, the American humorist James Thurber wrote a short story entitled “The Breaking-Up of the Winships.” It is about a married couple, Gordon and Marcia Winship, happily married until they come to verbal blows and eventually split up because she claims that Greta Garbo is the greatest actor who ever lived, while he insists the greatest is Donald Duck. Neither will back down. Both are complexed and quite irrational. It is a delightful little sketch and a dramatic illustration of the acrimony that can result and escalate when one is possessed by a complex.

That is an example of an archetypal motif often played out on a personal level, as illustrated by the following dream recently brought to me:

I am arguing with my wife. She says Harrison Ford is the most attractive movie star. I am adamant that Samuel L. Jackson is the most handsome. And women? She says Susan Sarandon, I say Julia Roberts. We laugh and giggle and throw pillows at each other. We end up on the floor making love.

Contrary to the Winships, my client and his mate have apparently done some work on themselves and have a handle on the phenomena of complexes and projection. Unconscious people hurl brickbats, lamps and knives, not pillows. At least that could be an under-

standing of the dream on an objective level, according to the couple's reality. But even on a subjective level, it would appear that the dreamer has a good relationship with his inner woman.

How is one to deal with complexes, depotentiate them? Well, the best way I know is to personify them—give them a voice and even a name. Then have a dialogue, just as if you were speaking with a real person. It may sound like a crazy idea—so it's best done in private—but the purpose in doing this is to get some distance from the complex so you don't identify with it and are less apt to be possessed by it.

Here is an edifying exercise. Instead of counting sheep to fall asleep, see how many complexes of yours you can call by name. When you become comfortable doing this, you might take the next step: ask them what they have to say. This is a step in the direction of what Jung called active imagination, which I explored at some length in Books One and Two of this series.

Jung said that the *opus* (individuation) requires “insight, endurance and action.” I am a great fan of that mantra and have quoted it often. Only at this point in my life I am inclined to add heart, Eros, to the list. Many of us have insights and persevere, but balk at the prospect of taking action—which in mundane terms may mean standing up to one's boss or one's mate, or simply being steadfast in the face of collective nay-sayers. And Eros, embracing both compassion for others and self-esteem, is symptomatic of soul. We may earn our daily bread with Logos, but it is indigestible without Eros.

“Aw's a muddle,” whined Stephen Blackpool in Dickens's *Hard Times*, and now, some 250 years on, it hasn't gotten much better. #

“Sharp is able to put complex ideas into words and real-life situations that laymen can understand. It is a rare ability.”

—Robertson Davies, author of *Fifth Business* and *The Cunning Man*.

BODY AND SOUL: *The Other Side of Illness*

Excerpts from the new edition of **BODY AND SOUL** by Albert Kreinheder
(title 124, 128 pp., \$25)

Foreword to the 2nd edition, by Gilda Frantz, Jungian analyst, Los Angeles.

“I could have wished for nothing better than a real, live guru,” wrote Jung, “someone possessing superior knowledge and ability, who would have disentangled for me the involuntary creations of my imagination. This task was undertaken by the figure of Philemon, whom in this respect was my guide. And the fact was that he conveyed to me many an illuminating idea.

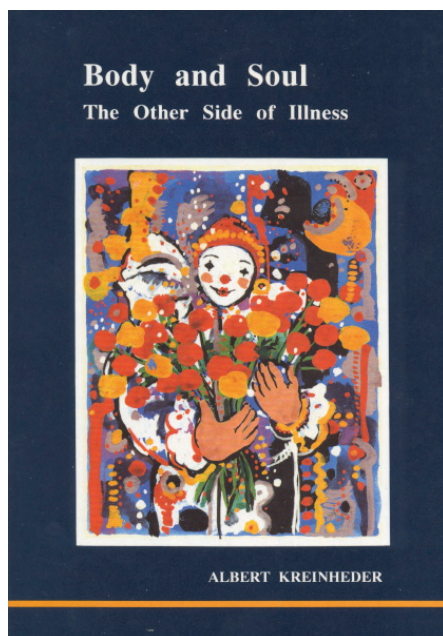
“More than fifteen years later a highly cultivated elderly Indian visited me, a friend of Gandhi’s, and we talked about Indian education—in particular, about the relationship between guru and chela. I hesitantly asked him whether he could tell me anything about the person and character of his own guru, whereupon he replied in a matter-of-fact tone, “Oh, yes, he was Shankaracharya.”

