



Studies in Jungian Psychology by Jungian Analysts

JUNG at HEART



Number 45

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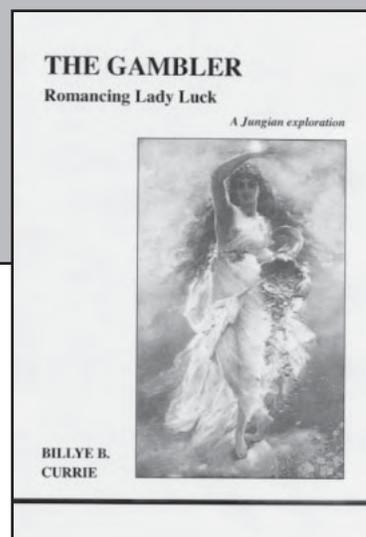
Winter/Spring 2007

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

New title by Billye B. Currie

THE GAMBLER: Romancing Lady Luck

Excerpt from the introduction (title 118, 128 pp., \$25)



My interest in the gambler is quite personal and filled with emotional intensity. There is the gut-wrenching sadness that strikes when my ten-year-old client tells the story of her mom's descent into the depths of gambling pathology—the end of the family, as she knows it, and the beginning of the monster dreams that strike fear in her. There is the excitement tinged with trepidation as I watch my daughter confidently place three black chips on the line. There is her sickening surge of defeat when she loses, and the exhilarating flight to ecstasy when she wins. There is the unmitigated arrogance of the loud, obnoxious winner at the craps table—and his equally obnoxious, obscenity-laden monologue when he turns tail and leaves the loser. There is the omnipresent hope of turning the winner into a bigger winner, and the loser into a winner. There is the courage for the coward to go for the big one. Seduction seethes through the sights and sounds of the casino.

Lady Luck holds the dice. The winner

walks with the gods, a dangerous walk indeed.

And yet, as I become weary of my daily tasks, as my puella (“eternal girl”) seeks to soothe my loneliness and experience some excitement, I may find myself heading for the nearest casino, sixty miles away. As I drive, I wonder about my trip back home: Will I laugh about the day's experiences? Will I have money in my wallet? Could I return a millionaire? What will I play? Will I enjoy the people? There is the inner excitement of taking a chance and not knowing the outcome. As I imagine the win; my body shivers with excitement. My own journey, it seems, must include a dance with this intensity, and thus a conscious effort to track the archetypal patterns that form the basis of the gambler's energy. In this work I shall explore the archetypal foundations of both the gambler and the game, following the thread of intensity—from titillating play to terrifying pathology—as it makes its way through history and into our individual lives.

The following story may bring to life the kind of intensity I have experienced.

It was my twenty-first birthday. The year was 1957. My husband Dan, a charming man of landed gentry, had surprised me with a trip to Las Vegas. He had arranged for my mother to keep our baby and we were off. Now I knew my husband was a country-club gambler. He played poker and gin rummy, bet on ballgames and golf, and his nickname was “Big Stack.” The name referred to the stack of poker chips he usually had as a player. None of this seemed

unreasonable to me. I was a competitive person myself in golf, tennis and duplicate bridge; but I had never “really” gambled.

The casino was exciting and I watched Dan shoot craps until he hit a losing streak, gave me a black (\$100) chip, and told me to get lost. I was bad luck. The casino was noisy with fast-moving action everywhere; I felt intimidated. I didn't know how to play the games so I went to our room. Twenty hours later, Dan came to the room with a man I had never seen before. His name was Joe. Dan told me to get my things together and go with Joe. I was to be the collateral for a loan because he had lost \$10,000, his entire casino credit line at that time, and Joe was going to loan him money to keep playing so he could win his money back. Dan's usually kind and gentle voice was nasty and demanding.

I think I was more confused and terrified than angry. I left without a fight. Joe was an older man and I imagine my mute terror and youthful appearance did not turn him on. In any event, he spoke kindly to me, told me not to be afraid and put me on a plane home.

I was much too ashamed and humiliated to tell others what had happened. #

— INSIDE —

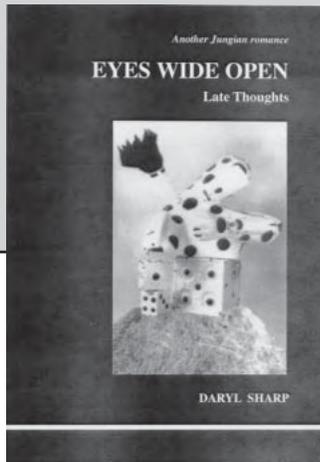
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Sharp's Jungian romances

Excerpt from the preface to *EYES WIDE OPEN: Late Thoughts*, by Daryl Sharp (title 117, 160pp., \$25), book 3 of *The SleepNot Trilogy*.

