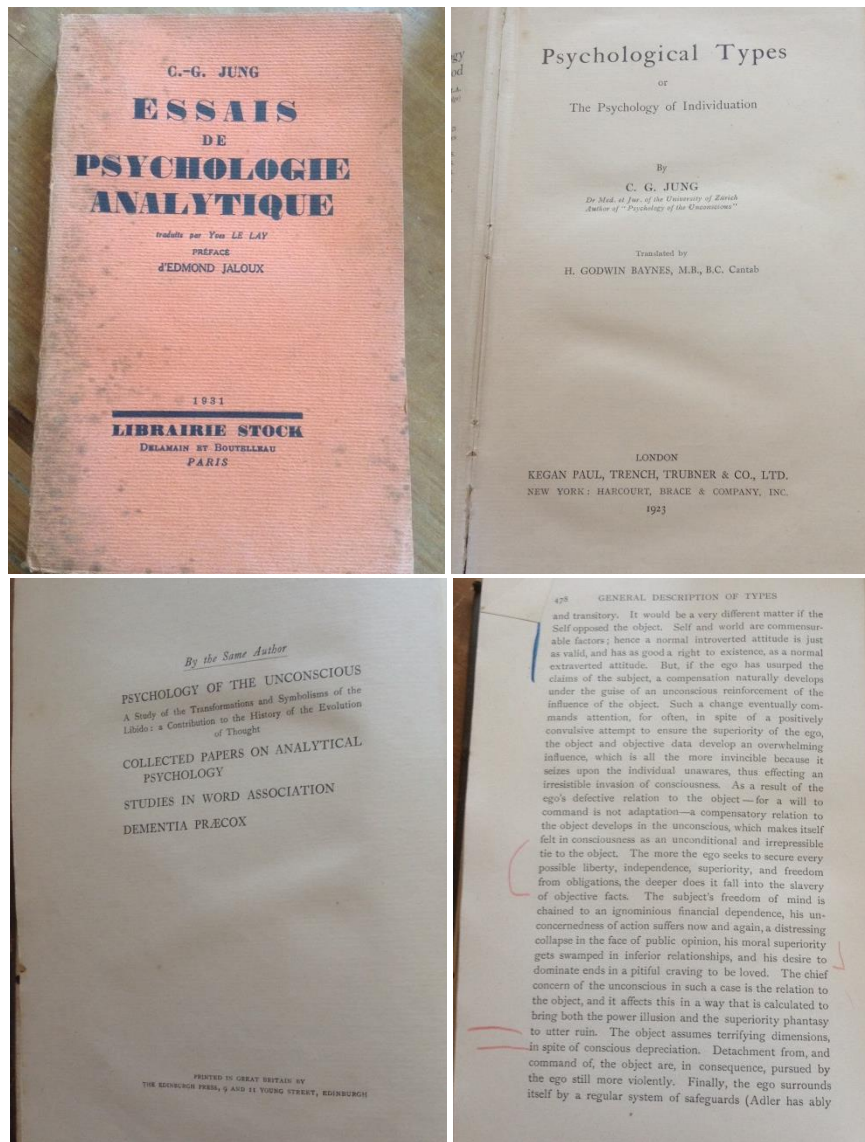


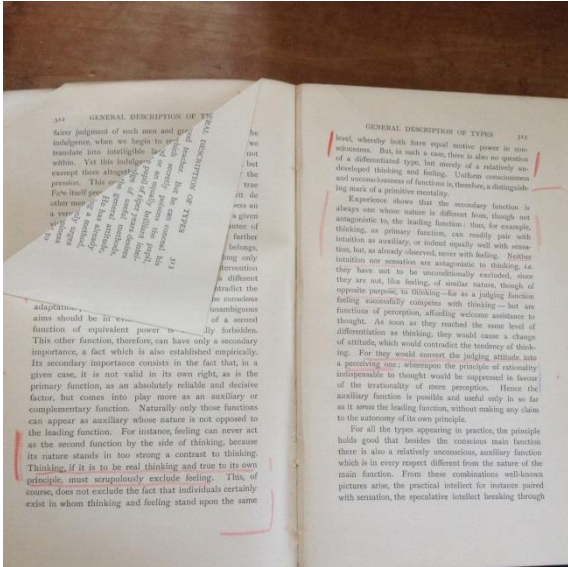
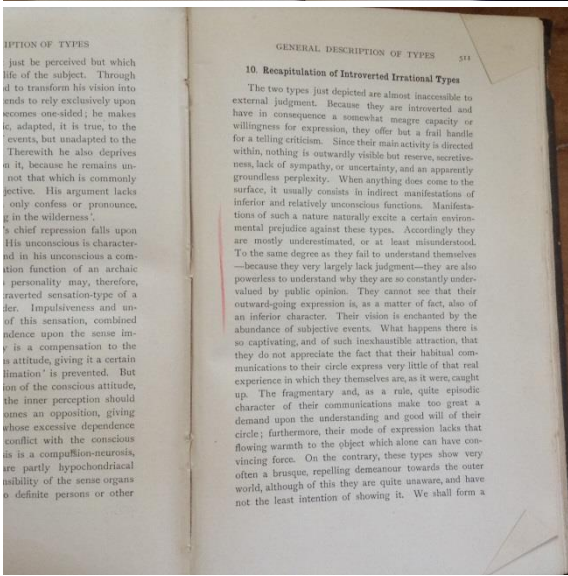
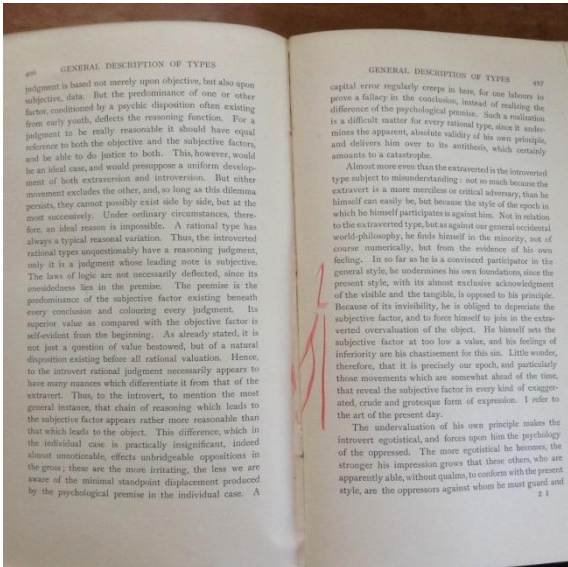
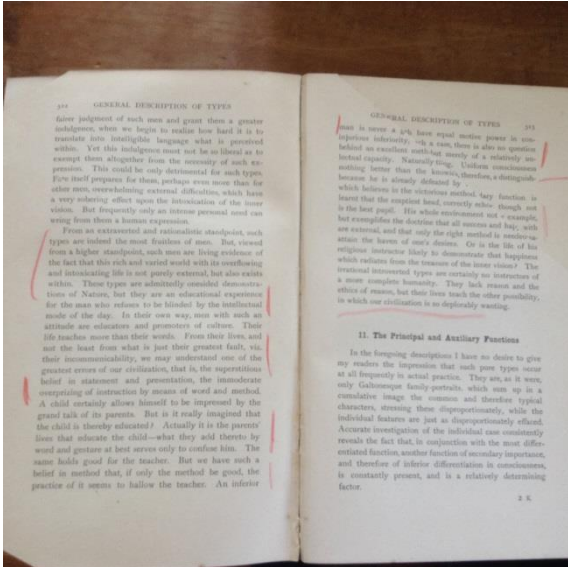
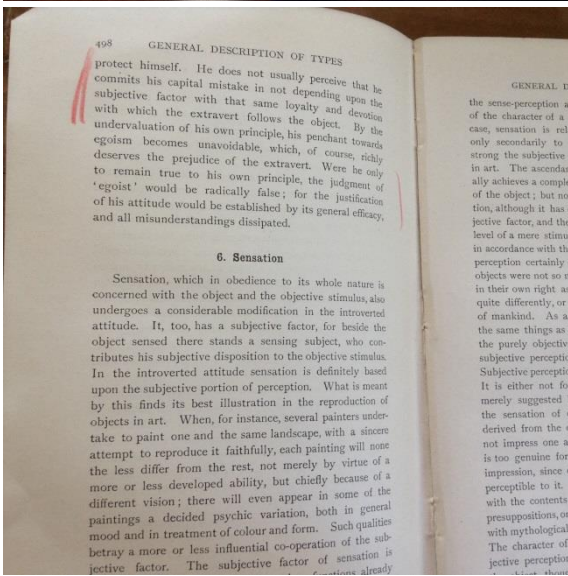
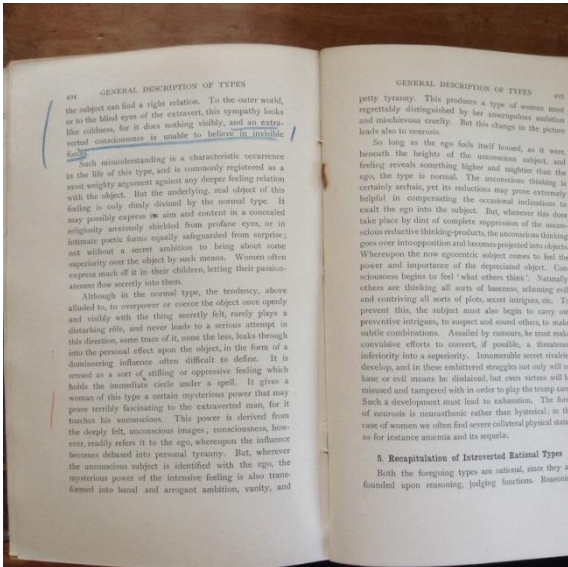
Anexo 2

Libros de Carl Jung, disponibles en la Biblioteca Villa Ocampo, citados en esta tesis, que presentan marcas de lectura.

En el orden que son citados en la tesis. Al final del documento se incluyen los títulos de Carl Jung presentes en esa biblioteca.

Jung, Carl Gustav. *Psychological Types, or The Psychology of Individuation*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co, 1923.





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with intuition, the artistic intuition which selects and presents its images by means of feeling-judgment, the philosophical intuition which, in league with a vigorous intellect, translates its vision into the sphere of comprehensible thought, and so forth.

A grouping of the unconscious functions also takes place in accordance with the relationship of the conscious functions. Thus, for instance, an unconscious intuitive-feeling attitude may correspond with a conscious practical intellect, whereby the function of feeling suffers a relatively stronger inhibition than intuition. This peculiarity, however, is of interest only for one who is concerned with the practical psychological treatment of such cases. But for such a man it is important to know about it. For I have frequently observed the way in which a physician, in the case for instance of an exclusively intellectual subject, will do his utmost to develop the feeling function directly out of the unconscious. This attempt must always come to grief, since it involves too great a violation of the conscious standpoint. Should such a violation succeed, there ensues a really compulsive dependence of the patient upon the physician, a 'transference' which can be amputated only by brutality, because such a violation robs the patient of a standpoint—his physician becomes and to the most repressed function is disclosed, as it were, of itself, and with more adequate protection of the conscious standpoint, when the way of development is via the secondary function—thus in the case of a rational type by way of the irrational function. For this lends the conscious standpoint such a range and prospect over what is possible and imminent that consciousness gains an adequate protection against the destructive effect of the unconscious. Conversely, an irrational type demands a stronger development of the rational auxiliary function

GENERAL DESCRIPTION

represented in consciousness, prepared to receive the largest.

The unconscious functions state. Their symbolical apparatus usually represent the of two animals or monsters.

DEFINITIONS

is the disinclination. It creates an attitude towards it. This automatic phenomenon is an issue of the consciousness of conscious orientation. I lead to a complete loss of equilibrium if there is self-regulating, compensatory (q.v.) function in the psyche to correct the conscious attitude. Thus in this sense the disinclination of the attitude is a normal phenomenon, which plays a disturbing role only when conscious consciousness becomes excessive.

As ordinary attitude, the attitude can be either a relatively unimportant subsidiary phenomenon or a general principle determining the whole psyche. From disposition, environmental influence, education, general experience, or conviction a constellation of contents may be habitually present, continually moulding a certain attitude which may operate even down to the most minute details of life. Every man who has a special sense of the unpleasant side of life will naturally have an attitude of constant readiness for the disagreeable. This excessive conscious attitude is counterbalanced by an unconscious attitude for pleasure. The oppressed individual has a conscious attitude that always anticipates oppression; he selects this factor in experience; everywhere he scents it out; and in so doing his unconscious attitude makes for power and superiority.

The total psychology of the individual even in its various basic characters is orientated by the nature of his habitual attitude. In spite of the fact that general psychological laws are operative in every individual, they cannot be said to be characteristic of the individual, since the nature of their operation varies completely in accordance with the nature of the general attitude. The general attitude is always a resultant of all the factors that can have an essential influence upon the psyche, such as inborn disposition, education, milieu-influences, experience of life, insight and convictions gained through differentia-

DEFINITIONS

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classified adds nothing to the understanding of their nature, because even the most exact classification will be able to yield only that intellectually seizable content to which or with which feelings appear connected, but without thereby apprehending the specific nature of feeling. Thus, however many varying and intellectually seizable classes of contents there may be, just as many feelings can be differentiated, without ever arriving at an exhaustive classification of feelings themselves; because, beyond every possible class of contents accessible to the intellect, there still exist feelings which are beyond intellectual classification. The very idea of a classification is intellectual and therefore incommensurable with the nature of feeling. Hence, we must content ourselves with our attempts to define the limits of the concept.

The nature of a feeling-valuation may be compared with intellectual apprehension as an *appreciation of value*. An active and a passive feeling-appreciation can be distinguished. The passive feeling-act is characterized by the fact that a content excites or attracts the feeling; it compels a feeling-participation on the part of the subject. The active feeling-act, on the contrary, confers value from the subject—it is a deliberate evaluation of contents in accordance with feeling and not in accordance with intellectual intention. Hence active feeling is a *directed* function, an act of will, as for instance loving as opposed to being in love. This latter state would be *undirected*, passive feeling, as, indeed, the ordinary colloquial term suggests, since it describes the former as activity and the latter as a condition. Undirected feeling is *feeling-intuition*. Thus, in the stricter sense, only the active, directed feeling should be termed

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on one's back, and the like, in spite of the fact that such explanations never withstand a searching criticism. The attitude of individual men to these things is extremely variable. One man will not allow himself to be disturbed in the smallest degree by his inner processes—he can, as it were, ignore them entirely; while another is in the highest degree subject to them: at the first waking-moment some phantasy or other, or a disagreeable feeling, spoils his temper for the whole day; a vague, unpleasant sensation suggests the idea of a secret malady, or a dream leaves him with a gloomy foreboding, although in other ways he is by no means superstitious. To others, again, these unconscious stirrings have only a very episodic access, or only a certain category of them come to the surface. For one man, perhaps, they have never yet appeared to consciousness as anything worth thinking about, while for another they are a problem of daily brooding. The one values them physiologically, or ascribes them to the conduct of his neighbours; another finds in them a religious revelation.

These entirely different ways of dealing with the stirrings of the unconscious are just as habitual as the attitudes to the outer object. The inner attitude, therefore, corresponds with just as definite a function-complex as the outer attitude. Those cases in which the inner psychic processes appear to be entirely overlooked are lacking a typical inner attitude just as little as those who constantly overlook the outer object and the reality of facts lack a typical outer attitude. The persona of these latter, by no means infrequent, cases has the character of unrelatedness, or at times even a blind inconsiderateness, which frequently yields only to the harshest blows of fate. Not seldom, it is just those individuals whose persona

bility. As they so are they their inner pose attitude covergally opposed man, for lusta happiness of interrupt his just to enjoy the carriages familiar to e further exa experience are we also personality behaviour inner atti unconsci the pers In the s or less ego m express attitude say: This the f thou indi The atti of thi

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Just as the persona is an entity, which often appears to constitute the whole character of a man, even accompanying him practically without change throughout his entire life, so the soul is also a definitely circumscribed entity, with a character which may prove unalterably firm and independent. Hence, it frequently offers itself to characterization and description.

As regards the character of the soul, my experience confirms the validity of the general principle that it maintains, on the whole, a complementary relation to the outer character. Experience teaches us that the soul is wont to contain all those general human qualities the conscious attitude lacks. The tyrant tormented by bad dreams, gloomy forebodings, and inner fears, is a typical figure. Outwardly inconsiderate, harsh, and unapproachable, he is inwardly susceptible to every shadow, and subject to every fancy, as though he were the least independent, and the most impressionable, of men. Thus his soul contains those general human qualities of suggestibility and weakness which are wholly lacking in his outer attitude, or persona. Where the persona is intellectual, the soul is quite certainly sentimental. That the complementary character of the soul is also concerned with the sex-character is a fact which can no longer seriously be doubted. A very feminine woman has a masculine soul, and a very manly man a feminine soul. This opposition is based upon the fact that a man, for instance, is not in all things wholly masculine, but has also certain feminine traits. The more manly his outer attitude, the more will his womanly traits be effaced; these then appear in the soul. This circumstance explains why it is that the very manly men are most subject to characteristic weaknesses; their attitude to the unconscious has a womanly weakness and impressionability. And, vice versa, it is often just the most womanly women who,

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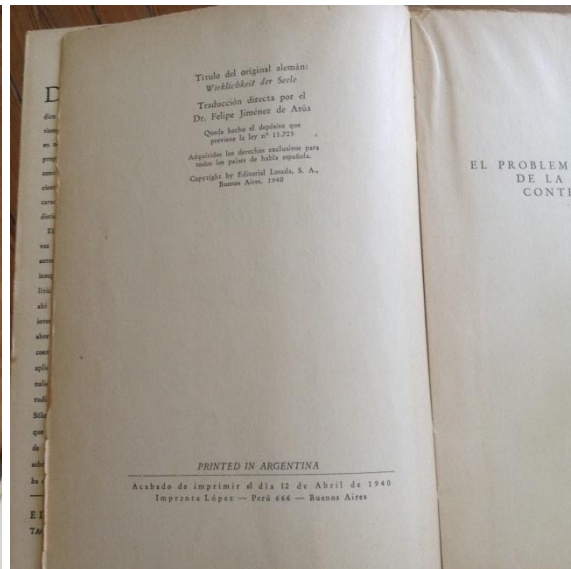
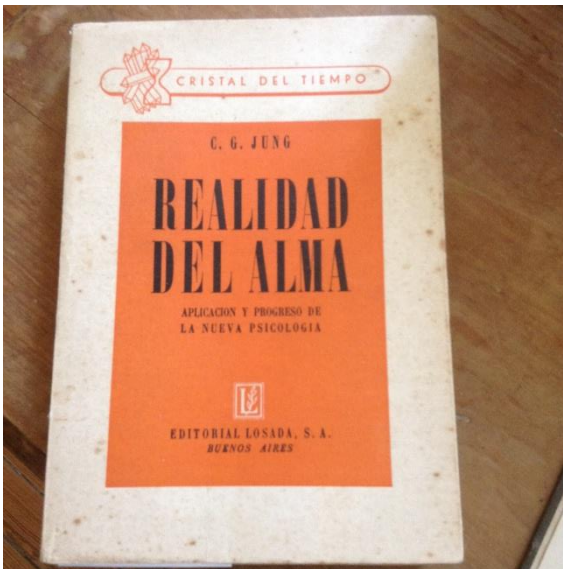
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in respect of certain inner things, have an extreme abstractness, obstinacy, and willfulness; which qualities are found in such intensity only in the outer attitude of man. These are many traits whose exclusion from the womanly outer attitude makes them qualities of the soul. If, therefore, we speak of the *anima* of a man, we must logically speak of the *animus* of a woman, if we are to give the objective reality commonly prevail in the outer attitude of man, or are at least regarded as an ideal, in the case of woman it is feeling. But in the soul the relations are reversed; inwardly it is the man who feels, and the woman who reflects. Hence man's greater liability to total despair, while a woman can always find comfort and hope; hence man is more liable to put an end to himself than woman. However prone a woman may be to fall a victim to social circumstances, as in prostitution for instance, a man is equally delivered over to impulses from the unconscious in the form of alcoholism and other vices.

As regards the general human characters, the character of the soul may be deduced from that of the persona. Everything which should normally be in the outer attitude, but is decidedly wanting there, will invariably be found in the inner attitude. This is a basic rule, which my experience has borne out again and again. But, as regards individual qualities, nothing can be deduced about them in this way. We can be certain only that, when a man is identical with his persona, the individual qualities are associated with the soul. It is this association which gives rise to the symbol, so often appearing in dreams, of the soul's pregnancy; this symbol has its source in the primordial image of the hero-birth. The child that is to be born signifies the individuality, which, though existing, is not yet conscious. Hence in the same way as the persona, which expresses one's adaptation to the

ears to spany- entire entity, firm self to sence at it the ul is the bad ical ch- ind ast en. of in is at d r

Jung, Carl Gustav. *Realidad del alma*. Buenos Aires: Losada, 1940.



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explicación, se ajusta únicamente a límites empíricos; es decir, para hablar con más precisión, al espíritu ingenuo le parece que todo lo invisible interior se torna visible exterior y que toda valoración se funda en los hechos.

Es desesperante, en verdad, querer tratar filosóficamente esta revolución irracional. Más vale no realizar semejante tentativa, pues si hoy día alguien atribuye el fenómeno espiritual o psíquico a determinadas funciones glandulares puede estar seguro de que su público le atenderá y respetará; pero si alguien llegara a hacer el ensayo de explicar la desintegración de la materia astral como emanación del espíritu universal, ese mismo público le compadecería, considerándolo loco. Y sin embargo, ambas explicaciones son igualmente lógicas, igualmente metafísicas, igualmente arbitrarias y simbólicas. Desde el punto de vista de la teoría del conocimiento es tan lícito hacer descender al hombre de una especie animal como afirmar que las especies animales descienden del hombre. Pero como es notorio, Dacqué pagó caro académicamente su pecado contra el espíritu de la época. No se puede chancear con el espíritu de la época, pues éste equivale a una religión, mejor dicho a una confesión o un credo cuya irracionalidad no deja nada que desear y que a la vez reúne la desagradable condición de pretender ser considerado como la medida absoluta de la verdad.

No es posible abarcar el espíritu de la época con las categorías de la razón humana. Es un "penchant", una inclinación determinada por el sentimiento y que por causas inconscientes ejerce una poderosísima sugestión sobre todos los espíritus débiles arrastrándolos consigo. Pensar de un modo distinto a la corriente del momento siempre carácter clandestino y molesto, y

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alguno. En efecto, fui casi el único que quebrado por esa discusión en que se reeditarón propios del siglo XIII. Este caso demuestra que de un espíritu autónomo, cuya existencia se presupone como cosa natural, no ha fenecido en todo el mundo espiritual europeo ni se ha transformado en todas partes, como leit motiv fosilizado del medioevo.

El recuerdo de ese hecho puede infundirnos, tal vez, valor para considerar la posibilidad de una "psicología con alma", o sea de una doctrina del alma basada en la suposición de que existe un espíritu autónomo. No debe amedrentarnos la impopularidad de tal empresa, pues la hipótesis del espíritu no es más fantástica que la de la materia. Como no tenemos ni la más remota idea de cómo lo psíquico pueda derivarse de lo físico, y lo psíquico, sin embargo, existe, estamos en libertad de suponer también como verdadero el proceso inverso, o sea que la psiquis esté generada por un principio espiritual tan inaccesible como la materia. Semejante psicología, en verdad, no sería moderna, puesto que lo moderno es lo contrario. Por eso tenemos que volver, nos agrade o no, a la teoría de nuestros antepasados sobre el alma, ya que fueron ellos quienes establecieron tales supuestos.

De acuerdo con el antiguo concepto, el alma era esencialmente la vida del cuerpo, el aliento vital, una especie de energía vital, que durante el embarazo o el nacimiento penetraba en la physis, es decir en el espacio, abandonando el cuerpo que fallece con el postrer aliento. El alma es de por sí un ente no espacial y, por existir antes y después de la vida corporal, es también extratemporal, o sea prácticamente inmortal.

Desde el punto de vista de la psicología científica moderna estos conceptos son mera ilusión. Pero como no queremos dedicarnos aquí a ninguna clase de "meta-

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física" revisaremos estas opiniones anticuadas, libres de prejuicio, para averiguar si tienen una justificación empírica.

Los nombres con que el hombre suele designar sus experiencias, son, muchas veces, muy instructivos. ¿De dónde procede la palabra alma? *Soule* (en alemán) y *soul* (en inglés) proceden del gótico *salwala* y del germánico primitivo *salwalo*, que etimológicamente se asocia al griego *salos* que significa movable, abigarrado, brillante. Según es sabido, la palabra griega *psyche* significa también alma. Por otra parte la palabra *salwala* tiene relaciones también con el antiguo eslavo *slav*, que significa fuerza. Estas relaciones explican el sentido primitivo de la palabra *sole* (almas), que sería, pues, la fuerza móvil o sea la fuerza vital.

El término latino *animus* es igual a espíritu, y *anima* igual a alma, idénticos al griego *anemos*, igual a viento. La otra palabra griega con que se designa al viento, *pnema*, significa también espíritu. En el gótico encontramos también la palabra *an-an*, que equivale a respirar, mientras que en el latín hallamos la palabra *anhelare* para designar la respiración dificultosa. En el viejo alemán la palabra *atem* (aten en el moderno alemán), o sea aliento, equivale al latín: *spiritus sanctus*. En árabe *ruh* significa viento, y *ruh*, alma, espíritu. Parecido parentesco tiene en el griego *psyche*, que está relacionado con *psycho*, exhalar; *psycho*, fresco; *psycho*, frío; y refiere al latín, el griego y el árabe, la denominación del alma aliento de los espíritus". A ello se debe, sin duda, que, en el primitivo concepto, el alma se considerase como un soplo invisible.

Se comprende fácilmente que por ser el aliento ca-

característico como se dice concepto de go o llama. Hay además, que si del individuo reencarnarse, en los sólo signific como expi identifique insulto mo mo es peli ritu de los muy redu sombra es que sigue tocable. F tos el nom demostrar Lo psiquismo He aquí alma. El simple primitivo y a objetivo, mismo.

Esta de vista sino tam tivo sust

ciencia. Así, por ejemplo, no se puede ver la materia de las emociones, ni transformar un mal humor en otro bueno, ni provocar ni rechazar los sueños. El hombre más inteligente puede estar poseído, a ratos, por pensamientos de los cuales no logra deshacerse, aunque realice el máximo esfuerzo volitivo. Nuestra memoria es capaz de dar los saltos más inverosímiles, y nos asaltan fantasías que jamás hubiéramos buscado ni esperado. Sólo nos complacemos en acariciar la idea de que somos dueños de nosotros mismos. En verdad, dependemos, en una medida aterradora, del buen funcionamiento de nuestra psique inconsciente que nos traiciona o abandona en un momento dado. Estudiando la psicología de los neuróticos nos parece cómico que haya psicólogos que equiparen la psique con la conciencia. Como es sabido, la diferencia entre la psicología de los neuróticos y la de los normales es insignificante y puede decirse que no hay hoy quien tenga la seguridad de no ser neurótico.

En vista de esto se comprende muy bien que esté justificado el viejo concepto del alma, según el cual ésta sería autónoma, no sólo objetivamente, sino de un modo arbitrariamente peligroso. El otro supuesto, o sea que es ente misterioso y temeroso constituya a la vez la fuente de la vida, es psicológicamente no menos comprensible, pues la experiencia revela cómo el yo, es decir la conciencia, surge de un vivir inconsciente. La vida psíquica del niño pequeño carece de una conciencia del yo comprobable, razón por la cual los primeros años de la vida dejan escasas huellas en el recuerdo. ¿De dónde surgen todas las inspiraciones buenas y salvadoras? ¿De dónde procede el entusiasmo, la pasión, la sensibilidad exquisita? El hombre primitivo siente la fuente de la vida en la profundidad de su alma, está profundamente impresionado por la actividad creadora de vida de su espíritu

y por eso cree en en toda clase de f el la vida misma, de ella en todos l del alma, por g extraordinario y desde luego, es bien en el espac determinado. E mientos residen refiere a los s más bien en la mente, están n que nuestra te sede en la cabe norteamerican se hallan en la piensa con el p siquico en el

A esta in el hecho de q ter extraspac pensación. ¿C pensamientos pesados, líquu forma? Si q de cuatro d duda de que pensamiento

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y por eso cree en todo lo que actúa sobre el alma, es decir, en toda clase de hábitos mágicos. Por eso el alma es para él la vida misma, que no cree dominar, ya que depende de ella en todos los momentos. La idea de la inmortalidad del alma, por grande que nos parezca, no tiene nada de extraordinario para el empirismo primitivo. El alma, desde luego, es algo extraño. No es posible localizarla bien en el espacio donde todo lo existente ocupa un lugar determinado. Es verdad que suponemos que los pensamientos residen en la cabeza, pero dudamos en lo que se refiere a los sentimientos, pues éstos parecen habitar más bien en la región del corazón. Las sensaciones, finalmente, están repartidas por todo el cuerpo. Es verdad que nuestra teoría establece que la conciencia tiene su sede en la cabeza; pero los indios me declararon que los norteamericanos están locos, al creer que los pensamientos se hallan en la cabeza. A su juicio todo hombre cuerdo piensa con el corazón. Ciertas tribus negras localizan lo psíquico en el vientre y no en la cabeza ni en el corazón.

A esta incertidumbre sobre la localización se agrega el hecho de que el contenido psíquico adquiere un carácter extraespacial tan pronto como sale de la esfera de la sensación. ¿Con qué medida espacial podemos medir los pensamientos? ¿Son pequeños, grandes, largos, delgados, pesados, líquidos, rectos, redondos, o de cualquier otra forma? Si quisiéramos formarnos una idea de un ente de cuatro dimensiones que negara el espacio, no cabe duda de que tomaríamos como modelo el carácter del pensamiento.

Todo se simplificaría si se pudiera negar simplemente la existencia de lo psíquico. Pero disponemos de la experiencia directa de algo existente que insertado en nuestra realidad tridimensional, medida, pesada, es sorprendentemente semejante a ella, en todas sus partes

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y desde todos los puntos de vista, lo que no es óbice para que la refleje. El alma podría ser un punto matemático y a la vez todo un universo astral. No es sorprendente que la intuición ingenua vea en un ser tan paradójico algo rayano en lo divino. Si carece de espacio ha de carecer también de cuerpo. Los cuerpos mueren, pero ¿puede desaparecer también lo invisible, lo no espacial? Además el alma y la vida existían antes de formarse el yo; y cuando el yo no existe, como durante el sueño o el desmayo, el alma y la vida subsisten; según lo demuestran los sueños y según puede deducirse contemplando a otro.

¿Por qué habría de negar la intuición ingenua, en vista de tales hechos, que el alma vive más allá del cuerpo? Debo confesar que en esta llamada superstición no puedo descubrir el menor dislate, como ocurre con los resultados de una investigación sobre la herencia o la psicología de los instintos.

Si se tiene en cuenta que las culturas antiguas, remontándose hasta los estados primitivos, utilizaron los sueños y las visiones como fuentes de conocimiento, se comprende fácilmente que las viejas opiniones hayan asignado al alma una ciencia y un saber superior y aun divino. En realidad lo inconsciente dispone de percepciones sublimadas cuyo alcance llega a lo maravilloso. Reconociendo estas circunstancias se utilizaron, en los tiempos primitivos, los sueños y las visiones como fuentes importantes de información. Sobre esta psicología se formaron poderosas culturas antiguísimas como la india y la china, que han perfeccionado hasta lo más sutil, filosófica y prácticamente, la senda interior del conocimiento.

La valoración de lo psíquico en inconsciente como fuente de conocimiento no es, en modo alguno, tan ilusorio como pretende nuestro racionalismo occidental. Nos inclinamos a suponer que todo conocimiento nos llega

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con grano salis es la mejor. Incluso resultaría imposible imaginarse que pudiera ser de otra manera. Del educado mediano no hay que esperar más que de los padres medianos. Hay que darse por satisfecho cuando son buenos especialistas, lo mismo que cuando los padres educan a sus hijos lo mejor que saben.

Sería preferible no aplicar a los niños el alto ideal de la educación, en el sentido del desarrollo de la personalidad, pues lo que por lo común se entiende por "personalidad", es decir, un conjunto espiritual determinado, coherente y dotado de fuerzas, constituye un ideal del adulto, que no se debe infundir en los niños en una época en la cual el individuo no tiene conciencia del estado adulto o lo que es peor todavía, la esquivo conscientemente. Sospecho que nuestro actual entusiasmo pedagógico y psicológico por el niño encubre un propósito desleal: se habla del niño, pero había que aludir al niño que hay en el adulto. En efecto, en el adulto existe un niño, un niño eterno que sigue formándose, que nunca estará terminado y que necesita constante cuidado, atención y educación. Esta parte de la personalidad humana es la que quisiera desarrollarse en su totalidad, pero el hombre de nuestro tiempo está infinitamente lejos de esa totalidad. Sospechando vagamente ese defecto se apodera de la educación del niño y se entusiasma con la psicología infantil, teniendo en cuenta que algo debe haber fallado en su propia educación y desarrollo infantil, algo que debe corregirse en la generación siguiente. Este propósito, bien loable, se estrella, sin embargo, contra el hecho psicológico de que no se puede corregir en el niño una falta que uno mismo sigue cometiendo. Los niños, desde luego, no son tan tontos como creemos. Perciben perfectamente lo que es auténtico y lo que es falso. El cuento de Andersen, sobre los trajes nuevos del rey, en-

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cierta una verdad imperecedera. ¿Cuántos padres me han manifestado su honrado propósito de aborraz a sus hijos la experiencia que ellos mismos tuvieron que hacer en su infancia! Y cuando les preguntaba, ¿están Vds, seguros de haber superado esas faltas?, solían mostrarse completamente convencidos de haberse corregido de sus defectos hacía ya mucho tiempo. En realidad no era así. Cuando los padres habían sido educados con excesivo rigor viciaban a sus propios hijos con una tolerancia rayana en el mal gusto; si en su juventud les habían escuchado ciertos aspectos de la vida, lo revelaban a sus hijos de modo tan pedante como falsamente enciclopedista. Quiere decir que habían caído en el extremo opuesto, lo que es prueba fehaciente de que conservaban trágicamente el antiguo pecado, sin darse la menor cuenta de ello.