Jung knew immediately that the man he mentioned was the commentator on the Vedas who died centuries ago and his guest confirmed this. Jung asked him if he was referring to a spirit and his guest answered that while most people have living gurus, there were some who have a spirit for their teacher.

Through his inner guide Jung’s Indian friend was given the key to esoteric wisdom. And so was Albert Kreinheder.

Albert’s guide was the spirit of my late husband, Kieffer Evans Frantz.

Though Kreinheder was a teacher and colleague of mine during my years of training at the C.G. Jung Institute of Los Angeles, when I first met him in the 50s he was a student of Jungian psychology and I was married to his teacher, Kieffer Frantz. Years later, after the death of Kieffer, and not long after I had become an analyst, I received a call from Al asking if we could meet for dinner. He said he wanted to discuss something of importance. I couldn’t imagine what it could be and with curiosity arranged a meeting.



Over dinner I learned he wanted to use my late husband’s name in something he had written and wouldn’t do this without my permission. Without any hesitation I agreed, and then he told me that Kieffer was his spirit guide and he had an important dream in which “Kieffer” gave him a coat of many colors. I told him that the Kieffer he was speaking of wasn’t “my” Kieffer, it was his Kieffer and Al was free to use his name as he wished.

In the years that have passed since the first edition of *Body and Soul*, I have never failed to make reference to this wonderful and helpful book both in lectures and articles. Those of you who hold this little book in your hands are about to enter the world of body and soul, to really experience what healing is all about and possibly find a way to contact your own spirit guide. If you are suffering in any way you will find a key to relating to the pain and allowing another kind of meaning to penetrate your heart. I know many who have had this experience through reading this book, as have I.

Prepare for a remarkable experience with a talented and generous teacher.

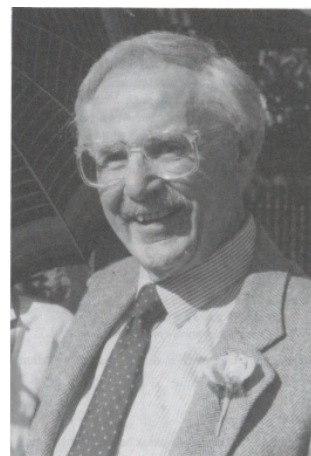
AN APPRECIATION

Body and Soul was written in a condition of clarity and openness to multiple realms of life and experience. The text lives. It has an ineffable quality that places it beyond the realms of intellectual analysis. It is rich, complex yet simple.

It gives explanation as well as gentle instruction—explanation of the relationship between body and soul, and the effect of this relationship on healing; it gives examples of how people have worked with their physical illnesses to find the underlying archetypal core where the healing energy resides; and it gives instruction regarding the possible ways of accessing this energy.

This book was written by a man who learned to see into the depths and was able to keep his vision clear as he approached his own death, which occurred six months after he completed the manuscript. *Body and Soul* is a rare jewel.

—Margaret Eileen Meredith, Jungian analyst, Toronto, Canada, author of *The Secret Garden* (title 111).



Albert Kreinheder, 1913-1990

Chapter 1 The Day the Cat Died

The story begins with Willie, and Willie is a cat. He's grey like a dark cloud and tiger striped. He loves me. In a non-complicated, matter-of-fact way, like "Of course I love you. Whoever thought differently?" But that's all past tense now.

He was part of the family. There was Linda (my wife), Michael (stepson, age 10), myself and Willie. We were his pride of lions. He lay on the bed with us, our television-watching bed. Purr. Purr. Or he walked over us at his pleasure.

I also have a wider community, though pretty narrowed now because of this age thing. The doctors are part of it, my personal HMO. They monitor my body month by month and tell me how to take care of it. There was a small growth at the groin, probably a fatty cyst, said Dr. Mosky. "Nothing at all really, but let's get it out and see for sure."

They got me onto my back in the hospital, and Dr. Kukenbecker, the surgeon, was digging into my groin. Why was it taking so long? Slowly, carefully, bit by bit. Then into a bottle and down to the lab. He was still sewing me up when the lab report came back.

It was melanoma, he said—in a monotone, as if he was reciting the rosary. I knew what melanoma was, but not exactly at that moment. Not until the next day did I recall that melanoma was cancer, and a very serious kind, especially when it has advanced to the lymph node. That was the situation—melanoma, lymph node, left groin.

It was necessary, Dr. K. said, to find the origin, the primary site. It starts somewhere and then advances to the lymph node. Nothing was visible on the skin surfaces, so a real operation was in order. Exploratory surgery. A six-inch incision linking up with my old hernia scar, going into the peritoneum to the deeper arteries and lymph nodes, the whole pelvic landscape.