Funny how things happen. I was going through the manuscript for the previous book in this trilogy, *On Staying Awake*, editing it for the umpteenth time, changing a word here, a comma there, preparing page proofs for the printer, and just going to bed after listening to Eva Cassidy rip her heart out singing *Sunny Boy*, when I was struck by the futility of it all. I mean, "Why do I bother?" Writing is a mug's game. I can never say exactly what I mean, and I never know how it will be received. Well, vanity is a good part of it. As introverted as I claim to be, I still seek acceptance by my peers. And yes, as a matter of fact, I receive enough appreciation from them to keep me going.

So here I am again, trying to figure out who I am and what I'm here for. As a young writer I had the fantasy that one day I might say all that I thought and felt in one sentence, or at least in no more than a paragraph, but that was not to be. So I wrote books instead, which wasn't all bad, for in that process I learned many things about myself that would not have come to light otherwise. It didn't make me a lot of money, but what the hell, I became rich in eros.

I was thinking recently that for me, writing is a kind of disease, like Avian flu or SARS or that mad cow thing that recently spooked us all. And then I chanced upon an excerpt in *Time* magazine from a book entitled *Healthy Aging* by Andrew Weil, a medical doctor turning sixty. Along with the usual wise advice on nutrition and exercise and so on, he finally comes to speak of "spiritual health." In that context, he recommends that one write an "ethical will." Here is some of what he says:

One way to promote spiritual well-being is through the writing of an

ethical will. An ordinary will or last testament mainly concerns the disposition of your material possessions at death. An ethical will has to do with nonmaterial gifts: the values and life lessons that you wish to leave to others.

... No matter how old you are, it will make you take stock of your life experience and distill from it the values and wisdom you have gained. You can then put the document aside, read it over as the years pass and revise it from time to time as you see fit. It can be a wonderful gift to leave to your family at the end of your life, but I think its primary importance is what it can give you in the midst of life.

That sure gave me pause for thought. I did like the idea and I considered doing it—writing my own ethical will. But the prospect quite unnerved me. What would I put in it? How long would it be—a page, twenty pages, a hundred, a thousand? How would I find the time to write it? Moreover, knowing my limits, I had just turned down the opportunity to edit and publish *The Collected Works of Marie-Louise von Franz*, a truly monumental project.

My heart fell, and I choked another glass of Scotch with ice.

I was saved further angst by my inner lady, dear Rachel, who came through loud and clear: "Hey dummy, you've already done it."

Her words bemused me at first, but indeed, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that all the books I've written over the past twenty years or so are, in effect, an ethical will that has been updated/revised over time, time after time. I might even include those books by others that I have edited and published, but perhaps that would be a stretch and not really fair to their authors—but all the same, the content of all the books I've published was relevant and interesting to me at the time.

So, my children and their children and my readers in the wider world are already well aware of my values, disparate life

lessons and more. All that I have written and published is my gift to them, expiation for leaving Procter & Gamble, so to speak. As Jung says, when you forsake collective values and embark on the journey of individuation, you are obliged to give back something of value to assuage the guilt of your defection:

Individuation cuts one off from personal conformity and hence from collectivity. That is the guilt which the individuant leaves behind him for the world, that is the guilt he must endeavour to redeem. He must offer a ransom in place of himself, that is, he must bring forth values which are an equivalent substitute for his absence in the collective personal sphere. Without this production of values, final individuation is immoral.

And this book, mayhap my last, is yet another gift to them all, but mostly it is a gift to myself. I think of it as the third volume in the whimsically titled *SleepNot Trilogy*. Well, all told, it is simply another romance (or call it a conceit, why not) on the theme of trying to stay conscious. Like my other books, it is a bald-faced vehicle for explaining and promoting Jung's ideas about the psyche, interspersed with my own brand of mischief and comic relief, illustrated for the most part by my personal experience.

Now, strictly between you and me, I think it is fortunate that the books I write sell modestly. They don't win literary awards and don't appear on any list of best sellers. I am not consciously interested in fame and glory, but my rascal shadow sure is, and with just a little encouragement I bet he would take me into waters far too deep for my own good.

So let's just enjoy the journey. #

The SleepNot Trilogy

1. *Not the Big Sleep: On having fun, seriously* (title 112, 128pp., \$20)
2. *On Staying Awake: Getting older and bolder* (title 115, 128pp., \$20)
3. *Eyes Wide Open: Late Thoughts*

Another taste of *EYES WIDE OPEN: Late Thoughts*

An excerpt from the introduction, *What Next?* (See also below, page 8)

Book 3 of The SleepNot Trilogy

What could I write next to promote an understanding of Jung's work? How might I reach more people? What new format could I devise? And how much of myself should be included? These are big questions for me. In search of answers I am always more or less distracted, not to say obsessed. I can calm down while making love, but that's about it.

My mind goes back a few years to a lakeside cottage I had on Manitoulin Island in northern Ontario. I wrote several of my books there in the company of my dear dog Sunny, a Shepherd-Collie mix of advanced age. Here is some of what I came up with at that time.