Deberíamos, primero, someter a un minucioso examen todo lo que nos proponemos modificar en nuestros hijos para averiguar si no se trata, tal vez, de algo que sería preferible que modificáramos en nosotros mismos, pero como ejemplo nuestro entusiasmo pedagógico. Quizás esto sería más adecuado. Es posible que desconozcamos la necesidad pedagógica porque nos recordaría de un modo molesto que todavía somos, en cierto modo, niños faltos de educación.

Esta duda me parece, de todos modos, justificada, cuando se pretende educar a los niños para hacer de ellos "personalidades". La personalidad es un germen en el niño, que sólo se desarrolla paulatinamente por y en la vida. Sin determinación, totalidad y madurez no se manifiesta ninguna personalidad. Estas tres condiciones no pueden ni deben ser propias del niño ya que defraudarían su niñez. Se convertiría en un adulto antinatural y prematuro, y la moderna educación ha producido, en efecto, semejantes monstruos, particularmente en aquellos casos

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en que los padres se dedicaban con verdadero fanatismo a hacer "lo mejor" en beneficio de sus niños y "vivir sólo para ellos". Este ideal tan frecuentemente preconizado impide a los padres evolucionar ellos mismos de un modo eficaz y los impulsa a imponer a sus hijos lo que los padres tienen de "mejor". Ese "mejor" es, sin duda, aquello que los padres han descuidado también en ellos mismos. De este modo se incita a los niños a realizar esfuerzos que los padres jamás han realizado y se les inculcan ambiciones que sus progenitores nunca lograron. Semejantes métodos "ideales" dan lugar a monstruosidades en materia de educación.

Nadie que no tenga personalidad puede educar en el sentido de que otro la adquiera. Y no es el niño, sino sólo el adulto quien puede alcanzar la personalidad como fruto maduro de un esfuerzo vital orientado hacia tal sentido. El logro de la personalidad consiste, nada menos, que en el mejor desarrollo posible de toda la individualidad. Es imposible medir la infinita cantidad de condiciones que han de reunirse para ese fin. Es necesario la totalidad de una existencia humana, con todos sus aspectos biológicos sociales y espirituales. Personalidad equivale a decir suprema realización del carácter ingénito de determinado ser viviente. Personalidad es poner en acción el máximo valor de la vida, la afirmación absoluta del ser individual y la triunfante adaptación a los hechos universales con simultánea libertad de la propia determinación. Educar a alguien en ese sentido no me parece empresa sencilla. Por el contrario, quizás sea la misión más grande que se haya propuesto el moderno mundo espiritual. Una misión peligrosa, cuyo peligro ni siquiera Schiller sospechó, aunque fué el primero en atreverse proféticamente a sondear esos problemas. Es tan peligrosa como la empresa atrevida y desconsiderada de la

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naturaleza de hacer parir a las mujeres. ¿Pero no sería un atrevimiento insolente, digno de Prometeo y aún del diablo, que un superhombre osase producir en su retorta un homunculus, que en el transcurso de su desarrollo llegaría a ser un gigante? Y sin embargo, ¿no haría lo mismo que la naturaleza hace día tras día? No existe anomalía ni horror humano que no haya descansado en el regazo amante de una madre. Así como el sol ilumina justos y pecadores, y tal como las madres atienden con idéntico amor a los hijos de Dios y del diablo, sin importarle las consecuencias posibles, así nosotros también somos parte de esa naturaleza extraña que como ella lleva en sí lo incommensurable.

La personalidad se desarrolla en el transcurso de la vida como una germinación difícil o imposible de explicar, y sólo nuestra acción pone en evidencia cómo somos. Somos como el Sol que alimenta la vida de la tierra, que produce cosas hermosas, raras y malas; somos como las madres que llevan en su regazo dichas y penas ignoradas. No sabemos al principio, qué actos, qué destino, qué contenedores de bueno y de malo y sólo el otoño demostrará lo que la primavera ha engendrado y sólo en la tarde quedará patente lo que durante la mañana se inició. La personalidad, como realización absoluta de la totalidad de nuestro ser, constituye un ideal inasequible. Esa inaccesibilidad, sin embargo, nunca es una razón que pueda oponerse a un ideal, ya que los ideales son únicamente indicadores y nunca metas.

Así como el niño tiene que desarrollarse para poder ser educado, así también tiene que desplegarse la personalidad antes de ser sometida a la educación. Y aquí comienza el peligro. Tenemos que habérnoslas con algo inmenso y, no sabemos cómo y en qué sentido se desarrollará la personalidad en formación, y la naturaleza y la

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realidad del mundo nos han enseñado lo suficiente para que, con razón, seamos un tanto desconfiados. El dogma del cristiano, incluso, nos ha educado en la creencia de la primitiva maldad de la naturaleza humana. Más aún, aquellos que ya no se atienen a la enseñanza cristiana son desconfiados y temerosos con respecto a posibilidades más profundas. Hasta psicólogos tan ilustrados y dematerialistas como Freud nos dan una idea muy desagradable de los adormecidos fondos y abismos espirituales de la naturaleza humana. Por lo mismo, significa casi un atrevimiento el propiciar el desarrollo de la personalidad. Pero el espíritu humano está plerórico de las condiciones más raras. Ensalzamos la "sagrada maternidad" y no se nos ocurre hacerla responsable de todos los monstruos, humanos como los criminales, locos peligrosos, epilépticos, idiotas y engendros de toda especie, que nacen del mismo modo que los genios. En cambio, nos acosan las dudas más graves cuando debemos conceder libre desarrollo a la personalidad humana. Se dice que "entonces todo sería posible" o se reaviva la poca consistente objeción del "individualismo". El individualismo nunca ha sido un desenvolvimiento natural, sino una usurpación artificial, una pose inadecuada e impermanente cuya vacuidad se manifiesta muchas veces, ante la menor dificultad. Se trata, pues, de otra cosa.

Nadie desarrolla su personalidad porque alguien le haya dicho que sería útil o conveniente. La naturaleza jamás se ha dejado impresionar por consejos bien intencionados. Sólo la coacción, actuando como causa, mueve a la naturaleza, incluso a la humana. Nada cambia sin necesidad y menos la personalidad del hombre. Esta es enormemente conservadora, por no decir inerte. Sólo la necesidad más terrible consigue avivarla. El desarrollo de la personalidad no obedece, por tanto, a ningún deseo,

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a ninguna orden, a ninguna comprensión, sino exclusivamente a la necesidad; necesita de la coacción motivadora de los destinos intrínsecos exteriores o interiores. Todo otro tipo de desarrollo sería individualismo. He aquí también por qué es un grave insulto acusar de individualismo a un desarrollo natural de la personalidad.

La frase "muchos son los llamados y pocos los elegidos" tiene particular aplicación en este sentido, pues el desarrollo de la personalidad, desde sus gérmenes hasta la total conciencia, origina, en primer término, el consciente e inevitable aislamiento del individuo de la indiferencia e inconciencia del rebaño. Para esta soledad no existe palabra reconfortante. De ella no se puede librar ninguna familia, ninguna sociedad y ninguna categoría, aún a pesar de la más completa adaptación y acomodación al medio ambiente. El desarrollo de la personalidad es una dicha que sólo puede pagarse a alto precio. Pero el que más habla sobre ese desarrollo es el que menos piensa en las consecuencias que desalientan completamente a los espíritus débiles.

El desarrollo de la personalidad significa algo más que el mero temor a la creación anormal o al aislamiento, pues significa también *fidelidad para con la ley propia*. Quisiera emplear aquí en lugar de la palabra *fidelidad* el término griego del Nuevo Testamento: *πίστις*, que por error ha sido traducido como "fe"; en realidad significa confianza, lealtad confiada. La fidelidad para con la ley propia equivale a una confianza en esa ley, una constancia leal y una esperanza confiada, es decir, una situación como la que el hombre religioso debe ocupar frente a Dios. Del fondo de nuestro problema surge un dilema preñado de consecuencias, pues se observa que la personalidad no se puede desarrollar nunca sin que se elija conscientemente y con consciente decisión moral el

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camino propio. No sólo el motivo causal, la necesidad, sino también la consciente decisión moral deben prestar su fuerza al proceso del desarrollo de la personalidad. Si faltara aquél, es decir, la necesidad, el llamado desarrollo tan sólo sería una acrobacia de la voluntad; si faltara la consciente decisión, el desarrollo no pasaría del automatismo obtuso e inconsciente. Pero sólo se puede llegar a decidir moralmente el camino propio cuando se le considera el mejor. Si se considera mejor otro camino se seguiría y por tanto se desarrollaría en ese sentido la propia personalidad. Los demás caminos son las conveniencias de índole moral, social, política, filosófica y religiosa. El hecho de que las conveniencias siempre florezcan en una forma u otra, prueba que la abrumadora mayoría de los hombres no elige el camino propio sino el de la conveniencia, y por lo tanto sólo se desarrolla en ellos mismos un método y, en consecuencia, un fenómeno colectivo a costa de la propia integridad.

Así como la vida espiritual y social del hombre primitivo era una vida exclusivamente colectiva, sin conciencia elevada de la individualidad, el posterior proceso histórico del desarrollo también fué, sobre todo, un problema colectivo y es de suponer que seguirá siéndolo. Por eso creo en la conveniencia como en una necesidad colectiva. Esto es una solución expeditiva, pero no un ideal, ni desde el punto de vista moral ni desde el religioso, pues la subordinación a ella significa siempre la renuncia a la integridad y una fuga ante las últimas consecuencias propias.

El desarrollo de la personalidad es, en efecto, una contingencia impopular, un antipático apartarse del camino principal, una obstinación de ermitaño, una prescindencia del criterio ajeno. No es milagroso, pues, que siempre hayan sido muy pocos los que emprendieran tan

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extraña aventura. Si todos hubieran sido locos podríamos apartarnos de nuestra vista considerándolos como espíritus particulares. Pero por desgracia las personalidades son, de ordinario, los legendarios héroes de la humanidad, los admiradores, queridos, adorados, los verdaderos hijos de los dioses cuyos nombres no caerán en el olvido. Son las verdaderas flores, los verdaderos frutos, las semillas procreadoras del árbol de la humanidad. Las referencias a las personalidades históricas explican suficientemente por qué el desarrollo de la personalidad constituye un ideal, y el reproche del individualismo, un insulto. La grandeza de las personalidades históricas jamás ha consistido en una subordinación a la conveniencia, sino, por el contrario, en una salvadora independencia de ella. Emergen como altas montañas de la masa, aferrada a los temores, convicciones y métodos colectivos, y elevan el camino propio. El hombre vulgar se sorprendería siempre cuando alguien mostraba su preferencia por el sendero abrupto y estrecho que conduce a lo ignoto, en vez de los caminos trillados con metas conocidas. Por eso se estimaba siempre que semejantes hombres de no ser locos debían estar poseídos por un demonio o por un Dios. El que alguien pudiera proceder de un modo diferente a como la humanidad se ha conducido siempre, sólo podía explicarse considerando a quien lo hacía como dotado de una fuerza demoníaca o de un espíritu divino. ¿Quién sino un Dios podría equilibrar el peso de la humanidad entera y de la costumbre eterna? Por eso los héroes siempre tenían atributos demoníacos. De acuerdo al concepto nórdico tenían ojos de serpiente y eran de origen extraño; ciertos héroes antiguos griegos tenían alma de serpiente, mientras que otros tenían un *daimon* familiar o eran hechiceros o elegidos de Dios. Todos esos atributos, cuya enumeración sería fácil mul-

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triplicar, demuestran que para el hombre común la personalidad sobresaliente es, por decirlo así, un fenómeno *sobrenatural*, que sólo se explica por la intervención de un factor demoníaco.

¿Qué es lo que, al fin de cuentas, determina a un hombre a elegir su camino propio y a elevarse por encima de la inconsciente uniformidad de la masa, como sobre una capa de niebla? No puede ser la necesidad, pues ésta hace presa en muchos, y todos ellos se refugian en la conveniencia. No puede ser tampoco la decisión moral, pues de ordinario la gente prefiere la conveniencia. ¿Qué es, pues, lo que inclina inexorablemente la decisión a favor de lo *extraordinario*?

Es lo que se llama el destino. Un factor irracional que impide fatalmente a la emancipación del rebaño y a abandonar los derroteros gastados. La auténtica personalidad siempre tiene un destino, cree en él. Lo venera como a un Dios, a pesar de que se trata, según diría el hombre vulgar, de un sentimiento de determinación individual. Pero este destino obra como una ley divina, de la cual es imposible apartarse. El hecho de que muchos perezcan en su propio camino nada significa para aquel que tiene un destino. *Debe* obedecer a su ley propia como si fuera un *daimon* que le sugiere nuevos senderos. El que tiene un destino oye la voz de su interior que se le marca. He aquí por qué la tradición cree que ese hombre tiene un *daimon* familiar que le aconseja y cuyas órdenes está obligado a cumplir. Un ejemplo famoso es el de Fausto, en tanto que el *daimon* de Sócrates constituye un caso histórico. Los primitivos curanderos tenían espíritu de serpiente, y aun Esculapio, el patrón protector de los médicos, es representado por la serpiente epidaurica. Además tenía como *daimon* familiar al Cabir Telesforo, quien, según se dice, le leyó o sugirió las recetas.

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Tener un destino significa, en el sentido primitivo, ser llamado por una voz. Los más hermosos ejemplos se encuentran en las confesiones de los Profetas del Antiguo Testamento. No es una anticuada manera de hablar, según lo comprueban las confesiones de personalidades históricas como Goethe y Napoleón, para citar dos ejemplos patentes que no ocultaban la sensación de su destino.

El destino, o la sensación del destino, no es por cierto prerrogativa de las grandes personalidades, ya que también los tienen las pequeñas y hasta las mediocres. Pero se torna tanto más inconsciente y velada cuanto más disminuye esa grandeza. Es como si la voz del *daimon* interior se alejara más y más y hablara a mayores intervalos y cada vez menos claramente. Cuanto más pequeña sea la personalidad, tanto más indefinida e inconsciente se torna, hasta confundirse con la sociedad, perdiendo su propio carácter, que se disuelve dentro de la totalidad del grupo. La voz interior es reemplazada entonces por la voz de la sociedad y de sus conveniencias y el destino es substituido por las necesidades colectivas. Pero no son pocos los que incluso en ese estado social inconsciente son llamados por la voz individual, con lo cual se distinguen inmediatamente de los otros, sintiéndose dirigidos hacia un problema que los demás ignoran. Generalmente es imposible explicar al prójimo lo que ha sucedido ya que los arraigados prejuicios levantan una muralla que impide de la comprensión de ese fenómeno. "Todos son iguales", "no existe eso", y cuando efectivamente existe claro está que es "enfermizo", aparte de ser sumamente inconveniente y constituir "una enorme petulancia creer que semejante cosa pueda tener importancia", puesto que "no es más que psicología". Esta última objeción precisamente goza de gran predicamento. Es el producto de una extraña depreciación de lo psíquico que, al parecer,

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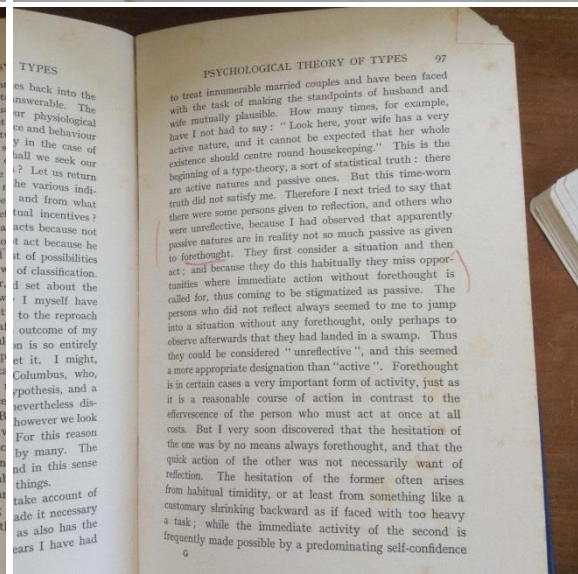
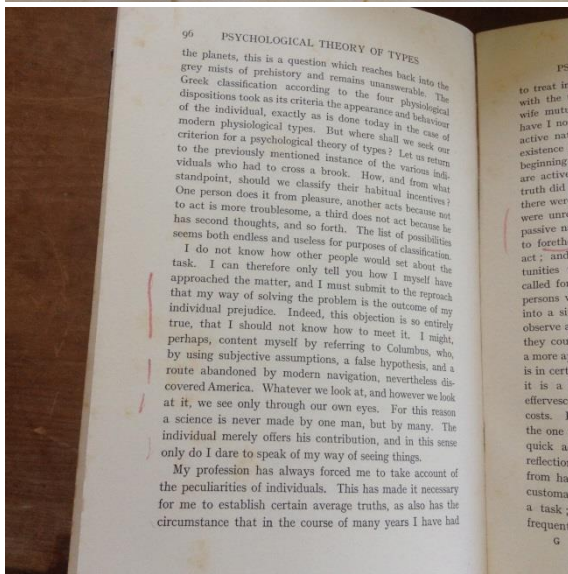
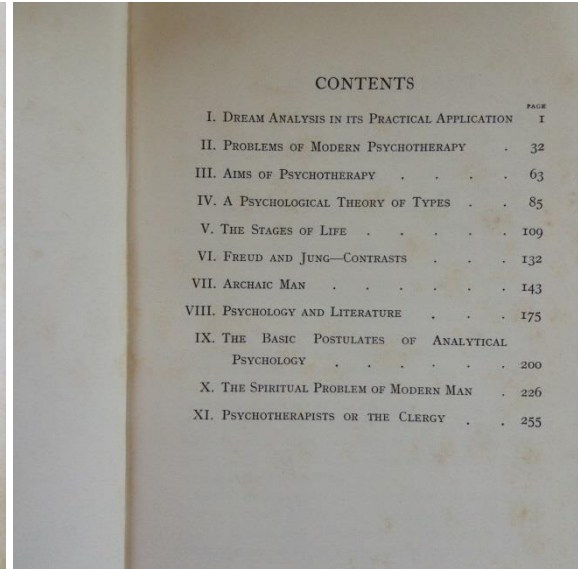
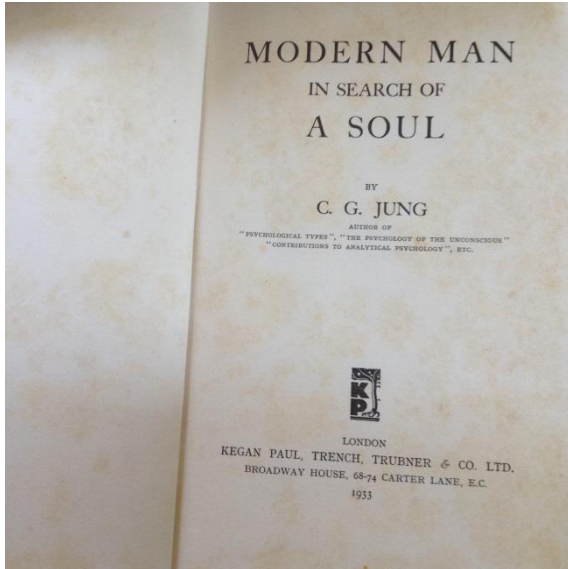
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se considera como algo arbitrario y por lo tanto muy banal, cosa, en verdad, paradójica si se piensa en el actual entusiasmo psicológico. Lo inconsciente no es "más que fantasía". Cada uno se siente mago, capaz de conjurar lo psíquico a su albedrío y deformarlo de acuerdo a su capricho, se niega lo incómodo y se sublima lo indeseado, se disimula mediante explicaciones lo que inspira temor, se rectifican errores y, al fin, se cree que se ha arrebatado todo perfectamente. Y sin embargo, se olvida lo principal, es decir, que lo psíquico sólo puede identificarse en su parte mínima con la conciencia y sus artimañas. En su mayor parte es un fenómeno inconsciente que, duro y pesado como el granito, yace inmóvil e inaccesible, y que en cualquier momento, cuando plazca a leyes desconocidas, puede precipitarse sobre nosotros. Los catástrofes dantescas que nos amenazan no son procesos elementales de índole física o biológica, sino acontecimientos psíquicos. Nos conminan en una medida aterradora guerras y revoluciones, que no son más que epidemias psíquicas. En cualquier instante millones de hombres pueden ser atacados por una manía y entonces tendremos una nueva guerra mundial o una revolución devastadora. El hombre no está ahora amenazado por las bestias salvajes, por las rocas que se despeñan o por los ríos desbordados, sino por sus fuerzas elementales psíquicas. Lo psíquico es una gran potencia, muchas veces superior a todas las potencias del mundo. El enciclopedismo que desdibujó a la naturaleza y a las instituciones humanas, ha pasado por alto el dios del terror, que vive en el alma. El temor a Dios encuentra el mejor lugar en la supremacía de lo psíquico.

Pero éstas son meras abstracciones. Todo el mundo sabe que la inteligencia, que se supone lo sabe todo, es capaz de decirlo en esta forma o de un modo completamente distinto psíquico objeto el plomo, se e interior, dice podrás y ten impellido exa se trata de g ilusión. No i la personalidad rencia del po a si mismo i demás, una i nos, uno ha midad del al de libre alb razón lo psí sin trabas. nada, que s anhela siem cuanto siem grito en de ¿Pero i con la nece parte integ gado como Lo único q su destino. rosa y gen el del pueb dará aislad que surge a su "ley es la ley, del león q

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Within the limits of an essay, I cannot possibly mention all the separate observations that led me to pick out certain psychic functions as criteria for the designation of the differences under discussion. I wish only to show how they appear to me as far as I have been able to grasp them. We must realize that an introvert does not simply draw back and hesitate before the object, but that he does so in a very definite way. Moreover he does not behave in all respects like every other introvert, but in a particular manner. Just as the lion strikes down his enemy or his prey with his fore-paw, in which his strength resides, and not with his tail like the crocodile, so our habitual reactions are normally characterized by the application of our most trustworthy and efficient function; it is an expression of our strength. However, this does not prevent our reacting occasionally in a way that reveals our specific weakness.

The predominance of a function leads us to contrast or to seek out certain situations while we avoid others, and therefore to have experiences that are peculiar to us and different from those of other people. An intelligent man will make his adaptation to the world through his intelligence, and not in the manner of a sixth-rate pugilist, even though now and then, in a fit of rage, he may make use of his fists. In the struggle for existence and adaptation everyone instinctively uses his most developed function, which thus becomes the criterion of his habitual reactions.

The question now becomes: How is it possible to subsume all these functions under general concepts, so that they can be distinguished in the welter of merely contingent events? In social life a rough grouping of this sort has long ago come about, and as a result we have types like the peasant, the worker, the artist, the scholar, the warrior, and so forth

of persons who again have something in common which I cannot designate except by the word rationality. No one will dispute the statement that thinking is essentially rational, but when we come to feeling, certain objections may be raised which I do not want simply to overlook; on the contrary I freely admit that this problem of feeling has been one over which I have racked my brains. Yet, not to burden this essay with the various existing definitions of this concept, I shall confine myself briefly to my own view. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that the word "feeling" can be applied in all sorts of different ways. This is especially true in the German language, but is noticeable to some extent in English and French as well. First of all, then, we must make a careful distinction between the concepts of feeling and sensation, the latter being taken to cover the sensory processes. And in the second place we must recognize that a feeling of regret is something quite different from a "feeling" that the weather will change or that the price of our aluminum shares will go up. I have therefore proposed using the term "feeling" in the first instance, and dropping it—so far as psychological terminology is concerned—in the other two instances. Here we should speak of "sensation" when the sense organs are involved, and of intuition if we are dealing with a kind of perception which cannot be traced directly to conscious sensory experience. I have therefore defined sensation as perception through conscious sensory processes, and intuition as perception by way of unconscious contents and connections.

Obviously we could argue until Doomsday about the fitness of these definitions, but the discussion eventually turns upon a mere question of terms. It is as if we debated

whether to call a certain animal a puma or a mountain-lion, when all that is needed is to know what we wish to designate in a given way. Psychology is an unexplored field of study, and its particular idiom must first be fixed. It is well known that temperature can be measured according to Réaumur, Celsius or Fahrenheit, but we must indicate which system we are using.

It is evident, then, that I take feeling as a function in itself and distinguish it from sensation and intuition. Whoever confuses these last two functions with feeling in this narrower sense, can obviously not acknowledge the rationality of feeling. But if they are separated from feeling, it becomes quite clear that feeling values and feeling judgments—that is to say, our feelings—are not only reasonable, but are also as discriminating, logical and consistent as thinking. Such a statement seems strange to a man of the thinking type, but we can understand this when we realize that in a person with a differentiated thinking function, the feeling function is always less developed, more primitive, and therefore contaminated with other functions—those being precisely the functions which are not rational, not logical, and not evaluating, namely, sensation and intuition. These two last are by their very nature opposed to the rational functions. When we think, it is in order to judge or to reach a conclusion, and when we feel it is in order to attach a proper value to something; sensation and intuition, on the other hand, are perceptive—they make us aware of what is happening, but do not interpret or evaluate it. They do not act selectively according to principles, but are simply receptive of what happens. But "what happens" is merely nature, and therefore essentially non-rational. There are no modes of inference by which it can be proved

that there must be so many planets, or so many species of warm-blooded animals of this or that sort. Lack of rationality is a vice where thinking and feeling are called for—rationality is a vice where sensation and intuition should be trusted.

Now there are many persons whose habitual reactions are non-rational, because they are based chiefly upon sensation or intuition. They cannot be based upon both at once, because sensation is just as antagonistic to intuition as thinking is to feeling. When I try to assure myself with my eyes and ears of what actually occurs, I cannot at the same time give way to dreams and fantasies as to what lies round the corner. As this is just what the intuitive type must do in order to give free play to the unconscious or to the object, it is easy to see that the sensation type is at the opposite pole to the intuitive. Unfortunately, I cannot here take up the interesting variations which the extraverted or introverted attitude produces in non-rational types.

Instead, I prefer to add a word about the effects regularly produced upon the other functions when preference is given to one. We know that a man can never be everything at once, never complete; he always develops certain qualities at the expense of others, and wholeness is never attained. But what happens to those functions which are not developed by exercise and are not consciously brought into daily use? They remain in a more or less primitive and infantile state, often only half-conscious, or even quite unconscious. These relatively undeveloped functions constitute a specific inferiority which is characteristic of each type and is an integral part of the total character. The one-sided emphasis on thinking is always accompanied by an inferiority in feeling, and differentiated sensation and intuition are

inherently injurious. Whether a function is differentiated or not may easily be recognized from its strength, stability, consistency, trustworthiness and service in adaptedness. But inferiority in a function is often not so easily described or recognized. An essential criterion is its lack of self-sufficiency, and our resulting dependence on people and circumstances; furthermore, its disposing us to moods and undue sensitivity, its untrustworthiness and vagueness, and its tendency to make us suggestible. We are always at a disadvantage in using the inferior function because we cannot direct it, being in fact even its victims.

Since I must restrict myself here to a mere sketch of the basic ideas of a psychological theory of types, I must unfortunately forego a detailed description of individual traits and actions in the light of this theory. The total result of my work in this field up to the present is the presentation of two general types covering the attitudes which I call extraversion and introversion. Besides these, I have worked out a fourfold classification corresponding to the functions of thinking, feeling, sensation and intuition. Each of these functions varies according to the general attitude, and thus eight variants are produced. I have been asked almost reproachfully why I speak of four functions and not of more or fewer. That there are exactly four is a matter of empirical fact. But as the following consideration will show, a certain completeness is attained by these four. Sensation establishes what is actually given, thinking enables us to recognize its meaning; feeling tells us its value, and finally intuition points to the possibilities of the whence and whether that lie within the immediate facts. In this way, we can orientate ourselves with respect to the immediate world as completely as when we locate a place geographically

To discuss the problems connected with the stages of human development is an exacting task, for it means nothing less than unfolding a picture of psychic life in its entirety from the cradle to the grave. Within the narrow frame of this essay the task can be carried out only on the broadest lines, and it must be well understood that no attempt will be made to describe the normal psychic occurrences within the various stages. We shall rather restrict ourselves and deal only with certain "problems"; that is, with things that are difficult, questionable or ambiguous; in a word, with questions which allow of more than one answer—and, moreover, answers that are always open to doubt. For this reason there will be much to which we must add a question-mark in our thoughts. And—worse still—there will be some things which we must accept on faith, while now and then we must even indulge in speculations.

If psychic life consisted only of overt happenings—which on a primitive level is still the case—we could content ourselves with a sturdy empiricism. The psychic life of civilized man, however, is full of problems; we cannot even think of it except in terms of problems. Our psychic processes are made up to a large extent of reflections, doubts and experiments, all of which are almost completely foreign to the unconscious, instinctive mind of primitive man.

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It is the growth of consciousness which we must thank for the existence of problems; they are the dubious gift of civilization. It is just man's turning away from instinct—his opposing himself to instinct—that creates consciousness. Instinct is nature and seeks to perpetuate nature; while consciousness can only seek culture or its denial. Even when we turn back to nature, inspired by a Rousseau, we "cultivate" nature. As long as we are still submerged in nature we are unconscious, and we live in the security of instinct that knows no problems. Everything in us that still belongs to nature shrinks away from a problem; for its name is doubt, and wherever doubt holds sway, there is uncertainty and the possibility of divergent ways. And where several ways seem possible, there we have turned away from the certain guidance of instinct and are handed over to fear. For consciousness is now called upon to do that which nature has always done for her children—namely, to give a certain, unquestionable and unequivocal decision. And here we are beset by an all-too-human fear that consciousness—our Promethean conquest—may in the end not be able to serve us in the place of nature.

Problems thus draw us into an orphaned and isolated state where we are abandoned by nature and are driven to consciousness. There is no other way open to us; we are forced to resort to decisions and solutions where we formerly trusted ourselves to natural happenings. Every problem, therefore, brings the possibility of a widening of consciousness—but also the necessity of saying good-bye to childlike unconsciousness and trust in nature. This necessity is a psychic fact of such importance that it constitutes one of the essential symbolic teachings of the Christian religion. It is the sacrifice of the merely natural

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...and we cannot even be conscious of them. The first stage of consciousness, then, which we can observe consists in a mere connection between two or more psychic contents. At this level, consciousness is merely sporadic, being limited to the representation of a few connections, and the content is not remembered later on. It is a fact that in the early years of life there is no continuous memory; at the most there are islands of consciousness which are like single lamps or lighted objects in the far-flung darkness. But these islands of memory are not the same as those initial connections between psychic contents; they contain something more and something new. This something is the highly important series of related contents which constitutes the so-called ego. The ego—quite like the initial content-series—is an object in consciousness, and for this reason the child speaks of itself at first objectively, in the third person. Only later, when the ego-contents have been charged with energy of their own (very likely as a result of exercise), does the feeling of subjectivity or "I-ness" arise. This is no doubt the moment when the child begins to speak of itself in the first person. At this level the continuity of memory has its beginning. Essentially, therefore, it is a continuity in the ego-memories.

In the childish stage of consciousness there are as yet no problems; nothing depends upon the subject, for the child itself is still wholly dependent upon its parents. It is as though it were not yet completely born, but were still enclosed in the psychic atmosphere of its parents. Psychic birth, and with it the conscious distinction of the ego from the parents, takes place in the normal course of things at the age of maturity with the eruption of sexual life. The physiological change is attended by a psychic revolution.

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For the various bodily manifestations give such an emphasis to the ego that it often asserts itself without stint or measure. This is sometimes called "the unbearable ego".

Until this period is reached the psychic life of the individual is essentially governed by impulse, and few or no problems are met with. Even when external limitations oppose the subjective impulses, these restraints do not put the individual at variance with himself. He submits to them or circumvents them, remaining quite at one with himself. He does not yet know the state of inner tension which a problem brings about. This state only arises when what was an external limitation becomes an inner obstacle; when one impulse opposes itself to another. Resorting to psychological terms we would say: the state induced by a problem—the state of being at variance with oneself—arises when, side by side with the series of ego-contents, a second series of equal intensity comes into being. This second series, because of its energy-value, has a functional significance equal to that of the ego-complex; we might call it another, second ego, which in a given case can wrest the leadership from the first. This brings about an estrangement from oneself—the state that betokens a problem.

With reference to what was said above we can epitomize as follows: the first stage of consciousness which consists of recognizing or "knowing" is an anarchic or chaotic state. The second—that of the developed ego-complex—is a monarchic or monistic phase. The third is another step forward in consciousness, and consists in the awareness of one's divided state; it is a dualistic phase.