Dr. Kukenbecker is six feet three and weighs 240 pounds. He inspires both confidence and fear. Anyone that substantial must be twice as mature and sensible as I am. But how can he probe delicately with those big fingers into the most sensitive cavity of my body?

BODY AND SOUL—Excerpts

I had a community—Dr. Mosky, Dr. Harwitt, Dr. Klein and Dr. Kukenbecker. And also Linda and Michael and Willie. Dear Willie, I loved him so. He was like God himself, his paws on my face, licking my hands, clawing me playfully.

Two hours after the big surgical event I was lying on the hospital bed, still splattered and stunned by the six-inch hole in my belly. The phone rang, and reaching for it, I felt as if my groin was splitting open all over again.

"We've got a family problem." It was Linda. "Willie's dead," she said. "The lady next door found him and came over sobbing." She had just lost her husband a month ago, and now this.

"I buried him," Linda said, "got a shovel out of the garage and buried him. And now Michael's crying, wants me to dig Willie up so he can hold him. I don't know what to do. I found Michael covered with dirt, clawing the ground, trying to find Willie."

Well, she had to dig him up anyway because the Animal Control people told her that it's against the law to bury animals. "Put him in a plastic bag out on the curb, and we'll pick him up." So she put him at the curb in a black bag with a big paper label that said, "Dead Cat."

While she was telling me all this, Dr. Kukenbecker came into my hospital room. Always the same tone. Good news, bad news, just the facts. "There's nothing back there" (in the pelvic cavity), he said. "It's all normal. And your arteries look good too, no arteriosclerosis. You can go home this afternoon."

I no longer see life as strictly rational, and I am coming to believe that many of life's events are fated, happening according to the dream of some whimsical god. It was not strange therefore for me to murmur to myself, "Oh my God, here I am alive, and Willie's dead." And further: "I'm alive because Willie's dead. He died so I could live."

Somebody in the community had to go, and Willie was chosen. He was the greatest soul of all of us. There's not a great deal that Willie was able to do. Even though he always seemed like God incar-

nate with infinite instinctual wisdom, he didn't have much clout in a purely practical sense. But he did spread an ambiance of contentment over the whole family. And he knew how to die. I'm alive because he's dead. That's the way I understand it. That is my perception, and my perceptions are what I live by.

We are moving into a new house, and Michael has requested a Willie-colored carpet for his bedroom.

I do feel now that it is really something special for me to be alive. Perhaps I'm still here because of some important thing I need to do. Just what I don't know. But my not knowing has no trace of doubt or confusion.

Perhaps it is to do this writing. Writing is difficult, yet it has become for me a way to emotional health. In that deep concentration with the computer screen before my face, I am drawn into another world. I am myself in a more special way, straining only to be myself in as pure a form as possible. It is another reality, a reality where I feel whole and new again. As long as I go on writing, I believe that I shall keep on living. But if I stop, if I lose connection to that healing reality, I fear my days will be numbered.

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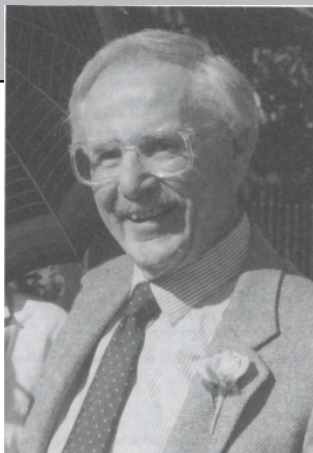
Chapter 4 Healing is a Miracle

So the cat died, and the cancer went away, and it hasn't come back. Not yet at least. And I feel as if I am living in a state of childlike wonder. I like it that way. It feels good. There is no tension, and I don't feel sick at all. I am the child I used to be. I've sloughed off a lot of responsibility. The world goes on somehow without my directing it. The air caresses me, and my energy expands into my surroundings.

It's all because I became a child again. To think like a child, to move like a child, to believe like a child. Recently I cut my finger. It was bleeding and stinging with pain, but now one week later it is all new again. Healing is a miracle. Life itself is a miracle, the rose emerging from seed and

cont. on page 6 >>>

Body and Soul—excerpts



bud, the cocoon giving forth a butterfly.