My mind buzzed with possibilities, but that was nothing new since intuition had displaced sensation as my superior function. Over the past few months I had fastened on a number of ideas for a day or two, but none had taken hold. Some friends urged me to invent a Jungian detective who solves mysteries from psychological clues. I gave it the old college try, but my heart wasn't in it. Maybe my life is mystery enough for me.

Come to think of it, what was *Chicken Little* if not a *roman à clef*? Who would ever have known that Ms. Little personified an archetypal motif, or of her close psychological link with the Sumerian goddess Inanna, if I hadn't cleverly assembled the evidence and then revealed it in a stunning finale, just like Agatha Christie's Miss Marple or Hercule Poirot? It's true that I was as surprised as anyone, but I did write it.

I don't think of Jungian psychology as a religion, but I know I owe my life to it. Once upon a time I was on my knees. After a few years of analysis I could stand on two feet, more or less erect. That experience has colored my life. If someone were to ask, I'd be hard pressed to differentiate my single-minded zeal for Jung from the religious fervor that characterizes a born-again Christian, or any other evangelical for that matter. I'm not happy with this comparison, but that's the way it is.

Maybe I'd exhausted what I had to say about Jungian psychology. Maybe I should

close my practice and sell the book business, quit writing too—do something completely different. I could learn Swahili or go into politics. I could go around the world, see new places, meet new people, marry a man. I could open the lid on the Pandora's box of my un-lived life. Wouldn't that be fun?

Sunny licked my toes. I fingered her long snout and stroked her noble head, hard enough to warm the fur like the books say to do if you want them to feel loved. She inched even closer.

Looking into her doleful eyes, I felt that whatever I did she'd be with me, every step of the way.

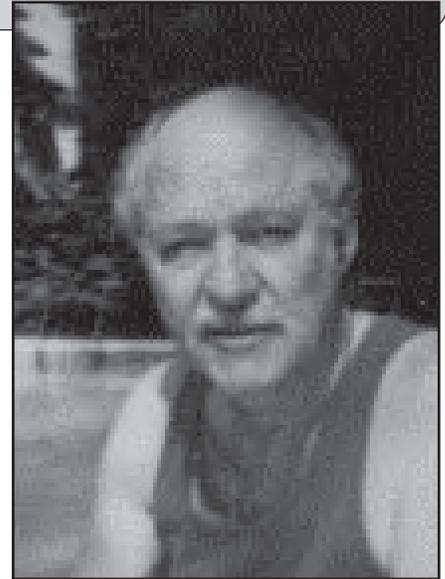
Yes, in a world of uncertainty I have Sunny. She follows me from room to room; she howls when I leave her alone and runs in circles when I return. I am her master and she turns belly up to show it. She would brush my teeth if I taught her how. Sunny is true blue, a rare friend. And yet, at the same time, I suspect she'd go off with anyone who offered her a cookie. I don't know that for sure, but I wouldn't like to test it.

Such thoughts are a small measure of the opposites I've learned to live with, and one reason why I am reluctant to give lectures. It used to be fun, saying my piece in front of a crowd. I was an authority; people looked to me for answers and I readily gave them. But one day I realized that whatever I said, the opposite was just as likely to be true. I was knocked off my perch by the ancient riddle of the Cretan Liar, one of Professor Adam Brillig's morality tales.

"Nothing I say is true," declared the Cretan Liar, or so it is said in an ancient Greek legend.

Oh yeah? If that was so, then this statement too was a lie, which meant everything he said was *true*. Or did it mean he only told the truth when he lied? Perhaps he was lying only when he told the truth. What's the difference anyway? And who's to say?

I see the Cretan Liar symbolically, as an aspect of my personal shadow. He is tiresome but I have learned to live with



Sharp as Burt Lancaster (in *The Swimmer*)

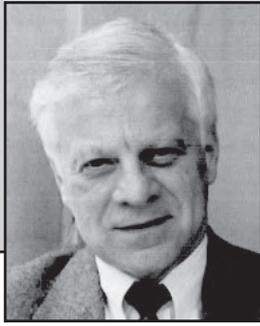
him. Over time we have reached a workable compromise: I admit I could be wrong, and he lets me write books with him in them.

Of course, writing books is problematic too, but at least you get to do it in private.

Writing books, now that's a big subject in itself. I have often been asked how to do it.

I lean back and consider. "Well, first you sit down in a quiet space and put your hands on the typewriter (or computer, or pencil and paper, or stone tablet and chisel, whatever). Then you have to think about what you want to say. Then ask yourself if you are really interested in your story, and then wonder who else might be interested in it. If you can navigate these shoals, then get started. Write your heart out and don't think about publication. Think of it as a dialogue with yourself, your living will even. And if you are alternately proud of it and think it's a piece of shite, then you are probably on the right track."