And here we take up our actual theme, namely the question of the stages of life. First of all we must deal with the period of youth. It extends roughly from the years just

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These inner difficulties may exist even when adaptation to the outer world has been achieved without apparent effort. It even seems as if young people who have had to struggle hard for their existence are spared inner problems, while those for whom adaptation for some reason or other is made easy, run into problems of sex or conflicts growing from the sense of inferiority.

People whose own temperaments offer problems are often neurotic, but it would be a serious misunderstanding to confuse the existence of problems with neurosis. There is a marked distinction between the two in that the neurotic is ill because he is unconscious of his problems; while the man with a difficult temperament suffers from his conscious problems without being ill.

If we try to extract the common and essential factors from the almost inexhaustible variety of individual problems found in the period of youth, we meet in nearly all cases with a particular feature: a more or less patent clinging to the childhood level of consciousness—a rebellion against the fateful forces in and around us which tend to involve us in the world. Something in us wishes to remain a child; to be unconscious, or, at most, conscious only of the ego; to reject everything foreign, or at least subject it to our will; to do nothing, or in any case indulge our own craving for pleasure or power. In this leaning we observe something like the inertia of matter; it is persistence in a hitherto existing state whose level of consciousness is smaller, narrower and more egoistic than that of the dualistic stage. For in the latter the individual finds himself compelled to recognize and to accept what is different and strange as a part of his own life—as a kind of "also-I".

It is the extension of the horizon of life which is the

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thing, nature cares nothing whatsoever about a higher level of consciousness; quite the contrary. And then society does not value these feats of the psyche very highly; its prizes are always given for achievement and not for personality—the latter being rewarded, for the most part, posthumously. This being so, a particular solution of the difficulty becomes compulsive: we are forced to limit ourselves to the attainable and to differentiate particular aptitudes, for in this way the capable individual discovers his social being.

Achievement, usefulness and so forth are the ideals which appear to guide us out of the confusion of crowding problems, and solidifying our psychic existences—they may help us in striking our roots in the world; but they cannot guide us in the development of that wider consciousness to which we give the name of culture. In the period of youth, at any rate, this course is the normal one and in all circumstances preferable to merely tossing about in the welter of problems.

The dilemma is often solved, therefore, in this way: whatever is given to us by the past is adapted to the possibilities and the demands of the future. We limit ourselves to the attainable, and this means the renunciation of all other potentialities. One man loses a valuable piece of his past, another a valuable piece of his future. Everyone can call to mind friends or schoolmates who were promising and idealistic youngsters, but who, when met with years later, seemed to have grown dry and cramped in a narrow mould. These are examples of the solution given above.

The serious problems of life, however, are never fully solved. If it should for once appear that they are, this

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is the sign that something has been lost. The meaning and design of a problem seem not to lie in its solution, but in our working at it incessantly. This alone preserves us from nullification and petrification. So also with that solution of the problems of the period of youth which consists in restricting ourselves to the attainable: it is only temporarily valid and not lasting in a deeper sense. Of course, to win for oneself a place in society and so to transform one's nature that it is more or less fitted to this existence, is in every instance an important achievement. It is a fight waged within oneself as well as outside, comparable to the struggle of the child to defend his ego. This struggle, we must grant, is for the most part unobserved because it happens in the dark; but when we see how stubbornly childish illusions, presuppositions and egoistic habits are still clung to in later years we are able to realize the energy it took to form them. And so it is also with the ideals, convictions, guiding ideas and attitudes which in the period of youth lead us out into life—for which we struggle, suffer and win victories: they grow together with our own beings, we apparently change into them, and we therefore perpetuate them at pleasure and as a matter of course, just as the child asserts its ego in the face of the world and in spite of itself—occasionally even to spite itself.

The nearer we approach to the middle of life, and the better we have succeeded in entrenching ourselves in our personal standpoints and social positions, the more it appears as if we had discovered the right course and the right ideals and principles of behaviour. For this reason we suppose them to be eternally valid, and make a virtue of unchangeably clinging to them. We wholly overlook the essential fact that the achievements which society rewards are won at

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the cost of a diminution of personality. Many—far too many—asperts of life which should also have been experienced in the lumber-room among dusty memories. Sometimes, even, they are glowing coals under grey ashes.

Statistical tables show a rise in the frequency of cases of mental depression in men about forty. In women the neurotic difficulties generally begin somewhat earlier. We see that in this phase of life—between thirty-five and forty—a significant change in the human psyche is in preparation. At first it is not a conscious and striking change; it is rather a matter of indirect signs of a change which seems to take its rise from the unconscious. Often it is something like a slow change in a person's character; in another case certain traits may come to light which had disappeared in childhood; or again, inclinations and interests begin to weaken and others arise to take their places. It also frequently happens that the convictions and principles which have hitherto been accepted—especially the moral principles—commence to harden and to grow increasingly rigid until, somewhere towards the age of fifty, a period of intolerance and fanaticism is reached. It is then as if the existence of these principles were enlarged, and it were therefore necessary to emphasize them all the more.

The wine of youth does not always clear with advancing years; oftentimes it grows turbid. All the manifestations mentioned above can be most clearly seen in rather one-sided people, turning up sometimes sooner and sometimes later. In my opinion, their appearance is often delayed by the fact that a person's parents are still alive. It is then as if the period of youth were unduly continued. I have seen this especially in the cases of men whose fathers were long-

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The very frequ have this in cont carry the psychic d of the so-called dy of those touching old the dish of their a life only by remini for the rest, are stu As a rule, to be sur be wrong to under being or stereoty who can never hav present, and who ca As formerly the m so now he cannot p grey thoughts of app before him and

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with advancing e manifestations rather one-sided delayed by the It is then as d. I have seen thers were long-

lived. The death of the father then has the effect of an overburied—an almost catastrophic—opening.

I know of a pious man who was a churchwarden and who, from the age of forty onward, showed a growing and finally unbearable intolerance in things of morality and religion. At the same time his disposition grew visibly worse. As if he was nothing more than a darkly lowering "pillar of the church". In this way he got along until his fifty-fifth year when suddenly, one night, sitting up in bed, he said to his wife: "Now at last I've got it! As a matter of fact I'm just a plain rascal." Nor did this a matter of fact remain without results. He spent his declining years in rixious living and in wasting a goodly part of his fortune. Obviously quite a likeable person, capable of both extremes!

The very frequent neurotic disturbances of adult years have this in common, that they betray the attempt to carry the psychic dispositions of youth beyond the threshold of the so-called years of discretion. Who does not know those teaching old gentlemen who must always warm up the dish of their student days, who can fan the flames of life only by reminiscences of their heroic youth—and who, for the rest, are stuck in a hopelessly wooden philistinism? As a rule, to be sure, they have this one merit which it would be wrong to undervalue: they are not neurotic, but only boring or stereotyped. The neurotic is rather a person who can never have things as he would like them in the present, and who can therefore never enjoy the past.

As formerly the neurotic could not escape from childhood, so now he cannot part with his youth. He shrinks from the grey thoughts of approaching age; and, feeling the prospect before him unbearable, is always straining to look behind

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merely a pitiful appendage to life's morning. The significance of the morning undoubtedly lies in the development of the individual, our entrenchment in the outer world, the propagation of our kind and the care of our children. This is the obvious purpose of nature. But when this purpose has been attained—and even more than attained—shall the earning of money, the extension of conquests and the expansion of life go steadily on beyond the bounds of all reason and sense? Whoever carries over into the afternoon the law of the morning—that is, the aims of nature—must pay for so doing with damage to his soul just as surely as a growing youth who tries to salvage his childish egotism must pay for this mistake with social failure. Money-making, social existence, family and posterity are nothing but plain nature—not culture. Culture lies beyond the purpose of nature. Could by any chance culture be the meaning and purpose of the second half of life?

In primitive tribes we observe that the old people are almost always the guardians of the mysteries and the laws, and it is in these that the cultural heritage of the tribe is expressed. How does the matter stand with us? Where is the wisdom of our old people—where are their precious secrets and their visions? For the most part our old people try to compete with the young. In the United States it is almost an ideal for the father to be the brother of his sons, and for the mother if possible to be the younger sister of her daughter.

I do not know how much of this confusion comes as a reaction to an earlier exaggeration of the dignity of age, and how much is to be charged to false ideals. These undoubtedly exist, and the goal of those who hold them lies behind, and not in front. Therefore they are always striving

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to turn back. We have to grant to these persons that it is hard to see what other goal the second half of life can offer than the well-known goal of the first. Expansion of life, usefulness, efficiency, the cutting of a figure in social life, the skilful steering of offspring into suitable marriages and good positions—are not enough meaning or purpose for many persons who see in the approach of old age a mere diminution of life, and who look upon their earlier ideals only as something laded and worn out. Of course, if these persons had filled up the beaker of life earlier and emptied it to the lees, they would feel quite differently about everything now; had they kept nothing back, all that wanted to catch fire would have been consumed, and the quiet of old age would be very welcome to them. But we must not forget that only a very few people are artists in life; that the art of life is in the most distinguished and rarest of all the arts. Who are ever succeeded in draining the whole cup with grace? So for many people all too much un-lived life remains over—sometimes potentialities which they could never have lived with the best of wills; and so they approach the threshold of old age with unsatisfied claims which inevitably turn their glances backward.

It is particularly fatal for such people to look backward. For them a prospect and a goal in the future are indispensable. This is why all great religions hold the promise of a life beyond; it makes it possible for mortal man to live the second half of life with as much perseverance and aim as the first. For the man of today the enlargement of life and its culmination are plausible goals; but the idea of life after death seems to him questionable or beyond belief. And yet life's cessation, that is, death, can only be

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accepted as a goal when existence is so wretched that we are glad for it to end, or when we are convinced that the sun strives to its setting—"to illumine distant races"—with the same perseverance it showed in rising to the zenith. But to believe has become today such a difficult art, that people, and particularly the educated part of humanity, can hardly find their way there. They have become too accustomed to the thought that, with regard to immortality and such questions, there are many contradictory opinions and no convincing proofs. Since "science" has become the catchword which carries the weight of conviction in the contemporary world, we ask for "scientific" proofs. But educated people who can think, know that proof of this kind is out of the question. We simply know nothing whatever about it.

May I remark that, for the same reasons, we cannot know whether anything happens to a person after he is dead? The answer is neither yes nor no. We simply have no definite scientific proofs about it one way or another, and are therefore in the same position as when we ask whether the planet Mars is inhabited or not. And the inhabitants of Mars, if there are any, are certainly not concerned whether we affirm or deny their existence. They may exist or not. And that is how it stands with so-called immortality—with which we may shelve the problem.

But here my physician's conscience awakes and urges me to say a word which is essential to this question. I have observed that a directed life is in general better, richer and healthier than an aimless one, and that it is better to go forwards with the stream of time than backwards against it. To the psychotherapist an old man who cannot bid farewell to life appears as feeble and sickly as a young man

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who is unable to embrace it. And as a matter of fact, many cases it is a question of the selfsame childish covetousness, of the same fear, the same obstinacy and willfulness, in the one as in the other. As a physician I am convinced that it is hygienic—if I may use the word—to discover in death a goal towards which one can strive; and that shrinking away from it is something unhealthy and abnormal which robs the second half of life of its purpose. I therefore consider the religious teaching of a life hereafter consonant with the standpoint of psychic hygiene. When I live in the house which I know will fall about my head within the next two weeks, all my vital functions will be impaired by this thought; but if on the contrary I feel myself to be safe, I can dwell therein in a normal and comfortable way. From the standpoint of psychotherapy it would therefore be desirable to think of death as only a transition—one part of a life-process whose extent and duration escape our knowledge.

In spite of the fact that by far the larger part of mankind does not know why the body needs salt, everyone demands it none the less because of an instinctive need. It is the same in the things of the psyche. A large majority of people have from time immemorial felt the need of believing in a continuance of life. The demands of therapy, therefore, do not lead us into any bypaths, but down the middle of the roadway trodden by humankind. And therefore we are thinking correctly with respect to the meaning of life, even though we do not understand what we think.

Do we ever understand what we think? We only understand that thinking which is a mere equation, and from which nothing comes out but what we have put in. That is the working of the intellect. But beyond that there is a thinking

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in primordial images—in symbols which are older than historical man; which have been ingrained in him from earliest times, and, eternally living, outlasting all generations, still make up the groundwork of the human psyche. It is only possible to live the fullest life when we are in harmony with these symbols; wisdom is a return to them. It is neither a question of belief nor of knowledge, but of the agreement of our thinking with the primordial images of the unconscious. They are the source of all our conscious thoughts, and one of these primordial thoughts is the idea of life after death. Science and these symbols are inseparable. They are indispensable conditions of the expediency and warrant to exist science cannot deny offhand. It can only treat of them as given facts, much as it can explore a function like that of the thyroid gland, for example. Before the nineteenth century the thyroid was regarded as a meaningless organ, merely because it was not understood. It would be equally short-sighted of us today to call the primordial images senseless. For me these images are something like psychic organs, and I treat them with the very greatest care. It happens sometimes that I must say to an older patient: "Your picture of God or your idea of immortality is atrophied; consequently your psychic metabolism is out of gear." The ancient *athanasiazon pharmakon*, the medicament of immortality, is more profound and meaningful than we supposed.

In this place I would like to return again for a moment to the comparison with the sun. The one hundred and eighty degrees of the arc of life are divisible into four parts. The first quarter, lying to the east, is childhood—that stage in which we are a problem for others, but are not yet

VI
FREUD AND JUNG—CONTRASTS

The difference between Freud's views and my own ought really to be dealt with by someone who stands outside the circle of influence of those ideas which go under the respective names. Can I be credited with sufficient impartiality to rise above my own ideas? Can any man do this? I doubt it. If I were told that someone had rivalled Baruch Münchhausen by accomplishing such a feat, I should feel sure that his ideas were borrowed ones.

It is true that widely accepted ideas are never the personal property of their so-called author; on the contrary, he is the bond-servant of his ideas. Impressive ideas which are hailed as truths have something peculiar to themselves. Although they come into being at a definite time, they are and have always been timeless; they arise from that realm of procreative, psychic life out of which the ephemeral mind of the single human being grows like a plant that blossoms, bears fruit and seed, and then withers and dies. Ideas spring from a source that is not contained within one man's personal life. We do not create them; they create us. To be sure, when we deal in ideas we inevitably make a confession, for they bring to the light of day not only the best that in us lies, but our worst insufficiencies and personal shortcomings as well. This is especially the case with ideas about psychology. Whence should they come except from

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the most subjective side of life? Can experience with the objective world save us from subjective prejudgements? Is not every experience, even in the best of circumstances, to a large extent subjective interpretation? On the other hand, the subject also is an objective fact, a piece of the world. What issues from it comes, after all, from the universal soil, just as the rarest and strangest organism is none the less supported and nourished by the earth which we all share in common. It is precisely the most subjective ideas which, being closest to nature and to the living being, deserve to be called the true. But what is truth?

For the purposes of psychology, I think it best to abandon the notion that we are today in anything like a position to make statements about the nature of the psyche that are "true" or "correct". The best that we can achieve is true expression. By true expression I mean an open avowal and a detailed presentation of everything that is subjectively noted. One person will stress the forms into which this material can be worked, and will therefore believe that he has created what he finds within himself. Another will lay most weight upon the fact that he plays the part of an observer; he will be conscious of his receptive attitude, and insist that his subjective material presents itself to him. The truth lies between the two. True expression consists in giving form to what is observed.

The modern psychologist, however unbounded his hopes, can hardly claim to have achieved more than the right sort of receptivity and a reasonable adequacy of expression. The psychology we at present possess is the testimony of a few individuals here and there regarding what they have found within themselves. The form in which they have cast it is sometimes adequate and sometimes not. Since each

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individual conforms more or less to a type, his testimony can be accepted as a fairly valid description of a large number of people. And since those who conform to other types belong none the less to the human species, we may conclude that the description applies, though less fully, to them too. What Freud has to say about sexuality, infantile pleasure, and their conflict with the "principle of reality," as well as what he says about incest and the like, can be taken as the truest expression of his own psychic make-up. He has given adequate form to what he has noted in himself. I am no opponent of Freud's; I am merely presented in pupils. No experienced psychotherapist can deny having met to Freud's descriptions. By his avowal of what he has found in himself, Freud has assisted at the birth of a great truth about man. He has devoted his life and his strength to the construction of a psychology which is a formulation of his own being.

Our way of looking at things is conditioned by what we are. And since other people are differently constituted, they see things differently and express themselves differently. Adler, one of Freud's earliest pupils, is a case in point. Working with the same empirical material as Freud, he approached it from a totally different standpoint. His way of looking at things is at least as convincing as Freud's, because he also represents a well-known type. I know that the followers of both schools flatly assert that I am in the wrong, but I may hope that history and all fair-minded persons will bear me out. Both schools, to my way of thinking, deserve reproach for over-emphasizing the pathological aspect of life and for interpreting man too exclusively

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helped me to see that every psychology—my own included—has the character of a subjective confession. And yet I must prevent my critical powers from destroying my creativeness. I know well enough that every word I utter carries with it something of myself—of my special and unique self with its particular history and its own particular world. Even when I deal with empirical data, I am necessarily speaking about myself. But it is only by accepting this as inevitable that I can serve the cause of man's knowledge of man—the cause which Freud also wished to serve, and which, in spite of everything, he has served. Knowledge rests not upon truth alone, but upon error also.

It is perhaps here, where the question arises of accepting the fact that every psychological teaching which is the work of one man is subjectively coloured, that the line between Freud and myself is most sharply drawn.

A further difference seems to me to consist in this, that I try to free myself from all unconscious and therefore uncriticized assumptions as to the world in general. I say "I try", for who can be sure that he has freed himself from all his unconscious assumptions? I try to save myself at least from the crassest prejudices, and am therefore inclined to recognize all manner of gods provided only that they are active in the human psyche. I do not doubt that the natural instincts or drives are forces of propulsion in human life, whether we call them sexuality or the will to power; but I also do not doubt that these instincts come into collision with the spirit, for they are continually colliding with something, and why should not this something be called spirit? I am far from knowing what spirit is in itself, and equally far from knowing what instincts are. The one is as mysterious to me as the other, yet I am unable

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to dismiss the one by explaining it in terms of the other. That would be to treat it as a mere misunderstanding. The fact that the earth has only one moon is not a misunderstanding. There are no misunderstandings in nature; they are only to be found in the realms that man calls "understanding". Certainly instinct and spirit are beyond my understanding. They are terms that we allow to stand for powerful forces whose nature we do not know.

As may be seen, I attribute a positive value to all religions. In their symbolism I recognize those figures which I have met with in the dreams and fantasies of my patients. In their moral teachings I see efforts that are the same as or similar to those made by my patients, when, guided by their own insight or inspiration, they seek the right way of dealing with the forces of the inner life. Ceremonial, ritual, initiation rites and ascetic practices, in all their forms and variations, interest me profoundly as so many techniques for bringing about a proper relation to these forces. I likewise attribute a positive value to biology, and to the empiricism of natural science in general, in which I see a herculean attempt to understand the human psyche by approaching it from the outer world. I regard the gnostic religions as an equally prodigious undertaking in the opposite direction: as an attempt to draw knowledge of the cosmos from within. In my picture of the world there is a vast outer realm and an equally vast inner realm; between these two stands man, facing now one and now the other, and, according to his mood or disposition, taking the one for the absolute truth by denying or sacrificing the other.

This picture is hypothetical, of course, but it offers a hypothesis which is so valuable that I will not give it up. I consider it heuristically and empirically verified; and,

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what is more, it is supported by the contents of the dream. This hypothesis certainly came to me from an inner source, though I might imagine that empirical findings had led to its discovery. Out of it has come my theory of types, and also my reconciliation with views as different from my own as those of Freud.

I see in all happening the play of opposites, and derive from this conception my idea of psychic energy. I hold that psychic energy involves the play of opposites in much the same way as physical energy involves a difference of potential, which is to say, the existence of such opposites as warm and cold, high and low. Freud began by taking sexuality as the only psychic driving power, and only after my break with him did he grant an equal status to other psychic activities as well. For my part, I have subsumed energy in order to avoid the arbitrariness of a psychology that deals with drives or impulses alone. I therefore speak, not of separate drives or forces, but of "value intensities". By what has just been said I do not mean to deny the importance of sexuality in psychic life, though Freud stubbornly maintains that I do deny it. What I seek is to vitiate all discussion of the human psyche; I wish to put sexuality itself in its proper place. Common-sense will always return to the fact that sexuality is only one of the life-instincts—only one of the psycho-physiological functions—though one that is without doubt very far-reaching and important.

Beyond all question, there is a marked disturbance today

1 Compare the essay "On Psychic Energy" in *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London, 1928.

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in the realms of sexual life. It is well known that when we have a bad toothache, we can think of nothing else. The sexuality which Freud describes is unmistakably that sexual obsession which shows itself whenever a patient has reached the point where he needs to be forced or tempted out of a wrong attitude or situation: and it shrinks at once to a wrong attitude or situation as the way to development is sexually piled up behind as the old resentments against normal proportions as soon as the old emotional tangles express. It is being caught in the boring emotional tangles of parents and relations and in the boring emotional tangles of the family situation which most often brings about the draining-up of the energies of life. And it is this stoppage which sexuality itself unfaithfully in that kind of sexuality which is called "infantile". It is really not sexuality proper, but an unnatural discharge of tensions that belong to quite another province of life. This being so, what is the use of paddling about in this flooded country? Surely, straight thinking will grant that it is more important to open up attitude or in new ways of life, that difference of potential which the pent-up energy requires. If this is not achieved a vicious circle is set up, and this is in fact the menace which Freudian psychology appears to offer. It points no way that leads beyond the inexorable cycle of biological events. This hopelessness would drive one to exclaim with Paul: "Wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the body of this death?" And our man of intellect comes forward, shaking his head, and says in Faust's words: "Thou art conscious only of the single urge", namely of the fleshly bond leading back to father and mother or forward to the children that have sprung from our flesh—"incest" with the past and "incest" with the future, the

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original sin of the perpetuation of the family situation. There is nothing that can free us from this bond except that opposite urge of life, the spirit. It is not the children of the flesh, but the "children of God" who know freedom. In Ernst Barlach's tragic novel of family life, *Der Vater Tod*, the mother-dæmon says at the end: "The strange thing is that man will not learn that God is his father." That is what Freud would never learn, and what all those who share his outlook forbid themselves to learn. At least, they never find the key to this knowledge. Theology does not help those who are looking for the key, because theology demands faith, and faith cannot be made: it is in the truest sense a gift of grace. We moderns are faced with the necessity of rediscovering the life of the spirit; we must experience it anew for ourselves. It is the only way in which we can break the spell that binds us to the cycle of biological events.

My position on this question is the third point of difference between Freud's views and my own. Because of it I am accused of mysticism. I do not, however, hold myself responsible for the fact that man has, everywhere and always, spontaneously developed religious forms of expression, and that the human psyche from time immemorial has been shot through with religious feelings and ideas. Whoever cannot see this aspect of the human psyche is blind, and whoever chooses to explain it away, or to "enlighten" it away, has no sense of reality. Or should we see in the father-complex which shows itself in all the members of the Freudian school, and in its founder as well, convincing evidence of any release worth mentioning from the inexorable family situation? This father-complex, fanatically defended with such stubbornness and over-sensitivity, is a cloak for

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For thousands of years, rites of initiation have been teaching spiritual rebirth; yet, strangely enough, man forgets again and again the meaning of divine procreation. This is surely no evidence of a strong life of the spirit; and yet the penalty of misunderstanding is heavy, for it is nothing less than neurotic decay, embitterment, atrophy and sterility. It is easy enough to drive the spirit out of the door, but when we have done so the salt of life flows flat—it loses its savour. Fortunately, we have proof that the spirit always renews its strength in the fact that the central teaching of the ancient initiations is handed on from generation to generation. Ever and again human beings arise who understand what is meant by the fact that God is our father. The equal balance of the flesh and the spirit is not lost to the world.

The contrast between Freud and myself goes back to essential differences in our basic assumptions. Assumptions are unavoidable, and this being so, it is wrong to pretend that we have made no assumptions. That is why I have dealt with fundamental questions; with these as a starting-point, the manifold and detailed differences between Freud's views and my own can best be understood.

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"These are white men." It was hailed by all as a great discovery. The incredibly accurate sense of locality shown by many natives is a matter of practice. It is absolutely necessary that they should be able to find their way in forests and jungles. Even the European, after a short while in Africa, begins to notice things he would never have dreamed of noticing before; he does it out of the fear of going hopelessly astray in spite of his compass.

Nothing goes to show that primitive man thinks, feels, or perceives in a way that differs fundamentally from ours. His psychic functioning is essentially the same—only his primary assumptions are different. Compared to this it is a relatively unimportant fact that he has, or seems to have, a smaller area of consciousness than we, and that he is not very capable, or is quite incapable, of concentrated mental activity. This last, it is true, strikes the European as strange. For instance, I could never hold a palaver for longer than two hours, since by that time the natives always declared themselves tired. They said it was too difficult and yet I had only asked quite simple questions in a desultory way. These same natives showed an astonishing concentration and endurance when out hunting or on a journey. My letter-carrier, for instance, could run away five miles at a stretch. I saw a woman in her sixth month of pregnancy, carrying a baby on her back and smoking a long pipe of tobacco, dance almost the whole night through round a blazing fire when the temperature was 95°, without collapsing. It cannot be denied that primitive people are capable of concentrating upon things that interest them. If we try to give our attention to uninteresting matters, we soon notice how feeble our powers of concentration are.

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We ourselves, like them, are dependent upon emotional sub-currents. It is true that primitive man is simpler and more childlike than we, in good and evil alike. This in itself does not surprise us as strange. And yet, when we approach the world of archaic man, we have the feeling of something positively strange. As far as I have been able to analyse this feeling comes mainly from the fact that the primary assumptions of archaic man differ essentially from ours—assumptions that he has, if I may use the expression, in a different way. Until we come to know his presuppositions, he is a world hard to read, but when we know them, all is relatively simple. We might equally well say that primitive man comes to be a riddle when we have come to know our own presuppositions.

It is a natural presupposition of ours that everything has a natural and perceptible cause. We are convinced of this causality, so understood, is one of our most sacred dogmas. There is no legitimate place in our world for invisible, arbitrary and so-called supernatural forces—unless, indeed, we follow the modern physicist in his scrutiny of the minute and secret world of the atom wherein, as it appears, curious things come to pass. But that lies far from the beaten track. We distinctly meet the idea of invisible and arbitrary forces, for it is not so long ago that we made our escape from that frightening world of dreams and superstitions, and constructed for ourselves a picture of the cosmos worthy of rational consciousness—that latest and greatest achievement of man. We are now surrounded by a world that is obedient to natural laws. It is true that we do not know the causes of everything, but they will in time be discovered, and these discoveries will accord with our reasoned expecta-

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not have overlooked a single item in this chain of events for every new link would have answered to his expectations. And he is right—he is much more nearly right than we are willing to admit. His anxious expectations are justified and serve a purpose. Such a day, he holds, is ill-omened, and on it nothing should be undertaken. In our world this would be reprehensible superstition, but in the world of primitive man it is highly appropriate shrewdness. In that world man is far more exposed to accidents than we are in our protected and well-regulated existence. When you are in the wilderness you dare not take too many chances. The European soon comes to appreciate this.

When a Pueblo Indian does not feel in the right mood, he stays away from the men's council. When an ancient Roman stumbled on the threshold as he left his house, he gave up his plans for the day. This seems to us senseless, but under primitive conditions of life such an omen inclines one at least to be cautious. When I am not in full control of myself, my bodily movements may be under a certain constraint; my attention is easily distracted; I am somewhat absent-minded. As a result I knock against something, stumble, let something fall or forget something. Under civilized conditions these are mere trifles, but in the primeval forest they mean mortal danger. It is fatal to make a false step upon the rain-soaked trunk of a tree that serves as a bridge high over a river teeming with crocodiles. Sappone I lose my compass in the deep grass, or forget to load my rifle and blunder into a rhinoceros trail in the jungle. If I am preoccupied with my thoughts, I may tread upon a puff-adder. At nightfall I forget to put on my mosquito-boots in time, and eleven days later I die from an onset of tropical malaria. To forget to shut one's mouth while

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nothing induces to bring on a fatal attack of dysentery. For us a distracted state of mind is the natural cause of such accidents. For primitive man they are objectively conditioned omens, or sorcery.

But it may be more than a question of inattention. In the Kiteh region south of Mount Elgon I went for an excursion into the Kabras forest. There, in the thick grass, I nearly stepped on a puff-adder, and only managed to jump away just in time. In the afternoon my companion returned from a hunt, deathly pale and trembling in every limb. He had almost been bitten by a seven-foot mamba which darted at his back from a termite hill. Without a doubt he would have been killed had he not been able at the last moment to wound the animal with a shot. At one o'clock that night our camp was attacked by a pack of ravenous hyenas which had surprised and mauled a man in his sleep the day before. In spite of the fire they swarmed into the hut of our cook who fled screaming over the whole camp. Thereafter there were no accidents throughout the whole of our journey. Such a day gave our negroes food for thought. For us it was a simple multiplication of accidents, but for them the inevitable fulfilment of an omen that had occurred upon the first day of our journey into the wilds. It so happened that we had fallen, car, bridge and all, into a stream we were trying to cross. Our boys had exchanged glances on that occasion as if to say: "Well, that's a fine start." To cap the climax a tropical thunderstorm blew up and soaked us so thoroughly that I was prostrated with fever for several days. On the evening of the day when my friend had had such a narrow escape out hunting, I could not help saying to him as we white men sat looking at one another: "It seems to me that you are white men sat looking at one

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dreams, he told me, and had known where the herds strayed, where the cows took their calves, and when there was going to be a war or a pestilence. It was now the District Commissioner who knew everything, and they knew nothing. He was as resigned as certain Papuans are who believe that the crocodiles have in good part gone over to the British Government. It happened that a native convict had escaped from the authorities and been badly mangled by a crocodile while trying to cross a river. They therefore concluded that it must have been a police crocodile. God now speaks in dreams to the British, and not to the medicine-man of the Elgoni, he told me, because it is the British who have the power. Dream activity had emigrated. Occasionally the souls of the natives emigrate, and the medicine-man catches them in cages as if they were birds; or strange souls immigrate and cause diseases.

This projection of psychic happenings naturally gives rise to relations between men and men, or between men and animals or things, that to us are inconceivable. A white man shoots a crocodile. At once a crowd of people come running from the nearest village and excitedly demand compensation. They explain that the crocodile was a certain old woman in their village who had died at the moment when the shot was fired. The crocodile was obviously her bush-soul. Another man shot a leopard that was lying in wait for his cattle. Just then a woman died in a neighbouring village. She and the leopard were one and the same.

Lévy-Bruhl has coined the expression *participation mystique* for these curious relationships. It seems to me that the word "mystical" is not well chosen. Primitive man does not see anything mystical in these matters, but considers them

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perfectly natural. It is only we who find anything strange about them, and the reason is that we seem to know nothing about such psychic phenomena. In reality, however, they occur in us too, but we give them more civilized forms of expression. In daily life it happens all the time that we presume that the psychic processes of other people are the same as ours. We suppose that what seems bad to us to us is the same to others, and that what seems bad to us must also seem bad to them. It is only of late that our courts of law have adopted a psychological standpoint and admitted the relativity of guilt in pronouncing sentence. Complicated people are still moved to rancour by the least *quid licet Jovi non licet heri*. Equality before the law still represents a great human achievement; it has not yet been superseded. And we still attribute to "the other" all the evil and inferior qualities that we do not like to recognize in ourselves. That is why we have, critics and attack him. What happens in such a case, however, is that an inferior "soul" emigrates from one person to another. The world is still full of *bêtes noires* and werewolves.

Psychic projection is one of the commonest facts of psychology. It is the same as that *participation mystique* which Lévy-Bruhl remarked as a peculiar trait of primitive man. We merely give it another name, and as a rule deny that we are guilty of it. Everything that is unconscious in ourselves we discover in our neighbour, and we treat him accordingly. We no longer subject him to the test of drinking poison; we do not burn him or put the screws on him; but we injure him by means of moral verdicts pronounced with

1. Is dissociation and projection. (Trans.)

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the deepest conviction. What we combat in him is usually our own inferior side.

The simple truth is that primitive man is somewhat more given to projection than we because of the undifferentiated state of his mind and his consequent inability to criticize himself. Everything to him is perfectly objective, and his language reflects this in a radical way. With a touch of humour we can picture to ourselves a leopard woman. We often represent a person as a goose, a cow, a hen, a snake, an ox, or an ass. As uncomplimentary epithets these images are familiar to us all. But when primitive man attributes a bush-soul to a person, the poison of the moral verdict is absent. Archaic man is too naturalistic for that; he is too much impressed by things as they are to pass judgment readily, and is therefore much less prone to do so than we. The Pueblo Indians declared in a matter-of-fact way that I belonged to the Bear Totem—in other words, that I was a bear—because I did not come down a ladder frontwards like a man, but backwards, using my hands like a bear. If a European said that I had the nature of a bear this would come to much the same thing, with perhaps a slightly different shade of meaning. The theme of the bush-soul, which seems so strange when we meet with it in primitive societies, has become with us, like so much else, a mere figure of speech. If we take our metaphors in a concrete way we return to a primitive point of view. For instance we have the medical expression to "handle a patient". In concrete terms this means to lay the hands upon—to work at with the hands. And this is precisely what the medicine-man does with his patients.