For healing we must think miracle. Everything in heaven and earth affects me and is affected by me. When we stand apart and look at life, analyzing it, separating it into discrete pieces, we cut ourselves off from life and we damage a vital link in the chain of being. From our detached viewpoint we conclude that A causes B, and we think we understand. We think we have knowledge. But this kind of understanding is actually the beginning of chaos because it is a false knowledge that makes us feel superior to the rose and superior to the butterfly. In our sophistication we have lost the fundamental basis of wisdom. We have lost the attitude of wonder. And we have lost an appreciation of the miracle of life.

Somehow we feel safer if we can think the world into a rational mechanical mold. Then we no longer gasp with awe at the wonders surrounding us. That's the split. Humdrum, plodding, stepwise, a cautious mind with tunnel vision, sadly unrelated to the infinite riches all around. When the consciousness is dead and lifeless, afraid of imagination, afraid of impulse, afraid of instinct, then these closed attitudes restrict the body and also hinder the healing process.

Sickness, when it comes, impresses one with the inevitability of death. Then comes a vision of one's own lifeless body. Contemplating the inert deadness of death makes us realize that in us and around us on every side is this astonishing miracle of life. How beautiful the world is! How wistfully we realize that soon we will no longer enjoy these wonders, and the life spirit will be gone from the body forever.

So it is that sickness and the accom-

panying thoughts of death may expand our mood toward the larger universe and de-emphasize everyday concerns. By awakening us to the reality of the sacred dimension, sickness acts to promote salvation and the healing of the soul.

Ordinarily our consciousness is limited, full of facts and things, walled off from the full miracle and the full splendor of life and therefore not closely in tune with the healing power.

That "other world" that we call the archetypal or the sacred dimension seems to be wholly other than our personal ego self. It is not "part of me" or "my unconscious." It is the unconscious. It is nonpersonal or suprapersonal. When we confront it, when it touches us, we feel ourselves to be in the presence of the divine. We are surprised, frightened, awed, as if we have met something uncanny and miraculous. I felt that way when Willie died, as if my life had been touched by the hand of fate.

It is this event, the meeting of the human and the divine, that makes miracle cures possible. It is not enough to have the healing energy in you. It is always there. But it is very important to actually perceive its physical presence.

Unless the conscious meeting takes place, the healing process does not reach its full potential. We are reminded of Faust to whom the spirits said, "We were always here, but you did not see us." Or of Jesus who lamented, "I came among you, but you knew me not."

Plato has said that whenever anyone has an experience of original beauty (an archetypal experience), it causes the feathers to sprout. As he explained, in the olden days the soul was known to be feathered, and the goose bumps that arise on the skin are the sprouting of the feathers of the soul.

Even today, whenever we cross paths with some presence from that other world, we feel a chill, a warmth, a creeping of the flesh, as the feathers begin to sprout.

When the archetypal energies touch our awareness, it is a meeting of the sacred and the profane. And it is both a psychic and a physical experience, not just in

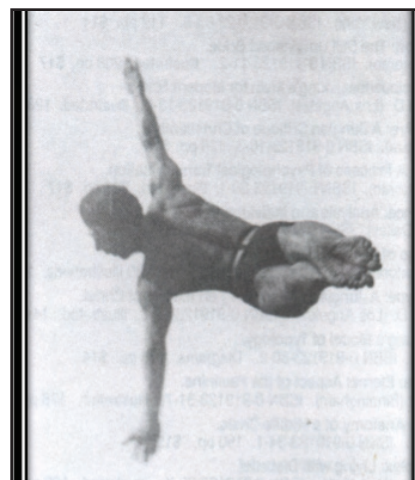
the mind, but also with definite feather-sprouting sensations in the body. These bodily sensations may at first be somewhat disturbing, but as one grows more trusting of the "totally other," they can become positively ecstatic.

A stream of fire runs through the body, healing the ills in every area it enters. It is like an instant surge of health. It is a momentary union of body and soul. When it happens, you feel whole, at one, and healed of your ills. Ideally this meeting of sacred and profane happens on a daily basis. However, it is not accomplished by perfunctory rituals, not by faithful journal writing, not by daily meditation nor rote prayers to the Virgin Mary (though such things may help, who knows?). All we understand is that when it happens, we know. Because then the feathers sprout. There is beauty, and there is truth. "That is all ye know and all ye need to know."