Meanwhile, me, I am thinking of training as a locksmith. It's not that I tire of analytic work, but locksmithing seems to me to be a skill that would be interesting to learn and useful too. And I need a new challenge. There are on-line courses so I wouldn't even have to leave my house. Well, that's an interesting fantasy. #



James Hollis on surviving midlife

The Middle Passage: From Misery to Meaning in Midlife (title 59, 128pp., \$22),
reviewed by Richard G. Dunn in *Psychological Perspectives*, no. 30 (Fall-Winter, 1994)

For many individuals midlife is a time when, without warning, the unconscious abruptly grabs them by the neck and wreaks havoc with their lives. This can be particularly shocking for those of us who have worked long and hard at establishing a connection to our inner world. Shouldn't this sincere effort at building relationship with the psyche spare us massive shocks from within? The reality seems to be that all of us are vulnerable to the sudden dissolution of our world view.

This midlife transition can shake our relationship to everything: work, spouse and children. The painful withdrawal of projections from these outer sources, which we may have unconsciously assumed would continue throughout life, activates a major realignment of dependence needs. If these outer people and activities will not take care of us, who will? James Hollis's answer is clear: "The loss of hope that the outer will save us occasions the possibility that we shall save ourselves."

What happens to the personality at

path and has encountered his own terror: "My own analyst once said to me, 'You must make your fears your agenda.' It was a formidable prospect, but I knew the truth of his assertion. The agenda was calling me to account and it would take all the strength I could muster."

As a theoretical foundation, Hollis presents a well-organized developmental approach to the formation of our adult personality. He divides the life span into a "first adulthood," roughly ages 12 through 40, and a "second adulthood" after 40. In the first adulthood, we act like other grown-ups, but underneath we lack a clear sense of ourselves. At midlife, "the Self maneuvers the ego into crisis in order to bring about a correction of course."

Using the metaphor of an earthquake, Hollis believes that the psyche shifts beneath the surface for years before there is a violent shake-up of conscious life. The middle passage occurs at any point in the second half of life "when one is radically stunned into consciousness." The opportunity offered by the crisis is the possibility of reconnecting with the aspects of

the powerful emotional states that may occur throughout the passage. When we seek the deeper meaning in these experiences, "our terror is compensated by meaning, by dignity, by purpose." In addition, Hollis recommends establishing a ritual of personal solitude, "investing it with the same energy previously given to dependencies." Solitude thus becomes an experience that transcends loneliness.

This book is an excellent complement to Murray Stein's *In Midlife*. Stein's book has some brilliant insights, is highly refined, and is long on mythological amplification. Hollis helps us put our feet squarely on the ground with his emotional honesty and practical suggestions. The subtitle, "From Misery to Meaning in Midlife," may convey an image of linear movement out of the morass. The midlife journeyer might want to keep in mind some of the ideas from Stein's work—particularly regarding the prolonged period of "liminality" that midlife may encompass. Additionally, as one progresses, there may be movement backward, seeming regressions, as one tries to find one's way.

Hollis's abiding faith is that turning inward eventually brings us to a new sense of purpose. His call to readers is a bit of a dare: either engage the dragons heroically, or risk an inauthentic life. #

"The Middle Passage is not unlike awakening to find that one is alone on a pitching ship, with no port in sight. One can only go back to sleep, jump ship, or grab the wheel and sail."

midlife? Hollis's view is that, for many, the ego undergoes a decompensation: "The breakdown of the ego means that one is not really in control of life." Perhaps due to the gravity of this experience, as a compensation our popular culture often treats the symptoms of midlife crisis lightly. In contrast, Hollis approaches the experience in its earthy reality, squarely identifying the terror that can grip us.

This book is convincing because one can feel that the author has "been there." He has been rocked by his own psyche, frightened by the unknown and has suffered sleepless nights. Hollis discloses just enough about himself to impart to the reader the sense that he has traveled this

one's soul that have been repressed or neglected. Symptoms such as boredom and depression may be clues that one's nature is too narrowly channeled.

The value in *The Middle Passage* is that it is successful as a practical workbook for midlife. Hollis lays out tools designed to help us find ourselves. The tools themselves are not original, but the relatedness of his presentation assists the reader in picking up the tools and putting them to good use. For example, Hollis believes we must identify and dialogue with our inner parental voices: "Perhaps no task is more important at midlife than separation from parental complexes."