We find the bush-soul hard to understand because we are baffled by such a concrete way of looking at things. We

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one own, and does it gradually come to take the place within us in the course of psychic development? Were there parts of the psyche of individuals, or were they rather from the beginning psychic entities existing in themselves, and the like? Were they only by degrees included by man in the course of development, so that they gradually constituted in him that world which we now call the psyche?

This whole line strikes us as dangerously paradoxical, but yet we are able to conceive something of the kind. Not only the religious teacher, but the pedagogues as well, assume that it is possible to implant in the human psyche something that was not previously there. The power of suggestion and influence is a fact; even the most sceptical behaviourist expects far-reaching results from this quarter. The idea of a complicated building-up of the psyche is expressed in a complicated building-up of the psyche—for instance, possession, the incarnation of ancestral spirits, the migration of souls, and so forth. When someone remarks, we still say: "God bless you", and mean by it: "I hope your new soul will do you no harm." When in the course of our own development we grow out of many-sided contradictions and achieve a unified personality, we experience something like a complicated growing-together of the psyche. Since the human body is built up by substances out of a number of Mendelian units, it does not seem altogether out of the question that the human psyche is similarly put together.

The materialistic view of our day has a tendency which we can discern in archaic thought. Both lead to the conclusion that the individual is a mere result; in the first

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one, he is the result of natural causes, and in the second, of chance occurrences. According to both accounts, human individuality is nothing in its own right, but rather the accidental product of forces contained in the archaic environment. This is thorough and through the archaic conception of the world according to which the single human being is never considered unique, but always interchangeable with any other and easily replaceable. By way of a narrow view of causality, modern materialism has returned to the standpoint of archaic man. But the materialist is more rational, because he is more systematic, than primitive man. The latter has the advantage of being inconsistent; he makes an exception of the mass personality. In the course of history these mass personalities were exalted to the position of divine figures; they became heroes and kings who dwelt in the immortality of the gods by eating of their representing food. This idea of the immortality of the human soul, first of all in the belief in ghosts, and then in myths of the age when death had not yet gained entrance into the world through human carelessness or folly.

Primitive man is not aware of this contradiction in his ideas what would happen to them after death. According to them a man is simply dead; he does not breathe any longer, and the corpse is carried into the bush where the hyena eat it. That is what they think about it by day, but at night terms with the spirits of the dead who bring diseases to cattle and man, who attack and strangle the newborn traveller and indulge in other forms of violence. The primitive mind is full of such contradictions. They could worry a European out of his skin, and it would never

VIII
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It is obvious enough that psychology, being the study of psychic processes, can be brought to bear upon the study of literature, for the human psyche is the womb of all the sciences and arts. We may expect psychological research, on the one hand, to explain the formation of a work of art, and on the other to reveal the factors that make a person artistically creative. The psychologist is thus faced with two separate and distinct tasks, and must approach them in radically different ways.

In the case of the work of art we have to deal with a product of complicated psychic activities—but a product that is apparently intentional and consciously shaped. In the case of the artist we must deal with the psychic apparatus itself. In the first instance we must attempt the psychological analysis of a definitely circumscribed and concrete artistic achievement, while in the second we must analyse the living and creative human being as a unique personality. Although these two undertakings are closely related and even interdependent, neither of them can yield the explanations that are sought by the other. It is of course possible to draw inferences about the artist from the work of art, and vice versa, but these inferences are never conclusive. At best they are probable surmises or lucky guesses. A knowledge of Goethe's particular relation to his mother throws

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some light upon Faust's exclamation: "The mothers—how very strange it sounds!" But it does not enable us to see how the attachment to his mother could weigh in the man Goethe a deep connection between the two. Nor are we more successful in reasoning in the reverse direction. There is nothing in *The Ring of the Nibelung* that would enable us to recognize or definitely infer the fact that Wagner occasionally liked to wear womanish clothes, though hidden connections exist between the heroic masculine world of the Nibelungs and a certain pathological effeminacy in the man Wagner.

The present state of development of psychology does not allow us to establish these rigorous causal connections which we expect of a science. It is only in the realm of the physiological instincts and reflexes that we can confidently operate with the idea of causality. From the point where psychic life begins—that is, at a level of greater complexity—the psychologist must content himself with more or less widely ranging descriptions of happenings and with the vivid portrayal of the warp and weft of the mind in all its amazing intricacy. In doing this, he must refrain from designating any one psychic process, taken by itself, as "necessary". Were this not the state of affairs, and could the psychologist be relied upon to uncover the causal connections within a work of art and in the process of artistic creation, he would leave the study of art as grand as mind creation, and would reduce it to a special branch of his own science, and he would never abandon his claim to investigate and establish causal relations in completed psychic events. To do so would be to deny psychology the right to exist. Yet he can never make good this claim

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in the fullest sense, because the creative aspect of life which finds its clearest expression in art baffles all attempts at rational formulation. Any reaction to stimulus may be causally explained; but the creative act, which is the absolute antithesis of mere reaction, will for ever elude the human understanding. It can only be described in its manifestations; it can be obscurely sensed, but never wholly grasped. Psychology and the study of art will always invalidate the other. It is an important principle of psychology that psychic events are divisible. It is a principle in the study of art that a psychic product is something in and for itself—whether the work of art or the artist himself is in question. Both principles are valid in spite of their relativity.

I
THE WORK OF ART

There is a fundamental difference of approach between the psychologist's examination of a literary work, and that of the literary critic. What is of decisive importance and value for the latter may be quite irrelevant for the former. Literary products of highly dubious merit are often of the greatest interest to the psychologist. For instance, the so-called "psychological novel" is by no means as rewarding for the psychologist as the literary-minded suppose. Considered as a whole, such a novel explains itself. It has done its own work of psychological interpretation, and the psychologist can at most criticize or enlarge upon this. The important question as to how a particular author came to write a particular novel is of course left unanswered, but I

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whatever surrounds them, for they fully explain themselves.

Countless literary works belong to this class: the many novels dealing with love, the environment, the family, crime and society, as well as didactic poetry, the number of lyrics, and the drama, both tragic and comic. Whatever its particular form may be, the psychological work of art always takes its materials from the psychological of conscious human experience—from the vast realm of life, we might say. I have called this mode of artistic creation psychological because in its activity it nowhere transcends the bounds of psychological intelligibility. Everything that it embraces—the experience as well as its artistic expression—belongs to the realm of the understandable. Even the basic experiences themselves, though non-rational, have nothing strange about them; on the contrary, they are that which has been known from the beginning of time—passion and its fated outcome, man's subjection to the forces of destiny, eternal nature with its beauty and its horror.

The profound difference between the first and second parts of *Faust* marks the difference between the psychological and the visionary modes of artistic creation. The latter reverses all the conditions of the former. The experience that furnishes the material for artistic expression is no longer familiar. It is a strange something that derives its existence from the hinterland of man's mind—that suggests the abyss of time separating us from pre-human ages, or evokes a super-human world of contrasting light and darkness. It is a primordial experience which surpasses man's understanding, and to which he is therefore in danger of succumbing. The value and the force of the experience are given by its enormity. It arises from timeless depths; it is foreign and cold,

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many-sided, demonic and grotesque. A grimly ridiculous sample of the eternal chaos—a *crisis laesa majestatis laenante*, to use Nietzsche's words—it bursts smoldering our human standards of value and of aesthetic form. The disturbing vision of monstrous and meaningless happenings that in every way exceed the grasp of human feeling and comprehension makes quite other demands upon the powers of the artist than do the experiences of the foreground of life. These never rend the curtain that veils the cosmos; they never transcend the bounds of the humanly possible, and for this reason are readily shaped to the demands of art, no matter how great a shock to the individual they may be. But the primordial experiences tend from top to bottom the curtain upon which is painted the picture of an ordered world, and allow a glimpse into the unflinching abyss of what has not yet become. Is it a vision of other worlds, or of the obscuration of the spirit, or of the beginning of things before the age of man, or of the unborn generations of the future? We cannot say that it is any or none of these.

Shaping—re-shaping—
The eternal spirit's eternal pastime.¹

We find such vision in *The Shepherd of Hermas*, in Dante, in the second part of *Faust*, in Nietzsche's Dionysian exuberance, in Wagner's *Nibelungenring*, in Spitteler's *Olympischer Frühling*, in the poetry of William Blake, in the *Ipneromachia* of the monk Francisco Colonna, and in Jacob Boehme's philosophic and poetic stammerings. In a more restricted and specific way, the primordial experience furnishes material for Rider Haggard in the fiction-cycle

¹ Gestaltung, Umgestaltung.
Des ewigen Sinnes ew'ge Umkehrung. (Goethe)

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that turns upon *She*, and it does the same for Benoit, chiefly in *L'Atlantide*, for Kubin in *Die Andere Seite*, for Meyrink in *Das Grüne Gesicht*—a book whose importance we should not undervalue—for Goetz in *Das Reich ohne Raum*, and for Barlach in *Der Tote Tag*. This list might be greatly extended.

In dealing with the psychological mode of artistic creation, we never need ask ourselves what the material consists of, or what it means. But this question forces itself upon us as soon as we come to the visionary mode of creation. We are astonished, taken aback, confused, put on our guard or even disgusted—and we demand commentaries and explanations. We are reminded in nothing of everyday, human life, but rather of dreams, night-time fears and the dark recesses of the mind that we sometimes sense with misgiving. The reading public for the most part repudiates this kind of writing—unless, indeed, it is coarsely sensational—and even the literary critic feels embarrassed by it. It is true that Dante and Wagner have smoothed the approach to it. The visionary experience is cloaked, in Dante's case, by the introduction of historical facts, and, in that of Wagner, by mythological events—so that history and mythology are sometimes taken to be the materials with which these poets worked. But with neither of them does the moving force and the deeper significance lie there. For both it is contained in the visionary experience. Rider Haggard, pardonably enough, is generally held to be a mere inventor of fiction. Yet even with him the story is primarily a means of giving expression to significant material. However much the tale may seem to overgrow the content, the latter outweighs the former in importance.

The obscurity as to the sources of the material in visionary creation is very strange, and the exact opposite of what we

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logically understood. Certain of the poets encourage this interpretation in order to put a wholesome distance between themselves and their work. Spitteler, for example, stoutly maintained that it was one and the same whether the poet sang of an Olympian Spring or to the theme: "May is here!" The truth is that poets are human beings, and that what a poet has to say about his work is often far from being the most illuminating word on the subject. What is required is the visionary experience against the poet himself.

It cannot be denied that we catch the reverberations of an initial love-experience in *The Shepherd of Hermas*, in the *Divine Comedy* and in the *Faust* drama—an experience which is completed and fulfilled by the vision. There is no ground for the assumption that the second part of *Faust* repudiates or conceals the normal, human experience of the first part, nor are we justified in supposing that Goethe was normal at the time when he wrote *Part I*, but in a neurotic state of mind when he composed *Part II*. *Hermas*, Dante and Goethe can be taken as three steps in a sequence covering nearly two thousand years of human development, and in each of them we find the personal love-episode not only connected with the weightier visionary experience, but frankly subordinated to it. On the strength of this evidence which is furnished by the work of art itself and which throws out of court the question of the poet's particular psychic disposition, we must admit that the vision represents a deeper and more impressive experience than human passion. In works of art of this nature—and we must never confuse them with the artist as a person—we cannot doubt that the vision is a genuine, primordial experience, regardless of what reason-mongers may say. The vision is not something

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derived or secondary, and it is not a symptom of something else. It is true symbolic expression—that is, the expression of something existent in its own right, but imperfectly known. The love-episode is a real experience really suffered, and the same statement applies to the vision. In itself it has psychic or metaphysical nature. In itself it has psychic reality, and this is no less real than physical reality. Human passion falls within the sphere of conscious experience, while the subject of the vision lies beyond it. Through our feelings we experience the known, but our intuitions point to things that are unknown and hidden—that by their very nature are secret. If ever they become conscious, they are intentionally kept back and concealed, for which reason they have been regarded from earliest times as mysterious, uncanny and deceptive. They are hidden from the scrutiny of man, and he also hides himself from them out of *deisidaimonia*. He protects himself with the shield of science and the armour of reason. His enlightenment is born of fear; in the day-time he believes in an ordered cosmos, and he tries to maintain this faith against the fear of chaos that besets him by night. What if there were some living force whose sphere of action lies beyond our world of every day? Are there human needs that are dangerous and unavoidable? Is there something more purposeful than electrons? Do we delude ourselves in thinking that we possess and command our own souls? And is that which science calls the "psyche" not merely a question-mark arbitrarily confined within the skull, but rather a door that opens upon the human world from a world beyond, now and again allowing strange and unsizeable potencies to act upon man and to remove him, as if upon the wings of the night, from the level of common

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humanity to that of a more than personal vocation? When we consider the visionary mode of artistic creation, it even seems as if the love-episode had served as a mere release—to the all-important "divine comedy".

It is not alone the creator of this kind of art who is in touch with the night-side of life, but the seers, prophets, leaders and enlighteners also. However dark this nocturnal world may be, it is not wholly unfamiliar. Man has known of it from time immemorial—here, there, and everywhere; for primitive man today it is an unquestionable part of his picture of the cosmos. It is only we who have repudiated it because of our fear of superstition and metaphysics, and safe and manageable in that natural law holds in it the place of statute law in a commonwealth. Yet, even in our midst, the poet now and then catches sight of the figures that people the night-world—the spirits, demons and gods. He knows that a purposiveness out-reaching human ends is the life-giving secret for man; he has a presentiment of incomprehensible happenings in the peroma. In short, he sees something of that psychic world that strikes terror into the savage and the barbarian.

From the very first beginnings of human society onward man's efforts to give his vague intimations a binding form have left their traces. Even in the Rhodesian cliff-drawings of the Old Stone Age there appears, side by side with the most amazingly life-like representations of animals, an abstract pattern—a double cross contained in a circle. This design has turned up in every cultural region, more or less, and we find it today not only in Christian churches, but in Tibetan monasteries as well. It is the so-called sun-wheel.

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may try to answer in various ways, but always in vain, a truth that has not prevented modern psychology from pursuing now and again the question of the artist and his art. Freud thought that he had found a key in his procedure of deriving the work of art from the personal experiences of the artist. It is true that certain possibilities lay in this direction, for it was conceivable that a work of art, no less than a neurosis, might be traced back to those knots in psychic life that we call the complexes. It was Freud's great discovery that neuroses have a causal origin in the psychic realm—that they take their rise from emotional states and from real or imagined childhood experiences. Certain of his followers, like Rank and Stekel, have taken up related lines of enquiry and have achieved important results. It is undeniable that the poet's psychic disposition permeates his work root and branch. Not is there anything new in the statement that personal factors largely influence the poet's choice and use of his materials. Credit, however, must certainly be given to the Freudian school for showing how far-reaching this influence is and in what curious ways it comes to expression.

Freud takes the neurosis as a substitute for a direct means of gratification. He therefore regards it as something inappropriate—a mistake, a dodge, an excuse, a voluntary blindness. To him it is essentially a shortcoming that should never have been. Since a neurosis, to all appearances, is nothing but a disturbance that is all the more irritating because it is without sense or meaning, few people will venture to say a good word for it. And a work of art is brought into questionable proximity with the neurosis when it is taken as something which can be analysed in

¹ See Freud's essay on *Jensen's Gradiva* and on *Leonardo da Vinci*.

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terms of the poet's repressions. In a sense it finds itself in good company, for religion and philosophy are regarded in the same light by Freudian psychology. No objection can be raised if it is admitted that this approach amounts to nothing more than the elucidation of those personal determinants without which a work of art is unthinkable. But should the claim be made that such an analysis accounts for the work of art itself, then a categorical denial is called for. The personal idiosyncrasies that creep into a work of art are not essential; in fact, the more we have to cope with these peculiarities, the less is it a question of art. What is essential in a work of art is that it should rise far above the realm of personal life and speak from the spirit and heart of the poet as man to the spirit and heart of mankind. The personal aspect is a limitation—and even a sin—in the realm of art. When a form of "art" is primarily personal it deserves to be treated as if it were a neurosis. There may be some validity in the idea held by the Freudian school that artists without exception are narcissistic—by which is meant that they are undeveloped persons with infantile and auto-erotic traits. The statement is only valid, however, for the artist as a person, and has nothing to do with the man as an artist. In his capacity of artist he is neither auto-erotic, nor hetero-erotic, nor erotic in any sense. He is objective and impersonal—even inhuman—for as an artist he is his work, and not a human being.

Every creative person is a duality or a synthesis of contradictory aptitudes. On the one side he is a human being with a personal life, while on the other side he is an impersonal, creative process. Since as a human being he may be sound or morbid, we must look at his psychic make-up to find the determinants of his personality. But we can

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only understand him in his capacity of artist by looking at his creative achievement. We should make a sad mistake if we tried to explain the mode of life of an English gentleman, a Prussian officer, or a cardinal in terms of personal factors. The gentleman, the officer and the cleric function as such in an impersonal rôle, and their psychic make-up is qualified by a peculiar objectivity. We must grant that the artist does not function in an official capacity—the very opposite is nearer the truth. He nevertheless resembles the types I have named in one respect, for the specifically artistic disposition involves an overweight of collective psychic life as against the personal. Art is a kind of innate drive that seizes a human being and makes him its instrument. The artist is not a person endowed with free will who seeks his own ends, but one who allows art to realize its purposes through him. As a human being he may have moods and a will and personal aims, but as an artist he is "man" in a higher sense—he is "collective man"—one who carries and shapes the unconscious, psychic life of mankind. To perform this difficult office it is sometimes necessary for him to sacrifice happiness and everything that makes life worth living for the ordinary human being.

All this being so, it is not strange that the artist is an especially interesting case for the psychologist who uses an analytical method. The artist's life cannot be otherwise than full of conflicts, for two forces are at war within him—on the one hand the common human longing for happiness, satisfaction and security in life, and on the other a ruthless passion for creation which may go so far as to override every personal desire. The lives of artists are as a rule so highly unsatisfactory—not to say tragic—because of their inferiority on the human and personal side, and not because

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of a sinister dispensation. There are hardly any exceptions to the rule that a person must pay dearly for the divine gift of the creative fire. It is as though each of us were endowed at birth with a certain capital of energy. The strongest force in our make-up will seize and all but monopolize this energy, leaving so little over that nothing of value can come of it. In this way the creative force can drain the human impulses to such a degree that the personal ego must develop all sorts of bad qualities—ruthlessness, selfishness and vanity (so-called "auto-erotism")—and even every kind of vice, in order to maintain the spark of life and to keep itself from being wholly bereft. The auto-erotism of artists resembles that of illegitimate or neglected children who from their tenderest years must protect themselves from the destructive influence of people who have no love to give them—who develop bad qualities for that very purpose and later maintain an invincible egocentrism by remaining all their lives infantile and helpless or by actively defiantly against the moral code or the law. How can we doubt that it is his art that explains the artist, and not the insufficiencies and conflicts of his personal life? There are nothing but the regrettable results of the fact that he is an artist—that is to say, a man who from his very birth has been called to a greater task than the ordinary mortal. A special ability means a heavy expenditure of energy in a particular direction, with a consequent drain from some other side of life.

It makes no difference whether the poet knows that his work is begotten, grows and matures with him, or whether he supposes that by taking thought he produces it out of the void. His opinion of the matter does not change the fact that his own work outgrows him as a child its mother. The creative process has feminine quality, and the creative work

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In this way the work of the poet comes to meet the spiritual need of the society in which he lives, and for this reason his work means more to him than his personal fate, whether he is aware of this or not. Being essentially the instrument for his work, he is subordinate to it, and we have no reason for expecting him to interpret it for us. He has done the best that in him lies in giving it form, and he must leave the interpretation to others and to the future. A great work of art is like a dream; for all its apparent obviousness it does not explain itself and is never unequivocal. A dream never says: "You ought," or: "This is the truth." It presents an image in much the same way as nature allows a plant to grow, and we must draw our own conclusions. If a person has a nightmare, it means either that he is too much given to fear, or else that he is too exempt from it; and if he dreams of the old wise man it may mean that he is too pedagogical, as also that he stands in need of a teacher. In a subtle way both meanings come to the same thing, as we perceive when we are able to let the work of art act upon us as it acted upon the artist. To grasp its meaning, we must allow it to shape us as it once shaped him. Then we understand the nature of his experience. We see that he has drawn upon the healing and redeeming forces of the collective psyche that underlies consciousness with its isolation and its painful errors; that he has penetrated to that matrix of life in which all men are embedded, which imparts a common rhythm to all human existence, and allows the individual to communicate his feeling and his striving to mankind as a whole.

The secret of artistic creation and of the effectiveness of art is to be found in a return to the state of *participatio mystique*—to that level of experience at which it is man who

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lives, and not the individual, and at which the weal or woe of the single human being does not count, but only human existence. This is why every great work of art is objective and impersonal, but none the less profoundly moves us each and all. And this is also why the personal life of the poet cannot be held essential to his art—but at most a help or a hindrance to his creative task. He may go the way of a Phalistine, a good citizen, a neurotic, a fool or a criminal. His personal career may be inevitable and interesting, but it does not explain the poet.

Handwritten: "Sunder's examples"

IX
THE BASIC POSTULATES OF ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY

It was universally believed in the Middle Ages as well as in the Greco-Roman world that the soul is a substance.¹ Indeed, mankind as a whole has held this belief from its earliest beginnings, and it was left for the second half of the nineteenth century to develop a "psychology without the soul."² Under the influence of scientific materialism, everything that could not be seen with the eyes or touched with the hands was held in doubt; such things were even laughed at because of their supposed affinity with metaphysics. Nothing was considered "scientific" with metaphysics, unless it could be perceived by the senses or traced back to physical causes. This radical change of view did not begin with philosophical materialism, for the way was being prepared long before. When the spiritual catastrophe of the Reformation put an end to the Gothic Age with its impetuous yearning for the heights, its geographical confinement, and its restricted view of the world, the vertical outlook of the European mind was forthwith intersected by the horizontal outlook of modern times. Consciousness ceased to grow upward, and grew instead in breadth of

¹ Substance: i.e. that which has independent existence. (Trans.)
² "Psychologie ohne Seele"—compare the works of F. A. Lange (1876-1875). It is to be noted that the German word *Seele* means psyche as well as soul. (Trans.)

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view, as well as in knowledge of the terrestrial globe. This was the period of the great voyages, and of the widening of man's ideas of the world by empirical discoveries. Belief in the substantiality of the spirit yielded more and more to the obtrusive conviction that material things alone have substance, till at last, after nearly four hundred years, the leading European thinkers and investigators came to regard the mind as wholly dependent on matter and material causation.

We are certainly not justified in saying that philosophy or natural science has brought about this complete *volte-face*. There were always a fair number of intelligent philosophers and scientists who had enough insight and depth of thought to accept this irrational reversal of standpoint only under protest; a few even resisted it, but they had no following and were powerless against the popular attitude of unreasoned, not to say emotional, surrender to the all-importance of the physical world. Let no one suppose that so radical a change in man's outlook could be brought about by reasoning and reflection, for no chain of reasoning can prove or disprove the existence of either mind or matter. Both these concepts, as every intelligent man today may ascertain for himself, are mere symbols that stand for something unknown and unexplored, and this something is postulated or denied according to man's mood and disposition or as the spirit of the age dictates. There is nothing to prevent the speculative intellect from treating the psyche, on the one hand, as a complicated biochemical phenomenon, and at bottom a mere play of electrons, or, on the other, from regarding the unpredictable behaviour of electrons as the sign of mental life even in them.

The fact that a metaphysics of the mind was supplanted

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in the nineteenth century by a metaphysics of matter, is a mere trick if we consider it as a question for the intellect; yet regarded from the standpoint of psychology, it is an unexampled revolution in man's outlook upon the world. Other-worldliness is converted into matter-of-factness; empirical boundaries are set to man's discussion of every problem, to his choice of purposes, and even to what he calls "meaning". Intangible, inner happenings seem to have to yield place to things in the external, tangible world, and no value exists if it is not founded on a so-called fact. At least, this is how it appears to the simple mind.

It is futile, indeed, to attempt to treat this unreasoned change of opinion as a question of philosophy. We had better not try to do so, for if we maintain that mental phenomena arise from the activity of glands, we are sure of the thanks and respect of our contemporaries, whereas if we explain the break-up of the atom in the sun as an emanation of the creative *Weltgeist*, we shall be looked down upon as intellectual freaks. And yet both views are equally logical, equally metaphysical, equally arbitrary and equally symbolic. From the standpoint of epistemology it is just as admissible to derive animals from the human species, as man from animal species. But we know how ill Professor Daqué fared in his academic career because of his sin against the spirit of the age, which will not let itself be trifled with. It is a religion, or—even more—a creed which has absolutely no connection with reason, but whose significance lies in the unpleasant fact that it is taken as the absolute measure of all truth and is supposed always to have common-sense upon its side.

The spirit of the age cannot be compassed by the processes of reason. It is a force that is not subject to an emotional tendency

Handwritten: "Huxley"

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that works upon weaker minds, through the unconscious, with an overwhelming force of suggestion that carries them along with it. To think otherwise than our contemporaries think is somehow illegitimate and disturbing; it is even indecent, morbid or blasphemous, and therefore socially dangerous for the individual. He is stupidly swimming against the social current. Just as formerly the assumption was unquestionable that everything that exists takes its rise from the creative will of a God who is spirit, so the nineteenth century discovered the equally unquestionable truth that everything arises from material causes. Today the psyche does not build itself a body, but on the contrary, matter, by chemical action, produces the psyche. This reversal of outlook would be ludicrous if it were not one of the outstanding features of the spirit of the age. It is the popular way of thinking, and therefore it is decent, reasonable, scientific and normal. Mind must be thought to be an epiphenomenon of matter. The same conclusion is reached even if we say not "mind" but "psyche", and in place of matter speak of brain, hormones, instincts or drives. To grant the substantiality of the soul or psyche is repugnant to the spirit of the age, for to do so would be heresy.

We have now discovered that it was intellectually unjustified presumption on our forefathers' part to assume that man has a soul; that that soul has substance, is of divine nature and therefore immortal; that there is a power inherent in it which builds up the body, supports its life, heals its ills and enables the soul to live independently of the body; that there are incorporeal spirits with which the soul associates; and that beyond our empirical present there is a spiritual world from which the soul receives knowledge of spiritual things whose origins cannot be discovered in

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this visible world. But people who are not above the general level of consciousness have not yet discovered that it is just as presumptuous and fantastic for us to assume that matter produces spirit; that apes give rise to human beings; that from the harmonious interplay of the drives of hunger, love, and power Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* should have arisen; that the brain-cells manufacture thoughts, and that all this could not possibly be other than it is.

What or who, indeed, is this all-powerful matter? It is once more man's picture of a creative god, stripped of its universal concept whose meaning everyone presumes to understand. Consciousness today has grown enormously in breadth and extent, but unfortunately only in spatial dimensions; its temporal reach has not increased, for were that the case we should have a much more living sense of history. If our consciousness were not of today only, but had historical continuity, we should be reminded of similar transformations of the divine principle in Greek philosophy, and this might dispose us to be more critical of our present philosophical assumptions. We are, however, effectively prevented from indulging in such reflections by the spirit of the age. It looks upon history as a mere arsenal of convenient arguments that enables us, on occasion, to say: "Why, even old Aristotle knew that." This being the state of affairs, we must ask ourselves how the spirit of the age attains such an uncanny power. It is without doubt a psychic phenomenon of the greatest importance—at all events a prejudice so deeply rooted that until we give it proper consideration we cannot even approach the problem of the psyche.

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above the level that to assume to human drives of *Pure* manufacture other than it is.

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As I have said, the irresistible tendency to account for everything on physical grounds corresponds to the horizontal development of consciousness in the last four centuries, and this horizontal perspective is a reaction against the exclusively vertical perspective of the Gothic Age. It is a manifestation of the crowd-mind, and as such is not to be treated in terms of the consciousness of individuals. Retreated in this the primitives, we are at first wholly unconscious of our actions, and only discover long afterwards why it was that we acted in a certain way. In the meantime, we content ourselves with all sorts of rationalized accounts of our behaviour, all of them equally inadequate.

If we were conscious of the spirit of the age, we should know why we are so inclined to account for everything on physical grounds; we should know that it is because, up till now, too much was accounted for in terms of the spirit. This realization would at once make us critical of our bias. We should say: most likely we are now making as serious an error on the other side. We delude ourselves with the thought that we know much more about matter than about a "metaphysical" mind, and so we overestimate physical causation and believe that it alone affords us a true explanation of life. But matter is just as inscrutable as mind. As to the ultimate we can know nothing, and only when we admit this do we return to a state of equilibrium. This is in no way to deny the close connection of psychic happenings with the physiological structure of the brain, with the glands, and the body in general. We are once for all deeply convinced of the fact that the contents of consciousness are to a large part determined by our sense-perceptions. We cannot fail to recognize that unalterable characteristics of a physical as well as a psychic nature are unconsciously in-

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one science of mathematics, of geology, zoology, botany and so forth. But there are so many psychologies that an American University was able to publish a thick volume under the title: *Psychologies of 1930*. I believe there are as many psychologies as philosophies, for there is also no one single philosophy, but many. I mention this for the reason that philosophy and psychology are linked by indissoluble bonds which are kept in being by the inter-relationship of their subject-matters. Psychology takes the psyche for its subject-matter, and philosophy—to put it briefly—takes the world. Until recently psychology was a special branch of philosophy, but now we are coming to something which Nietzsche foresaw—the ascendancy of psychology in its own right. It is even threatening to swallow philosophy. The inner resemblance of the two disciplines consists in this, that both are systems of opinion about subject-matter which cannot be fully experienced and therefore cannot be comprehended by a purely empirical approach. Both fields of study thus encourage speculation, with the result that opinions are formed in such variety and profusion that heavy volumes are needed to contain them all, whether they belong to the one field or to the other. Neither discipline can do without the other, and the one always furnishes the implicit—and frequently even unconscious—primary assumptions of the other.

The modern preference for physical grounds of explanation leads, as already remarked, to a "psychology without the psyche"—I mean, to the view that the psyche is nothing but a product of biochemical processes. As for a modern, scientific psychology which starts from the mind as such, there simply is none. No one today would venture to found a scientific psychology upon the postulate of an

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possibility. For better or worse, therefore, we must turn back to the teachings of our forefathers, for they it was who made such assumptions. The ancient view held that spirit was essentially the life of the body, the life-breath, or a kind of life-force which assumed spatial and corporeal form at birth or after conception, and left the dying body again after the final breath. The spirit in itself was considered as a being without extension, and because it existed before taking corporeal form and hence immortal. From the standpoint of modern, scientific psychology, this conception is of course pure illusion. But as it is not our intention to indulge in "metaphysics", even of a modern variety, we will examine this time-honoured notion for once in an unprejudiced way and test its empirical justification.

The names people give to their experiences are often quite enlightening. What is the origin of the Gothic word *Seele*? Like the English word *soul*, it comes from the Gothic *saiwala* and the Old German *saiwalb*, and these can be connected with the Greek *aiolos*, mobile, coloured, iridescent. The Greek word *psyche* also means butterfly. *Saiwalb* is related on the other side to the old Slavonic word *sila*, meaning strength. From these connections light is thrown on the original meaning of the word *Seele*: it is moving force, that is, life-force.

The Latin words *animus*, spirit, and *anima*, soul, are the same as the Greek *anemos*, wind. The other Greek word for wind, *pneuma*, means also spirit. In Gothic we find the same word in *us-anan*, to breathe out, and in Latin *an-helare*, to pant. In Old High German, *spiritus sanctus* was rendered by *atan*, breath. In Arabic, wind is *rûh*, and *rûh* is soul, spirit. There is a quite similar connection with the Greek

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primitive man the psyche is not, as it is to us, the epitome of all that is subjective and subject to the will; on the contrary, it is something objective, contained in itself, and living its own life.

This way of looking at the matter is empirically justified, for not only on the primitive level, but with civilized man as well, psychic happenings have an objective side. In large measure they are withdrawn from our conscious control. We are unable, for example, to suppress many of our emotions; we cannot change a bad mood into a good one, and we cannot command our dreams to come or to go. The most intelligent man may at times be obsessed with thoughts which he cannot drive away with the greatest effort of will. The mad tricks that memory plays sometimes leave us in helpless amazement, and at any time unexpected fantasies may run through our minds. We only believe that we are masters in our own house because we like to flatter ourselves. Actually, however, we are dependent to a startling degree upon the proper functioning of the unconscious psyche, and must trust that it does not fail us. If we study the psychic processes of neurotic persons, it seems perfectly ludicrous that any psychologist could take the psyche as the equivalent of consciousness. And it is well known that the psychic processes of neurotics differ hardly at all from those of so-called normal persons—for what man today is quite sure that he is not neurotic?

This being so, we shall do well to admit that there is justification for the old view of the soul as an objective reality—as something independent, and therefore capricious and dangerous. The further assumption that this being, so mysterious and terrifying, is at the same time the source of life, is also understandable in the light of psychology.

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Experience shows us that the sense of the "I"—the ego-consciousness—grows out of unconscious life. The small child has psychic life without any demonstrable ego-consciousness, for which reason the earliest years leave hardly any traces in memory. Where do all our good and helpful flashes of intelligence come from? What is the source of our enthusiasms, inspirations, and of our heightened soul the springs of life? The primitive senses in the depths of his life-dispensing activity of his soul, and he therefore believes in everything that affects it—in magical practices of every kind. That is why, for him, the soul is life itself. He does not imagine that he directs it, but feels himself dependent upon it in every respect.