When the opposites touch, a tremendous energy is released. Miracles of healing are then possible, and astonishing disturbances, both good and bad, will then occur. So however effective and necessary the traditional remedies may be, such as rest and diet and care and medication, there is no intervention with effects as dramatic as what may happen when mind meets body, when ego meets archetype, to create soul. #

*I leave this world as naked as I came,
but an unseen garment holds me
that I hope shall follow it to another.*

—Al Kreinheder, 1913-1990



Edward F. Edinger explicates the Psalms

The Sacred Psyche: A Psychological Approach to the Psalms

(title 108, 160pp., 22 illustrations, sewn, index, \$25)

Reviewed by Ann Walker for *Psychological Perspectives*, 2007

I had a dream that there was an amazing low tide at one of my favorite beaches:

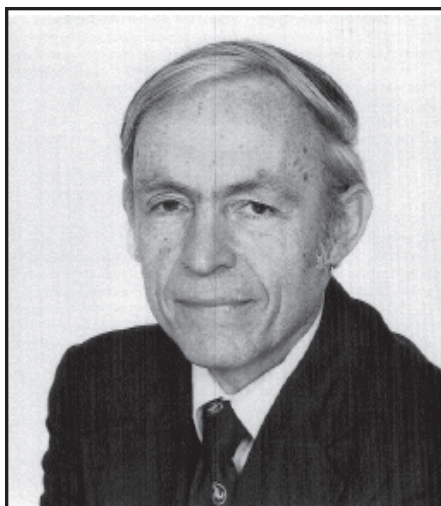
The ocean pulled back over a mile, exposing parts of the ocean never before revealed to the world we inhabit. I walked far out on to the ocean floor, and at the farthest point I found huge rocks, with wonderful gems hidden underneath.

The Sacred Psyche is Edward Edinger's analysis of the huge rocks from my dream at the farthest recesses of the unconscious, illuminating the wonderful gems within.

In *The Sacred Psyche*, Edinger analyzes fifteen Psalms. The Psalms form a unique part of the foundation deep inside the Western psyche. The Judeo-Christian traditions no longer contain the Self, and Edinger describes his work as extracting and rescuing precious gems from our traditions that have lost their numinosity. It is arduous work lifting those huge stones, and this small book must be read slowly and digested. As Edinger states,

The Psalms are this wonderful tapestry with threads that extend over a millennium or more, a beautiful image of how the collective psyche reveals itself through the minds of countless individuals over time. And today, we see how that panorama of interwoven imagery applies to the psyche as we are privileged to study it in modern times.

The Sacred Psyche is based on two



Edward F. Edinger (1922-1998)

seminars given by Edinger in 1983 at the Jung Institute in San Francisco and in 1984 at the Centerpoint Conference. Joan Blackmer has beautifully and meticulously edited *The Sacred Psyche*, elaborating the presentations from Edinger's notes. She points out that it is the seventh book by Edinger in which he analyzes the symbolic meanings within the Judeo-Christian works. Edinger warns that those who are contained in the Judeo-Christian traditions should not undertake Jungian analysis, but instead rely on the healing power of their living traditions. For the rest of us, *The Sacred Psyche* is an indispensable guide.

In *The Sacred Psyche*, Edinger further explores the ego-Self relationship. The ego's sense of reciprocal knowing and being known by the Self forms the foundation of our life. Several Psalms (63, 69, 130) focus on the first experiences of the Self. Usually, the ego is alienated from the Self because when the ego first encounters the Self, the ego is overwhelmed and rebels against yielding to the authority of the Self. Phobias can develop from this experience. Phobias arise when one is startled, often as a child, by too intense an experience of the Self, an experience so intense that the ego cannot integrate it, producing a phobia.

In *The Sacred Psyche*, Edinger explores further how man is the instrument for the transformation of the Self, which incarnates through man and transforms in the conscious relationship between the Self and ego. One particularly moving section is Edinger's interpretation of Psalm 51. According to legend, King David was the author of all the Psalms and Psalm 51 refers to King David's relationship with Bathsheba. King David saw Bathsheba bathing from his rooftop and fell in love with her, mesmerized by her beauty. She was married to one of his army officers, Uriah. King David arranged for Uriah to be killed by sending him to a dangerous battlefield, instructing the soldiers to abandon Uriah in battle.

King David then married Bathsheba. Edinger points out that King David represents the ego, Bathsheba the anima, and Uriah the shadow. The ego cannot relate to the anima without going through the shadow, but who among us wouldn't prefer to kill off the shadow, if it were possible? According to a legend, King David was set up to fall in love with Bathsheba by Satan. Thus, the ego was goaded into a crime of passion incited by wicked encouragement from the primordial Self. Edinger interprets Psalm 51 to reveal how the self is transformed through the ego taking conscious responsibility for the ego's behavior, even if provoked into a crime of passion by the dark side of the Self. King David confesses, consciously reveals his crime, accepts his guilt and repents. His suffering and sorrow is transformative to the Self. The ego consciously taking responsibility for its behavior and accepting guilt and suffering for its actions is transformative to the Self.