He also encourages us to dialogue with

— MORE BY JAMES HOLLIS —

UNDER SATURN'S SHADOW
The Wounding and Healing of Men
(title 63, 144 pp., \$22)

TRACKING THE GODS
The Place of Myth in Modern Life
(title 68, 160 pp., \$22)

SWAMPLANDS OF THE SOUL
New Life in Dismal Places
(title 73, 160 pp., \$22)

THE EDEN PROJECT
In Search of the Magical Other
(title 79, 160 pp., \$22)

Discovering the psychology behind alchemy

1) *The Mystery of the Coniunctio: Alchemical Image of Individuation*

(title 61, 112pp, 48 illustrations, \$20)

2) *The Mysterium Lectures: A Journey through Jung's Mysterium Coniunctionis*

(title 62, 352pp, 90 illustrations, \$40)

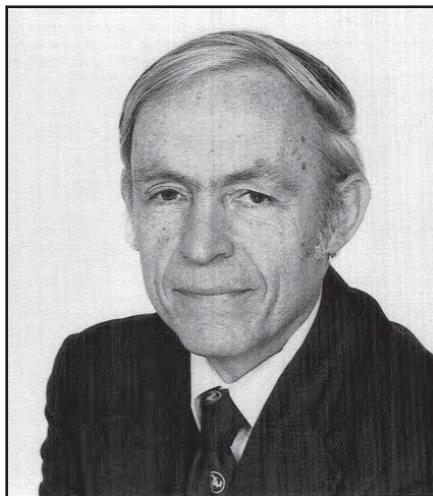
Reviewed by Pamela Power in *Psychological Perspectives*, no. 32 (1995)

One of the rarities that we in Los Angeles are fortunate to experience firsthand is Edward Edinger, analyst, lecturer and teacher, who has been in residence here since 1979. Although retired from analytic practice for several years, he has continued to conduct training seminars. Over the years his teaching interests have encompassed a variety of subjects, including the Old Testament, most of Jung's writings (including the Letters), Greek philosophy and the Book of Revelation.

However, his focus is never far from the task of elucidating the meaning and fine points of Jung's psychology, as they apply to the understanding of the individual and to the collective events of our time. Previously, many of these lecture series were available only on audiotapes. Now, several of the important teaching seminars have been published in book form, making them more accessible in a format suitable for systematic study.

The Mystery of the Coniunctio is based on tapes of lectures given over a two-day period at the C.G. Jung Institute of San Francisco. They were transcribed and superbly edited by Joan Dexter Blackmer, herself an analyst (and author of *Acrobats of the Gods: Dance and Transformation*). Part 1, "Introduction to *Mysterium Coniunctionis*," and Part 2, "A Psychological Interpretation of the *Rosarium* Pictures," are complemented with illustrations of the *Rosarium* pictures and many other interesting pictures and diagrams.

This relatively short book is a gem—it initiates the reader into the major opus of Jung's alchemical writings, *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, and demonstrates the practical application of alchemical imagery. It is packed with extremely readable information and insights. I was particularly pleased that many questions asked by lecture attendees were included, questions a reader of this book might ask. It makes the book feel alive and spontaneous.



Edward F. Edinger (1922-1998)

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In *The Mysterium Lectures*, Jung's magnum opus is explored in depth. Also transcribed and edited by Blackmer, it is based on tapes of a year-long seminar. The well-organized text contains numerous illustrations, diagrams and pictures that are discussed or alluded to in the text. Each of the twenty-seven chapters covers a number of paragraphs from Jung's *Mysterium Coniunctionis*. Edinger systematically discusses, explains and mediates the images and ideas in those paragraphs. This book too is very readable, in part because the flavor of the teaching seminar is retained. It is as if Edinger were speaking personally to the reader.

The Mysterium Lectures is a significant and indispensable book for the serious student of Jung who wants to grasp his momentous, late and culminating work. It is illuminating, thought provoking, and also contains down-to-earth, practical hints about the practice of Jungian analysis.

Although I attended Edinger's *Mysterium* seminar on both occasions when it was taught at the Los Angeles Jung Institute, paid careful attention and took notes, there was much that was new and fresh to

me in this book. It was like being exposed to it for the first time, an experience that reminds me of how each reading of Jung too is different and new.

When a book carries the depths of psychic reality, what one "gets" from it depends largely upon the level of consciousness and depth of genuine psychic experience that one brings to it. Jung's works certainly belong to this category of books. The first book of Jung's I ever read was *The Undiscovered Self*. As an adolescent, I couldn't grasp much of it, but it made a powerful impression. I knew it was terribly important.

Mysterium Coniunctionis is such a book but on a larger scale. It makes a strong impression but takes a lifetime of study, experience and self-discovery to begin to comprehend. Edinger's fine companion book enlightens this process and is itself one of those books which, upon repeated readings, reveals deeper layers of meaning. We are grateful to Edinger and indebted to Joan Blackmer for making his lectures available in book form. #

— ALSO BY EDINGER —

THE CREATION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

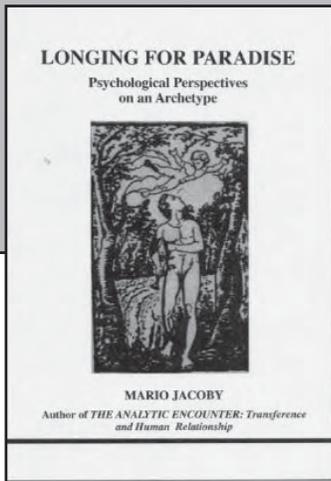
Jung's Myth for Modern Man
(title 14, 128 pp., \$20)