However preposterous the idea of the immortality of the soul may seem to us, it is nothing extraordinary to the primitive. After all, the soul is something out of the common. While everything else that exists takes up a certain amount of room, the soul cannot be located in space. We suppose, of course, that our thoughts are in our heads, but when it comes to our feelings we begin to be uncertain; they appear to dwell in the region of the heart. Our sensations are distributed over the whole body. Our theory is that the seat of consciousness is in the head, but the Pueblo Indians told me that Americans were mad because they believed their thoughts were in their heads, whereas any sensible man knows that he thinks with his heart. Certain negro tribes locate their psychic functioning neither in the head nor in the heart, but in the belly.

To this uncertainty about the localization of psychic functions another difficulty is added. Psychic contents in general are non-spatial except in the particular realm of

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What bulk can we ascribe to thoughts? Are they small, large, long, thin, heavy, fluid, straight, circular, or what? If we wished to form a vivid picture of a non-spatial being of the fourth dimension, we should do well to take thought as a being, for our model.

It would all be so much simpler if we could only deny the existence of the psyche. But here we are with our immediate experiences of something that is—something that has taken root in the midst of our measurable, ponderable, three-dimensional reality, that differs bafflingly from this in every respect and in all its parts, and yet reflects it. The psyche may be regarded as a mathematical point and at the same time as a universe of fixed stars. It is small wonder, then, if, to the unsophisticated mind, such a paradoxical being borders on the divine. If it occupies no space, it has no body. Bodies die, but can something invisible and incorporeal disappear? What is more, life and psyche existed for me before I could say "I", and when this "I" disappears, as in sleep or unconsciousness, life and psyche still go on, as our observation of other people and our own dreams inform us. Why should the simple mind deny, in the face of such experiences, that the "soul" lives in a realm beyond the body? I must admit that I can see as little nonsense in this so-called superstition as in the findings of research regarding heredity or the basic instincts.

We can easily understand why higher and even divine knowledge was formerly ascribed to the psyche if we remember that in ancient cultures, beginning with primitive times, man always resorted to dreams and visions as a source of information. It is a fact that the unconscious contains subliminal perceptions whose scope is nothing less than astounding. In recognition of this fact, primitive societies

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used dreams and visions as important sources of information. Great and enduring civilizations like those of the Hindus and Chinese built upon this foundation and developed from it a discipline of self-knowledge which they brought to a high pitch of refinement both in philosophy and in practice.

A high regard for the unconscious psyche as a source of knowledge is by no means such a delusion as our Western rationalism likes to suppose. We are inclined to assume that, in the last resort, all knowledge comes from without. Yet today we know for certain that the unconscious contains contents which would mean an immeasurable increase of knowledge if they could only be made conscious. Modern investigation of animal instinct, as for example in insects, has brought together a rich fund of empirical findings which show that if man acted as certain insects do he would possess a higher intelligence than at present. It cannot, of course, be proved that insects possess conscious knowledge, but common-sense cannot doubt that their unconscious action-patterns are psychic functions. Man's unconscious likewise contains all the patterns of life and behaviour inherited from his ancestors, so that every human child, prior to consciousness, is possessed of a potential system of adapted psychic functioning. In the conscious life of the adult, as well, this unconscious, instinctive functioning is always present and active. In this activity all the functions of the conscious psyche are prepared for. The unconscious perceives, has purposes and intuitions, feels and thinks as does the conscious mind. We find sufficient evidence for this in the field of psycho-pathology and the investigation of dream-processes. Only in one respect is there an essential difference between the conscious and the unconscious

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functioning of the psyche. While consciousness is intensive and concentrated, it is transient and is directed upon the immediate present; and the immediate field of attention; moreover, it has access only to material that represents one individual's experience stretching over a few decades. A wider range of "memory" is artificially acquired and consists mostly of printed paper. But matters stand very differently with the unconscious. It is not concentrated and intensive, but shades off into obscurity; it is highly extensive and can juxtapose the most heterogeneous elements in the most paradoxical way. More than this, it contains, besides an indelible number of subliminal perceptions, an immense fund of accumulated inheritance-factors left by one generation of men after another, whose mere existence marks a step in the differentiation of the species. If it were permissible to personify the unconscious, we might call it a collective human being combining the characteristics of both sexes, transcending youth and age, birth and death, and, from having at his command a human experience of one or two million years, almost immortal. If such a being existed, he would be exalted above all temporal change; the present would mean neither more nor less to him than any year in the one hundredth century before Christ; he would be a dreamer of age-old dreams and, owing to his immeasurable experience, he would be an incomparable prognosticator. He would have lived countless times over the life of the individual, of the family, tribe and people, and he would possess the living sense of the rhythm of growth, flowering and decay.

Unfortunately—or rather let us say, fortunately—this being dreams. At least it seems to us as if the collective unconscious, which appears to us in dreams, had no con-

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sciousness of its own contents—though of course we cannot be sure of this any more than we are in the case of insects. The collective unconscious, moreover, seems not to be a person, but something like an unceasing stream or perhaps an ocean of images and figures which drift into consciousness in our dreams or in abnormal states of mind.

It would be positively grotesque for us to call this immense system of experience of the unconscious psyche an illusion, for our visible and tangible body itself is just such a system. It still carries within it the discernible traces of primeval evolution, and it is certainly a whole that functions purposefully—for otherwise we could not live. It would never occur to anyone to look upon comparative anatomy or physiology as nonsense. And so we cannot dismiss the collective unconscious as illusion, or refuse to recognize and study it as a valuable source of knowledge.

Looked at from without, the psyche appears to us to be essentially a reflection of external happenings—to be not only occasioned by them, but to have its origin in them. And it also seems to us that the unconscious can be understood only from without and from the side of consciousness. It is well known that Freud has attempted an explanation from this side—an undertaking which could only succeed if the unconscious were actually something which came into being with the existence and consciousness of the individual. But the truth is that the unconscious is always there beforehand as a potential system of psychic functioning handed down by generations of man. Consciousness is a late-born descendant of the unconscious psyche. It would certainly show perversity if we tried to explain the lives of our ancestors in terms of their late descendants; and it is just as wrong, in my opinion, to regard the unconscious as a

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The spiritual problem of modern man is one of those problems which belong so intimately to the present that the man of the future will be unable to understand the man of the present. The modern man is a newly formed human being; he is a man whose nature is a question which has just arisen and whose answer lies in the future. In speaking, therefore, of the spiritual problem of modern man we can at most state a question—and we had but the faintest inkling of the answer. The question, moreover, seems rather vague; but the truth is that it has to do with something so universal that it exceeds the grasp of any single human being. We have never enough, therefore, to approach such a problem with true moderation and with the greatest caution. I am deeply conscious of this, and wish it stressed the more because it is just such problems which tempt us to use high-sounding words—and none I shall myself be forced to say certain things which sound immoderate and incautious.

To begin at once with an example of such apparent lack of caution, I must say that the man we call modern is the man who is aware of the immediate present. It is by no means the average man. He is rather the man who stands upon a

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I do not wish to enter here upon a critical discussion of the concept of instinct. Instead I will consider the possibility that the psychic factor is just a combination of contents which for their part may again be reduced to the functioning of the glands. We may even discuss the possibility that everything that is usually called psychic is in essence only an instinct or a conglomerate of instincts, being in the last analysis nothing but the functioning of the glands. A psycho-neurotic would thus be a glandular disease. This statement, however, has not been proved, and no glandular extract that will cure a neurotic has as yet been found. On the other hand, we have been taught by all too many mistakes that organic medicine fails completely in the treatment of neuroses, while psychic methods cure them. These psychic methods are just as effective as we might suppose the glandular extracts would be. So far, then, as our present experience goes, neuroses are to be influenced or cured by considering them, not from the side of their irreducible elements, the glandular secretions, but from that of psychic activity, which must be taken as a unity. For example, a suitable explanation or a comforting word to the patient may have something like a healing effect which may even influence the glandular secretions. The doctor's words, to be sure, are "only" vibrations in the air, yet they can, to a certain extent, be felt by the patient, and they can, to a certain extent, be felt by the patient, and they can, to a certain extent, be felt by the patient.

Everyday reasonableness, sound human judgment, and we are a component of common sense, certainly help that frontier of human life which surrounds the commonplace

The author has made some changes in this essay since it appeared in German. (Trans.)

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We can even influence the biochemical processes of the body by it. Whether the vibration comes in spontaneously, or reaches me in its own right, or is induced by way of human speech, it can make me ill or cure me. Nothing is surely more intangible and unreal than that. Nothing is surely more intangible and unreal than that. Nothing is surely more intangible and unreal than that. Nothing is surely more intangible and unreal than that.

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and matter of fact, the merely average and normal. They should, after all, be answer to the question of spiritual suffering and its innermost meaning. A psychotherapist must be understood as the suffering of a human being who has not discovered what life means for him. But all occurrences in the realm of the spirit as well as every psychic advance from a state of mental suffering, and it is in spiritual stagnation, psychic sterility, which causes this state. The doctor who studies this truth sees a further regard before him which he approaches with the greatest hesitation. He is now confronted with the necessity of conceiving to his patient the healing factor, the meaning that questions for it is that the patient longs for, over and above of that reason and science can give him. The patient is looking for something that will take possession of him and give meaning and form to the confusion of his sensetic mind.

Is the doctor equal to this task? To begin with, he will probably hand over his patient to the clergyman at the philosopher, or abandon him to that perplexity which is the special state of our day. As a doctor he is not required to have a finished outlook on life, and his professional conscience does not demand it of him. But what will he do when he sees only too clearly why his patient is ill, when he sees that it arises from his having no love, but only sensuality; no faith, because he is afraid to give in the dark; or hope, because he is disillusioned by the world and by life; and so understanding, because he has failed to find the meaning of his own existence?

There are many well-educated patients who daily refuse to consult the clergyman. With the philosopher they will have even less to do, for the history of philosophy leaves them cold, and intellectual problems seem to them more

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Quoting a Protestant minister, I may say: "Nowadays people go to the psychotherapist rather than to the clergyman."

I am convinced that this statement is true only of relatively educated persons, not of mankind in the mass. However, we must not forget that it will be some twenty years before the ordinary run of people begin to think the thoughts of the educated person of today. For instance, Büchner's work, *Force and Matter*, became one of the most widely read books in German public libraries about twenty years after educated persons had begun to forget about it. I am persuaded that what is today a vital interest in psychology among educated persons will tomorrow be shared by everyone.

I should like to call attention to the following facts. During the past thirty years, people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. I have treated many hundreds of patients, the larger number being Protestants, a smaller number Jews, and not more than five or six believing Catholics. Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and none of them has really healed who did not regain his religious outlook. This of course has nothing whatever to do with a particular creed or membership of a church.

Here, then, the clergyman stands before a vast horizon. But it would seem as if no one had noticed it. It also looks as though the Protestant clergyman of today was in-

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faith, nor to any other truth. It was solely his hatred of the Christian that set him upon the road to Dörmacher, and to that decisive experience which was to decide the whole course of his life. He was brought to this experience by following with conviction the course for us as an approach to the problems of life which we can hardly take too seriously. And if sometimes the psychotherapist with a question which brings him shoulder to shoulder with the clergyman: the question of good and evil.

It is in reality the priest or the clergyman, rather than the doctor, who should be most concerned with the problem of spiritual suffering. But in most cases the sufferer consults the doctor in the first place, because he supposes himself to be physically ill, and because certain somatic symptoms can be at least alleviated by drugs. But if, on the other hand, the clergyman is consulted, he cannot persuade the sick man that the trouble is psychic. As a rule he lacks the special knowledge which would enable him to discern the psychic factors of the disease, and his judgment is without the weight of authority.

There are, however, persons who, while well aware of the psychic nature of their complaint, nevertheless refuse to turn to the clergyman. They do not believe that he can really help them. Such persons distrust the doctor for the same reason, and they are justified by the fact that both doctor and clergyman stand before them with empty hands, and they even worse—with empty words. We can if not what is even worse—bring anything to say about the ultimate questions of the soul. It is from the clergyman, and not from the doctor, that the sufferer should expect such help. But the Protestant clergyman often finds himself

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Some 28 per cent. were to the effect that he was prejudiced in his views and showed a dogmatic and traditional bias. Curiously enough, there was even one clergyman who decided for the doctor, while another made the irritated retort: "Theology has nothing to do with the treatment of human beings". All the relatives of clergyman who answered my questionnaire pronounced themselves against the clergy.

In so far as this enquiry was restricted to educated persons, it is only a straw in the wind. I am convinced that the uneducated classes would have reacted differently. But I am inclined to accept the results as a more or less valid indication of the views of educated people, the more so as it is a well-known fact that their indifference in matters of the Church and religion is steadily growing. And we must not forget that truth of social psychology to which I have already referred: that it takes about twenty years for a general outlook upon life to percolate down from the educated class to the uneducated masses. Who, for instance, would have dared to prophesy twenty years ago, or even ten, that Spain, the most Catholic of European countries, would undergo the unexampled spiritual transformation we are witnessing today? And yet it has broken out with the violence of a cataclysm.

It seems to me, that, side by side with the decline of religious life, the neuroses grow noticeably more frequent. There are as yet no statistics which enable us to prove this increase in actual numbers. But of one thing I am sure, that everywhere the mental state of European man shows an alarming lack of balance. We are living undeniably in a period of the greatest restlessness, nervous tension, confusion and disorientation of outlook. Among my patients

has to face with an almost impossible task, for he needs...
...Above all, the priest has the authority of a...
...This is far less true of the Protestant clergy...
...and cannot expect, if all else fails, to be...
...supported by his community or taken into a monastery...
...that the priest, if he is also a Jesuit, even has at his disposal...
...for the psychological teaching of the present day. I know, from...
...that my own writings were seriously studied in...
...some long before any Protestant pastor thought them...
...worthy of a glance.

We have come to a serious pass. The exodus from the...
...German Protestant Church is only one of many symptoms...
...which should make it plain to the clergy that mere admoni-...
...to believe, or to perform acts of charity, do not give...
...modern man what he is looking for. The fact that many...
...clergymen seek support or practical help from Freud's...
...theory of sexuality or Adler's theory of power is astonishing...
...inasmuch as both these theories are hostile to spiritual...
...values, being, as I have said, psychology without the psyche...
...The traditional methods of treatment which actually...
...under the realization of meaningful experience. By far the...
...larger number of psychotherapists are disciples of Freud or...
...of Adler. This means that the great majority of patients...
...are necessarily alienated from a spiritual standpoint—a fact...
...which cannot be a matter of indifference to one who has the...
...realization of spiritual values much at heart. The wave of...
...interest in psychology which at present is sweeping over...
...the Protestant countries of Europe is far from receding. It...
...is coincident with the general exodus from the Church.

from many con-...
...a considerable num-...
...they were suffering from...
...had no meaning in life...
...questions which neither...
...could answer. Some of...
...of a magic formula, but...
...I, too, had no answer to...
...considerations.

Let us take for exam-...
...ple questions: What is...
...general? Men to-day...
...what the clergyman y...
...They smile at the ve...
...and in general do no...
...from the psychothe...
...from him one might...
...perhaps dug up fro...
...things, a meaning f...
...It must be a relief...
...that the psychothe...
...Such a confession...
...confidence in him.

I have found tha...
...for traditional or...
...Bolshevism for wh...
...of the past have l...
...to experiment in...
...experiments with...
...modern attitude...
...state, be it Cat...
...Among these m...

Jung, Carl Gustav. *Civilization in Transition*. New York: Pantheon Book, 1964.

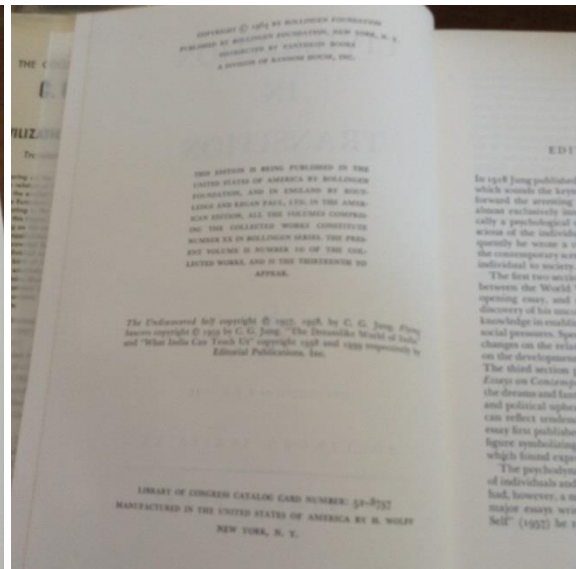
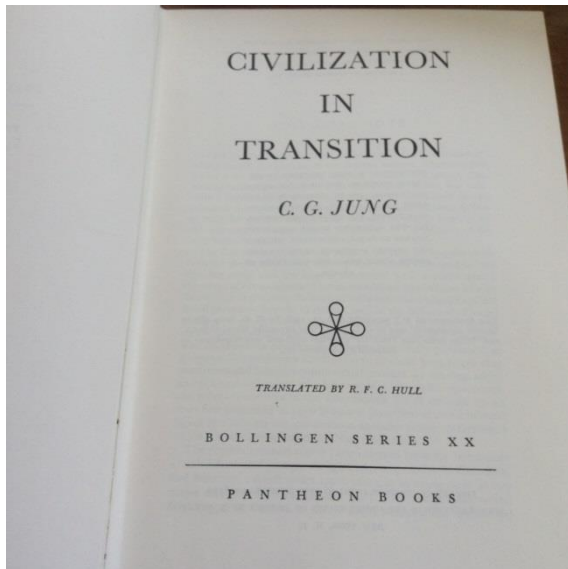
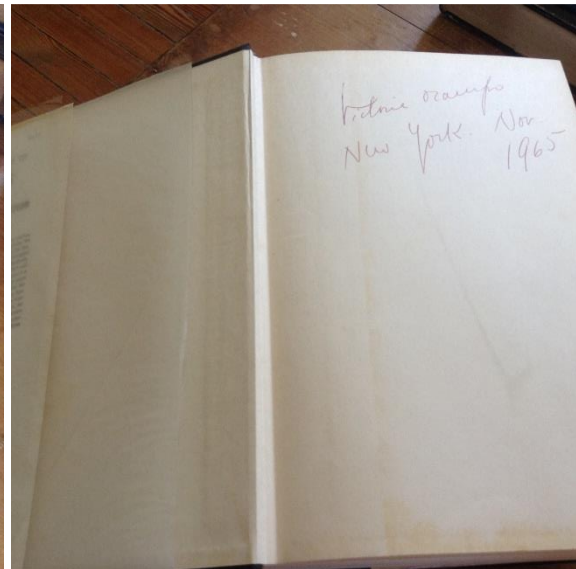
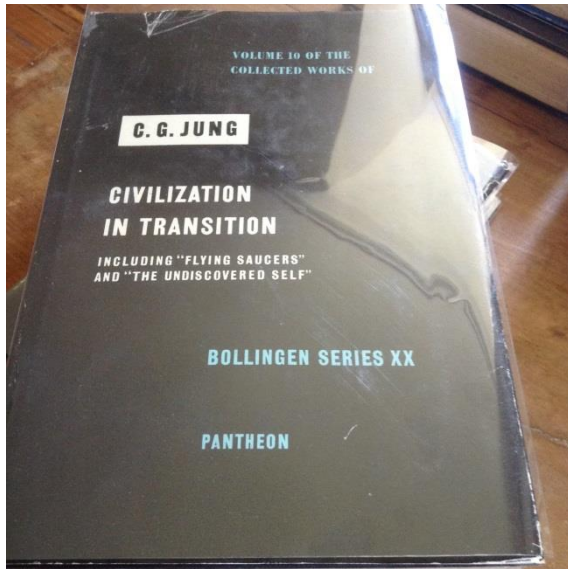


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EDITORIAL NOTE

and a mass society, and in "Flying Saucers" (1958) he examines the birth of a myth which he regards as compensating the scientific trends of our technological era. Since the crisis in civilization is maintained by Jung to be moral, his late views on good and evil and on the psychological function of conscience, in section six, are necessary and relevant amplifications of his theme.

The reviews and short articles in section seven present Jung's lively and emotional responses to the pronouncements of his contemporary, Count Hermann Keyserling, on national problems, and to his own visits to the United States and India. Finally, the appendix brings together the documents relating to the years when Jung was president of the International General Medical Society for Psychotherapy and editor of its organ, the *Zentralblatt für Psychotherapie*. His energetic nature and feelings of obligation both to society and to his colleagues compelled him to accept this position as a vantage point from which to combat, to the best of his ability, the threat to psychotherapy in Germany under the Nazis. Unjustly, he was subjected to a barrage of tendentious and largely uninformed criticism because of his action. The aims he consistently sought to achieve are now set forth fully for the first time, with the necessary documentation.

*

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THE RO

THE

lightened European is of the opinion that religion and such things are good enough for the masses and for women, but of little consequence compared with immediate economic and political questions. So I am refuted all along the line, like a man who predicts a thunderstorm when there is not a cloud in the sky. Perhaps it is a storm below the horizon, and perhaps it will never reach us. But what is significant in psychic life always lies below the horizon of consciousness, and when we speak of the spiritual problem of modern man we are speaking of things that are barely visible--of the most intimate and fragile things, of flowers that open only in the night. In daylight everything is clear and tangible, but the night lasts as long as the day, and we live in the night-time also. There are people who have had dreams which even spoil their days for them. And for many people the day's life is such a bad dream that they long for the night when the spirit awakes. I believe that there are nowadays a great many such people, and this is why I also maintain that the spiritual problem of modern man is much as I have presented it. I must plead guilty, however, to the charge of one-sidedness, for I have passed over in silence the spirit of the times, about which everyone has so much to say because it is so clearly apparent to us all. It shows itself in the ideal of internationalism and superlativism, embodied in the League of Nations and the like; we see it also in sport and, significantly, in cinema and jazz. These are characteristic symptoms of our time, which has extended the humanistic ideal even to the body. Sport puts an exceptional valuation on the body, and this tendency is emphasized still further in modern dancing. The cinema, like the detective story, enables us to experience without danger to ourselves all the excitements, passions, and fantasies which have to be repressed in a humanistic age. It is not difficult to see how these symptoms link up with our psychological situation. The fascination of the psyche brings about a new self-appraisal, a reassessment of our fundamental human nature. We can hardly be surprised if this leads to a rediscovery of the body after its long subjection to the spirit--we are even tempted to say that the flesh is getting its own back. When Kerysling sarcastically singles out the chauffeur as the culture-hero of our time, he has struck, as he often does, close to the mark. The body lays claim

THE LOVE PROBLEM OF A STUDENT¹

It is, I assure you, with no light heart that I undertake the task of opening your discussion of the love problem of a student by reading a general paper on this subject. Such a discussion is an unusual one, and presents difficulties if taken in a spirit of seriousness and with a fitting sense of responsibility. Love is always a problem, whatever our age may be. In childhood, the love of one's parents is a problem, and for the old man the problem is what he has made of his love. Love is a force of destiny whose power reaches from heaven to hell. We must, I think, understand love in this way if we are to do any sort of justice to the problems it involves. They are of immense scope and complexity, not confined to any particular province but covering every aspect of human life. Love may be an ethical, a social, a psychological, a philosophical, an aesthetic, a religious, a medical, a legal, or a physiological problem, to name only a few aspects of this many-sided phenomenon. This invasion of love into all the collective spheres of life is, however, only a minor difficulty in comparison with the fact that love is also an intensely individual problem. For it means that every general criterion and rule loses its validity, in exactly the same way that religious beliefs, although constantly codified in the course of history, are always, in essence, an individual experience which bows to no traditional rule.

The very word "love" is itself an obstacle to our discussion. What, indeed, has not been called "love"? Beginning with the highest mystery of the Christian religion, we encounter, on the

¹ [A lecture to Zurich University students, probably in Dec., 1928. Originally published in English as "The Love Problem of a Student," trans. by C. F. and H. G. Baynes from the unpublished German ms., in Contributions to Analytical Psychology (London and New York, 1928). For the present trans. the Baynes version has been consulted.--Editors.]

CIVILIZATION IN TRANSITION

next lower stages, the amor Dei of Origen, the amor patriae of Spinoza, Plato's love of the Idea, and the love of the mystic. Goethe's words introduce us to the language of love:

Let now the savage instincts sleep
And all the violence they do;
When human love stirs in the deep
The love of God is stirring too.

Here we find the love of one's neighbour, in the Christian sense as well as in the Buddhist sense of compassion, and the love of mankind as expressed in social service. Next there is the love of one's country, and the love for ideal institutions such as the Church. Then comes parental love, love of mother and child, and the love of one's spouse. When we come to conjugal love we leave the sphere of the spiritual and enter that intermediate realm between spirit and instinct. Here the pure flame of Eros sees fire to the ally, and the ideal forms of love--of parents of children, of one's neighbour, etc.--are mingled with the lust for personal power and the desire to possess and to rule. This does not mean that all contact with instinct defuses love. On the contrary, the better and truer and strength become the more perfect the more instinct it can absorb into itself. Only if instinct predominates does the animal come to the surface. Conjugial love can be of the kind which Goethe says at the end of Faust:

Spirit by attraction draws
Elemental matter;
Fates bonds no man can force
And no angel shatter.
Double natures single grown,
Inwardly united,
By Eternal Love alone
Can it be divided.

But it need not necessarily be such a love. It may fulfil Nietzsche's words: "Two animals have lighted on each other! The love of the lover is again different. Even though the warmth of marriage be lacking, and the pledge of a life together, this love may be transfigured by the power of fate or by its own

THE LOVE PROBLEM OF A STUDENT

single nature. But as a rule instinct predominates, with glow or its flickering fires.

Even this has not brought us to the limits of love, we also mean the sexual act on all levels, from official, wedded cohabitation to the physiological and drives a man to prostitutes and to the mere business or are forced to make of love.

We also speak of "the love of boys," meaning homoerotic love, which since classical times has lost its glamour as an educational institution, and more often out of a misanthropic existence as a so-called perversion and offence, at least where men are concerned. In countries it seems on the other hand that female homosexuality rather more than Sapphic lyricism, since it is as a stimulus to the social and political organization just as much as homosexuality was an important factor of the Greek polis.

Finally, the word "love" must be stretched still further to cover all sexual perversions. There is inconstant, masturbatory self-love that goes by the name of "love." The word "love" includes every kind of morbidity, inasmuch as well as every kind of greed that has a man to the level of a beast or a machine.

Thus we find ourselves in the awkward position of discussing a matter or concept whose extent is so vague and whose extent is well-nigh illimitable for the purposes of the present discussion, one which restrict the concept of love to the problem of the student should come to terms with sex. But this is done, because all the meanings of the word "love" already mentioned enter actively into the love student.

We can, however, agree to discuss the question in which the average so-called normal person is in the conditions I have described. Disregarding the individual, even does not exist, we find, nevertheless, similarities even among individuals of the most diverse nature. A discussion of the "average" problem practical solution of the problem depends on

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demands and capacities of the individual, and the external conditions. It is the duty of a speaker to present a general survey of the question under discussion. Naturally this can be done only as a sketch, I can give an objective account of things as they are, and abstain from that state, moralizing talk which seeks to deal with a mixture of what ought to be done. That must be left to those who always know what is better for other people.

Our theme is "The Love Problem of a Student," which I assume that "love problem" means the relation of the two sexes and is not to be construed as the "sexual problem" of the two sexes. This provides a useful limitation of our theme, for the question of sex would need considering only so far as it is a love problem or a problem of relationship. Hence we can exclude all those sexual phenomena that have nothing to do with relationship, such as sexual perversions (with the exception of homosexuality), masturbation, and intercourse with prostitutes. We do not exclude homosexuality because very often it is a problem of relationship, but we can exclude prostitution because, usually, it does not involve a relationship, though there are exceptions which prove the rule.

The average solution of the love problem is, as you know, marriage. But experience shows that this statistical truth does not apply to the student. The immediate reason for this is that a student is generally not in a position to set up house. As the reason is the youthful age of most students, which, partly because of their unfinished studies, and partly because of their need for freedom to move from place to place, does not yet permit the social fixation entailed by marriage. Other factors which are considered are psychological immaturity, childish clinging to home and family, relatively undeveloped capacity for love and responsibility, lack of experience of life and the world, the typical illusions of youth, and so on. A reason that should not be underestimated is the sagacious reserve of the girl student. Their first aim is to complete their studies and take up a profession. They therefore abstain from marriage, especially from marriage with a student, who so long as he remains a student is not a desirable marriage partner for the reasons already mentioned. Another, very important, reason for the infrequency of

THE LOVE PROBLEM OF A STUDENT

student marriages is the question of children. A girl marries she wants a child, whereas a young man has no special attraction for a woman's waist.

In recent years, it is true, student marriages are more frequent. This is due partly to the fact that in our modern outlook, and partly to the application of the psychological changes that have taken place among other things, the phenomenon of the student is probably the result of the spiritual upheavals of the last decades, the total significance of which we are only now grasping. All we can say is that, as a consequence of the dissemination of scientific knowledge and a new way of thinking, a change in the very conception of life has come about. Scientific objectivity has become the sacredness of the idea of being and man as a natural being, and *Homo sapiens* to take his place as part of the change has an emotional as well as an intellectual aspect. Such a view works directly on the feelings of the student in the last analysis always have their roots in the physical of the age have lost their force. We must therefore not be misled by the fact that the change has an emotional as well as an intellectual aspect. Such a view works directly on the feelings of the student in the last analysis always have their roots in the physical of the age have lost their force. We must therefore not be misled by the fact that the change has an emotional as well as an intellectual aspect. Such a view works directly on the feelings of the student in the last analysis always have their roots in the physical of the age have lost their force. We must therefore not be misled by the fact that the change has an emotional as well as an intellectual aspect.

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You call yourself free? Your dominant thought I would hear, and not that you have escaped from a yoke. Are you one of those who had the right to escape from a yoke? There are some who threw away their last value when they threw away their servitude. Thus Späke Zanastustra

religion that reveals itself in a spiritual crisis. The very thing that he is trying to do is to break away from the yoke of the past. To write about woman in Europe today is such a hazardous undertaking that I would scarcely have ventured to do so without a pressing invitation. Have we anything of fundamental importance to say about Europe? Is anyone sufficiently detached, or caught in some critical retrospect that clouds our judgment? And in regard to woman, cannot the same questions be asked? Moreover, what can a man say about woman, his own opposite? I mean of course something sensible, that is outside the sexual programme, free of resentment, illusion, and theory. Where is the man to be found capable of such superiority? Woman always stands just where the man's shadow falls, so that he is only too liable to confuse the two. Then, when he tries to repair this misunderstanding, he overvalues her (Berlin, 1911). [Originally published as "Die Frau in Europa," *Europäische Revue* (Berlin), III, 7 (Oct., 1907); republished by the *Neue Schweizer Rundschau* as a pamphlet (Zürich, 1908); which was reprinted by Rascher Verlag in 1927, 1936, and 1959 (ed. n. 2, infra). Trans. by C. F. and H. G. Baynes in *Contributions to Analytical Psychology* (London and New York, 1928), pp. 104-108, which version has been consulted here. The motto is from the trans. of Nietzsche by Common--Editors.]

believes her the most desirable thing in the world. That is with the greatest misgivings that I set out to treat of this. One thing, however, is beyond doubt: that woman today is in the same process of transition as man. Whether this transition is a historical turning-point or not remains to be seen. Sometimes when we look back at history, it seems as though the present time had analogies to certain periods in the past, when great empires and civilizations had passed their prime and were hastening irresistibly towards decay. But these analogies are deceptive, for there are always renaissances. What we move more clearly into the foreground is Europe's position midway between the Asiatic East and the Anglo-Saxon world, and we say America—West. Europe now stands between two colossal, both uncouth in their form but implacably opposed to one another in their nature. They are profoundly different not only racially but in their ideals. In the West there is the modern political freedom with the minimum personal freedom, in the East it is just the opposite. We see in the West a tremendous development of Europe's technological and scientific tendencies, and in the Far East an awakening of all those spiritual forces which, in Europe, of the East ideal. The struggle between these opposites, which in the world of the European man takes place in the realm of the scientifically applied intellect and finds expression on the battlefield and in the state of his balance, is, in woman, a psychic conflict.

195 What makes it so unaccountably difficult to discuss the problem of the modern European woman is that we are necessarily writing about a minority. There is no "modern European woman" properly speaking. Or is the peasant's wife of today different from her forbears of a hundred years ago? There is, in fact, a large body of the population that only to a very limited extent lives in the present and participates in present-day problems. We speak of a "woman's problem," but how many women have problems? In proportion to the sum-total of European women only a dwindling minority really live in the Europe of

200 In the thirty years since this essay was written the significance of the "East" has changed and has largely assumed the form of the "Russian Empire." This almost reaches as far as central Germany, but it has lost nothing of its Asiatic character. [Author's footnote in 1939 pamphlet edition.—Editors.]

today; and these are city dwellers and belong—to put it cautiously—to the more complicated of their kind. This must always be so, for it is only the few who clearly express the spirit of the present in any age. In the fourth and fifth centuries of our era there were only a very few Christians who in any way understood the spirit of Christianity, the rest were still practically pagan. The cultural process that is characteristic of an epoch operates most intensely in cities, for it needs large agglomerations of men to make civilization possible, and from these agglomerations culture gradually spreads to the smaller, backward groups. Thus we find the present only in the large centres, and there alone do we encounter the "European woman," the woman who expresses the social and spiritual aspect of contemporary Europe. The further we go from the influence of the great centres, the more we find ourselves receding into history. In the remote Alpine valleys we can meet people who have never seen a railway, and in Spain, which is also a part of Europe, we plunge into a dark medieval age lacking even an alphabet. The people of those regions, or of the corresponding social strata, do not live in our Europe but in the Europe of 1400, and their problems are those of the bygone age in which they dwell. I have analysed such people, and have found myself carried back into an ambience that was not wanting in historical romance.