The Sacred Psyche speaks intensely, emotionally, connecting us to the living waters of the psyche. It is part of the incredible, luminous legacy that Edward Edinger generously left us. It is a book to be savored, read and re-read often. #

— ALSO BY EDINGER —

THE CREATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Jung's Myth for Modern Man
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The Survival Papers
Anatomy of a Midlife Crisis



Daryl Sharp

Growing up through falling apart

The Survival Papers: Anatomy of a Midlife Crisis (title 35, 160pp., \$25), and *Dear Gladys: The Survival Papers, Book 2* (title 37, 144pp., \$25), reviewed by Roy MacSkimming in *The Toronto Star*, August 1989

To discover what Jung was driving at, we can plough through all twenty volumes of the Princeton University Press edition of his collected works—a heavy trip indeed—or we can read *The Survival Papers*.

In these two short but extraordinarily pithy volumes, Daryl Sharp has fashioned an introduction to Jung's thought that is infinitely fresher and more readable than a conventional beginner's guide.

Sharp brings Jung's ideas into limpid and meaningful focus by showing them at work in the successful treatment of a specific midlife crisis. The patient: a fictionalized but fairly typical guy called Norman, who arrives one day in Sharp's consulting room so distraught he immediately spills tea on his pants.

Norman is married to Nancy. Norman sincerely believes he and Nancy have a good marriage, a solid middle-class family life. He can't conceive of existence without her and the kids. So why is he falling part—"on his knees," as Sharp puts it?

The only encouraging thing about

Norman's dilemma is that he's asking that very question. According to *The Survival Papers*, hitting a midlife crisis is as normal as apple pie and potentially a lot healthier, for it provides the stimulus to find meaning in what would otherwise be pointless suffering. Surviving the crisis is a matter of asking the right questions.

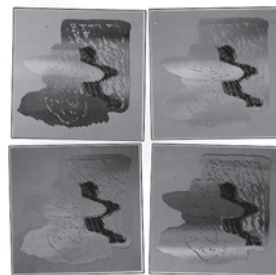
Norman is stuck in a serious conflict between his illusions and his reality. He loves Nancy, idealizes their romantic past. Yet in the here and now, she's cold and dismissive toward him, while keeping him on the hook emotionally. She babies him and has a lover on the side. Norman has lovers too, mostly on his sales trips away from home, but they mean little compared to his obsession with what Nancy thinks and feels about him. He lets her define his worth, submitting helplessly to the rewards and punishments she metes out. No wonder he's miserable.

It's tempting to dismiss Norman as a spineless yuppie wimp, not worthy of a walk-on in *thirtysomething*. But Sharp won't let us get away with such condescension. Even Norman is capable of growing up. With the aid of his dreams, those messengers from the unconscious, he can get beyond his persona, meet his anima, shake hands with his shadow, withdraw his projections, do battle with his mother complex and accomplish all the other tasks on the hero's journey. Poor old Norman, after all, is Everyman.

Sometimes, though, we fear he won't pull through. The highs and lows of Norman's journey toward individuation are the stuff of drama, his territorial gains and retreats on the battlefield of self-knowledge a form of trench warfare against an invisible and cunning enemy.

Sharp wears his learning lightly and with self-deprecating humor. To illustrate the personality type that Jung called intuitive, for instance, and simultaneously to show the difference between introversion and extraversion, Sharp gives us this

DEAR GLADYS
The Survival Papers
BOOK 2



DARYL SHARP

description of his friend Arnold:

"Arnold is always coming up with something new. The Arnolds of this world, if introverted, build better mousetraps. As extraverts, they sell them to cats."

In following Norman's process, Sharp succeeds marvelously in doing something few of his psychoanalytic colleagues would care or dare to: demystifying the profession. He readily admits he doesn't have all the answers for Norman and only serves as a guide in suggesting where to look for them. By acknowledging his own humanity—frankly identifying with Norman's traumas, because he's been there too—Sharp undercuts the awe in which people hold their therapists.

The next challenge for Sharp is to tell the story from Nancy's point of view, in a volume as provocative, absorbing and helpful as *The Survival Papers*. #

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