THE BIBLE AND THE PSYCHE
Individuation Symbolism in the Old Testament (title 24, 176 pp., \$25)

THE CHRISTIAN ARCHETYPE
Commentary on the Life of Christ
(title 28, 144 pp., \$22)

THE AION LECTURES
Exploring the Self in Jung's Aion
(title 71, 208 pp., \$25)

SCIENCE OF THE SOUL
A Jungian Perspective
(title 102, 128 pp., \$20)



The phenomenon of nostalgia, Part 2
(For Part 1, see Jung at Heart no. 44)

What I have referred to as nostalgia is predicated on separation. I feel homesick only where and when I do not feel at home. In the cases we have briefly examined involving disturbances of the primal relationship, we observed intense longing for the parents, mainly the mother. The remarkable thing about these instances is that the emotion persisted despite the factual presence of the mother. From this it may be inferred that ultimately the longing was not directed at the real, personal mother, but rather at a mother of the inner world who does not exist, or no longer exists—and perhaps never did exist—in external reality. This is, at bottom, a longing for one's own well-being, which originally was dependent on maternal care and protection, a longing to be cradled in a conflict-free unitary reality, which takes on symbolic form in the image of Paradise.

Ultimately, then, every form of longing is for the experience of one's own fulfillment, salvation, harmony—whatever you choose to call it—even though the manifest object of the longing may be the mother, the loved one, a tropical landscape, Holy India, bygone days or what have you. In the best sense, the longing expresses a desire to overcome one's own self-alienation, to achieve consonance with one's own wholeness.

The phenomenon of nostalgia is initially regressive, of course, and remains so as long as its deeper meaning does not cross the threshold of awareness. Even regression, however, can mean a return to certain primal experiences, a retreat from the crotchety constraints and one-sidedness of rationality back to one's "own nature."

Recent title by Mario Jacoby Behind our *LONGING FOR PARADISE*

Excerpt from the introduction (title 118, 240 pp., \$30)

But a regressive wallowing in one's own *Weltschmerz* is not very productive in the long run, unless you happen to be a Romantic poet. It seems to me of decided importance that nostalgic longing not remain stuck exclusively in the concrete, in fantasies such as: "If I were only with my mother now, everything would be fine. . . ." or: "If only I could live on some Greek island, surrounded by unspoiled nature, far from noise and pollution, I'd be perfectly happy." Even the finest collection of antique furniture, old dolls or out-of-print children's books cannot really bring back those good old days—since what they stand for is not so much a concrete, historical reality as a psychic reality. It is therefore absolutely essential that they also be *experienced* as psychic reality.

*

It is noteworthy that, in this era of widespread prosperity, the predisposition to nostalgia always latent in the human psyche can take on the literal form of the wave of nostalgia referred to earlier. And since a society's images of paradisaical bliss stand in a compensatory relationship to its actual living conditions, we are confronted with the fact that even our unprecedented levels of prosperity cannot provide true gratification or inner peace.

"Man does not live by bread alone" is more than biblical consolation for those people among whom bread is in short supply; it is not just the "opiate of the masses," as Marx suggested. Among other things, the thought expresses our malaise at our own culture, which has brought forth such an abundance of bread along with a vast array of consumer goods and tranquilizers. If a sense of nostalgic longing is nonetheless pandemic, the ideas of happiness linked to it are generally "not of this world"—at least, not of the world as we know it today.

Although I contend that nostalgia is ultimately a longing for a psychic reality rather than a historic reality, the more or less utopian concept of unspoiled nature

should not be understood exclusively on the symbolic level (e.g., in relation to the naturalness within oneself). The concrete side of this image is of considerable importance, since it can provide the motivating power for the very necessary struggle against the increasing pollution and despoliation of our environment.

The image of unspoiled nature needs to be brought into reality in the here and now. Despite its utopian aspect and the apparent hopelessness of trying to realize such a goal, the image—and the psychic energy it generates—must not be depotentiated by a one-sided emphasis on the symbolic. There is much to be done in *this* world if a better world is to be brought into being.

At the same time, it is also true that nostalgic ideas of ultimate happiness are "not of this world"—for this world can never provide salvation, perfect harmony and freedom from conflict. Such images must be grasped symbolically. On that level, nostalgia, understood as homesickness in the terms we have discussed, means a longing and need to "come home" to selfhood from the foreign land of self-alienation.

Part Three of this book, which deals with ideas of Paradise as expectations of future salvation, will show that this idea of the Return bespeaks a psychic experience of great depth, including religious dimensions. Part Two attempts a psychological interpretation of the biblical myth of man's Fall and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, with special attention to the psychological meaning of the loss of Paradise and thus to the problem of the origins and meaning of man's sense of guilt. Part One deals primarily with the regressive longing for security in unity with the Maternal, and its many psychological consequences.