205 The "present" is a thin surface stratum that is laid down in the great centres of civilization. If it is very thin, as in Tsarist Russia, it has no meaning, as events have shown. But once it has attained a certain strength, we can speak of civilization and progress, and then problems arise that are characteristic of an epoch. In this sense Europe has a present, and there are women who live in it and suffer its problems. About these, and these only, are we entitled to speak. Those who are satisfied with a medieval life have no need of the present and its experiments. But the man of the present cannot—matter what the reason—turn back again to the past without suffering an essential loss. Often this turning back is altogether impossible, even if he were prepared to make the sacrifice. The man of the present must work for the future and leave others to conserve the past. He is therefore not only a builder but also a destroyer. He and his world have both become questionable and ambiguous. The

ways that the past shows him and the answers it gives to his questions are insufficient for the needs of the present. The old, comfortable ways are blocked, new paths have been opened up, and new dangers have arisen of which the past knows nothing. It is proverbial that one never learns anything from history, and in regard to present-day problems it usually teaches nothing. The new path has to be made through groping, without presuppositions and often, unfortunately, without a pilot. The only thing that cannot be improved upon is woman, for every alteration of traditional morality is by definition an immorality. This *bon mot* has an edge to it, against which many an innovator has barked his shins.

210 All the problems of the present form a tangled knot, and it is hardly possible to single out one particular problem and treat it independently of the others. Thus there is no problem of "woman in Europe" without man and his world. If she is married, she usually has to depend economically on her husband; if she is unmarried and earning a living, she is working, and she sacrifices her whole erotic life, she again stands in some essential relationship to man. In numerous ways woman is essentially bound up with man's world and is therefore just as exposed as he is to all the shocks of his world. The war, for instance, has affected woman just as profoundly as it has man, and she has adapted to its consequences as he has, and she has lived the last twenty or thirty years more for man's world is apparent to everyone we can read about it every day in the newspapers. But what it means for woman is not so evident. Neither politically, nor economically, nor spiritually is she a factor of visible importance. If she were, she would loom more largely in man's field of vision and would have to be considered a rival. Some is accidentally a role, but only as a rule, her place is on man's intimate side, the side of him that merely feels and has no intellectual mask behind which everything possible and impossible can be conjured—and actually seen—without his getting anywhere near the mark. The elementary fact that a person always thinks another's psychology is identical with his own effectively prevents a correct understanding of feminine psychology. This is

psychological

215 a manhood or run a kindergarten? When I speak of *psychology* I do not mean merely physiological injury but above all psychic injury. It is a woman's outstanding characteristic that she can achieve something important for the time of a *single* day, and is ecstatic because that does not really agree with what she has in mind. Love for a thing is a woman's prerogative. But since man and feminine elements are united in our human nature, a man can live in the feminine part of himself, and a woman in the masculine part. None the less the feminine element in man is only something in the background, as is the masculine element in woman. If one lives out the opposite sex in one's own nature, living in one's own background, and one's real individuality suffers. A man should live as a man and a woman as a woman, close to the unconscious. It is even typical that the effects of the unconscious upon the conscious mind have a contractual character. For instance the soul (anima, psyche) has a feminine character which compensates the masculine consciousness. Intellectual instruction among primitives is exclusively a masculine concern, corresponding to the function of the Catholic priest.

220 The immediate presence of the unconscious exerts a magnetic influence on the conscious process. This is a *psychic* fear or even horror we have of the unconscious. It is a purposeful defence-reaction of the conscious mind. The contractive element has a mysterious charm tinged with fear, perhaps one with disgust. For this reason its charm is particularly attractive and fascinating, even when it comes to us not directly from outside, but in the guise of a woman, but from within, as a *psychic* influence—for instance in the form of a temptation to abandon oneself to a mood or an affect. This example is not characteristic of women, for a woman's moods and emotions do not come to her directly from the unconscious but are peculiar to her feminine nature. They are therefore never naive, but are related with an unacknowledged purpose. What comes to us from the unconscious is a sort of *opinion*, which spoils her mood only secondarily. These opinions lay claim to being *late* truths, and they prove to be the more fixed and inalterable the less they are subjected to conscious criticism. Like the moods and feelings of a man, they are somewhat hazy and often

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It gives to his reason. All that has been opened at this time from history, it is given a particularly dangerous twist, because in this respect she is not naive and it is only too often her intention to let herself be convinced by them. It fits in with her nature to keep her ego and her will in the background, so as not to hinder the man in any way, and to invite him to realize his intentions with regard to her person. This is a sexual pattern, but it has far-reaching ramifications in the feminine psyche. By maintaining a passive attitude with an ulterior purpose, she helps the man to realize his ends and in that way holds him. At the same time she is caught in her own toils, for whoever digs a pit for others falls into it himself.

225 I admit that this is a rather unkind description of a process which might well be sung in more lyrical strains. But all natural things have two sides, and when something has to be made conscious we must see the shadow side as well as the light.

230 When we observe the way in which women since the second half of the nineteenth century, have begun to take up masculine professions, to become active in politics, to sit on committees, etc., we can see that woman is in the process of breaking with the purely feminine sexual pattern of unconsciousness and passivity, and has made a concession to masculine psychology by establishing herself as a visible member of society. She no longer hides behind the mask of Mrs. So-and-so, with the obliging intention of having all her wishes fulfilled by the man, or to make him pay for it if things do not go as she wishes.

235 This step towards social independence is a necessary response to economic and other factors, but in itself it is only a symptom and not the thing about which we are most concerned. Certainly the courage and capacity for self-sacrifice of such women is admirable, and only the blind could fail to see the good that has come out of all these efforts. But no one can get round the fact that by taking up a masculine profession, studying and working like a man, woman is doing something not wholly in accord with, if not directly injurious to, her feminine nature. She is doing something that would scarcely be possible for a man to do, unless he were a Chinese. Could he, for instance, be

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present-day problems that is no less painful, namely, the marriage problem.

240 Traditionally, man is regarded as the marriage breaker. The legend comes from times long past, when men still had leisure to pursue all sorts of pastimes. But today life makes no room for demands on men that the noble Hidalgo, Don Juan, is to be found nowhere save in the theatre. More than ever a man loves his wife, for, for ours is an age of neurasthenia, impotence, and death. If anything is to happen in the way of adultery it must be a very difficult. In no respect must it cost too much, hence the adventure can only be of a transitory kind. The man of today is thoroughly scared of jeopardizing marriage as an institution. He is a firm believer in doing things on the quiet, and therefore supports prostitution. I would wager that in the Middle Ages, adultery was relatively more frequent than it is today. In this respect marriage should be safer now than it ever was. But in reality it is beginning to be discussed. It is a bad sign when doctors begin writing books of advice on how to achieve the "perfect marriage." Healthy people need no doctors. Marriage today has indeed become rather precarious. In America about a quarter of the marriages end in divorce. And the remarkable thing is that this time the scapegoat is not the man but the woman. She is the one who doubts and feels uncertain. It is not surprising that this is so, for in post-war Europe there is such an alarming surplus of unmarried women that it would be inconceivable if there were no reaction from that quarter. Such a piling up of misery has inescapable consequences. It is no longer a question of a few dozen voluntary or involuntary old maids here and there, but of millions. Our legislation and our social morality give no answer to this question. Or can the Church provide a satisfactory answer? Should we build gigantic nunneries to accommodate all these women? Or should tolerated prostitution be increased? Obviously this is impossible. Here we are dealing neither with saints nor sinners but with ordinary women who cannot register their spiritual requirements with the police. They are decent women who want to marry, and if this is not possible, well—the next best thing. When it comes to the question of love, laws and institutions and ideals mean less

woman than ever before to support this view. At the beginning of the century Italy consisted of a Roman was surrounded flooded ancient Italy slave. Living conditions infected with their this unconscious is highly developed, gross in Africa; it unconsciously he l it. In Africa there "going black." It "consider anyone" blood may run in to support this view. A direct result and longing for a found striking explosive spread of to have risen fre "slave instructive the soul of the l Caesar. Similar psychological context of the world strosity is create all legislation an. Something is Europe. Too mu is accumulating an effect. Secret process, and three influence that is these women is could be better. They are decent women who bliss must be o silent, obstinate like the fixed str

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woman than ever before. If things cannot go straight they will have to go crooked.

At the beginning of our era, three-fifths of the population of Italy consisted of slaves—human chattels without rights. Every Roman was surrounded by slaves. The slave and his psychology figured ancient Italy, and every Roman became inwardly a slave. Living constantly in the atmosphere of slaves, he became infected with their psychology. No one can shield himself from this unconscious influence. Even today the European, however highly developed, cannot live with impunity among the Negroes in Africa; their psychology gets into him unnoticed and unconsciously he becomes a Negro. There is no fighting against it. In Africa there is a well-known technical expression for this "going black." It is no mere snobbery that the English should consider anyone born in the colonies, even though the best blood may run in his veins, "slightly inferior." There are facts to support this view.

A direct result of slave influence was the strange melancholy and longing for deliverance that pervaded imperial Rome and found striking expression in Virgil's Fourth Eclogue. The explosive spread of Christianity, a religion which might be said to have risen from the sewers of Rome—Nietzsche called it a "slave insurrection in morals"—was a sudden reaction that set the soul of the lowest slave on a par with that of the divine Caesar. Similar though perhaps less momentous processes of psychological compensation have repeatedly occurred in the history of the world. Whenever some social or psychological monotony is created, a compensation comes along in defiance of all legislation and all expectation.

Something similar is happening to women in present-day Europe. Too much that is inadmissible that has not been lived, is accumulating in the unconscious, and this is bound to have an effect. Secretaries, typists, shop-girls, all are agents of this process, and through a million subterranean channels creeps that influence that is undermining marriage. For the desire of all these women is not to have sexual adventures—only the stupid could believe that—but to get married. The possessors of that bliss must be ousted, not as a rule by naked force, but by that silent, obstinate desire which, as we know, has magical effects, like the fixed stare of a snake. This was ever the way of women.

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discussion of the sexual problem. This territory, once so absolute, has now become a focus of scientific and other interests. Things can be heard and said in society that formerly would have been quite impossible. Large numbers of people have learned to think more freely and honestly, and have come to realize how important these matters are. The discussion of the sexual problem is, however, only a somewhat crude prelude to a far deeper question, and that is the question of the psychological relationship between the sexes. In comparison with this the other pales into insignificance, and with it we enter the real domain of women's psychology.

Woman's psychology is founded on the principle of Eros, the great binder and loosener, whereas from ancient times the ruling principle ascribed to man is Logos. The concept of Eros could be expressed in modern terms as psychic relatedness, and that of Logos as objective interest. In the eyes of the ordinary man, love in its true sense coincides with the institution of marriage, and outside marriage there is only adultery or "platonic" friendship. For woman, marriage is not an institution at all but a human love relationship, at least that is what she would like to believe. (Since her Eros is not native but is mixed with other, unavowed motives—marriage as a ladder to social position, etc.—the principle cannot be applied in any absolute sense.) Marriage means to her an exclusive relationship. She can endure its exclusiveness all the more easily, without dying of ennui, inasmuch as she has children or near relatives with whom she has a no less intimate relationship than with her husband. The fact that she has no less intimate relationship with these others means nothing, for the sexual relationship is of far less importance to her than the psychic relationship. It is enough that she and her husband both believe their relationship to be unique and exclusive. If he happens to be the "container" he feels suffocated by this exclusiveness, especially if he fails to notice that the exclusiveness of his wife is nothing but a pious fraud. In reality she is distributed among the children and among as many members of the family as possible, thus maintaining a number of intimate relationships. If her husband had anything like as many relationships with other people she would be mad with jealousy. Most men, though, are critically blinded—they commit the unpardonable mistake of confusing

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mous trouble to put their own psychology on view in the most dramatic fashion, and thus demonstrated to the world the whole question of psychic relationship. Women like Frau Hauffe and Hélène Smith⁴ and Miss Beauchamp have assured for themselves a kind of immortality, rather like those worthy folk whose miraculous cures brought fame and prosperity to the wonder-working spot.

An astonishingly high percentage of this material comes from women. This is not a remarkable as it might seem, for women are far more "psychological" than men. A man is usually satisfied with "logic" alone. Everything "psychic," "unconscious," etc., is repugnant to him; he considers it vague, nebulous, and morbid. He is interested in things, in facts, and not in the feelings and fantasies that cluster round them or have nothing to do with them. To a woman it is generally more important to know how a man feels about a thing than to know the thing itself. All those things which are merely futile impedimenta to a man are important to her. So it is naturally woman who is the most direct exponent of psychology and gives it its richest content. Very many things can be perceived in her with the utmost distinctness which in a man are mere shadowy processes in the background, whose very existence he is unwilling to admit. But, unlike the objective discussion and verification of facts, a human relationship leads to the world of the psyche, into that intermediate realm between sense and spirit, which contains something of both and yet forfeits nothing of its own unique character.

Into this territory a man must venture if he wishes to meet woman half way. Circumstances have forced her to acquire a number of masculine traits, so that she shall not remain caught in an antiquated, purely instinctual femininity, lost and alone in the world of men. So, too, man will be forced to develop his feminine side, to open his eyes to the psychic and to Eros. It is a task he cannot avoid, unless he prefers to go trailing after but always in danger of being stowed away in her pocket.

For those in love with masculinity or femininity *per se* the traditional medieval marriage is enough—and a thoroughly

⁴ See *Psychiatric Studies*, index, s. vv.—ERRATA.]

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that is the attitude of the married woman to all this that she has to do with. She is the scapegoat, and she is to be sacrificed to another as he pleases, and so on. On the strength of these outworn conceptions she can wrap herself up more deeply in her jealousies. But all this is only on the surface. Neither the pride of the Roman patrician nor the thick walls of the imperial palace availed to keep out the slave infection. In the same way, no woman can escape the secret, compelling atmosphere with which her own sister, perhaps, is enveloped, her stifling atmosphere of life that has never been lived. Unlived life is a destructive, irresistible force that works itself but inevitably. The result is that the married woman begins to have doubts about marriage. The unmarried believe in it because they want it. Equally, the man believes in marriage because of his love of comfort and a sentimental belief in institutions, which for him always tend to become objects of feeling.

Since women have to be down to earth in matters of feeling, a certain fact should not escape our notice. This is the possibility of contraceptive measures. Children are one of the main reasons for maintaining a responsible attitude towards marriage. If this reason disappears, then the things that are "not done" happen easily enough. This applies primarily to unmarried women, who thus have an opportunity to contract an "approximate" marriage. But it is a consideration that counts also with all those married women who, as I have shown in my essay "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship,"² are the "containers." By this I mean women whose demands as individuals are not satisfied, or not wholly satisfied, by their husbands. Finally, contraception is a fact of enormous importance to women in general, because it does away with the constant fear of pregnancy and the care of an ever-increasing number of children. This deliverance from bondage to nature brings a release of psychic energies that inevitably seek an outlet. Wherever a sum of energy finds no congenial goal it causes a disturbance of the psychic equilibrium. Lacking a conscious goal, it reinforces the unconscious and gives rise to uncertainty and doubt.

Another factor of great importance is the more or less open

² In *The Development of Personality*.

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Eros with sex. A man thinks he possesses a woman if he has her sexually. He never possesses her less, for to a woman the Eros relationship with sex thrown in as an accompaniment, like the sex is a formidable thing on account of its consequences, which would have it in a safe place. But when it is less of a danger and also becomes less relevant, and then the question of relationship moves into the foreground.

It is just here that the woman runs into great difficulties with her husband, for the question of relationship borders on a question that for him is dark and painful. He can face this question only when the woman carries the burden of suffering, that is, when he is the "contained"—in other words, when he can imagine himself having a relationship with another man, and as a consequence suffering disunion with herself. Then it is the man who has the painful problem, and he is not obliged to see his own, which is a great relief to him. In this situation he is not unlike a thief who, quite unexpectedly, finds himself in the available position of having been forewarned by another thief who has been caught by the police. Suddenly he becomes an honourable, impartial onlooker. In any other situation a man always finds the discussion of personal relations painful and boring, just as his wife would find it boring if he examined her on the *Critique of Pure Reason*. For him, Eros is a shadowland which entangles him in his feminine unconscious, in something "psychic," while for woman Logos is a deadly bright kind of sophistry if she is not actually repelled and frightened by it.

Just as woman began, towards the end of the nineteenth century, to make a concession to masculinity by taking her place as an independent factor in the social world, so man has made, somewhat hesitantly, a concession to femininity by creating a new psychology of complex phenomena, inaugurated by the sexual psychology of Freud. What this psychology owes to the direct influence of women—psychiatrists' consulting-rooms are packed with women—is a theme that would fill a large volume. I am speaking here not only of analytical psychology but of the beginnings of psychopathology in general. By far the greatest number of "classic" cases, beginning with the "Seers of Prevois," were women, who, perhaps unconsciously, took over

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praiseworthy, well-earned, useful institution it is. But the time of today finds it extremely difficult to return to it, and for many of the way back is simply impossible, because this sort of marriage can exist only by shutting out all contemporary problems. Doubtless there were many Romans who could shut their eyes to the slave problem and to Christianity, and spend their days in a more or less pleasant unconsciousness. They could do this because they had no relation to the present, only to the living in the present, and who shall say they are not somewhat Modern men find marriage only too problematical. I recently heard a German scholar exclaim before an audience of several hundred people: "Our marriages are sham marriages!" I admired his courage and sincerity. Usually we express ourselves less directly, cautiously offering good advice as to what might be done—in order not to tarnish the ideal. But for the modern woman—let me take note of this—the medieval marriage is an ideal no longer. True, she keeps her doubts to herself, and she is rebellious; one woman because she is married and hides it highly inconvenient if the door of the safe is not hermetically sealed, another because she is unmarried and too virtuous to look her own tendencies squarely in the face. Nevertheless, their newly-won masculinity makes it impossible for either of them to believe in marriage in its traditional form ("He shall be thy master"). Masculinity means knowing what one wants and doing what is necessary to achieve it. Once this lesson has been learned it is so obvious that it can never again be forgotten that tremendous psychic loss. The independence and critical judgment she acquires through this knowledge are positive values and are felt as such by the woman. She can never part with them again. The same is true of the man who, with great efforts, wins that needful feminine insight into his own psyche, because he is thoroughly aware of the importance of what he has won.

At first glance it might be thought that such a man and woman would be especially likely to make the "perfect marriage." In reality this is not so; on the contrary, a conflict begins immediately. What the woman, in her new-found self-assurance, wants to do is not at all pleasing to the man, while the feelings

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WOMAN 2

mous trouble to put their own psychology on view in the most dramatic fashion, and thus demonstrated to the world the whole question of psychic relationship. Women like Frau Hauffe and Hélène Smith⁴ and Miss Beauchamp have assured for themselves a kind of immortality, rather like those worthy folk whose miraculous cures brought fame and prosperity to the wonder-working spot.

An astonishingly high percentage of this material comes from women. This is not a remarkable as it might seem, for women are far more "psychological" than men. A man is usually satisfied with "logic" alone. Everything "psychic," "unconscious," etc., is repugnant to him; he considers it vague, nebulous, and morbid. He is interested in things, in facts, and not in the feelings and fantasies that cluster round them or have nothing to do with them. To a woman it is generally more important to know how a man feels about a thing than to know the thing itself. All those things which are merely futile impedimenta to a man are important to her. So it is naturally woman who is the most direct exponent of psychology and gives it its richest content. Very many things can be perceived in her with the utmost distinctness which in a man are mere shadowy processes in the background, whose very existence he is unwilling to admit. But, unlike the objective discussion and verification of facts, a human relationship leads to the world of the psyche, into that intermediate realm between sense and spirit, which contains something of both and yet forfeits nothing of its own unique character.

Into this territory a man must venture if he wishes to meet woman half way. Circumstances have forced her to acquire a number of masculine traits, so that she shall not remain caught in an antiquated, purely instinctual femininity, lost and alone in the world of men. So, too, man will be forced to develop his feminine side, to open his eyes to the psychic and to Eros. It is a task he cannot avoid, unless he prefers to go trailing after but always in danger of being stowed away in her pocket.

For those in love with masculinity or femininity *per se* the traditional medieval marriage is enough—and a thoroughly

⁴ See *Psychiatric Studies*.

CIVILIZATION IN TRANSITION

What I am saying here is not for the young—it is precisely for those who are not yet old, but for the more mature whose consciousness has been widened by experience of life. It is not for the young, but for the more mature whose consciousness has been widened by experience of life. It is not for the young, but for the more mature whose consciousness has been widened by experience of life. It is not for the young, but for the more mature whose consciousness has been widened by experience of life.

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THE SWISS LINE IN THE EUROPEAN SPECTRUM

Count Keyserling is a phenomenon that needs to be judged with extreme caution. On no account should one think the judgment final. The phenomenon is far too complex. There is no merit in stressing its darker aspects, for they fairly leap to the eye. Moreover, so much light emanates from Keyserling that one wonders whether these shadows are not an integral part of him—not just a physical concomitant, so to speak, but the necessary condition for his peculiar intuitive capacity. Light presupposes darkness. Darkness fosters vision, obscurity demands clarification, diversity calls for unity and discord for harmony.

It is easy to poke fun at Keyserling as an aristocrat who peers at the world through a monocle. Keyserling is not to be taken as a joke, though he himself suffers from the delusion that his book was written with a sense of humor. I do not find his book humorous; his style is mordant, and often one hears the crack of whip. Instead of evoking hearty laughter it makes one think. What Keyserling calls humour is a light, jesting, sometimes brilliant manner, but cold to the touch and lacking in geniality, a cavalier wit—in short, a mock-humour. His humour is put on; it is one of the many ways of leading wings to his intuition and keeping it soaring high above the weltering darkness; a pardonable attempt to lighten what is, at bottom, an extremely difficult task. The thoughtful reader will not misunderstand this alleged joker, for he will guess that the book is Keyserling himself, in the act of approaching the earth from afar, and Europe in particular.

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To all who are struck with them, the more so the more senseless they are. This dreary spectacle becomes quite dimming when we turn our gaze from the limited and low logarithmic sphere of the individual and see it parading as the alleged "soil of the nation." Keyserling is condemned to begin at the most senseless end—the hopeless end—with an attempt to understand the national spirit. Every harsh word, every crack of the whip, every distortion of judgment becomes fully understandable as an involuntary expression of his irritation and impatience with this thankless task. Every harsh word, every crack of the whip, every distortion of judgment becomes fully understandable as an involuntary expression of his irritation and impatience with this thankless task.

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St. Moritz, lighted here, I have been to see my family. One claps his eyes on it, another a price on it, a third despises it—what does it matter? Keyserling picks up this genuine piece of Swiss wisdom and exclaims indignantly: "For an cultured person or someone in a higher social position as a way of thinking, inimical to all values, is merely irresponsible and unprincipled."

Here lies the most glaring difference between the man of letters and the Swiss. The judgments of others is not in itself a standard of value. It may be no more than a useful piece of information. The individual has a right, indeed it is his duty, to set up and apply his own standard of value. In the last resort ethics are the concern of the individual, as Albert Schweitzer has pointed out so forcefully. And for that matter, what is the attitude of the aristocrat? Does he bother about the judgment of others? Sitting on his peak he can look down superciliously on the multitude, unmoved by the hubbub of opinion. (The dogs bark, but the caravan passes on.) Why shouldn't the least aristocratic of nations do the same? Or is it a case of "good licet Jovi, non licet bovi"? But this would be to forget that the word "subject" (*Unterthan*) has not existed in Switzerland since the time of the aristocrat. The fact remains that the typical Swiss was moulded not by the latter but by the latter members of the old Confederation. The fact remains that the typical Swiss attitude of not bothering about the opinions of others bears a curious resemblance to the attitude of the aristocrat. I admire that blind Swiss who sits in his modest lodgings and lets the world that blurs him pass by in his modest lodgings and lets the world of others roll off him. He is an "aristocrat" in his way, not "au-dessus de la mêlée," like the feudal lord of the manor, but "au-dessous de la mêlée," like the feudal lord of the manor, but "au-dessous de la mêlée." I am not just

¹Das eine brüderlich, der andere acht, der dritte verächtlich, was macht?

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"The Rise of a New World" is the subtitle of the German edition of Keyserling's *America Spii Freie*, and in every respect the most succinct résumé of the theme of the book. For this book is a new purely and simply about America, any more than *The Spectrum of Europe* was purely and simply about Europe. It presents an extremely variegated picture that glitters in as many characteristic features of its mother as of its father. This is particularly evident in the fact that America has become for the author a symbol of the rise of a new world. At the end of the book it becomes clear that the new world includes old Europe—that is, ourselves. "The Rise of a New World" is as much concerned with Europe as with America, for the book is the product of the mutual impact of Keyserling and the United States. (Another book of his will deal with South America.) One must bear this fact in mind, because it provides a completely new understanding of the book's subjectivity. It is not unreasonably subjective, as if by regrettable accident, but it means to be so. To this it owes its dual aspect: America seen through Europe, and Europe seen through America.

¹First published as "Der Aufstieg einer neuen Welt," *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Basel), no. 2378, 19 (Dec. 2, 1930); a review of Count Hermann Keyserling's *Der Aufstieg einer Neuen Welt* (Stuttgart, 1930), 1930, 2000, as *America Spii Freie* (New York and London, 1930). This translation of Jung's article is new, but the Keyserling quotations are from the English edition—Karnes' *World-American Meditations* (1930).

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European eyes. Unavoidably, European psychology is translated into American terms that sound foreign to our ears, and this gives rise to a disconcerting and fascinating play of light and shadow, through which two fundamentally incommensurable worlds are alternately compared and contrasted.

Never before have I realized more clearly how difficult, if not impossible, it is fully to understand anything foreign, and to give an exhaustive account of it. A purely objective comparison would remain stuck in superficialities. Hence anyone who undertakes a comparison must call upon all his subjectivity for assistance if he is to produce a picture that will really tell us something about the foreigner. One should never read Keyserling in the belief that what he says about something is really so—even that he thinks it is. Temperamental and downright as his utterances are, they are never hypotheticals. He simply expresses his opinion, and for this we can only be grateful. This book contains a wealth of the most deliberate, serious, and trenchant opinions, and there is every advantage to be gained from reflecting on them, even if one does not agree with them at first, if at all. Judging by my own experience of life in America, I have no fundamental objection to make against Keyserling's views. I begin to have misgivings only when he sets foot on that most hazardous territory of all, namely that of prognosis. But apart from that, his picture of America is splendidly comprehensive. The most striking thing is the fact that—very much in contrast with his standpoint in *The Spectrum of Europe*—he lets the American earth have its say. The immensity and massiveness of the continent must have done something to him. He feels its primeval, not yet "humanized" character. He misses the "psychic atmosphere" in the North American landscape. "No gods have yet sprung from its union with man," America has "no soul yet," because the conquerors of a foreign land "may take their bodies with them, but not their souls."

This categorical judgment certainly sounds rather bleak, but Keyserling has said something very true which offers a key to the locked recesses of American psychology. His analysis does not, to be sure, penetrate to these depths, but it does move within the wide field of American phenomenology, which, from the psychological point of view, offers material that is well-nigh inexhaustible. The vastness of the continental land-mass, the pre-

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Keyserling considers that the ideal of a high living standard is the mainpring of American morality. It expresses itself in the idea of "social service," and also in the idea of "social welfare." Keyserling calls this the "animal ideal" (p. 157). "What animal, if it could think, would not enlist under the banner of the highest possible standard of living?" exclaims Keyserling (p. 154). And it is this ideal that constitutes the essential core of the typically American outlook on life: behaviourism. It is therefore "one of the foremost representatives of what the United States stood for in the twentieth century" (p. 167). At the same time, behaviourism provides the intellectual link with Bolshevist psychology. For this reason the American, for all his haughtiness, is mentally the most passive of men (p. 171), and "American civilization is the most uniform that has ever existed." "The ideal of health, then, contributes in its turn to the animalization of the American. But the same is true of the animalization of the American. It is becoming more and more a form of training such as animals can be submitted to."

This mental condition goes hand in hand with the lack of authority in the States. "The State and the Government are so considered as institutions ranging above the private individual. On the contrary, they are supposed to be mere executives of his will" (p. 235). "Every American citizen rejoices in (American political institutions) and will do his utmost to uphold their prestige in foreign countries. But as regards his own person he views them in a totally different light. At home he is, first and last, a private entrepreneur" (p. 236). "The United States are one gigantic Canton Appenzell—the most provincial province in Switzerland" (pp. 237-38).

There is no lack of *bon mots* in this book, for instance the club-woman as the "aunt of the nation," who does her best to deprive her naughty little nephew of alcohol, on the ground that it is injurious to health. There is also the crack about the "ill-demeanor" (p. 271) psychology of adult Americans, and many other entertainingly apt drolleries.

The chapter on "The Overrated Child" seems to me the best in the book. "America," we are told, "is fundamentally the land of the overrated child" (p. 267)—an expression of the nation's youthfulness and at the same time an attempt to perpetuate it. What Keyserling has to say about the relation of the sexes and

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members of the family to one another, and about parents, husbands and wives, marriage, the upbringing of children, the socialization of men and the masculinization of women is very well worth reading, not merely because it concerns America but because we Europeans can learn something from it. The American way of life is infecting Europe's upper classes, just as the Russian Bolshevism is seeping into European Communism. Europe should take this opportunity to find out. Europe is dangerously close to becoming a mere byplay between America and Asia.

It cannot yet be said that the European has "only the traditional choice" between Americanization and Bolshevism. Europe, thank God, still exists in her own right. But we should realize all too clearly how far the Americanization of the social upper crust has advanced. That is why I wish Keyserling to address a public in Europe as in America. Above all, one should not let oneself be irritated, even when it sometimes looks as if a nasty-tempered dog were mercilessly shaking its victim, or as if a universal schoolmaster were giving the boys good advice for their journey through life. One should never get annoyed with Keyserling, for at bottom he means it well. And how often he hits the mark! Everything he says about America from the European point of view may be arbitrary, cock-eyed, or just plain wrong, and yet the thoughtful European can derive plenty of stimulation from this book, not only for himself as a European, collective being, but for himself as an individual. After all, the American is a human being like ourselves, and his ideals and moral motives belong to the same Christian era as ours. Hence any criticism of him affects us as well. The reader will be particularly impressed by this in the final chapter, on "Spirituality." Here Keyserling seems to be talking about America, but in reality he is making a profession of faith, and expressing a hope for the future, which apply to Europe in a higher sense than to America, although they are also of profound significance for any American living in a Christian era.

It had never struck me so clearly before how much Keyserling in the mouthpiece of the collective spirit, until I read this chapter. One might easily expect from Keyserling, the "liberal-aristocrat," lofty pronouncements borne along on the stiff breeze that blow from the differentiated academic

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mind. But nothing of the sort happens here. On the contrary, he speaks of things that are not only remote from the academic mind, but are unknown to it and are even regarded with contempt. They are things which really do concern the psyche of modern man, which do not appear on the surface, but which become visible to anyone who is interested in the background and who has occasion to speak with people who usually do not talk very loudly. But the "silent ones in the land" are greater in number than the makers of noise. In this chapter, Keyserling speaks from the background, and to those who dwell in the background. Here he is no longer the *enfant terrible*, no longer the brilliant talker; here he grips you. We hear a Keyserling who commands attention, one who speaks with the voice of many, and so gives expression to a great time of change. The man of this age undoubtedly speaks through him when he turns under-standing above faith and experience above a credo. The individual, "master of himself and freed from the shackles of tradition, is beginning to understand the old truths, in so far as they are truths which in earlier times were simply accepted on authority, in a new and personal way. At the very time when the old forms are disintegrating, advanced minorities are beginning to experience their essential meaning, their living and immortal substance: more profoundly than at any time since the golden age of Christianity, when Greek thinkers were giving shape to the Christian view of the world. This means nothing less than that the age of the Holy Ghost is now at hand" (p. 461).

Who would have thought that? Or rather, who actually thinks like that? Who are these "advanced minorities"? Where are they? I will tell you: your next-door neighbours. The Meiers and the Müllers, of whom you would never have expected it, think like that. Sometimes they know and sometimes they don't. If they do, they conceal this knowledge more carefully than the worst scandal. Nowadays it is no longer the old-fashioned objects of modesty that are guarded by a feeling of shame, but a secret spirituality. There are millions of people today who make "spiritual" experiments on themselves, and who are shamefully conscious of their incompetent and illegitimate behaviour that more often than not they close their eyes to what they are doing. Their numbers justify Keyserling in speaking out so confidently, in saying something so unpre-

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On the contrary, from the academic regarded with concern the psychic surface, but which the background to usually do not land" are greater Keyserling who dwell in the *trible*, no longer Keyserling who voice of many age. The man of he rates under- The indi- hacles of tradi- in so far as they accepted on au- time when the s are beginning g and immoral ince the golden giving shape to thing less than p. 464).