Through all of this we shall see how, whether oriented toward past or future, the target or goal-image of nostalgic longing is the elimination of suffering, conflict and malaise in an ultimate "unitary reality," which is graphically symbolized in the archetypal image of Paradise. #

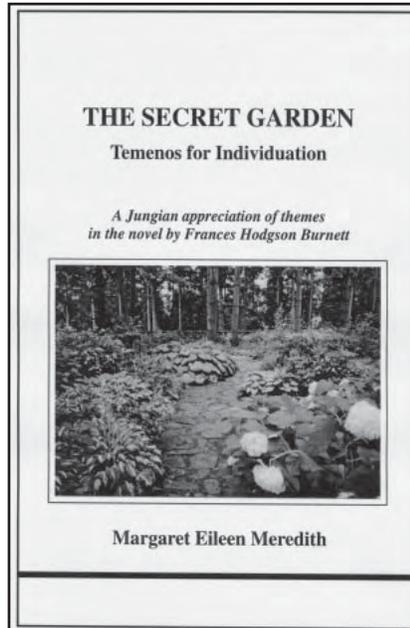
Invitation to explore your secret garden

THE SECRET GARDEN: Temenos for Individuation by Margaret Eileen Meredith (title 111, 160pp, \$22), reviewed by Lucille King-Edwards in *Newsletter of the Jung Society of Montreal*, vol. 30, no. 6 (2005).

The Secret Garden by Margaret Meredith is an excellent introduction to basic Jungian methodology. The introductory chapter sets the reader up within the framework of Jungian psychology with such headings as, "The Reality of the Psyche," "Symbols and Symbolism," etc. For anyone who has spent time in the Jungian field, this chapter is not a necessary concomitant to proceed into the body of the book. However, a neophyte to Jungian psychology would find this concise introduction quite helpful.

As a balance to the more theoretical introduction, the next chapter of the book is called "Personal Reflections." Here the author explains why the symbol of the secret garden has particular meaning for her as she acquaints us with her own dream work and individuation process which was largely influenced by her childhood relationship with her grandparents' garden. In later years, when she attended a workshop on symbolic analysis, she discovered that by superimposing her images from childhood over her images of present life, she found that her bed was situated right in the midst of the picture of the grandparents' garden. She had other garden dreams and also a visit to the garden of an elderly woman which Meredith realized symbolized the woman's spiritual journey—in Jungian terms, the journey inward to the Self.

There follows a short summary of the plot of *The Secret Garden* by Burnett. Although this chapter eliminates the need to read or reread the actual book, I would suggest that the book is well worth reading. It is the story of two children: Mary, who was first ignored by her parents and later orphaned, and Colin who, loathed by his father as a child, is feeble and unable to get on with life. Colin is also an "orphan" as his mother died in childbirth and his father cannot bear to be around him. The setting is Yorkshire. The estate where the two children find themselves is surrounded by the moor, which is wild but beautiful. Within the estate is a secret walled garden



to which Mary finds a key. She is aided in her quest for new life by Martha, a Yorkshire farm girl working at the house, and by Martha's nature-boy brother Dickon. Mary is guided by an old gardener and by a robin which leads her to the secret garden. The coming of spring and life in the garden and in the characters is the theme of the story.

In the chapter focused on "Setting and Characters in *The Secret Garden*," the heart of the book is exposed. Meredith walks hand in hand with Jung as she portrays the book symbolizing the journey to the Self.

The story of the secret garden embodies this principle and archetype of orientation, the Self, to which Jung refers. The children experienced the healing numinosity that radiated to them through the garden.

A characteristic of the Self is the "magic" which is discovered in the garden. Meredith also points out that the secret nature of the garden with its walls allows a temenos (sacred space) to be naturally present for the awakening of Mary and then her counterpart, Colin. This awakening is represented by the small

green buds pushing through the soil that Mary finds on her first visit to the garden. Meredith mentions the healing character of Martha and the Pan representative in Dickon. She also mentions in passing The Green Man, a pagan god, which for years remained entwined with Christian symbolism in church façades, pews and fonts.

Meredith addresses cultural as well as individual issues. In a chapter entitled, "Cultural and Psychological Implications," she presents some archetypal parallels, one of which she finds in the biblical Garden of Eden and another in gardens in the Papua New Guinea Highlands. Culturally, she finds in these garden myths and customs an antidote to the Industrial Revolution, which has cut us off both from our roots and from the numinous which is found in the garden renewal or "magic." This magic is possible due to Eros, the connection made between people and the earth.

Finally, Meredith turns to the transcendent principal. The temenos of the garden would lead, according to her, and according to Jung's understanding of the search for the transcendental Self, to that very objective.

This book is convincingly argued and a good guide for anyone wanting a clear notion of the process of individuation. #



Margaret Eileen Meredith

The oldest professional is not a whore

THE SACRED PROSTITUTE: Eternal Aspect of the Feminine by Nancy Qualls-Corbett (title 32, 176pp, \$25), reviewed by Ean Begg in *Harvest*, vol. 34 (1988-89).

Among ancient cultures it was a widespread practice for a marriageable maiden to enter the temple of the goddess of love and offer herself to the first stranger who came along. In this way she was thought to bring the goddess' love into direct contact with mankind, and the transaction was as spiritual as it was physical.

As an initiation rite, temple prostitution was not a licence for promiscuity or premarital sex, but a ritual for getting the young woman in touch with the creative and loving force of the feminine nature, which, presumably, she would then take into her subsequent marriage.

Monotheistic, and especially Christian, societies have, on the one hand, degraded this sensuous and loving feminine nature into the profane whore and, on the other, perverted it into the sexless virgin and mother.

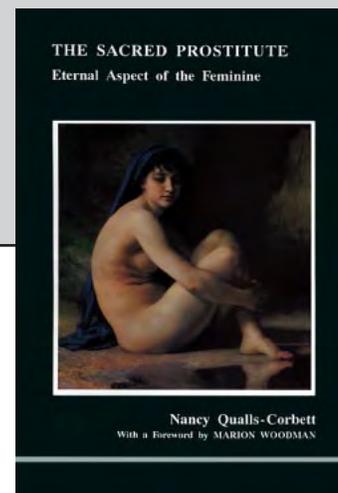
In her practice as a Jungian analyst, Nancy Qualls-Corbett has seen the emotional and spiritual cripples, both men and women, who are the unfortunate result of this arbitrary and violent distortion.

Of course, Qualls-Corbett is not suggesting that we revive the institution of temple prostitution. In the Jungian view, the sacred prostitute is an archetype, which is an image whereby our instincts mirror themselves in our consciousness (as seen in myth and acted out in ritual), and her purpose is to retrieve this particular archetype from the unconscious where Christianity and modern technological society have buried it.

According to Qualls-Corbett, the archetype of the sacred prostitute can modify a man's self-image, and help him to new attitudes toward the women in his life. He may also find a revitalization of his inner life, since the archetype of the sacred prostitute can put him in touch with the creativity and loving nature of his own feminine side (his anima).

For women, the archetype of the sacred prostitute is of even greater importance since it relates directly to their own feelings as women. By embodying the unity of the physical and psychological aspects of femininity, the sacred prostitute tells women they do not have to be either sex object or mother, whore or pure, sensuous body or desiccated intellect.

Deeply and instinctively, the archetype of the sacred prostitute tells women they do not have to assume the roles imposed on them by men, for like the sacred prostitute who belonged to no man, a woman's self-confident sensuality belongs to herself. It is herself, and does not need to dominate or to possess in order



to find security in a man's devotion. Only then may she attain to the spiritual, for the stranger to whom the temple prostitute offers herself is, archetypally, the masculine side of her own nature, the spirit.

Jung had a great deal to say about the feminine as anima and its (or her) role in a man's psyche, but relatively little about women's innate femininity. With this book Qualls-Corbett joins the growing ranks of female Jungian analysts who are making up for this conspicuous lack in Jung's own writings.

I found *The Sacred Prostitute* a pleasure to read, and a real learning experience. The women in my life tell me I've changed. . . . #

Homage to *The Sacred Prostitute* in *Eyes Wide Open*:

Qualls-Corbett refers to the power of a 'stranger' to awaken a woman's innate femininity. By stranger she means a man who embodies her own inner masculine." Nurse Pam pulled the book out of her handbag. "Listen to this":

The stranger's eyes penetrate the woman's inner being; his very presence awakens the dormant sacred prostitute and the sensuous feminine nature contained therein. She may hide behind conventional standards, denying her rightful, innate relationship to the goddess of love, but such a screen only delays or aborts her psychic development. . . .

The stranger comes as an emissary of the divine, the moon goddess; if he is not welcomed, the goddess too is slighted and turns her dark side toward the woman. The consequence is that the woman remains cut off from her spirituality, which would contain and enhance her sexual nature.

"That is no invitation to mindless adultery," said Pam, "but rather a call to attend to one's deeper Self."

I huffed: "There are those who would see an inherent contradiction between the terms 'sacred' and 'prostitute.'"

"No doubt," agreed Pam, "but it's not necessarily so. The sacred prostitute is not a woman of the street but a state of being—an incarnation of archetypal femininity. Qualls-Corbett describes the case of a middle-aged woman she calls Lisa, who after a day of work in a city far from home, meets a man in a restaurant and ends up in bed with him. 'In their brief time together Lisa was able to experience the sacred prostitute, the dynamic aspect of herself that honored the goddess of love.' #

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