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LA RÉVOLUTION MONDIALE

It is perhaps a sign of the times that in his new book, *La Révolution mondiale et la responsabilité de l'Esprit*, Keyserling addresses his public in French. One feels oneself transported back to the eighteenth century in Germany, when not only philosophers and scholars preferred a more refined, cultured, and elegant language like French to their complicated and clumsy German, but also the public in a courtly Sunday suit. *La Révolution mondiale* is certainly not a subject that calls for any such old-fashioned allurement, so it must be quite other reasons that impelled the author to write in French. I wish the book had been written in German, for, in my unqualified opinion, its spirit is as un-French as it could possibly be. Even the words "la responsabilité de l'esprit" expresses a kind of "spirit" that can hardly be imputed to the French "esprit." Keyserling looks foreign and odd in French, German or perhaps Russian expresses the peculiar nature of his spirituality much better. If his public had been Chinese, or people who could read Chinese, both they and he would have benefited had he written in Chinese characters.

Every Chinese character is a complicated structure of meaning, in which sometimes whole families of ideas are gathered under one roof. Characters such as these are admirably suited to reproduce the infinite, protean diversity of Keyserling's ideas, and at the same time vague enough to convey to the reader all those flashes of intuition that are so typical of Keyserling's mind. They would also give the reader the great satisfaction of thinking that he had perceived all this for himself. But in French it sounds as if Keyserling alone had perceived everything.

1 (First published as "Ein neues Buch von Keyserling," *Baier Nachrichten*, Sonntagblatt (Sunday Supplement), XXVIII:19 (May 13, 1934), 78-79. The article is a review of Keyserling's *La Révolution mondiale et la responsabilité de l'Esprit* (Paris, 1934), quotations of which have been translated from the French.—EASTON)

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The book shows Keyserling's reaction to what is going on in the world today, just as his earlier book, *South American Meditations*, describes the impact which South America, a continent that is not controllable by the spirit, made upon him. It is no doubt from this book that the "telluric powers" are derived, whose revolt the author feels to be the cause and content of the present European crisis. They seem to him—no doubt again in recollection of the South American *genio-suelo*—to be essentially passive, not only in need of direction by the spirit, but capable of being so directed. The spiritual and the telluric are the contrapuntal poles of this book and also of the world crisis. Nietzsche's "slave-insurrection in morals" changes here into a mass-insurrection against the spirit. Keyserling is clear-sighted enough to see that this revolt is not just a negative phenomenon but that it also has its positive side; it turns out that the revolt of the "telluric" man brings with it an efflorescence of "faith and courage." "The primordial expressions of the spirit are courage and faith, and its eternal prototype is the religious spirit." A certain amount of barbarization is inevitable, but "the rebirth of blind faith . . . is simply a sign of the renewal of youth, and thus of increased vitality."

In order to find the criterion for contemporary events, Keyserling harks back to the rise of Islam and, even more, to that of Christianity. For him we are in the midst of a "world change," and it is no longer a question of social or political happenings, of "repentance," and certainly not of leadership, planned economy, and the like. He has set his picture of our contemporary world in the widest possible framework, filling it with a multitude of aspects and cross-relationships which are all, at bottom, products of his own congenitally mixed nature. His heritage, stemming from a diversity of widely separated races and peoples as well as from all sorts of different cultural levels, produces in Keyserling an enormous range of reactions and points of view which give this book, like all his others, its glitter and variety. He is no doubt speaking from his own most personal experience when he says: "Consequently, there is only one attitude which is appropriate: to take human nature as it is, in all the diversity of its strata and all its queer disequilibrium."

This sentence holds good for the author but not for the masses, for in the latter case we should have no substitute

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"uniformity" for "diversity" and "hopeless balance" for "dis-equilibrium." The masses as we know follow the law of their own inertia and seek, if disturbed, to restore the state of balance as speedily as possible, no matter how uncomfortable it may be. In this respect the masses are uncommonly "telluric." No wonder these "telluric powers" seem to Keyserling the most unspiritual thing imaginable. For him the "spirit" is its polar opposite. This is a genuinely Western point of view, and in this matter, therefore, Keyserling feels himself at odds with classical philosophy, which, he says, makes this Western antithesis unreal. One can only ask oneself whether such an opposition between heaven and earth has always existed, and whether the *I Ching* may not be right after all when it says that heaven and earth only occasionally draw apart and come into conflict with one another. Chinese wisdom regards this state merely as a passing one that contradicts the ordinances of heaven. Heaven and earth dwell together, *yang* and *yin* give birth to one another and devour one another in a way that accords with the heavenly order of things. Europeans take it for granted that crocodiles are wicked, man-eating monsters, but the primitive takes just the opposite view, for to his way of thinking crocodiles eat people only in exceptional circumstances, and then only when they have been put up to it by a hostile medicine-man. If one is the crocodile's brother, then there is no danger at all. So, too, we in the West have perpetuated the purely exceptional opposition between heaven and earth, and, as a result, find ourselves in a perpetual state of ethical conflict. The Chinese believe in what Nietzsche called the "spirit of gravity," and the dragon, which we like to think lives in gloomy caverns, sparkles for them in the heavens as a merry firework, and drives away the magic wrought by evil spirits. For the Chinese, "spirit" does not signify order, meaning, and everything that is good; on the contrary, it is a fiery and sometimes dangerous power.

It might therefore be objected that the "telluric powers" are not at all unspiritual, but are, on the contrary, endowed with a dangerous spirit, a spirit so powerful that the spirit of the West must indeed reflect with all its might on its "responsibility," compelling, as in Keyserling's book, a list of "should's" and "must's," though "with how little success," as the author resignedly remarks.

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I fear Keyserling makes rather too much use of a spirit which in the past found itself in hopeless opposition to the earth. "Accepting human nature as it is" means nothing less than swallowing the "telluric essence"—which constitutes "eighty per cent of man's nature"—as a bitter medicine, however unspiritual it may be. It almost seems as if this time earth might have something to say to heaven, and that, consequently, the aerial spirit had better pay attention. When Keyserling hopes to save the "spirit" by appealing to "creative understanding," he seems to me to be entangled in the idea—so typical of the age of enlightenment and progress—that in the end everything can be understood. But the earth will show us clearly enough that there are some things man will never understand. That there are times when the spirit is completely darkened because it needs to be reborn. We should not try to escape this night by "understanding," nor shall we ever succeed in soaring above the chaos by adopting a positive attitude towards everything. ("What is needed today is an absolutely positive attitude towards everything that, on the empirical level, differs from oneself.") The "telluric powers" will do their utmost to convince us that we are neither reasonable, nor spiritual, nor capable of understanding, nor positive, nor God knows what, for the essence of the old spirit consisted precisely in the concept that we were all these things. Keyserling brands American pragmatism as "profoundly unspiritual." I hope, by the way, he doesn't mean William James), but by his "positive attitude" he runs the risk of succumbing to Schiller's brand of pragmatism—anything rather than capitulate.

How can that religious renewal, predicted by Keyserling as necessary and imminent, come about at all unless our much-wanted spirit—which wants to understand everything and take a positive attitude to everything, and, above all, feels responsible for our ethical behaviour—can gracefully die? It has indeed become a human spirit, fallible and limited; it "needs a death" in order to be renewed, and it cannot do this by itself. What does the supremacy of the "telluric powers" mean, except that the "spirit" has once again grown weak with age, because it has been too much humanized?

Keyserling takes up Nietzsche's idea of a "cultural monstrosity," stimulated thereby by the "Entretiens sur l'avenir de l'esprit européen" organized by the French under the presidency

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of Paul Valéry, which took place in Paris in October 1933,² and was the immediate occasion of *La Révolution mondiale*. He says: "In short, the solution we advocate has a good deal in common with that offered by the monasteries at the beginning of the Middle Ages." What moving spirits will belong to the New Order?

Of what kind would the men be who were capable of giving direction to the masses who now determine the course of history? Surely the very men we have been describing, absolutely free, haughtily independent, concerned with quality alone, conscious of their uniqueness, determined to acknowledge no authority outside themselves, proud to be a tiny minority, active mentally as the mob is passive, Men whose consciousness is naturally centred on a plane superior to earthly happenings, to country, to race, to social or political necessities; men who in their deepest aspirations are completely free of all external considerations of glory, influence, status, asceticism, in short, of a single pattern, forming a nobility of a kind hitherto unknown.

The heaping together of paintings by Old Masters in museums is a catastrophe; likewise, a collection of a hundred Great Brains makes one big fathead. An "Order" is constituted, truly, by the grace of God, and secondly, by a majority of highly insignificant people. Those noble souls who float before the eyes of the author will constitute an order, or will be fit to be received into such, when (in keeping with the author's list of qualities) they (1) are conscious of their lack of freedom, (2) humbly recognize their dependence, (3) have forgotten their so-called uniqueness, (4) can adapt to the eternal powers outside themselves, (5) can endure being a small minority, (6) have their natural centre of consciousness in their earth, in their race, and in social and political necessities, and (lastly) when, through the presence of God, which curiously enough always coincides with a time of great distress, there has grown up in them a need for true human fellowship from a profound experience of the nullity of human existence.

If our esteemed author, Count Keyserling, were to become

²The third in a series of "Conversations," actually organized by the Permanent Committee of Arts and Letters of the League of Nations and conducted by the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in various cities from 1929 to 1934. Keyserling represented Germany in it, setting in question, Cf. Valéry, *History and Politics*, pp. 131ff. and 541ff.—EASTON.

³Keyserling takes up Nietzsche's idea of a "cultural monstrosity," stimulated thereby by the "Entretiens sur l'avenir de l'esprit européen" organized by the French under the presidency

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LA RÉVOLUTION MONDIALE

I fear Keyserling makes rather too much use of a spirit which in the past found itself in hopeless opposition to the earth. "Accepting human nature as it is" means nothing less than swallowing the "telluric essence"—which constitutes "eighty per cent of man's nature"—as a bitter medicine, however unspiritual it may be. It almost seems as if this time earth might have something to say to heaven, and that, consequently, the aerial spirit had better pay attention. When Keyserling hopes to save the "spirit" by appealing to "creative understanding," he seems to me to be entangled in the idea—so typical of the age of enlightenment and progress—that in the end everything can be understood. But the earth will show us clearly enough that there are some things man will never understand. That there are times when the spirit is completely darkened because it needs to be reborn. We should not try to escape this night by "understanding," nor shall we ever succeed in soaring above the chaos by adopting a positive attitude towards everything. ("What is needed today is an absolutely positive attitude towards everything that, on the empirical level, differs from oneself.") The "telluric powers" will do their utmost to convince us that we are neither reasonable, nor spiritual, nor capable of understanding, nor positive, nor God knows what, for the essence of the old spirit consisted precisely in the concept that we were all these things. Keyserling brands American pragmatism as "profoundly unspiritual." I hope, by the way, he doesn't mean William James), but by his "positive attitude" he runs the risk of succumbing to Schiller's brand of pragmatism—anything rather than capitulate.

How can that religious renewal, predicted by Keyserling as necessary and imminent, come about at all unless our much-wanted spirit—which wants to understand everything and take a positive attitude to everything, and, above all, feels responsible for our ethical behaviour—can gracefully die? It has indeed become a human spirit, fallible and limited; it "needs a death" in order to be renewed, and it cannot do this by itself. What does the supremacy of the "telluric powers" mean, except that the "spirit" has once again grown weak with age, because it has been too much humanized?

Keyserling takes up Nietzsche's idea of a "cultural monstrosity," stimulated thereby by the "Entretiens sur l'avenir de l'esprit européen" organized by the French under the presidency

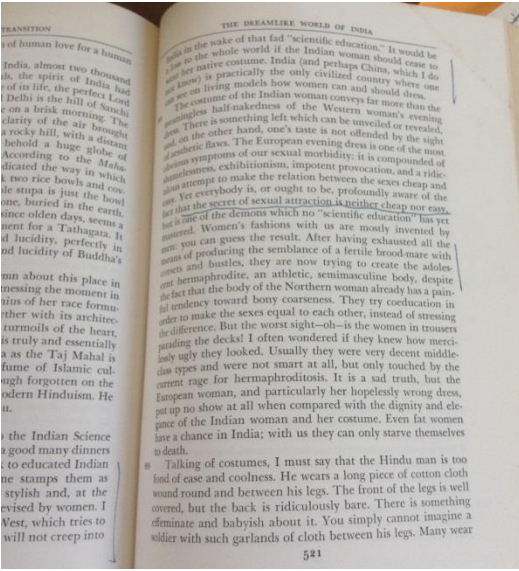
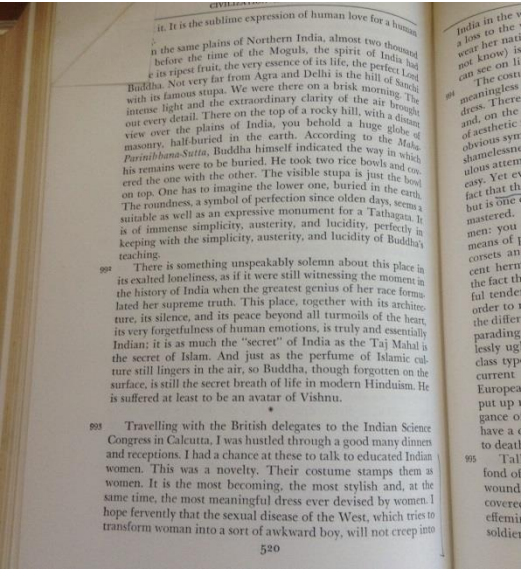
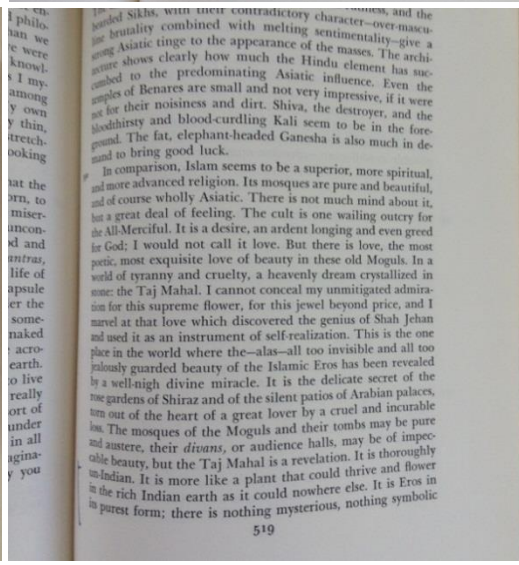
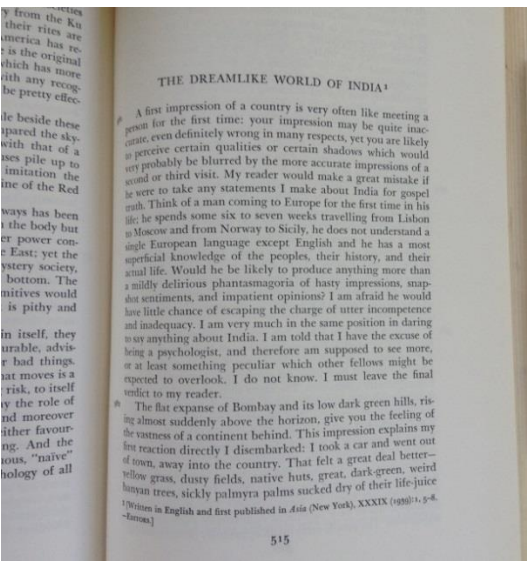
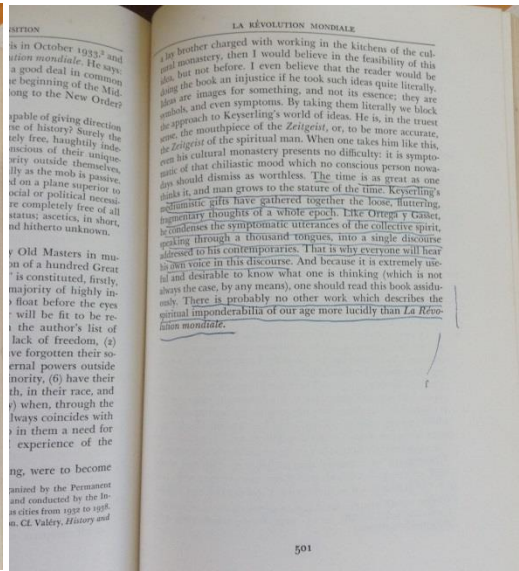
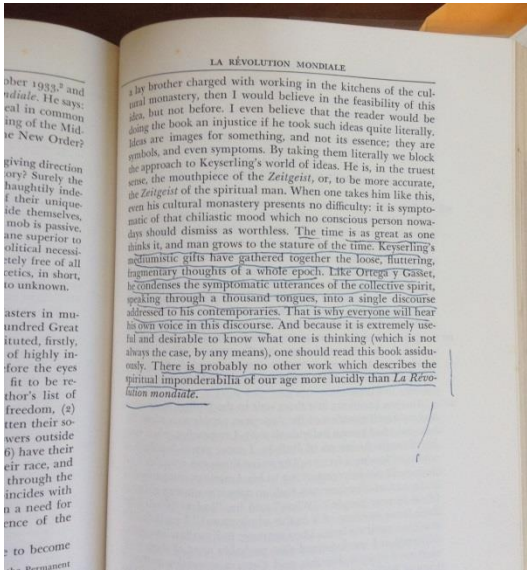
LA RÉVOLUTION MONDIALE

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²The third in a series of "Conversations," actually organized by the Permanent Committee of Arts and Letters of the League of Nations and conducted by the International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation in various cities from 1929 to 1934. Keyserling represented Germany in it, setting in question, Cf. Valéry, *History and Politics*, pp. 131ff. and 541ff.—EASTON.



brother charged with working in the kitchens of the cultural monastery, then I would believe in the feasibility of this idea, but not before. I even believe that the reader would be doing the book an injustice if he took such ideas quite literally. Ideas are images for something, and not its essence; they are symbols and even symptoms. By taking them literally we block the approach to Keyserling's world of ideas. He is, in the truest sense, the mouthpiece of the *Zeitgeist*, or, to be more accurate, the *Zeitgeist* of the spiritual man. When one takes him like this, even his cultural monastery presents no difficulty: it is symptomatic of that chthonic mood which no conscious person nowadays should dismiss as worthless. The time is in great measure at hand, and man grows to the stature of the time. Keyserling's egomaniacal gifts have gathered together the loose, fluttering, fragmentary thoughts of a whole epoch. Like Ortega y Gasset, he condenses the symptomatic utterances of the collective spirit, speaking through a thousand tongues, into a single discourse addressed to his contemporaries. That is why everyone will hear his own voice in this discourse. And because it is extremely useful and desirable to know what one is thinking (which is not always the case, by any means), one should read this book assiduously. There is probably no other work which describes the spiritual imponderabilia of our age more lucidly than *La Révolution mondiale*.

in October 1913 and a good deal in common with the beginning of the leading to the New Order? capable of giving direction to history? Surely the only free, haughtily independent, and unimpededly outside themselves, as the mob is passive, if on a plane superior to social or political necessities completely free of all status, ascetics, in short, and hitherto unknown. Old Masters in music of a hundred Great is constituted, firstly, a majority of highly intelligent float before the eyes will be fit to receive the author's list of lack of freedom. (2) we forgotten their so-called powers outside in their race, and when, through the always coincides with in them a need for experience of the were to become guided by the Parliament and conducted by the in cities from 1922 to 1928. Cl. Valéry, *History and*

THE DREAMLIKE WORLD OF INDIA

A first impression of a country is very often like meeting a person for the first time: your impression may be quite inaccurate, even definitely wrong in many respects, yet you are likely to perceive certain qualities or certain shadows which would very probably be blurred by the more accurate impressions of a second or third visit. My reader would make a great mistake if he were to take any statements I make about India for gospel truth. Think of a man coming to Europe for the first time in his life; he spends some six to seven weeks travelling from Lisbon to Moscow and from Norway to Sicily; he does not understand a single European language except English and he has a most superficial knowledge of the peoples, their history, and their actual life. Would he be likely to produce anything more than a mildly delirious phantasmagoria of hasty impressions, snap-shot sentiments, and impatient opinions? I am afraid he would have little chance of escaping the charge of utter incompetence and inadequacy. I am very much in the same position in daring to say anything about India. I am told that I have the excuse of being a psychologist, and therefore am supposed to see more or at least something peculiar which other fellows might be expected to overlook. I do not know. I must leave the final verdict to my reader. The flat expanse of Bombay and its low dark green hills, rising almost suddenly above the horizon, give you the feeling of the vastness of a continent behind. This impression is explained by the reaction directly I disembarked: I took a cat and went out first of all, away into the country. There I felt a great deal better—yellow grass, dusky fields, native huts, great, dark-green, weird banyan trees, sickly palmyra palms sucked dry of their life-juice

handed skills, with their contradictory character—overmassive brutality combined with melting sentimentality—give a tinge to the appearance of the masses. The architectural structure shows clearly how much the Hindu element has succumbed to the predominating Asiatic influence. Even the temples of Benares are small and not very impressive. Even the examples of their noisiness and dirt. Shiva, the destroyer, and the bloodthirsty and blood-curdling Kali seem to be in the foreground. The fat, elephant-headed Ganesha is also much in demand to bring good luck.

In comparison, Islam seems to be a superior, more spiritual, and more advanced religion. Its mosques are pure and beautiful, and of course wholly Asiatic. There is not much mind about it, but a great deal of feeling. The cult is one waiting outcry for the All-Merciful. It is a desire, an ardent longing and even greed for God; I would not call it love. But there is love, the most poetic, most exquisite love of beauty in these old Moguls. In a world of tyranny and cruelty, a heavenly dream crystallized in stone: the Taj Mahal. I cannot conceal my unmitigated admiration for this supreme flower, for this jewel beyond price, and I marvel at that love which discovered the genius of Shah Jehan and used it as an instrument of self-realization. This is the one place in the world where the—alas—all too invisible and all too jealously guarded beauty of the Islamic Eros has been revealed by a well-nigh divine miracle. It is the delicate secret of the rose-gardens of Shiraz and of the silent patios of Arabian palaces, torn out of the heart of a great lover by a cruel and incurable loss. The mosques of the Moguls and their tombs may be pure and austere, their *divans*, or audience halls, may be of impeccable beauty, but the Taj Mahal is a revelation. It is thoroughly Indian. It is more like a plant that could thrive and flower in the rich Indian earth as it could nowhere else. It is Eros in its purest form: there is nothing mysterious, nothing symbolic

It is the sublime expression of human love for a human being in the same plains of Northern India, almost two thousand years before the time of the Moguls, the spirit of India had its ripest fruit, the very essence of its life, the perfect Last Buddha. Not very far from Agra and Delhi is the hill of Sanchi, with its famous stupas. We were there on a brisk morning. The intense light and the extraordinary clarity of the air brought out every detail. There on the top of a rocky hill, with a distant view over the plains of India, you behold a huge globe of masonry, half-buried in the earth. According to the *Mahā Parinirvāṇa Sūtra*, Buddha himself indicated the way in which his remains were to be buried. He took two rice bowls and numbered the one with the other. The visible stupa is just the bowl on top. One has to imagine the lower one, buried in the earth. The roundness, a symbol of perfection since olden days, seems a suitable as well as an expressive monument for a Tathagata. It is of immense simplicity, austerity, and lucidity, perfectly in keeping with the simplicity, austerity, and lucidity of Buddha's teaching. There is something unspeakably solemn about this place in its exalted loneliness, as if it were still witnessing the moment in the history of India when the greatest genius of her race formulated her supreme truth. This place, together with its architecture, its silence, and its peace beyond all turmoil of the heart, is very longitudes of human emotions, is truly and essentially Indian: it is as much the "secret" of India as the Taj Mahal is the secret of Islam. And just as the perfume of Islamic culture still lingers in the air, so Buddha, though forgotten on the surface, is still the secret breath of life in modern Hinduism. He is suffered at least to be an avatar of Vishnu.

of human love for a human being in the wake of that faded "scientific education." It would be hard to say to the whole world if the Indian woman should cease to wear her native costume. India (and perhaps China which I do not know) is practically the only civilized country where one can see on living models how women can and should dress. The costume of the Indian woman conveys far more than the meaningless half-nakedness of the Western woman's evening dress. There is something left which can be unveiled or revealed. On the other hand, one's taste is not offended by the sight of the most obvious symptoms of our sexual morbidity: it is compounded of exhibitionism, exhibitionism, impotent provocation, and a ridiculous attempt to make the relation between the sexes cheap and easy. Yet everybody is, or ought to be, profoundly aware of the fact that the secret of sexual attraction lies together cheap and easy. Women's fashions with us are mostly invented by men; you can guess the result. After having exhausted all the means of producing the semblance of a fertile brood-mare with cones and bottles, they are now trying to create the adolescent hermaphrodite, an athletic, semimale body, despite the fact that the body of the Northern woman already has a painful tendency toward bony coarseness. They try coeducation in order to make the sexes equal to each other, instead of stressing the difference. But the worst sight—oh—is the women in trousers, standing the decks! I often wondered if they knew how mercifully ugly they looked. Usually they were very decent middle-class types and were not smart at all, but only touched by the current rage for hermaphroditism. It is a sad truth, but the European woman, and particularly her hopelessly wrong dress, put up no show at all when compared with the dignity and elegance of the Indian woman and her costume. Even fat women have a chance in India; with us they can only starve themselves to death. Talking of costumes, I must say that the Hindu man is too fond of ease and coolness. He wears a long piece of the leg is well covered, but the back is ridiculously bare. There is something effeminate and babyish about it. You simply cannot imagine a soldier with such garlands of cloth between his legs. Many wear

Travelling with the British delegates to the Indian Science Congress in Calcutta. I was hustled through a good many dinners and receptions. I had a chance at these to talk to educated Indian women. This was a novelty. Their costume stamps them as women. It is the most becoming, the most stylish and, at the same time, the most meaningful dress ever devised by women. I hope fervently that the sexual disease of the West, which tries to transform woman into a sort of awkward boy, will not creep into

the Indian Science good many dinners to educated Indian stamps them as stylish and, at the revised by women. I West, which tries to will not creep into

TRANSITION

It is quiet, but not very...
...well-nigh impossible...
...Hindu conveys points...
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WHAT INDIA CAN TEACH US

India lies between the Asiatic north and the Pacific south...
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CIVILIZATION IN TRANSITION

The slow transformation of the gods into ideas...
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WHAT INDIA CAN TEACH US

The true genius...
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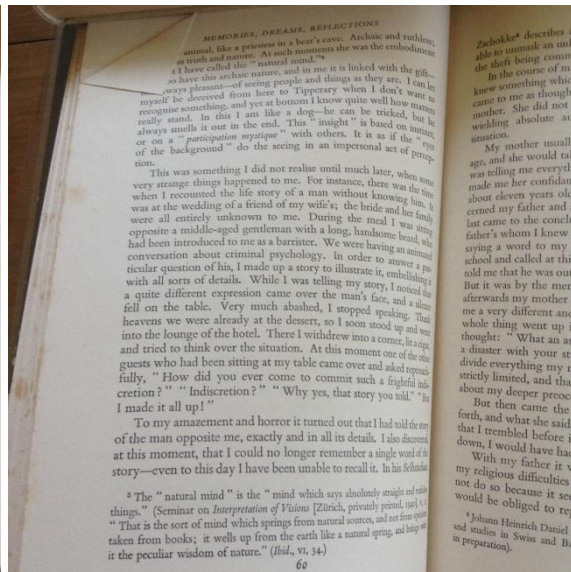
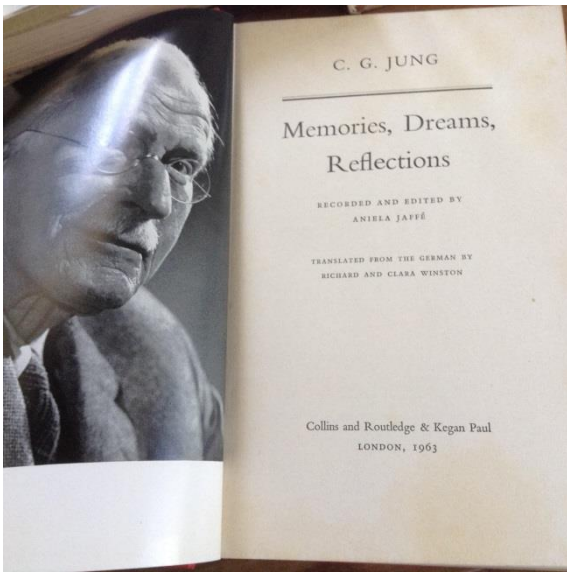
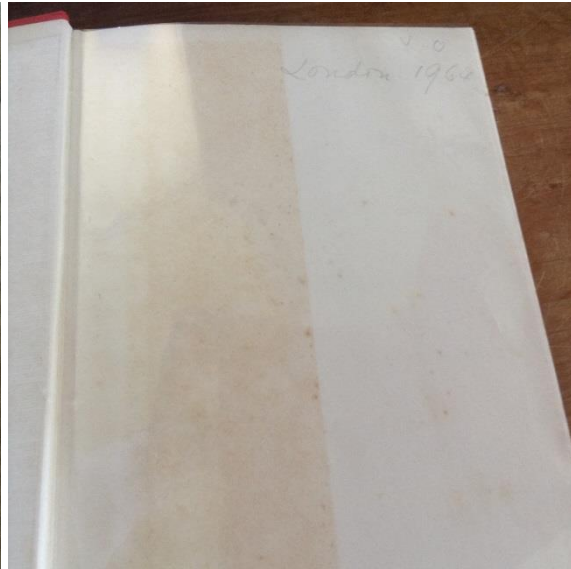
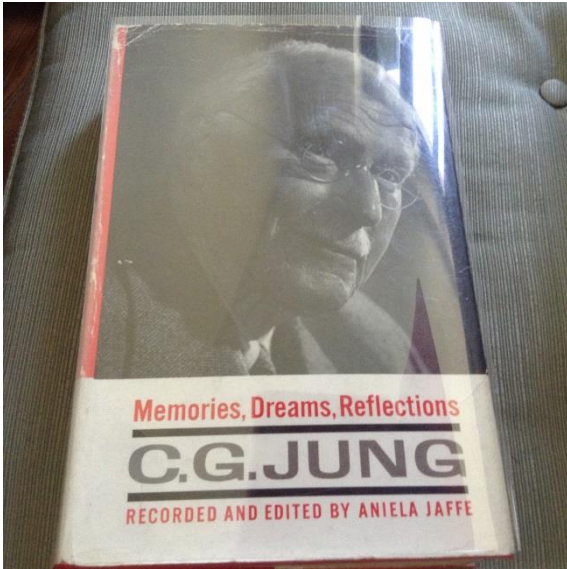
CIVILIZATION IN TRANSITION

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WHAT INDIA CAN TEACH US

...529

Jung, Carl Gustav. *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. Londres: Collins and Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1963.



MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS

I had discussions in the fraternity all second quite to the theory of the historical effect produced by Christ's life...

For me the Holy Ghost was a manifestation of the inconceivable power of God. The workings of the Holy Ghost were not only within but outside...

During my first years at the university I made the discovery that while science opened the door to enormous quantities of knowledge...

At the end of my second semester, however, I made another discovery, which was an account of the beginning of the Christian era...

STUDENT YEARS

The material, without a doubt, was authentic. But the great question of whether these notes were physically true was not answered to my satisfaction...

The observation of the spiritual, weird and questionable as they seemed to me, were the first accounts I had seen of objective psychic phenomena...

My mother No. 3 sympathized wholeheartedly with my enthusiasm, but expressed the lively fear of discouraging my efforts...

Read of what I could find no explanation for this. After all...

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS

there was nothing preposterous or world-shaking in the idea that there might be events which overtopped the limited categories of space, time, and causality...

After my first introductory course I became a junior assistant in anatomy, and the following semester the demonstrator placed in my charge the course in histology...

STUDENT YEARS

For physiology was so great that any examination results in this subject were consequently poor. Nevertheless, I worked through it.

The clinical semester that followed kept me so busy that scarcely any time remained for my favorite studies. I was able to study Kant only on Sundays. I also read Eduard von Hartmann's 'Zur Philosophie der Natur'...

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS

my hands. I was carried away by enthusiasm, and soon afterwards read The Book Zoroaster's. This, like Goethe's Faust, was a treasure...

I refused to admit that the idea cropped up again, and a long time later I was forced to reflect on myself. Nietzsche had discerned the No. 1 only late in life, when he was already past middle age...

He was so brilliant that he was able to create as if he were a professor who tells a young man, not supposing who he is about often, because of his very brilliance, he should have noticed in time that something was amiss. That I thought, was his model manifestation...

Just as Faust had opened a door for me, Zoroaster's dream had opened a door for a long time to come. I felt like the still shot, and I remained there for a long time to come. I felt like the still shot, and I remained there for a long time to come.

STUDENT YEARS

beached and had got their heads in the same bath. "How did that happen?" asked his small son. "Boy, one doesn't talk about such things!" replied his father.

I learned that one gets nowhere unless one talks to people about the idea, but everyone else knows me distant by discouraging. I believe I had encountered only the break wall of traditional views, but now I stepped up against the steel of people's prejudice and their inner incapacity to admit unconventional possibilities.

This was in 1898, when I began to think more seriously about my career as a medical man. I soon came to the conclusion that I would have to specialize. The choice seemed to lie between surgery and internal medicine.

During the summer holidays, however, something happened that

MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS

ing me a fool for showing up the variable chance of a sensible career in internal medicine, which dangled so temptingly before my nose...

I was a lone wolf, with a personality quite opaque to me and suspiciously hostile. It was impossible to talk to him about anything except "they". He reacted to everything with an enigmatic smile.

On 26th December, 1902, I took up my post as assistant at Burghölzli Mental Hospital, Zürich. I was glad to be in Zürich, for in the course of the year Basel had become too stifling for me. For the Rodlers were our own but their own: only Basel is "civilized", and north of the Rhine lies the land of the barbarians begins. My friends could not understand my going away, and reluctantly I would be back in no time, although my going away, and reluctantly I would be back in no time.

STUDENT YEARS

The evening after my last examination I found myself for the first time in my life—so the laughter of loopy going to the theatre. Glad then my friends had not permitted any such extravagance. But I still had some money left from the sale of the suitcase, and this I carried not only a visit to the opera but even a trip to Munich and Stuttgart.

Here, excited and overwhelmed, me, rocked me on the waves of an infinite sea. And next day, when the rain carried me over the border into a wider world, the melodies of Caruso accompanied me. In Munich I saw real classical art for the first time, and this in conjunction with Bart's music put me in a privileged, magical mood, whose depth and meaning could only dimly grasp. Outwardly, however, it was a dull week between the first and the ninth of December, 1900. In Stuttgart I paid a farewell visit to my aunt, Frau Reimer-Jung, who had had a psychiatrist. She was the daughter of my paternal grandfather's first marriage to Virginia de Lanuzzi. She was an enchanting old lady with sparkling blue eyes and a strenuous temperament. She seemed to me immersed in a world of impalpable human and memories that refused to go home—the last breath of a vanished, irrevocable past. This visit was a final farewell to the nostalgia of my childhood.

On Life after Death

What I have to tell about the hereafter, and about life after death, consists entirely of memories, of images in which I have lived and of thoughts which have buffeted me. These memories in a way also underlie my works; for the latter are fundamentally nothing but attempts, ever renewed, to give an answer to the question of the interplay between the "here" and the "hereafter." Yet I have never written expressly about a life after death; for then I would have had to document my ideas, and I have no way of doing that. Be that as it may, I would like to state my ideas now.

Even now I can do no more than tell stories—"mythologies." Perhaps one has to be close to death to acquire the necessary freedom to talk about it. It is not that I wish we had a life after death. In fact, I would prefer not to foster such ideas. Still, I must state, to give reality its due, that, without my wishing and without my doing anything about it, thoughts of this nature move about within me. I can't say whether these thoughts are true or false, but I do know they are there, and can be given utterance, if I do not repress them out of some prejudice. Prejudice cripples and injures the full phenomenon of psychic life. And I know too little about psychic life to feel that I can set it right out of superior knowledge. Critical rationalism has apparently eliminated, along with so many other mythic conceptions, the idea of life after death. This could only have happened because nowadays most people identify themselves almost exclusively with their consciousness, and imagine that they are only what they know about themselves. Yet anyone with even a smattering of psychology can see how limited this knowledge is. Rationalism and doctrinairism are the diseases of our time; they pretend to have all the answers. But a great deal will yet be discovered which our present limited view would have ruled out as impossible. Our concepts of space and time

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ON LIFE AFTER DEATH

heard dance music, laughter, and jollity, as though a wedding were being celebrated. This contrasted violently with the devastating impression the dream had made on me. Here was gay dance music, cheerful laughter, and it was impossible to yield entirely to my sorrow. Again and again it was on the point of overwhelming me, but the next moment I would find myself once more engulfed by the merry melodies. One side of me had a feeling of warmth and joy, and the other of terror and grief; I was thrown back and forth between these contrasting emotions.

This paradox can be explained if we suppose that at one moment death was being represented from the point of view of the ego, and at the next from that of the psyche. In the first case it appeared as a catastrophe; that is how it so often strikes us, as if wicked and pitiless powers had put an end to a human life.

And so it is—death is indeed a fearful piece of brutality; there is no sense pretending otherwise. It is brutal not only as a physical event, but far more so psychically: a human being is torn away from us, and what remains is the icy stillness of death. There no longer exists any hope of a relationship, for all the bridges have been smashed at one blow. Those who deserve a long life are cut off in the prime of their years, and good-for-nothings live to a ripe old age. This is a cruel reality which we have no right to sidestep. The actual experience of the cruelty and wantonness of death can so embitter us that we conclude there is no merciful God, no justice, and no kindness.

From another point of view, however, death appears as a joyful event. In the light of eternity, it is a wedding, a *mysterium coniunctionis*. The soul attains, as it were, its missing half, it achieves wholeness. On Greek sarcophagi the joyous element was represented by dancing girls, on Etruscan tombs by banquets. When the pious Cabbalist Rabbi Simon ben Jochai came to die, his friends said that he was celebrating his wedding. To this day it is the custom in many regions to hold a picnic on the graves on All Souls' Day. Such customs express the feeling that death is really a festive occasion.

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present existence. They live more sensibly, feel better, and are more at peace. One has centuries, one has an inconceivable period of time at one's disposal. What then is the point of this senseless mad rush?

Naturally, such reasoning does not apply to everyone. There are people who feel no craving for immortality, and who shudder at the thought of sitting on a cloud and playing the harp for ten thousand years! There are also quite a few who have been so buffeted by life, or who feel such disgust for their own existence, that they far prefer absolute ceation to continuance. But in the majority of cases the question of immortality is so urgent, so immediate, and also so ineradicable that we must make an effort to form some sort of view about it. But how?

My hypothesis is that we can do so with the aid of hints sent to us from the unconscious—in dreams, for example. Usually we dismiss these hints because we are convinced that the question is not susceptible to answer. In response to this understandable scepticism, I suggest the following considerations. If there is something we cannot know, we must necessarily abandon it as an intellectual problem. For example, I do not know for what reason the universe has come into being, and shall never know. Therefore I must drop this question as a scientific or intellectual problem. But if an idea about it is offered to me—in dreams or in mythic traditions—I ought to take note of it. I even ought to build up a conception on the basis of such hints, even though it will for ever remain a hypothesis which I know cannot be proved.

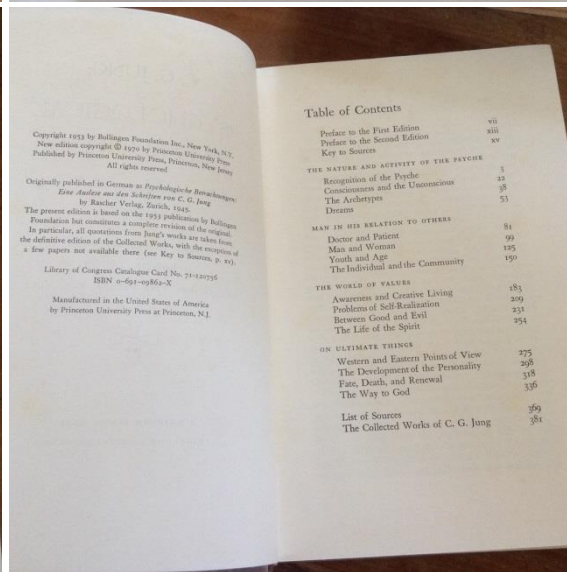
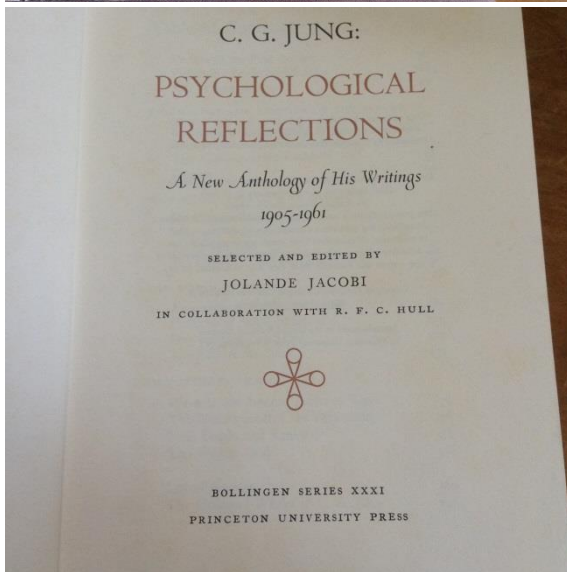
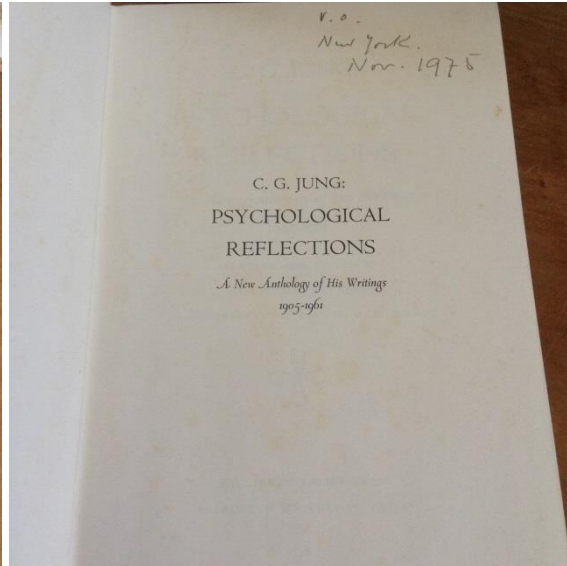
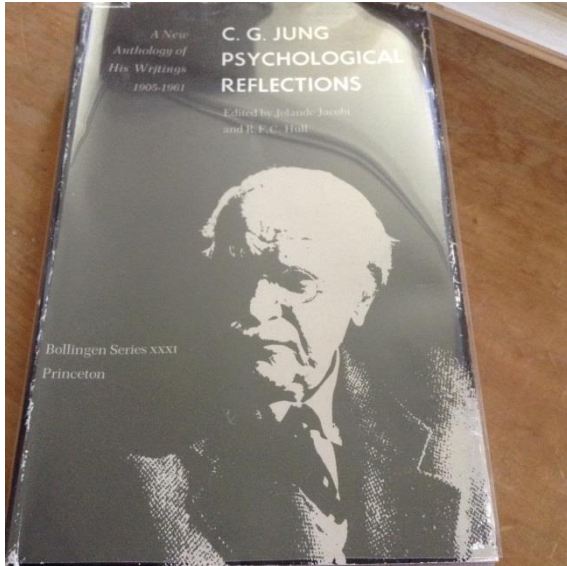
A man should be able to say he has done his best to form a conception of life after death, or to create some image of it—even if he must confess his failure. Not to have done so is a vital loss. For the question that is posed to him is the age-old heritage of humanity: an archetype, rich in secret life, which seeks to add itself to our own individual life in order to make it whole. Reason sets the boundaries far too narrowly for us, and would have us accept only the known—and that too with limitations—and live in a known framework, just as if we were sure how far life actually extends. As a matter of fact, day after day we live far beyond the bounds of our consciousness; without our knowledge, the life of the unconscious is also going on within us. The more the critical reason dominates, the more impoverished life becomes; but the more of the unconscious, and the more of myth we are capable of making conscious, the more of life we integrate. Overvalued reason has this in common with political absolutism: under its dominion the individual is pauperised.

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Between Good and Evil

There are times in the world's history—and our own time may be one of them—when good must stand aside, so that anything destined to be better first appears in evil form. This shows how extremely dangerous it is even to touch these problems, for evil can so easily slip on the idea that it is, potentially, the better! 21:321

The inner voice makes us conscious of the evil from which the whole community is suffering, whether it be the nation or the whole human race. But it presents this evil in an individual form, so that one might at first suppose it to be only an individual characteristic. 21:319

We are so accustomed to hear that everybody has his "difficulties and problems" that we simply accept it as a banal fact, without considering what these difficulties and problems really mean. Why is one never satisfied with oneself? Why is one unreasonable? Why is one not always good and why must one ever leave a cranny for evil? Why does one do foolish things which could easily be avoided with a little forethought? What is it that is always frustrating us and thwarting our best intentions? Why are there people who never notice these things or cannot even admit their existence? And finally, why do people in the mass begot the historical lunacy of the last thirty years? Why couldn't Pythagoras, twenty-four hundred years ago, have established the rule of wisdom once and for all, or Christianity have set up the kingdom of Heaven upon earth? 77:387

Look at all the incredible savagery going on in our so-called civilized world: it all comes from human beings and the spiritual condition they are in. Look at the devilish

The World of Values

own repressed desires that stick like arrows in one 1007:498

Deviation from the truths of the blood begets neurotic restlessness, and we have had about enough of that these days. Restlessness begets meaninglessness, and the lack of meaning in life is a soul-sickness whose full extent and full import our age has not as yet begun to comprehend. 90:835

The Christian doctrine of original sin on the one hand, and of the meaning and value of suffering on the other, is of profound therapeutic significance and is undoubtedly far better suited to Western man than Islamic fatalism. Similarly the belief in immortality gives life that untroubled flow into the future so necessary if stoppages and regressions are to be avoided. 79:186

A psychoneurosis must be understood, ultimately, as the suffering of a soul which has not discovered its meaning. But all creativeness in the realm of the spirit as well as every psychic advance of man arises from the suffering of the soul, and the cause of the suffering is spiritual stagnation, or psychic sterility. 78:477

Suffering that is not understood is hard to bear, while on the other hand it is often astounding to see how much a person can endure when he understands the why and the wherefore. A philosophical or religious view of the world enables him to do this, and such views prove to be, at the very least, psychic methods of healing if not of salvation. 51:693*

To be adapted is certainly an ideal, but adaptation is not always possible. There are situations in which the only adaptation is patient endurance. 69:477

The Life of the Spirit

For a long time the spirit, and the sufferings of the spirit, were positive values and the things most worth striving for in our peculiar Christian culture. Only in the course of the nineteenth century, when spirit began to degenerate into intellect, did a reaction set in against the unbearable dominance of intellectuality, and this led to the unpardonable mistake of confusing intellect with spirit and blaming the latter for the misdeeds of the former. The intellect does indeed do harm to the soul when it dares to possess itself of the heritage of the spirit. It is in no way fitted to do this, for spirit is something higher than intellect since it embraces the latter and includes the feelings as well. It is a guiding principle of life that strives towards superhuman, shining heights. 112:7

Our intellect has achieved the most tremendous things, but in the meantime our spiritual dwelling has fallen into disrepair. We are absolutely convinced that even with the aid of the latest and largest reflecting telescope, now being built in America, men will discover behind the farthest nebulae no fiery empyrean; and we know that our wanderings despairingly through the dead emptiness of interstellar space. Nor is it any better when mathematical physics reveals to us the world of the infinitely small. In the end we dig up the wisdom of all ages and peoples, only to find that everything most dear and precious to us has already been said in the most superb language. Like greedy children we stretch out our hands and think that, if only we could grasp it, we would possess it too. But what we possess is no longer valid, and our hands grow weary from the grasping, for riches lie everywhere, as far as the eye can reach. All these possessions turn to water, and more than one sorcerer's apprentice has been drowned in the waters

The Life of the Spirit

called up by himself—if he did not first succumb to the saving delusion that this wisdom was good and that was bad. It is these these sleepers that there come those terrifying individuals who think they have a prophetic mission. For the artificial sundering of true and false wisdom creates a loneliness in the psyche, and from this there arises a loneliness and a craving like that of the morphine addict, who always hopes to find companions in his vice. 101:31

When our natural inheritance has been dissipated, then the spirit too, as Heraclitus says, has descended from its fiery heights. But when spirit becomes heavy it turns to water, and with Luciferian presumption the intellect usurps the seat where once the spirit was enthroned. The spirit may legitimately claim the *patria potestas* over the soul, not so the earth-born intellect, which is man's sword or hammer, and not a creator of spiritual worlds, a father of the soul. 101:32

The intellect may be the devil, but the devil is the "strange son of chaos" who can most readily be trusted to deal effectively with his mother. The Dionysian experience will give this devil plenty to do should he be looking for work, since the resultant settlement with the unconscious far outweighs the labours of Hercules. In my opinion it presents a whole world of problems which the intellect could not settle even in a hundred years—the very reason why it has so often gone off on a holiday to recuperate on lighter tasks. And this is also the reason why the psyche is forgotten so often and so long, and why the intellect makes such frequent use of magical, apotropaic words like "occult" and "mystic," in the hope that even intelligent people will think these mutterings really mean something. 72:119

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The World of Values

Rational truths are not the last word, there are also irrational ones. In human affairs, what appears impossible by way of the intellect has often become true by way of the irrational. Indeed, all the greatest changes that have ever affected mankind have come not by way of intellectual calculation, but by ways which contemporary minds either ignored or rejected as absurd, and which were recognized only long afterwards because of their intrinsic necessity. More often than not they are never recognized at all, for the all-important laws of mental development are still a book with seven seals. 69:135

The irrationality of events is shown by what we call chance, which we are obviously compelled to deny because we cannot in principle think of any process that is not causal and necessary, whence it follows that it cannot happen by chance. In practice, however, chance reigns everywhere, and so obviously that we might as well put our causal philosophy in our pocket. The plenitude of life is governed by law and yet not governed by law, rational and yet irrational. Hence reason and the will that is grounded in reason are valid only up to a point. The further we go in the direction selected by reason, the surer we may be that we are excluding the irrational possibilities of life which have just as much right to be lived. It was indeed highly expedient for man to become somewhat more capable of directing his life. It may justly be maintained that the acquisition of reason is the greatest achievement of humanity; but that is not to say that things must or will always continue in that direction. 104A:72

Old Heraclitus, who was indeed a very great sage, discovered the most marvellous of all psychological laws: the regulative function of opposites. He called it *enantiodromia*, a running contrarivise, by which he meant that sooner or later everything runs into its opposite. . . . Thus the rational

The Life of the Spirit

attitude of culture necessarily runs into its opposite, namely the irrational devastation of culture. We should never identify ourselves with reason, for man is not and never will be a creature of reason alone, a fact to be noted by all pedantic culture-mongers. The irrational cannot be and must not be extirpated. The gods cannot and must not die. 104A:711

I am far from wishing to belittle the divine gift of reason, man's highest faculty. But in the role of absolute tyrant it has no meaning—no more than light would have in a world where its counterpart, darkness, was absent. Man would do well to heed the wise counsel of the mother and obey the inexorable laws of nature which sets limits to every being. He ought never to forget that the world exists only because opposing forces are held in equilibrium. So, too, the rational is counterbalanced by the irrational, and what is planned and purposed by what is. 69:174

Reason can give a man equilibrium only if his reason is already an equilibrating organ. But for how many individuals and at what periods in history has it been that? As a rule, a man needs the opposite of his actual situation to force him to find his place in the middle. For the sake of mere reason he can never forgo life's riches and the sensuous appeal of the temporal; he must set the joy of the eternal, and against the passion of the sensual the ecstasy of the spiritual. The undeniable reality of the one must be matched by the compelling power of the other. 69:386

It is just the most unexpected, the most terrifyingly chaotic things which reveal a deeper meaning. . . . Gradually breakwaters are built against the surging of chaos, and the meaningful divides itself from the meaningless. When sense and nonsense are no longer identical, the force of

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chaos is weakened by their subtraction; sense is then en-
ded with the force of meaning, and nonsense with the force
of meaninglessness. In this way a new cosmos arises.

The ancient world contained a large slice of nature and
bound to overlook if the security of a spiritual standpoint
was not to be hopelessly compromised. No penal code and
no moral code, not even the sublimest casuistry, will ever be
able to codify and pronounce just judgment upon the con-
fusions, the conflicts of duty, and the invisible tragedies of
the natural man in collision with the exigencies of culture.
"Spirit" is one aspect, "Nature" another. "You may pitch
Nature out with a fork, yet she'll always come back again,"
says the poet. * Nature must not win the game, but she can-
not lose. And whenever the conscious mind clings to hard
and fast concepts and gets caught in its own rules and regu-
lations—as is unavoidable and of the essence of civilized
consciousness—nature pops up with her inescapable de-
mands. Nature is not matter only, she is also spirit. Were
that not so, the only source of spirit would be human
reason.

We should not pretend to understand the world only by
the intellect; we apprehend it just as much by feeling.
Therefore the judgment of the intellect is, at best, only a
half-truth, and must, if it be honest, also admit of
inadequacy.

There are, besides the gifts of the head, also those of the
heart, which are no whit less important, although they may
easily be overlooked because in such cases the head is often

* Horace, Epistola, I, x, 24.

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the weaker organ. And yet people of this kind sometimes
contribute more to the well-being of society, and are more
valuable, than those with other talents.

One can, it is true, understand many things with the
heart, but then the head often finds it difficult to follow up
with an intellectual formulation that gives suitable expres-
sion to what has been understood. There is also an under-
standing with the head, particularly of the scientific kind,
where there is sometimes too little room for the heart.

The utterances of the heart—unlike those of the discrim-
inating intellect—always relate to the whole. The heartstrings
sing like an Aeolian harp only to the gentle breath of a pre-
monitory mood, which does not drown the song but lis-
tens. What the heart hears are the great things that span
our whole lives, the experiences which we do nothing to
arrange but which we ourselves suffer.

I believe only what I know. Everything else is hypothesis
and beyond that I can leave a lot of things to the Unknown.
They do not bother me. But they would begin to bother me,
I am sure, if I felt that I ought to know about them.

Paradox . . . does more justice to the unknowable than
clarity can do, for uniformity of meaning robs the mystery
of its darkness and sets it up as something that is known.
That is a usurpation, and it leads the human intellect into
hybris by pretending that it, the intellect, has got hold of
the transcendent mystery by a cognitive act and "grasped"
it. The paradox therefore reflects a higher level of intel-
lect and, by not forcibly representing the unknowable
as known, gives a more faithful picture of the real state
of affairs.

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The final appeal to reason would be very fine if man
were by nature a rational animal, but he is not; on the con-
trary, he is quite as much irrational. Hence reason is often
not sufficient to modify the instinct and make it conform
to the rational order.

There are of course forced answers and solutions, but in
principle and in the long run they are neither desirable
nor satisfying. No Gordian knot can be permanently cut;
it has the awkward property of always tying itself again.

The wheel of history cannot be put back; we can only
strive towards an attitude that will allow us to live out our
fate as undisturbedly as the primitive pagan in his really
wants. Only on this condition can we be sure of not pec-
verting spirituality into sensuality, and vice versa; for both
must live, each drawing life from the other.

Nothing is more repulsive than a furtively prurient spi-
rituality; it is just as unsavoury as gross sensuality.

If certain South American Indians really and truly call
themselves red cockatoos and expressly repudiate a figu-
rative interpretation of this fact, this has absolutely nothing
to do with any sexual repression on "moral" grounds, but
is due to the law of independence inherent in the thinking
function and to its emancipation from the concretism of
sensuous perceptions. We must assign a separate principle to
the thinking function, a principle which coincides with the
beginnings of sexuality only in the polyvalent germinal dis-
position of the very young child. To reduce the origins of
thinking to mere sexuality is an undertaking that runs
counter to the basic facts of human psychology.

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I am convinced that a truly scientific attitude in psychol-
ogy must lead to the conclusion that the dynamic processes
of the psyche cannot be reduced to this or that concrete in-
stinct—we should merely find ourselves back at the stage of
the phlogiston theory. We shall be obliged to take the
instincts as constituent parts of the psyche, and then ab-
stract our principle of explanation from their mutual re-
lationship. I have therefore pointed out that we would do
well to posit a hypothetical quantity, an "energy," as a psy-
chological explanatory principle, and to call it "libido" in
the classical sense of the word, without harbouring any
prejudice with regard to its substantiality. With the help of
such a quantity, the psychodynamic processes could be ex-
plained in an unobjectionable manner, without that un-
avoidable distortion which a concrete ground of explana-
tion necessarily entails.

Man finds himself simultaneously driven to act and free
to reflect. This contrariety in his nature has no moral sig-
nificance, for instinct is not in itself bad any more than
spirit is good. Both can be both. Negative electricity is as
good as positive electricity: first and foremost it is
electricity.

Instinct is not an isolated thing, nor can it be isolated in
practice. It always brings in its train archetypal contents of
a spiritual nature, which are at once its foundation and its
limitation. In other words, an instinct is always and inevi-
tably coupled with something like a philosophy of life, how-
ever archaic, unclear, and hazy this may be. Instinct stimu-
lates thought, and if a man does not think of his own free
will, then you get compulsive thinking, for the two poles
of the psyche, the physiological and the mental, are indis-
solubly connected. For this reason instinct cannot be freed
without freeing the mind, just as mind divorced from in-
stinct is condemned to futility.

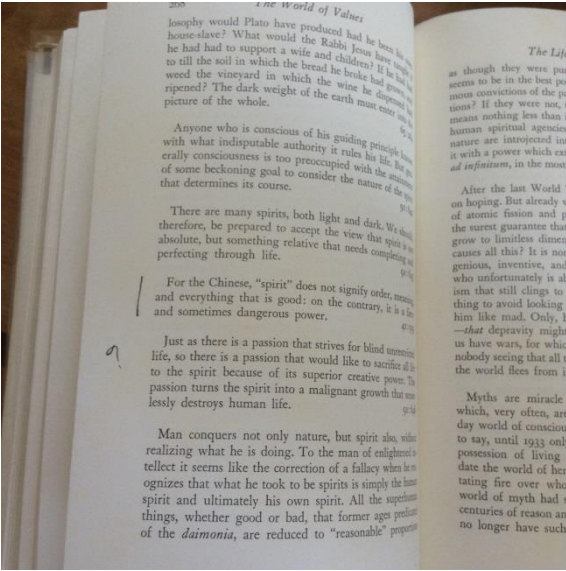
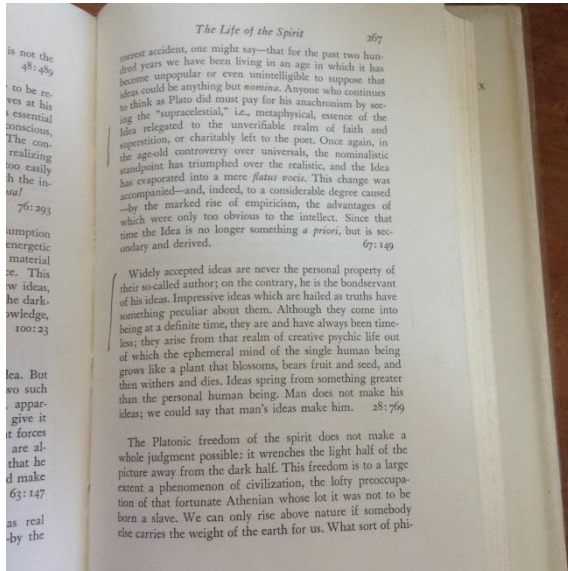
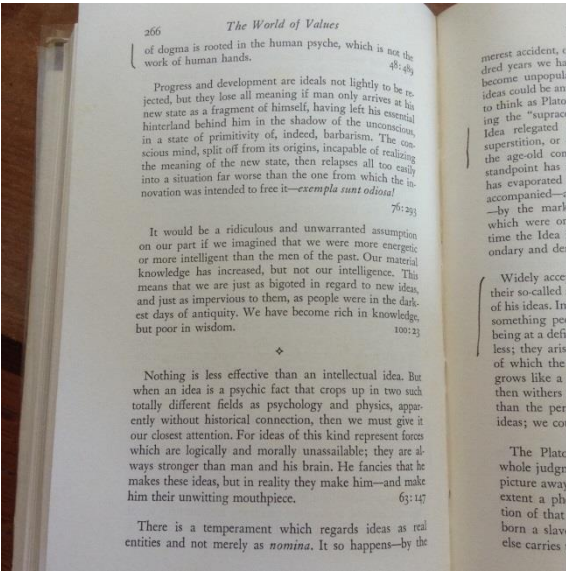
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thinking which corresponds to the antique state of mind,
just as our bodies still retain vestiges of obsolete functions
and conditions in many of their organs, so our minds, which
have apparently outgrown those archaic impulses, still bear
the marks of the evolutionary stages we have traversed, and
re-echo the dim bygone in dreams and fantasies.

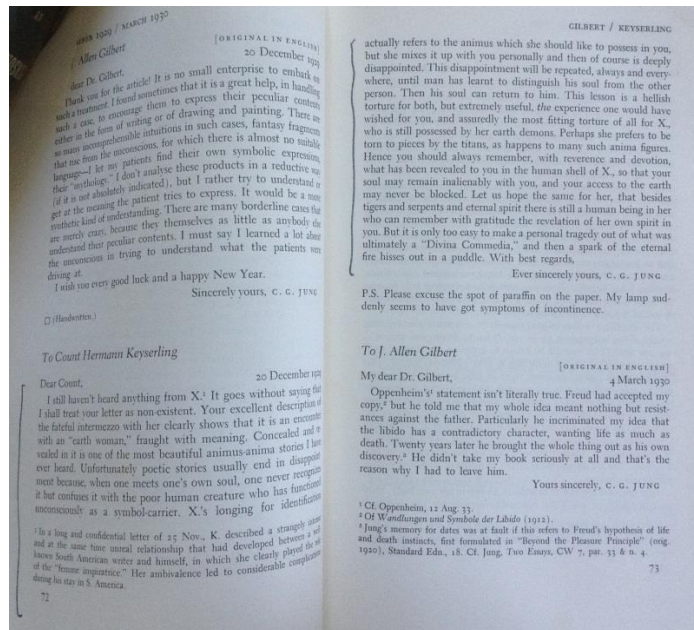
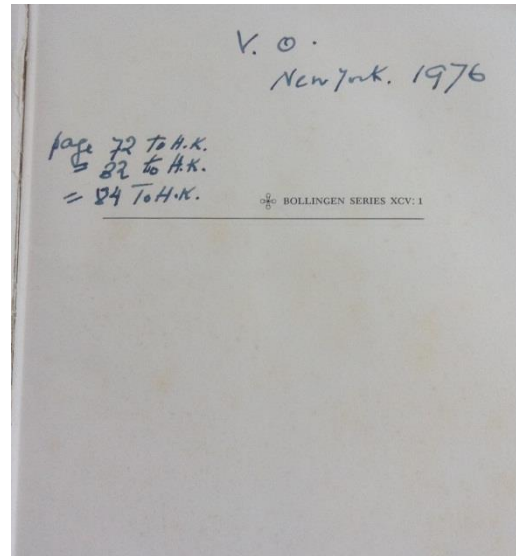
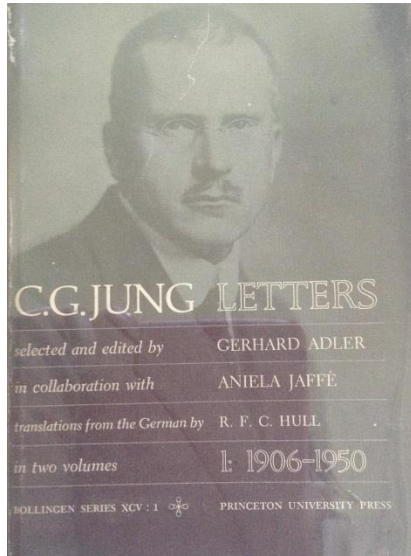
There is not a single important idea or view that does
not possess historical antecedents. Ultimately they are all
founded on primordial archetypal forms whose concrete-
ness dates from a time when consciousness did not think,
but only perceived. "Thoughts" were objects of inner per-
ception, not thought at all, but sensed as external phe-
nomena—seen or heard, so to speak. Thought was essen-
tially revelation, not invented but forced upon us or bring-
ing conviction through its immediacy and actuality.

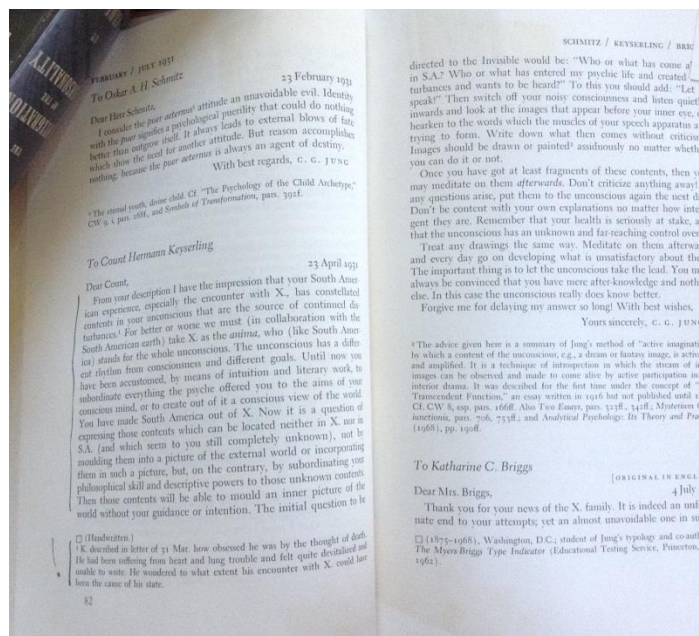
The religions should constantly recall to us the origin and
original character of the spirit, lest man should forget what
he is drawing into himself and with what he is filling his
consciousness. He himself did not create the spirit, rather
the spirit makes him creative, always spurring him on, giv-
ing him lucky ideas, staying power, "enthusiasm" and
"inspiration."

The limitations of knowledge which leave so many in-
comprehensible and wonderful things unexplained do not,
however, exempt us from the task of trying to understand
the revelations of the spirit that are embodied in dogma,
otherwise there is a danger that the treasures of supreme
knowledge which lie hidden in it will evaporate into noth-
ing and become a bloodless phantom, an easy prey for all
shallow rationalists. It would be a great step forward, in
my opinion, if at least it were recognized how far the truth



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